CHAPTER XXIX.

DOMESTIC CUSTOMS AND SOCIAL LIFE.

FRANCES M. ABBOTT.

There is a house standing in West Concord, built in 1760, whose original occupants, among the first settlers of the town, had previously lived in a log cabin. When the house was repaired and enlarged in 1807, the younger members of the family wanted planed floors. The aged owner, Amos Abbott, Sr., the great-grandfather of the present occupant, Andrew James Abbott, grumbled exceedingly at this extravagance. Rough boards were good enough for him and his father, and he groaned over the shiftlessness of folks who were too lazy to wear the floors smooth by walking and working on them. He stoutly refused to have his room meddled with when the rest of the house succumbed to the dictates of fashion, and to the year of its owner's death (1821) "gran'sir's room" preserved its pristine simplicity.

We are less than a century and a half from the days of unplaned boards. We have gone through all the changes from sanded floors, braided mats, rag carpets, "boughten" woolen and Brussels fabrics to polished hardwood and oriental rugs. Each passing generation has lamented the extravagance of its successor, and wondered "what folks were coming to if they continued to put on style at this rate." Our social life has changed with our mode of living, but possibly we are no more worldly now than in the days when we lived in log cabins. Social customs are superficial, but they mark the progress of civilization, which, on the whole, means better things.

The social life and domestic customs of Concord in the eighteenth century were those of a settlement on the edge of the wilderness. Everybody was fighting for a living. The early settlers had hardly got their lands staked out and cleared, and their first rude dwellings and log meeting-house built, before the French and Indian War drove them into a state of defense. In 1746 the whole town was living in ten garrisons. The men went forth from these in gangs, each one armed with his gun, to mow their grass and gather their crops. The garrison life continued intermittently for some years, then followed the Bow controversy and the Revolution. The arts of peace made slow progress under such drawbacks.

The roads in the township were rough, merely tracks through the woods. Ox-carts were used for teaming, and people rode to church on horseback when they did not walk. The first chaise seen in this region was bought by the town's richest citizen, Colonel Benjamin Rolfe, somewhere between 1767 and 1770. Probably there were not a dozen carriages in the village before 1800. People lived on farms and all worked with their hands. Reverend Timothy Walker, his son, Timothy Walker, Jr., his son-in-law, Colonel Benjamin Rolfe, and Dr. Peter Green, all four educated at Harvard, were the only college graduates living here till after the Revolution.

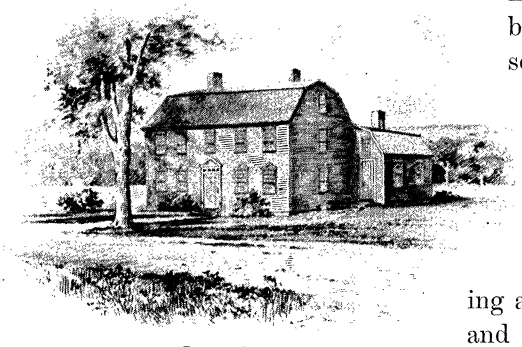
People dwelt in simple abodes. There were three successive orders or generations of houses. The first was built of hewn logs. All of the proprietors' earliest dwellings in the first and second ranges (east and west sides of Main street) were of this style. As soon as sawmills could be erected, one-story frame houses, containing two or three rooms, were put up in different parts of the township. This formed the second order of architecture. The third period began just before the Revolution, when two-story houses with an L or lean-to in the back began to appear.

Many houses of the third period are still standing, in some cases occupied by descendants of the original owners, but nearly all have been so modernized as to be metamorphosed. The ancient Herbert house, 207 North Main street, nearly opposite the North church, built in 1765, and the Bradley homestead on Penacook street, built in 1769, are good specimens of this type, which has a substantial dignity not surpassed by any recent architecture. The present owners of these houses—Charles Horace Herbert and Moses Hazen Bradley—are grandsons of the original occupants, Lieutenant Richard Herbert and John Bradley. The Bradley mansion is one of the few gambrel-roofed houses in town. The Herbert homestead still retains the original paneling in the front rooms, hand-wrought from mammoth old growth pines, and the twenty small panes of glass in each window. Externally as well as internally, this house preserves the old-time look, perhaps better than any other in Concord.

The Herbert House.

The oldest house in town, antedating all others by a generation, is the Walker parsonage, at the extreme north end of Main street, now occupied by Reverend Timothy Walker's great-grandson, Joseph B. Walker. This was built in 1733–'34, and was the first two-story frame

house in a direct line between Haverhill, Mass., and the Canada border. Its history is almost coeval with that of the town, of which it well might say, "*Quaeque ipse vidi, et quorum pars magna fui.*" The house has been much changed by modern improvements, but the original wooden pins, fastening the beams of the garret, can still be seen. This house is particularly rich in relics of the past, including the valuable collection of Rumford portraits.



Parson Walker House.

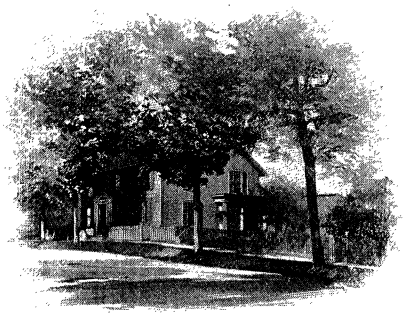
The Countess of Rumford house at the South end, built in 1764, still retains the paneling and wainscoting in the front rooms and the carved balusters and cornice in the hall. The light of the setting sun twinkles from the twenty-four panes of glass in each of the front windows just as it did in early days, and the great front door (recently replaced by a modern one) had huge bolts and hinges and other specimens of ancient iron-mongery. The house of the Reverend Israel Evans, built in 1786, occupied during the middle of the nineteenth century by Dr. Samuel Morrill, and lastly by his daughter, Miss Clara Morrill, kept much of its ancient look, both within and without, until it was pulled down in 1895. This house stood within a few inches of the sidewalk, according to the old fashion, and it was around its sunny front door that the lilac bushes always budded earliest in the spring.

It is interesting to know that until the destruction of the Evans house the homes of the six ministers of the Old North church were all standing intact. The original parsonage has been mentioned. The dwellings of the next three ministers stood in a row, nearly opposite the court house. The Evans house was the northern one; the McFarland house, of a little later date, came next, and is now occupied by the grandchildren of the original owner; and the home in which Dr. Bouton passed the last twenty-five years of his life is just south, though in a greatly changed condition. The present parsonage on Franklin street, half way between the Walker house and the others, was the home of Dr. Ayer for many years, and is now the residence of his successor, Reverend George H. Reed.

Domestic appliances in the eighteenth century were of the crudest sort. The first iron crane was introduced in 1757, by Stephen Farrington, who bought a bar of iron in Portsmouth and had it hammered into shape by a Concord blacksmith. Before that time people

had used a lug pole of oak two to four inches in diameter. On this were hung hooks and trammels which suspended the kettles over the fire. A wooden pole was in danger of burning off; but it was thirty years after the proprietors set up housekeeping before anyone was able to procure an iron crane.

The house built by Stephen Farrington stood on the northwest corner of State and Pleasant streets, and was torn down in 1900 to make room for the Wonolancet club-house. The exact date of its erection is unknown, but it was without doubt as old as the crane, which is now in the possession of the New Hampshire Historical society. Richard Herbert, Jr., born in 1761, said that the Farrington house antedated him. Lovers of the past were sorry to see this ancient landmark go; for its interior had been little changed since the early days, and the big beams of the ceiling and the hand-wrought wood-work of the mantels and staircases remained till the last. Madam Huldah Kent Evans, after the death of her husband, Reverend Israel Evans, in 1807, lived for some time in this house, and in later years it was occupied by the David G. Fuller family.



The Farrington-Fuller House.

Many substantial houses of the eighteenth century were built in the following manner: A great chimney, sometimes twelve feet square, built of stone or brick laid in clay, formed the central feature. There were two "fore" rooms with a square entry between them, and huddled up against the chimney, a narrow staircase with three turnings. In later times the staircase sometimes wound around a pole, and the stairs were cut pie fashion. Back of the chimney extended a long kitchen with big fireplace and a brick oven on one side. At either end of the kitchen was a bedroom, one for the old people and one for the parents with the last new baby. Opening from the kitchen was a wash-room, sink-room, or shed. These appendages formed a connecting link between the house and barn. In the second story of the house there might be two finished chambers, but the part over the kitchen was often a rough, open loft. Until 1880 or later the old Jacob Hoyt house on the "Mountain" in East Concord was a good specimen of this type. The heavy oak frame of this house, dating from 1748, is considered the oldest on the east side of the river. The house itself has been several times built over, and was lately occupied by Hugh Tallant, who accommodated summer boarders.

In the early houses there was no plastering, but the walls were

finished in boards. The chimney side of the room was usually paneled over its entire surface, and there were delightful little closets and cupboards tucked in about the fireplace. The mantelpiece appears to have been an after-thought. Some of the oldest houses had none. When it came, it was first known as the mantel-tree; it was built only about a foot lower than the ceiling that it might be a safe place on which to lay things out of reach. It subsequently developed into the high-shouldered, ornamental mantelpiece, whose ancient, hand-wrought mouldings are often copied for modern houses. The paneled work of the "fore" rooms was frequently very handsome, but after people were rich enough to have it painted white, there were vast areas to clean. The ceilings of these old houses were crossed by heavy beams. The rooms were always low. The first story of the Walker parsonage was originally but seven feet high, a height sufficient for the tallest man in the days when there were no chandeliers or other ornaments dangling overhead. In the second story of the Albert Saltmarsh house, west of Long pond, so long occupied by Nathan K. Abbot and his sisters, the height is but a little over six feet.

Domestic customs in the old houses were very unlike those in a modern dwelling with its ramifications of steam coils, water-pipes, and electric wires. Our ancestors knew what it was to bring water from the well with the thermometer below zero, only they had no thermometer. They scorched their faces and froze their backs before a great fireplace, where two thirds of the heat went up the chimney, and a thousand windy draughts circulated about their feet; they knit and tinkered in the evenings by the feeble light of a tallow dip, one of the limited store they made whenever they killed a "beef critter."

Although wood was cut down to get rid of it, many houses, even those of some pretension, kept but one fire, and that in the kitchen, except on state occasions, when one of the "fore" rooms was opened. These "fore" rooms were theoretically parlor and "settin'-room"; but sometimes only one would be furnished and available for company. The other was frequently used for storage. The best room, if furnished, was kept tightly shut, and this custom continued even to recent times. The children gazed with awe through the rarely opened door, but they were seldom allowed to cross its sacred portal. This shrine probably contained nothing more valuable than a few painted, wooden-bottomed chairs, set closely against the wall, a looking-glass, a lightstand with the family Bible, and a brass fire set. Sometimes there was a corner cupboard or buffet holding the best china and other valuables. Such a buffet still remains in the old Clifford house at Sugar Ball. Well-to-do families had a mahogany

card table or two, perhaps a few foreign shells or a turkey or peacock feather fan for ornament. In later years, the crowning glory was a decoration of landscape paper on the walls, which served both for tapestry and pictures; then the room became the pride of its owners and the envy of the neighbors; and when the family could compass an enormous, uncomfortable, hair-cloth sofa, it was thought that the pomp of elegance could no further go.

In the fifties and sixties "stuffed" furniture became common, and the parlors of the best houses had a hair-cloth "suite or set,"—sofa, big rocking-chair, little rocking-chair, and four plain, armless chairs, ranged with mathematical regularity against the walls. In the seventies and eighties the hair-cloth covering had been superseded by terry or plush, usually red or green in hue. A big marble-topped center table and a whatnot always accompanied these "sets." A chandelier and picture frames of gilt, and a Brussels carpet with enormous festoons of roses completed the vivid color scheme. The rising generation may find it difficult to believe that the floor of the halls in many of the prominent houses was covered with oil-cloth.

The Philadelphia Centennial was a great educator of public taste throughout the country. Till after 1876 I think there was not an oriental rug in Concord. Few good houses are without them now. Closed parlors have passed away; and the family live in their front rooms. Chairs and tables are of every shape and pattern; rattan furniture is very popular, and fine old mahogany frames are covered with leather, tapestry, or brocade. Sofas have been replaced by couches, divans, and window-seats, and the whole room is billowy with pillows of silk or embroidered linen.

To return to old times: In our grandmothers' day all the domestic processes were carried on in the kitchen. Here spinning and weaving were done; the meals were cooked and eaten; babies tended and neighborly visits received. There were no servants in the sense of a separate caste. Bouton's History mentions by name a dozen or more negroes who were owned by different Concord families in the eighteenth century; but slavery never did flourish in Northern air, and these colored people were considered freed when the state constitution was adopted in 1783, though most of them continued to live in the same families as before. These were practically the only foreigners in town until the Irish famine of 1845 sent great numbers of immigrants to this country. In the early history of Massachusetts, some families of wealth and importance, in despair of getting any other kind of help, introduced Indians to their kitchens, but there is no record that any Concord household ever tried to domesticate a Penacook squaw or brave.

Although there were no servants, many homes had extra members who were not regular hired help. It was quite the custom to take a child to "bring up," that is, to give it its board and clothes and training until it had arrived at adult age. Sometimes these children were regularly "bound out," especially if taken from the poor-house.

Theoretically they were supposed to have the same treatment as the children of the family, and perhaps in many cases they did, though tradition says some of the bound ones were literally bondmen. But it must be remembered that conditions were hard in those days. Money in a farming community was scarce, and nobody handled any except the man of the house. Women and children were expected to be grateful for their board and clothes, produced from materials raised and manufactured on the farm. People worked from dawn until dark, and boys went barefoot until the snow fell.

Hired help were treated with consideration. They worked with, rather than for, their employers. The whole household ate at one board and slept under patchwork quilts, on the same kind of husk mattresses and rope bedsteads. The girls who went out spinning and weaving for two shillings and sixpence a week came from neighboring farms, and were welcomed as members of the family, and the yearly visit of the shoemaker who made and repaired the footgear for the whole household was looked forward to with pleasure.

Even when business and manufactures on a small scale began to appear, as they did in the early part of the nineteenth century, the friendly conditions were little changed. There was no separation of labor and capital. Ladies, who in their later years filled conspicuous positions in Washington and other cities, have spoken of boarding their husbands' apprentices who worked in the printing-office or shop of earlier days. If a man kept a tavern, his wife was chief cook. Every woman was expected to be a good housekeeper, which meant that she not only knew how to do all kinds of work, but that she did them every day with or without assistance. Manual labor occupied the foreground of nearly every person's life.

The late Simeon Abbott of West Concord (1807–'95), thus described the way people dressed in his boyhood: Clothes in those days in the country were always home-made, not only as regards the fashioning of the garments, but also in respect to the manufacture of the cloth. On Thanksgiving morning, boys used to be presented with a suit of winter clothes which must last the season, and a pair of shoes made of tough cowhide. Boys had one pair of shoes a year, and the rest of the time they went barefoot. Summer clothes were given to the boys just before Election. The suit consisted of a shirt, usually of tow, a vest, spencer or short coat, and trousers. The

three latter garments were woven of linen and cotton for best, and of linen and tow for every day.

As everybody raised flax in those times, linen and tow were plentiful enough. Cotton, on the other hand, was dear. It was bought in bags at the stores, and the seeds were all picked out by hand at home. Eli Whitney's wonderful invention had not yet come into such general use as to benefit the farmers of the North. Clothes were colored with home-made dyes from the bark of the butternut, walnut, or yellow oak. These barks were steeped, and alone or with a slight admixture of alum or copperas provided a variety of yellow and brown shades.

Whatever the appearance of these clothes may have been, there was no doubt about their wearing qualities. The tow shirts were untearable, though they were often so rough from the shives or particles of woody fibre that could not be wholly separated from the thread as to make their wearing a penance. A summer and a winter suit were expected to be sufficient for a whole year; the spring and fall styles were made by patches on these garments. There are men now living in or near Concord who never had a suit of "store" clothes till they were twenty-five or thirty years old.

It is not so easy to describe the dress of the women. Virgil's famous line, "*Varium et mutabile semper femina*," might be quoted in sober earnest, if the last word could be translated feminine apparel. The wonder is that the women of early days did not freeze. Warm woolen underwear and closely-fitting outside garments were unknown till the present generation. Loose skirts, shawls, and mantles were in vogue in our grandmothers' day. A noticeable feature of little girls' attire, as we can see by the old portraits, was the stiff, starched cylinders known as pantalets, which reached to the ankles. Certain appendages of dress like bonnets, combs, muffs, fans, and the like attained enormous proportions. Mrs. Ann Abbott Parker, now living at 238 North Main street, born in 1813, the granddaughter of Captain Joshua Abbott of Bunker Hill fame, says that when a baby she was carried in her mother's muff on a winter visit to her grandmother in East Concord.

The hood seems to have been a favorite form of headgear. Some were called calashes or "shay tops," because they could be folded back. The pumpkin hood was quilted in thick rolls. The sunbonnet was a summer hood made of gingham or calico, with a deep cape to cover the wearer's bare neck. The log-cabin sunbonnet was stiffened with strips of pasteboard. Our grandmothers must have thought much of their complexions, for the deep tube of the sunbonnet is an effectual protection against the sun's rays. The dress

bonnet or bonnet proper seems to have been built upon the principle of the hood. It was as steep as the roof of a house, with projecting eaves that shaded the face and a deep frill in the back. A whole wreath of roses could be tucked under the brim of such a head covering. Such a piece of millinery was not to be lightly bought or casually cast aside. It was often made of Leghorn or other fine imported straw, which was as good an investment in those days as a Turkish rug is now. Such bonnets were worn, summer and winter, for many years, and, thanks to their indestructibility, a good collection of these old-time relics can now be seen in the antiquarian room of the Long Memorial building at Hopkinton.

Caps were an important article of dress. Women put them on before they were forty, as can be seen by the portrait of Mrs. Elizabeth McFarland, painted by S. F. B. Morse when she was thirty-eight. When Mrs. Peter Renton came to town, in 1822, she wore a noticeable cap, having three full puffs on top. This immediately became the vogue, and was widely copied as the Renton cap. Associated with the caps were the hideous "false fronts." Gray hair was not to be tolerated in old times, and upon the first approach of the enemy women tied about their heads bands of dark brown or black hair sewed on a white kid foundation. A middle-aged woman might go bareheaded about her house, but she could not be considered dressed for company unless protected by her cap and false front. A small figure was much esteemed in those days, and to be called "slim" was the desire of every girl; hence the waists laced to the measure of a bedpost, the iron cuirasses known as "stays," and the instrument of torture called a busk, a thin, smooth wooden board, three or four inches wide, worn under the front of the gown.

Though people worked hard a century ago, good times were not unknown. There was a neighborliness then that we do not understand now, and much informal social visiting. When women went out to spend the afternoon, they took their work and their babies. A "quiltin'" was a great social gathering, followed by a supper of hot biscuit, doughnuts and cider, roast pork, pies, and cake. The most elaborate social function closed at nine o'clock. Dancing and romping games were popular at the young people's parties. Mrs. Stowe, in one of her books, says that she has never been able to determine just when the prejudice against dancing crept into New England. There was no such feeling against it in Revolutionary times or for many years later. Old ladies in Concord used to speak of their mothers as famous dancers at Sugar Ball or Pottertown or the Iron Works, but when they, the daughters, wanted to learn, church sentiment was against it. Perhaps the dancing was approved

so long as it remained in private houses. The growth of the settlement may have brought the amusement into public and questionable associations.

In the eighteenth century the few public occasions were made the scenes of social merriment. The account of Reverend Asa McFarland's ordination, March 7, 1798, is so unlike our preconceived notions of such things that I copy it entire from Bouton's History: "The ordination was an occasion of great interest. Tradition assures us that people came together from neighboring towns at the distance of twenty miles and more; that near and around the meeting-house were stands for the sale of refreshments, and, among other necessary articles, spirituous liquors. The procession of the ordaining council from the town house to the meeting-house, was attended by a band of music; and, to crown the solemnity of the occasion, there was a splendid ball in the evening at Stickney's celebrated tavern!" That sounds much more like an Election than an ordination, and the exclamation point printed at the end of the paragraph looks like a hand held up in horror at the extraordinary manners of the preceding generation.

The sports of that time were rough. A "raising" was a great event for the men. No wonder that houses were low-storied when the heavy timbers composing the walls and roof had to be lifted into position by main strength. After the raising had been successfully accomplished and a hearty lunch eaten, a wrestling match was often indulged in. "Raslin'" seems to have been the favorite trial of strength when several men were gathered together with time on their hands. The "rasle" (wrestle) often ended in a general fight.

It was well into the first third of the nineteenth century before there was much separation between village and farm life in the township. So long as the Old North church continued to minister to the spiritual wants of the whole community, everybody had interests in common. It was a wide parish which listened to the preaching of Parson Walker, Israel Evans, and Dr. McFarland. The people came from Snaptown, Appletown and the Mountain (in East Concord), Horsehill, the Mast Yard and the Borough (near Penacook), District No. 5 (back of Long pond), the Carter district and Buzzelltown (in No. 4), the Little Pond road, Rattlesnake Plain (now West Concord), the Eleven Lots and the Iron Works (south of the town), Dimond's hill, Stickney hill, Sugar Ball, and Garvin's falls.

Our old residents could recall when there were not more than twenty houses in the whole length of Main street. Beside the houses there were some shops and public buildings and five cider mills. As showing the sparseness of landmarks, the following fact may be

instructive. When Woodbridge Odlin's grandfather, in 1784, bought of the descendants of Ephraim Farnum, one of the original proprietors, the property where Mr. Odlin's grandson, Herbert G., now lives, nearly opposite the court house, the deed specified "a tract of land situate on the highway between Butters's ferry and the meeting-house." These localities are nearly two miles apart, Butters's ferry being near the present lower bridge and the meeting-house being located on the Walker schoolhouse lot, and the only way of designating Main street then was to call it the highway between these two places.

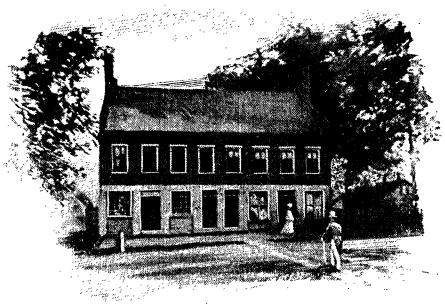
Main street was slow in making, but there were early indications that it was to be the spinal column of the future town; it was formally laid out June 23, 1785. As originally planned, it would have been ten rods wide, but it was finally decided to contract it to its present dimensions, six rods, or about one hundred feet, which makes an ample thoroughfare. There is a tradition that the spacious Roby house, 207 North Main street (built by Benjamin Kimball, and now occupied by his granddaughters, Mrs. Cyrus M. Murdock and Miss Lucy H. Kimball), and the Herbert house, 224 North Main, opposite the North church, both of which stand well back from the street, were intended to be set near the line of the proposed road. If Main street had been built to these boundaries, few avenues or boulevards in the country would have surpassed its generous breadth.

The Benjamin Kimball and Roby House.

The site of the Old North church, which for a century occupied the Walker schoolhouse lot, was literally the center of the town. It was natural that the North end should become the business and social head. Since the location of the Concord railroad station in 1842, business has moved so far to the south that the present generation finds it hard to understand that the quaint brick building, now occupied by the New Hampshire Historical society, was originally the North End bank, that many of the old houses standing on the edge of the sidewalk—notably those on the Herbert property near Ferry lane—were built for stores and shops, that the principal taverns were located in this region, and that Fiske's store was once a central mart. When the village began to segregate itself from the rest of the township, people spoke of it simply as "the Street," and this name holds even now among old residents who live outside the city proper and come here merely to "do their trading."

Fiske's store and the brick building known by that name in the middle of the nineteenth century deserve more than a passing mention. Francis Nourse Fiske, a member of the Amherst colony, came to town in 1810, settling in West Concord. In 1813 he married a daughter of Judge Walker and set up house- and store-keeping on the south corner of Main and Church streets, where Mark R. Holt's house now stands. The dwelling and the store were connected, after the fashion of those times, and there were big barns and sheds in the rear. In 1853 Mr. Fiske and his son, Francis Allen Fiske, having previously built the house where William P. Fiske now lives, moved the business across the street into the brick store now occupied by Edward P. Larkin, where F. A. Fiske continued till 1875.

This ancient brick building has an interesting history. It was built about 1830 by Mrs. Anna True, sister of Samuel A. Kimball, grandfather of Dr. G. M. Kimball. Here was carried on the extensive printing and binding business of Roby, Kimball & Merrill. Luther Roby, the head of the firm, had married a daughter of Benjamin Kimball and lived in that house nearly across the way. The firm employed about twenty young men and six or eight girls. The latter were in the binding department. The firm printed "Leavitt's Almanack," the "New England Primer," "Webster's Spelling Book," and other noted manuals, but its great achievement was the issue of quarto Bibles, which were sold all over the country. The power for this work was furnished by a large wheel worked by a horse in the north basement, managed by George Arlin.



The Fiske Store.

The North end is probably the only portion of the town where stores and shops have been taken down to make room for more spacious grounds and houses,—an exact reversal of the usual course of municipal development. Thus an old resident recalls that in 1840 the west side of Main street, between Franklin and Church, now in the most dignified residential quarter, had no less than five stores, crowded in with other buildings. On the Franklin street corner stood the jewelry shop of General Robert Davis, where he made spoons and other silverware. Next came the brick store of Pecker & Lang, groceries and general supplies. (This building, afterwards made into a double dwelling-house, stood until 1883, when it was torn down to make room for Henry McFarland's house.) Next came the dry-goods shop of David Davis, a cousin of Robert. All three

of these buildings stood on the present McFarland lot. The George house and lot were much then as to-day. The tavern sign of earlier times has been taken down, but the house has never lost its reputation for hospitality. The Benjamin Kimball house (Mrs. Murdock's) is unchanged, but a shop stood in the front yard, originally the hatter's shop of Mr. Kimball, but in 1840 occupied by other parties for a bakery. The Fiske store and house on the Church street corner have already been mentioned.

It is interesting to note, as illustrating the stable character of the population of Concord, that, at the North end alone, no less than ten families are living to-day on the same land occupied by their grandfathers and great-grandfathers, and with the exception of Dr. G. M. Kimball, in the identical house built by their ancestors. These families are the Bradleys, Walkers, Fiskes, Kimballs, Mrs. Murdock, Georges, Stewarts (J. H.), Herberts, McFarlands (W. K.), and Odlins. Many more are living within a stone's throw of the early homestead. Verily, the children of the early settlers have never lost their love for the ground their fathers tilled and fought for.

No account of our early social life can be written without reference to the Old North church. "Goin' to meetin'" was the chief weekly outing. When books were almost unknown and newspapers were few and far between, the two sermons on Sabbath day formed the staple of the intellectual diet of the people. Rather solid and indigestible it may have been sometimes, but there was the "noonin'," in which we may discern the rudiments of the modern church sociable. The "noonin'" gave an opportunity for social intercourse; people inquired for the health of different neighborhoods; they exchanged news and perhaps, surreptitiously, patchwork patterns; they made appointments and sent messages; they stepped into neighboring houses to renew the coals for their foot-stoves or to get a drink of cider to go with their lunches; they even went to the tavern for a mug of flip. The young people were allowed to walk in the graveyard for recreation. People wore their best clothes to meeting, carefully taking them off as soon as they reached home, and there must have been many glimpses between the railings and spindles of the old square pews and much mental taking of patterns whenever a new bonnet or stylish cloak appeared. Incipient courtships were carried on through these same spindles, for not even a tythingman can check glances. The spindles were a source of amusement to the children. Elderly men have said that the chief diversion of their youthful Sundays was to twist these spindles in their sockets when their elders were dozing in the afternoon. If a spindle would squeak, it was good fun.

The change in church pews is an illustration of the democratic tendency of the times. In the Old North, as in other meeting-houses of that day, the pews had doors with bolts to them. The pew was the owner's social stronghold, and no more intimate invitation could be given to a stranger than to enter this exclusive apartment on Sunday. The pews were almost as separate as houses, and each was carpeted and furnished according to its owner's taste and means. At one time one of the striking features of the Old North was the pew of Dr. Peter Renton, a prominent physician of Scotch extraction, who came to Concord in 1822. His home is now the John Abbott place, 236 North Main street. (It was in the north L of this house, which once extended to the sidewalk, that the Thespian society in 1844 held their private theatricals [see *p.* 428]. For the next twelve years the hall in this L held the museum of Dr. William Prescott, who sold the house to Mr. Abbott in 1857.) Dr. Renton had a pew in the gallery, and it was his pleasure to fit it up with crimson curtains and cushions, which gave it the effect of a box at the opera.

In old times people not only owned the pews they sat in but the land underneath. When the present North church was built in 1873 one of the first preliminaries was to secure a transfer of the separate small strips of land from the pew owners in order that the society might have a deed of the whole lot. This exclusive pew ownership had sometimes led to amusing complications. In the first part of the nineteenth century it was the custom for many years to give an oratorio in the old North church on the evening of Election day. Singers came from far and near, and the admission fee was high, two ninepences or twenty-five cents. On one of these occasions a certain Mr. Potter of East Concord announced that he was going in without a ticket. He owned a pew in the meeting-house which he claimed he was entitled to occupy at all times. He won his way, followed by a dozen small boys.

It was not until 1810 that the Old North church was dignified by a bell. People were so much pleased with its sound that it was ordered to be rung not only for Sabbath service, but three times on every week day,—at seven o'clock in the morning, at noon, and at nine o'clock at night (curfew). The bell-ringer was quite an important official during the first third of the century. A certain Mr. Augustus O. sustained this dignity for many years, and it was of him that this story is told. Like nearly everybody else in those days Mr. O. was addicted to the use of ardent spirits. Going one Saturday night to Deacon Gault's store for his usual supply, and not having money enough for the customary quart, he asked for credit. The deacon, who knew his customer, said, "Can't you keep Sunday on a

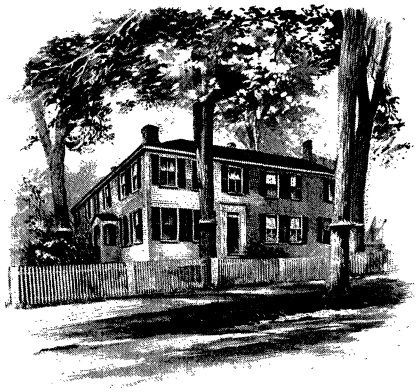
pint?" "I suppose I could," said the old man seriously, "but how would it be kept?"

The excessive use of liquor in old times may be attributed in part to the monotony of diet. A variety of food was impossible to the early settlers. Salt pork and beef, corn, beans, a few of the coarser green vegetables, and bread made of rye and Indian meal were the staple of their sustenance. Dr. Hale says wheat flour was rare, even in Boston. There was much reliance on bean porridge. This was made by boiling a quart of peas or beans, four gallons of water, and two or three pounds of pork or beef in a kettle over the open fire. The mixture was cooked till the meat was soft; then that was taken out and Indian meal stirred in to thicken the liquid. This must have made what Charles Dudley Warner calls "good, robust victual." Bean porridge was used for breakfast and supper; it was also frozen in solid chunks and given to the men to take into the woods when they went chopping. Another common dish, said to have been a favorite with Governor Langdon of Portsmouth when he boarded with Deacon John Kimball (great-grandfather of Dr. George Morrill Kimball, who lives on the same site), was baked pumpkin and milk. The top of the pumpkin was cut off, the seeds taken out, the cavity filled up with milk, and then the mass was baked for twelve hours in a brick oven.

Housekeeping was very much simpler then than now, when every modern convenience and luxury means greater elaboration and more worry in living. Food was the main thing in old times, not style in serving. As Denman Thompson says, "Nobody ever sat down to our table and asked 'Is it good?' The only question was, 'Is there enough?'" There was no going to market in old days. The main resource was the family pork barrel. People lived on salted, not corned, meat all winter, and when they killed a calf in the spring or a lamb in early summer, they traded three quarters of the creature with their neighbors, who later returned similar courtesies. There was no provision for keeping fresh meat.

Fortunately the woods and ponds supplied an abundance of game and fish. Deer were once numerous on what are now the main highways; snipe and woodcock could be shot on the intervales; quantities of pickerel were caught in winter through holes in the ice; and, until fifty years ago, many farms had nets for the snaring of the beautiful wild pigeon. These birds, which settled on the fields in enormous flocks, were caught by hundreds for the Boston market. Ducks and geese were found in the ponds and old river-beds,—notably Turkey and Turtle ponds, Fort Eddy, and Sugar Ball Eddy. Magnificent wild turkeys were sometimes captured and used

to improve the domestic breed. Trout were plentiful in brooks which once flowed across what are now our paved streets. West brook is still affectionately remembered. It started in White park, flowed through the old prison yard, down by Washington street, through the West estate, where John West and later his son-in-law, Senator E. H. Rollins, long lived, and crossed Main street near Ford's foundry, where used to be a deep ravine. Scholars who attended the Merrimack grammar school thirty years ago used to linger on Washington street to watch this beautiful brook, then visible on the Elwell property and in the Gilbert garden, though it had been forced to flow underground the rest of its course.



The West and Rollins House.

Gray squirrels and partridges were once abundant, and the latter remain with us. Before the Merrimack became choked by dams, quantities of shad and salmon were caught in pots and nets. These fish ran up the river in the spring, leaped the falls, and deposited their spawn in northern waters. The runs divided at Franklin, and the salmon always went up the Pemigewasset river, because they liked the cooler water, while the shad kept to the Winnipesaukee. Garvin's falls was a great place for these fish. People salted down salmon by the barrelful in those days; codfish was a comparative luxury. John M. Hill (1821–1900) said that he remembered the apprentices' indentures, printed by his father, the late Governor Hill, in the thirties and forties, in which the specification was made that the apprentices should not be required to eat salmon more than twice a week at their masters' tables.

The mention of game suggests home-bred poultry, and recalls an anecdote over which two generations have laughed. Benjamin Gale, the taverner, was one day carving a fowl whose joints obstinately refused to be dismembered. Turning to his wife he said, "This hen is tougher'n old Granny Shute." Why, Mr. Gale," responded his spouse, "you should not speak disrespectfully of Granny Shute. Her father planted the first corn ever raised in Concord." "Good'n God'n," rejoined her husband, with his characteristic expletive, "this must 'a' been the chicken that scratched it up!"

For vegetables our early townspeople raised cabbages, beets, potatoes, squashes, or whatever could be stored in the cellars to keep all winter. Turnips were grown on burnt land. The fresh green things,

so much prized now, were unattainable then. Elderly people remember when tomatoes as eatables were non-existent. The plants were cultivated as garden ornaments for the sake of the little red fruit or berry the size of the end of one's thumb, and surrounded by a dry husk. These were called love apples. Celery was first known as lovage, unsuitable for the table, and lettuce belongs to this generation.

When everybody had a farm, or at least a garden, pickling and preserving occupied much more time than they do now. People who were familiar in their childhood with the pantries and store-closets of Mrs. Richard Bradley, Mrs. (Governor) Hill, and other notable housewives, well remember the jars and firkins of cucumber pickles, purple cabbage, and mangoes, prepared by these good ladies every fall. The mango was the most delicious of all, and its taste is unknown to the present generation. It was a small melon, whose inside was scooped out, the cavity filled with all kinds of spices, cinnamon, allspice, clove, nutmeg, horse-radish and the like, and the whole tied up and steeped in a vinegar pickle.

Preserves were always made pound for pound, equal parts of fruit and sugar. Strawberries and other small fruits and quinces were treated in this way. The quince was the richest of all, and so rich that its delicious flavor was often diluted with preparations of pears and apples. Brandy peaches, it must be confessed, were a favorite confection with people who could afford such luxuries. For every-day use and for "pie timber," quantities of apples and blueberries were dried. The making of mince meat continues even unto this day, but people do not now bake their whole winter's supply of pies at Thanksgiving time and freeze them up to last through the season. Boiled cider apple sauce was made in the fall and again in the spring when it was time to overhaul the cellar and pick out the specked fruit.

The hog killing was an important autumnal ceremony. The butcher came to the barn and the killing and dressing were done on the premises. Much of the work, like trying out the lard and making sausages, was brought into the house. A pig will yield a greater variety of food than any other animal. The backs and bellies were salted and formed the staple of the family pork barrel. The hams were smoked over a cob fire. The spare ribs, or "speribs," furnished the principal roast meat for the winter. Head cheese, scraps, harslet (heart and liver), baked cheek, souse (pigs' feet boiled), were other preparations made from the inexhaustible swine, and some of these were very good, as the farmers of to-day can testify.

Until the invention of stoves, all roast meats were turned on spits

before an open fire. The Dutch oven, made of tin, was a useful arrangement because that sheltered the roast on one side, while the spit could be turned with freedom. People who have known this style of cooking declare that meats are never properly roasted unless before an open fire; when put in the oven they are simply baked.

It is possible in these times to buy every kind of cooked food, sauce or vegetable ready for use, neatly done up in a paper box, a tin can, or a glass jar. It is hard for us to realize that our grandparents were unable to obtain even the common necessities except in their crudest form. Salt was the great *desideratum* of the early settlers, but people whose memories go back to the early decades of the nineteenth century will tell you that it could be bought only in the solid or rock form. Grinding or pounding the salt for table use was one of the wearisome tasks of childhood. Cream of tartar did not exist, but the use of sour milk was universal. This was so generally understood that old recipes are always careful to specify new milk if that kind is needed. Soda came in the shape of pearl-ash, made by refining potash, which was leached from ashes. A potashery was an important feature of every hamlet. The one in Concord was located just north of Ferry lane, and was managed by Jonathan Herbert.

The table furniture of our ancient town was as primitive as the food. In the eighteenth century wooden bowls, platters, and spoons of home whittling were common. Pewter plates and dishes represented cherished possessions brought from their Massachusetts homes by the early settlers. Thrifty housewives usually had half a dozen thin silver teaspoons about the size of our after-dinner coffee spoons. Often there was no other silver in the house. As the settlement increased in numbers and intercourse with the outer world became less difficult, and especially after some Concord men gat themselves wives from Portsmouth, Boston, or other great metropolitan centers, foreign luxuries began to creep in. Of course, all silver was solid in those days, and it was hand-wrought into rather cumbrous vessels like tankards, porringers, and the like. Weight was of more value than workmanship; the "heft" was the thing considered. Probably a pair of those old flagons contained more actual metal than the hundred elaborate trifles that constitute a collection of modern bridal presents.

Silver forks seem a latter-day refinement, for in Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Life" he speaks of silver forks and napkins when he was studying in Paris, in 1835, as elegancies to which he was unused at home. If a minister's son, a descendant of the Wendells and the Quincys, brought up in the refined circles of Cambridge, looked upon such matters as novel, it is not likely that they were familiar in a

little New Hampshire village, even though it were the capital of the state. Steel forks, two- or three-tined, and steel knives were in common use up to the time of the Civil War. Children in well bred families were taught how to eat with their knives, that is, to put the blade into their mouths with the back, not the edge, toward the lip. All this has changed, and the rise of silver plating has happily abolished the old scouring brick.

Beside the preparation of food, which has just been described, the women had plenty of other occupation. The making of soft soap and of candles were two necessary duties. Every family had its leach tub, with the bottom perforated with small holes. This was filled with ashes through which water was poured, making lye. The lye was boiled with grease, producing that slippery, yellow compound formerly applied to soiled clothes and kitchen floors. Candle-making occurred when a "beef critter" was killed. One method was to stretch the wicks across a tub and pour melted tallow over them. A little tallow was poured at a time and allowed to cool, and then the process was repeated until the candle had become swollen to sufficient size. "Dip" candles made in this way were long and irregular, and it was thought a great improvement when tin moulds came into use. The wick was drawn through the middle of the mould and fastened at either end, and then the tallow was poured in.

The hands of women were not idle in the afternoon, but were occupied with work which could be carried on while they were sitting down, or when company was present. The girl was taught in her earliest teens to prepare for the future household. Some of us to-day cherish yellow homespun blankets, or woolen sleeping sheets, or blue and white coverlets woven by our grandmothers for the furnishing of their four-post mahogany bedsteads. Those who have the embroidered valances with gaily-colored flowers and birds, as brilliant as when first wrought, are fortunate indeed. Mrs. Betsey Pearson Marston (1806–1903), the venerable mother of George Marston, said that in her youth girls wove bed-ticking as well as sheets, tablecloths, and towels. They wove woolen cloth for winter gowns and aprons. The wool was sheared from the sheep, carded into rolls, spun and woven at home, and then the cloth was taken to the fuller's to be dyed and dressed. When Mrs. Marston taught school the embroidering of samplers was one of the regular branches of instruction. Patchwork quilts of endless variety were made in leisure hours, and no girl was thought ready to be married until she had knit a pillow-case full of stockings. Even in the last generation every bride with a suitable "fitting out" brought to her new home several "comfortables" covered with chintz and lined with cotton batting,

also some "live geese" feather beds, made and filled with her own hands.

Before passing to modern times it may be well to recount the changes made in supplying heat, light, and water for houses. The earliest method of getting fire was by striking the flint and steel. Every family kept this simple apparatus, as well as a box of tinder or scorched linen for the spark to ignite. When the fire was once started in the fireplace, it was expected to keep for days, because the coals were always covered with ashes at night. When the coals were dead in the morning or the supply of tinder had given out, it was not an uncommon thing to go to the neighbors to "borrow fire." Lyman D. Stevens, born in 1821, remembers when a boy being sent on such errands, which were doubtless familiar to his contemporaries. The fire was usually carried by a lighted candle enclosed in a perforated tin lantern. This was the only form of lantern till glass and oil became common.

The early settlers used pitch-pine knots for an illumination until they were able to make dipped and moulded candles. Phosphorus matches were introduced about 1835 or later. The first lamps burned whale or sperm oil. The latter was a choice variety, procured from the head of the sperm whale, and gave a soft, clear light. The whale oil was superseded by camphene, a highly inflammable liquid; and when petroleum was discovered, kerosene came into vogue. The first kerosene known in Concord, somewhere in the fifties, sold for one dollar and fifty cents a gallon. It was called Downer's oil, and was made from Albert coal mined at the head of the Bay of Fundy. Kerosene sells now for a few cents a gallon. The Concord Gas company was established in 1853, and incandescent electric lamps were introduced into houses about 1890, though Concord streets and stores were lighted by electricity ten years earlier.

The early settlers built their dwellings near springs of water, and when these were not available, they dug wells. The primitive well had a sweep with a heavy weight at one end to balance the rising bucket. Such sweeps have almost entirely disappeared about Concord, but there is a fine one still located near the old Locke place on Christian Shore in East Concord. The inside of this well is lined with delicate green ferns, and a glance down its cool depths makes the drink of water even more refreshing. Refrigerators are a modern luxury, and housewives of the last generation used to keep their butter down the well in hot weather. After the sweeps were given up, the wells were run by a windlass. This mode of raising water is not so picturesque or is it any easier, but it takes less room. A well with a windlass stands in front of the Deacon Benjamin

Farnum place, at West Concord, where his son Charles now lives, and in many other places outside the city proper. When pumps were set in the kitchen, 1820–'30, and people did not have to go out-doors to draw water, it was thought that housework was much simplified, but some families on Main street continued to use wells and do without wet sinks until after 1850.

The first aqueduct in Concord was built by Amariah Pierce, who conveyed water from a spring on the hill through logs in which an auger hole was longitudinally bored. In 1858, or thereabouts, Nathan Call's water-works supplied water from springs in lead pipes. A big cistern was set in the customer's kitchen, and the water flowed constantly into this through a fine gauge. If the cistern became full, an overflow pipe conveyed the surplus to a trough in the barn for watering the horse and cow. Subsequently, Nathaniel White constructed a larger system, taking the water from springs and from Little pond. The city water-works brought Long pond into our faucets in 1872.

We are coming now to modern times. Social customs change so gradually that it is difficult to set a boundary between the old and the new. For the sake of convenience, let us consider the old era as extending about one hundred years after the settlement of the town, or until 1825 or 1835. The principal actors of that time sleep in the Old North burying-ground. We know of their ways and manners by tradition or record. The modern period embraces the last seventy years, and is all included within the memory of elderly people now living. About the beginning of the modern era, the town began to lose its homogeneity. The Old North church ceased to be the common meeting-place. Dr. McFarland was the last minister settled by the town. When Dr. Bouton was called, in 1825, it was to a parish instead of a township. New denominations were arising, and even the Old North itself did not long remain intact.

The growth of population demanded greater accommodations, and the establishment of the South church, in 1837, was preceded and followed by the separation of the west and the east parishes from the parent organization. The location of the state house (1816) on its present site instead of on the court-house lot was another blow to the North-enders; and when the railway station was finally set near its present location (it was once hoped that the Northern Railroad would have a station in the rear of the Pecker garden, now owned by Dr. W. G. Carter), it was seen that the town was growing, and growing to the southward.

The railroad came to Concord in 1842. This brought about many social changes. The introduction of the Irish as domestic servants

came soon after. In course of time, most well-to-do families began to keep, and still continue to keep, one girl or maid of all work. Until the Civil War, the regular wage of the "hired girl" was one dollar and fifty cents a week. In cases where she was expected to milk the cow, the stipend was raised to one dollar and seventy-five cents. Double the sum first mentioned is the lowest price now paid a maid of all work, four dollars is not unusual, and the trade on her side often does not include the Monday's washing. If a modern domestic were asked to milk a cow, she might say that she had never seen such an animal. Yet thirty or even twenty years ago almost as many families kept cows as kept horses, and every house of any pretension had a stable. It also had a garden and a well, but shaved and sand-papered lawns were unknown.

The old-fashioned gardens have been superseded by turf and trim shrubbery, more finished, perhaps, but somehow without the quaint, old-time charm. Substantial houses forty or fifty years ago had a front yard, a side yard, and a back yard. If the mistress were fond of flowers and the grounds were very much ornamented, there might be two rectangular flower-beds edged with brick on either side of the front walk. The side yard might have a set of flower-beds, interlocked in elaborate fashion, and bordered with box or pinks, those old-fashioned, double, very pink pinks, sweet smelling, with narrow gray-green leaves and stems. Inside the beds were double buttercups, purple columbines, marigolds, hollyhocks, dahlias, garden heliotrope, spiderwort, day lilies, honesty, white and damask roses, sweet williams, and bachelors' buttons.

The garden of Mrs. (General) Davis, at the northeast corner of State and Franklin streets, was of this type, and to childish eyes it seemed an earthly paradise. Her house had a little square bay window to the south, filled with flowers and birds, the first conservatory in town. On her broad piazza, covered with hop vines, was a well whose iron-bound bucket reached down to a spring of the coldest and purest water. Her pleasant home is now occupied by W. G. C. Kimball. Another garden, whose flower and vegetable beds were marvels of neatness and thrifty growth, belonged to the late Judge Asa Fowler, when he lived in the house which he built at the North end, No. 234 North Main street, now occupied by Frank S. Streeter. On the south side of this house was a sunken enclosure, reached by stone steps, where Mrs. Fowler cultivated beds of tulips and other flowers.

People in those days had a thought to utility as well as beauty, and in many gardens, even on Main street, the side yard contained pear trees, grape-vines, strawberries, and even corn and other veg-

etables. The back yard was usually bordered by the woodshed, clothes-lines, and hen pen. Whatever the grounds were, they were always—except when under shiftless ownership—enclosed by substantial palings. Our ancestors had the wholesome English horror of being exposed to the street, and would as soon have removed the sides of their houses as taken down their fences.

Perhaps nothing has more greatly affected our style of living than the change in heating apparatus. About 1840 the old fireplaces began to be bricked up and air-tight stoves came in vogue; these were thought to be heating agents of marvelous efficiency and economy. The first furnace introduced at the North end, and perhaps the first in town, appeared about 1860. The fire was built every morning and went out at night. It would have been thought unwarrantable extravagance to let it burn continuously. Anthracite coal appeared about this time; but stoves continued to be used, and halls, bedrooms, in fact, every place but the sitting-room, dining-room, and kitchen, went unheated except on special occasions; yet people entertained in those days as much as they do now. Everybody was used to superheated rooms and cold entries, and nobody complained of draughts. Steam heat became common about 1880, and by that time people began to understand that the gain in heat meant loss of air, and now the old fireplaces, on a diminished scale, appear in all the modern houses.

The tea party and the large general party were the two styles of entertainment in the middle of the nineteenth century. Now everything is specialized. We have progressive whist parties, chafing-dish parties, dances (usually in halls), afternoon teas, *musicales*, receptions, luncheons, club meetings *ad infinitum*—we are even beginning to undertake that last refinement of civilization, the formal evening dinner; guests are invited to a specific entertainment. But when our mothers gave a party it was a party. All invitations were verbal and delivered in person, and two or three days' notice was considered sufficient to gather the whole local world.

The supper was the hostess's chief care. There were no caterers in Concord a generation ago. Every article of food was prepared under the mistress's eye, and all the choice sorts by her own hands. For tea parties, hot biscuit, tongue or other cold meats, cheese, preserves, tarts, custards or jellies, a variety of cake, tea and coffee, were considered all-sufficient. Salads were unknown, and escalloped oysters were thought good enough to set before a president or an ex-president. For "stand-up" parties the dishes were fewer, the slippery and juicy ones were omitted, and, when ice cream came in, it was considered a delicacy that could give glory to any feast. Middle-

aged people, brought up in very comfortable circumstances, remember when sardines were a scarce luxury. A banana was hardly seen in town before 1860, and until after the Centennial this now common fruit could not be bought in Concord for less than ten cents apiece.

The former style of serving food was very different from that now in fashion. Until the last few years the French or Russian way of serving meals in courses was unheard of. Our parents were of the opinion that nothing looked so well on the table as something to eat. They would not have considered a pot of earth supporting a few feeble fronds a suitable ornament for a feast, even if it were enclosed in a silver dish and set on an embroidered centerpiece. The dinner hour was twelve or one o'clock, and this has never been changed by old residents. Forty years ago there were but two Concord houses which observed any other custom. An ex-minister to Switzerland dined in solitary state at three o'clock, and a family from Massachusetts, living on South street, whose unaccustomed style and elegance dazzled the town for a few years, kept the same hour. Until after the Civil War, evening dinners were unknown to society in Boston.

The social life of Concord has always been interesting and distinctive. There is a modern tendency to measure the importance of a town by the size of its population, which is a mistake, unless it is purely a commercial center. Since Concord became the permanent capital in 1816 (most of the sessions of the legislature were held here after 1782), it has drawn to itself whatever is noteworthy in the state. Though it may not equal Portsmouth and Exeter and other coast towns in aristocratic traditions and old memories of foreign trade, and though it may have a less exclusively intellectual tone than a village dominated by a college, there are probably few places in the country where the general social life is so agreeable and stimulating. This is due, in a measure, to the large proportion of official society.

A president has dwelt among us, both before and after his term of office, also a secretary of the navy. Representatives to foreign courts, Judge Nathaniel G. Upham and Hon. George G. Fogg, have had their homes here. During the last eighty years, eight governors, Morril, Harvey, Hill, Baker, Gilmore, Harriman, Stearns, and Rollins, and eight United States senators, Thomas W. Thompson (1814–'17), David L. Morril (1816–'22), Franklin Pierce, Isaac Hill, Edward H. Rollins, George G. Fogg, William E. Chandler, and Jacob H. Gallinger, have been at some period of their lives among our permanent residents. The state officials, secretary, treasurer, adjutant-general, and others, always live in town, while the succession of judges of the supreme court is past counting. Every man of official prominence in

the state who does not belong in Concord has occasion to come here frequently, and the sight of the governor or a congressman on the street excites no more awe or curiosity than that of any of the ministers of our churches.

Among other influences which have contributed to the character of the city may be mentioned the rather negative, yet nevertheless important, one of religious toleration. Concord has been happily free from the strangling bigotry which has afflicted so many other places. The ministers of the Old North, which for nearly a hundred years was the town church, have been broad-minded men, wise and liberal for their generation. Though the town has not always been more hospitable to anti-slavery agitators and other prophets of the truth than some cities of greater renown, it cannot be said that our history on the whole has been disfigured by any serious persecution. For the past sixty years a variety of religious denominations (nine at the present time, with houses of worship more than double that number), have flourished side by side in peace and harmony. This liberal atmosphere is probably the result of the high general intelligence of the community; at any rate, it is something for which we should all be grateful.

Moneyed men, and those in a position to know, declare that Concord is a wealthy city in proportion to its population; but there is little ostentation in living. There are really no show houses in town. Domestic service has not been specialized further than cook and "second girl." About thirty families at the present time, exclusive of those who employ children's nurses, keep two maid-servants. Many of these households have also a man who acts as coachman and general choreman. Some families keep a man who have but one maid. It would be misleading to imply that the number of servants constitutes any line of social demarkation. There are no large houses in Concord, and no rooms built especially for company. This probably accounts for the popularity of the afternoon tea, which has flourished for the last twenty years. It is the only form of entertainment by which a hostess can gather all her acquaintances under her own roof. When people wish to entertain in a more elaborate manner it has been the custom for the last thirty years for a number of ladies, usually four, to engage the Eagle hotel, and send out cards for a big reception and ball. These "syndicate" parties occur at infrequent intervals, and constitute our most brilliant and expensive social functions.

Much of the wealth of Concord is inherited or has been gained by slow accumulation, and its owners, following the frugal ways of their fathers, have a wholesome conservatism about spending it. The

social tone of our city is wholly unlike that of towns where everybody lives in a rented or mortgaged house, and yearly spends the last cent of his salary. Some very aged people who could remember when there was practically but one thoroughfare in Concord, and State street, then unnamed, was spoken of simply as the "back street," used to say that the North end was always the court end of the town. But any such distinction disappeared long ago, and now North, South, and West ends and the center associate on a common level. As illustrating the sudden development of the West end since that branch of the street railway was opened in 1891, it may be remarked that fifty years ago the late Governor Hill owned some of the region beyond White park and used it for a cow pasture. Its value was reckoned at about five dollars an acre. The same land sells now at the rate of five thousand dollars an acre.

In any capital the assembling of the legislature means a marked increase in social life. When 'Lection came annually in June, it was the season to which everybody looked forward. The whole town blossomed out. The streets of Concord, under their beautiful arching elms, are never so lovely as at this time, and everybody sat and walked out-doors. The seating of the governor was quite an imposing event, especially when it was accompanied by the parade of the Horse Guards, a company of cavalry whose resplendent scarlet uniforms enlivened the town from 1860 to 1865. Everybody gave parties in June. Elderly ladies have spoken of the term of Governor Samuel Dinsmoor, Jr., of Keene (1849–'52), as especially brilliant. The governor and his wife were quite elegant people, and there were parties every night. The social world was not so large then, and a private house could entertain it all.

The Governor's Horse Guards deserve more than a passing notice. They were considered the handsomest cavalry company in the United States in their day. The uniform and equipment of each member cost about one hundred and twenty-five dollars. The uniform was of the pattern of the French Hussars, and consisted of blue broadcloth pantaloons with yellow stripes, a blue jacket tightly buttoned and trimmed with yellow silk cord, a flying jacket or dolman of scarlet ornamented with gold, and a tall red cap or busby with pompon in front. The red dolmans and caps made a striking appearance when a company of one hundred were parading through the streets. The Horse Guards were organized in Concord, November 10, 1859, but the corps included members from all parts of the state. Company A was the Concord section, and numbered about fifty men. Its successive captains were Colonel John H. George, (Senator) Edward H. Rollins, and Calvin C. Webster. Gust Walker of Con-

cord was at one time captain of Company B, though that was composed chiefly of out-of-town men. The colonels of the corps were George Stark of Nashua and Henry O. Kent of Lancaster.

The annual ball, a famous social occasion, was held on the second Wednesday in January, in Phenix or Eagle hall, which was elaborately decorated by Beal of Boston. *The New Hampshire Statesman* says of the first ball, January 9, 1861, that it lasted until five o'clock in the morning, and that one hundred and sixty couples participated. Hall's band of Boston furnished the music for the parades, because they could play on horseback. Many noted guests from out of town came to the annual dinners and balls. The company was an expensive one, but it lasted all through the trying times of the war, and finally suspended December 20, 1865, after six annual parades and five balls. The streets of Concord were never so brilliant as when Colonel Josiah B. Sanborn, Major Jonathan E. Lang, Colonel Abel Herbert Bellows, (Governor) Natt Head of Hooksett, and others of their compeers, were prancing about in their flying red cloaks on Election day. The corps was not lacking in patriotism, however. At the opening of the war they sent Calvin C. Webster, one of the officers, as a delegate to President Lincoln, offering their services to the Union, agreeing to furnish their own horses and to pay their expenses to Washington. Lincoln sent Mr. Webster to General Scott, who thanked him but said there would be no need of their services, as the war would not last more than three months, and cavalry would be useless.

For twenty years, beginning with Governor Cheney's example in 1876, it was the custom for most of the chief executives to give a public reception at the Eagle hotel or other suitable place. These receptions were conducted on a scale of great liberality, with music, flowers, and supper worthy of a private ball. Some of the notably brilliant affairs were those given by Governors Currier, Sawyer, Tuttle, Smith, and Busiel. Invitations were put in the papers, and anybody in the state felt free to accept. The generosity of the hosts, who often spent more than the entire gubernatorial salary upon this entertainment for the people, finally proved the destruction of the function. In some cases the hospitality was so abused by the crowds that it was impossible to preserve the decorum due such an occasion. With the inauguration of Governor Ramsdell (1897) it was felt that the time had come for a change, and a handsome subscription ball, with tickets at five dollars for each couple, was held in the opera house. Similar affairs were given for Governors Rollins, Jordan, and Bachelder in Phenix hall, and the "governor's reception," thus modified and shorn of its old-time dimensions, bids fair to continue a feature of our legislative winters.

While giving so much space to the entertainments of adults, it would hardly be fair to omit the juvenile festivities. For the last thirty years the high school graduating dance has been an important feature of every June. Known at first as a "levee" (pronounced lev*ee*) and later as a reception, it has supplanted the promenade concert of earlier years. It is under the exclusive management of the graduating class, whose invitations are always in great demand. But the event of the children's year is the Unitarian May party. Founded in 1859 by Mrs. Asa Fowler, it has maintained undiminished popularity for nearly half a century. Begun as a May breakfast, it soon changed into an afternoon and evening affair. The children's march in the afternoon might almost be called a baby parade, for children of different sizes are arranged in regular gradation down to the little tots barely able to walk. Although under Unitarian auspices the festival belongs to the whole town, and the participants in the May-pole dance may come from any religious denomination. It may be mentioned, in passing, that at the time this festival started, the Unitarian was almost the only church that would have permitted dancing at a parish gathering.

The mention of May day suggests the peculiar mode of celebration that has been practised by Concord boys for the last fifty years. This is to usher in, not the dawn, but the darkest hours that precede it, by the blowing of instruments, elsewhere known as fish horns. Many a middle-aged man will recall the pride he felt in the days of his youth if he was the first to waken the neighborhood by a blast just after midnight. Usually the boys deputed one of their number to go around and "toot" his horn through the keyhole of the front door where the others slept, and when all were aroused, they paraded the streets till breakfast time. The reason of this demoniac chorus on the first of May has never been explained.

Social life and domestic customs are so largely under the control of women that no chapter on this topic would be complete without a special word in relation to woman's changed work and opportunities. It seems a long way from the days of the spinning wheel which was accompanied by a distaff to the days of the spinning-wheel whose progress is measured by a cyclometer; but some elderly people have seen both machines manipulated by Concord women. The spinster has forever disappeared, but the bicycle girl appears to have come to stay.

It is a simple statement to say that the first woman physician, Dr. Julia Wallace-Russell, permanently to locate in Concord, came here in 1878; but that fact marks a milestone in our progress. Others since then have also engaged in successful practice. Dr. Jane Eliza-

beth Hoyt is the first Concord-born woman to establish herself here as a physician.

An old resident, whose life covered eighty-seven years of the nineteenth century, said that in his school-days no girl was expected to study farther in arithmetic than the four elementary rules. The female mind was thought unworthy to share in full even the meager privileges of the "deestrick" schools. This man lived to see his niece (the writer) graduate from Vassar in 1881, the first Concord girl to take the baccalaureate degree. Almost as many girls as boys are now annually fitted for college at our high school.

It was years after the whole teaching force of Concord, save the principal of the high school, was feminine before a woman, Mrs. Mary Parker Woodworth (Vassar, 1870), was elected a member of the board of education (1890). Six years later she had Mrs. Susan J. (Wentworth) Woodward as coadjutor, and now three women, Mrs. Susan C. Bancroft, Mrs. Ella H. J. Hill, and Mrs. Alice M. Nims, serve on the board. Women were granted school suffrage in 1878, and after the first few years, when it took some courage to face the novelty of the situation, they have attended the annual meeting in numbers equal to the men. Miss Grace Blanchard (Smith, 1882), the first woman to hold municipal office, became the accomplished and efficient city librarian in 1895.

The average woman of the last generation found her chief recreation in sewing societies; now she belongs to clubs. The Woman's Edition of the *Monitor*, issued on Decoration day, 1896, undertook to enumerate all the clubs and philanthropic organizations in Concord managed by women (exclusive of church societies). The number found was thirty-nine, and many new ones have been formed since then. A notable literary club was that started in the winter of 1876–'77 in connection with the lectures of Mrs. Abba Goold Woolson, then a resident of our city. Among the active members were Mrs. Charles C. Pearson, Mrs. John M. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel C. Eastman, Mrs. William H. Bartlett, Mrs. John Abbott, Mrs. J. N. Patterson, Mrs. Martha Bouton Cilley, Mrs. Albert B. Woodworth, Mrs. George E. Jenks, Mrs. Sarah M. K. Adams, Mrs. Franklin Low, Mrs. Sarah Neal Harris, Mrs. Helen Mar Bean, Mrs. William M. Chase, Misses Clara M. Fowler, Elizabeth S. Stevens, Minnie W. Fiske, Susan B. Walker, Frances K. Adams, and Frances M. Abbott. The club met about at houses, but it was largely under the direction of Judge Fowler, whose library and hospitable home were ever at its service. As lecturer, author, and leader in social progress, Mrs. Woolson was the most widely known woman who has ever lived in town, and the influence exercised upon

the intellectual life of Concord by her and her husband, Moses Woolson, for many years a teacher here, was marked and permanent.

Among the most distinctive of our societies are the ten Shakespeare clubs, which have a room set apart for their exclusive use in the Fowler Library building (1888), probably the only room of the kind in the country. Each club, except the Warwick, which admitted both men and women, has a membership limited to sixteen women. The original Shakespeare club, the oldest literary society now existing in town, was founded in 1877 by Mrs. Sargent C. Whitcher (now Mrs. Torrey of Charlestown, Mass.). Mrs. Lyman D. Stevens has been its continuous president. The Stratford club was founded in 1883 by Mrs. Ezekiel Morrill. Its presidents have been Mrs. Ai B. Thompson, Mrs. Sarah E. Hamilton, Mrs. Ezekiel Morrill, Mrs. Shadrach C. Morrill, Mrs. Susan J. (Wentworth) Woodward, Miss Frances M. Abbott, and Mrs. A. D. Ayling. The Avon club, also founded in 1883, has had for presidents, Miss Helen McG. Ayers, Mrs. James E. Minot, Mrs. Anna E. Clarke, Mrs. Nathan F. Carter, and Miss Annie A. McFarland. The As You Like It club, at first called the Juniors, was founded in 1884. Miss Edith P. Minot has been its president.

The Warwick club was founded in 1885 by Miss Susan G. Perkins and Miss Jennie L. Bouton (Mrs. John Smythe Fogg). During the fifteen years of its existence, this club has numbered many of the prominent men and women of Concord among its members. Rev. Dr. D. C. Roberts was for many years its president. On the membership list have been the names of Amos Hadley, William P. Fiske, Mrs. Helen M. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Rollins, Mrs. William Pickering Hill, Mr. and Mrs. James O. Lyford, Mr. and Mrs. Howard L. Porter, Rev. and Mrs. Howard F. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar H. Woodman, Mr. and Mrs. Josiah B. Sanborn, Mrs. Oliver Pillsbury, Charles R. Corning, and Mrs. Maria L. Gove. The Monday Evening club was founded in 1888 by Miss M. Isabel Eastman (Mrs. Styll of Newport, Tenn.). The presidents have been Miss Mary J. Sanborn, Mrs. Frank M. Knowles, Mrs. Charles P. Clough, Mrs. George W. Weeks, Mrs. Loren M. Richardson, Mrs. Lewis B. Hoit, and Miss Ada L. Fuller. The Hathaway club was founded in 1894 by Miss Isabel S. Dana and Miss Maude B. Binet. Its presidents have been Miss Binet, Mrs. George B. Lauder, Miss Jessie M. Williams, Miss J. Blanche Newhall, Mrs. Arthur L. Willis, Miss Effie M. Thorndike, and Miss Anne M. Kendall. The Twelfth Night club was founded in 1895. Its presidents have been Mrs. George L. Williams, Mrs. Frank H. George, Mrs. William D. Wallace, and Miss Mary A. Gage, with Miss Sarah F. Sanborn as leader. The

Cymbeline club was founded in 1895. The presidents have been Misses Mary E. Sullivan, Mary E. Keenan, Harriet I. Parkhurst, and Agnes Mitchell. The Merry Wives club was founded in 1896 by Miss Martha J. Noyes. Its presidents have been Miss Noyes, Mrs. Annie D. Adams, Mrs. Nellie L. Cloudman, Mrs. M. Rose Greeley, Mrs. Clara A. Sargent, Miss Margaret F. Gallinger, Mrs. Florence B. Gould, and Mrs. Mabel Ordway.

The Woman's clubs of Concord and of Penacook are the two largest societies in town. The Concord Woman's club, founded in 1893 by Mrs. Lillian C. Streeter, numbers two hundred and twenty-five active and forty associate members. The presidents have been Mrs. Streeter, Mrs. Susan C. Bancroft, Mrs. Mary P. Woodworth, Mrs. Alice M. Nims, Mrs. Ella H. J. Hill, Mrs. Fanny E. Minot. A detailed description of this club is given in another article. The Woman's club of Penacook was founded in 1896 as the Current Events club, but its name was afterwards changed to indicate its enlarged scope. Its presidents have been Miss M. Annie Fiske, Mrs. Sarah E. (Abbott) Sanders, Mrs. Martha J. Buxton, Mrs. Grace Brown, and Mrs. Ida Harris. The membership is limited to seventy-five, and the club meetings offer lectures and papers on literature, art, science, and social progress, with an occasional musical entertainment and an annual reception.

The out-door clubs deserve special mention. Perhaps nothing would have astonished our ancestors more than a club-house built by twenty-five women for athletic and social recreation. We have two such houses in Concord. In 1896 the Outing club constructed the pretty Camp Weetamoo on an elevation overlooking the Merrimack, three miles south of the state house. It is believed to have been the first house of its kind in the country. The presidents of this club have been Dr. Maude Kent, Miss Mary Niles, Mrs. Arthur H. Knowlton, Miss Caroline S. Stewart, and Miss Lena M. Minot. Miss Nellie S. Abbott has been the continuous secretary-treasurer. The Country club, founded in 1897, built an attractive house on the banks of the Contoocook and opened it with a large reception on July 1 of that year. The chairmen of the board of directors have been Miss Ella R. Holden, Mrs. Charles P. Bancroft, Mrs. Howard A. Kimball, and Mrs. Frank W. Rollins; the secretaries, Miss Abba G. Fiske, Mrs. Willis D. Thompson, and Miss Harriet L. Huntress. Bicycling, canoeing, and snowshoeing for women have been greatly promoted by these clubs; and countless parties have been entertained at their hospitable houses. The Wild Flower club, founded in 1896, which takes weekly tramps from April to October, has done much to make its members acquainted with the scenery about Concord, as well as

with the great variety of wild flowers (over four hundred blossoming plants) to be found here. The presidents of this club have been Mrs. A. P. Chesley and Mrs. I. A. Hill, and the secretaries, Miss Frances M. Abbott and Miss Sarah F. Sanborn. The Beaver Meadow golf links, in which men and women are equally interested, date from 1897. A detailed account of this club, with pictures of its own house and the Weetamoo and Country club-houses, may be found on page 584.

A chapter would not suffice to do justice to all the excellent philanthropic organizations managed by Concord women, but brief mention must be made of the Concord Female Charitable society, founded in 1812 by Mrs. Elizabeth McFarland, wife of the third minister of the Old North church. This seems to preserve more of the historic flavor and old-time customs than anything else in Concord. Its annual meeting and supper, once the great event of the winter, is now but one out of a multitude of social occasions; but whoever misses the reading of that ancient constitution and the sight of the dear, white-capped old ladies gathered from far and near, and fails to partake of the super-excellent supper, the pride of generations of Concord housewives, ought to know that he has lost a great deal.

Another honored organization is the Concord Female Benevolent society, founded by the ladies of the Unitarian church in 1835. Its purpose is similar to that of the Female Charitable society, whose management was confined to members of the evangelical churches. Mrs. Sampson Bullard was the first directress and Miss Mary Ann Downing (1825–1903), during forty years of her noble and useful life, was the president. The Seamen's Friends society was founded in 1832 by Mrs. Ezra Carter and her sister, Miss Selina Clark (Mrs. George Minot). These ladies had come from Portsmouth, and the needs of the seafaring men appealed especially to them. This society has done great service during its long existence. Mrs. Minot, who has been ever active in its welfare, is the only one of the original members now living. The Union Missionary society, founded in 1866, at the home of Mrs. Benjamin E. Badger, unites women of various churches in spreading the Christian religion among pagan races. The first president was Miss Mary Hamilton (Mrs. Chase of Lawrence, Mass.). Mention of many helpful organizations connected with individual churches, also of secret societies, must be omitted here.

Other excellent clubs and societies, which, like bills in the legislature, can be read by their titles only, are: The Fortnightly, the Bible Fortnightly, the Schiller, the Dante, the Clio, the Concordia, the Flower Mission, the Charity Circle, the Ramabai Circle (for women in India), the Rumford Chapter of the D. A. R., the District

Nursing association, the Equal Suffrage association, and the W. C. T. U. The good work of the latter society has been described in another chapter. The leading spirit of the Suffrage association has been Mrs. Armenia S. White, ever an active and fearless champion of temperance, anti slavery, and other reforms. The purport of many of the foregoing organizations is indicated by their titles. Many of the men's societies, like the Y. M. C. A., have woman's auxiliaries, which render valuable help.

Mention has previously been made on page 574 of Concord men and women who have engaged in literary work. Although Concord cannot claim a famous author, yet books have been issued by noted firms, and articles have appeared in leading magazines and reviews, bearing signatures of people who now dwell among us or who once walked our streets. The following names can be added to the previous list. Of former residents, Miss Emma E. Brown and Miss Clara M. Fowler, natives of Concord, but now living in Boston, passed their early life in this town. Miss Brown has published several books of biography and narrative poems, beside magazine articles; Miss Fowler is the author of brilliant letters of travel. Reverend and Mrs. Bradley Gilman, now of Springfield, Mass., lived here from 1886 to 1892. Mr. Gilman has written several successful juvenile books, also collections of short stories; Mrs. Gilman has done critical and biographical work. Edith Carpenter (Mrs. Bond Valentine Thomas), who died in New York city in 1901, was the author of two novels, a historical study, and one play.

For many years the meeting of the Old Charitable society occurred on the first Tuesday in January. Another important event about that time was the annual musical convention, conducted from 1864 to 1886 by John Holmes Morey and Benjamin B. Davis,—the former a leading teacher of the piano, and the latter, the last of the old-time singing masters. These conventions were held either in the old Eagle or the old Phenix hall, wherein banks of seats were built up from the stage to accommodate the chorus singers, who came from all parts of the state. Noted conductors and soloists were brought from Boston. The pianist was usually Mrs. Martha Dana Shepard of Ashland. The convention lasted four days, and grand concerts of classical music were given on Thursday and Friday evenings. Wednesday afternoon was devoted to the entertainment of the children, and Henry Clay Barnabee, then in the dawn of his career, was a prime favorite as a humorous singer. These conventions did much to stimulate the musical taste, not only of Concord, but of the state. In later years their place has been supplied by symphony concerts under the leadership of Henri G. Blaisdell, the violinist, whose ability

as a conductor is known beyond the borders of New Hampshire, and by festivals under the auspices of the Concord Choral Union and Oratorio society (*pp.* 576, 577).

Concord of late years has been fortunate in having several gifted musical artists among her residents. In the seventies Dr. C. A. Guilmette, a learned and accomplished man, whose baritone voice was once famous in Europe, dwelt here and took an active part in musical circles. We are occasionally privileged to hear the beautiful soprano voice of Mrs. George Morrill Kimball, who, as Miss Louise Gage, was considered the finest choir singer in Boston. Milo Benedict, a pupil of Liszt, is a pianist with the touch of genius. Miss Jennie Dorothy Hoyle, the gifted violinist, lived here during 1895–'96, and may be said to have begun her concert career in Concord.

A word must be written about some of the Concord houses associated with noted people. The Walker parsonage at the North end and the Countess of Rumford house have already been mentioned. The fine old mansion, 24 South Spring street, now occupied by W. A. Stone, Jr., was for many years the home of William A. Kent, a courtly gentleman whose name is noted in the social annals of the town. In 1789, when a young man, he came to Concord from Charlestown, Mass., because his only sister had married Reverend Israel Evans. His home, originally located on Pleasant street, was the abode of hospitality. Lafayette was entertained there in 1825, Daniel Webster was a frequent guest, and in the north parlor, September 30, 1829, Ralph Waldo Emerson married his first wife, the beautiful Ellen Tucker, step-daughter of Colonel Kent. It must always be a matter of pride to our city that Emerson, the greatest name in American literature, filled the pulpit of the Unitarian church for a few months during the year 1828.

Emerson and Count Rumford are not the only famous men who married their first wives in Concord. In 1818 S. F. B. Morse, who later gained world-wide fame as the inventor of the electric telegraph, came to Concord bearing letters of introduction from his father, Rev. Dr. Jedediah Morse, pastor of the First Congregational church in Charlestown, Mass., to Dr. McFarland. Mr. Morse established himself here as a portrait painter. His inventive ability had even then begun to display itself, for there is record that the town purchased a fire engine of his design. Deacon Asa McFarland, in his "Recollections," quaintly says of him that he treated the town to three great surprises: First, by painting portraits of the inhabitants that could be recognized at sight; second, by courting and carrying off the prettiest girl in town; third, by bestowing the largest marriage fee on record up to that time. The young lady in question,

traditions of whose beauty and charm of manner have been handed down even to this generation, was Miss Lucretia Pickering Walker, great-granddaughter of the first minister. Her home was on the south corner of Main and Franklin streets, in the house still standing, though greatly changed, built by her father, Charles Walker. She was married in the north parlor of this house.

The name of President Pierce is associated with several houses in town. At one time he lived at 18 Montgomery street, in the house since occupied by the George Minot family. When elected to the presidency he was occupying the house on the south corner of Main and Thorndike streets, so long the home of Dr. Eames, rector of St. Paul's church. After his return from Washington he dwelt in the stately residence, 52 South Main street, where Joseph Wentworth (1818–1901) afterwards lived for thirty years. In this house Franklin Pierce died, October 8, 1869. President Pierce, at one time, contemplated building on a large plan. He bought the fine estate where the Odd Fellows' Home is now located, built a substantial stone wall and gateways, part of which remain, but he went no further; and Mount Vernon, on a smaller scale, and the deer park will forever remain unrealized.

Concord has been honored by the official visits of eight presidents: Monroe, July 18, 1817; Jackson, June 28, 1833; Polk, July 1, 1847; Pierce, October 2, 1856; Grant, August 25, 1869; Hayes, August 22, 1877; Harrison, August 15, 1889; Roosevelt, August 28, 1902. Three others who subsequently became president have also visited the town. Van Buren, then secretary of state, accompanied Jackson, and Buchanan came with Polk in a similar capacity. Lincoln passed through the town March 1, 1860, and made a stirring speech in Phenix hall, but few at that time had any conception of the part he was to play during the next five years. This incident of Jackson's visit may be worth recalling: The late Mrs. Robert E. Pecker, who died in 1887, was in 1833 living with her first husband, John Estabrook, in the house, 172 North Main street, subsequently occupied for forty years by Governor Onslow Stearns. She used to tell this story. President Jackson was entertained at the chief tavern, then known as the Eagle Coffee House. The resources of the tavern were hardly adequate to the occasion; in fact, no room was suitably furnished for such a guest; so they sent to Mrs. Estabrook and borrowed her best bed, a substantial mahogany, which was cheerfully loaned for the occasion.

Two vice-presidents have lived for a short time in town. William W. Estabrook, brother of John Estabrook, just mentioned, kept a dry goods store locally known as the "Great Eight," from its number

in Stickney's block; and it was in this store, about 1835, that Levi P. Morton served as clerk for a year or two. Henry Wilson attended the Concord Literary institute in 1837, and boarded in the family of Joseph Grover.

The house which furnished the bed for Jackson's visit afterwards entertained, under Governor Stearns's ownership, two presidents,—Grant and Hayes,—who spent the night under its roof. A large evening reception was given to President and Mrs. Grant in this house. The Hayes visit was particularly notable, for the president was accompanied by Mrs. Hayes, their sons, Vice-President Wheeler, Secretary Evarts, Attorney-General Devens, and other officials. A banquet was held at the Eagle hotel during the day, and a brilliant reception was given the presidential party at the opera house in the evening. Another notable guest at the Stearns house was General William T. Sherman, then in the height of his fame, soon after the close of the Civil War.

So many other famous people, some of them more distinguished than the presidents, have visited Concord, that Major Henry McFarland well says, in his "Reminiscences of Sixty Years," that it would seem to be necessary only to take up one's stand on Main street to see the whole world go by. Probably no visit ever aroused more enthusiasm than that of Lafayette, in 1825, when the surviving Revolutionary soldiers held a reunion and a dinner under the state house elms. In 1866, on August 30, Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase visited his niece, Mrs. J. Prentiss Tucker, in the house afterwards occupied by Bishop Niles, then standing opposite the court house. The reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Tucker in honor of their distinguished relative was an event of that social season.

Perhaps this chapter may fittingly close by mention of the oldest person who ever lived in town. Mrs. Jonathan Tenney, born in Newbury, Vt., December 8, 1795, died at West Concord, December 18, 1898, aged one hundred and three years and ten days. Her maiden name was Lydia Crane, and she was one of the ten children of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Crane of Bradford, Vt. The first fifty years of her life were passed in Vermont, but the last fifty were spent in Concord, at the pleasant homestead in District No. 4, on the hill back of the Kilburn Abbott place, Long Pond road. Mrs. Tenney was married in November, 1816, and went to live in Corinth, Vt. That was the famous cold year in which there was a frost every month. No corn ripened, consequently people had to do without Indian meal, a great deprivation in those days. Mrs. Tenney said they were obliged to use English grains, wheat, and barley. Mrs. Tenney's husband was a brother of Reverend Asa P. Tenney, long known as Priest Tenney,

of West Concord. Of Mrs. Tenney's nine children, all preceded her to the other world except her second son, Daniel, with whom she spent her last days. Her eldest son, Jonathan, is well remembered as principal for many years of Pembroke and Boscawen academies. Till the very end of life, Mrs. Tenney's physical vigor was remarkable. At the time Dr. Bouton's history was finished (1855), "Aunt" Lydia Elliot was living at the Borough at the age of one hundred and two. Without doubt Mrs. Elliot and Mrs. Tenney are the oldest people who have ever lived in Concord.