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MONADNOCK, FROM LONG POND, JAFFREY.

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THE MAKING OF A TOWN.

BEING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SETTLEMENT AND GROWTH OF THE TOWN OF JAFFREY.

By Albert Annett.

THE earliest recorded history of the region about Monadnock has to do with savage forays upon the frontier of Massachusetts in the old French and Indian wars. For more than a century after this isolated peak on the northwestern horizon appeared to the view of the incoming white race, the wilderness upon which it looked down remained unbroken for miles around.

It seems to have been a landmark to the migratory tribes, known far and wide, and it served to steer their course from the Connecticut to the Merrimack and to the ponds that lay between. It was a mountain fastness, to which the frontier settlements in Massachusetts looked with apprehension and alarm. It was no groundless fear that retarded the progress of settlement, for all those old frontier towns to the south of Monadnock have their record of Indian war and alarm, of houses and crops destroyed and families carried away captive.

In the year 1706 a company of rangers from the old town of Groton went up to Monadnock bent upon the gentle pastime of hunting for Indian scalps. When the sun was an hour high they made their camp for the night, and like experienced woodsmen they sent out scouts to reconnoitre and guard against surprise. Meanwhile those in the camp drummed with their hatchets on the trees to guide the outposts and prevent their becoming lost in the gathering darkness.

The scouts had not proceeded far before they discovered signs of the enemy that filled them with alarm. Near a brook two of them found tracks which one declared to have been made by Indian dogs, the other said that they were the tracks of a she wolf and her whelps.

The drumming on the trees became alarming, and they were sure

that they heard it answered from another camp. They became frightened and made their way back to their company. Other scouts came in in equal alarm. They declared that they had seen the French and Indians in great force, a thousand in number. The commander ordered the company to fall back from their position. The awfulness of their situation in the unbroken woods beneath the shadow of the dark mountain was sufficient to fill the imaginations of even these brave men with dread. A panic ensued; the officers made some attempt to halt the fleeing men but their calls were unheeded, and none were swift enough to overtake them in their stampede. A few of the bravest stuck to their position. Lieutenant Tarbell was the hero of the occasion. He threw his hat on the ground and declared that with four men he would face the entire force of the foe, but, sad to relate, not four men were found to risk their lives for the good fame of Groton that day. On his return home the commander was tried by court martial for his disorderly retreat, and by that means an account of one of the many expeditions into the wilderness about Monadnock has been preserved.[1]

A few years later a bounty equivalent to about forty pounds sterling was offered by the governments of New Hampshire and Massachusetts for Indian scalps, and under the stimulus of this beneficent act ranging parties were organized to scour the woods of New Hampshire. A letter written by the governor of Connecticut at the time states that it was the purpose of the friendly Indians of Connecticut to look for scalps in the country around Monadnock. What luck attended them is not known.

But another long-continued obsta-

Main Street,

[1] Groton in the Indian wars.

cle to the occupation of the lands about Monadnock is to be found in the interminable controversies over questions of civil jurisdiction and title to the land.

The grant of the province of Massachusetts Bay extended "three miles to the northward of the Merrimack river and of any and every part thereof." But the course of the river was then supposed to be from west to east, and in the year 1629, when the province of New Hampshire was granted to John Mason, a merchant of London, his territory was bounded by the Merrimack river for a distance of sixty miles and the course was described as westerly to "His Majesty's other possessions" (New York). Subsequent grants or patents were issued, many of which were also based upon an imperfect knowledge of the geography of the country and they served to make the confusion worse.

When the northerly bend of the Merrimack was made known, and the boundaries described in the grants were found to be impossible lines, the province of New Hampshire, contending for the intent of its grant, claimed a westerly course, leaving the river at the place where it turns to the north, and extending from that point across the Connecticut to the state of New York.

Jaffrey Centre Street.

Massachusetts on the other hand, holding more nearly to the letter of the grant, claimed all the territory between the Merrimack and Connecticut rivers as far north as "where the rivers of Pemigewasset and Winnipiseogee meet," and to fortify her claim by occupation she granted townships in this disputed territory to her volunteer soldiery who had participated in the expedition under Sir William Phipps, in 1690, against the French in Quebec.

Among these Massachusetts grants

EAST JAFFREY, FROM THE EAST.

was a township of irregular shape, described as "lying to the southwest of the Grand Monadnock." This township, which comprised a large part of what is now Rindge and Sharon, together with a portion of the southeastern part of Jaffrey, was granted in 1736 to the veteran soldiers of Rowley, and was known as Rowley Canada.[1]

Peterborough was granted three years later to a company, most of whom were residents of old Concord, Mass. They were allowed their choice of the vast unallotted lands to the north, and selected a tract six miles square lying "east of the great Monadnock hill," that for one hundred years had bounded their horizen in the northeast. This township also included a portion of the present town of Jaffrey. Other townships were granted in the disputed territory by the legislative acts of Massachusetts but they were remote from the locality considered in this sketch.

Finally the present division line between New Hampshire and Massachusetts was established by a royal decree in 1741, and five years later, the Masonian patent having been revived and confirmed, all the vast tract granted to John Mason more than a century before became by purchase the property of a company of gentlemen of wealth and influence, thereafter known as the Masonian proprietors, most of whom were residents of Portsmouth, in New Hampshire. With a view of avoiding litigation and the ill will of the people, the new proprietors generally quit-claimed their interest in the townships already settled and devoted their attention to the unimproved portions of their estate.

Col. Joseph Blanchard, one of the Masonian proprietors who was selected to portion out the new territory into townships and to act as agent of the association in this enterprise, was a masterful character and few men have left their mark in such enduring lines upon the world. In the year 1755 he commanded the New Hampshire regiment in the campaign against Crown Point, and though the object of the expedition was not attained, yet his regiment did valiant service and gained lasting fame in severe conflicts with the French and Indians at Fort Edward and in the vicinity of Lake George. In this famous regiment was a company commanded by Capt. Peter Powers of Hollis, one of the proprietors of Jaffrey, and also a company of the celebrated Roger's Rangers, having as a lieutenant young John Stark, destined to undying fame as the hero of Bunker Hill and Bennington. With such rugged elements of civilization, Joseph Blanchard was a master spirit, and as a maker of geographical divisions he moved with the same elemental force.

From the west line of the old Peterborough township he had a clear field, and we may imagine that it was while standing on some hillside near the Peterborough line and peering out over the tree-tops toward Monadnock, waiting silently in the west, that his thought foreshadowed the towns that now fill the valley. What was the distance across to the great Monadnock hill? To include that in the new townships would depreciate their value. How much room had he to the north and south? Dis-

[1] History of Rindge.

Granite State Hotel.

tances were estimated, and the letter has been preserved wherein he reported to the proprietors that he was about to lay out three townships of like dimensions, five miles from north to south, and seven miles from east to west.

The space proved too small for the towns he had in mind, but he was a mighty man as has been said, and to gain room he shouldered the old Massachusetts township of Peterborough, with all its inhabitants and proprietors buzzing like hornets in his ears, three fourths of a mile to the east, carrying it on to the side of the East mountain; the old township of Rowley Canada was sent where Tyre had gone, and the triplet towns of Rindge, Jaffrey, and Dublin made their first appearance upon the map of the world. It seems to have been his intention in transplanting the old township of Peterborough to gain space for his new towns in the more desirable land of the valley, but still there was not room and as, with all his mightiness, he could not budge the great Monadnock hill, the townships of Jaffrey and Dublin were perforce laid over the top of it, with all its waste land, making them nearly two miles to the west of a right line with their sister town of Rindge.

These new townships, with others afterward granted, were designated as the Monadnock townships, and Jaffrey received the name of Middle Monadnock, Monadnock No. 2, or sometimes Middletown. From this point we deal with the middle township alone. Here was raw material for the town maker,—thirty-five square miles of primeval forest broken only by the mountain summit and here and there by the gleam of a woodland lake. From a spring on the mountain side a stream trickled down and wound its way through the woods till it met another from a high basin in the hills to the south, and together they formed the Contoocook with its sites for future mills. But the unoccupied wilderness could yield no returns to the proprietors; to make townships of their real estate and thereby enhance its value, they must have in each geographical division the entire outfit of a town, selectmen, tythingmen, husbandmen, housewrights, millwrights, and many handicraftsmen more; but above all, a meeting-house and settled minister, and to supply these lacking elements, in 1749, they granted the township to Jonathan Hubbard of Lunenburg, and thirty-nine others most of whom were resi-

Cutter's Hotel.

dents of Dunstable (now Nashua and Hollis.)

But the new proprietors had no notion of performing the rough work of pioneers. They, too, were promoters and speculators, and the names of many of them are found in connection with the development

Summer Boarding-house of Mrs. Lawrence, Jaffrey Centre.

of other towns. The first meeting of this syndicate, called "The Proprietors of Monadnock Township, No. 2," was held at the house of Joseph French in Dunstable, early in 1750. At this meeting Capt. Peter Powers was entrusted with the work of surveying the township, and Jacob Lawrence and William Spaulding were appointed a committee to lay out a road from No. 2 (Wilton) through Peterborough Slip (Temple and Sharon) to the new township. In the following summer, in order that the township might be divided in severalty among the proprietors, it was divided into lots of approximately one hundred acres each, three of which constituted a settler's right. It had been specified in their grant that three shares, or rights, should be appropriated for public purposes, "one for the first settled minister in said township, one for the support of the ministry," and "one for the school there forever." And for the profit of the original proprietors, eighteen shares drawn by lot were reserved to them and "Aquited from all duty and charge Until improved by the Owner." It was required of the new proprietors, "provided there be no Indian war," that within four years from the date of the grant forty of the shares "Be entered upon and three Acres of Land at least Cleared Enclosed and fited for Mowing or Tillage, and that within the term of six Months then Next Coming, there be on each of said forty Shares, a House Built, the Room Sixteen feet square at the least, fitted and furnished for comfortable dwelling therein and Some Person Resident therein and Continue Inhabitancy and Residence there for three years

then Next Coming, with the additional Improvement as aforesaid of two Acres Each Year for each Settler." It was furthermore required that within the period of six years, "a Good Convenient Meeting House be Built in said Township as near the Center of the Town as may be

East Jaffrey, Main Street.

with Convenience and Ten Acres of Land Reserved for Publick Uses." "All White Pine trees fit for Masting His Majesty's Royal Navey Growing on said Track of Land" were also reserved to his majesty and his heirs and successors forever; but there was a family quarrel in after years that involved this portion of the estate, and some of these old hereditaments of the king, charred by the fire that cleared the settler's farm, yet lie in long, moss-covered mounds in the sapling woods.

No record of the work of the road builders can be found, and it is probable that no survey of their route was ever made. They probably followed the old trail, and many traces of the road that they laid out may still be found. In the bottom of a mill pond at Squantum, that has been flowed for more than one hundred and twenty-five years, traces of an old road have been found, and from that place it may be followed along the east side of the Garfield hill, and again on the north side of the turnpike at the place formerly owned by James Newell in Sharon. Here the location of the road is made unmistakable by a well and traces of the dwelling place of Joel Adams, the first settler, ten or fifteen rods north of the present road. Then after passing the "old Blood place" the road crosses the ridge between the mountains over bare ledge, a short distance south of the present road to Temple through Spofford Gap. Very few stones were removed from the track, and it must have required not only endurance, but skill, to bring over this rough trail teams loaded with household goods. The supposition that this was the loca-

tion of the first road is further supported by the statement in the History of Jaffrey that in 1752, the year following the laying out of the road, a settlement of short duration was made by eight persons in the southeastern part of the town.

But following the grant of the town came ten years of war and alarm, and, in spite of their best endeavors, it was not until the year of 1758 that a permanent settlement was made. Lasting peace was finally assured by the surrender of the French in Canada in 1760, and a mania for occupying new lands seemed to take possession of the inhabitants of the older towns.

The pioneers of Jaffrey were designed for the business. Like the first settlers of Peterborough, most of them were descendants of the Scotch Presbyterians who came to America from the north of Ireland. These people settled in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and North Carolina, and with their sturdy strength in clearing away the woods, and the fighting blood that they furnished for the Revolutionary struggle, they were a godsend to the new world.

One company of these emigrants settled in Lunenburg in Massachusetts, another obtained a grant in New Hampshire, and founded the

Long Pond.

Long Pond.

town of Londonderry, and from these two sources came most of the pioneers of Peterborough and Jaffrey.

Many interesting anecdotes of these people are told in the History of Peterborough. They were shrewd and industrious, but according to all accounts they drank prodigious quantities of rum, and their frequent merrymakings were never dull whatever their other shortcomings may have been. No hasty conclusions should, however, be drawn from their drinking habits and rough ways. Those were remnants of old heathendom that even their strong religious principles had not had time to overcome. They were on the upward road and it was admitted even by their Puritan neighbors of Massachusetts that "they held as fast to their *pint* of doctrine as to their pint of rum." That they did not practice all the austerities of the Puritans led to a misunderstanding of their character and purpose. They brought with them an indomitable love of freedom, hardihood and mental acuteness, and withal, a religious zeal differing more in outward manifestations than in spirit from that of the Puritans. Following quickly upon their devotions they found a time to sing and a time to dance, and these diversions served to lighten the

hardships of the wilderness. The vigor of the race has extended through many generations and many successful Americans trace with pride their descent from a Scotch-Irish ancestry.

The first permanent settler in town, according to his own statement, was John Grout. He came first from Lunenburg but had lived for a time in Rindge. He settled on the town right drawn by Joseph Emerson on the lowland at the foot of the Squantum hill, as early as 1758. But the place did not suit him. It was cold and frosty and unsuited to cultivation; and accordingly with thrifty eye he looked about him in the forest, where he appeared to be monarch of all he surveyed, and found the old clearing that Moses Stickney had made before the Indians drove him away five years before. This was south of Gilmore pond, probably on the farm now owned by Henry Chamberlain. Here Grout set to work and according to his later report to the proprietors endured "hardships too many to be here set forth."

The Grouts were a famous family, even before John o' Groat gave his name to the northern extremity of Scotland, and perhaps no more gifted family was ever connected with the history of Jaffrey. John Grout was a lawyer and a man of classical education, such as we should hardly expect to find doing the rough work of a pioneer. He was also, unfortunately, a litigious character and was often at odds with his neighbors. He was given to writing petitions for favors to the proprietors, and these papers are remarkable for skill of composition, as well as notable examples of correct spelling in those times when the phonetic method so

Sawyer's Elm.

Village Elm.

generally prevailed. There is plainly an unwritten chapter in the life of this man and something like peevishness discernible in his writings may indicate that some thwarted ambition or failure made him, with his education and undoubted abilities, a dweller in the woods. His abilities were inherited in good measure by his thirteen children, but it may be doubted if the older ones ever lived with him here notwithstanding his frequent mention of his large family in his petitions to the proprietors. He died in the year 1771, and tradition says that he was buried where the town house now stands, a fitting monument to the first settler of the town. The oldest son of the

East Jaffrey, from the South.

family, Major Hilkiah, settled at Hinsdale, New Hampshire, and a sketch of his life reads like romance. In 1755 he was attacked by the Indians and his companion was killed while he escaped by his strength and fleetness of foot. His young wife, and three small children, were taken captive and sold to the French in Montreal. In three years she was ransomed but was compelled to leave her children behind. Hilkiah, the eldest, never returned and afterwards it appeared that he had been adopted by the Indians. It is said that he took the name of Peter Westfall and passed his life with the Cattaraugus Indians, who made him their chief, and that he was progenitor of the distinguished family of Westfalls in the state of New York. Of the other sons, John Grout, Jr., was a successful lawyer in Montreal, Elijah was a commissary in the Continental army, and a justice of the peace when that title was a distinguished dignity. Joel, also, was an officer in the American army and a leader in the political affairs of his state, and Jonathan, the most widely celebrated of the family, was a lawyer of great ability, an officer in the Revolution, and a member of congress under the administration of Washington. He is said to have been a very handsome man and a friend of the leading spirits of his time. Jehosaphat was a leading citizen of Keene and sheriff of the county, and Solomon, the only one who remained in Jaffrey, served as selectman and was prominent in town affairs.

But the marked characteristics of the family were not least strikingly displayed in Abigail, the youngest daughter. She became the wife of Col. Nathan Hale of Rindge, who commanded a regiment in the patriot army and died a prisoner of war inside the British lines on Long Island. On the death of her husband, the management of his large estate devolved upon her, and she proved herself a capable woman of affairs. She was a woman of overflowing kindness of heart, but of strong and

assertive character and unyielding when her convictions of right were at stake. The new Declaration of Independence she applied unerringly to her individual rights, and she was perhaps the original woman's rights agitator in America. She held that taxation without representation was tyranny, and rather than pay taxes which she regarded as unjustly assessed she spent a winter in jail.

For the first three years of his residence here, according to Grout's report, he and his family were the only inhabitants of the town, and if this be true then 1755 must be accepted as the date of his arrival, for in 1758 John Davidson from Londonderry had come, and day after day, through the stillness of the woods Grout must have heard to the northeast the crash of falling trees.

Soon after, Matthew Wright from the same place made a clearing where the farm of Charles W. Fasset now is, within a mile of Grout's door. Francis Wright, his son, settled near by on the farm that Dana S. Jaquith now owns. Alexander McNeal settled near the centre of the town, and almost before a road was built we find him keeping an inn. According to the early records he was prominent in public affairs but his reputation is clouded by a vote of the town in 1779, "that Alexander McNeal should not keep tavern." His name does not again appear and it is probable that this reflection upon the character of his establishment so offended him that he left town.

East Jaffrey, from the Baptist Church.

William Mitchell, another Scot, settled on the farm now of William McCormack. James Nichols, John Swan and Thomas Walker, George Wallace and Robert Weir were among the first to arrive. William Turner settled on the Baldwin place, still owned by his descendants. Northeast of the centre of the township, three more Turners, Solomon, Joseph, and Thomas, were among the first to fell the trees in those parts.

Four Caldwells came to town. It is supposed that they also were from Londonderry but they had lived for a time in Peterborough, where one of them taught school. John Borland, first a farmer and afterward a miller, made a clearing near the place that W. E. Nutting now owns. William Smiley became a neighbor of Grout on the shore of Gilmore pond. Hugh Dunlap's land joined Grout's on the west. Near by was Joseph Hodge who gave to Hodge pond its name.

Main Street, Showing Library and Bank.

He it was who killed a catamount when he came on a prospecting trip to the township. Where Eleazer W. Heath now lives, John Gilmore made a cabin. This was the most thickly settled part of the town. In the extreme southeast, near Grout's former settlement, Ephraim Hunt from old Concord built a mill, and Daniel Davis cleared a farm. In the southwest, on the farm last occupied by Seth D. Ballou, John Harper, who afterward won fame as a soldier, built himself a home. At the centre of the town, on the Lucius A. Cutter farm, lived Roger Gilmore, a typical good townsman. From morning till night the sound of the ax was heard and the smoke from the burning "choppings" darkened the sun.

Matthew Wright, one of those who came from Londonderry to Jaffrey, is said to have been a man of unusual ability, but a preacher of infidel doctrines and a corrupter of youth. It is related that on his death-bed he called his son Francis to his side and told him "to tak the big jug and gang down to New Ipswich and get it filled with rum, and when I am buried give the poor divils all the rum they want." It is fair to say that the "History of Jaffrey" tells a story of another sort, to the effect that a neighbor once stopped at Wright's house to escape a shower, and was detained for the night. While there the family knelt as was their custom for the evening prayer, and when on rising the old man noticed that his neighbor had not knelt with the rest, he was filled with righteous indignation. "Ye're

A Shady Road.

no better than a Papist," said he, "an' did it not rain so hard I'd turn ye out of my house this very night." The first story is, however, circumstantially told, and collateral evidence of its truth is given which makes it seem likely that the story from the Jaffrey history has strayed from its relation to some more worthy man. We shall, perhaps, not be far wrong in giving it a general application to the character of the first settlers of the town.

In 1769, John Grout and Roger

Gilmore made a report to the proprietors upon the condition of the settlement. There appears to have been at this time not far from thirty settlers, nearly all of them the Scotch-Irish pioneers. They had borne the brunt of the battle with the wilderness, but they seem to have been not so well suited to the amenities of organized society, and, as the population increased, many of them sold their rights to new-comers from Massachusetts and followed the receding frontier. Those that remained, the Gilmores, Turners, Davidsons, Hodges, Harpers, Smileys, and Wrights, became prominent in the affairs of the town. But with the growth of population, the inhabitants began to feel the need of some established form of government. Capt. Jonathan Stanley, who had borne a prominent part in the settlement of the town of Rindge, had lately brought to the sister township his help as an organizing force. For a year or two his son-in-law, Col. Enoch Hale, afterward of Revolutionary fame, had also been a resident of this town.

With the assistance of these men a petition was prepared to the governor and council, asking for such corporate privileges as had been accorded to other towns in the province. They employed Enoch Hale as their agent, and their petition, which was dated 1773, recites, "That the Said Township is now setled with more than forty Families, And many more that have begun Settlements that they will shortly remove on, That they are destitute of the legal Privileges & Franchises of Corporate Towns, whereby they suffer many Inconveniences for Want of Town Officers, and especially at this Time, when they are taxed for the Support of the Government, but cannot legally assess or collect the same, and are also unable to warn out any Poor, idle Vagrants, That too frequently force themselves into New Towns, to the manifest Injury of such Towns in particular, & the province in General."

East Jaffrey, from Mower's Hill. Peterborough and Temple Mountains in the Distance.

The petition of the inhabitants was favorably received and on the 17th day of August, 1773, a charter was duly granted by John Wentworth, captain-general, governor, and commander-in-chief in and over His Majesty's province of New Hampshire, and as it happened that George Jaffrey, one of the Masonian proprietors, was a member of the governor's council at that time, the name of the township was changed in his honor from Monadnock No. 2, or Middletown, to Jaffrey.

The first town-meeting after the incorporation was held for the election of town officers at the house of Francis Wright, innholder, on the farm at present owned by Dana S. Jaquith. At this meeting, Capt. Jonathan Stanley, William Smiley, and Phineas Spaulding were chosen selectmen, and Roger Gilmore, tything man. A second meeting was held during the same month "and Eighty Pounds was voted to be expended on the roads and Six Pounds Lawful Money" to support the gospel in said town.

If the amounts seem disproportionate, it must be remembered that roads were at least a means *to* grace and must of necessity receive first consideration. The close relation existing between the two appropriations is shown by a vote of the town in 1779, providing a new road "for Abram Bailey to get to meetting." It is not to be supposed in this case that Abram Bailey's spiritual condition was such as to be a matter of town concern, for he was an active man in the service of the church, but, rather, that in asking for this means of communication, this truly good man had placed above all material considerations the advantage of attendance on public worship.

Residence of Will J. Mower.

The town system of government seems to have been spontaneously evolved from the needs and character of the people of New England. It was a system that allowed every man his say; any other would have been intolerable to them. The old Scotch-Irish pioneers delighted in town-meeting, with its opportunities for eloquence and wrangling, as they did in a religious disputation or a free fight. They were men of good reasoning powers and no subject was so weighty that they feared to tackle

A Glimpse of Thorndike.

Mountain House.

it. Both the state and federal constitutions they critically dissected in town-meeting, and finding provisions that they feared might become oppressive in each of these instruments, they were at first rejected by vote of the town. In those days the people ruled and a common practice in town-meeting was to choose a committee to instruct the representative to the general court, the instructions being first submitted to the town for approval. In 1781, when a convention was called to organize a system of government for the state, William Smiley was chosen to represent the opinions of the town of Jaffrey, and, apparently reposing unlimited confidence in his powers, they "Voted to instruct the Man chosen not to have a governor." The name had unpleasant associations and was offensive to their ears. The man chosen seems to have been equal to the demands imposed upon him, and, as will be remembered, the title of the chief magistrate of New Hampshire was for many years, not governor, but president. In the years immediately following the incorporation of the town came the Revolutionary struggle. Those were stirring times and not less than five town-meetings were sometimes held in a single year. The machinery of government that in times of peace had run with friction and clatter settled down smoothly to work under the added load of these troubled years. On the essential questions of the day there was no difference of opinion. They took turns in the exercise of authority as well as in service in the field.

Residence of A. A. Spofford.

In the year 1774, they chose a committee "to draw a covenant to be signed by all those who stand to maintain the Priveleges of our charter." This action is worthy of notice as having been taken more than two years before the famous Association Test was generally adopted in surrounding towns. A copy of this covenant is not on record, but there is no evidence that there was a single Tory in the town of Jaffrey during the Revolutionary struggle.

At a convention held at Keene in 1774, certain recommendations had been made to the towns, the exact nature of which is not known, but it

Residence of Hon. Peter Upton.

is supposed to have been in harmony with the advice of this convention that the town in 1775 voted unanimously "to visit Mr. Williams of Keene," which action Hon. Joel Parker in his centennial address at Jaffrey styled "an extraordinary civility." Mr. Williams was a Tory and it can hardly be supposed that the townspeople would have gone so far afield in their missionary zeal if they had found similar duties nearer home.

The forms used in warning town-meetings are significant of the feeling of the times. For a meeting held

Residence of William K. Dean.

early in the year 1775 the constable was required in the usual form, "In His Majesty's Name to notify and Warn all the Freeholders and Inhabitants." In August of the same year, following Bunker Hill and Lexington, but nearly a year before the Declaration of Independence, "His Majesty's Name" was conspicuous by its absence. In 1777 the form appropriately became, "In the Name of the Freemen of this State." In 1778 this thrilling summons was sent forth, "In the Name of the Freemen of the United States of America, Greeting." In 1779 the highest reach of their aspirations was expressed in their warrant, "In the Name of the Government and people of the United States of America."

All the New England towns founded prior to the Revolution have an inspiring record in that strife, and Jaffrey, though having only three hundred and fifty-one inhabitants at the outbreak of hostilities, is entitled to honorable mention with the rest. A stock of powder, lead, and flints was early provided and the town-meetings were much concerned with measures for the protection of their privileges. The alarm from Lexington reached

Residence of Leonard F. Sawyer.

the town too late to call out the willing volunteers, but Jaffrey with its small population, is credited in the state records with eleven men in the battle of Bunker Hill. Most of these were members of the company of Capt. Philip Thomas of Rindge, of which John Harper of Jaffrey was first lieutenant. Harper lived far back among the hills (the Ballou farm, near residence of George A. Underwood) but when the alarm of Lexington aroused the people to arms, no conscript officer was required to look him up. He seems like Job's war horse to have snuffed the battle afar off. He started at once for the scene of the conflict and on the twenty-third of April we find him with the company named and honored with the second position in command. He was with his company at the battle of Bunker Hill, and history records that he lost his hat on that fateful day. It was a mishap that might suggest undue haste in quitting the place, but we are not permitted to entertain any unfavorable suspicions, for a military board of appraisal adjudged it an honorable loss and fixed his remuneration at twelve shillings which would indicate that the hat was his best. Other Jaffrey soldiers who were awarded compensation for loss were Dudley Griffin for a coat and shirt and Jacob Pierce for a more complete outfit, consisting of a "coat, a shag great coat, and pack." Benjamin Dole, the wolf hunter, is credited with the loss of the company's bread, from which it may be inferred that he was commissary and had paid out money of his own for supplies that were destroyed. An explanation of most of these losses may be found in a letter of Captain Thomas which shows that

Residence of Lewis W. Davis.

his company before the battle was quartered in some of the houses of Charlestown, and it is probable that these supplies were lost in the burning of the town. Seventy-three soldiers from the town of Jaffrey served in the Continental army, and though the term of actual service was in many instances short, yet the number indicates something of the sacrifice and patriotic spirit of the inhabitants.

A curious incident of the times is found in the action of a town-meeting called in 1775, "To see if the Town will Purchiss a stock of Salt for the prisint year. Whereas Capt. Coffeen has sent down his security to Purchis the Salt and the town may have it if they think Proper." For the further consideration of the meeting it was proposed, "To see how they will defray the Charges of bring-

ing up the Salt if Purchased and think on a Proper way to divid it that each one may have his proper share of said Salt." This prudent move of Captain Coffeen, and others, met with the approval of the town and it was "Voted to Bye a town stock of Salt this year."

But the maintenance of the army created an incredible drain upon the resources of the people, and many a poor family saw their dearest possessions sacrificed to satisfy the demands of the tax-gatherer. In 1781, "700 hard Dollars or 700 bushels of Rye" was voted "to Purchis the town's quota of Beaf for the army." A large contribution of New England rum was also levied on the town and in answer to an inquiry from the selectmen as to how it should be provided,

Residence of Dr. O. H. Bradley.

the freemen in town-meeting assembled vouchsafed the laconic reply, "that the selectmen should purchis the rum the Best way they can or Git a man to Do it."

If there is anything suggestive of modern methods in this action of the town, it may be said that the old vote has never been repealed and may still be construed by some as a general regulation upon the subject.

Following the incorporation of the town the number of inhabitants was largely increased by immigration from Massachusetts. The new arrivals were men of enterprise and possessed in an eminent degree the New England genius for government. There were among them lawyers and men of education in other professions. The records of the town became more regular and formal, and during many years they might serve as models of neatness and accuracy.

Among the settlers from Massachusetts of honorable record was Phineas Spaulding. He had heard of the rich lands about Monadnock, and with all his worldly goods loaded into an ox cart, he came to town about the year 1772 and settled in the old school district, No. 5. At the first town-meeting he was chosen selectman and many honors were conferred upon him during the succeeding years. His son, Levi Spaulding, became a celebrated missionary to India and lived a life of rare devotion and usefulness. A descendant of Phineas Spaulding in the third generation, Hon. Oliver L. Spaulding, born in Jaffrey near the old homestead, at present holds the important position of first assistant secretary of the treasury of the United States.

Residence of Julius E. Prescott.

Up the River, East Jaffrey.

At about the same date to the old school district, No. 1 (M. A. & B. G. Wilson farm), came Benjamin Prescott, with an ax in his hand and a bag of beans on his back. He was a born leader of men, and in his new field he cut a wide swath. He was a magistrate, legislator, deacon, colonel of militia, farmer, tavern keeper, turnpike director and contractor, and out of these varied employments he accumulated a large fortune for his time.

During the first years of his residence in town he lived in a log house, and when, in 1775, he raised his two-story frame house, a company of soldiers from Rindge on their way to Boston stopped and helped with the work, and George Carlton, one of their number, was, a few days later, killed in the battle of Bunker Hill.

In the year 1774, to the same part of the town, came John Eaton, a man fit to rank with the minister in solid worth to the community. He succeeded Ephraim Hunt in the ownership of the first mill at Squantum, and, without doubt, he immediately became the handy man of the town. An old account book or journal kept by him during his previous residence in Bedford, Mass., has been preserved, and it gives many glimpses of the life of those times. It is a home-made book with covers of shaven oak held together with leathern thongs, and in it he set down not only business transactions, but riddles and matters of local interest. His spelling, if not to be taken as evidence of his accuracy as a workman, may, at least, be regarded as a proof of his marvelous versatility.

Residence of Charles L. Rich.

He was a man of many trades and his book affords evidence of his usefulness and the variety of his dealings.

The following extracts, taken at random, are suggestive of the simple neighborly life of the times: "wid. richerson is in dat to me for day work sider mill." "Jonathan Este is in dat to me for making a cart." "Samuel Flint Let me have a pach of mell and again I had a par of mittons of his wife, and again I help him part of a day pach his barn."

He made "tuggs," and "collers," and sleds; "dugg" graves and made "corfens;" he plastered chim-

Summer Residence of Joseph E. Gay

neys; made "casement," "leach" tubs, "ches prese," and "exaltrees;" mended "saddels," and made plows and "siesnaths," besides other articles too numerous to mention. He often changed work with his neighbors, and occasionally lent his "mear" to go a journey. But when we come to his purchase of a "yeard and a half of read cloth to make me a chaket," we seem to have a picture of the man in full feather, gay as a blackbird with a dash of red on its wing.

During a part of his residence in Bedford, he managed, on shares, a saw- and grist-mill for two sisters, evidently maiden ladies of means,

Gilmore Pond, from the Residence of Joseph E. Gay.

into whose possession the property had come by inheritance, and, in spite of the proverbial formality of those grave old times, we find the amazing entry "reconed with the gals," when he recorded a settlement in his book.

"November the 5 day, 1774, I brought my fammely into Jaffrey," says the book, and from other sources we learn that on his arrival, he sawed boards, ground grain, made flax wheels, repaired big wheels, and in all the lines of his multifarious talent, made himself a useful member of society.

Peter Davis, who married John Eaton's daughter, was a man of kindred genius with his father-in-law. He took up his residence near Long pond, where he made clocks to regulate the affairs of the community. Tradition says that he put eighteen barrels of cider in his cellar one fall, and, with the help of his son, drank it all before spring. But it must be remembered that those were neighborly days, and, besides, the purchase of a clock being a transaction of importance, would be naturally attended with much deliberation.

About the year 1772, Joseph Cutter came, the first of a name that was destined to fill much space in the history of the town. He was a man

"The Ark."

of great undertakings, who minded his own affairs and prospered thereby. After clearing the farm at present owned by Solomon Garfield, he moved yet further into the woods and took up a large tract of land near the foot of the mountain. Here he felled the giant trees, built a log cabin, and continued adding to his domain until he became the largest landed proprietor and heaviest taxpayer in the township. He had a family of ten children, and five of his sons he established upon farms in different parts of the town. His mountain farm he divided between two of his sons, and afterwards he became a taverner at the center of the town. His tavern was kept in the house at the north side of the common, at present owned by Robert R. Endicott, Esq. This is all that remains of the former hostelry, "a large pile of buildings," that furnished ample accommodations for his many guests.

Joseph Cutter, Jr., like his father, was a man of patriarchal type. He had a large family of children and a wide estate. With singular prescience of future times, he built the commodious dwelling at present owned by Joel H. Poole. "Who built the ark?" ran the question in the catechism of the day. "Joe. Cutter built the ark," was the approved reply. And the ark it has been called to the present time. He was one who builded better than he knew, and the place, under the shadow of the Grand Monadnock, has become famous under the management of Joel H. Poole and his son, descendants of the first settler, as a resort for health and rest for summer visitors to the town.

Road to "The Ark."

To the centre of the town came another Cutter, John the tanner, who at once became one of the foremost men of the town. Over to the north, near the Dublin line, lived Abel Parker, a patriot of Bunker Hill, and a commanding figure in county and town affairs. His sons were men of distinguished ability in business and the profession of law. Dr. Adonijah Howe lived on the present Shattuck farm, and his fame as a physician extended to all the towns around. In the southwest again, Jereme Underwood, a soldier of the Revolution, town officer and carpenter, hewed long timbers for the substantial farm buildings in which his grandson, George A. Underwood, lives to-day.

Ebenezer Hathorn came to town as early as 1775, and settled where Will J. Mower now lives. He was a soldier and could tell of hair-breadth escapes in the old French and Indian

wars. He made steelyards in Jaffrey, in order that his fellow-townsmen might not cheat each other, and some of the useful instruments that he made have regulated the barter of many generations, and are in unquestioned service at the present day.

Col. Jedediah Sanger settled near the mountain, and a road was laid out to his "chopping." He was a great man during his brief stay in town, but he went early with the march of empire westward, and fixed his name forever in the land by founding the town of Sangerfield in the state of New York.

Of the rugged men who rough-hewed the town from the wilderness, there were many more deserving of lasting remembrance and honor, but space forbids even a mention of their names. They were the wall builders

Sugar Lot of J. H. Poole & Son.

and have left their sign-manual upon the hills that they cleared so that all who pass may read of the manner of men they were.

But better than volumes of history to tell of the life of the early inhabitants is the sight of one of the unchanged houses in which they lived. Passing the Underwood farm, and going toward the steep slopes of Gap mountain you come at the end of a grass grown road to the house of Thomas Dunshee, one of the pioneers. Here is a place where time has been asleep through all the changes of a hundred years. It is as if some kindly spirit had held it under a spell, to give to the later times a glimpse of the lives of the fathers, so rugged, simple, and sincere. The old house that has never known clapboards or paint has been turned by wind and sun to a softened shade that art could not improve. Behind the house a rustic well-sweep swings the cool bucket from the well. In the kitchen is the fireplace and the crane; no stove was ever brought inside its doors. On the great beams overhead hangs the old musket that served in the training days, and has laid low many a marauder of the barn and field.

Before this great fireplace the past seventy-five years, with all its progress, vanishes like a dream. The place was for many years the home of Ezra Baker, who, with his wife, is shown by the fireside in the illustration with this sketch. They kept the old house through a long and useful lifetime, as it came to them, and left it in possession of their son, Milton Baker, who with true appre-

Interior of the Residence of Ezra Baker.

Monadnock—Half Way Up.

ciation of its character, carefully guard it from change.

The character of the rapidly increasing population was a matter of great importance, and very early we find the town taking measures for the restriction of immigration. They did not care for numbers, but were very particular about the brand, and all who were unlikely to become self-supporting citizens were served with summary warning by the constable to depart forthwith. This action was taken under the provision of a law designed to prevent the indigent and the vicious from becoming charges upon the slender resources of the town.

In connection with this old custom one instance is of interest. In 1781, John Fitch, an old man broken by the storms, had come to town to live with his son who had settled on the farm now owned by Benjamin Pierce, Esq. But his son's means did not assure his support, and so the old man was warned to depart, and was carried by the constable, as we suppose, to his former place of residence in Ashby, Mass. He had been a man of action, and had borne the brunt of battle in the Indian wars. His house had been an outpost on the frontier, and had been garrisoned by the province and partly sustained from the public treasury. While here he was attacked by a force of eighty Indians. Only two men were with him at the time, and after these were killed he was obliged to surrender to save the lives of his family. With his wife and five small children, among whom was Paul Fitch, the settler in Jaffrey, he was carried captive to Canada. After many sufferings he was ransomed, and with

his family, except his wife who died on the way home, he returned to the scene of his former labors. He became a man of wealth and distinction in his times. He was a large landholder, and his name was often found in the registry of deeds. He gave his name to the town of Fitchburg, and many honors have been rendered to his memory by the thriving city that has grown from the town. He was impoverished by the depreciation of the currency in the Revolutionary period, and during his last years was assisted by the town where he had his home. Among the ironies of time it would be hard to find one more keen than this, that, after so many years, in the town that had no room for him, railroad trains, blazoned with his name (Fitchburg Railroad), the symbol of a prosperity of which they never dreamed, daily pass in sight of the place from which, in his old age and poverty, the constable warned him to depart.

But the warning out seems after a few years to have become a perfunctory affair, and many men who had been honored on their arrival in town with that first punctilious call from the constable, remained, notwithstanding, to become prosperons and influential citizens.

Very early in the history of the town a train band was established, and in 1786, authority was granted for a company of Light Horse to be made up in this and adjoining towns, and according to the petition, with the consent of all interested, the chief command was the portion of "our trusty friend and well-disposed Citizen, Namely Peter Jones." This organization so "highly Necessary for the better regulation of the Militia in the towns and the defence of the State," was one of the sights of training day for many years.

In 1814 the famous Jaffrey Rifle Company was organized and it continued in existence until 1851. For many years it was the best drilled company in the Twelfth regiment of militia, and the first on the muster field.

A company of nineteen soldiers from Jaffrey served at Portsmouth in the War of 1812; two enlisted for the War with Mexico, and one hundred and fifty-one for the War of the Rebellion, a record of which the town may be justly proud.

The Old Meeting-house.

But the choicest history of the old New England towns is woven about the meeting-house and the minister. "What a debt," says Emerson, "is ours to that old religion, which in the childhood of most of us still dwelt like a Sabbath morning in the country of New England, teaching privation, self-denial, and sorrow." The chief fact about a people has been said to be their religion, and it remains incontestably true that to the old country churches much of the influence of New England upon the character and progress of the nation has been due.

It was one of the provisions of the charter of the town that "a good and convenient meeting-house should be built." The meeting-house was to the early inhabitants of New England like the Temple to the Israelites of old. On the year following the incorporation of the town in considering the subject of a meeting-house, it was voted "to build one near the senter this and the ensueing year." The length of the house was fixed at fifty-five feet, the width at forty-five, and the height to the roof at twenty-seven feet. These were goodly dimensions when the size of the town was considered, but at a later meeting this vote was reconsidered, the length was increased to sixty feet, and it was voted to have a porch at each end of the house.

First Congregational Church and Parsonage, Jaffrey Centre.

It was provided that the great timber of the house should be hewed before winter, and that the house should be raised by the middle of June in the following year. It was to be well "under Pined with good stone and lime . . . the lower floor lead Duble and Pulpit like that in Rindge meeting house," and all to be completed within one year from the raising of the frame.

There is a tradition that the meeting-house was raised on the 17th of June, the day of the battle of Bunker Hill, but Hon. Joel Parker in his centennial address has furnished evidence that the raising was nearer to the time fixed by vote of the town.

Jeremiah Spofford was the master carpenter in the framing of the house, and it is said that on his return to his home in Massachusetts on the day following the completion of his work, he heard the firing at Bunker Hill as he rode through Townsend, and that evening from the Westford hills he saw the light of Charlestown burning. We are loath to part with the old tradition but whatever the date there has been no greater day in the history of the town.

A supply of all provisions and utensils needful had been ordered by vote of the town, but as often happens some most essential things were overlooked, and it was left to the forethought of Capt. Henry Coffeen to provide the necessary barrel of rum. He had been a carpenter at the raising of the meeting-house in Rindge and knew the indispensable requirements of such an occasion.

Baptist Church.

But for the sake of being authentic and precise, it must be said to our humiliation and sorrow that the barrel of rum lingered long in the category of benefits forgot, and it was more

than five years before the public-spirited captain was paid for "the Barral of Rum and two Dollars Silver money he Lent the town."

It may be assumed that every able-bodied man in town was present and ready to work besides the elder ones, who came to see and to give counsel, and the boys who passed the inspiriting drink. Jeremiah Spofford was master workman and Captain Cof-

Congregational Parsonage.

Congregational Church.

feen, Captain Adams, and many more were his competent assistants. John Eaton was there to help with his unfailing skill, and we may believe that on such a gala occasion he was conspicuous in his red cloth "chaket."

To raise the great timbers was a work that required strength and skill, and was not unattended with danger, but before night it was safely done, and as a crowning ceremony before the eyes of the workmen and the populace John Eaton stood on his head upon the high ridgepole of the skeleton frame. It was a marvelous sight, and had it happened in other times, among a people more imaginative, or fallen in the way of a historian with less regard for truth, it might, perhaps, have been said that a spirit in flaming vestments came down when the day was done to bless the work.

As might have been supposed from the character of the congregation, they were not readily agreed in the choice of a minister. Many candidates applied, but no minister was settled for several years. Perhaps the town was too exacting, but from the record the cause of the delay does not clearly appear. In 1780 they were still without a minister, and in their extremity they talked of reconsidering a former vote that "No Comittee shall imply no minister except those that Preach upon Probation." Such a vote would certainly seem to demand revision, but let it not enter the thought of any one that any dangerous latter day doctrine is implied in this. The minister alone

was a subject for probation in those orthodox days.

Mr. Caleb Jewett was at this time, after probation, accepted by both church and town. A call was extended to him and for his "Incouragement" it was voted to give as salary seventy pounds, lawful money, "to be paid to him after the rate of Rye at four shillings per bushel,

Catholic Church.

Indian Corn at three shillings four pence per bushel, Beef, Poark, Butter and Cheese as they were in the years 1774–'75." But with all this encouragement Mr. Jewett did not see fit to accept the call, and the flock was still without a shepherd.

But their disappointment was consecrated to their good, for in the following year the committee on "Supplies of Preaching" found at the commencement exercises at Dartmouth college a young divinity student by the name of Laban Ainsworth, who possessed a combination of wisdom and grace that fitted him for ministry and leadership among such a people. They engaged him to preach. He passed successfully the period of probation, and was accepted by both church and town.

The management of the church service in those days even to the smallest details was a matter for debate in town-meeting. In 1778, in the midst of war's alarm, the freeholders and inhabitants in town-meeting assembled, took up the matter of services on the Lord's day, and made choice of "William Smiley to read the psalm and likewise chose Abram Bailey and David Stanley to tune the psalm." They also voted to sing a "verce at a time, once in the forenoon and once in the afternoon." Occasional lack of harmony is suggested by a vote of the town a few years later that "Jacob Balding assist Dea. Spofford to tune the psalm in his absence or inability to set it."

The meeting-house was finished after the fashion of the day with galleries on three sides, square box pews, and a pulpit elevated and dignified, under a sounding-board of huge dimensions suspended from the timbers above. The walls of the pews, or "sheep pens," as irreverent tradition has called them, were surmounted by a banister or balustrade, and the only means of getting a view of their surroundings for the boys and girls was by peeping between the spindles over the top of the pews. On each side of the enclosure were hinged seats that were raised when the congregation rose during singing or prayer, and in the middle a chair was often placed in which the head of the family or perhaps gran'sir or grandma sat. It was an arrangement admirably calculated to preserve the decorum due to the occasion, as from this centre the arm of authority

could carry swift discipline to both points of the compass.

The early records speak of the "men's side and women's side," but it seems that such a division was not long maintained. It probably refers to the first seats erected in the meeting-house before the pews as family compartments had been built. Three of these old seats on each side of the broad aisle were retained as free seats, after the pews were built

Baptist Parsonage.

The Ainsworth Parsonage, now the Summer Residence of Rev. Frederick W. Greene.

and were occupied by the poor and aged of the parish.

The singers occupied the centre of the gallery, and to the right and left were more free seats that were filled by the boys from the overflowing pews, under the watchful eye of the tything man. Under the high pulpit was a slip for the deacons and elders, and perhaps as a mark of distinguished consideration, a pew for negroes was set apart. The individuals thus honored were doubtless Amos Fortune, the tanner, and his wife, Violate, whose epitaphs in the old churchyard eloquently tell the story of their lives.

"Sacred to the memory of Amos Fortune, Who was born free in Africa, a slave in America. He purchased his liberty, Professed Christianity, Lived reputably, died hopefully, Nov. 17, 1801, a. 91."

"Sacred to the memory of Violate, by sale the slave of Amos Fortune, by Marriage his wife, by her fidelity, his friend and solace. She died his widow, Sept. 13, 1802, a. 72."

If tradition may be trusted, the church service of the old time was far fess forbidding than many have supposed. In the high gallery, as the years passed, a bass viol was heard. "Dagon" it was called in opprobrious epithet after the old god of the Phillistines, but nevertheless it held its place and sometimes a consecrated fiddle helped also to tune the sacred psalm. When the singing began the congregation rose and faced the choir, and when the last note of old Dundee had floated upward into rest, an instant of pandemonium ensued, as, with clatter and clang, the old hinged seats dropped into place. When silence once more reigned, the minister arose. He was a man of strong frame and venerable aspect. And sitting near the preacher, behind the sacred desk, with his great ear horn raised, that no word of promise might be lost, was Jacob Pierce, the old hero of Bunker Hill.

The sermons, though often doctrinal, were never long, and they met with the approval of the people through a pastorate that for duration

has perhaps never been equaled in the church in America. For seventy-six and one half years Laban Ainsworth was minister of the church in Jaffrey, and he died at the great age of one hundred years, leaving a memory that is a priceless possession to the town that he served.

The Third New Hampshire Turnpike Road, by a charter granted by the legislature in 1799, obtained a right of way through this town.

Summit of Monadnock, Showing Glacial Action.

The road was in many ways greatly beneficial; it diverted through traffic from Vermont from the neighboring towns, and made tavern-keeping a lucrative occupation. It also made accessible to the farmers the markets of Boston for the products of their farms.

Processions of varied and wonderful composition were daily halted at the gates. On a bill-board so that all might read were posted the rates for animals of the various sorts, and for carts according to the number of wheels,—sulky chair or chaise, stage, wagon, phaëton, chariot, or coach, all must stop and pay their toll before the creaking gate would swing to let them pass. There were teamsters from Vermont, often ten or fifteen together; farmers with their loads of truck, and a little keg of cider stowed under the seat for their solace and cheer. Their horses, it must be said, were often sorry jades, and their harness marvelously constructed from straps and bits of string.

There were droves of cattle and razor-back hogs, flocks of turkeys and sheep, all moving with dull unconsciousness along the fatal road to its end in the shambles of Brighton. But grandest of all were the mail coaches of the "Old Mail and Despatch Line," that passed daily, often with six horses on a gallop, between Boston and Keene. George and Bob Nicholas, the latter familiarly and admiringly called "Old Nick," were drivers of great renown along the turnpike in those days; and it was an ambition exalted enough for

Residence of K. N. Davis, formerly the old Prescott Tavern.

any healthy boy that he might some day fill their honored place. In the busy season of travel the old road presented a panorama of constant interest and change, and a truthful man who remembered those days has declared that Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth was never a circumstance to the caravans that passed along the turnpike in those stirring times.

There were famous taverns in Jaffrey in the turnpike days; those most frequently mentioned in the stage registers were Prescott's and Milliken's, both commodious brick houses, one in the east part of the town, and the other in the west. (Residence of K. N. Davis and summer residence of Mrs. Pratt.) It was a custom of many of the teamsters to carry their provisions for the journey, and it was not uncommon to see them sitting by the bar-room fire eating the Johnny cake and doughnuts that they had taken from home; but he was a small-souled man who did not patronize the bar of the hostelry liberally for liquid refreshments during his stay. One frugal man from Jaffrey, it is said, took his little keg of cider with him to the fireside to save the expense of "flip," and some of the teamsters about the place slyly burned out the bung with the loggerhead that was heating in the coals, and his precious liquor flooded the bar-room floor.

The question of allowing to corporations privileges upon the public streets, which at present is disturbing so many municipalities, was summarily disposed of in Jaffrey. For a large part of the distance through the town the turnpike had been laid over pre-existing roads; and it was an intolerable grievance to the people that they should be compelled to halt and pay toll where they had a prior right to pass. A toll gate had been erected on the bridge by which now stands the cotton factory in East Jaffrey, and in spite of the advantages of this new line of travel, a vote was passed directing the selectmen to move the gate off the bridge near Deacon Spofford's mill. But nothing was done, and the inaction of the selectmen was by some ascribed to the undue influence of certain prominent men, who were stockholders and directors in the turnpike corporation.

At a second town-meeting a resolution was adopted censuring the selectmen for their neglect of the duty assigned them. A new board of selectmen was elected and "solemnly enjoined to remove the gate

White Brothers' Mill.

aforesaid, with everything apertaining to the same which said inhabitants view to be a public nuisance, within twenty-four hours from this time; and again in case said proprietors shall have the temerity to erect another gate on or across any part of the public road through this town which was used as such before sd proprietors were incorporated, then, and in that case, the said selectmen are hereby enjoined to remove the same as often as there shall be any gate erected." Such emphatic commands were not to be evaded, and that night, or soon after, by some persons unknown, the toll gate and all that "apertained to the same" was torn down and thrown into the river.

Lawsuits followed but the gate was never again erected in the town of Jaffrey. It was carried across the border into Sharon, where it continued to hold up the traveling public for many years.

The mills at East Jaffrey have been a mainstay of the town. The first mill on this privilege was built about the year 1770, by John Borland, one of the Scotch-Irish pioneers. On May 1, 1778, Borland sold his mill property to Dea. Eleazer Spofford of Danvers, Mass., and soon after removed from town. Deacon Spofford made many improvements, and at once became a prominent citizen of the town. Hon. Joel Parker said of him "that he was a tall gentleman of grave demeanor, pleasant smile and kind heart. His mills were complete for their day. In the grist-mill was a jack, which, if it was not the progenitor, was the prototype of the modern elevator in hotels and stores. It was worked by water power to carry the wheat as soon as it was ground to the bolter in the attic. A ride in it with his son Luke, then miller, but afterwards clergyman, was a treat to the boys who brought wheat to be ground."

His sawmill, too, it is said, possessed improvements over any other then known, and it was while watching, one day, some marvelous

One of Many Pretty Roads.

contrivance about the mill that a negro, who was probably Amos Fortune, the tanner, asked with mingled astonishment and appeal, "Why, Massa Spofford, could n't you get up a machine to hoe corn?"

Ainsworth R. Spofford, a son of Luke Spofford, the young miller, became the efficient librarian of congress in after years. Deacon Spofford lived in the house at present owned by Aaron Perkins, and his house and mill, with the house of William Hodge, now the residence of E. B. Crowe, appear to have made up the west section of the village of his day. Joseph Lincoln had a clothier's shop near the site of Webster's tack manufactory, and Abner Spofford was a blacksmith in this section of the town.

About the beginning of the present century the spinning of cotton by machinery began to receive attention in this country. In 1808, the first cotton mill in New Hampshire was built at New Ipswich, and soon after a like enterprise was launched in Peterborough. Jaffrey was not to be outdone by her neighbors. She possessed citizens of enterprise and intelligence, and while here as in many other places, the mills were bitterly opposed on the ground that

School-house, East Jaffrey.

School-house, Jaffrey Centre—Old Melville Academy.

the labor-saving machinery would deprive the poor people of a means of support, yet these fallacious arguments did not deter these more progressive men from their purpose, and in the year 1813, a company, consisting of Dr. Adonijah Howe, Samuel Dakin, Artemas Lawrence, Nathaniel Holmes, Jr., of Peterborough, Caleb Searle, William Hodge, John Stevens, and Samuel Foster, was incorporated under the name of "The First Cotton and Woolen Factory in Jaffrey."

In December of the same year the company purchased of Deacon Spofford his mill property, together with some adjoining tracts of land, and on the premises they erected the old wooden mill which is still remembered by many citizens of the town. This mill, according to an old gazetteer, had a capacity of one thousand spindles.

The machinery is said to have been made by Nathaniel Holmes, Jr., of Peterborough, and Artemas Law-

N. W. Mower's Block.

rence of Jaffrey, who was a blacksmith. Holmes had learned the trade by working in the lately-established mills in Peterborough.

The incorporated company carried on the business for twenty-one years, and in 1834 deeded the property to William Ainsworth, a son of Rev. Laban Ainsworth, who, soon after, deeded the saw- and grist-mill to Samuel Patrick, and three years later the cotton mill became the property of Solomon Richardson, Perkins Bigelow, and Edwin Walton.

In 1844, the cotton factory came into the possession of Alonzo Bascom and others. Alonzo Bascom was born in Hinsdale, but came to this town from Palmer, Mass. He was a man of marked ability and enterprise. He found business in the new-bought mills at a standstill, but by his energy he gave it new life. He largely increased the capacity of the old Cheshire mill, and built the new brick mill in East Jaffrey. He died in the midst of a successful career in September, 1872.

After one or two other changes both the East Jaffrey and Cheshire mills came into the possession of the White Brothers of Winchendon, Mass., about the year 1884, and their occupancy has been one of uninterrupted activity and progress. In 1898 the business was largely increased by an addition to the East Jaffrey mills, and at the present time three hundred and twenty-five hands find constant employment in the cotton mills of White Brothers in this town.

About the year 1758, Ephraim Hunt, a young man who hailed from the historic town of Concord in the province of Massachusetts Bay,

Residence of S. H. Mower.

built a mill at Squantum, where he sawed lumber and ground grain. This is said to have been the first mill in town, and tradition tells of settlers with pack horses coming for fifteen miles by marked trees to bring their grist to his mill. Other mills have replaced the old mill of Ephraim Hunt, and have continued in operation to the present time. On the Contoocook river, near the Peterborough line, M. L. Hadley has succeeded to the ownership of one of the old-time mills. Here he manufactures turned-chair stock, and by superior workmanship has gained a patronage that keeps him constantly employed. On the site of the old Lincoln and Foster fulling mill is the manufactory of the Granite State Tack company, where, with improved machinery and the best skill, tacks and shoe nails are made that for quality challenge the best in the

world. Many other mills in different parts of the town, in which a great variety of work has been done, have gone with the changes of time.

The mills of Jaffrey are located at the head waters of the busiest stream in the world, and the water that here performs its first work helps drive the turbines of Manchester, Lowell, and Lawrence on its passage to the sea. The Contoocook is a most exemplary stream, and its praises have been too long unsung. Association with good men, from the days of Deacon Spofford till now, has made it, like a sacred river of Judea, famed in the writings of Josephus, a Sabbath-keeping stream, as any one may see who drives along its banks by the Peterborough road and contrasts its

Store of Goodnow Brothers & Co.

Sunday quietness with its week-day hurry and foam.

But a sketch of a New England town would be essentially lacking without some mention of its stores. From the earliest times the storekeepers have been men of influence. They have been generally the ready men of the community, with both tongue and pen, and in Jaffrey as in other towns of old New England, it has been in the country store that public opinion has been formed and questions of town and national policy discussed.

There is a tradition that the first storekeeper in Jaffrey was a man by the name of Breed, but the location of his emporium is not known. The storekeepers named in the first recorded tax-list in 1793, are Joseph Thorndike and David Sherwin. Thorndike was a merchant at the centre of the town in the house now owned by Dr. Phelps, and Sherwin's store was at Squantum, where the house of Thomas Annett now stands. Thomas Sherwin, a son of David Sherwin, was master of the famous English High School in Boston. He aided in the establishment of the Institute of Technology, and was intimately connected with many associations for the advancement of learning. His name has been greatly honored in the city that he so faithfully served.

Squantum with its sawmill, gristmill, fulling mill, blacksmith shop, tavern, and store was an early centre of trade, and the business established by David Sherwin was continued for more than half a century. But the centre of the town held many advantages as a centre of trade, and for many years the largest stores were

Residence of Walter L. Goodnow.

there. Among the other names long and honorably connected with the mercantile business of Jaffrey, in the past are Payson, Lacy, Duncan, Upton, Foster, Bascom, and Powers.

In the early part of the present century the village of East Jaffrey

A Summer Camp.

was a local habitation without a name. It possessed neither meeting-house nor store—not even a tavern to slake the thirst of the wayfaring man, but with the building of the cotton mills a village sprang up like the gourd in Jonah's dream, and it has grown to overshadow the town. The stores of Jaffrey are a credit to the town, but the bustle and enterprise of these later days have been the death of philosophy and the old settle and whittled-bottomed chair have gone to the limbo of outworn things.

During the greater part of the first half of the present century, in the little house at present owned by John F. Wheeler, lived Aunt Hannah Davis, one of those unique characters for which New England is famed. In her the stars conspired to produce a genius. She was a granddaughter of John Eaton, the master of many trades, and a daughter of Peter Davis, aforesaid, maker of wooden clocks. She never troubled her mind about what occupations were open to women, but, obedient to her genius, she invented and manufactured the nailed bandbox, and became, thereby, a benefactor of her sex. Who does not see in her work a lingering trace of the red jacket, as well as the product of three generations of inventive genius and manual skill? The bandbox, besides being the sacred repository of the treasures of womankind, was the trunk and satchel of those days.

Aunt Hannah's bandboxes were substantially made, the bottoms from boards of light, dry pine, and the rims from spruce, shaved from the log or bolt with a heavy knife. This work required the strength of a man, and the help of her neighbors was employed in getting out the scabbards or scab-boards, as they were called. From this point, with contrivances of her own invention, aided by a marvelous manual dexterity, she formed the box and finally finished it with a covering of paper of varied and ornamental design. She owned as a part of her equipment a wagon of the prairie schooner type, covered with a canopy of white cloth. And when a shopful of her wares had been accumulated she loaded her wagon to the roof, hired a sober-minded horse of her neighbors and set out for the factory towns where finery did most abound.

An old newspaper clipping in the possession of Mrs. S. Willard Pierce, who was a friend and helper of Aunt Hannah in her enfeebled old age, describes the factory girls of those

days and their bandboxes, which, it is said, were made by Hannah Davis of Jaffrey, and within the memory of many now living the tops of the stage coaches that run to the factory towns were often covered with the product of her shop. In the large towns of Manchester and Lowell she was well known, and when, as was her custom, she halted her van at the mill door at the hour of noon she was sure of eager customers and a lively trade. She is remembered, while many of greater pretension are forgotten, for her unique individuality, her good works and sincere piety, as well as for her unusual skill, and her name has been honored by a memorial window in the Baptist church, of which she was a devoted member.

Among the later names that have brought honor to the town is that of John Conant, a farmer of Jaffrey, whose benefactions to public and religious institutions aggregrated more than one hundred thousand dollars, seventy thousand of which was a gift to the Agricultural college of New Hampshire. Conant Hall at Dartmouth, and the Conant High school of Jaffrey were founded upon his bequests and named in his honor.

"Where shy Contoocook gleams."

Shattuck Farm.

As for the men of the present time, their record is best read in the well-kept farms, the mills and stores, and all those manifestations of enterprise and thrift that have given Jaffrey a good name among the towns of the state. A summary of progress after nearly one hundred and fifty years of history, shows a population of approximately eighteen hundred souls, with all the varied elements that make up a complete and progressive town. There are prosperous farms, banks, railroad, telegraph and telephone, mills, where upwards of four hundred hands find constant employment, stores that are hardly excelled in the smaller cities, a public library, good schools, five churches, all well supported, hotels and boarding houses that furnish accommodations for the transient guest as well as for the hundreds of summer visitors who come to enjoy the unexcelled attractions of the place as a summer resort.

Nature has so grouped her beauties here that very few towns in New England possess greater advantages and attractions as a summer resort. Here is a land of pictures of infinite variety and charm. Jaffrey abounds in shady drives. Her roads, if not of the latest build, are attractive as Na-

ture's ways, and many of them yet follow with alluring curves the "trod way" of the bridle path or the blazed trees of the settlers' trail.

The territorial limits of the town that have remained unchanged since the days of Joseph Blanchard, were in 1787 threatened by certain designing men of Sliptown (afterward Sharon), who petitioned the General Court for the annexation of a strip of land one mile in width from the east side of Jaffrey. In a vigorous remonstrance the inhabitants of Jaffrey represented to the law makers of the state that they had no territory to spare, and in the course of their weighty argument they said: "Moreover their is a Verry great mountain in this town and a great Number of Large ponds which renders about the fourth part thereof not habitable, besides a great deal of other wast Land which makes the habitable part of this town but barely sufficient to maintain our minister and support our publick priveledges."

Residence of Charles R. Kittredge.

But times have changed, and the waste land, the large ponds, and the very great mountain that troubled the thrifty hearts of the pioneers, have come to be the choicest possessions of the town. As some great genius lends of his fame to the place that gave him birth, so it will be always the chiefest fame of Jaffrey that Monadnock mountain is there.

The glory of Monadnock is its isolation. It stands apart from its brothers of the north and west as if in some far time it had been separated from them by some grim, relentless feud. Many of the famous

"Uprose Monadnock in the northern blue, a mighty minster builded to the Lord."

peaks of the world stand shoulder to shoulder with dead altitudes, or brood in eternal hopelessness over some desert plain. But Monadnock, with its rugged, rock-rent sides, is planted in a world of green hills and rich valleys gemmed with a profusion of woodland lakes. From the rocky summit, on every side, thrifty farm buildings are seen clustering here and there into villages, with steeples and towers. And sometimes on a windless day the sound of a mowing machine, like a cricket in the grass, floats faintly to the sum-

Residence of Russell H. Kittredge.

mit with its suggestions of remoteness and the mystery of life. Again the littleness of the far-off world comes over one as he watches a trailing line of smoke that marks the creeping progress of a tiny railroad train along the "town sprinkled" valley. It is a dream of New England realized.

The hill would not go to Mahomet, and so Mahomet went to the hill. With each return of summer the prophet's miracle is repeated here. From far and near the people come to receive the largess of Monadnock, promised through Emerson, its priest and bard:

"I will give my son to eat
Best of Pan's immortal meat,
Bread to eat and juice to drain;
So the coinage of his brain
Shall be not forms of stars but stars,
Not pictures pale but Jove and Mars."

Can any part of the world promise better things than these? What place will leave in memory a brighter picture than this by Edna Dean Proctor, of Monadnock in autumn with its groves and streams?

"Up rose Monadnock in the northern blue,
A mighty minster builded to the Lord!
The setting sun his crimson radiance threw
On crest and steep and wood and valley sward,
Blending their myriad hues in rich accord;
Till like the wall of heaven it towered to view.
Along its slope where russet ferns were strewn,
And purple heaths the scarlet maples flamed,
And reddening oaks and golden birches shown,—
Resplendent oriels in the black pines framed,
The pines that climb to woo the wind alone,
And down its cloisters blew the evening breeze,
Through courts and aisles ablaze with autumn bloom,
Till shrine and portal thrilled to harmonies
Now soaring, dying now in glade and gloom.
And with the wind was heard the voice of streams,—
Constant their Aves and Te Deums be,—
Lone Ashuelot murmuring down the lea,
And brooks that haste where shy Contoocook gleams
Through groves and meadows broadening to the sea.
Then holy twilight fell on earth and air,
While all the lesser heights kept watch and ward
About Monadnock builded to the Lord."

Beyond Monadnock.