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A SKETCH OF WARNER: HISTORIC AND OTHERWISE

By Amanda B. Harris

It will not do to take it for granted that everybody knows where Warner is. Briefly then be it said in the outset that it is in the southerly part of New Hampshire, near the centre of Merrimack County, on what used to be spoken of, before the railroad was opened, as the old stage route from Boston to Windsor, Vt. It would sound better if one could say that it is on one of those substantial, famous, old, incorporated turnpikes, but, unfortunately, it would not be true.

A river of the same name winds diagonally, with many curves and falls, from the West to the south-east, dividing the area of the township into nearly equal parts, and empties into the Contoocook about a mile beyond the Hopkinton line. The boundaries show peculiar irregularity on account of Kearsarge Gore, which—rightly named—looks as if it had been let into the original territory, and such is the fact. It was on this stream and some of its chief tributaries that most of those saw-mills were located, and grist-mills, clothing-mills, bark mills and tanneries which we have read and heard so much about—important in the beginning of the town but not needed in these latter days.

Warner has had an existence as a legally established town since September 1, 1774, when it was incorporated and received its final name. Some of the neighboring towns were originally given Indian names, as Boscawen which was known Contoocook. Many had two or three temporary ones. When the first lots were laid out here in the wilderness this was "Township Number One," being the first this side of Penacook. Next it was New Almsbury, from Amesbury or Almsbury where many of the proprietors lived; and so the petitioners for the charter wished it to continue to be, but Governor Wentworth gave it the name by which it is known, presumably for Jonathan Warner, a member of his council, or possibly Daniel Warner another member, although there are opinions to the contrary.

It was granted by the government of Massachusetts Bay in 1735, and three years later the committee appointed to make some surveys for settlement, etc., reported that they had laid out sixty-three house lots, containing about five acres each, and lots were then drawn by men who are said to have continued their interest in it till the actual settlement. The laying out of these lots, which were near Davisville, can hardly be said to have amounted to anything, although measures were taken by the proprietors to clear a road from the Contoocook river and build a saw-mill to induce people to settle.

They seem to have been more persistent than successful. It was as a fearfully long way up from Massachusetts, and it required no small amount of pluck to dare the perils of the Indians whose favorite tramping ground was along these rivers, then full of fish, by which they took their miserable captives to Canada. However, the proprietors at last took the matter into their own

hands in good earnest, and at their own expense had four log houses built, in 1749, not far from where is now the Davisville cemetery. The men who came and put up the houses were Thomas Colby, Moses Morrill, Jarvis Ring, and Gideon Straw soon after the French War broke out, and once more everything was at a standstill. Mean while the Indians came up the Contoocook River, crossed over and burned the houses and mill.

There was no positive taking possession of Warner soil and getting root-hold until 1762. Then men came and planted themselves farther inland. The first white woman was brought there, a bride; and at last there was a home. The first child was born, and for the first time family life began in Warner. The woman was Hannah, daughter of Daniel Annis and wife of Reuben Kimball. The rude cabin of these beginners of a town was up on the rising ground across the road in the neighborhood of Willard Dunbar's. It was not long before more and more families came. There was a revival of business activity throughout the colonies, and enterprising melt made clearings and set up their homes along these Alleys and on these hills. According to Rev. Henry S. Huntington in his "Historical Discourse," there were forty-three men with their families here in 1763 who had settled on the conditions of the proprietors, which gave to each a forty-acre lot of upland and five acres of interval. Some of these names are familiar ones, such as Annis, Chase, Currier, Davis, Flanders, Colby, Edmunds, Foster, Gilmore, Watson, Sawyer, Heath. From Thomas Annis, "Tom Pond" was named; from David Bagley (town clerk for thirty-nine years), "Bagley's bridge." The descendants of these forty-three men can but take pleasure in tracing back their genealogy and looking up the locations of the first comers.

The place which was really called the settlement, where all important gatherings were held for many years, was across the river from the lower village near the old cemetery. As it vas in the agreement that the proprietors should build a meeting-house and "maintain constant preaching from and after three years from the date of the grant," a rude building for the purpose was at once put up, and when it was accidentally destroyed by fire, it was replaced by one somewhat better.

It was in good fortune in 1872 to hear from the lips of a woman then in her eighty-third year, the widow of Capt. Nicholas Fowler, some reminiscences of her childhood. She said the meeting-house stood on the edge of the burying ground, which was unenclosed, and cattle fed there and trampled on the graves till her father said it must not be. She recollected being taken to meeting and sitting on a rough bench. A road then led up from what is now the Richard Foster place—the abutments of the bridge may perhaps still be seen—and at the top of the hill the roads crossed, "making a real cross." One went to Joppa, one down over the plain, one to the North village by what is now known as the Levi Bartlett place, and there John Kelley had a store. This last was called the main road. The house of "Priest Kelley," or "Parson Kelley," as he was called, was on top of the hill; next, that of her grandfather, Joseph Sawyer; then Eliot Colby's and John Colby’s, two houses on the right. Toward Joppa, Reuben Kimball's; as you went down the hill, Timothy Clough's. Across the brook lined Joseph Foster and Benjamin Foster; then, up the long winding hill, John Parsons or Pearsons, then her father, Edmund Sawyer; down through the woods lived Major Hoyt, then Jedediah Hardy, and then came the Henniker line. These were first settlers. She knew them all, and these men, heads of families, were many of then old men then. The people she said all looked old to her. "They were very set, and perhaps that was one reason. The women were very plain in their dress. When they got a new gown or bonnet they wore it till

it was worn out. Around the neck then wore a white handkerchief. Her mother always wore a black bonnet."

She knew other settlers, Francis Davis and Hophni Flanders; and over at the North village, Bradshaw Ordway, Wells Davis, Zebulon Flanders, and Thomas Barnard; over on Pumpkin hill, Isaac Chase, Enoch Morrill, Humphrey Sargent, and Robert Davis; on Burnt hill, Richard Bartlett, and at the Lower village his brother, "Squire Jo."

Another woman of ninety-six remembered when it was thick woods all the way down from Waterloo to Warner village, and there was just one little cabin down there, and no more, near where the Dr. Eaton house now is, and a man lived there named Cole Tucker. She said people had no time for recreation. "They used, however, to get together and sing. There were so few of them that they were drawn together in kindly feeling and used to go a long distance to see one another, two on one horse or with an ox team."

Affairs seem to have gone on reasonably well with the settlers. In compliance with the conditions, they must settle a learned orthodox minister. Accordingly, on the 5th of February, 1772, William Kelley, who had preached for them a year, was ordained, and on the same day a Congregational church was formed. He built for himself a small house on the lot set apart for the minister, and later put up a larger one. It was afterwards taken down and rebuilt at the Lower village and is now the home of W. H. Sawyer.

If that was an epoch in the religious history, there surely was soon another of civic significance; and presently one of momentous import to the state and the nation. The great event of getting the town incorporated came next after the organization of the church. Francis Davis w as the man who went to Portsmouth on the errand and returned with the precious document in his pocket and authority from Governor Wentworth to call the first town meeting.

In a little more than seven months came the alarm of the fight at Lexington. The War of the Revolution had begun. Warner had then only 262 inhabitants, the majority of whom must have been women and children; yet soon the number of men in the service was creditable to the town. Seven volunteered at once for three months, Charles Barnard, James Palmer, John Palmer, Richard Bartlett, Jonathan Roby, Francis Davis, and Wells Davis. Richard Bartlett, son of one of the proprietors, had already at the age of twenty been three years at his settlement on Burnt hill, where Thomas H. Bartlett now lives—the family homestead for three generations. The Davises were sons of Francis. Hubbard Carter, Thomas Palmer, John Palmer, Wells Davis, Joseph Clough, and William Lowell were in Stark's regiment at Bunker Hill. The Revolutionary War rolls show many Warner men, enlisted for different periods of service or raised to fill up the Continental army. Among them were Amos Floyd, Philip Dowel, Jacob Waldron (Lieut.), Pasky Pressey, Daniel Young, Isaac Dalton, Stephen Colby, Solomon Annis, and Isaac Walker. The last named settled in Schoodac and was ancestor of the family represented by Reuben E. Walker of Concord. The Stephen Colby descendants are numerous. Indeed so many are the " Sons of the Revolution" and the "Daughters" now living in Warner that large "chapters" might easily be formed here.

Many other names appear which undoubtedly belong to this town. Many came here after the war was over who had seen much and honorable service like the Badgers. The first physician of Warner, native born, was surgeon in the Army, Dr. John Hall. One other man must not be left out —a Negro, Anthony Clark, known throughout this region as "Old Tony" He may never have fought, but he carried water and distributed cartridges at Bunker Hill, and in his capacity of waiter he served Washington. He was present at many battles and at the surrender of Cornwallis. He used to fiddle for the officers, and after peace was restored he drifted to Warner where he was reach with his fiddle for fifty years, dying at the age of about 102.

In the mean time, till the century closed and 1800 came in, what was going on in this young town of Warner that "got into the news papers" as we say, and let the outside world know a few items about us? In 1793 there was a vendue at the inn of Dr. John Currier (the first tavern in town, at what is now known as the Brooks place) to sell the right of land, about thirty-two acres, which had been granted as a parsonage. At this day we cannot help wondering why they sold it. The committee were David Bagley of the location where is now the cluster of well-kept buildings on the Samuel H. Dow estate, and Benjamin Sargent who lived on Tory hill. Willard H. Ballard at the Willard Dunbar place, father of the celebrated schoolteacher, John O., who was no doubt born there, offers real estate for sale, 600 acres. Later, Tappan Evans, collector, advertises taxes at John George's inn. This man lived over the river at the Lower village and had that numerous family of so much influence there in after years. And again, David Bagley brings up what somebody speaks of as the "everlasting taxes." Notice is given of an act just passed for arranging the state militia, Warner coming in with Hopkinton, Salisbury, Bradford, and Fisherfield (now Newbury), forming the second battalion of the first regiment in the fourth brigade. Kearsarge Gore, which did not then belong to us, went into the first battalion. And Ebenezer Smith has for sale two houses, a tan-yard, bark-mill, saw-mill and grist-mill three fourths of a mile from the meeting-house.

And now an advertisement recalls the fact that in the charter one right was granted for the use of schools forever; yet, for some reason four of the lots are to be "leased for 999 years"—meaning that there is to be the end of it. One of the men who signed it was Nathaniel Bean, ancestor of all the Beans, who built on Pumpkin hill (just above where John F. Jewell lives) the fine mansion so well known to Warner people, four square, flat roofed, with big chimneys, and "decorated" with Lombardy poplars—a house famous for it’s unstinted hospitality.

No other in town had such a stately look except the Wells Davis house (long since taken down), on the site of which the gifted and distinguished authors, Charles S. Pratt and his wife, Ella Farman Pratt, built their tasteful villa when they chose Warner for their permanent home.

Just here two men cone into print who must have been worth knowing on account of their push and pluck. So far as appears, the first store-keeper to advertise in the newspapers was Caleb Putney. He kept everything they used to need and announced that he could sell on as reasonable terms as any one so far in the country Presently he took in a partner; then they dissolved and finally he went to Boscawen where he is lost sight of. The other man is Capt. Asa Pattee, ancestor of the Pattees, who gives notice that he has sold out the situation where he had kept a public house for many years and taken the Dr. John Currier place at the Lower village. The tavern he left was one built by himself, still standing, the oldest house in the Centre village, kept

for a short time by Mr. Whitman, later owned by Capt. Joseph Smith, then bought by Dr. Leonard Eaton who spent the remainder of his life there.

Serious trouble arose towards the close of the century about building a new meeting house—where it should be—but the matter eventually righted itself and the house was erected. Everybody in Warner who is fifty years old remembers it as the "old town house," a great, barn-like structure with the beams in sight overhead. It once had square pews with turn-up seats. When the congregation rose, these were turned up, When they seated themselves they were let down with a dreadful clatter. It was fearfully cold there in winter but in summer it must have been delightful, for birds were singing in the woods just back, and swallows darted and skimmed and twittered among the rafters over the heads of the people. It was used for a town house till the present one was built. The proceeds of the sale after paying the pew holders seventy-five cents each was $77. The timbers were worked into the Ela bridge. The new town house was first used at the presidential election in 1802.

When once fairly over the boundary, out of the seventeen hundreds into the eighteen, it really seems coming nearer home, though still so far away and though the men active at that early period have long since passed away, and the business centres and industries have so greatly changed. The new century began prosperously. The population was 1569. At the March meeting 83 votes were cast for governor, 73 on the Federalist ticket. James Flanders, a man of remarkable ability who had been repeatedly in office, was again senator, and Joseph Bartlett representative. Oliver Davis was keeping store near the "Whitman Tavern." In those days people talked over ill the stores and taverns what was going on, the same as they do now. So the talk was how Mrs. Abner Watkins had drowned herself in a well while deranged, how Obadiah Gookin was setting up a clothing mill at Bean's mills in Waterloo and how Diah Huchinson's bound boy had run away—the bound boys were always running away and nobody seemed to care, for one cent was the usual reward offered for their return. Ebenezer Stevens wanted to sell his farm; the estate of Roger Colby, blacksmith, was being settled; and over at Captain Floyd's house on Burnt hill, where Reuben Clough lives, some property of Robert Wadley Smith was to be sold, including half of a saw-mill on the Salisbury road; Ezra Flanders who kept store down in the rambling yellow building at the Lower village known as the Heath place, had had a horse stolen —a horse that was apt to be "very skittish when passing tan-yards. The tanning business was brisk then and for a long time after. Timothy Felton, an educated man who lived where the lower of S. H. Dow's houses stands, has a large, new, convenient tannery for sale.

When the War broke out in 1812, more than thirty men enlisted in a volunteer regiment under the command of Aquila Davis, then commissioned as colonel. Warner was liberally represented and has a record of good service. Names familiar in the more than twice told tales of the campaign will at once occur to the readers of this sketch, Capt. Joseph Smith, Stephen George, Daniel George, Nicholas Evans, Benjamin Evans, Daniel Bean, and others, who honestly received the military titles by which they were known through life, besides the numerous privates whose faces were long familiar on our streets, whose eyes used to kindle with martial fire as then talked of the days when they were out at Chautauguay.

It was during the second year of the war that the first post-office was established in town, at the Lower village, then giving promise of being permanently the business centre. Previously the

mail had been brought by post-riders. Henry B. Chase was made post-master, succeeded by Dr. Henry Lyman, who held the place eight years, when Levi Bartlett was appointed, who kept it until it was closed in 1830. In that year this office and one which had a brief existence at Waterloo were consolidated at the Centre village, with Harrison D. Robertson as post-master. There have been eleven in office since, including the present incumbent, Fred Myron Colby.

In 1823 a change occurred which was of interest to many. The bill for constituting the new county of Merrimack passed the senate on June 27, and it therefore became necessary that new places should be designated in which to hold probate courts. Warner was one of the four, and sessions were held on the first Wednesday of March and third Wednesday of September, no doubt at the office of Esquire Chase, who was register. Henry B. Chase, of the family of Salmon P. Chase, had opened a law office at the Lower village in 1804, and there he continued until his death in 1854. There had been no lawyer in Warner except Parker Noyes, who was here two years. Mr. Chase was a man of fine appearance and superior ability and held at different times many responsible offices, including those of clerk of the senate and speaker of the house. The only other lawyer who remained any length of time during that period was Harrison G. Harris at the Centre village, who came in 1816 and was here till his death at eighty-five. These rival lawyers lined on fraternal terms; and of neither it be said that he ever furthered a lawsuit for personal gain. The latter has been known to dismiss—declining any fee—a would be client who was all on fire to begin a lawsuit against a neighbor who had wronged him, with the advice, "you'd better go home and settle it in someway. You don't want to get into a lawsuit with your neighbors."

Next in duration of practice in Warner is Samuel Davis, who has spent thirty-five years of his professional life here, with the exception of a short absence while in the army. Next is A. P. Davis, former a school-teacher in much demand, who has a record of nineteen years.

Ecclesiastical affairs have again come to the front. Mr. Kelley had been dismissed in 1802, and there were thirteen years when there was no settled minister. In his day. everybody went to meeting and everybody liked him. After the service all the people waited and he would pass out, bowing right and left. One of the old ladies before mentioned said he "put on a flowered gown before he left the pulpit." Two of his children were long well-known in this community, Abner B. Kelley and Mrs. Levi Bartlett. His son John was a lawyer and a fine scholar, for many years editor of the *Exeter News-Letter*; he was author of the valuable "Ecclesiastical Sketches" in the N. H. Historical Collections.

Among the men who came to supply were David L. Morrill who preached his first sermon here, and Joseph Emerson, who went from Warner to be a tutor in Harvard College. Ethan Smith was up from Hopkinton, and Eden Burroughs, father of the notorious Stephen, would ride on horseback from Hanover to attend a council.

Up to a date several years later there was no regular support of any. denomination except the Congregational. As man be seen by Belknap's History, this was the prevailing one throughout the state. About 1788 there had been a protest in Warner against infant baptism and the minister rates. A small meeting-house, considered as the "Anti-pedobaptist," was built at the Lower village on the slope across the river, but the organization was not successful. In 1805, the town

having passed a vote that each society should have its proportion of the money raised for preaching and should hire such a minister as was agreeable to them, those who differed from the old order made a new start, and there came to be a loyal church of Baptists. The second Congregational minister was John Woods, a man who was eminently successful was during his pastorate, in 1817, that one of the first Sunday-schools in the state was formed, in Warner. One of the pupils who attended on the first daft is still living, Mrs. Abiah G. H. Eaton, widow of one deacon, daughter of another, and grand-daughter of the first two. On the 8th of June, 1819, the corner-stone of a new meeting-house was laid, on a site just below John Tewksbury's. It was built by twenty-nine individuals of the Congregational society, at a cost of $2,300. It was moved to its present location in 1845, where it stands the representative, old-fashioned New England meeting-house, of a type not surpassed by any revived, Gothic, Romanesque, Old English, or any other style. It is the meeting-house of our fathers and our fore-fathers, with its sky-piercing spire a landmark in the county towns which her sons and daughters in foreign lands might be homesick for a sight of. The artist has made a perfect picture of it. In the line of ministers, Jubilee Wellman comes next, a man vastly helpful to both church and community, as has been the case with so many of his successors. It is easy to recall the scholarly Mr. Blanchard, Abel Wood, Mr. Howland, and that Christian gentleman and well-balanced man, Henry S. Huntington. Last in the list, and not surpassed in any of the qualities which endear a pastor to his people, was the recent minister, W. E. Renshaw.

There seems to have been a little hitch in military affairs about this time, for notice was given that Dr. Lyman, surgeon of the Thirtieth regiment, would meet invalids at John Kelley's inn to give them their certificates of exemption from military duty. The next week Adjutant Simeon Bartlett comes out with a notice that Dr. Caleb Buswell is surgeon, and no invalids will be excused on any but *his* certificate. Dr. Lyman was a physician well known in this region where he had a large practice.

He married first the only daughter of a son of one of the proprietors; her only child became the wife of the promising young merchant, Robert Thompson, who had just come town. Dr. Moses Long for several years divided the practice with Dr. Lyman and remained here after his death. Besides being a good physician he was a man of musical and literary taste. He wrote "Historical Sketches of Warner" published in the third volume of the N. H. Historical Collections, understood to be reliable. To that work the writer of this article is indebted for many facts.

Dr. Caleb Buswell, elder brother of Hiram, was physician at the Centre village for a few years, then removed to Newport, dying in early manhood. His office was taken by Leonard Eaton, who was constantly engaged in his profession nearly forty years, till his death. No one who knew him has forgotten Dr. Eaton, who had the affection of many, the respect of all. Many will recall him jogging over these hills in his sulky, drawn for so many years by the white-faced sorrel horse, or on Sunday morning, almost as regularly as the day came round, in his place in the Baptist church, where he was not only leader of the choir but teacher in the Sunday school. Many physicians, generally good ones, came and went during his day. Immediately after his death came J. M. Rix from Dalton, who is approaching his thirtieth year of practice here. His professional brother, J. R. Cogswell, is in his twenty-first year of service.

About 1823 there was a good deal of interest in music, and the Central Musical Society of the state met here for rehearsal, the special pieces give out being from the Bridgewater collection. Ezra Barrett was one of the committee, a man of decided character and public spirit. He had a fine bass voice, and sometimes taught singing schools. He lived where George Upton now does, and had a shop where he carried on an extensive business in making scythesnaths, the steaming and drying of which required such great heat that his neighbors on either side lived in terror of fire. This fear was heightened when on Saturday nights the week's accumulation of shavings was carried across the street and burned in a big bonfire, into which the children leaped with that mad spirit which dares a perilous joy. One night the buildings all went up or down in flames.

It would be pleasant to bring up the names and record of the men who made their mark in the first half of the century. Foremost among them would be Benjamin Evans who was vigorously active in business and in political life for thirty-five years. A mall of commanding presence and indomitable will which he meant should carry everything before him, he would have been a conspicuous figure in and community. His home was the large house where J. W. Clement lives. Three men were known far and near in the mercantile world for their enterprise and success. Nathan S. Colby, born on the old Ezekiel Colby place, gave up school teaching to become a merchant, and was long identified with the store afterwards bought by Ira Harvey, later occupied bit B. F. Heath, at present by Davis, Martin & Co. He was a brisk, decided man, with a vast amount of energy and business capacity. While still in trade he built the hotel which after a few years he sold to Nathan Walker, a model landlord well known on the stage route up through this section. This hotel after passing through many vicissitudes was bought N. G. Ordway, who fitted it up and made it attractive for summer boarders till it was unfortunately destroyed by fire.

There had been stores and storekeepers all along—Many of then lost to history beyond identification—but the places established by these three men have been known for seventy-years or more. Harrison D. Robertson came in his youth and his name is still perpetuated in the store he built, know as Robertson's block, where Upton & Upton are in trade. He carried on an extensive coopering business, was much in public life, and interested in everything concerning the prosperity of the town subscribing liberally whenever a paper was presented to him. Surviving these brother merchants by many years Robert Thompson, one of the last of the gentlemen of the old school, died a few years since at an honored old age. The store which he built is occupied now by Jewell & Putnam.

In 1833 the Baptist meeting-house was built. It was not long since remodelled and decorated within, and has non a tasteful and beautiful interior. The first pastor was George W. Cutting, a genial and lovable man, very popular with the townspeople. A little incident shows his kindly spirit. One Sunday morning when starting for church he heard much shouting and strong language, and saw that one of those big, covered wagons such as were used to convey merchandise and produce between Boston and the back country towns, was stuck in the sand on that hill hard for horses near his house, where Thomas Nelson lives. There were men so strict that they would have left the Sabbath-breaking teamster to his fate. Not so the minister. He ran to the rescue, helped the man out, and then went on his way—late at church. That was the kind of man Mr. Cutting was.

In the internals when there was no settled pastor, the church sometimes had the services of such men as Dr. Cummings, the gentle Edmund Worth, editor of the leading denominational journal, and that man of rare personal magnetism and spiritual graces, Phinehas Stowe, afterwards and till his death pastor of the Seamen's Bethel in Boston. The successor of Mr. Cutting was John M. Chick who came in 1840, and the next year brought his bride fresh from teaching in the famous New Hampton Seminary. She at once opened a select school, and those now living who attended it will need no reminder of her cordial manners, her fine face lighted by those wonderful dark eyes, and the way she had of kindling in her pupils new enthusiasm for knowledge. The church has been favored with Malone excellent ministers. Some of them were deeply interested in schools and had a true citizenship in matters relating to the well-being of the town, like Mr. Herrick, Mr. Pinkham, and Mr. Walker. To Mr. Pinkham the village is indebted for the fine shade trees in front of the church. The present earnest and denoted pastor is E. Lewis Gates.

In 1844, largely through the influence of Daniel Bean, Jr., of Waterloo, a meeting-house was built for the Universalists on a fine site on the grounds of Hiram Buswell. There some of the best preachers of the denomination were heard, Mr. Barron, Mr. Tillotson, Dr. Miner, and others. For a time the pulpit was occupied by Walter Harriman, who afterwards went into political life and was known as one of the best stump speakers in the state. In this new field he won distinction and in 1867 was elected governor. Later, the preacher was Lemuel Willis, who had become a citizen of the town where the remainder of his useful and honorable life was spent in the house at the Lower village which is now the home of his son, H. S. Willis. The meeting-house was bought by G. Ordway in 1865, moved to a more central place, and fitted up for a business block, used for nearly twenty-five years by A. C. & E. H. Carroll. The occupants at this time are Davis, Martin & Co., and George L. Ordway, who has an attorneys office in the building.

The locality is associated with the meetings of the sect known as Osgoodites, from the founder, Jacob Osgood, a man of striking appearance and considerable ability who about 1805 began to preach, soon promulgating his peculiar doctrines and gathering a band of disciples. They did not believe in doctors, layers, ministers, or churches. They considered themselves the saints. They protested against paying taxes and refused to do military duty, preferring the penalty of imprisonment. They were just in their dealings and loyal to the brotherhood, though never in any sense communists. For a long time they were conspicuous in Warner by their dress, loud singing in the streets and otherwise, but they are now nearly extinct. A trim little meeting-house was built many years ago at the Lower village for the use of the Methodists,—a denomination which, like the Freewill Baptists, has always been represented in town though not having the permanent strength as a body of believers to maintain regular services.

In to 1849 travellers had to depend on the stage coach for conveyance, but in that year we began to feel that we were really in touch with the great world, for the Concord & Claremont railroad was opened to Warner. No more of the old coach, swaying and swinging with its sea-sick sort of motion, loaded down with passengers and piled high with trunks. No more of the big teams. Anyone incredulous of mind would be slow to believe that there were ever such bustling times as in the transportation and traffic of that old style way.

Some old things passed away, and some new ones came in; for one thing, a bank in 1850, with Joshua George, a man adept in financial affairs, as president. Seventeen years later when this was closed, another with N. G. Ordway as president; and then the Kearsarge Savings Bank in connection with it, the last president of which was George Savory. Francis Wilkins, George Jones, and G. C. George were the different cashiers, the last holding the office till the banks were closed.

Some enterprises had only a beginning and were cut short, like the U. S. signal station on the top of Kearsarge thought out by N. G. Ordway, which for some inexplicable reason fell through. But there *were* events the record of which should begin with an illuminated letter, after the fashion of the ancient missals decorated by the monks. One was the establishment of a free high school, for which the town is under obligation to a man who was not a native but for many years a resident. Franklin Simonds, during his last sickness planned it, after taking counsel of several citizens interested in education, selected his Own board of trustees (to be self perpetuating), and left an endowment of $20,000, to which his widow added $5,000 and gave an equal sum towards the building. Gilman C. Bean and Samuel H. Dow each contributed liberally. George Jones, C. G. McAlpine, and John E. Robertson (now of Concord), made up $750 more, and other citizens gave money or work. On the proposal of Mr. Dow, it was named the "Simonds Free High School." The building was erected in 1871, dedicated December 1 of the same year, and opened December with 60 pupils, Edmund C. Cole, a graduate of Bowdoin College as principal, Helen S. Gilbert of Concord assistant. There have been 24 teachers and 104 graduates. Mr. Bean recently died at Woburn, and Mr. Dow at his home in Warner where he had lived in the enjoyment of the fortune he had acquired by his own judicious management.

An agricultural town like Warner should of course be identified with fairs, and such has been the case here ever since the days of the old Merrimack county fair, when such men as Gov. Isaac Hill used to address the farmers. Those were the days when the earliest grafted fruit was in its prime, Hubbardston Nonesuch, Rhode Island Greenings, and the like, and were on exhibition with mammoth vegetables and ladies handiwork—long before crazy quilt and Kensington stitch were ever heard of—all displayed in the Baptist meeting-house which was always freely throw open, for there were no halls except the one in Nathan Walker's tavern. Now we have seven. That sort of fair went by; but in 1873 a big one was held at Riverbow Park, a beautiful tract of about twelve or fifteen acres in a curve of the river, laid out from land of N. G. Ordway for that purpose. It took in the towns around the base of Kearsarge mountain, and was named the "Kearsarge Agricultural and Mechanical Association." Whenever there is a good institution or a promising one hereabouts, a bank, a Bible society, or a Sunday school association, Kearsarge is the name, for the mountain dominates the whole region. It accentuates the landscape. It asserts itself and cannot be ignored. We could not in Warner lose sight of it if we would. And no man or woman Warner born can fail to take pride in it. There is a feeling a little akin to one's pride in the old flag. It is the first thing looked for when home returning from long absence, and whatever other landmarks may have changed, Kearsarge is there.

On that fair ground was witnessed on one memorable year a sight the like of which this generation will not be likely to see again—428 yoke of oxen and steers, hitched together in line, were driven around the half mile track. The days of those magnificent oxen a delight to the eye of one fond of cattle, have gone by. Instead of a procession of oxen, it is a bicycle race, and the

world moves faster in the same ratio. Another fair made a record by reason of a barbecue, something hardly known in this part of the country since the one at Hillsborough during the Pierce campaign. It was successfully carried out by Mr. Ordway after genuine "ole Virginny" directions. Owing to unfortunate circumstances, interest for a time decreased, but this present year the granges of Merrimack county have taken control and a new era has been inaugurated.

Pleasantest of all, Warner has the Kearsarge Mountain road which was made practicable by the efforts of Mr. Chandler and Mr. Ordway, and opened July 4, 1874. Warner owns a slightly larger portion of the mountain than any other town—if charts can be trusted—with ample foothold on the summit. Wilmot comes next, meeting Warner on the tip-top; then Sutton, next Andover, and Salisbury has a moderate portion. To Warner belongs the sunny, southern side; and Warner has to ask permission of no town to get to the highest place. The old Tory hill road leads to the real mountain road, up past the house of S. C. Pattee and the summer home of his brothers, Dr. Luther and Dr. Asa, the homesteads of Stephen Edmunds and Walter Sargent, by the old Clement and Seavey farms, and those of the Hardys, Watkinses, and Savorys, and the birth-place of Gov. Ezekiel Straw, through the Kearsarge Gore, to the toll-house at Hurricane corner—so named as memorial of the awful tornado of 1821. Then begins the delightful winding road, through woodsy places, across the open upland pastures where cattle are grazing up, up, over ledges to Mission ridge, and on through "the garden" to the topmost point. Nothing grander can be beheld in this part of the world than from the summit of this high and lonely mountain which stands up, bare granite rock, solemn and alone, as if all the other mountains and hills had receded. in a circle and left it in its incomparable majesty. A blue line of peaks and chains bounds the horizon. At the farthest south may be seen Mt. Tom and Holyoke and Wachuset; at the west, dim against the sky, the Green Mountain chain; at the east and north-east, Ossipee, Chocorua, Whiteface; in the north-east, eighty miles away, the White mountains and some of the Franconia range on a clear day. Nearer are Moosilauke, Gunstock, Cardigan, Ragged mountain, Sunapee, Ascutney, the grand Monadnock, and Uncanoonucs.

It was from Mission Ridge that the boulder for Admiral Winslow's grave was taken on the 17th of June, 1875, drawn down the mountain by oxen, and forwarded by rail from Warner village to its destination in Forest Hills cemetery, Boston Highlands, which it reached on the 19th, being the eleventh anniversary of the Kearsarge victory. It gave me a thrill of patriotic pleasure to stand by the grave in October of the same year and read the inscription on that stone from my own town—that hoary stone which was not cleft from any quarry or cut out of the mountain with hands, but taken entire as it was, to mark a hero's grave.

Warner people, and a good many others, think our scenery exceptionally fine; and as good fortune or accident will have it, the roads are many, and are as inconsistent and uncertain in their turns and where they will come out, as can be imagined. Suppose one should go up by the old Colby and Clough and Evans homesteads, by the "coal-hearth" and the Fisher house, once the Woodman place, to the high, bare level where the ancient Pumpkin Hill burying-ground is, and then take a choice of roads by some of the early farm-steads—Morrills, Sargents, Davises, Harrimans—around the base of Burnt hill, down into Schoodac, where the Joneses, Strands, more Sargents, Trumbulls, and Walkers early took root, where Richard Straw had a tavern in the olden time; then, by a circuitous way, till presently one comes upon the hamlet of Davisville,

tucked in among the trees and hillsides and bends in the river—a delightful route all along, over the sightly places, and with brooks and ponds in view.

It will be remembered that reference was made at the outset to the first attempt at settlement right in this locality. There is much historic interest about the spot where the men camped on their first arrival in this town of Warner. The bound where the three towns of Hopkinton, Webster, and Warner come near meeting is a little farther down in a bog. But close at hand is the identical site of "the old Camp," near the spring so familiar to every traveller on the road who has stopped to let his horse drink at the stone watering-trough. Now, replaced by one more convenient, it serves as a basin for flowers in the front yard of Miss Lucretia Davis. On the hillside back of her house (which was built by General Davis for his home in his later years) stands a tree worth going a long distance to see—by one who cares for trees—an oak supposed to be the largest in Merrimack county. Of immense girth—twenty-six feet— gnarls of bole, knotted, seamed, with limbs spreading ninety feet heavily weighted almost to the ground, this ancient native of Warner must have long passed its first hundred years when those white men from Amesbury came up and lighted their campfire down by the spring.

The first two-story frame house in town is still standing, and good for another hundred years. Built by the original, first Francis Davis, it was successively the home of his son Aquila, and his grandson, Nathaniel A. The kitchen fireplace, usable yet, is of the kind that takes in wood of a cord length, roomy enough to do the roasting for a regiment; and a regiment may have dined at the house for aught any body knows, for General Davis was from first to last a military man. The dancing-hall in the wing, built on when, as a tavern, such a room was considered essential, remains t h e same. Probably there is only one other of those halls in town, with the raised platform at one end for the musicians, and the seats on each side running the length of the room where the dancers waited till the summons came to "Form on."

The river goes tumbling over the rocks at the falls, furnishing abundant water-power for mills of some kind. And mills there once were, and a foundry, wheels whirring and machines going for one thing or another. The latest enterprise was the manufacture of straw board, carried on extensively for several years by W. Scott Davis and his brother, Henry C., but sold to a syndicate in 1887, since when the mills have been closed. The Davisville people have a right to great pride in the past, for no man had better proof that his abilities were recognized than that first Francis whose figure stands out so prominently against the background of history. His sons and his sons' sons sustained the inherited characteristics of trustworthiness and those qualities which make the real worth of a town.

For an ideal, all-day trip—a long summer-day trip—what could be more varied and delightful shall down through the Lower Village and home by the most round-about way ever heard of—through Melvin's Mills and Waterloo! We shall find the Lower Village a long, clean, green-bordered street, with its little unused Methodist meeting-house, and the roomy houses which have a-long-residence look and plenty-of-real-estate look about them—the old Currier places, the ancient Sawyer house, the house of Mrs. John B. Clarke, and the George houses built by the brothers who once held such potent influence there, and had such numerous connections that the community was clannish and has the prestige of family to this day, although in only one do descendants of the original owner live, that of Joshua George, now the summer home of his

grandson, F. G. Wilkins. The street continues over the river where once was the stately house of Dr. Lyman and the first home of Levi Bartlett, with a laid-out garden like the garden in a story. Of all the substantial houses only one, that of Mrs. Runels, remains in the family.

Keeping on down by the Dow residences and the ancient Alpheus Davis house, and where the "Old Pottery" was, a hill-road takes us up past the comfortable, cosy-looking farm-house of Charles Currier into Joppa, up where on a favorable day Mount Washington can be seen—a glistening point against the sky. We keep on along these roads laid out by the early settlers, rich in associations, and at the top of the hill we can but stop, for from there a landscape of wonderful beauty- meets the eye. Governor Harriman said people crossed the ocean to look upon scenery not so fine. From the corner where the first rude meeting-house was built, and "the Parade" where military drills were held before the century came in—all lonely now—a road will take us down through the green wood and across the brook, then, worn and gullied, and closed to much travel, over Waldron's hill. We can get across from here to where the Badgers settled—attractive place still in the family—and down into the valley in the shadow of the solemn Mink hills, near the birthplace of the Harrimans, Stewarts, and Fosters.

Here we find the John Graham and Goodwill farms, and at the eastward near one of the many corners, that of Mr. Mooney, and the ancient homestead of Evans Davis—one of the few kept in the family for over a hundred years. We come out at the North Village where the Flanderses, Osgoods, Barnards, and Daltons settled, with the old Ordway home in under the hill. An ideal hamlet the North Village seems, with a look as if the neighbors could call across to one another, and "run in" by paths across the fields.

Right in the midst of this rural life we come upon a transformation, where the new "Silver Lake Reservoir Company," under the management of N. G. Ordway, A. P. Davis, and the Messrs. Gustine, are changing a green meadow into a lake, using the old Wells Davis mill-pond, where the second saw-mill ill town was built, in creating at great expense what is intended to be a system of waterworks.

From here our road is by the Pratt grounds and the homestead of James Bean, who has just gone from it forever. From the hill we have a fine view of Waterloo, with Kearsarge in the background. Once this village was the scene of active industries. The falls ready for the use of man were known to the proprietors as "The Great Falls." Once there were saw-mill, grist-mill, tannery, and paper-mill. There were also a baker and a book-bindery. Today Waterloo has the leisurely look of a place where the residents can take their ease and enjoy their flowers. It is the summer retreat of many families, who come as early as they can and stay as long as they can.

Senator Chandler is one of the yearly comers. His first acquaintance with Warner suggests the circumstance that led Daniel Webster to make Marshfield his summer home. He came up from Concord to fish in our mountain brooks. and like most strangers, was enthusiastic over the scenery. When, several years later, the Noah Andrews house on the hill became vacant, he bought it, and has spent more or less of every summer here since. It was a big, old-fashioned, square house, and without taking away from its dignified simplicity, he made convenient additions and laid out a garden. Here, in the unostentatious way characteristic of the man, he

finds the retirement and repose imperative in a life so crowded with active duties, and necessarily so much in the public eye.

Rev. John C. Ager, of Brooklyn N. Y., returns to the old home which belonged to his family, where he takes his pleasure seriously in making artistic improvements. Marshall Dowlin comes to his "Sunnylawn" on the place once the home of the well-known teacher, Stephen S. Bean. On the other side of the street, the widow of Governor Harriman has a quaint red cottage; and the large Riverside estate of ex-Governor Ordway takes in not only his house on the bluff but the farms on the river, with the two ancient red houses where his son, George L., and his daughter, Mrs. E. L. Whitford, spend their summers. The busiest man of the village, John Dowlin, has his habitation the year round where the long row of farm-buildings stands on the green level across the river.

Going up from Waterloo on the Bradford road, by what was the Daniel Bean tavern, and the pleasant Roby and Eastman homes, we reach the head-quarters of a kind of business known over half the world—the making of hubs—which has been carried on in the same family for two or more generations. Orders for the Redington hubs come even from Australia, New Zealand, and Africa. The road passes under a green tunnel of over-arching trees, between the house of Mrs. Oliver Redington and that of Charles Redington, now sole manager of the business. Nearly all the region above here to the Bradford line goes by the general names of Stevensville and Melvin's Mills. The road all the distance disputes the right of way with the river and the railroad, which is always perilously near. In one of the wildest spots are the mills where, in 1870, the Bartlett brothers began the manufacture of coarse and fine excelsior, now turning out about one thousand tons annually, consuming nearly one thousand cords of poplar. Farther up are shut-up mills, where formerly were made carriages, churns, chairs, and a variety of things down to clothes-pins. Here the several men by the name of Stevens kept machinery going for one purpose or another, and Chapin Pierce spent his time either in manufacturing or inventing.

The Rogers shops were still farther up, where the village is, on a street as irregular as some in Marblehead, with houses at unexpected turns, and flower gardens among the rocks, blazing with the sumptuous colors of things that love the sun. Here are a railroad station, store, and post-office in charge of W. P. Melvin, descendant of the Josiah Melvin for wholly the place was named. This village once represented one of the most important sections of the town, for here it was understood was the back-bone of Democracy. The men from this neighborhood and from "over the Minks" exercised not unfrequently a controlling voice in close political campaigns. They were men who knew what they believed, Colbys, Melvins, Collinses, Holmeses, Browns, and others, stanch in their opinions, whose advice it was not safe to disregard.

Warner is a good-sized town, understood to have an area of forty-four square miles. There must necessarily be some long-distance trips if one would see remote corners, for instance, the Howe district, where still stands the very old Joel Howe tavern just as it used to be, dancing-hall and all, occupied by one of the descendants. To get to some of these out-of-the-way places, one has to do as a certain artist said of some of the roads, "go somewhere by way of anywhere."

It is no disparagement to the town that so many mills have gone by. If we have not 16 saw-mills and 8 gristmills, as we had in 1823, it is because we have no need of them. Warner is

really an agricultural town, but, as already intimated, we have live men here who keep things moving. In 1890 the new Merrimack Glove Company began operations in two large and convenient buildings which replaced those of the former glove factory destroyed by fire after being run several years. The new enterprise started up with vigor under the management of S. Clay, superintendent, and H. C. Davis, president. The manufactures are gloves and coats, and at its best period it furnished employment for more than a hundred persons.

In 1881 the Kearsarge Evaporating Company came into existence, the firm being Robert Thompson and his son, Arthur. The business was a great success. affording a market for thousands of bushels of what had heretofore been considered unusable apples; and thousands of dollars passed into the hands of farmers and the people employed in the buildings. The evaporators are now owned and run by A. J. Hook, who also carries on the grain and hay business in Thompson's block near the depot.

Down on the river, just back of which our village is situated, at the most picturesque turn, have been mills time out of mind. What is now the Ela grist-mill was built in 1829 by Nicholas Fowler, one of the worthy men of those days who could turn his hand to the building of almost anything. This quaint old mill, the quaint house of the miller nestled in the lap of the hill, the island, and the romantic surroundings dear to an artist's eye, have been the subject of many pictures. And a place always suggesting a picture, if one takes it in from the bridge or indeed from any other place, is the saw-mill of M. T. Ela, across the river from his father's grist-mill. A good deal, however, is going on there more practical than making illustrations, or than inhaling the fragrance of pine logs or listening to the rhythmic sound of the saw-mill—delightful way of passing the time though it be. The mill is a busy place. Last year 700,000 feet of boards were sawed there, and 600,000 feet will this season be manufactured into boxes.

There are other things in which Warner is thriving—secret societies. One of the most conspicuous structures in the village is the Odd Fellows building, and its generous space accommodates two organizations besides its own. Harris Lodge of Free Masons occupies one hall—a beautiful one; Warner Grange has another; the fourth is devoted to banquets; and what with installations, harvest suppers, and occasions of which the luckless outsider may not know, the year is marked off with festivals and feasts. The lower floor, with the exception of the store of C. H. Hardy, is taken up with the printing establishment of E. C. Cole, owner, publisher, printer, and editor of the *Kearsarge Independent*, a weekly newspaper started by him in 1884.

The town early had a Masonic lodge, but its hall and records at the Lower village having been destroyed by the fire in which the Daniel George tavern and store were burned, it remained nearly inactive until 1875, when a new one was instituted, named for one of the oldest citizens of the place and his son, John Atherton Harris, a man beloved by the Fraternity. The first Master was G. C. George.

Warner Grange has had remarkable prosperity from the day of its formation in 1877, with Hiram G. Patten as Master, to the present time, numbering over two hundred members, and ranking among the foremost in the state. It has been an acknowledged intellectual stimulus and social help to many, and is a source of pride and gratification to the large body of men and women among our best townspeople who are in its membership.

Central Lodge of I. O. O. F., organized in 1881, with S. K. Paige, Noble Grand, has evidently been unusually successful; and so, as far as one of the uninitiated has a right to judge, has been Welcome Rebekah Lodge. The newest of the orders, Knights of the Golden Cross, holds its meetings in the hall in Robertson's block.

To do justice to the libraries of Warner the first of which was incorporated in 1796—a separate sketch must needs be written. The present one will only briefly outline the history of the Pillsbury Free Library. It is a gratifying fact that two of the most generous gifts to this town have been made by men who had only a temporary residence here; gratifying, because it certainly goes far towards proving that there is something that commends itself about the town itself, or about the people, or the way we treat those who come among us. George A. Pillsbury, who was for twelve years in business in Warner, and whose son, Charles A., was born here, gave to the town, in connection with his family, the fine library building, located on land given by N. G. Ordway, where formerly stood the Kearsarge hotel. It is of red pressed brick and granite, in the Romanesque Gothic style, is fire-proof, and has a handsome reading-room and stack room, finished throughout in quartered oak. It was opened in 1892, and started with over four thousand volumes, the gift of Mr. Pillsbury and his family. The number is now nearly five thousand.

Within the limits of an article for this magazine it is impossible to even touch upon many incidents of interest. Many persons, many events must necessarily be left out. but *not* the soldiers who fought for us in the War of the Rebellion. The men of Warner responded immediately, and with enthusiasm. Never were more loyal patriots or braver ones. The Roster of New Hampshire Soldiers, lately published, gives the names of one hundred and twenty-five men, natives of Warner, and thirty-seven, credited to the town, not born here. Most of them were in the Eleventh and Sixteenth regiments, and their service was chiefly with the Arm of the Potomac and in the Department of the Gulf. Walter Harriman was commissioned colonel of the former, afterwards made brigadier-general by brevet. Samuel Davis, educated at West Point, was major of the latter. James H. Fowler, a native of Warner, was chaplain in Colonel Higginson's colored regiment.

Several persons natives of Warner have added to the world's stock of books. Levi Bartlett, well known as an agricultural writer, compiled the "Bartlett Genealogy." Isaac Dalton Stewart, successful as minister of the gospel and as editor of the *Morning Star,* prepared a "History of the Freewill Baptists"—some of the material being from other sources. To Walter Harriman belongs the authorship of a "History of Warner" and "In the Orient." Fred Myron Colby, a constant contributor to many newspapers and periodicals, is author of several books, the best known of which are "The Daughter of Pharaoh" and "Brave Lads and Bonnie Lasses." Henry E. Sawyer, an eminent teacher, has contributed to educational works, "A Latin Primer," "Metric Manual," and "Words and Numbers." John C. Ager, besides his pastoral and editorial work, has translated seven octavo volumes of Swedenborg's writings.

Mrs. Olive Rand Clarke, for more than thirty years editorially connected with the *Mirror and Farmer,* is author of "A Vacation Excursion." Mrs. Flora Morrill Kimball, now of National City, California, a woman of exceptional ability, is author of two books for young people, "The Fairfields" and "The Tyler Boys." Her sister, Hannah F. M. Browne, for many years editor and publisher of *The Agitator,* a paper denoted to social and political reform in Cleveland O., wrote several books for children. She died in 1881. Amanda B. Harris is author of six books for young

people. A considerable amount of miscellaneous work has been done by a few of the above and by others.

The number of ministers born in Warner, so far as can be ascertained, is twenty-three; of physicians, nineteen; of lawyers, thirteen. Without doubt the actual number of each profession exceeds these figures.

Ezekiel Dimond was a professor is Dartmouth College. George H. Sargent and others have met with success in journalistic work.

The town is the birth-place of three governors, Ezekiel A. Straw, Walter Harriman, who was twice elected and N. G. Ordway, for four years governor of Dakota. Five of her sons have been mayors in the cities of their residence, George Runels in Lowell; Henry H. Gilmore, Cambridge; John E. Robertson, Concord; George F. Bean, Woburn; Byron Harriman, Waterloo, Iowa.

Warner women have been always ready for any service that had a claim upon them. When the plan for preserving Mount Vernon was made in 1839, the town was canvassed by women, and a creditable sum was raised. During the War of the Rebellion systematic and generous work was done, till no longer needed, for the soldiers and the sanitary commission. The various progressive temperance organizations of fifty-years having, apparently had their day, the cause has now passed into the hands of the W. C. T. U., a band of workers who loyally stand by the principles of which the white ribbon is a symbol. The town was represented in the Sandwich Islands Sixty years ago by missionary teacher, Mrs. Lois Hoyt Johnson. In these days southern California is bestowing honors on a woman Warner born. Mrs. Flora Morrill Kimball is the first woman ever elected master of a grange. She was vice-president of the board of lady managers of the California Worlds Fair Commission, was appointed by the governor a member of the state board of sericulture, has been seven years on the board of education, and is director of a bank. The six Morrill sisters all wrote more or less for the press when it was more of a distinction to be a writer than it is now. Mention should be made of the literary work of Mrs. H. M. Colby and Mrs. A. B. Bennett. Mrs. E. H. Carroll is an accomplished teacher of music; Mrs. N. G. Stearns, a successful artist; Mrs. M. F. Hayes has had many years of service at the head of seminaries; Mrs. R. B. Seymour stands in the front rank as a teacher of languages. Two Massachusetts women think they have some claim upon us through their Warner mother, who descended from that James Flanders who helped to give character to the town about a hundred years ago. They are Mary F. Eastman, the distinguished speaker for woman suffrage, and her sister, Helen, well known for her histrionic talent.

It is on many accounts to be regretted that the same thing is true of Warner as of most country towns. Many of the enterprising young men have sought careers in the large cities or in the West. There they have built up a successful business or made honorable records in other ways of life. They are publishers, editors, teachers, bankers, political leaders, manufacturers, millionaires, and in all the professions. Their influence goes with them, but it is felt here. They are not lost to their native town. It is said of Manchester-by-the-Sea that there is a certain spring of water there of which if one drinks he will be sure to go back. Warner does not need such a magic spring or any occult agency for her sons and daughters. Sooner or later they come back.