PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

WINDHAM CELEBRATION

JUNE 9, 1892.

HISTORY

AND

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

CELEBRATION OF THE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE INCORPORATION OF THE SETTLEMENT OF

WINDHAM IN NEW HAMPSHIRE,

HELD JUNE 9, 1892.

There comes a voice that awakens my soul. It is the voice of years that are gone; they roll before me with their deeds.—Ossian.

WINDHAM, N. H.:
PUBLISHED BY THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.
1892.

To the Descendants of the First Settlers,

WHEREVER IN THE WIDE WORLD SCATTERED,

This record of a celebration in honor of the names, the virtues, and the deeds of

The Pioneers,

That gallant band of people of Scotch blood, who founded the township of Windham in New Hampshire,

This Volume is Inscribed,

By the Executive Committee.

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PREFACE.

On the day of the celebration, a court stenographer of large experience and acknowledged ability was employed by the committee to take down the proceedings of the day. This he did, from the commencement of the public exercises to their close, with the exception of those addresses of which he knew a manuscript copy had been furnished me.

The regular method adopted by him in his record, the style, the form of address, and the exact language he used, have been adopted by me in this printed book, with the exception of a few unavoidable changes.

The addresses, as uttered or furnished in MS., are here given, together with the many addressed letters here printed; and, in the main, they are in the exact form of address and language of the speaker or writer.

I assume full responsibility for the preparation of the historical part of this book, and for the compilation. Whatever errors or inaccuracies may there appear belong to me.

Of the addresses and letters which are in this book, if anything appears in form of sentiment or expression to excite the criticism of any one, the widely scattered, genial, and philosophical authors will, no doubt, bear the same with good-humored complacency.

The long time which it has taken to secure engravings is the cause of the delay in the appearance of this volume. They who have inserted their engravings have the thanks of the committee.

L. A. M.

Windham, N. H.,
November 8, 1892.

HISTORY.

Since the first settlement of Windham one hundred and seventy-two years have passed away. Its founders have fallen asleep with their children and grandchildren, while those who remain in town of the fourth and fifth generations from their immigrating ancestors are the active men to-day. The memory of the olden time has been kept green. In many homes cherished mementoes of the past, of generations passed away, and of old homes beyond the sea, have been handed down from generation to generation. The lamp of political and religious faith has not been suffered to grow dim, nor devotion to sacred trusts to die.

The living descendants, in honor of their deceased progenitors, the founders and incorporators of the town, proposed to celebrate the 150th anniversary of its incorporation. For more than ten years many of the people of Windham were watching and waiting for the eventful day and hour to come. As the anniversary drew near, they proposed to observe it with some attention, even in mid-winter, and with a more fitting celebration in the warm, glowing weather of June. It was deemed proper that the town, in its legal capacity, should take formal action for the proper notice and observance of the day. A petition to the selectmen for a special meeting of the town was prepared, of which the following is a copy, with the names of the signers. Others would gladly have signified their approval by appending their names to the document had it been necessary, but enough signatures were obtained to answer the legal purpose, and to abundantly show the general appreciation of the object and purpose of the celebration.

As it was an expressed desire by some that full details should be given of the proceedings of the committee, with quotations from the report of the secretary, I have made a full report of the proceedings and free quotations from the secretary's report, for the interest of the present generation in this town, and for the benefit of future ones.

To the Selectmen of Windham, N. H.:

GENTLEMEN:—We, the undersigned, legal voters in said town, request you, at your earliest convenience, to call a meeting of the town, and insert in your warrant the following articles:

ARTICLE 1. To see if the town will vote to celebrate with appropriate exercises the 150th anniversary of the incorporation of the town.

ART. 2. To choose such committees as may be thought necessary to carry the above vote into effect.

ART. 3. To decide on the manner of raising money to meet the expenses of the celebration.

ART. 4. To transact any other business relating to the celebration that may be deemed expedient.

Windham, N. H., Dec. 21, 1891.

William C. Harris,	James M. Crowell,	Abel Dow,
Isaac P. Cochran,	Samuel L. Prescott,	George P. Dow,
John E. Cochran,	David C. Foss,	Albert A. Morrison,
Horace Anderson,	Dalton J. Warren,	Henry J. Richardson,
Patsey Mahoney,	John W. M. Worledge,	Horace Berry,
George W. Johnson,	Charles H. Barker,	Henry T. Wheeler,
Horace P. Dinsmoor,	Benjamin E. Blanchard,	Eugene W. Armstrong,
William D. Cochran,	Joseph P. Crowell,	Caleb B. Clark,
Joseph W. Dinsmoor,	James Cochran,	William H. Armstrong,
Chas. A. Reed,	John G. Bradford,	David C. Anderson,
per L. A. M.,	John H. Dinsmore,	John A. Park,
George F. Armstrong,	Leonard A. Morrison,	William A. Thom,
Charles J. Miers,	Jos. W. Dinsmoor, Jr.,	Frank A. Crowell,
George E. Seavey,	Albert O. Alexander,	per E. B.

A true copy of petition. Attest: JOHN E. COCHRAN, *Town Clerk.*

A true copy of record. Attest: JOHN E. COCHRAN, *Town Clerk.*

The warrant issued was as follows:

[L. S.] THE STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

To the inhabitants of the town of Windham qualified to vote in town affairs:

Pursuant to an application to us of this date by ten or more voters of said town, you are notified to appear at the lower town hall in said town on Saturday, the 23d day of January, inst., at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, to act upon the following subjects:

First, To choose a moderator to preside in said meeting.

Second, To see if the town will vote to celebrate with appropriate exercises the 150th anniversary of the incorporation of the town.

Third, To choose such committees as may be thought necessary to carry the above vote into effect.

Fourth, To decide on the manner of raising money to meet the expenses of the celebration.

Fifth, To transact any other business relating to the celebration that may be deemed expedient.

Given under our hands and seal, this 9th day of January, 1892.

ALBERT E. SIMPSON,
JOHN A. McVOY,
AUGUSTUS L. BARKER,
Selectmen of Windham.

WINDHAM, January 23, 1892.

We do hereby certify that on the 9th day of January last we posted and attested a copy of the within warrant at the place of meeting within specified, and a like copy at the store of John G. Bradford, a public place in said town.

A. E. SIMPSON,
J. A. McVOY,
A. L. BARKER,
Selectmen of Windham.

A true copy of the warrant and the return thereof.

Attest: JOHN E. COCHRAN, *Town Clerk.*

At a meeting of the inhabitants of the town of Windham on the 23d day of January, 1892, at the lower town hall in said town, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, William D. Cochran was elected moderator. It was then unanimously voted to celebrate the 150th anniversary, and to choose a committee of two from each former school district, the following gentlemen being chosen:

No. 1. William D. Cochran,
Leonard A. Morrison.
No. 2. Albert E. Simpson,
John W. M. Worledge.
No. 3. Horace Berry,
George E. Seavey.
No. 4. Hiram S. Reynolds,
Alphonso F. Campbell.
No. 5. Augustus L. Barker,
Joseph P. Crowell.
No. 6. William C. Harris,
James Cochran.
No. 7. Charles H. Davis,
Horace B. Johnson.

It was voted to leave the manner of raising funds in the hands of the committee, and they were authorized to fill all vacancies occurring in their number. The town also voted that the celebration should take place in the month of June, 1892, and that the date should be left with the committee.

On January 29th this committee met at the lower town hall, completed its organization, and considered the matter of raising funds to defray the expenses of the celebration. Leonard A. Morrison was chosen president; Hiram S. Reynolds, secretary; Albert E. Simpson, treasurer; and William D. Cochran secretary *pro tem.*

It was voted to have a tri-semi-centennial festival on the evening of February 12, 1892, with a "C Supper," the tables to be furnished with articles of food commencing with the letter C. John H. Dinsmore was chosen president for the evening, John A. McVoy to sell tickets, John L. Bradford to collect them, John H. Cochran to care for the clothes, and John W. M. Worledge, William C. Harris, William D. Cochran, to procure posters and provide entertainment for the evening. The admission for adults, including supper, was fixed at forty cents; children under twelve years, twenty cents.

The following announcement of the celebrating festival was sent out by the committee:

ANNIVERSARY

LEVEE

TOWN HALL, WINDHAM, N. H.

FRIDAY EVENING, FEB. 12, 1892

By the citizens of Windham, for the purpose of raising money to aid in Celebrating, in June next, the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Incorporation of the Town.

ENTERTAINMENT BY

RICHARD CARLE, COMEDIAN

OF BOSTON.

Ice Cream, Confectionery, and Flowers will be for Sale

THERE WILL BE A GUESS CAKE, SPIDER'S WEB, AND MANY OTHER ATTRACTIONS.

SUPPER BILL OF FARE

CLAM CHOWDER — CHICKEN

CRANBERRY PIE — CURRANT PIE — CHICKEN PIE — CUSTARD PIE — CREAM PIE

CRACKER PUDDING — CHOCOLATE PUDDING

CAKE — COOKIES — CHEESE — CRABAPPLE TARTS — CRANBERRY TARTS — CURRANT TARTS

COFFEE — CHINESE TEA

ADMISSION, including supper, 40 CENTS.

CHILDREN, under twelve years of age, 20 CENTS.

If very stormy the Levee will be the first fair evening of the next week

Windham, N. H., Feb. 3, 1892.

The people of the town engaged with enthusiasm in the work of preparation, and the prospect for a brilliant success was never better. The daily papers announced "Much Disturbance on the Surface of the Sun," accompanied with dark spots of large size; which some journals insisted on proclaiming presaged heavy storms on this planet. Be that as it may, the storm came, and a severe one, on the day and night of February 11th. The wind blew with great violence, the snow fell rapidly, and before the dawn of the morning of February 12th a foot and a half of snow covered the ground. The evening was one of the finest. The moon was at its full; the air was cool, crisp, and still, and not a cloud dimmed the azure vault above. A goodly company assembled in the town hall, and the evening passed away enjoyably, not the least of the attractions being the five handsomely laden tables in the lower hall. The supper was excellent, and was duly appreciated by the guests. A supplementary supper and entertainment were held in the same place on Monday evening, February 15th, and the proceeds from both entertainments, above expenses, were $115.

At a meeting of the town committee, who adopted the name of the "Executive Committee," holden at the town hall, February 13, 1892, several committees were chosen.

On motion of William C. Harris, a Committee on Finance were chosen, as follows: Albert E. Simpson, Joseph P. Crowell, William C. Harris.

On motion of Horace Berry, a committee of three were chosen to select an orator, and to arrange an order of literary exercises for the celebration. The committee were Leonard A. Morrison, William D. Cochran, William C. Harris.

On motion of Mr. Berry, an Investigating Committee were chosen to consult and see what would be an appropriate order of general exercises for the day of the celebration; to name the different committees necessary to be appointed by the Executive Committee; and to suggest a list of persons for these committees; the Investigating Committee to report their doings within two weeks to the Executive Committee for their action upon the same. The Investigating Committee were Leonard A. Morrison, Horace Berry, and James Cochran.

The committee to select an orator met and voted unanimously to extend the invitation to an honored son of Windham, Hon. James Dinsmoor of Sterling, Ill.

The following letter was sent to him:

WINDHAM, NEW HAMPSHIRE (Canobie Lake, N. H., P. O.)
February 15, 1892.

HON. JAMES DINSMOOR,
Sterling, Illinois:

MY DEAR SIR:—At a special meeting of this town, holden January 23, 1892, it was unanimously voted to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the incorporation of the town. The incorporating act was passed on February 12, 1742; the celebration will be holden in the early part of June, 1892, when the weather is usually agreeable and pleasant. An Executive Committee were chosen to make arrangements, and to carry the vote of the town into effect.

It is proposed to render a tribute of honor, slight though it may be in comparison with their merits, to those Scotch people of heroic mould, who for opinion's sake fled from the mountains and valleys of Scotland to Ireland, and who themselves or their descendants, a little later, came to New Hampshire and founded this settlement. It was considered by the committee especially appropriate that at the celebration the historical address should be delivered by one of their descendants, a son of Windham, and they have unanimously selected you as the orator who could very fittingly make that address. It gives me pleasure, in their name, as well as individually, to give you a most cordial and urgent invitation to again visit your own early home,—the home, too, of your fathers for four generations,—and to address your former fellow-citizens and friends, and those who will be present on that memorable occasion. Hoping that nothing will prevent you from accepting this invitation, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

LEONARD A. MORRISON,
For the Committee on Literary Exercises.

This letter of invitation brought forth the following letter of acceptance:

STERLING, ILL., March 15, 1892.

HON. L. A. MORRISON,
Windham, N. H.:

MY DEAR SIR:—The request of the Committee of Arrangements for the proposed celebration of the 150th anniversary of the organization of our native town, to have me prepare an address for that occasion, has given me much pleasure, and at the same time not a little perplexity,—pleasure that while so many of the natives of that good old town have been called to active life remote from the home of our childhood, there yet remain within her borders sons who appreciate the physical and mental vigor and moral worth of the fathers of 150 years ago: perplexity that my present engagements and health will not permit me to make such preparation as may justify their selection. The latter has caused

my delay in thanking the committee for the invitation, and expressing the hope that I may be able to contribute my mite to the meed of praise of our fathers of 1742.

Be so kind as to extend to the several members of the committee my kindest regards. Hoping this may find you in good health, I am

Affectionately yours,

JAS. DINSMOOR.

The Committee on Literary Exercises selected Mrs. Margaret M. (Park) Dinsmoor as the poet for the celebration, and the following invitation was given:

WINDHAM, N. H., February 18, 1892.

MY DEAR MRS. DINSMOOR:

There will be a celebration in June next in commemoration of the 150th anniversary of the act of incorporation of this town. The Committee on Literary Exercises, Leonard A. Morrison, William D. Cochran, and William C. Harris, have unanimously selected you as the poet, and desire, and now invite you to furnish a poem for that historic day. Hoping that nothing will prevent you from so doing, I am,

Sincerely yours,

LEONARD A. MORRISON,
For the Committee.

To Mrs. Margaret M. (Park) Dinsmoor,
Avondale Farm, Windham, N. H.

Mrs. Dinsmoor accepted the invitation.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE ANNUAL TOWN MEETING HELD MARCH 8, 1892.

At a legal town meeting of the inhabitants of the town of Windham, on the 8th day of March, 1892, at the lower hall in the town house, in said town, at 10 of the clock in the forenoon, the meeting was called to order by William D. Cochran, chairman of the Board of Supervisors.

Leonard A. Morrison was elected moderator.

Prayer was offered by Rev. William E. Westervelt.

The moderator called William D. Cochran, chairman of the Board of Supervisors, to the chair, and introduced the following resolution:

Resolved, That we, the people of Windham, in town meeting assembled, on this, the 150th anniversary of the day and the hour when the founders of this town met in their first annual town meeting, under the act of incorporation, revere and honor those who established this township;

that we hold their names and recorded acts in veneration, and would have them kept in perpetual remembrance.

Looking backward 150 years, we behold the fathers in their town meeting and tender them honor; looking into the future 150 years, we salute our successors of a remote generation.

When they shall gather in their annual town meeting in March, 2042, we commend to them the familiar names, the manly acts, the heroic virtues, of the founders of this town, that they may honor and emulate them, and in their turn commend to their successors of 150 years later the names of those whom we honor by this resolve, that their memory may not perish from among men.

He made some remarks in favor of the resolution, moved its adoption and that it be recorded with the records of the town. This motion was seconded in appropriate words by Horace Berry, and the town voted to adopt and record the resolution.

It was a singular coincidence that William D. Cochran, who called this meeting to order, was a lineal descendant of Robert Dinsmoor, chairman of the Board of Commissioners to call the first town meeting, and who undoubtedly called that meeting to order on March 8, 1742, just 150 years before, to the very day and hour; and that Lieutenant Samuel Morison, who was elected the first moderator in 1742, was the great grandfather of the person chosen in 1892.

On March 12th, the Committee of Arrangements met and decided to have the celebration at the center of the town on June 9th. Various committees were chosen, as follows:

ON INVITATIONS.

William C. Harris,
Leonard A. Morrison,
William D. Cochran,
Alphonso F. Campbell.

ON DECORATIONS.

Horace Berry,
John W. M. Worledge,
Horace P. Dinsmoor,
Charles H. Davis.

It was decided to have a brief synopsis of the history of the town and the proposed celebration prepared and printed in a leading paper, and to send the same to natives, former residents, and friends of the town. A Committee on Newspapers were chosen, consisting of Albert E. Simpson, William C. Harris, and Alphonso F. Campbell.

ON SINGING.

Benjamin Edwin Blanchard,
Hiram S. Reynolds,
Albert A. Morrison.

ON BAND.

Edwin O. Dinsmoor,
Horace Anderson,
Jacob A. Nesmith.

It was voted that the Committee on Reception should consist of the Executive Committee and their ladies, with Benjamin E. Blanchard and Albert A. Morrison.

On motion of William D. Cochran, it was voted that Leonard A. Morrison and William C. Harris should constitute a committee to prepare a list of names which, when approved by the Executive Committee, should, on the day of celebration, be the Honorary Committee. This closed the proceedings of that day.

Thus the good work went on and the hopes of the committee began to materialize.

The question of the selection of a proper place for holding the celebration had been an important one. Mr. Abel Dow, the manager and proprietor of the Granite State Grove, Canobie Lake, near the railroad station at that place, had generously offered to the committee his spacious and beautiful grounds, and buildings with the exception of the skating rink, as a place to hold the celebration, if they desired. After due consideration, on March 12th, it was decided to hold the celebration at the center of the town, and the committee at their meeting on April 7th, on motion of Horace Berry, passed the following resolution:

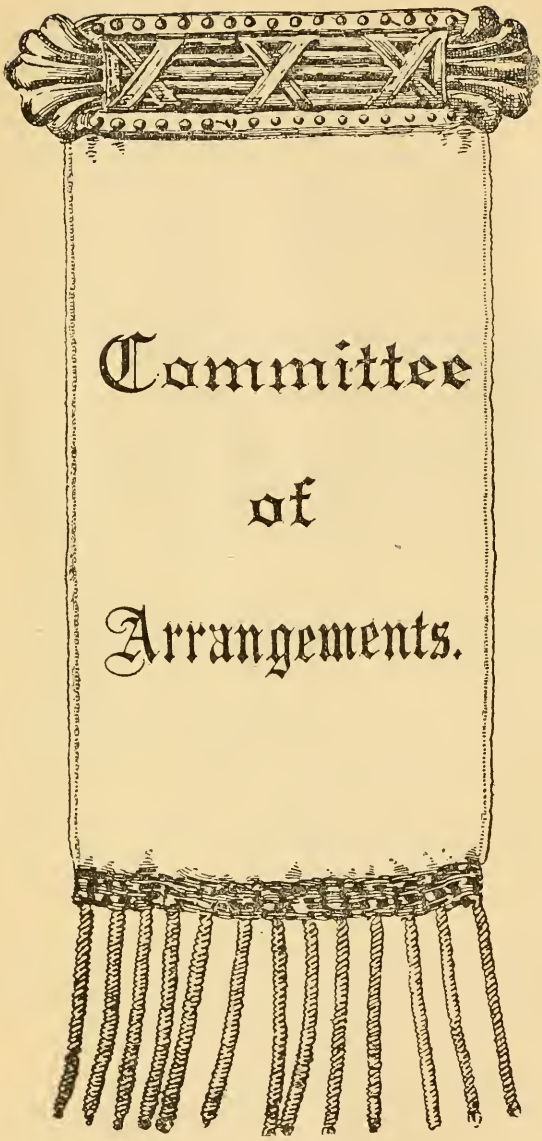
Resolved, That the Executive Committee extend to Mr. Abel Dow their heartfelt thanks for his kindness and generosity in offering his grove for the coming celebration of the 150th anniversary of the incorporation of Windham.

The secretary was authorized to notify Mr. Dow of said vote.

At the meeting April 7th, three persons were chosen a committee

ON COLLATION.

William D. Cochran,
Albert E. Simpson,
George E. Seavey.



It was voted, on motion of William C. Harris, to have a free dinner at the celebration, and the meeting adjourned to April 23d.

Met according to adjournment, when it was voted that Leonard A. Morrison be a committee to procure thirty-six badges for the Executive Committee. These he subsequently procured, at a cost of twenty cents each. They were of the following description: Made of white satin, four inches in length and two inches in breadth, attached to a glittering pin, which looked like *gold*, but perhaps was not of that metal, and with gilt fringe. The satin was marked, "Committee of Arrangements," in old English letters.

It was voted, on motion of W. C. Harris, that the expense of a band should not exceed one hundred dollars, and that it should be at Windham Center at 8:30 a. m. and remain till 5:30 p. m. After the transac-

tion of other business, the meeting adjourned, subject to the call of the president.

The committee again met, on May 4th. The Haverhill, Mass., City band had been secured, at an expense of one hundred dollars.

It having been decided to secure a large tent, the spot on which to pitch it caused the committee a good deal of anxiety, as the grounds in front of the town house were not of sufficient extent. After several places had been examined, it was finally voted to put it in the field of James Cochran, on the west of his house, and with the understanding that there the tables should be set the day before the celebration, as that would relieve the ladies of care and labor on the celebrating day; and that the seating capacity at the tables should be for 1,000 persons. At this meeting William D. Cochran, chairman of the Committee on Collation, gave a valuable report in relation to the sort of tents and the expense and general method of providing and supplying the great congregation with a free dinner. It was decided, according to the report of the secretary, to have the speaking "somewhere around the town house."

It was moved by Albert E. Simpson that the schools of the town, with their teachers, be invited to meet at the schoolhouse in No. 6, on the day of celebration, the whole to be under the direction of the school board, and that they be escorted in the order in which the several districts come, by the band, to the town hall, and that they have a separate table for dinner. It was so voted.

The following is an original, racy, and quaint report from the secretary's record: "The question of posters, how they shall be worded, came up, and was discussed at some length. [This included the general one of invitations.] The question of invitations came up, and was discussed by different gentlemen. It was thought that 1,000 ought to be sent out, and that, in all probability, not more than one-half would respond. L. A. Morrison gave his ideas (as he has on several different occasions), in plain and outspoken language. He thinks the invitation should include any one who has any inclination to come: he would invite the whole of creation—and have dinner tickets (at a fixed price), and any person or persons who wanted dinner should notify the committee accordingly, and secure them.

"Another grave and important matter has just come up, and that is, whether the committee are willing to release Mr. William D. Cochran (one of the important persons on the Executive Committee, and chairman of the Committee on Collation) to go on a trip to Portland, Oregon, to be gone most of the time between now and the coming

celebration. Most of the committee are willing, but A. E. Simpson (also on Committee on Collation) is inclined to object, on the ground that W. D. Cochran is the hub of the wheel, as well as the spoke, and says, further, that if W. D. C. does go, *he* (Simpson) wants to feed the crowd in a different manner (the way subsequently adopted), that is, without setting tables. W. D. Cochran objects to that way, on the ground that it would be very much more work; his idea is to relieve the ladies on celebration day from being obliged to work hard all day; they could mingle with the crowd, see their friends, and be relieved from very much care, etc., etc. So the matter is left undecided. The meeting adjourned sine die at 6:45 p. m. H. S. Reynolds,

Secretary.

At this same meeting, Albert E. Simpson, chairman of the Committee on Newspapers, reported that he had made arrangements with the Boston *Journal* to supply 800 copies of the *Journal* at three cents each, to be sent to different parties, on being furnished a list of names by the committee. The following article in relation to the celebration was prepared by Col. J. E. Pecker, of Concord, correspondent of the *Journal*, who visited Windham, took items from the committee, and prepared the article from those facts and from other information found in the "History of Windham in New Hampshire." Leonard A. Morrison prepared a list of 600 names, which was supplied to the *Journal* office, and this article, published in the *Morning Journal*, May 17, 1892, was mailed direct from that office to the parties named in that list. The other 200 copies came to Windham, and were mailed to different persons and divided among the members of the committee, for distribution among the people of the town.

WINDHAM, N. H.

Its 150th Anniversary to be Celebrated—Arrangements for a Grand Reunion of Former Residents—Notes on the History of a Town Which Has no Mean Record.

[Special Dispatch to The Boston Journal.]

WINDHAM, N. H., May 16.—The citizens of Windham will celebrate the 150th anniversary of the incorporation of the town on June 9th, and the proposed festivities are already the eager topic of discussion among all classes in this community. The various committees are hard at work, and they are promised so generous a measure of hearty co-operation from the citizens that it is safe even now to predict that the reunion will be a grand success. The first movement toward this celebration was the drafting of a petition directed to the selectmen by William C. Harris endorsed by others, which was largely signed by the voters of the town The petition called for a special meeting to be held for the purpose of taking action in the matter. The meeting was held on January 23d, and there was a good attendance. It was unanimously and enthusiastically voted to hold the celebration on the date already named. A Committee of Arrangements, to have entire charge of the proceedings, was chosen, consisting of two from each of the old school districts. This committee was composed of the following gentlemen: William D. Cochran, Hon. Leonard A. Morrison, A. M., Albert E. Simpson, John W. M. Worledge, Horace Berry, George E. Seavey, Hiram S. Reynolds, Alphonso F. Campbell, Augustus L. Barker, Joseph P. Crowell, William C. Harris, James Cochran, Charles H. Davis, and Horace B. Johnson. The committee organized by choosing Hon. Leonard A. Morrison, A. M., of Canobie Lake, chairman, and President of the Day, and Hiram S. Reynolds, of West Windham, secretary. A Committee on Finance was selected, with Albert E. Simpson, of Windham, chairman. Various sub-committees were chosen on the subjects of literary exercises, including the selection of an orator, invitations, collation, decorations, music, and reception. The town was not asked to appropriate money, as it was desired to meet all expenses with voluntary contributions, which are coming in very generally from citizens, former residents, and descendants of early settlers. As the exact date of the 150th anniversary was on February 12th, a public festival was held on the evening of that day in the town hall, to commemorate that event, it being understood that the formal celebration should occur in the summer, the date of which was subsequently fixed as already given.

The general committee voted to hold the exercises at the center of the town. Under this arrangement, visitors from abroad are expected to debark from the cars at Windham Junction, where barges will be in attendance to convey them to the center village, a distance of two and a half miles. The Committee on Literary Exercises unanimously voted

to invite Hon. James Dinsmoor, a lawyer of Sterling, Illinois, to deliver the historical address, which invitation has been accepted. Mr. Dinsmoor is a native of Windham, a graduate of Dartmouth College, and a jurist of high character and reputation. He has always taken a great interest in his native town, making frequent visits to it, and the fact of his acceptance of the invitation to deliver the oration has caused great satisfaction to the entire population of Windham. Mrs. M. M. P. Dinsmoor, of Windham, will read an original poem. Among other speakers expected from abroad are Rev. W. R. Cochrane, D. D., of Antrim, Rev. Samuel Morrison, of Charlton, Mass., and Rev. C. M. Dinsmoor, of Exeter. The exercises will commence at 10 a. m., and the remainder of the forenoon will be devoted mainly to listening to the historical address. Dinner will be served at 1 p. m., followed by toasts and speeches. Fine instrumental and vocal music will be furnished. It is expected that a large tent will be pitched near the hall for dining purposes. All bells in the town will be rung at sunrise, and there will be extensive decorations. Governor and Mrs. Tuttle will be among the invited guests. Rev. Gilbert A. Kennedy, of the Presbyterian church in the parish of Aghadowey, county of Londonderry, province of Ulster, Ireland, of which church some of the first settlers of that portion of Londonderry, now Windham, were members, has been sent a most cordial letter of invitation.

Windham was originally settled by people of Scotch blood, some direct from Scotland, but most of them from Scotch settlements in the North of Ireland. The territory now comprising Windham was from 1719 to February 12, 1742, a portion of Londonderry. The first sixteen settlers of Londonderry, with their wives and families, were James McKeen, John Barnet, Archibald Clendennin, John Mitchell, James Starrett, James Anderson, Randall Alexander, James Gregg, James Clark, James Nesmith, Allen Anderson, Robert Weir, John Morison, Samuel Allison, Thomas Steele, and John Stuart. Of these sixteen, McKeen, Anderson, Alexander, Clark, Nesmith, and Stuart were each the ancestor of the Windham families which bear their respective surnames. The homes in Ireland of the McKeens, Dinsmoors, McGregors, and Nesmiths, and many other families which settled in Windham and Londonderry, were in the valley of the river Bann, in or near the parishes or towns of Kilrea, Coleraine, Ballywatick, Ballymoney, and Ballynoolen. In September, 1719, five months after the first settlement, there were seventy families, and in October there were 105. There is no account of any Indian outrage to an inhabitant of Windham or Londonderry, save that of the boy who was killed on Golden Brook about 1721.

The first grant of land in Windham was one of 500 acres, ordered by the Legislature of Massachusetts, to Rev. Thos. Cobbett, of Ipswich, that state. It was surveyed and laid out in October, 1662, by Joseph Davis, Jeremiah Belcher, and Simon Tuttle. This was approved by the General Court at Boston, May 27, 1663. The bounds were renewed May 2, 1728, by Jonathan Foster, John Jacques, Thomas Gage, and David Haseltine.

This farm was laid out in 1662, or fifty-seven years before the Scotch made a settlement in Londonderry, of which Windham was a part. Undoubtedly Londonderry had been traversed again and again by exploring and hunting expeditions, before and after 1662; still, it is doubtful if any permanent settlements were made till the advent of the Scotch in 1719. The first settlement in Windham was southeast of Cobbett's Pond, near the cemetery, on the highest elevation of Copps' Hill. There the first house stood, and the first occupant was John Waddell, and this was not far from 1720. In 1740 an emigration of some fourteen families took place from Windham and Londonderry, to Coleraine, Mass., among them being Morrisons and Stuarts.

The petition to Governor Benning Wentworth, praying for the erection of a new parish, though not dated, was drawn in 1740, and was signed by Thomas Morison and forty-eight others. In that year Ezekiel Morison, one of the petitioners, died. Those who signed the instrument asked that a tract of land near six miles in length and four in breadth, lying on the south side, at the easterly end of said town of Londonderry, be made into a new parish. The reasons for presenting the petition were narrated to be considerable difficulty, unknown to others not in their circumstances, more especially with respect to their attendance on public worship. It was stated that the greater part of the petitioners, or rather all of them except three, were living upwards of seven miles from either of the meeting houses in said town, the inconveniences of which were self-evident. From this it will be seen that the early settlers of Londonderry were church-going people, those asking for the new town of Windham making their strongest claim on the ground of living at an inconvenient distance from the earliest houses of worship in the settlement.

The charter for Windham was granted January 21, 1741, and "An Act for incorporating a new parish in the township of Londonderry in the Province of New Hampshire," was passed by the General Court February 12, 1742. It was also enacted that Robert Dinsmoor, Joseph Waugh, and Robert Thomson be hereby authorized and appointed to call the first meeting of the inhabitants of the said parish on the 8th day of March following. The charter was granted on the condition that the inhabitants of the said parish should from time to time provide, maintain, and support an orthodox minister of the gospel among them. The charter was signed by Andrew Wiggin, Speaker; Richard Waldron, Secretary of the Council Board, and B. Wentworth, Governor, and a copy was attested by Samuel Campbell, town clerk. The sun which rose on the morning of February 12, 1742, ushered in a new and brighter day to those hardy settlers who on that date became the inhabitants of the new town of Windham.

The first town meeting was held according to the provisions of the charter, and on March 8, 1742, the initial measures were taken that laid the foundations for the new town of Windham, upon whose people the

sun of prosperity has ever shone. It is unnecessary to mention in detail the more prominent events in the record of the town, for they can all be gleaned from its excellent history that was the fruit of years of assiduous labor on the part of the widely-known author and genealogist, Hon. Leonard A. Morrison, A. M., and who published the same in 1883. It may be stated, however, that Windham has always been distinguished for the enterprise, intelligence, patriotism, and religious culture of its inhabitants. Education has ever been fostered with care and faithfulness, churches have been well supported, and her children have always been taught loyalty to the state and nation. In all the wars in which the United States has been engaged, Windham's sons have always done their part, especially in the War of the Rebellion, to defend the flag of their country. Windham's first library was established in 1800, which was followed by numerous others from time to time, including the Nesmith Free Public Library, which was established in 1871, the donor being Col. Thomas Nesmith, of Lowell. The natural scenery of Windham is noted for its varied beauty. The diversity of the landscape is such that the eye never tires in beholding its grand old hills, valleys, lakes, and streams of water.

Among natives, or descendants of the earliest settlers, now residing beyond the limits of the town, who have helped to give character and reputation to Windham, may be named ex-Gov. Charles H. Bell, of Exeter, the two ex-Govs. Dinsmoor, of Keene, Hon. Wm. H. Anderson, a lawyer of Lowell, George W. Armstrong, of Boston, Hon. Charles H. Campbell, of Nashua, John Campbell, of Henniker, James M. Campbell, of Manchester, Judge George C. Clyde, of Columbia county, N. Y., Milton A. Clyde, of Springfield, Mass., Hon. James Dinsmoor, of Illinois, Hon. Silas Dinsmoor, of Alabama, Hon. James Dinsmore, of Kentucky, William B. Dinsmore, late president of the Adams Express Company, of New York city, Nathaniel Hills, of Ipswich, Mass., Hon. John C. Park, of Boston, Hon. Aaron P. Hughes, of Nashua, Hon. Alva Morrison, of Braintree, Mass., Prof. James Morrison, M. D., of Quincy, Mass., Hon. John Nesmith, of Lowell, Mass., and Prof. J. L. Noyes, of Faribault, Minnesota.

The work of the committee went rapidly forward. The several committees were attending closely to their different lines of labor and worked together harmoniously and well. Leonard A. Morrison, for the Committee on Invitations, had printed, on May 11th, 1,100 copies of the following invitation, and on May 12th about 600 single copies were folded and addressed at the *American* office, in Lawrence, Mass., and mailed at Windham to the persons named in a list which had been prepared. Most of the remaining copies were sent by different members of the Executive Committee to parties in different sections of

the country. The responses to this invitation were enthusiastic and numerous.

—1892.—

Windham, New Hampshire.

Settled, 1720. Incorporated, 1742.

The Citizens of Windham
will celebrate the
150th Anniversary of its Incorporation,
June 9th, 1892.

Exercises
To Commence at 10 o'clock A. M.
at
The Town Hall.

"Give me your hand, Old Friend of Youth."

Historical Address by
Hon. James Dinsmoor.

It is proposed to make this the most interesting celebration ever held in the Town. Tents will be erected and everything done to make the occasion worthy of those in whose honor we celebrate.

Descendants of the early settlers, wherever located, natives, and former residents, are cordially invited to return to the old home, and with the citizens of Windham participate in the festivities of the day.

Your presence is requested.

Please notify the Committee of your acceptance.

William C. Harris,
Leonard A. Morrison,
William D. Cochran,
Alphonso F. Campbell,
Committee on Invitations.

N. B.—Visitors from abroad, and guests of the Town, will leave trains at Windham Junction, from which barges will be run, and which can convey them to the Town House. Guests of the Town will be received by the Committee of Arrangements in the Upper Hall.

Barges will run during the day between the Town House and the Station, connecting with all trains. Particulars will be given in the Programmes.

The next meeting of the committee was on May 28th, and matters of much importance came up, were fully discussed, and decided. The celebration had grown on the hands of the committee. It had become advertised in all the surrounding country. The occasion was in itself a very fascinating one, and one which always draws a multitude. Ten thousand people had gathered in 1869 at the Londonderry celebration. It was prophesied by some who had participated in the management of that affair, that this one would draw five thousand people, if it was a pleasant day. Others asserted that three thousand people would be present. But it was an uncertain quantity, though "it was in the air" that a large number would be in Windham, if the weather was fine. They would flock to Windham as men flock to a banquet, or as doves to their windows. They would

"Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded."

And the people of Windham *wanted* them to come, but they wished also to provide for them in an acceptable manner. Such was the situation of the committee. They were making preparations for 1,000 people, and 5,000 might be present.

William C. Harris discussed the subject at length. His solution of the problem was, that the distinguished guests, speakers, etc., should be entertained at tables in the lower town hall, the children in Goodwin's hall, and then provisions could be carried among the multitude outside, and the speaking be held in the tent.

Joseph P. Crowell took the floor and remarked that he was aware that we had a big enterprise on our hands, and thought it was impracticable to set tables in the tent, as had been intended.

Several others thought that the present plans would have to be radically changed. All our guests could not be accommodated at the tables, as proposed. A general and lengthy discussion ensued. Then J. P. Crowell moved that the chair appoint three persons as a special committee, to withdraw and draft a plan, in writing, as to the best method of feeding the probable thousands who would attend the celebration, the best place to have the tent located (as there were serious objections to the one decided upon), and to make other necessary suggestions. The chair appointed Joseph P. Crowell, William C. Harris, and Albert E. Simpson as that committee, and they immediately

retired. In three fourths of an hour the special committee returned to the hall and submitted the following report:

1st. That the tables be set for dinner in the town hall for the distinguished guests and band, and that tickets be distributed to as many others as can be seated at the tables.

2d. That tables be set in Mr. Goodwin's hall for the school children and teachers.

3d. That the balance of the people be seated in the large tent and the food be passed to them, the tent to be located on the north side of the town hall.

The report of the committee was quickly adopted as the best solution of a difficult question, and late in the afternoon the meeting adjourned till Thursday, June 2d.

On the latter date the committee and others met at the town house, cleared up the grove about it, cut down two large trees, an oak and an elm, moved the hearse house to make room for the tent, and graded up the ground. Some of the public-spirited citizens volunteered to aid in this work.

On Saturday, June 4th, the Executive Committee met, and, with others, erected the tent, with the tent manager, after which they met in the town hall.

A long list of names was read by the president, and proposed as honorary officers and members of the committee. On motion of Horace Berry, the list of names was adopted by a unanimous vote.

The president stated that, considering the programme which had been prepared, it was a matter of absolute necessity that the exercises should commence promptly on schedule time, and that there should be no delay.

The preceding is explanatory of the following from the unique report of the secretary:

The matter of getting the school children to Schoolhouse No. 6 by 9 o'clock in the morning was discussed and talked over at some length. John A. Park was asked if he could get them there in season, and in fact was asked point blank by the president if he *would* get them there in season from District No. 1. After a number of heavy shots were fired at him, he finally agreed to undertake the job (and did it finely). It was thought by the executive committees from the various districts that the school children would get there in season without any special conveyance. So that matter was settled. L. A. Morrison reported that he had made arrangements with the Boston and Maine railroad to have the 8:20 a. m. express train stop at the Junction and let off passengers. He also had found out the terms by which a special train could be had to run

from the Junction after the 6:30 p. m. train up, so as to accommodate those who might wish to go to Boston or any other point south later than the 5 o'clock train.

It was moved by James Cochran, and seconded by A. E. Simpson, that we have a special train from Windham Junction to Lawrence, Mass. Carried by a majority vote, and L. A. Morrison was authorized to secure it.

Efforts were made to secure a special train on the Nashua and Rochester road late in the afternoon of June 9th, by the committee, J. P. Crowell. After consultation with the parties most interested, in Nashua, it was thought best to abandon the project.

A. E. Simpson takes the floor, and says he wants to do the carpenter work on Monday next, as on Tuesday he must go to Lawrence to get the dishes and other things necessary for setting the tables and feeding the multitude, and on Wednesday he wants about thirty to come (men and women) and work all day, to wash the dishes, set the tables, cut the meat and bread and make the sandwiches, etc. The plans of Mr. Simpson were subsequently carried out.

I quote again from the secretary's report:

The subject of drinks comes up. It is suggested by H. Berry that we ought to have a clean barrel set near the town house, with ice water in it and supplied with faucets." The matter "was finally settled by a motion from H. Berry that A. E. Simpson secure two barrels at Lawrence, with faucets, so they can be used to supply the people with all necessary liquids, to cool the parched tongues and quench the thirst of the heterogeneous crowd. Carried.

The Committee on Barges, Horace Berry, John W. M. Worledge, and Alphonso F. Campbell, were instructed to make the best terms possible in procuring barges. They hired Mr. Abbott, of Derry, who charged 20 cents a passenger, each way, for transportation from Windham Junction to the town house.

The selectmen were authorized to hire four policemen from some neighboring city for the day of celebration, and the meeting adjourned, to meet on Monday, June 6th.

On that day a portion of the committee and some others, to the number of fifteen, met at the town house and made the seats in the tent, built a stage at the north side of the tent, about equally distant from either end, for the speakers, and another at the west end for the band. The work was continued on Tuesday.

On Wednesday many of the committee and a large number of people met at the town house, when the tables were partially set in the lower town hall and in Goodwin's hall, and the provisions cut and

arranged for distribution to the people in the large tent the following day. The people of the town provided liberally of provisions, with the exception of meats and bread, which were purchased by the Committee on Collation, ready for use. The following morning, A. E. Simpson, member of the Committee on Collation, who had had principal charge of that important branch of the celebration, was, with his wife and family as helpers, and others of the committee and people of the town, early at the town house, making the final arrangement for feeding the multitude. Dea. William D. Cochran, chairman of the Committee on Collation, who, the afternoon previous, had arrived home from Portland, Oregon, where he was a delegate from the Boston Presbytery to the Presbyterian General Assembly, was present, and assisted in the work. The setting of the tables in the lower town hall was completed, all the work that could be done was accomplished, and everything was ready for the public exercises of the celebration.

The account of the celebration appears elsewhere.

The day following the celebration, June 10, 1892, the committee, with others, met at the town house, where the dishes were washed and packed, ready for return to Lawrence; the seats were taken down and the lumber was piled up, and W. C. Harris was authorized to sell the same. Provisions and personal property on hand were sold by the committee.

From all sources $869.95 had been paid in, and A. E. Simpson, treasurer, reported that there would be a surplus. The committee were in favor of publishing the proceedings connected with the celebration, from the commencement to the close. It was moved by William D. Cochran, and seconded by Alphonso F. Campbell, that Leonard A. Morrison be authorized to compile the proceedings.

The committee adjourned subject to the call of the president.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee, July 29, 1892, the following resolutions, introduced by Horace Berry, were unanimously passed:

Resolved, That we, the members of the Executive Committee of the celebration of the 150th anniversary of the incorporation of Windham, N. H., tender our grateful thanks to our former fellow-citizen, Hon. James Dinsmoor, of Sterling, Ill., for his finely-written, able, and instructive address, at the celebration on June 9, 1892.

Resolved, That the secretary be requested to transmit a copy of these resolutions to Mr. Dinsmoor.

At this same meeting, on motion of William D. Cochran, the committee voted to print the "History and Proceedings of the Celebration of the 150th Anniversary of the Incorporation of the Settlement by People of Scotch blood, of Windham, N. H., held June 9, 1892," as prepared by Leonard A. Morrison.

Figures giving an approximate cost of the publication of the same were presented by Mr. Morrison, and the committee voted to have 1,000 copies printed; to use the money in the treasury, $168.44, to reduce the cost of the work; to charge 75 cents a copy for the same, after thus reduced, and that Mr. Morrison secure the publication and have charge of the same.

PROCEEDINGS.

JUNE 9, 1892.

The following was the programme prepared for the day by Leonard A. Morrison, William D. Cochran, and William C. Harris, Committee on Literary Exercises. This was carried through successfully, as every person assigned, with one exception, was present, and filled his allotted place. Three gentlemen, Hon. James W. Patterson, Hon. George Wilson, and Hon. John G. Crawford, who were not upon the printed order of exercises, accepted invitations to speak.

CELEBRATION

of the

150TH ANNIVERSARY

of the

INCORPORATION OF WINDHAM,

New Hampshire,

June 9, 1892.

PROGRAMME.

Ringing of the bell at sunrise.

Music by the band on its arrival.

At 9:30 a. m., the marshal, John H. Dinsmore, Esq., with the band, will march with the school children, under the charge of the School Board, from schoolhouse No. 6 to the town house, where they will disband.

The marshal will then escort the officers of the day, the speakers, and invited guests, to the speakers' stand.

1. The marshal will introduce the president of the day.

2. Reading of the Scriptures, Rev. E. B. Blanchard, Andover, Mass.
3. Prayer, Rev. Augustus Berry, Pelham, N. H.
4. Song: "Give me your hand, Old Friend of Youth," by the Windham Glee Club.
5. Address of Welcome, by the president, Leonard A. Morrison.
6. Music by the band.
7. Reading of the petition for town charter, by the town clerk, John E. Cochran, Esq.
8. Poem, Mrs. Margaret M. P. Dinsmoor.
9. Music by the band.
10. Historical address, by Hon. James Dinsmoor, Sterling, Ill.
11. Song: "The Rock of Liberty," by the Glee Club.
12. Greetings from over the ocean: Letter of Rev. Gilbert Alexander Kennedy, of Aghadowey, county of Londonderry, Ireland.

INTERMISSION.

Invocation of the Divine Blessing, Rev. Cadford M. Dinsmoor, of Exeter, N. H.

A social hour will be passed, enlivened by music by the band.

After dinner, speaking to be resumed in the tent.

RESPONSES TO SENTIMENTS.

1. The Town of Windham, Evarts Cutler, Esq., New Haven, Ct.
2. The Church of Windham, Rev. Samuel Morrison, Charlton, Mass.
3. Our Public Schools, William C. Harris, Esq., Windham.
4. Music by the band.
5. The Nesmith Free Public Library, Rev. William E. Westervelt, Windham.
6. The Townships of Londonderry and Derry, Our Early Partners, William H. Anderson, Esq., Lowell, Mass.
7. Music by the band.
8. Our Scotch Forefathers in Scotland, Ireland, and New Hampshire, Rev. Warren R. Cochrane, D. D., Antrim, N. H.
9. The Law, Hon. Francis Alexander Marden, New York City.
10. Our Native State, New Hampshire, Gov. Hiram A. Tuttle.
11. Music by the band.
12. The United States, Hon. Frederic T. Greenhalge, Lowell, Mass.

13. Windham's Absent Sons and Daughters, and their Children, Hon. Albert E. Pillsbury, Boston, Mass.
14. Music—"America" by the band, and sung by the audience.
15. Closing Words by the president.
16. Music by the band.

TRAINS LEAVE WINDHAM JUNCTION

For Manchester and Concord,
1:48, 4:09, 6:28, 7:30 P. M.
For Lawrence and Boston,
3:04, 5:00 P. M.

A special train will leave Windham Junction, for Lawrence at 6:30 P. M. This train will connect with trains for Boston, and places South and East, and will enable visitors to remain till the close of the celebration.

For Rochester and the East,
2:20, 2:59, 4:34, 5:37 P. M.
For Nashua,
3:46 P. M.

Barges will leave the Town House and carry passengers to all trains.

DINNER.

150th Anniversary
. . . Windham, N. H.

LOWER HALL.

The Haverhill, Mass., City band, an organization of high repute, furnished music. It is one of the oldest organizations of the kind in the country, being organized February 3, 1843. It had the honor of playing at the dedication of Bunker Hill monument, and its members have badges worn by former members on that occasion. This is the list of members present June 9, 1892:

MEMBERSHIP OF THE HAVERHILL CITY BAND, JUNE 9, 1892.

Albin Kneupfer, Musical Director,	Haverhill.
Walter H. Goss, Agent, and General Business Manager,	Haverhill.
Solomon Lowe,	Haverhill.
Charles B. Huntington,	Haverhill.
George A. Keene,	Haverhill.
R. B. Edwards,	Haverhill.
Franz Wilfert,	Lawrence.
A. D. Wingate,	Haverhill.
Joseph E. Goodrich,	Haverhill.
William J. Godfrey,	Haverhill.
Michael McGirr,	Haverhill.
C. Oscar Kimball,	Haverhill.
Stephen Ryan,	Haverhill.
C. F. Berry,	Haverhill.
James C. Wilkes,	Lawrence.
Fred W. Connor,	Haverhill.
A. G. Robertson,	Haverhill.
Herbert W. W. Downes,	Bradford.
Charles Leighton,	Haverhill.
William Bartoll,	Haverhill.
Henry Page,	Haverhill.
Walter Thomas, Drum Major,	Haverhill.

Gov. Hiram A. Tuttle and Mrs. Tuttle, together with Attorney-General Albert E. Pillsbury and Mrs. Pillsbury, came on the early train, from Boston, which reached Windham about 9 a. m. Leonard A. Morrison, president of the day, boarded the train at Canobie Lake, to receive Governor and Mrs. Tuttle. A proper equipage awaited them at Windham Depot. Governor and Mrs. Tuttle, Leonard A. Morrison, Hon. A. E. Pillsbury, and Rev. E. B. Blanchard rode together from Windham depot to the town hall. Several barges were present to carry the throngs that had arrived from Massachusetts on the train. On the route many places were beautifully decorated with bunting and flags, and historic places designated—noticeably, the houses of Horace Berry and Mrs. D. M. Batchelder, and "the Manse," occupied by Rev. William E. Westervelt. At Mr. Horace Berry's, the spot where the early Nesmith home was located was appropriately designated.

At the parsonage, the governor and party were met by the band, which played "Hail to the Chief." On reaching the upper town

hall, members of the Executive Committee, with their ladies, Rev. William E. Westervelt, Mrs. Westervelt, and their daughter, and other citizens of Windham, together with visitors and guests, were waiting to receive the governor and his party. The reception lasted till 10:30 a. m., when the marshal of the day, John H. Dinsmore, Esq., formed the officers and visitors in line, and escorted them to the speakers' stand in the great tent. The marshal headed the line, followed by the president of the day and Mrs. Tuttle, Governor Tuttle and Mrs. Attorney-General Pillsbury, Hon. James Dinsmoor, orator of the day, Mrs. Dinsmoor, and other distinguished guests, visitors, speakers, and officers.

Previous to this, at 10 o'clock, the school children of the town formed in procession at the Center schoolhouse, No. 6, and marched through the village to the town hall, conducted by the marshal, John H. Dinsmore. The procession was as follows: Haverhill City band, 22 pieces; school board, Benjamin E. Blanchard, William J. Emerson, and John W. M. Worledge; students of Pinkerton academy, carrying a banner inscribed, "Success;" scholars of the six public schools with their teachers, and carrying banners bearing the mottoes, "Punctuality," "Obedience," "Kindness," "Diligence," "Honesty," and "Perseverance."

EXERCISES IN THE TENT, JUNE 9, 1892.

The exercises in the tent began at twenty minutes to 11 o'clock. The marshal of the day, John Howard Dinsmore, Esq., entered the tent with the Haverhill City band, under the direction of Albin Kneupfer. Then followed the school children, in charge of the members of the school board, carrying pretty banners. They were handsomely attired and took their seats on the left, facing the speakers' stand. The great tent was well filled when Mr. Dinsmore, ascending the platform, called the company to order, and said:

Fellow-citizens, ladies and gentlemen: I now have the pleasure of introducing to you, Hon. Leonard A. Morrison, President of the Day. [Applause.]

Mr. Morrison:—Ladies and gentlemen, the exercises of this interesting occasion will begin with the reading of the Scripture by Rev. E. B. Blanchard, of Andover, Mass.

Mr. Blanchard said:—I will select, from God's Word, the 44th Psalm, and read the first eight verses:

1. We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, *what* work Thou didst in their days, in the times of old.

2. *How* thou didst drive out the heathen with thy hand, and plantedst them; *how* thou didst afflict the people, and cast them out.

3. For they got not the land in possession by their own sword, neither did their own arm save them: but thy right hand and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance, because thou hadst a favour unto them.

4. Thou art my King, O God: command deliverances for Jacob.

5. Through thee will we push down our enemies: through thy name will we tread them under that rise up against us.

6. For I will not trust in my bow, neither shall my sword save me.

7. But thou hast saved us from our enemies, and hast put them to shame that hated us.

8. In God we boast all the day long, and praise thy name forever. Selah.

Also from Psalm 78, the first seven verses:

1. Give ear, O my people, to my law: incline your ears to the words of my mouth.

2. I will open my mouth in a parable: I will utter dark sayings of old:

3. Which we have heard and known, and our fathers have told us.

4. We will not hide *them* from their children, shewing to the generation to come the praises of the Lord, and his strength, and his wonderful works that he hath done.

5. For he established a testimony in Jacob, and appointed a law in Israel, which he commanded our fathers, that they should make them known to their children:

6. That the generation to come might know *them, even* the children *which* should be born; *who* should arise and declare *them* to their children:

7. That they might set their hope in God, and not forget the works of God, but keep his commandments.

And from Psalm 102, verses 11 to 28:

11. My days are like a shadow that declineth; and I am withered like grass.

12. But thou, O Lord, shalt endure forever: and thy remembrance unto all generations.

13. Thou shalt arise and have mercy upon Zion: for the time to favour her, yea, the set time, is come.

14. For thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and favour the dust thereof.

15. So the heathen shall fear the name of the Lord, and all the kings of the earth thy glory.

16. When the Lord shall build up Zion, he shall appear in his glory.

17. He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer.

18. This shall be written for the generation to come: and the people which shall be created shall praise the Lord.

19. For he hath looked down from the height of his sanctuary: from heaven did the Lord behold the earth;

20. To hear the groaning of the prisoner: to loose those that are appointed to death;

21. To declare the name of the Lord in Zion, and his praise in Jerusalem;

22. When the people are gathered together, and the kingdoms, to serve the Lord.

23. He weakened my strength in the way: he shortened my days.

24. I said, O my God, take me not away in the midst of my days: thy years *are* throughout all generations.

25. Of old hast thou laid the foundation of the earth: and the heavens *are* the work of thy hands.

26. They shall perish, but thou shalt endure: yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment: as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed:

27. But thou *art* the same, and thy years shall have no end.

28. The children of thy servants shall continue, and their seed shall be established before thee.

THE PRESIDENT:—Prayer will be offered by the Rev. Augustus Berry, of Pelham.

THE PRAYER.

Let us pray: Our Father, who art the Lord and the God of all the earth, whose we are and whom we should serve and acknowledge in all the scenes of life, we rejoice to recognize Thy presence and to recognize Thy government and Thy providence, and Thy beneficence as we are gathered on this occasion to remember the past, to recall the interesting and tender scenes of by-gone years. We thank Thee for this goodly town, this town whose sons and daughters have gone forth

to distant states, and other parts of the world, and have come back to-day to commemorate the 150th anniversary of its organization.

We thank Thee for all that is benignant in the day: for the skies that are above us, withholding their moisture; for the beauties of the green earth, and for this glad assemblage which has gathered on this occasion. And now we render Thee thanks that in the past there was established this municipality which has conserved the rights and interests of generations; which has stood for justice and for truth. We thank Thee, Heavenly Father, for the fathers who did establish gospel institutions, and who did care for the interests of education. We thank Thee for the regard which they had for Thy Sabbath and for Thy sanctuary. We thank Thee for the virtues of life which distinguished them, and that there did come through them a posterity that has made its mark in the world, and has so stood for justice and right and for all the great interests of our humanity. We pray that Thy smile may rest in an especial manner upon this occasion: we ask, Heavenly Father, that Thou wilt sanctify unto those who have come from a distance, those who have come from homes in other places to this, the home of their ancestors and of their own childhood: and as the tender memories of life come to them and throb in their souls, may it be a grand uplift to their own souls, and give each a higher and more precious view of the privilege of life, and may it intensify in them the responsibilities of living, and may all go forth from this occasion better prepared for duty, and to glorify the name of God.

Remember those in an especial manner who have staid by the old homesteads, the old hearthstones, and the old interests of this municipality. We ask that Thou wilt stimulate their hearts by the exercises of this day; and may the toil and service and sacrifice which they have made to render this occasion a grand welcome to their kindred from abroad, inspire them with greater hope, greater faith, greater fortitude, and greater joy in service: and wilt Thou spare here, among these hills and in these vales, homes of purity, homes of love, homes of Christian nurture, and homes of that intelligence which has characterized all the past, as long as the sun shall cause the green to come upon these hillsides and in these vales, and as long as the white mantles of winter snows shall rest upon these same vales and these same hillsides.

We pray that Thy grace may abound in large measure on this occasion to this people, and to all that shall come to occupy homes here in the future, and when, at length, the great drama of time shall have been concluded, may this town have been found to have accomplished

William D. Cochran. Albert A. Morrison. James Cochran. Milan Anderson.
Edwin O. Dinsmoor. Benjamin E. Blanchard. Horace Anderson.

manifestly and well her great part in human living. May Thy grace abound to us all; may Thy benediction rest upon us, and may we be prepared for the sweet, for the blessed, and the eternal reunion in those vales where the sun never sets, and where sorrow and parting are unknown. We ask all in the name and for the sake of Jesus Christ, who is our Lord, our righteousness, and our Saviour. Amen.

THE PRESIDENT:—Ladies and gentlemen, in 1856 was organized the Windham Glee club. From that time to the present its ranks have been unbroken by death. Although out of practice, its members have very kindly consented to render some music for us to-day, at the earnest solicitation of their many friends. They will now sing the song, "Give Me Your Hand, Old Friend of Youth."

The members of the Glee club, Benjamin E. Blanchard, James Cochran, William D. Cochran, Horace Anderson, Milan Anderson, Edwin O. Dinsmoor, and Albert A. Morrison, were applauded as they took their places upon the platform, and sang the following words:

GIVE ME YOUR HAND, OLD FRIEND OF YOUTH.

1.

Give me your hand, old friend of youth,
One hearty shake will do me good;
Though years have passed since last we met,
The heart's the same—'tis love renewed.
Talk not of palace, prince or crown,
Or worldly wealth, that fickle chaff,
But rather round our hearts entwine
Sweet schoolboy's days and childhood's laugh.

Chorus—

Give me your hand, old friend of youth,
One hearty shake will do me good;
Though years have passed since last we met,
The heart's the same, 'tis love renewed.

2.

Give me your hand, old friend of youth,
Though wrinkles on your brow are seen;—
Those eyes grow dim, but speak the words
Of love—though years have rolled between.
We've met the world with all its change,
And sought its pleasures, felt its pain;
Now the bright moment's come at last,
Of early days—we're young again.

Chorus.

3.

Give me your hand, old friend of youth,
Gray though we've grown, old Time keeps pace;
Brothers are we, in love and truth—
No fears have we to end the race.
Here's happiness to friends of old,
Affection's urn brimful of love;
Soon will it blossom, and unfold,
A glorious flower, in realms above.
Chorus.

The club rendered the song with remarkable clearness, steadiness, and harmony, and, when they had completed, the applause was so prolonged that they felt bound to respond to the encore. This they did by singing the old-time popular air, beginning, "Hurrah for old New England and her cloud-capped granite hills."

HURRAH FOR OLD NEW ENGLAND.

1.

This is our own, our native home,
Tho' poor and rough she be;
The home of many a noble soul,
The birthplace of the free.
We'll love her rocks and rivers,
Till death our quick blood stills—
Hurrah for old New England
And her cloud-capped granite hills.
Chorus—
Hurrah for old New England
And her cloud-capped granite hills.
Hurrah for old New England
And her cloud-capped granite hills.

2.

Shall not the land, tho' poor she be,
That gave a Webster birth,
With pride step forth, to take her place
With the mightiest of the earth?
Then, for his sake, whose lofty fame
Our farthest bound'ry fills,
We'll shout for old New England,
And her cloud-capped granite hills.
Chorus.

3.

They tell us of our freezing clime,
Our hard and rugged soil,
Which hardly half repays us for
Our springtime care and toil;
Yet gaily sings the merry boy,
As the homestead farm he tills,
Hurrah for old New England
And her cloud-capped granite hills.

Chorus.

4.

Others may seek a western clime—
They say 'tis passing fair,
That sunny are its laughing skies,
And soft its balmy air;
We'll linger 'round our childhood's home,
Till age our warm blood chills,
Till we die in old New England,
And sleep beneath her hills.

Chorus.

This song was finely rendered, and was received with much enthusiasm by the audience at its conclusion.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Leonard A. Morrison, president of the day, gave the following address of welcome:

Ladies and Gentlemen:

"We walk to-day the halls of story,
'Mid pictures of the olden time,
And voices, from an ancient glory,
That charm us like a silver chime."

It is well to meet upon this interesting occasion. It thrills our hearts with throbbing memories of a past historic, and fruitful of good deeds. It awakens recollections that are sacred; arouses a deeper veneration for all that was grand, true, and heroic in the characters and lives of our predecessors. It causes the patriotic fires to glow with a steadier, brighter, and purer flame. As we review the 150 vanished years—as there pass before our mental vision the silent generations with their accomplished labors—as we stand this day and

moment in their sacred presence, on this ground which they trod—like the Jewish patriarch of old, we would remove the shoes from off our feet, for the ground on which we stand is holy!

Surrounded by these sheltering hills, on these lengthening vales our fathers founded their homes, and lived their eventful lives. With me, turn backward the rolling years, and behold the founders of this settlement. Behold them in their ancient homes—behold them here. Since their advent, 172 years have joined those beyond the flood, and 150 have passed since the incorporation.

This town was a bleak and cheerless wilderness at the advent of its first residents. It was uninviting to less dauntless souls—but they faltered not. With courage undaunted, with tenacity of purpose strong as life, they labored successfully, and laid deep and abiding the foundations of the institutions of this township.

They belonged to a class not easily dismayed by obstacles,—to a class that never was, and never could be, permanently subdued or conquered. Oppressions numberless, sufferings innumerable, and sometimes unto death itself, had they, or their ancestors, endured. Yet the heel of no conqueror ever successfully pinioned their strong necks to the cold bosom of the earth. They could die for the right, but they never betrayed it. They belonged to a class who were "ashamed to die" till they had accomplished something which added to human knowledge, human advancement, and human joy.

This people were Scotch in blood, Presbyterians in their religious faith, and John Knox was their great high priest. Their ancestors in the mountains and moors of Scotland had subscribed to the Solemn League and Covenant, and neither king nor pope, prelate nor priest, could force them to abjure their faith. Their own religious teachers they judged by the high standard of the Bible.

They were largely from the lowlands of Scotland, the land of Burns and Scott, of Wallace and Bruce; the land of fair fields and wild heather, of famous mountains and foaming floods. Persecutions fierce and unrelenting drove them from their native heaths to the war-smitten province of Ulster in Ireland, and a generation later some of this same people settled in Londonderry and Windham. Many of those now before me are their descendants, and at this moment I am looking into their very eyes. Such were the people who founded this township.

What they and their descendants have accomplished here physically, let the observant stranger behold as he passes through the length and breadth of the town, in the smiling fields reclaimed from

the unbroken forests, and gardens and vast tracts of land freed from rocks and boulders, planted there by Nature's too lavish hand.

What they and their descendants have accomplished in various directions, others shall rehearse to you.

The founders and fathers of this settlement are gone. Their places are vacant. Their memory, fresh and undying, lingers ever with us. Their strong thoughts are crystallized into living facts and institutions. Their sparkling wit glitters in many a speech, while the lips which first uttered it long ago mouldered back to dust. The fiercely beating winds have for long years swept over their resting places on plain and sloping hill. The white wintry blasts have sung their dirge; while Nature's kindly hand has over them to-day strown the light and heat of summer's sun.

> "No sigh can reach them,
> For they dream an endless dream."

Sons and daughters of Windham: On this anniversary day we rejoice to see you here. We bid you welcome to your early home, and to the home of your fathers. We bid you welcome to our streets, to our hills, valleys, and sparkling waters; to our historic places, with their associations and tender memories; we bid you welcome to hospitable homes. The arching skies, the smiling fields, the shimmering waters of every stream, with the warbling notes of every bird of every tree, give forth their joyous welcome. To friends of every town of every state, to every stranger here, we give kindliest greeting. We are all one to-day. One in interest, one in joy, one in recognizing the claims of the living and in honoring the memories of the departed.

In all that shall stir the heart with irrepressible joy, we unite with you. In all that shall awaken blessed memories of years that are gone, we rejoice together. We devote this day to these sentiments, associations, and quickened memories. Once more, my friends, one and all, in behalf of the citizens of Windham, tenderly, gladly, and heartily, I bid you welcome.

The band then struck up the "American Overture," composed of national airs, which was beautifully rendered.

The President:—Ladies and Gentlemen: Hiram S. Reynolds, Esq., secretary of the Celebration Committee, will now announce a list of the officers of the day.

It was as follows:

OFFICERS OF THE DAY.

President—Leonard A. Morrison.

Vice-Presidents—William C. Harris, John H. Dinsmore, James Emerson, William A. Dinsmoor, Jacob Alpheus Nesmith, Isaac P. Cochran, Windham; Rei Hills, Pelham; Samuel Campbell, Derry; George W. Armstrong, Boston, Mass.; George Wilson, New Bedford, Mass.; William D. Blanchard, Thomas W. Simpson, Aaron Blanchard, Lowell, Mass.; Benjamin O. Simpson, Cherokee, Iowa; Silas M. Moore, Chicago, Ill.; Robert P. Morrison, Lawrence, Mass.; Robert C. Mack, Jonathan McAllister, Londonderry; James C. Taylor, Joseph Montgomery, Greenleaf C. Bartlett, Joseph R. Clark, Derry; Francis A. Marden, Nashua; Orlando Davidson, Elgin, Ill.; George Marshall, Everett, Mass.; Charles Jesse Simpson, West Somerville, Mass.

Secretaries—Hiram S. Reynolds, Windham; George W. Weston, Exeter; William W. Poor, Derry.

Marshal—John H. Dinsmore.

Honorary Committee—Benjamin E. Blanchard, Abel Dow, James Barker, Isaiah W. Haseltine, George F. Armstrong, Joseph C. Armstrong, Windham; Virgil Dow, Methuen, Mass.; Charles Cochran, Olivet, Kansas; Charles Cutler, Tallmadge, Ohio; Jonathan L. Noyes, Faribault, Minn.; Carroll Cutler, Talladega, Ala.; D. O. Smith, Hudson; John Hall, Philadelphia, Penn.; Joel C. Carey, Darius Milton Thom, Salem.

In recognition of the early and intimate connection of Londonderry and Derry with Windham, Robert C. Mack and Jonathan McAllister of Londonderry, and W. W. Poor, James C. Taylor, Joseph Montgomery, Greenleaf C. Bartlett, and Joseph R. Clark of Derry were made honorary officers of the day.

The President:—In 1742 this town was incorporated. Among its settlers was William Thom. I have in my hand the oldest record book of the town. These records were written by one who has been sleeping in his grave for nearly one hundred years. This book also gives the petition for the incorporation of the town, which will now be read by John E. Cochran, Esq., the town clerk.

PETITION FOR CHARTER.

To His Excellency Benning Wentworth Esq Govr and Commander In Chief in and over His Majestys Province of New Hampshire, The Honble His Majestys Council and House of Representatives for said Province in General Court Convened.

The Petition of Sundry of the Inhabitants of the South part of Londonderry in said Province, Humbly Shows

That your Petitioners by the Situation of their estates and Places of residence in the said Town labor under considerable difficulties unknown to others not in their circumstances more especially with respect to their Attendance on the public worship. The greater part of them or rather all of them except three living upwards of Seven miles from either of the meetinghouses in the said Town, the inconveniences of which are self evident.

That the Inhabitants of the Parish in the said town to which your Petitioners principally belong, sensible of the difficulties attending your Petitioners in this regard have lately at a public meeting voted what should be the boundaries of a new parish if the Petitioners can obtain the authority of this court to incorporate them, and that there will be no opposition (as your Petitionrs conceive) from any part of the said Town to the erecting a new parish by the boundaries voted as aforesd. Wherefore your Petitioners most humbly Pray this Honble Court to erect a New Parish in the said Town by the boundaries aforesaid which will comprehend a tract of land near six miles in length and four in breadth lying on the South side at the Easterly end of the said Town and Take in your Petitioners habitations & estates, and that they may be invested with such legal powers and authorities as may be sufficient to answer the ends and purposes of such a precinct, and your Petitioners as in duty bound will ever pray, &c.

Thom. Morrison.
Halbert Morrison.
Jno. Dinsmore.
Robt Hopkin.
John Cochran.
Alexandr Dunlap.
Jno Gillmore.
Jams Dunlap.
Robt Tompson.
Jno Wilson.
Jno McKye.
Josh Waugh.
Jno Stewart.
Wm Bolton.
Ja Bolton.
Jams Bell.
Sam McAdams.
Jno Bolton.
Thos Quigly.
David Gregg.
John Armstrong.
Alexandr Park, Jr.
Alexandr Park.
Ezekiel Morrison.
Robt Dinsmore.
Saml Morrison.
Wm Jameson.
Jno Kyle.
Ja Gilmore.
Robt Park.

David Bolton.
Wm Gregg.
Henry Campbell.
Wm Campbell.
Thos Campble.
Hugh Grimes.
Wm Emerson, Jr.
Jas Caswel, Jr.
Jno Murray.
Arthur Grimes.
Jas Caswell.
Jno Kyle, Jr.
Samuel Campble.
Jams Campble.
Nathl Hemphill.
Saml Smith.
Wm Waugh.
Jno Gilmore.
Jno Vance.

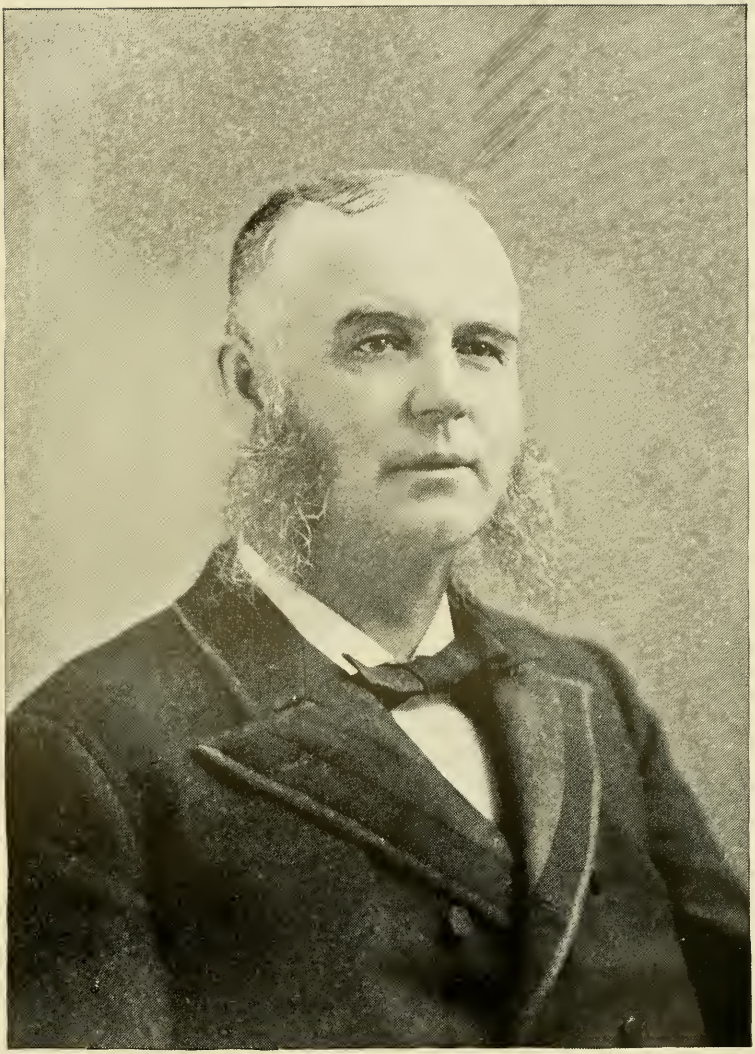
Mr. Cochran read this quaint old document very effectively, and it proved of general interest.

The President:—Ladies and Gentlemen: It is a very interesting fact that one of the commissioners appointed by the governor and council to call the first town meeting was Robert Dinsmoor, an ancestor of the orator who will to-day deliver the historical address. In this connection, it is with pleasure that I announce to you that we have with us the chief magistrate of the state. Upon the programme he was to respond to a sentiment this afternoon, but he assures me that he will be obliged to leave before the conclusion of the day's exercises, so I shall call upon him in a few moments to respond to this sentiment,—"Our native state of New Hampshire: the bright particular star in the galaxy of states which commands our deepest love. May the inspiration from the lives of her illustrious sons and daughters, like the quickening breezes from her granite hills, infuse new life, nobler thoughts, and more elevated sentiments into the hearts of her living children." To respond to this sentiment, which touches a responsive chord in every soul, I now call upon His Excellency Governor Hiram A. Tuttle, and I ask you all to give three cheers for the governor.

Every one arose and gave three hearty cheers, the band playing, meanwhile, "Hail to the Chief."

ADDRESS OF GOVERNOR HIRAM A. TUTTLE.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—I sincerely thank you for this very cordial greeting. I did not come here to-day to make a speech but rather to listen, and I will say this much,—that I am very much pleased with what I have heard and seen here. A courteous invitation brought me to witness the celebration of the 150th anniversary of the organization of the goodly town of Windham. Ten years ago there was a gathering for a similar purpose of the residents and



Hiram A. Tuttle

former residents of my native town, in which I took part, and I am thereby better able to appreciate your impressions and emotions now as you meet and greet each other here. These occasions are desirable and profitable. By them the old and middle-aged are gratified and the young may be inspired with nobler purposes.

When the appointed orator and other speakers sketch in pleasant terms the favorable part of our history, and unfold before us the brave and beneficent deeds and many virtues of our townsmen of the past and present, our breasts swell with commendable pride and our nerves thrill with delight.

I have often shot through Windham rapidly by rail, but have never tarried long enough to become familiar with its special localities. I know it best through acquaintance with some of its excellent citizens. But it is a well and widely known fact that Windham, with the other towns formed from the primitive Nutfield, was exceedingly fortunate in having for its first settlers those sturdy Scotch people who had been trained through successive generations in maintaining their religious convictions and forms of worship against the most cruel persecution in both Scotland and Ireland. Never were emigrant settlers made of better stuff than were these. They brought with them love of God, a strong, steadfast, abiding faith, love of learning, and a love of civil liberty with the will to defend it. They brought with them habits of industry, economy, and thrift. Bissell's camp and its denizens were not in accord with Windham notions.

Remembrance of many of the higher benevolent, brave, and brilliant deeds of people in New Hampshire towns will soon be lost in oblivion for want of an appreciative scribe to record them. But Windham has been fortunate in having in one of her own sons a historian whose work will transmit to future ages a knowledge of its people for the past 150 years or more. [Applause.]

Having been called upon to speak for New Hampshire, pardon me for referring to your history, with which you are all so familiar, to show that New Hampshire is fortunate in having Windham among its municipalities. She has given the state a governor, who was also a member of the national house of representatives. This governor had a son who in due time succeeded his father as governor. One of the fair daughters of Windham became the wife of a governor, and also the mother of a governor who subsequently represented New Hampshire in the United States senate. The sons of Windham have attained distinction in each of the learned professions. Among her men of letters are a college president, three college professors, a dis-

tinguished editor, and numerous teachers of eminence. In inventions, manufactures, transportation, and various other branches of extensive business enterprises, the natives of Windham have held high rank. Many of her sons and daughters, seeking broader and more promising fields for the exercise of their genius, enterprise, and industry, may be found in homes scattered over our country, where prosperity and success have attended them. Such as these and the residents here should continue to cherish a profound regard for the old town, and never cease to instil into the minds of their children a love for Windham and its history, and a love, also, for their heroic ancestry beyond the sea, until Jenney's hill, Cobbett's pond, and Butterfield's rock are no more. [Applause.]

At this point the president conducted to the stage the venerable Mrs. Sarah Ellenwood, formerly of Pelham, a remarkably well preserved lady, who passed her 100th birthday several months before, and who is a resident of Windham. She was presented to the audience in these words:

I am gratified to state this interesting fact, that there is a lady here, Mrs. Sarah Ellenwood, of this town, who has reached the venerable age of almost 101 years. [Loud applause.] I now have the pleasure of presenting her to you. [Renewed applause.]

The audience showed great interest in the aged lady, who looked bright and smart, and seemed to enjoy the occasion, which she had come three miles to attend. She bowed and smiled to the audience, and Governor Tuttle helped her to a chair, and seated her comfortably beside himself.

The President:—The next thing upon the programme, my friends, is a poem written by Mrs. Margaret M. (Park) Dinsmoor, of this town, which, by her request, I will now read.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

Two hundred years have sunsets glowed and paled,
Two hundred years of stirring tale and song,
Since from the moors and crags of Scotia's land
A sturdy band uprose and fled from wrong.

A fair green isle lay smiling near at hand,
And bright the grasses trembled in the breeze
Of softened air that swept the Emerald isle
Where homes they sought, across the narrow seas.

No welcome warm they met on Celtic shores,
  But cool dislike that ripened into hate.
'T was peace they asked. Alas! 't was war they found,
  And heavy-handed wrong from church and state.

Then angry foes and Stuart king pressed hard,
  With harrying fire and fight on every side;
But staunch and true, their mighty faith ne'er shook.
  They triumphed—even while they fell and died.

The bold MacGregors of the highland clans,
  With stout old fighters of the Lowland moor,
Joined hands when dire injustice reigned in blood,
  And strove with sword and shot to break its power.

In vain: yet o'er the waters wild and wide,
  A rugged land lay open-armed and free.
The west wind wandr'ng from the deep pine woods
  Brought o'er the waves the breath of liberty.

The broad seas stretched a helping hand across,
  And ere the century grew old in years,
Our shores had welcomed a small pilgrim band,
  Who thus a victory won o'er blood and tears.

They chose a pleasant place among the pines,
  And chestnut groves, where flowing brooks give food.
They planted there the banner of their faith,
  Sang praise, and asked a blessing where they stood.

The God for whom they fought upheld them well.
  No red man drew his twanging bow in hate;
No fire or flood their hard-earned homes laid waste;
  Nor lurking foe in ambush crouched await.

The wild beast fled before their hearthstone's blaze
  And soon broad fields lay smiling to the sky:
Gnarled oak and towering pine tree soon gave place
  To tasseled corn and dancing wheat and rye.

The canny Scotsmen to their western homes
  Brought thrifty trades and honest craft,
And soon in every lowly log-built house
  The flax-wheel hummed and happy children laughed.

The father to the listeners at his knee
  Told tales of troublous days in Fatherland,
Where yellow gorse and purple heather bloomed,
  And tassled broom its golden plumy wand

Waved where the craggy hidden pathway lay,
When Claverhouse with cruel minions crept
To find the secret way, and tracked their steps,
Then on their homes like mighty whirlwind swept.

They sang old songs of "Bothwell Brigg,"
Or hap of war at direful Killiecrankie;
The "Battle of the Boyne" with joyful notes,
Or scorn of "Brave MacKye behind the bankie."

Their lives were bare, yet sweetened with the rare
And beautiful content that true hearts know,
That glorified the labors of each day
Like landscape bathed in sunset's afterglow.

The tree thus planted grew apace and strong:
Its roots struck deep, its branches spread afar,
And sheltered all who sought its cheery shade;
Their numbers grew, their gateways always stood ajar.

A vigorous, sturdy shoot from that fair tree
Sprang up and grew hard by in neighboring soil:
The Covenanter grasped hands with Puritan,
And, side by side, those noble men of toil

Built church and school and laid foundations broad
For future strength in right and justice true;
With conscience clear their steady lives went on;
Whate'er was right, they bravely dared to do.

All honor then to the stern old Scottish men
Whose stalwart feet were set beneath our sky;
With trust in God, no hand of man could mar,
Who came, with battle-scars scarce healed, to die

In stranger land with hardships closed around,
For Peace, sweet Peace, and perfect Liberty,
To worship undisturbed by sound of aught
Save winds, and singing birds, and humming bee.

Our Fathers claimed, ere yet of two score years
The snows lay white on autumn's fields of brown,
A place among the archives of the land,
And stood among their fellow men—a Town.

The century its years has rounded full
And at the halfway milestone paused a jot,
To greet today, the Birthday of our Town.
Let children's children e'er forget it not,

Jas. Pinkerton

But send a backward glance along the Past
And gather up the memories ere they fade;
Let Then and Now clasp hands across the gulf
That three times fifty changeful years have made.

Let cheery welcome be on every tongue—
Each friend meet friend with brightening eyes;
And while with joy old friendships we renew,
We draw still closer yet our clannish ties.

When fifty years thrice o'er have paused again,
And Progress marked its way with giant stride,
Let sons and daughters gather here once more
And greet our staunch old Scottish town with pride.

At the conclusion of the reading of the poem, the band played a selection entitled "O Fair Dove! O Fond Dove!" This arrangement was really a fantasia on the beautiful song.

After a few minutes' recess the president again called the assemblage to order and said,—

"Among the noted families of this town is that of Dinsmoor. The migrating ancestor came very early to this township. It has had many illustrious men and beautiful women among its members. The orator of this day belongs to this family. He is one who has cast honor upon this township and has done credit to himself. I have the pleasure of introducing to you the Hon. James Dinsmoor, of Sterling, Illinois, the orator of the day. [Loud applause.]

ADDRESS OF HON. JAMES DINSMOOR.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—One hundred and fifty years ago, our fathers, clothed with authority from the legislative branch of the then province of New Hampshire, assembled in pursuance of the warrant of the three men named in the charter, at the house of James Bell, and by those concurrent acts the town of Windham became a living entity. Lord Macaulay has said that "A people which takes no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered by remote descendants."

Fully appreciating this aphorism of the learned historian, we have assembled to stand upon the ancient ways our fathers trod, and to place upon memory's altar a tribute of praise to those heroes and her-

oines who laid the foundation and hewed the architrave of our existence as a town. The same sun shines over our heads, the same soil is under our feet, the same beautiful lakes fill the measure of their ancient compass, the same limpid streams flow on their course to the same Merrimack. All else, how changed! The very act of incorporation was in the name of George Second, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, defender of the Faith, etc. Then, England was a second-class power in Europe. France and Spain both excelled her in wealth and military splendor, and the title of George the Second to be king of France was an ancient fiction. France, at that time, held Nova Scotia, with the then strongly-fortified post of Louisburg, both the Canadas, and, in connection with their Indian allies, a chain of stations west of the Alleghanies extending to Louisiana. The English colonies in this country were then poor and feeble, and probably did not exceed a million of people, scattered along the Atlantic coast with a savage foe always hanging on their flank. No brotherly love existed between France and England, and the superior military tact and finesse of the French with the red man, placed the English colonists in constant alarm from the incursions of the French and Indians. The tillable land on the Atlantic coast was covered with a dense growth of timber, which must be cleared off by the colonists before cultivation of the soil could yield sustenance. No pioneer had preceded them, and built a shelter from the heat, or cold, or storm which the colonist could buy. No roads had been made, no stream dammed for water power, no mill built for meal or lumber. There was naught but the broad, savage expanse of land and trees, and naught but the good hands of the colonists could cut the way to the comforts of civilized life. No faint-hearted man was equal to such an undertaking. He must be a born hero, and his wife must be such as our mothers were.

What marvellous results have been achieved since that day! By the dread arbitrament of arms the English-speaking races have become the sole masters of the fairest portion of the American continent. What was then a vast wilderness, the abode of savages, has become the seat of the most enlightened and refined people, the richest in agricultural, mineral, mercantile and commercial wealth; where civil and religious liberty, like the air of heaven, pervades the whole land; where there are in everyday use, for the ordinary wants of the people, more miles of better-equipped railroads than in all the rest of this earth; where the whole people are better fed, better clothed, better behaved, than any other nation on the face of the earth; where

legislative bodies do not feel compelled to sit in session with their hats on, as does the British Parliament, in order to notify the lookers-on that they acknowledge no man as superior, but preserve the amenities of civilized life while legislating for the most powerful of nations. All this, and much more, is the product of a century and a half of free, intelligent, and self-applied labor. To whom is the world indebted for this boon to the human race? Whence came the men who had the physical powers of endurance, to overcome the untamed forces of nature, and subject them to the growing wants of civilized man; to face and overcome a savage foe, and, at the same time, the still more wonderful ability to keep up the religious, moral, and political training which enabled them to rule their own spirit, which the wise man told us was greater than taking a city—to govern and educate themselves, and to provide a constitutional, representative government for themselves, to be transmitted to their posterity? The casual student of American history would be led to attribute all this to the Puritan, the Hollander, the Huguenot, and the Cavalier, as he reads what these people have written of what has been said and suffered and done. But we have to do to-day with the Scotch-Irish, the men who, in the early days of the 17th century, carried with them to the north of Ireland that love of God and of human liberty which they had learned in lowland hut and kirk, and which had become the web and woof of their moral being. Now, let us see whence our fathers came, and who they were. In blood they were pure Scotch, and in religion they were Presbyterians. The early history of the Scotch, as a race, is involved in mystery, and I will not attempt to unveil it at this time. There were several well-defined characteristics which ran in the blood, and have been handed down from generation to generation in their posterity, and crop out to this day. The Scotch are not English; they are not Irish. We know by Roman history that the Romans conquered and held sway over continental Europe, and conquered England, and held it in subjection 400 years, and we know from the same source that they did not and could not conquer Scotland, and gave up trying. Not only that, but they could not protect their subjects in England from the warlike incursions of the Scots. And the Roman emperor, Agricola, in order to protect the English from the Scots, built a wall twelve feet high and seventy miles long, extending from Solway Firth to the mouth of the Tyne, with a moat thirty-six feet wide and twelve feet deep. But that did not restrain the Scots, and, subsequently, the Emperor Adrian built a second wall, extending from Newcastle to Carlisle. The intervening terri-

tory between the two walls was the fighting ground of the Scots and the Romans till the inroads of the Goths and Vandals on the Eternal City obliged the Romans to abandon Britain. And, afterwards, Scotland was never subject to the crowned head of England till England was obliged, by the divine right of succession, to go to Scotland to get a head to crown. Scotland, up to the time of James First, of England, was governed, so far as it was governed at all, by its own kings and subject to the laws enacted by the Scotch parliament, if, in truth, they can be said to have been subject to any power, save the arm that was, at the time being, the strongest.

History tells us that one of the Scottish chiefs was summoned for trial for an offense against the government. He came willingly, but he brought with him 5,000 of his dependents, mounted, and armed to the teeth, as much as to say, "I am ready to be acquitted; who doubts it, let him look around me." He was acquitted.

The revival of learning, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, roused the world from that lethargy in which it had been sunk for ages. The human mind felt its own strength, broke the fetters of authority without reason by which it had been so long bound, and pushed inquiries with boldness into all subjects of thought, and religion was one of the first objects that claimed its attention. "The opinions of Luther spread from the heart of Germany, with astounding rapidity, over all Europe, and wherever they came, endangered or overturned the ancient system of religion. The vigilance and address of the court of Rome, coöperating with the power of the Austrian family, suppressed the teachings of Luther in the southern kingdoms, but the fierce spirit of the north, irritated by multiplied impositions, could neither be mollified by the same arts nor subdued by the same force, and easily bore down the feeble opposition of an illiterate and immoral clergy." The form of popery which prevailed in Scotland was of the most bigoted and illiberal kind. Those doctrines which are most apt to shock the mind, and those legends which farthest exceed belief, were proposed to that people without any attempt to palliate or disguise them, nor did the people ever call in question the reasonableness of the one or the truth of the other. The power and wealth of the Romish church kept pace with the progress of superstition. The Scottish kings early demonstrated how much they were under its influence, by their vast additions to the immunities and riches of the clergy. The profuse piety of King David I., who acquired on that account the title of saint, transferred almost the whole of the crown lands of the Scottish kings, which were at that time of great extent,

into the hands of the clergy. This example was imitated by his successors, and this spirit spread among all orders of men, who loaded the priesthood with new possessions. "The Scottish clergy paid one half of every tax imposed on land, so that, at the time of the Reformation, little (if any) less than one half of the national property had fallen into the hands of the church. This extraordinary share in the national property was accompanied with a proportionate weight in the supreme council of the kingdom. The lord chancellor was the first subject in the kingdom, both in dignity and power. From the earliest ages of the monarchy to the death of Cardinal Beaton, fifty-four persons had held that office, and forty-three of them had been churchmen."

Such was the religious condition of Scotland in 1534, when Henry the Eighth, of England, threw off the papal yoke, because the pope would not grant him a divorce from Queen Catharine. Eight years after that, John Knox began to disseminate the doctrines of the Reformation among his pupils in Scotland, in consequence of which he was degraded from the priesthood, denounced as a heretic, and only escaped assassination by flight. He was a man of great oratorical powers, bold and fearless in his speech, captivating in his style, and to Scotland what the justly-celebrated George Whitefield was to England, as a preacher, in his day.

We don't know how much we are indebted to that same John Knox. Historians acknowledge that he was the chief promoter of the Reformation in Scotland. He was born in 1505, in a suburb of Haddington, secured the rudiments of his education at the Haddington grammar school, and studied philosophy and theology at St. Andrew's college. This fact, which historians have recorded of John Knox, shows us the condition of education in Scotland in his day. I remember that our college professor of history used to tell us that the common school system, which has been the glory and the boast of New England, and has traveled west with every emigrant wagon till it has reached the Pacific ocean, originated in Scotland. I have not time to verify his statement, but we find a grammar school in that little town one hundred years before the *Mayflower* struck Plymouth Rock, and prior to the Scotch emigration to the province of Ulster. Knox became so obnoxious to Cardinal Beaton and Archbishop Hamilton that he was obliged to seek safety in concealment in the castle of St. Andrews, where he resumed his duties of teaching, giving lectures on the scriptures, and regularly catechising his hearers in the parish church in which he ministered.

While there, the castle was invested by the French force sent to the assistance of the regent, Arran, and the garrison, after a brave and vigorous resistance, was obliged to capitulate, and all within it were carried to France as prisoners of war. The captives were detained in the galleys in France more than a year, and Knox, in that place of confinement, wrote out a confession of his faith, and transmitted it to the adherents of the Reformed religion, in Scotland. This is the earliest written confession of Presbyterian faith of which we have any account. His reputation, and zeal in the Reformation commended him to Archbishop Cranmer, of England; and, through the interposition of Edward Sixth of England with the king of France, Knox was released, passed over to England, appointed by the privy council preacher of the reformed doctrines, preached before his majesty, Edward the Sixth, at Westminster, was offered the bishopric of Rochester, but declined it, and returned to Scotland.

It will be kept in mind that, all this time, the influence of the crown, so-called, in Scotland, was adverse to the Reformation, and yet, in August, 1560, the Presbyterian religion received the sanction of the Scotch parliament, the old ecclesiastical courts were abolished, and the exercise of a religious worship according to the rites of the Romish church entirely prohibited. When King James the Sixth was crowned, John Knox preached the coronation sermon, the first coronation sermon ever preached by a Protestant. When James the Sixth, of Scotland, became king of England and Ireland, as well as Scotland, he found that the province of Ulster, and, indeed, about one fourth of the territory of Ireland, had been depopulated by wars to subdue rebellions, and that by bills of attainder passed by the English parliament, the lands had reverted to the crown. King James, with a Scotch eye to home industry and thrift, conceived the plan of re-peopling those waste places with an industrious, thrifty, loyal people. The method adopted was the only one that has proven successful in colonization. The land was vacant. The man of enterprise, courage, push; the man in debt who wanted another chance of success, with different surroundings; the man who was hemmed in with too close neighbors, or crowded out by the ill-tempered and overbearing, would see the chance to assert himself, and, with nerves of steel, would take up his line of march for the promised land. It was the process of sifting out the sturdy, self-reliant, independent men and women from every neighborhood in which that class could be found. It was but natural that the lowlands of Scotland should furnish the complement of people for such an enterprise. They were educated

to think for themselves. They had adopted the Presbyterian form of church government under the teaching of the peerless John Knox, and in the church polity had the fundamental principles of self-government. They went upon the lands as tenants, and by their industry and tact reclaimed the province of Ulster from the ruins of the cruel wars that had wasted the substance of its former inhabitants, started its commerce, built up its manufactures, and made it rich in herds and flocks. The colonists flourished during the reigns of James the First, Charles the First, during the Commonwealth under Cromwell, and under Charles the Second, to such an extent that Macaulay says that, in 1688, when King James the Second, after being deposed from the throne in England, undertook, with the Celtic inhabitants of Ireland, to drive out or kill the Protestants, "Though four fifths of the population of Ireland were Celtic, and Roman Catholics, more than four fifths of the property of Ireland belonged to the Protestants," in the territory settled by colonists under James the First. Thus we see what the Scotch colonists had done for themselves, in about eighty years in the abandoned and desolate province of Ulster.

Now, the reader of this history naturally asks himself what possible object had the king of Ireland, as he styles himself, in arming four fifths of the inhabitants of his country, to make war on the other one fifth, who were peaceable, industrious subjects, unarmed, making no threats of war, and who had taken a waste territory, and in eighty years had produced out of the soil five times as much as all the other inhabitants had accumulated in all the previous history of the country. Certainly he could not have thought of the well-being of his subjects for a moment. The trouble with him was that these peaceable, thrifty, law-abiding citizens did not think as he did, nor as the non-productive four fifths of his people did, on the subject of religion. The Irish nation, so called, that is, the Celts, were called to arms, and the call was obeyed with promptitude and enthusiasm—indeed, that is the leading characteristic of the Celts to this day. The flag on the castle of Dublin was embroidered with the words, "Now or *never;* Now and *forever.*"

Never, in modern Europe, was there seen such a rising of the whole people. The habits of the Celtic peasant were such that he made no sacrifice in quitting his potato patch for the camp. He loved excitement and adventure.

The army, which had previously consisted of eight regiments, was increased to forty-eight, which were full to overflowing. "The pay of the soldier was threepence a day, and only half of this was given in

money. But a far more seductive bait was the prospect of boundless license. The garners, the cellars, the flocks, and the herds of the minority were abandoned to the majority. Whatever the regular troops spared was devoured by bands of marauders, who overran almost every barony in the island. Every smith, every carpenter, and every cutler was at constant work on guns and blades."

If any Protestant artisan refused to assist in the manufacture of implements which were to be used against the Protestants, he was cast into prison. The Protestants not only were not protected by the government, but were not permitted to protect themselves. It was determined that they should be left unarmed in the midst of an armed and hostile population. A day was fixed on which they should bring all their swords and firelocks to the parish churches, and it was ordered that every Protestant house in which, after that day, any weapon should be found, should be given up to be sacked by the soldiers. Chief Justice Keating, a Protestant, and almost the only Protestant who held official position in Ireland, struggled courageously in the cause of justice and order, against the united strength of the government and the populace. "Whole counties," he said, "were devastated by a rabble resembling the vultures and ravens which follow the march of an army." Most of these wretches were not soldiers, and acted under no authority known to the law, yet it was, he said, but too evident that they were encouraged and screened by some who were high in command. How else could it be that a market overt for plunder should be held within a short distance of the capital? Nothing was more common than for an honest man to lie down rich in flocks and herds acquired by the industry of a long life, and to awake —a beggar.

It was to small purpose that Justice Keating attempted, in the midst of that fearful anarchy, to uphold the supremacy of the law. Priests and military chiefs appeared on the bench for the purpose of overawing the judge and countenancing the robbers. One ruffian escaped because no prosecutor dared to appear. Another declared he had armed himself in conformity to the orders of his spiritual guide, and according to the example of many persons of higher station than himself, whom he saw at that moment in court. The chief riches of the Protestants consisted in flocks and herds. More than one gentleman possessed twenty thousand sheep and four thousand cattle. The freebooters who now overspread the country belonged to a class which was accustomed to live on potatoes and sour whey, and which had always regarded meat as a luxury reserved for the rich. These men

revelled in beef and mutton, as the savage invaders who of old poured down from the forests of the north, on Italy, revelled in Mussic and Falerian wines. A French ambassador reported to his master that in six weeks 50,000 cattle had been slain, and were rotting on the ground all over the country. Any estimate which can be made of the value of property destroyed during this fearful conflict of races must necessarily be inexact. The Quakers were neither a very numerous nor a very opulent class. It is supposed that they did not exceed one-fiftieth part of the Protestant population of Ireland. They were non-combatants, and undoubtedly better treated than any other Protestant sect, yet they computed their loss at £100,000. In Leinster, Munster, and Connaught, it was impossible for the Protestants, few in number, to make any effectual resistance to this terrible outbreak of the aboriginal population.

Many families submitted, delivered up their arms, and thought themselves happy in escaping with life. Many resolute and high-spirited gentlemen and yeomen were determined to perish rather than yield. They packed up such valuable property as could be easily carried away, burned what they could not remove, and, well armed and mounted, set out for those spots in Ulster which were the strongholds of their race and faith. The flower of the Protestant population of Munster and Connaught found shelter in Enniskillen. Whatever was bravest and most true-hearted in Leinster took the road to Londonderry. To reduce the Protestants of Ulster to submission before aid could arrive from England, was the chief object of Tyrconnel. A great force was ordered to move northward, under the command of Richard Hamilton. The country behind him was a waste, and soon the country before him became equally desolate, for, at the fame of his approach, the colonists burned their furniture, pulled down their houses, and retreated northward. The fugitives broke down the bridges and burned their ferry boats. The people of Omagh destroyed their dwellings so utterly that no roof was left to shelter the enemy. The people of Cavan emigrated in one body to Enniskillen; all Lisburn fled to Antrim, and, as the foe came nearer, all Lisburn and Antrim came pouring into Londonderry. Thirty thousand Protestants of both sexes, and of every age, were crowded behind the earth walls of that city. The siege of Londonderry continued 105 days. During all this time the walls were closely besieged, and all communication with the outside world for supplies of any kind was cut off. No preparation for a siege had been made by the Protestants, nor was it expected by them. The city was destitute of all mili-

tary and civil government. No man in the town had a right to command any other; the defences were weak, and provisions scanty. An overplus of people had crowded into the place, with no suitable accommodations for their ordinary comfort even in times of peace. An incensed tyrant and an army of savages were at the gates. Whatever an engineer might think of the strength of the ramparts, all that was most intelligent, most courageous, most high-spirited, in Leinster and Ulster was crowded behind them. The number of men capable of bearing arms, within the walls, was 7,000, and the whole world could not have furnished 7,000 men better fitted to meet such a terrible emergency with clear judgment, dauntless valor, and stubborn patience. The peculiar situation in which they had been placed as colonists in Ireland had developed in them some qualities which in the mother country might have remained latent. They had been enabled by superior intelligence, a close union, sleepless vigilance, and cool intrepidity, to keep in subjection a numerous and hostile population. Almost every one of them had been, in some measure, trained both to military and civil functions, and they were fitted both to command and to obey in any position and in any emergency in which they might be placed. Let us examine the situation in which the people of Londonderry were placed at this time.

In 1609 the corporation of London entered into an agreement to rebuild Derry, and that the liberties of the city should extend three miles every way. "The Society of the Governor and Assistants London, of the new plantation in Ulster," was granted the towns of Derry and Coleraine, with 4,000 acres, besides bog and mountain, at Derry, and 3,000 acres at Coleraine, and the fisheries and ferries of the Foyle and Bann. The society was to maintain a garrison in Culmore Castle forever, and to fortify and enclose Derry (henceforth to be called Londonderry) with stone walls. By the same charter the citizens of Londonderry were incorporated by the name, "The Mayor Commonalty and Citizens," and had the power to appoint two sheriffs of the city and county, and to send two members to the Irish parliament. The walls of Derry were laid out and built at a cost of nearly £90,000. A dry ditch eight feet deep and thirty feet broad ran from the west end along the south to the water's edge, which cost, with other fortifications, £2,300. Five hundred and fifty-eight pounds was spent for arms, £40 for ordnance, and £14,000 for building 111 houses, all defrayed by the city of London. In 1617, Mathias Springham, a Londoner, at his own expense, erected the original free school house. Ireland was at that time a kingdom, dependent on the crown

of England, and a part of the royal inheritance, and, therefore, must follow its fate, which it could not decline without ruin to its own interest. Now, King James having abdicated the throne of England, William the Third being in possession of it by the consent of the parliament of England, was *de facto* king of England and Ireland, and it was the duty of Protestants in Ulster to be subject to the crown of England. No wonder that the peaceable, industrious, thrifty, Ulster men should refuse to acknowledge as their sovereign James the Second, who had lost the throne of England by his own stupidity. The men of Londonderry knew that they were right, and, as Shakespeare says,

> "Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;
> And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
> Whose conscience with injustice is oppressed."

The situation of the English government at this time, it will be remembered, was very trying. James the Second had just been deposed, and William the Third, Prince of Orange, had come over from Holland, and had been recognized by the parliament as king. King James, with the aid of the king of France, had gone into Ireland, and in person taken command of the Catholics, with the hope of rallying all the Catholics in the kingdom to his support, and driving the Prince of Orange out. William had not yet got full hold of the lines in the then, to him, new country, and the people of England had been so demoralized with the conduct of the deposed king, with fresh memory of the execution of Charles the First, and the Commonwealth of Cromwell, that a painful uncertainty prevailed in the minds of the people as to what would be done by the new made king.

There was no disposition on the part of the House of Commons to let the brave people of Londonderry and Enniskillen be butchered or starved by the one hundred thousand at the command of James the Second. An expedition, which was thought to be sufficient for the relief of Londonderry, was dispatched from Liverpool under the command of Kirk. On the 16th of May, Kirk's troops embarked, but he did not reach Londonderry till the evening of the 31st of July. The true condition of the garrison can be learned by the account given in July.

"The condition of the city was, hour by hour, becoming more frightful; the number of the people had been thinned more by famine and disease than by the fire of the enemy. Yet the fire of the enemy was as constant as ever. Every attack was still repelled by the besieged,

but the fighting men were so much exhausted that they could scarcely keep their feet. A very small quantity of grain remained, and was doled out by mouthfuls. The stock of salted hides was considerable, and by gnawing them the garrison appeased the rage of hunger. Nine horses were still alive, but barely alive. They were so lean that little meat was to be found on their bones. It was, however, determined to slaughter them for food. The people perished so fast that it was impossible for the survivors to perform the rites of sepulture, and almost every cellar contained an unburied dead body. And yet in this extremity the cry was '*No surrender*,' and it was no slight aggravation of the suffering of the garrison that all this time the English ships, sent for their relief in May, were in Lough Foyle, the commander, Kirk, not having courage and tact enough to sail past the enemy's batteries, on the banks of the Foyle, and break through the boom that had been placed in it to prevent the landing of supplies in Londonderry. At the last he received from England peremptory orders to *relieve Londonderry*, and he set about obeying the order. Among the merchant ships that had come under his convoy, was one called *Montjoy*, commanded by Micajah Browning, a native of Londonderry, which had a cargo of provisions for the starving garrison. He had repeatedly remonstrated against the inaction of the fleet, and now eagerly volunteered to take the first risk of succoring his fellow-citizens, and his offer was accepted. Andrew Douglas, master of the *Phœnix* that had on board a great quantity of meal from Scotland, was willing to share the danger and the honor.

"The two merchantmen were escorted by the *Dartmouth*, frigate of thirty-six guns, commanded by Capt. John Leake. It was the 30th of July. The sun had just set. The evening sermon in the cathedral was over, and the heart-broken congregation had just separated, when the sentinels on the tower espied the sails of three vessels coming up the Foyle. Soon there was a stir in the Irish camp. The besiegers were on the alert for miles along both shores. The ships were in extreme peril, for the river was low, and the channel ran near the left bank, where the headquarters of the enemy had been fixed, and where the batteries were the most numerous."

"Leake performed his duty with a skill and spirit worthy of his noble profession, exposing his frigate to cover the merchantmen, and using his guns with great effect. At length the little squadron came to the place of peril. The *Montjoy* took the lead, and went right at the boom. The huge barricade cracked and gave way, but the shock was so great that the *Montjoy* rebounded and stuck fast in the mud.

A yell of triumph rose from the banks; the Irish rushed to their boats, and were prepared to board, but the *Dartmouth* poured on them a well-directed broadside, which threw them into disorder. Just then the *Phœnix* dashed at the breach which the *Montjoy* had made, and was in a moment within the fence. Meantime the tide was rising fast; the *Montjoy* began to move, and soon passed safe through the broken stakes and floating spars. But her brave master was no more. A shot from one of the batteries had struck him, and he died the most enviable of all deaths, in sight of the city of his birth, of his home, which had just been saved by his courage and self-devotion from the most frightful form of destruction. The night had closed in before the conflict at the boom began, but the flash of the guns was seen and the noise heard by the lean and ghostly multitude that covered the walls of the city. When the *Montjoy* grounded, and the shout of triumph rose from the Irish on both banks of the river, the hearts of the besieged sank within them. One who endured the unutterable anguish of that moment, has told us that they looked fearfully livid in each other's eyes.

"It was 10 o'clock before the ship arrived at the quay. The whole population able to move was there to welcome them; a screen made of casks filled with earth was hastily thrown up to protect the landing place from the batteries on the other side of the river, and then the work of unloading began. First were rolled on shore barrels which contained six thousand bushels of meal. Then came great cheeses, casks of beef, flitches of bacon, kegs of butter, sacks of pease and biscuit, and ankers of brandy.

"A few hours before this, half a pound of tallow and three quarters of a pound of salted hides had been weighed out, with scrupulous care, to every fighting man in the garrison. The ration that each now received was three pounds of flour, two pounds of beef, and a pint of pease. The Irish guns roared all night, and all night the bells of the rescued city answered them with peals of joyous defiance.

"Through the whole of July 31st the batteries of the besiegers continued to play, but soon after sunset flames were seen arising from all their camps, and on the morning of the first of August, a line of smoking ruins marked the site they had lately occupied, and far off was seen the long column of pikes and standards, retreating up the left bank of the Foyle. Thus ended the siege of Londonderry. Of the seven thousand effective men in the garrison when the siege began, only about three thousand remained. The loss of the besiegers is not known."

Thus we see that the little city of Londonderry in Ireland, then a dependency of the crown of England—fortified not by military skill, nor naval armaments, but by heroic, Protestant, Christian hearts,—devoted to the cause of religious freedom, became the arena upon which the fate of the liberties, not only of Great Britain but of America, was to be decided. The defence of Londonderry, by arresting the onward march of King James toward Scotland, whither it was his intention to go, after the Protestants of Ulster had been subdued, contributed largely to his ultimate overthrow, the establishment of the revolution which secured William and Mary on the throne of England, and gave Protestantism to Great Britain.

So important did King William and the British Parliament consider this defence, and so highly did they appreciate the heroic valor, endurance, and moral worth of the defenders, that in addition to all other acknowledgments, an act was passed exempting from taxation throughout the British dominions, all who had borne arms in that city during the siege. Of this act, those of the defenders who settled in Londonderry, N. H., availed themselves until the American Revolution; and their farms were marked exempt on the assessment rolls. From the loins of the heroes of Londonderry sprang our fathers. Of the sixteen families that first settled in our town when it was called Londerry, James McKeen, John Barnet, James Anderson, Randal Alexander, James Clark, James Nesmith, John Stuart, John Morrison, Archibald Clendenin, Samuel Allison, by themselves or their immediate descendants, helped to people that part of Londonderry of which our town of Windham was made. The emigration of the Scotch-Irish to America did not proceed entirely from the siege of Londonderry, and the war of James the Second. For, as early as 1631, having heard of the success of the Independents, who had settled at Plymouth eleven years before, and another settlement at Salem, the Presbyterians of Ulster, anxious to escape, if possible, from the injustice of the perfidious Charles the First, whose reign had just commenced, began to make preparations to remove to America. Agents were appointed who proceeded to London to procure a passage to New England. Soon after this they sent over an agent who pitched upon a tract of land near the mouth of the Merrimack whither they intended to transport themselves, and in pursuance of this, in 1636, the *Eagle Wing*, a vessel of one hundred and fifty tons burthen, sailed from Loch Fergus with one hundred and forty emigrant passengers, bound for New England, following directly in the track of the *Mayflower*. Four of her passengers were distinguished Pres-

byterian preachers, Blair, Livingston, Hamilton, and McClelland. Her passengers were to have settled on the Merrimack river, but the vessel encountered storms off the coast, and was so badly damaged that the master felt it unsafe to cross the ocean, and put back into the same harbor. "This company of men," Dr. Foote says, "were subsequently the efficient agents in the hands of God of embodying the Presbyterianism in Ireland, of spreading their principles far and wide, and marshaling congregation after congregation, whose industry made Ulster blossom as the rose." "It was better," says he, "that God's wise providence sent them back to Ireland and shut them up to their work, and it was best of all that they laid the foundation of that church which may claim to be the mother of the American Presbyterian church." And while that attempt of the Ulster men, made in 1636, was unsuccessful, yet it is more than probable that it was the cause of our ancestors coming to Londonderry nearly a century afterwards. For we find them in 1718, when they landed, immediately inquiring for lands on the Merrimack river. Another well authenticated fact in this connection deserves our consideration, as a century and a half stone, to be looked at, to see whether, in a humanitarian view, we of this age and generation have advanced or retrograded since 1718. No less than five vessels of emigrants from Ulster arrived on the coast of New England, but, forbidden to land at Boston, the immigrants moved up the Kennebec and landed. But the winter of 1718–19 being one of unusual severity, the great majority of these settlers left the Kennebec and went overland to Pennsylvania, and settled in Northampton county. My authority did not state positively why the Ulster people were not permitted to land in Boston harbor, but intimates that it was because they were not Puritans.

We know that good Roger Williams was driven out of Massachusetts, and with like reason good Presbyterians from Ulster might not have been permitted to land. This act, apparently discreditable to the authorities of Boston in 1718, I cannot recite without naming in the same connection the fact, as given by Willis in his History of Portland, that in the autumn of 1718, a vessel arrived in the harbor with twenty families of emigrants from Ireland. They were rigid Presbyterians. They suffered severely in the winter from the failure of their provisions. The inhabitants, not having either food or shelter for so large an increase of population, petitioned the General Court at Boston for relief, and on this application the General Court ordered that one hundred bushels of meal be allowed and paid out of the treasury for the poor Irish people mentioned in the petition. It is

subjoined, in a note to this account, that James McKeen, grandfather of the first president of Bowdoin College, was of this company and the agent who selected the land on which they settled. The latter facts make it evident that our ancestors were aided in their settlement by the Great and General Court of Massachusetts.

And while it is not entirely improbable that our ancestors were in one of those five vessels that were turned down to Casco bay to find a harbor, yet I would prefer to think that in lieu of its being done by the authority of the town it was by some one man, for as Shakespeare says :—

> "Proud man—
> Drest in a little brief authority,
> Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
> His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
> Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
> As make the angels weep."

What New England lost by the turning away of those five vessels, with their living freight, of sturdy, God-fearing Presbyterians from Ulster, Pennsylvania, Virginia, North Carolina, nay the whole country and the world at large, gained. Any one who studies the history of the Scotch-Irish race will be forced to believe that in the providence of God there are no accidents.

The skilled metalurgist knows that it is not only necessary to select the desired metal with care but it is as necessary to submit it to fervent heat, to expel the dross and slag, and when the pure metal pours from the furnace the fitting mould must be ready to receive it and give the molten mass form and comeliness ; and if the material is designed to receive a polish it must be taken from the mould and with its kindred pieces placed in a revolving cylinder and kept revolving till, by continual contact, the casting is scoured and made ready for the burnisher. Our ancestors were selected in Scotland, the best man-metal the world ever exhibited. They were molten by the wars and persecutions, foreign and domestic, and by the preaching of John Knox and his coadjutors moulded into Presbyterians, all right, stiff, and strong. But they must be scoured before they can receive the polish and grace of which they are susceptible. Over in the desolate, poverty-stricken, war-wasted, God-forsaken, priest-ridden, Ireland is just the place to scour the castings ; and there they went in God's providence.

One hundred years of scouring in Ireland made a race of men fit for transplanting to America, of whose superiors history has as yet

made no record. When the report from the first emigrants to America reached their friends in Ulster, shipload after shipload followed in quick succession and settled in the immediate vicinity, if possible, of their predecessors.

So we find that the sixteen families that on the 11th of April, 1719, selected the common field on the north side of the brook as the first settlement in Londonderry, on the 23d of September of the same year had increased by immigration from Ulster to seventy families, and had petitioned the General Court of New Hampshire for corporate existence as a "township." There was no Lord Baltimore, no William Penn, no City of London, nor any patron behind this colony to give it aid, place, or power.

Our fathers brought with them and introduced into North America as an article of diet, the potato, called, and known from that day to this, the Irish potato,—the *Scotch* being left off for short, I suppose; as it is well known that the potato was first found by Sir Francis Drake in South America and taken by him to England.

An examination of the town charter of Londonderry shows the first and only evidence I ever saw of an inflation of the currency by the potato. The charter provides, among other things,—"The same men and inhabitants, rendering and paying for the same to us, and to our successors, or to such officers as should be appointed to receive the same, the annual quit-rent of one peck of potatoes, on the first day of October yearly, *forever*." This shows that the charter was drawn by an Ulster man. It contains the element of thrift and success in life. They wanted to pay their honest debts, and in something they had to sell.

There is another evidence that it was drawn by one of our ancestors. It contains the unique provision that "on every Wednesday *forever*, they may hold, keep, and enjoy a market for the buying and selling of goods, wares, and merchandise, and divers kinds of creatures, endowed with the usual kinds of privileges, profits, and immunities, as other market towns fully hold, possess, and enjoy; and two fairs annually forever, the first to be held and kept within said town on the 8th day of November next, and so annually *forever*. The other on the 8th day of May in like manner. *Provided*, That if either of those days falls on the Lord's day, then said fair shall be held on the day following." Our fathers were linen drapers. They brought over to this country the spinning-wheel and the loom. They were skilled in weaving linen. The apprentice boys who shut and locked the gates of Londonderry, just as the besieging soldiers were about to enter the

city, and as Macaulay says "deserved to have their names preserved in letters of gold," were apprentices to the weavers of linen.

With an eye to the sale of their products of the loom, they provided by legislative enactment for a market day every week and two fairs for a similar purpose. The linen manufactured by the early settlers in Londonderry and Windham had an extensive reputation for quality, and to prevent its coming into competition with an inferior article, foreign or domestic, they had inspectors of linen appointed to examine, seal, and stamp the Londonderry linen, and give the maker a certificate of its genuineness. And Thomas Nesmith, to whose thoughtful generosity the citizens of our town are largely indebted for their library, told me that he got his financial start in life by peddling the linen cloth and thread made then by the women of Windham and Derry.

It is impossible to disconnect Londonderry from Windham, when speaking of the early history of our town. We were part and parcel of the Londonderry of that day, and *its* history is part of *our* history. To such an extent had Londonderry increased in population in the first eighteen years of its corporate existence, that forty-nine men living in the southerly part of said town united in a petition to the General Court of the province of New Hampshire for a "town charter." The draft of the petition is scholarly and business-like, and if any one was preparing a book of precedents for similar petitions he could not do better than adopt that.

The charter contains a provision characteristic of our ancestors, and was undoubtedly drawn by them. I desire to call my friends' attention to that proviso. It is of the essence of the grant, and without the observance of it a declaration of forfeiture may some day be declared, and the corporate existence of our good old town be wiped out. The whole grant hangs on the last clause,—"*Provided*, That the inhabitants of said Parish shall *from* time *to* time provide, maintain, and support an orthodox minister of the gospel among them." Daniel Webster, in his great argument in the Girard will case, said: "There can be no republican form of government maintained in any country without morality, and there can be no morality maintained without Christianity." Our fathers intended that when Windham ceased to be inhabited by a Christian people it should cease to be. Of the ministers who, from time to time, preached the gospel to the people in pursuance of the provisions of the charter, I think naught but good can be said. The Rev. Simon Williams, who was settled over the parish in 1766, was, as I have been told by some of those who fitted

for college under his tuition, not only a most useful minister, but a fine scholar and a most apt instructor. Soon after his ordination, he engaged in teaching the classics and higher mathematics, fitting young men for college. That was before Dartmouth College was founded, and before the organization of the academies which subsequently did so much for education in New England. Our quondam senior partner, Derry, since famous for her academies, had not at that time any. Samuel Burnham, who started the first classical school, which eventuated in Pinkerton Academy, began his school in 1796. Mr. Williams gathered around him not only the smart boys of Windham, but also those of Londonderry and the neighboring towns. Joseph McKeen, the grandson of Justice McKeen, the pioneer of the first sixteen families in the Londonderry settlement, not only fitted for college with Mr. Williams, but came back after graduating, and studied divinity with him.

It was certainly a high compliment that the future president of Bowdoin College paid Mr. Williams, to come back from college and take another preparatory course with the scholar who, single handed and alone, in a country town, remote from libraries and from cities, had taught him the rudiments of a then college education. Simon Williams was no ordinary man. The incidents of his early life, told by our most pains-taking and reliable historian, Leonard A. Morrison, show that he possessed most winning manners and that tact which commands success.

He was born in the province of Leicester, Ireland, in 1729, and when sixteen years of age, became engaged to be married to a young lady whose parents forbade the banns. Nothing daunted by this, they both ran away to England, and, boylike, he laid his case in person before King George the Second. The king became interested in the loving couple, educated them for four years, then married them in London, and sent them to the island of St. Thomas, in the West Indies, where Mr. Williams taught for several years, then removed to Philadelphia, and taught there, and then afterwards was so connected with Princeton College as to take a degree from that institution.

Of the Windham students, whose names occur to me, and all of whom I knew as a boy knows men whom he sees and hears converse, were Samuel Armour, Samuel Dinsmoor, the elder governor, Col. Silas Dinsmoor, superintendent of the Cherokee Indians under the appointment of President Washington, and Dr. John Park. I recollect the anecdote Col. Silas used to tell connecting Mr. Williams with the doctor. Dr. John Park was said to be, in his day, a literary prodigy.

He took to books as a duck takes to water. It was the practice of Mr. Williams to open the exercises of school in the morning with prayer, and no uncommon occurrence to particularize any student whom he thought specially needed Divine assistance. Dr. J. was the youngest in the school; the distance he had to walk to reach the school was great, and the facility with which he acquired the lessons was so great that less absolute attendance on school by him was necessary than with the rest of his class. But punctuality was one of the cardinal virtues with Parson Williams, and he prayed one morning for poor little Johnnie Park, who comes to school one day and stays at home the next, thinking to keep up with his class.

He was succeeded in the ministry by Mr. Harris, who kept up the good old Scotch-Irish Presbyterian custom of calling his people together in neighborhoods on week days for religious conversation and instruction, and who was in the habit of giving out on the Sabbath the names of the families he intended to visit during the ensuing week. On one occasion, when he had exchanged with a neighboring minister, the list of families to be announced was read by the latter, and the mispronunciation of the name Hughes fixed in my mind the fact of Mr. Harris visiting his flock. He said Mr. Harris would visit the family of Mr. Barnet Huge, Mr. John Huge, and Mr. Huge Wilson.

It will be kept in mind that Mr. Harris's flock embraced the whole town, and they all attended meeting on the Sabbath,—men, women, and children. There was no hunting or fishing in Windham on the Sabbath, in his day, unless some outside barbarian broke into the town for that purpose. He lost the command of his vocal powers to such an extent that he could not be heard by his audience, and his people waited on him a year or more with the hope that the great restorer, Time, would enable him to resume his duties. The deacons used to take turns in reading sermons when it was not possible to get an Andover student, or some member of the Presbytery did not volunteer to preach for them. I remember that Mr. Bradford, of New Boston, came and preached one bright summer day. His text was taken from that matchless composition, the book of Job: "Hast thou an arm like God, and canst thou thunder with a voice like Him?" And when he preached, people might well listen, for they *must* listen.

The sainted Calvin Cutler succeeded Mr. Harris. He was a thinking, studious, aggressive man, and active in the cause of temperance. He made it his practice to visit every school in town, and had the best conducted and most intelligent Sunday school it was ever my

pleasure to see. As early as 1831 he preached on Fast day an anti-slavery sermon from this text: "The days of ignorance God winked at, but now He commands all men to repent." The congregation in Windham was very critical; they knew a good sermon when they heard it. The daily newspaper had not at that time absorbed the attention of the people. No man then could buy his opinions on almost every subject, as he can now, for two cents. Each man had to make his own, and the critical process of doing this made him a careful hearer of the sermon. I recollect an incident of our neighbor, Jonathan Parker, who, while not a member of Mr. Cutler's church, was a most constant attendant on his preaching, and, while he never had the advantage of a scholastic education, few men excelled him in good sense. He had occasion to visit a brother who resided in Reading, spent the Sabbath there, and went to meeting with him. On his return home, he came into our house, and was speaking of his visit to his native town; and, among other things related, he spoke of the preaching, and wound up by saying, "I asked Sam if he *paid* for such preaching as that." His mental model was, no doubt, Mr. Cutler.

Rev. Loren Thayer, the successor of Mr. Cutler, I knew slightly in college. He was two years my senior, and his college life justified his selection, as filling the provisions of the "Town Charter." I cannot forbear to speak of my classmate, Nathaniel Hills. He worked on the home farm, till he was nineteen years old, most laboriously, with his brothers. I remember how his mother filled her pew in church with her family. The boys were hard worked through the week, and nature would assert her demands for rest and sleep on the Sabbath, but she brought her boys to meeting to listen to what the minister said, and if one was overcome with sleep, she had him get up and stand, so that he could hear. All the way through life Nathaniel adhered to the same inflexible rule with himself. His stern and unyielding observance of duty, and his gentle disposition fitted him for the position of teacher. I recollect his telling me, when I visited him in 1875, that in the course of his thirty-four years of teaching he had never been absent *one half* day, and only once had been tardy, and that was occasioned by an accident to the cars.

I have thought that Samuel Armour was not duly appreciated by his fellow-townsmen; but of this, being only a boy when my observations were made, and he a man, past the prime of life, perhaps I was wrong in my estimate; for I find by the record that he was town clerk seventeen years, a selectman six years, represented the town in the legislature fifteen years, was the standing justice of the peace, and an

unobtrusive man, whose opinion was sought and taken by his fellow-townsmen,—as a balance wheel is used to regulate the motion of machinery. He was a man of commanding presence, and of exemplary manners. I recollect, when the church choir had dwindled to small proportions, after the benediction had been pronounced, standing in his pew, he asked all those interested in having good music in the church, to stop and take measures to secure a teacher of music. The result was that Mr. Griffin from abroad was hired to come and teach a singing school for a month, every day and evening. A new singing book was obtained, the singing talent of the whole town was called out, and that most necessary accompaniment received such an accession of home talent that it was a fitting accompaniment to the preaching of Mr. Cutler.

I should do the occasion, the town, and myself an injustice if I did not speak of that most worthy yet extinct family, that succeeded Esquire Armour on his farm in the range. Jacob Abbot had been a minister at Hampton Falls, but resigned his pastoral charge there in 1826, and purchased what was then the best equipped farm in that still beautiful range. He brought with him seven daughters and three sons, and engaged in farming. The whole family engaged in every good word and work in the town. Their deeds of charity and kindness to the sick and distressed were innumerable, and, although Mr. Abbot had been a Unitarian minister in his settlement at Hampton Falls, he and his family attended the meeting at Windham till the senseless vote of the town was taken, in 1833, which resulted in the Presbyterian church vacating the old meeting-house; after which Mr. Abbot (who had in no manner aided the crusade against the Presbyterians) occasionally preached in the old church, and on the day of his death had preached there. He had walked down to the pond, in connection with some of his neighbors, in the morning, and had been rowed over that, and walked thence to the meeting-house. At the close of the afternoon service, in attempting to return by the same means, the boat, which was old and unsafe, filled with water, and he and Capt. John Dinsmoor were drowned. His daughters all married gentlemen out of the town, and each reflected credit on their parents and the town. Ebenezer, one son, married the only daughter of Col. Jacob Nesmith, and was an estimable citizen on the farm till his death, when the farm passed out of the family name. George J., a brother, graduated at Harvard College, and was induced by Abbot Lawrence of Boston, then a representative in Congress, to go to Washington and establish a private school, which he continued a number of

years. He was afterward employed as consular correspondent in the department of state, and was private secretary of Daniel Webster and with him at his death at Marshfield. Lucy, the youngest daughter, was my most excellent assistant in Westford Academy, and afterward married one of my predecessors in that institution, and settled in Cincinnati, Ohio.

One of the best representative business men of Windham was Col. Thomas Nesmith. He began his mercantile career when eighteen years of age, assisting his mother in conducting the business left by the sudden death of his father, and connected with it the sale of the linen made by the industrious mothers and daughters of that neighborhood. His younger brother, John, went to Haverhill, and served an apprenticeship with John Dow. On the expiration of his apprenticeship, John had the business education, but it took cash to buy goods and start in business. John Nesmith was one of the brainiest men Windham ever produced in all financial matters. He soon laid before Thomas, who had saved six thousand dollars, a scheme that promised well for both, to which Thomas assented, and they engaged in general merchandise in Windham. This place was not sufficient to occupy the active mind of John long, and he soon opened another store at Derry Lower Village, as it was called. He soon after induced a Derry man to buy out the stock at Windham, and, leaving a younger brother to look after affairs at Derry, John and Thomas opened a wholesale dry goods store on Pine street, New York.

That was before the days of railroads, and steamboats, and I recollect that after the brothers had got started in New York, their sister, Lucy, who was my schoolmistress, in order to visit her brothers in the metropolis of America, went to Boston, took passage in a coasting vessel, and reached New York in safety at the expiration of nine days, as she wrote home. The two brothers met with that success in Pine street that Scotch-Irish tact and pluck usually have brought. John induced a younger brother and a cousin or two to go there and take an interest with them, and he looked out for a new field of adventure.

About this time Boston capital was investing in manufacturing in Lowell, and the Livermore estate in Tewksbury was for sale, which caught the eye of John as an investment promising well in the future, and, in connection with Thomas, he bought it. Thomas was always a gentleman of elegant leisure, who never troubled himself to look up an investment for his money, but kept ready to invest when a good one offered. Up to this time he had been popular with the unmarried people in Windham and Derry, and had tastefully performed the

delicate duties of best man at more weddings in those towns than any other ten men that could be found, but had never been in a position to need the return of a similar favor. But this summer, on one of his annual visits to Windham and Derry, he was interested in making himself agreeable to Miss Fay, one of the teachers in the Female seminary in Derry. This was a favorable time for his brother John to engage him to join in the purchase of the Livermore property, on the east bank of Concord river, and build with him a double house, for the home of each, a proposition to which he readily assented, and, having laid out a plat of ground for a park, they erected a modest house of wood, in which they both resided for some years. Each brother afterward built a residence commensurate with the wants of their growing families, commanding a view of the plateau laid out by them for a park. Both brothers were averse to mere show, and, as long as they lived, practiced the same economy which had been one of the secrets of their success in life.

Let me take you all into the old meeting-house, as it was in its palmy days, when I was a boy. We will enter, if you please, by the west door. In the raised wall-pew at your left sat John Hemphill, massive in make-up, with a brogue worthy of his ancestry, and when the choir in the gallery struck a tune with melodious chords, he would join in a majestic bass fit for a chorus of the skies. Next came the Revolutionary hero, David Campbell, who limped through life, by reason of the wound received in the army, with his son David, my Sunday school teacher, a most excellent man. Next came Uncle Robert Dinsmoor, "the rustic bard," who was always in his place, and never failed to add his melodious tenor to the efforts of the choir. Next came the minister's family pew, and then the pulpit. On the east side of the pulpit sat Deacon Silas Moore, and across the aisle, in the body pews, sat Mrs. Hills and her family. In the rear of her sat Capt. Isaac Cochran, and by his side sat Esquire Armour. Next them, in a wall pew, sat Capt. McCreary, and so many others beyond the reach of my vision, till you come to the wall pew of Capt. John Campbell, with his tall family. Next came the Noyeses and the Hazeltines, and then the front door.

Moving past the door, going west, came Joseph Clyde, whose flowing gray locks and wide-skirted blue coat gave him a majestic mien. Next came John Hughes and Uncle John Dinsmoor; then, at the corner, Capt. William Campbell, with his bouncing family of twelve. Next was the pew owned by my father and our cousin, William Dinsmoor. And, now, we are ready to go out at the same door we came

in, but wait a moment. Of the many fine families that occupied the body of the house were the Deacons John, James, and William Davidson, all of them model men in all the walks of life. Robert Campbell, too, who, in the drowsy weather of summer, used to stand in sermon time, and shake off the otherwise overpowering sleep. Near him the Nesmiths sat, and still farther on Jeremiah and Christopher Morrison, with their two sisters of queenly beauty. But I must stay in this rehearsal, lest my failure of memory of names and faces of more than half a century ago should seemingly compel me, by failure to mention all, to make invidious distinctions, when all deserved mention.

Of the doctors that I knew, J. W. Perkins was the first in my day. I certainly have occasion to speak well of him, for in the winter of 1827 he attended me when sick with lung fever, fed me on calomel, and with most scrupulous care forbade my tasting cold water. But by careful nursing and the kindness of friends and neighbors, I came out in the spring with every tooth in my head loose—*salivated* and *saved*, as I suppose the doctor thought. He was a good citizen, and subsequently abandoned his profession for that of divinity.

About the time Dr. Perkins left the town, Dr. Simpson moved in. He was a native of the town, but had been absent since boyhood. He was a man of great push and vigor, had by his own industry earned the means of obtaining his education and profession, and had practiced some years before locating in our town. He was a skilful surgeon and physician, and the practice in the town was not equal to the mental demands of the doctor on his own powers. He purchased a farm over in the range, and united farming with his practice of medicine.

A few years after, he moved to Lowell, where he engaged in financial enterprises congenial to his tastes. Among them was that of building the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad. He was careless of his dress and personal appearance, and for years, in cold weather, his outer garment was a blue camlet coat. Time, which rejuvenates the field and the forest every spring, had an opposite effect on the doctor's coat, and it continued in the "sear and yellow leaf" all the year round. At one of the meetings of the board of directors of the road, at Plymouth, his associates on the board concluded that a well-dressed board of directors would enhance the value of their railroad bonds, in the market of Boston, where proverbially well-dressed men congregate, and they suggested to the landlord at the Plymouth House, that if some one of his guests should, by mistake, take the doctor's camlet coat, they would pay for a new coat that would fit the doctor's person. The hint to the landlord was sufficient, and in the night the old coat

mysteriously disappeared. An ample apology and a new coat from the landlord satisfied the doctor that a mistake, if not a misfit, had been made, and his associates paid the bill. He has passed away. I know the old Latin maxim, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*," but I cannot be true to history without laying at his door the blame for depriving the Presbyterian church of the use of the old meeting-house. I was a boy in the gallery, and heard him discuss the right of the town to the meeting-house, and saw him marshal his hosts that cast the majority vote, which resulted in the church leaving the house as a place of worship. True, the town, as such, built the house, in pursuance of its charter and the law of the state, but it had sold the pews inside, and deeded them to the purchasers, who had held possession some thirty-five years, consecutively. Now, for a part owner of the outside of the house to drive out his co-tenant in the walls, and who owned the entirety of the inside, is an anomaly in law. A few days after the annual town-meeting my guardian took me away to school, and I neither saw nor heard of the subsequent acts of the church in going out of the meeting-house, but, at the close of that year, when I returned, I found the meeting-house empty on the Sabbath, and Mr. Cutler preaching in Bartley hall, a most unsuitable place, which soon was abandoned for the commodious house which has ever since been used as a place of worship by the Presbyterian church.

Of the many men who have honored their native town by well-spent lives, Robert Dinsmoor, "the rustic bard," especially deserves mention. He was one of the elders of the Presbyterian church for fifty years, and for the greater part of that time was clerk of the session. He was at Saratoga when Burgoyne surrendered to Gates, the turning-point in the Revolutionary war. As a result of that battle, France acknowledged the government of the united colonies as an independent nation. He was then twenty years old, and volunteered, as most of the New Hampshire soldiers did, to go under General John Stark, of Londonderry. He learned to write on birch bark, as did all his brothers, and, although he had the benefit of some attendance on Parson Williams's school, yet, owing to the demands of his father for his labor on the land, he being the eldest son of the family and some years older than his next oldest brother, it was not possible for him to be spared to get an education. Books, in that day, were few and expensive, and he was poor, as the whole country then was. He was a most genial and affable man, had a wide circle of acquaintances, for his day, and when we call to mind the fact that he had a family of eleven children to rear, with no income save what could be forced

from the reluctant soil of his farm, and the sale of wood cut therefrom, and was called upon by his friends, upon any occasion, for a poetic composition, which took his time from the farm, and yielded no compensation except the mental pleasure of composition, we marvel at what he accomplished. He might have said, as did Pope,

> "While still a youth, as yet unknown to fame,
> I wrote in numbers, for the numbers came."

He was a man of massive build, had a most musical voice, and a ready command of language.

He has been called by some who have assumed to criticise his poetic composition, an imitator of Burns. He was the imitator of no one. He wrote in the Scotch dialect, as he had a right to do. It was the dialect of the common ancestors of both. It was the mother tongue of each.

It is a well known aphorism that great exigencies make great men. It is equally true that the training of the mothers has made the heroes of the world. When the Spartan mother gave the shield to her son as he went into battle, with the injunction "return with this or on it," she taught him the elementary principle of success in every battle in life, "no surrender." I would not omit to speak of the loving hands, the kindly persuasive counsels, the self-denying toils of our mothers, to all which we are so much indebted for what we are and what we have done. The courageous, successful endeavor of the widowed mothers of our town is a living inspiration that will nerve the heart and uphold the hands of all mothers that may be called to face a similar experience. The life of Agnes Park Hemphill, widow of Captain Nathaniel, was an epic which waits a Homer to hand it down to posterity in verse. Colby University is indebted for its name and its funds to the heroic mother of its founder, in whose veins coursed the blood of the McKeens, the Dinsmoors, the Nesmiths, and the Davidsons of our town. How much we are indebted to the kind, patient, painstaking industry of the numberless female school teachers who have endured our wayward tempers and roguish tricks, and taught us that most useful lesson, obedience, as well as how to speak and write our mother tongue! Who can count the debt due to our late veteran Olive Park, whose tact and charm of manners held the annually recurring troops of little ones in tow around her till the three score and fifteen years admonished her that the silver cord must be broken.

But, my friends, let us glance over our country and see where the

Scotch-Irish have been found, and what footprints they have left on the sands of time. Bancroft says: "The first public voice in America for dissolving all connection with Great Britain came not from the Puritans of New England, the Dutch of New York, nor from the planters of Virginia, but from the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians of North Carolina." The prototype of the declaration of independence was put forth by the Scotch-Irish at Mechlenburg, North Carolina, before Thomas Jefferson, another Scotch-Irishman, made himself and it immortal in Carpenter's Hall in 1776. Nay, more, after the memorable declaration had been passed by the Continental congress, and it was proposed that each member should put his sign manual to that document which made him a traitor to his then king, it was not till John Weatherspoon, the Scotch-Irish Presbyterian preacher, the lineal descendant of John Knox, rose in his place with solemn mien and declared that his gray head must soon bow to the fate of the human race, but he preferred that it should fall by the axe of the executioneer rather than that the cause of independence of Great Britain should not prevail, that the hesitating stood firm, and every man came up after him and affixed his name to the immortal document. Of those who have filled the presidential chair, eleven have been of Scotch-Irish ancestry, and of the illustrious names that have aided in making the Supreme Court of the United States the most respected of all the judicial tribunals in the world five at least have been of Scotch-Irish ancestry.

The first independent legislative body organized in any of the so-called English colonies was that of New Hampshire in which Matthew Thornton of Londonderry, an Ulster man by birth, was its chief executive, then styled president. The Scotch-Irish settled in Virginia and gave to the American Revolution Patrick Henry, James Madison, and Thomas Jefferson. They settled in Pennsylvania, and history has recorded the declaration made at Carlisle, before July 4, 1776, that these colonies must be free from the oppressive hand of Britain; and for fifty years a Scotch-Irishman was governor of Pennsylvania. The Scotch-Irish settled in North Carolina, and May 20, 1776, sounded the keynote of rebellion in the Mechlenburg declaration. When the Scotch-Irish of the land declared that the American colonies should be free it meant that the Scotch-Irish blood was ready to flow upon the battle field, that the Scotch-Irish arm was ready to wield the battle axe, and that the word "surrender" would never be uttered. Who shall be found to write the history of the Ulster men in the United States?

Of the many who have gone from this town, to other theatres of

action, no one has been known to cast disgrace on the town of his nativity, or that of his ancestry, by the commission of crime. Leonard A. Morrison, our most painstaking and accurate town historian, has found the natives of this town and their descendants in all the devious walks of business life, honored and respected by those who are law-abiding citizens.

The tendency has been to emigration. The manufacturing cities, with the demand for skilled labor incident thereto, have been a great attraction to the ambitious and venturesome of both sexes. The railroad has offered new fields for occupation, has nearly annihilated space, and brought in competition with the farming interests of the town the cheap virgin soil of the West and South, and forced the cultivator to abandon the crops that supported the fathers, and adopt one not exposed to the competition of more generous soils or of more genial climates. The lessons of industry and economy, taken in with their mother's milk, have been their best banking capital.

And we can say to-day to the world, if it wants a good husband or a good wife, if it wants the example of a good father or a good mother, if it wants a good carpenter or a good mason, a good machinist or a good ship-builder, or that prime necessity of the traveling American, a man that will always have your baggage where you can get it, if it wants a merchant or a manufacturer, if it wants a member of a town or city government, if it wants a member of the state legislature or of congress, if it wants a lawyer or a doctor, a school master or a school mistress, a judge or a governor, a president of a college or of a deaf and dumb asylum,—in fact, if there should ever be found a place to be filled with the first order of talent, let it come to Windham and get its supply. And now, my friends, what can I say for those of us who have left the hearth-stone, that should be a fitting tribute to the worth of those who have withstood all the blandishments of city life, of manufacturing villages, of the boundless West, of the gold fields of California, and of the plains of Texas, and have trod the steps the fathers and mothers have trod, have kept bright and burning the light in the window for the wandering boy and girl, have sustained the tottering steps of the aged, and looked well to it that the reputation of our good town took no detriment by the passage of time; nay, more, have killed the fatted calf for us to-day and given us this royal reception?

Daniel Webster said that the highest earthly reward any man could receive was the consciousness of a duty done.

May that be yours.

THE PRESIDENT:—The next feature of the programme will be a song by the glee club, "The Rock of Liberty."

THE ROCK OF LIBERTY.

Oh, the firm old rock, the wave-worn rock,
That braved the blast and the billow's shock.
It was born with time on a barren shore
And laughed with scorn at the ocean's roar.
'T was here that first the Pilgrim band
Came weary up the foaming strand,
And the tree they reared in the days gone by,
It lives, it lives, and ne'er shall die.

Thou stern old rock, in the ages past
Thy brow was bleached by the warring blast,
But thy wintry toil with the wave is o'er,
And the billows beat thy base no more.
Yet countless as thy sands, old rock,
Are the hardy sons of the Pilgrim stock,
And the tree they reared in the days gone by,
It lives, it lives, and ne'er shall die.

Then rest, old rock, on the sea-beat shore;
Thy sires are lulled by the breaker's roar.
'T was here that first their hymns were heard,
O'er the startled cry of the ocean bird.
'T was here they lived, 't was here they died,
Their forms repose on the green hillside.
But the tree they reared in the days gone by,
It lives, it lives, and ne'er shall die.

This magnificent composition was well sung by the club and roundly applauded by the assemblage.

THE PRESIDENT:—Ladies and gentlemen, considering the lateness of the hour, a very interesting letter from the old camping ground of our fathers on the soil of Ireland, will, for the present, be omitted. There will be an intermission for a short time during which dinner will be served, and after that the exercises will be resumed here in the tent. This will close the forenoon exercises.

The president, the speakers, and the distinguished guests, to the number of 140, repaired to the lower town hall where five long tables, beautifully spread and laden with choice delicacies, awaited them. The governor's table was in the center, at the end but on one side sat

the president of the day, with the governor and Mrs. Tuttle on his right. Opposite was Hon. James Dinsmoor, the orator of the day, with his wife, followed by ex-Senator James W. Patterson, and Attorney-General Albert E. Pillsbury and Mrs. Pillsbury; while other special guests sat on either side of this and the other tables.

The president called the people to order and invited Rev. Cadmore M. Dinsmoor to invoke Divine Blessing.

The school children, with the school officers, teachers, and others, to the number of nearly 100, sat down to well-laden tables in what was known formerly as Bartley's hall, now Goodwin's hall, which stands fronting the town-house, and upon the opposite side of the highway. The rest of the people, to the number of some 1,500, were regularly seated in the tent, and served by waiters in an orderly and systematic manner. Each waiter knew his section and attended to it. Fifteen hundred packages of food had been previously prepared. Each contained bread and meat, cake, or other eatables, and a banana; the latter was separated from the food by a Japanese napkin. These were all placed upon a smooth, hard-surfaced manilla paper, cut for the purpose 16 inches square, which was then folded and pinned together in neat packages, and contained a variety and sufficiency to satisfy all. The committee had purchased in Boston 24 bailed wooden baskets. The bails were erect, the baskets were 22 inches in length, 14 inches wide, and 11 inches deep, with lids at each end. Each held from 20 to 25 of the prepared packages. Each gentleman waiter, with a light but well-filled basket upon his arm, with one lid securely fastened down, and the other opened sufficiently to take forth the bundle of food, passed through his appropriate section, and all were quickly and amply supplied. Everything was orderly, and there was not the slightest confusion. Large quantities of bread, meat, and cake remained after all had been supplied.

One hundred and twenty gallons of coffee had been made by a firm in Boston and shipped in tanks to the town-house,—hot and ready for use. Each guest had been provided with a mug: the coffee was passed through the great tent in strainer pails bought for the occasion, and as this work was systematized the same as the passing of the food, each guest was quickly supplied with the excellent beverage. In the same manner the guests in the lower town-hall, and in Goodwin's hall, had been supplied with coffee. Cold water was provided in abundance.

The band had early gone to the lower town-hall for dinner, and returned to the tent soon after the close of the forenoon's exercises, and entertained the people by playing the following: March, Wash-

ington Greys; Overture, Orpheus; Song without words, "Longing;" Concert Galop, "The Alarm."

The Committee on Collation were William D. Cochran, Albert E. Simpson, and George E. Seavey. Mr. Cochran was absent attending the General Assembly in Portland, Oregon, the greater part of the time that preparations were being made for the celebration, and Mr. Seavey was prevented by private business from taking any part as member of the committee, so the burden of planning and carrying out the details of the work fell largely upon Mr. Simpson. He and those who aided him are entitled to much credit for the systematic, orderly, and efficient manner in which everything was done.

AFTERNOON EXERCISES.

After dinner, speaking was resumed in the tent. At a quarter to 3 o'clock the president called the assemblage to order, and said:

"The first things to be listened to will be the sentiments and the responses. And, to begin, we have the toast, 'The Town of Windham—a place of sacred associations and pleasant memories. For many generations the honest industry of her people has been successfully exhibited in each annual golden harvest; and, better still, in the valued institutions they have established and sustained.' I have the pleasure of introducing to you the son of a former pastor, Evarts Cutler, Esq., of New Haven, Conn., who will respond to this sentiment." [Applause.]

ADDRESS OF EVARTS CUTLER, ESQ.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—At such a time as this, the state of one not brought up to speechmaking,—not a minister, or a lawyer or a politician,—is that of a man of whom you may have heard. This man had the inflammatory rheumatism so he could n't move, and, at the same time, had the St. Vitus dance so he could n't keep still. [Laughter.]

The St. Vitus dance, in my case, is my anxiety to acknowledge the courtesy of your committee in inviting me to speak, and my desire to pay some slight tribute to my native town; the town where my honored father and my sainted mother spent the best and most active years of their lives in loving labors for the spiritual and temporal well-being of its people.

The town of Windham needs no eulogy. She is so strong in the affections of her sons and daughters; her history, her deeds, and her character speak for her so eloquently, that words of mine are not needed; yet two or three words I must say.

When I was a lad, and lived here, it hardly occurred to me that Windham was beautiful, but in these later years, when I come back on occasional visits, I am charmed with her natural scenery. Ride through the range, look down upon beautiful Corbett's pond, and across its blue waters to the plain where stands the home of my childhood, and to the wooded hills beyond; or, stand upon the top of Butterfield's Rock, and view the wide expanse; or, climb to the top of Dinsmoor's hill, or Jenny's hill, and take into your gaze the panorama of field and farm, forest, lake, and distant mountain, and, surely, you can but feel that Nature has made our town fair and lovely to look upon.

But the stronger claim upon our loving admiration comes from her history and her character. Her history has already been broadly and vividly sketched by one of her distinguished sons, the orator of the day; and we have in the noble volume compiled and edited with such ability and exhaustive research by the president of the day, who deserves and should receive the thanks of every son of Windham, a rich mine of information that may well fill us with pride; and this speaks forcibly for her sturdy qualities of honesty, morality, intelligence, and patriotism.

No town has a better record than she. When the nation has sounded the call to arms, to battle for the right, to repel invasion or suppress rebellion, Windham has always responded with promptness, zeal, and loyalty, and her patriotism has been shown in still higher forms—she has been of untold benefit to our country in raising up and training men and women of high character and lofty aims to go forth into the towns and cities of other states, or out to the wild frontier, to establish and uphold institutions of education, philanthropy, and religion, and, by the force of manly and consistent character, to elevate the moral tone of society. Herein lies her strongest claim upon the respect of her children and the gratitude of our country.

And, if I might be permitted to speak of the duties of the present residents of Windham, it would be to urge upon you the desirability, nay, the imperative obligation, of uniting all your forces to preserve and advance the high standard of education, morals, and religion, that has distinguished the town from its beginnings. To do this in the most effective manner, it is necessary to have, and to exercise, a feel-

ing of exalted self-respect, a true estimate of your own importance, a conviction that the high character of a small town is as important to the well-being of the state as though it were a large town.

In these days, when the great cities of the land are growing so rapidly, and absorbing so much of the wealth of the country, and, at the same time, attracting to themselves such swarms of the idle, the ignorant, and the vicious, the off-scourings of creation, men who know little of our American institutions, and care still less; it is the highest duty of the people of the country towns to make themselves an irresistible power in the state and the nation, to counterbalance what threatens to be an overwhelmingly corrupt influence of the great cities.

It is the urgent duty of every citizen to be thoroughly informed on public affairs, and to use every effort to enlist his neighbors and his town in coöperation with the powers that make for political purity, honesty, and intelligence. To this end, a spirit of mutual encouragement, of helpfulness, and of emulation, should be excited. Above all, I would urge the duty of a spirit of hopefulness, a determination not to despond when things seem to be going down-hill. Losing heart and hope is often equivalent to losing the battle. All great reforms, all grand advances, are led by men and women of hopeful, sanguine temperament. Beware of the motto that so many either consciously or unconsciously adopt—"Expect nothing, and you will not be disappointed." Such a spirit is a dead bar to all progress. It cuts the nerve of all effort, and its possessors *are* disappointed, into the bargain. It is the feeling of the despondent man who, when he killed his pig, and was asked how much it weighed, replied, "It didn't weigh as much as I expected, and I never thought it would." [Laughter.]

I often wish the world was more largely composed of men of the even temper, the hopeful spirit, and the undaunted courage, of good old Deacon Hopson. No matter what trials or losses, disappointments or provocations, came to himself, his family, his friends, his church, or his town, he always rallied at once, and said: "Well, it might have been worse; it might have been worse." [Laughter.]

One time, a friend, to try him, said to him: "Deacon Hopson, I had a bad dream about you last night."

"Ah! what was it?"

"I dreamed I saw the devil carrying you off on his back!"

"Did you? did you? Well, well; it might have been worse, it might have been worse." [Laughter.]

"Worse! How could it have been worse?"

"Oh, he might have made me carry him!" [Great laughter.]

I hope Deacon Hopson will never have the inflammatory rheumatism and St. Vitus dance at the same time; but, if he should, I am sure his calm philosophy will triumph. [Laughter.]

But, Mr. President, I am trespassing upon the time that belongs to others. Only a word more. From the force of circumstances and the natural shifting of the centers of production and of trade, Windham may have decreased in population in the last fifty years, but the success of this celebration demonstrates that the old spirit survives. It is only by large-minded liberality, generous hospitality, thorough organization, and unity of feeling and purpose, that such a result is reached.

The men of Windham have shown us to-day that they are worthy sons of worthy fathers, and the women of Windham have shown us that they are not one whit behind their mothers in dainty cookery and large-hearted generosity. [Applause.]

If the good people of Windham can unite all their energies on such a celebration as this, and achieve such success, why may they not unite most heartily on all measures for the public good? They can, and I believe they will, and, at the bi-centennial in the year 1942, her sons and daughters, assembled as we are to-day, will recount her deeds and dwell upon her history with the same loving pride that fills our breasts to-day. I close with the heartfelt sentiment, "God bless the Town of Windham." [Loud applause.]

The President—To-day we celebrate the incorporation of this town. Just as truly do we also celebrate the establishment of the Christian church. In those early days, their history was indissolubly connected. The church established at the time of the incorporation remains unchanged. One of the sons of this town, Rev. Samuel Morrison, of Charlton, Mass., will respond to the sentiment, "The Church of Windham." [Great applause.]

ADDRESS OF REV. SAMUEL MORRISON.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—I am told that there is no time to lose. Therefore I shall omit all the jokes, and attend strictly to that which is substantial. My memory easily covers more than one-third part of the time since the organization of the church in this town. I can readily go back more than fifty years and picture to my mind what were then real scenes and real experiences. And no part, or hardly any part, of a picture that I would thus form,

is more clear than that part about which the church is the center. In some way it was borne in upon me that, aside from the home, the church was the most important of all institutions; and, of all local churches, this one stood first. And in my later life I have seen no church building more suggestive of Christian worship than the one which stands yonder; and no other house of worship has ever been to me so much a house of sacred worship. One minister only began his work, and, consequently, one other only closed his work with his people, during my early life in this town. To both of these men I listened during all the early part of life, and for them both I have always cherished the highest feelings of esteem and regard. I remember them as men of sterling Christian character—men of simple and impressive Christian dignity; and I will add that I have held, as have others, in equal estimation and in equal regard, the wives of these two men. I have always thought they stood on a level of entire equality with their husbands, and were held in equal estimation by the people.

I remember the congregation as it was forty or fifty years ago. I can picture it in my mind very clearly: a congregation of families—parents and children; a family to a pew. I remember the pews that different families occupied. I remember the choir, and, by a slight exercise of memory and imagination, can again sit in our family pew, and listen to the song part of Christian worship. I remember the fathers and mothers who are not, and the children who are; but it does seem to me that a wind, bearing somewhat of a scorching quality, has swept across these faces; and it does seem as though the white clouds from the skies have come down and laid upon these heads.

But my thought is not in the direction of history or eulogy or reminiscence or contrast between the past and present, but rather in the direction of the importance, influence, and mission of the church; and, as time is pressing, I will try to be not very long in this direction. The importance of the church consists in this, that it stands for the Christian religion; and the importance of the Christian religion in this, that it is of divine origin, and that it has a divine mission in the world. I think its importance is emphasized by the fact that it is the religion of the ages, the religion of Adam and Eve, of Enoch and Noah, the religion of Abraham, of Isaac, and Jacob; the religion of Christ and his disciples; it is the changeless religion of the ages. Christ himself gave the world no new religion; nor did he change the old religion. He freed it from form and ceremony that it might the better be apprehended as spiritual truth, fitted for human hearts,—faith,

hope, and charity its divisions, and obedience its visible fruit. The church has a natural and pervasive influence which belongs to it as heat belongs to fire. The church has a general influence on opinions. Whatever this town is to-day, it is something else than what it would have been were it not for the church. When I say church, I generally mean the Christian religion,—that which the church stands for. Along with other institutions and other agencies, the church weaves its threads of influence into the history of the town; and these threads are among the finest and brightest of all. The influence of the church comes silently into all homes and into all hearts; it pervades them. Religion reaches every one as really as the air and the sunshine. Society in all its phases is modified by it. It makes the difference between civilization and barbarism. The church means better government, better laws; it means better homes and better schools; better manners and better habits; higher refinement, sweeter friendship, and broader charity; it means better neighbors, better citizens, better men and women;—it means all these, besides what is usually spoken of as Christian character, sanctified hearts and lives. Everything you see and handle is changed by the touch of Christian influence. Every book and paper you read, every house you enter and all that you see within, every horse you drive, the carriage you ride in, the roads you follow, the walls and fences by the roadside, every person you see or meet, every roadway and corner you pass, every cultivated field and meadow you look upon,—all bear the impress of Christian civilization. And Christian civilization is but the outward expression of the Christian religion. We breathe an atmosphere charged with religious truth. We live, we walk, and we work in the light of religion. We think and we feel under its inspiration. We grow along the line of its influences toward the ideal of its requirements. We may not be what we might be,—what we ought to be,—but we are what we would not be except for the Christian religion. But, aside from its natural influence, the church has a special mission. It is in the world to be the light of the world, according to the statement of Him who is the world's personal light. It has a local home mission as wide as the home land, touching individual life and character, fulfilled by direct Christian effort; a mission of aggression and conquest, of voluntary plan and purpose fulfilled by its agents who possess its spirit and teach its doctrines where it has no existence, or exists only in weakness. How many border states and new states in our land have been blessed by the Christian ministry of our older churches. But, still further, it has a foreign mission, reaching to all nations. The great

petition of divine authorship is, "Thy kingdom come." The great commission of divine authority is, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." And this prayer is to be answered, and this commission fulfilled, through the instrumentality of the church. Christ touched the eyes of the blind, and they saw. The church reaches forth its hand and touches the far-off islands of the sea and the distant nations of the earth, and they come into possession of a new sight; they see as they have not seen hitherto. Old things pass away, and all things become new. Christ commanded, and the dead lived again. The church speaks the living Word, and these same islands and these same nations are quickened into newness of life—a spiritual life. They live as they have never lived before; and the church will continue to offer this prayer and to address itself to the fulfillment of this commission till prayer and Christian work are no longer needed on earth.

I am reminded to-day of the mortality of the individual and the immortality of the institution. Men die, but the church lives. None of the original members of this church are present with us to-day, but the church is here, and it is the same church; and when all its present membership shall have passed away the church will abide still, and be the same church, doing the same work, under the same guidance, and in the use of the same methods. The church moves on like the flow of a river: the same river, but different waters; the same church, but a different membership. But, unlike a river, which always flows to a lower level, the church carries its moving tide upward. The receiving ocean is higher than any part of the river-bed. Certainly the church above has been enriched by the contributions of this church. Where are the ministers that fell on this battlefield, and where the long line of godly men and women that gave the church its dignity and its power for good? And where the many who came within the circle of the quickening influence of the church? They are not in these cemeteries of the town. We thought we laid them there, but, silently and unseen by us, they were borne upward to the skies. They are not now of the church militant, but of the church triumphant; not now the toiling and suffering, but the crowned and glorified. We, who spring from this people and belong to this people, are represented in the great church above by fathers and mothers, by wives and husbands, brothers and sisters, sons and daughters, who also belong to this people.

The church is of heavenly origin, and its mission is to bring heaven and earth into communion; to bring the world into the embrace of its

Geo. Wilson

faith; into the current of its heavenward movement. The great cry of divine authorship is, "Thy kingdom come." The great commission of equally divine authority is, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." And when this is done this great commission will be fulfilled, the great petition granted. Then the mission of the church will be accomplished, and the last page of its active, changeful history in this world will have been written.

Citizens of the town of Windham, take care of the church, for it is the church that takes care of you. [Applause.]

THE PRESIDENT:—A former citizen of Windham is now here and will speak a few words to you. I will introduce the Honorable George Wilson, ex-mayor of New Bedford, Mass.

ADDRESS OF HON. GEORGE WILSON.

Mr. President:—Excuse me for breaking into the order of your exercises, but it is necessary that I do so at the present moment. I will not detain you long. I am not a resident of Windham, although I am a native, and I reside in New Bedford. I went away from here fifty-five years ago, poor and unknown, and have just maintained my position. I am very happy to see you here, and I hope to hear further from you before I leave. My principal object in coming here, if not inappropriate to this meeting, is one of some importance, and I will proceed at once to say what I have to say. I have long had it in my mind to do a little something to preserve the beauty of the cemetery on the hill east of Corbett's pond, and I intend to make this proposition to the officers of the town;—to give them one thousand dollars, in trust, for the purpose of *fertilizing* and *beautifying* this spot of hallowed land. [Applause.] This matter will need to be made pretty clear and definite, in order that the benefit may not be fritted away, otherwise a hundred years from now the income of this money might be used for something else. I make this donation on condition that if the interest on the fund should be used for any other purpose than that stipulated, the fund shall revert to my heirs-at-law. I shall put the fund into the hands of my friends here, who know all about my purpose, and when the town is ready to accept the terms, the money will be ready for it.

And let me add one word. It takes so long to get the cemetery in fine order, where we are depending upon the interest to accrue from this money, that I would suggest, if there are others interested in this work, and my own interest comes in part from the fact that my

mother and father are resting there,—I say if others feel interested enough to join me, and will raise one hundred dollars, I will put another hundred to that, which will enable the town authorities to fertilize and beautify the cemetery in an acceptable manner [Applause.]

(A gentleman in the audience immediately shouted that he would give ten dollars.)

The President:—In behalf of the citizens of Windham, I will return thanks to Mr. Wilson for the liberal offer he has made. [Applause.]

The next sentiment will be "Our Public Schools, The educators of youth: a main support of our free and benign institutions of government." This will be responded to by Wm. C. Harris, Esq.

Address of William C. Harris, Esq.

The first desire of the early settlers of New England was to provide homes for their families. Their next thought was to erect a house in which to meet for the worship of their Creator; and then their attention was directed to the educational wants of their children. In this movement they made no mistake, for they made New England what she is, the home of liberty, education, and intelligence. The importance of having the whole community well educated cannot be overstated. Thomas Jefferson once said: "If a nation expects to be ignorant and free, it expects what never was, and never will be."

Our republic is founded upon intelligence, with the common school as its corner-stone. A New England poet has written as follows:

> "Yet on her rocks, and on her sands,
> And wintry hills, the schoolhouse stands;
> And what the rugged soil denies,
> The harvest of the *mind* supplies."

We are not to suppose the writer of those lines had Windham especially in view, but are not the words quite applicable? The soil here is rocky and less productive than in many localities, yet here have been reared boys and girls who have grown to be men and women, who have become distinguished in the various vocations of life. Here, in Christian homes and district schools, was laid the foundation of an education which aided its possessors in becoming useful and valuable members of this and other communities.

Some have selected the clerical, some the legal, and others the med-

ical profession; others have filled high and responsible positions in our state, in cities, in banks and other corporations; a large number of men and women have gone to various parts of the country as teachers, in schools of all grades, from the common school to the highest institutions of learning; and many others have engaged in the cultivation of the soil in the East, and in the West. Intelligent men and women are the staple production of the town.

For information relative to the schools in the early years of this town, I am indebted to the historian of Windham. He says: "The first school in town, of which there is any record, was in 1766, when James Aiken was hired, in the east part of the town, to teach the children to read." No doubt there were schools in the different parts of the town at a much earlier date. "How our early settlers received their education, and found means to educate their children, is a subject full of interest, and one upon which we have but little information." The branches taught in the early schools were reading, spelling, and writing; in addition, the Westminster catechism was used as a text-book, and lessons in it recited every Saturday forenoon; arithmetic was, after some years, added. Geography was used as a reading book, only, at first. The first schoolhouses were built, not by tax, but by subscription. It is supposed there were schoolhouses in districts No. 1 and No. 2 as early as 1750. Schools were also taught in private houses, and sometimes in barns and shops. The session-house that stood near the meeting-house, on the range, was used for school purposes.

About the year 1768, Rev. Simon Williams, the minister of the town, opened a private academy for the benefit of the young, which not only gave a new impulse to the cause of education in this place, but attracted the attention and patronage of other towns, and was resorted to by students from Boston, and other large cities. Such was his success in teaching that he fitted many young men for college. Dr. John Park, Silas Betton, Esq., Silas Dinsmoor, John Dinsmoor, and Governor Samuel Dinsmoor were among the number from this town. Sometimes the school contained forty or more scholars. It was kept in the parsonage, which stood where Mrs. Call's house now stands. The academy was in operation about twenty-two years, and closed on account of Mr. Williams's failing health. In the fall of 1832, Dr. Milton Ward taught a high school at the center of the town. Four or five years later, a term was taught by Miss Lucinda Foster; for several years afterward there were fall terms taught by college students or graduates, all of which were of great value to those who

attended. The scholars came to these schools from all parts of the town.

In later years, the district schools have been much longer, because of the increased amount of school money. Many of the more advanced scholars have gone to Pinkerton Academy, and institutions in other places. Fifty years ago, the school money amounted to $326; last year it was $1,277. For several years past we have raised $300 above the requirements of the law for schools, and last March we added another $100. A fact worthy of mention is that, between the years 1852 and 1863, each district in town built a new schoolhouse, at an aggregate cost of $8,400. This revolution resulted from two causes: First, the burning of the No. 3 house, and, second, the generous gift of $1,000 to district No. 2, for a school fund, by Samuel W. Simpson, Esq., and also his liberal offer to aid other districts in obtaining funds of like size. Three thousand dollars was invested in this way, thus making for school purposes, an outlay of $11,400 in the space of eleven years. A new interest in the cause of education was awakened, which still continues. We now have seven good schoolhouses, all painted white, with blinds. Each house is well supplied with blackboards, globes, charts, and Webster's unabridged dictionaries, and several have clocks. Ample playgrounds surround each house. At the present time there are six schools in successful operation, presided over by efficient teachers, and under the direction of a competent school board of three members. The common school is the richest and most valuable legacy we have received from our fathers; let us see to it that we transmit it to our children unimpaired.

At the conclusion of Mr. Harris's address there was music by the band, a baritone solo, "Polka Brilliante," by A. D. Wingate.

The president then addressed the assemblage as follows:

What I am to say is not upon the programme. The generous offer of Mr. Wilson has met with a prompt response in the hearts of the people here. One gentleman has said that if it was the intention to raise one hundred dollars, he would give twenty-five dollars; another will give ten dollars; and another has passed me five dollars. So you may take that matter up among yourselves, and if you can raise the money for this good purpose for which Mr. Wilson has so generously tendered one hundred dollars, it will be very acceptable.

The next sentiment is, "The Nesmith Free Public Library. Founded through the generosity and public spirit of a son of Windham, it

Wm. E. Chesterwell.

is a source of improvement to young and old, of recreation to all, and is an educator next in value to our public schools." I will call upon the Rev. William E. Westervelt, of Windham, to respond.

ADDRESS OF REV. WILLIAM E. WESTERVELT.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—It goes without saying that the Nesmith Free Public Library is a very valuable institution. It reflects honor upon its generous founder, and credit upon the intelligence and good sense of the people of Windham. It was a noble deed of the late Col. Thomas Nesmith to confer the favor, and a wise step on your part to accept it.

A library of 3,000 volumes, containing the best thoughts of many of the standard authors upon a variety of the most important subjects, and annually increasing, is a boon which I imagine but few towns of the size of ours can boast.

Here is an opportunity for the young men and women of our town, who will avail themselves of it, to acquire a liberal education. Had our highly honored and deeply lamented presidents, Lincoln and Garfield, enjoyed such a privilege in their youthful days, they would have deemed themselves among the most fortunate of favored young men. To them a single book of solid worth, with the blaze of only a pine knot by which to read it, was an invaluable treasure. And your own history shows that the early settlers of this town would have prized it above gold or rubies. They were a reading people; and their descendants made various attempts to establish a public library, and their efforts were crowned with creditable success. But they were not fully realized until 1871, when the Nesmith Library was founded by a gift of $3,000, of which $2,000 was to be immediately expended for books, and the balance to be placed on interest at six per cent. and the interest annually applied for the increase of the same.

That trust was wisely and faithfully executed by your able and judicious committee, of which the Hon. Leonard A. Morrison, our well known author and ardent lover of good books, was a member. [Applause.]

By that benevolent act of Col. Nesmith, a perennial fountain was opened in his native town, whose pure waters have ever since brought solace, stimulus, refreshment, and strength to the homes and hearts of the people of Windham. [Loud applause.] His name has become a household word. It is remembered and cherished by the aged and the young, by the sick and the well, by the bed-ridden invalid and the

nightly watchers. He has supplied the means for beguiling many a weary hour, of sustaining many a sinking hope, and of reviving many a fainting heart. He has endeared himself to all the thoughtful, and his memory is embalmed in the hearts of a grateful people. There it will live and be fragrant as long as the Nesmith library shall exist and the citizens of Windham continue to be a reading people. All honor to his name; and to the names, also, of those who by like benefactions have helped the cause of education, morals, and religion in their native town, to wit, James Wilson, Jeremiah Hills, Harriett Dinsmoor, and others. May we not hope that their example will be followed by others of Windham's prosperous, generous, and grateful sons and daughters, who will thus link their names with perpetual usefulness and honor in promoting the best interests of coming generations?

Some of the custodians of the Nesmith library have already expressed grave apprehensions that the day is not distant when they may find themselves in the plight of the old woman who lived in a shoe and had so many children she knew not what to do. Not, indeed, that she had too many, but that she needed ampler quarters for their accommodations, and a larger purse to supply their wants. And we are not afraid of ever having too many books, but we shall need more spacious accommodations for them and their readers.

And as the cause of education and of religion should always go hand in hand, we trust that in the future, as in the past, both causes will find a warm place and a liberal response in the hearts and gifts of those who wish well to the future interests of their native and honored town.

The President:—The next sentiment will be, "The Townships of Londonderry and Windham; early partners; may their future be bright with the noble deeds of their sons and daughters."

I will introduce to you William Henry Anderson, Esq., of Lowell, Mass., to respond to that sentiment. [Applause.]

ADDRESS OF WILLIAM H. ANDERSON, ESQ.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—In common with you all this afternoon, I was very much charmed with the songs of the Glee Club, and I was very much surprised that men of their age could sing so well. But during the intermission I think the mystery was

Wm. H. Anderson

explained, for the leader of the club told me that his first recollection of the orator of the day to-day, Mr. Dinsmoor, was, when he went to school to him, of his giving him a couple of very severe boxes on the head, one on each side. Our friend said it came very hard to him this forenoon to sing, "Give me your hand, old friend of my youth." [Laughter.] But he ought not to complain, because that is probably what gave him his musical ear. [Laughter.]

Cæsar, in his Commentaries, tells us that, in ancient times, "All Gaul is divided into three parts, one of which the Belgæ inhabit, the Aquitani another, those, who in their own language are called Celts, in ours, Gauls, the third." So we, in more modern days, know that all ancient Londonderry is divided into three parts, Londonderry, Derry, and Windham.

After describing the three provinces, two of which were separated by the river Garonne as Londonderry and Windham are separated by that stream which in the days of my childhood was a majestic river, but is now only Beaver brook, he adds,—"All these differ from each other in language, customs, and laws." Here the analogy fails, for no argument is needed on this occasion, or any other, to satisfy any son or daughter of either town or any of their descendants, near or remote, that the three towns, call them as you choose, former partners or parents and children, not only resemble each other in those respects in which the divisions of ancient Gaul differed from each other, but that they to such an extent have the same thoughts, speak the same language, and do the same acts; are so alike in their views of religion, politics, laws; so agreed as to the hard work and small profits attending life on a farm; so well assured that no people ever had such an ancestry as they have in the Scotch-Irish from the north of Ireland; so equally indifferent to good highways and patient with bad ones, that, were it now as much the fashion to unite towns as it was 150 years ago to divide them, there would be no difficulty whatever in welding the three parts again into one homogeneous whole.

Let me not be understood in what I have said as intimating that since the dissolution of the old firm, the taking down of the weather-beaten sign, the squaring up of the old accounts, and the opening of a new set of books by each partner town on its own account, there has not been rapid and substantial progress in all those things which go to make up a well-ordered New England community. Ah, no, Mr. President, I am far too wise a man, although I may not look it, to intimate any such thing when the border line of that city of refuge,

Massachusetts, is so far away, the road to it so sandy, and it is allowable in New Hampshire to punish slanderers by personal chastisement. What I do say is, that that progress has been common to all the towns forming the old triumvirate. They have advanced with equal steps in all those things which have tended to ameliorate the hard conditions of life as they existed during that year, 150 years ago, when Windham started in the world for itself.

We all know how common an experience it is, after an old, well-established firm has kept on a conservative course for a term of years, and after the partnership is dissolved, and the individual members start in business for themselves, one after another, for the youngest and least-experienced partner to branch out the broadest, put on the most airs, and not only to think, but to be sure, he "knows it all," and is a little ahead of those who remain at the old stand. So with our three towns, I suppose it is the youngest partner, Derry, which, with its electric lights, its system of waterworks, its brass band, its newspaper (which, by the way, is a credit to it), its dozen or more "jiner" societies, its circus, its living whist, and its new academy building, thinks itself a little smarter and better than either of the staid old senior partners, Londonderry and Windham. But let not Derry boast itself unseemly; Londonderry and Windham are not far behind. There seems to be a veritable western boom at North Londonderry, and house lots are surveyed and staked out and the praises of the place sounded in a way to bring a blush to the cheek even of a Kansas real estate agent, and am I not building a custom house at West Windham, at the head of navigation on Beaver brook? [Laughter.] Let Derry beware.

I have often wondered, Mr. President, why the new town chartered in 1742 was called Windham, and its historian has not told us. Was it in honor of some individual, or family, of that name, or in consequence of some real or fancied peculiarity in its natural features, or was it selected because it is an easily spoken and smoothly sounding word?

But, we must not linger over these speculations. In these days of discussions of tariffs, duties and taxes, and disagreements as to what shall, and what shall not, bear the burden of taxation, everybody will agree that the patience of an audience, gathered under these circumstances, is one of those things that ought not to be taxed. [Laughter.]

I close, Mr. President, with this sentiment, which has not only the beauty of terseness, but the strength of truth: The men, the women,

the children, of the respective members of the three towns, Londonderry, Derry, Windham—

> The first are strong;
> The second are neat;
> The third are sweet,
> And all are exceedingly hard to beat.

[Loud applause.]

At this point the skies were darkened and the rain was falling fast upon the tent. But the exercises proceeded. The band gave the selection, "A Night in Grenada."

THE PRESIDENT:—Ladies and gentlemen, our next sentiment will be, "Our Scotch forefathers in Scotland, Ireland, and New Hampshire: May they live forever in song and in story. May their heroic virtues be the priceless legacy of their descendants." I will call upon Rev. Warren R. Cochrane, D. D., of Antrim, N. H., to respond to this toast. [Applause.]

ADDRESS OF REV. WARREN R. COCHRANE, D. D.

Friends:—You have given me a subject that it would take two or three hours to adequately treat, a subject which I have not time to speak upon or strength to be heard upon at this moment. I remember seeing a notice somewhere in the portals of a certain church, "Don't shoot the organist," and I thought, perhaps, if I were called upon to speak to-day, the first thing I would put in would be such a caveat as that—I would caution you not to shoot the speaker, who, after such eloquence, can add nothing, with such an abstract thing as this, to interest an audience, after the effusions and the charms of music that have been poured into their ears.

I have been asked to speak to the sentiment, "The Scotch in Scotland, the Scotch in Ireland, and the Scotch in America." My friend Morrison has written three or four volumes on this subject, and yet he expects me to crowd into a five minutes' speech the facts that cover the whole ground. I should like to talk to an audience gathered in a church, or somewhere where I could be heard for an hour on this theme. My heart is in it. I am a Scotchman, and I rejoice in the Scotch character, for it is a working power, interested in everything good all over the world.

The first that we know about Scotchmen is a reference that we find in Roman history to a Scotchman up among the highlands of

old Scotland; and if I were going to say three things of this personage, I should say first that he was a mighty Scotchman. The whole Roman army was afraid of the few clans camped to the north of them. The whole cultivated area of Scotland at that time was less than that of the state of New Hampshire, and yet the whole power of Rome was never able to conquer little Scotland; and when they were so terrified, and did not know how to live in security, they built a wall up between Scotland and England, to keep the Scotchmen from conquering the Roman army. The Romans conquered England, but neither the Roman, nor any other power under Heaven, could ever conquer little Scotland. [Applause.] They tried it a few times, you know, and they had a little interview with Robert Bruce, at Bannockburn, and left 50,000 of their soldiers dead on the field, or carried off as prisoners under the touch of Bruce; and after that day they were content to let the Scotch manage their own affairs. The Scotch were mighty smart, and were Presbyterians. I cannot stop to tell all their remarkable deeds of bravery, but there were five kings of England who tried to force Episcopacy on Scotland, but did not succeed, and Scotland remains Presbyterian, and always will be such, while the world stands. The Scotch, in sentiment, were *sui generis;* they were themselves; they were Scotch, not English, or Irish, or Britons, or Danes, or Saxons. They were Scotch when the Romans found them, and when they left them, and they are Scotch to-day, and in their posterity they are Scotch, anyway, and nothing else. Well, King James had a little land fall to him over in Ireland, by confiscation, and after the English sent up to Scotland to get a king to govern them, he knew the Scotch character so well that he sent some over to Ireland, and by thrift and enterprise they flourished there, and awakened the jealousy of their Irish neighbors, and after a time they were conquered, but they could not be subdued. They were mighty smart in Ireland. The Scotch in Ireland were Presbyterians still, and the Scotch in Ireland were *sui generis.* They were themselves, not merged with any others. They were not Britons, Angles, Dutchmen, or Jews, and no Irish blood was in their veins, but they were Scotch to the backbone. When they came to America they were still Scotch.

If I had time, I should like to speak of the Scotch in America at great length, but I will only take a minute to say that it is astonishing to see how many of Scotch blood have gone to Pennsylvania and other great states of the Union to take high places in this land. We have had that blood in eleven presidents of the United States, five

chief-justices of the United States supreme court, and any quantity of senators, representatives, lawyers, and poor sticks of ministers—like myself—thrown in. [Laughter.] I expect that the Scotch in America will go on and keep separate from other people, and not become American. They do not need to be Americanized. They need only to remain what they are, for the Scotch, and Pilgrim fathers allied to them, are the American ideal. They are the American ideal, I say, and need not to be Americanized. Let others come to them, the Pilgrim, and of the Scotch standard,—not the Scotch-Irish standard,—nothing else. We want the nation to come to them. So we say,—

> "Let the nations be few or be many,
> Wherever humanity's flag is unfurled,
> We expect the Scotch boy to be foremost of any,
> And the bonnie Scotch lassies to rule the whole world."

[Applause.]

At the conclusion of Dr. Cochrane's address, the band was prepared and expected to play that sweet song of our dear old Fatherland, "The Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon," but the hastening moments necessitated its omission, which was a regret to all.

To the sentiment, "The Law: May it ever be the Defender of the Right," it was expected that the Hon. Francis Alexander Marden, of New York city, an honored son of Windham, would respond. He did not reach the celebration until afternoon, and was not seen by the presiding officer. It was a matter of general regret that his voice was not heard upon the rostrum.

At this time the exercises were held under some disadvantages. The rain fell in torrents, and, as the down-pour came upon the great tent, the music of the rain and the rolling of distant thunder made it almost impossible for many at this moment to hear the orators. Many people stood upon the seats, and raised their umbrellas. While Senator Patterson was speaking an umbrella was held over him for protection from the rain which beat through the tent. At this moment it was a veritable contest between the elements and the distinguished ex-senator to see which could make the most noise, and it was generally considered about "a draw game."

The President:—There is a gentleman with us whom the people of New Hampshire are always glad to welcome. I do not know upon what subject he will speak. He can talk upon any topic. All he has to do is to open his lips, and the words pour forth like the rain upon

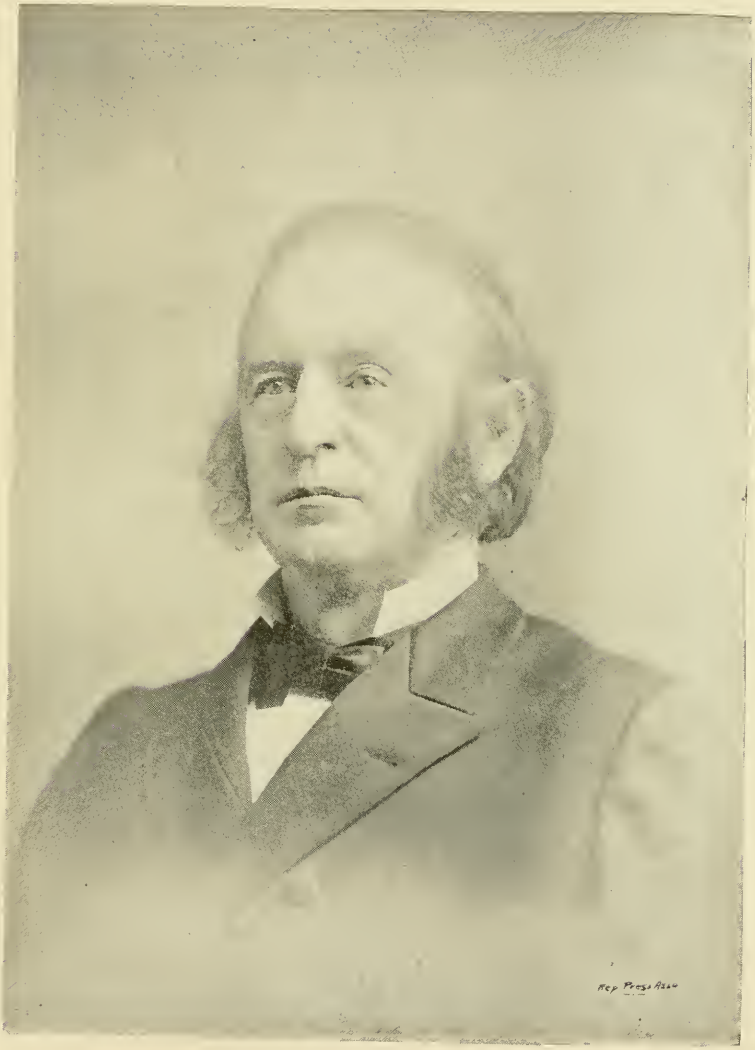
this tent. [Laughter.] I would call upon Hon. James W. Patterson. [Applause.]

ADDRESS OF HON. J. W. PATTERSON.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I see you are being baptized into the true Scotch theology. [Laughter.] But if you will just read your programme, or rather bill of fare, you will observe that I am not down. It reminds me of the Englishman up in Montreal who went into a French restaurant but could not read French. He did not want anybody to know of his ignorance, and so he took up the bill of fare and gave his order to the young lady who was waiting on him. She did not understand him, and he pointed to the first thing upon the bill. She brought in some soup. He ate the soup and pointed to the next thing, and she brought him some more soup. He took a little of it, and, thinking that he would come at last to something solid, he called the young lady and pointed to the last thing on the bill of fare. She brought in some toothpicks. [Laughter.] He said, "What did you bring me those for? I have had nothing to eat."

You have had a great deal of solid food to-day, and I do not believe you have need of my toothpicks; but I am reminded also of the little boy who said to his mother one day, "Mother, I wish I was a twin." "What do you want to be a twin for?" said she. "If I was a twin," he replied, "I would send my brother to school and I would go fishing." [Laughter.] I came fishing to-day, and here I am called upon to recite. There is nothing fair about it [laughter]; but I will say one or two words, simply, and let you off.

I am called upon to speak in the place of Governor Tuttle and Governor Tuttle was to speak on New Hampshire. If I had time I would like to develop one or two thoughts in that connection. We have heard a great deal from our Massachusetts friends about the Pilgrims and Puritans. Well, they were a splendid and godly sort of men, and it was my privilege last summer to go to old Scrooby, Austerfield, and Leyden, and stand where the Pilgrims stood before they came to Plymouth and established a free state and a free church for which we honor their memories; but the Scotch-Irish who planted Londonderry in our state have a history as grand and impressive in the eyes of the Christian world as the Puritan or the Pilgrim. [Applause.] They endured in the old country a harder fight for conscience and freedom than the Puritans or the Pilgrims. Why, gentlemen, it was my privilege to stand in old Londonderry a few years ago. I entered the city by the ferry gate which Morrison



J. W. Patterson

closed in the face of the enemy, and around which the starving people who entered the army were to be seen steadfast in the struggle. The Irish were fighting for King James and the Scotch for William and his cause. I have stood also at the slaughter gate where, under George Walker, the Scotch peasantry battled against the combined Irish and French forces until the blood flowed in streams down the hill and under the gate which has been called "Slaughter Gate" from that day to this. Those men who stood in old Londonderry and fought for their faith and freedom came to Londonderry in this country and founded that town and this. They were your progenitors. They were the men who planted New England. They had fought for liberty, civil and religious, against the English crown, and religious intolerance, and were prepared to be defenders of liberty here.

One thing more I want to say for the benefit of some of my Massachusetts friends, and that is, that the old Scotch-Irish of Londonderry fought the battle of Bunker Hill for Massachusetts. [Applause.] It was General Stark—that Scotch-Irish hero from New Hampshire—who led in the battle of Bunker Hill; and it was Captain Moore, who stood behind the stone wall on the pebbly beach on the Mystic, with his Scotch-Irish friends, and hurled back the whole British force three successive times; and when at last the British soldiery came over the redoubt, it was the Scotch-Irish who clubbed their guns and covered the retreat; and they, too, under General Stark, at Bennington, saved this country and its principles of freedom for future generations. So much for the Scotch-Irish, then. They have been loyal to liberty and their faith ever since. They have given to this country more scholars, more orators, more statesmen, relatively, than any other race that ever came to the shores of America; and their descendants, to-day, are true to the history, true to the principles, and true to the blood of their ancestors. [Loud applause.]

At the conclusion of ex-Senator Patterson's address the rain was still falling in torrents. The band was signalled to play and entertained the audience several minutes till the rain subsided. They played "American Dance—Characteristic"; Overture, "Morning, noon, and night in Vienna," and other stirring and finely rendered selections.

The President:—Ladies and gentlemen, the sentiment, "Windham's absent sons and daughters and their children," will be responded to by Hon. Albert E. Pillsbury, of Boston, attorney-general of Massachusetts.

ADDRESS OF HON. ALBERT E. PILLSBURY.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—This day belongs to the Scotch, and, in point of weather, it is certainly a good Scotch day. [Laughter.]

I shall not expect you, under the circumstances, to remain here to listen to anything which I might have said, for it has so turned out that we have now to contend against the elements of heaven, and even my Scotch-Irish blood is not quite equal to that. [Laughter.]

I believe this is the first occasion in my life on which I am at liberty to boast of my ancestry, or to fairly claim to be of the first families. But it is my good fortune to be descended from John Barnet, one of the sixteen original settlers of Londonderry, the mother of Windham, and from Robert Dinsmoor, one of the petitioners for the charter of Windham, who was appointed, under the charter, to call the first town meeting, and at that meeting was elected chairman of the first board of selectmen of the town. Four generations of my ancestors lived and died and are buried in Windham. And my mother, a member of the Dinsmoor family (which, I am glad to say, still survives here, both in quality and in numbers), has come, to-day, from another part of the state to attend this celebration, at an age which she will not allow to be told, if she can help it—a woman who never weighed a hundred pounds in her life, but with so much of her Scotch ancestry in her veins that I would back her to-day against half a score of people less fortunate in their descent. [Laughter.]

My friend of the clarion voice which rises above the storm, ex-Senator Patterson, has done us who happen to hail from Massachusetts the honor to address himself indirectly to us. He thinks, and I agree that the claim is not wholly without foundation, that Massachusetts has boasted perhaps a little too much of the Pilgrim and Puritan settlers of New England, forgetting that the Scotch, too, are entitled to share the credit of that great enterprise. But there is one circumstance which he has omitted to mention, of which, in justice to our commonwealth, I beg leave to remind you. You Windham people really belong not to New Hampshire, but to us. If I read our friend Morrison's history correctly, the first grant of land in Windham was made by the Massachusetts legislature. Windham was a part of Massachusetts before it was part of New Hampshire, and if I were speaking to-day as a representative of Massachusetts, and not as a son (or grandson) of Windham, I should lay formal claim to you. As it is, I assure you that, if you can get the consent of Governor Tuttle and

his legislature to come back to us, we shall be very glad to retake you, and we will receive you with open arms. [Applause.] I doubt, however, if that consent is ever asked or given. On the contrary, instead of our retaking you, you are annually in the habit of retaking us. A considerable fraction of my neighbors in the city of Boston come wandering up here every summer, to breathe the mountain air of New Hampshire, to ramble over your hills and through your valleys, and to disturb your beautiful lakes with the oar and the angle; and I am glad to be assured that the summer boarder is one of the most profitable crops ever cultivated in the state. I am sure that it takes less work to raise him than any crop known of when I was a boy on a New Hampshire farm. [Laughter.] You do not have to plough him, or mow him, or lay him down to grass every other year. [Laughter.] And you do not have to get up at four o'clock in the morning to milk him, for you can milk him all day, at your leisure. [Renewed laughter.]

I have said nothing, as yet, of what it was my purpose to say, but most of that must be passed by. I came here to help celebrate this anniversary, but if I should begin on that theme, it would render me unable, I fear, to comply with your wholesome five-minute rule. If I were to undertake, at this hour, to say anything in behalf of the descendants of the natives or founders of Windham, for whom you have done me the honor to ask me to speak, I should say, first, that we regard the invitation which brings us here to-day as in the nature of a command. We do not feel at liberty to disregard this duty, which every descendant of Windham owes to his ancestry. It is no mere sentimental regard that we have for the men of the Scotch or Scotch-Irish race, I care not which you call it, who planted and built up this town and community. Their influence lives and moves in the traits which we fondly believe we have inherited from them, an influence which we feel every day of our lives. If their successors, who have gone in all directions over this land, helping to people the mighty valleys of the Mississippi and Missouri, and to plant the seeds of a boundless harvest over the prairies of the great West,—if they have accomplished anything of success, if they have been able to do anything of service to their fellow-citizens, or to mankind, they owe much of it to the blood in their veins, and to the spirit and example of the fathers, the founders of Londonderry and Windham; the spirit which suffered for the covenant in the time of James, and fought through starvation and slaughter behind the walls of Londonderry.

You have shared this inheritance, and you inherit, also, the soil of

this beautiful town, the spot on which they helped to fight the battle for civilization, and liberty of conscience, and political liberty; and I can only stay to say to you, my friends of Windham, that I trust you may live long in happiness and prosperity to appreciate and enjoy it. [Applause.] As one of your guests, let me add, too, a word of congratulation upon the public spirit, energy, and enterprise with which you have projected this celebration, and carried it to such a successful conclusion, an occasion which has been full of interest for us, and which you may well remember with pride and pleasure to the last day of your lives. [Loud applause.]

The President:—The next sentiment is "The United States: Taken all in all, it is the fairest land on earth: Its government the best the ingenuity of man ever framed." I will introduce to you the Hon. Frederic T. Greenhalge, of Lowell, Mass., to respond to this toast.

ADDRESS OF HON. FREDERIC T. GREENHALGE.

My Friends of Windham:—I was not born here, but, at this moment, I may declare with perfect truth that I was baptized here. [Laughter.] And the baptism was total immersion. [Renewed laughter.] I never respected the Scotch-Irish blood so much as when I saw this audience behave so nobly in the face of the storm, and when I heard Senator Patterson bid the storm defiance, I thought, "It is only a game of pitter-patter, let it pour." [Laughter and applause.]

They tell us about the experiments of a scientific character to make a downpour of rain. My fellow-citizen, William H. Anderson, has just explained the scientific method. He says it was his speech which brought down this terrible torrent of rain upon us at this moment. The experiments of Major Dryenfurth were failures. You want a Windham man to deliver a five minutes' speech, and all the rain of heaven is upon you in a moment. [Laughter.]

Now, I come here without the ability to boast of having been born here, or having any ancestors who were born here. I feel very much like that historical character who was un-named by your orator to-day, a fat man in Londonderry.

I stand here as an outside barbarian, as a horrible example of what a man must be who was not born in Windham and has had no ancestors born there. [Laughter.] But, as we might have said of this storm, in the epigrammatic spirit of Mr. Cutler's friend, "It might have been worse." [Laughter.] So, I may say that, although greatly

interested in the event of my own birth, I had very little control over that event. [Laughter.] But, I may say that I have sought to make amends, so far as I could, for that perhaps infelicitous event. A man has much more to say and to do about marriage than he has about birth. I may, therefore, say that I am better than any recreant son of Windham who went away and married a girl descended from some other place and some other stock. [Laughter.]

I do not boast here without some right of my admiration of the noble qualities of that strong Scotch-Irish stock. Ah, I have proved my devotion; I have proved my hearty approval in the full possession of my senses and after the most deliberate judgment. I may say that as Waverley, in Scott's novel, was, in anticipation of his marriage to the sister of the chief of the clan, permitted to march with the clan McIvar on the way to battle, so I am permitted to march with this goodly and noble clan in its triumphal celebration to-day. Artemus Ward said a man ought to receive great credit because he was willing that all his wife's able-bodied relations should render patriotic service in the war. [Laughter.] I therefore, my friends of Windham, may boast that, in a sort of vicarious way, I myself have had no small part in all your trials, in all your tribulations, in all your failures, and in all your victories. By right of marriage I stand here as one of the clan, and, as I hear the splendid rehearsal of the victories of that stern, strong breed, I do not much care how my connection is brought about with such a noble, strong people. [Applause.] Ah, it makes the blood thrill to hear that grand old story of Londonderry; and, as you hear of the spirit which animated the men of that starving city, and how they manned the ramparts when death was inside and death was outside and the whisper went through the streets, "No surrender," I say that from the moment when you left the gates of Londonderry, down to to-day, in every stricken field of the Revolution, and from Baltimore to Appomattox, the cry of the old Londonderry breed has ever been, "No surrender, no surrender!" [Loud applause.]

And what has Windham got to do with the United States of America? Everything. As Mr. Cutler said, it is not the great cities of America which work out the progress and salvation of the Republic. It is not the New York of to-day, it is not the Boston of to-day, it is not the Lowell of to-day, to which you look for the true type of American character now. I tell you, my friends, that it is in the country towns; it is in the back country towns that the highest type of individual and national character is to be found to-day. Look at

the splendor of the United States, reaching from ocean to ocean, and from the gulf to the lakes; look at its mighty commercial progress; look at its teeming millions; look at the millions who are applying for admission at its portals to-day. Yet, my friends, the keel of every one of the noble vessels of the white squadron was laid in your little Beaver brook. Yes, and every one of the sixty-five millions of this people drinks in, wittingly or unwittingly, inspiration from the clear pure air of Windham and towns like this. It is here where the inspiration came from to build the factories of America. It is here upon your hills where the foundations of the great capitol at Washington were laid; and, when I look around and see what has been done by these men of Londonderry, Derry, and Windham, I say I wonder how you could send so many strong men out and have so many strong men left behind.

Why, if they wanted a great journal established in the metropolis of the country, it was Horace Greeley who had to be sent for to do it. If it was necessary to lead an expedition to the North Pole and plant the banner of the United States on the highest latitude known to man, it was Adolphus W. Greely who had to do it. If it was to start manufactures, build a prosperous city here or there, in Massachusetts or in any state, it was the figure of John Nesmith that sprung to the front and did the work. [Applause.] If it was necessary to have liberty and union, it was another New Hampshire man who was called to do it—Benjamin Franklin Butler. [Loud applause.] Why, the Home Guard that you have left here has maintained the old house in order. Everybody comes back and receives new inspiration from this air—merchant and lawyer, banker and tradesman. They all come here to renew their inspiration, got of old amongst these silent hills; and I tell you, my friends, it is becoming a very important matter in political action and in commercial action, that the true idea of American character shall maintain itself. I am not going to enter into any competition as to whether Massachusetts or New Hampshire or Maine or New York did more in this thing or in that. It makes not the slightest difference that the men of Londonderry crossed the line, which they did not, to take part in the battle of Bunker Hill. It makes not the slightest difference that your strong sons and beautiful daughters are working in other states or in other territories. The great fact that comes home to me at this moment, speaking under the stars and stripes, is, that the work of each and all, Scotch-Irish, English, Welsh, or the millions who belong to that race which my friend here has described as belonging neither to Jew nor Angle, or to any known

race of men, it makes not the slightest difference; they are all welded together in one splendid combination of true American progressive character. [Loud applause.]

Their work and their triumphs are the triumphs of the United States just as long as the little, quiet, country town, with its library, with its beautiful individuality, with its deep, true notions of culture, with its lasting and ineradicable sentiment of religious liberty,—as long as those things survive the United States of America, in all its power, in all its glory, in all its prosperity, will live forever, a credit to the world, a model and an example, a refuge and a bulwark of strength to mankind for all generations forever and forever. [Loud applause.]

THE PRESIDENT:—Ladies and gentlemen, I now introduce to you Hon. John G. Crawford, of Manchester, N. H., a lawyer of Scotch descent, who will cheer us with his entertaining speech.

ADDRESS OF HON. J. G. CRAWFORD.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—I am one of the outsiders who have come here without any sentiment from the chairman,—neither have I any sentiment to present to you. I have to say, with a great deal of regret, that I was not descended from any one who lived in Windham, neither did I come to Windham to get a wife. [Laughter.] But I am proud to say, as you know by the name, that I belong to that same old Scotch stock that settled here. The first time I ever heard of Windham, it was not the name of this town, but way back in one of the old singing-books where they had the old tune of Windham. I understand it was named for this town, and the words were appropriate,—"Broad is the road which leads to death, and thousands walk therein." [Applause.]

I have always been anxious to come to Windham and see that road. [Laughter.] I was told that it led straight from Windham down into Massachusetts. [Laughter.] And thousands have left this town and gone down to their death. [Laughter.] Why, sir, when they come back up here and undertake to claim credit that Windham once belonged to Massachusetts, they do not show the wisdom of their fathers when they concluded to separate themselves from that old Puritan state and become part and parcel of the Switzerland of America. I was born in Massachusetts. My forefathers came over with yours from Londonderry, and some of them were engaged in

that terrible siege of Londonderry for 105 days. Why, Mr. Chairman, had they had the ladies of Windham to issue provisions, Londonderry would have held out until to-day. [Loud applause.]

The old Scotch-Irish never yet were conquered. They fought for the freedom of Scotland, and then they carried that freedom into England from the shores of northern Ireland. From that they came to America, and here you find them always fighting beneath the banner of the free. Before the declaration of independence was made, when the Continental congress wished to know whether they were to be backed up by the American colonists, they sent forth a declaration of loyalty to the people that if they would declare the colonies independent they pledged their lives and their fortunes to maintain it. That resolution was submitted to every man in New Hampshire over twenty-one years of age, and in the town of Windham, with Samuel Morison, one of the selectmen, every man but three pledged himself, his life, and his fortune, for the defence of the independence and liberty of this country. When came the terrible war, when it was attempted to overthrow our government and trail our banner in the dust, Windham men, the sons of those old Scotch heroes, rallied beneath that old banner which their fathers had given them, and marched forth to engage in that terrible war. And you never have known, history does not record the fact, of any Scotch-Irish man ever being a traitor to liberty. God bless you, when I thought of that broad road that led to death I thought that if the programme was fully carried out we need not worry about dying in any very immediate future; we should have a long life extended to us if we got through the whole programme. [Laughter.]

Now, ladies and gentlemen, you have about concluded your exercises. The storm is over. The talking or eloquence you have heard, notwithstanding the downpour of the rain. I trust that you may all be spared to meet here again in 1942, and you will hear the same old speeches and the same old stories, but I trust you will not have the same old dinner, but one just as good. [Laughter and applause.]

Thanking you for your attention, being an outsider, lapped on to the end of this long programme, let me say, in conclusion, may your broad road be turned into a narrow one, and all walk in that to everlasting life. [Applause.]

William C. Harris, Esq., moved that when the meeting adjourn it be to June 9, 1942, and this motion was put and carried.

The band played, and the assemblage united in singing "America."

CLOSING WORDS.

THE PRESIDENT:—Ladies and gentlemen, in a few moments this celebration will be ended. The settlement of this town, the names of its founders, the words uttered in their honor and memory, together with all the observances of this day, now belong to history. We commend them to our successors, who will meet June 9, 1942.

Looking into the future, far as human eye can see, I would say to them,—Citizens of Windham of 1942, when you celebrate this natal day we who now salute you will in our graves be sleeping. But guard well the precious heritage which is commended to your care. Honor the memory of the founders of this town, and transmit to your successors unimpaired the good things received from your predecessors, together with the garnered fruitage of all the years of your passing lives.

In obedience to your vote, I declare this celebration in honor of the 150th anniversary of the incorporation of Windham closed, and that it stands adjourned to the 9th day of June, 1942. So close the public exercises of this day, and the last official words of this celebration are spoken.

The band then struck up some very inspiring music, playing "Recollections of the War," and other pieces.

After the close of the public exercises old friendships were renewed and they who had been long separated met in joy and gladness. It was a rare day, one of great enjoyment; one which had been long anticipated with emotions of delight, and one which those who participated in its exercises will through all the coming years look back upon with supremest satisfaction and with joy.

And how can be better closed this portion of the day's exercises than by linking the far-away past of Windham's history with its active present; than by calling into our poetical service a lineal descendant of our first pastor and clergyman, Rev. William Johnston, an early settler in 1742. The following lines were written by his great-grandson, Hon. Benjamin L. Baxter, of Tecumseh, Mich., for another occasion. He never saw this home of his forefather, but these lines are applicable to this celebration:

"'Tis said no nobler thought nor kindly word,
Nor deed of love, which once the heart hath stirred,
Can fail or die, but, strengthening day by day,
While those who wrought, in silence pass away,

Moves on from heart to heart, from shore to shore,
A blessing and a boon forevermore.
And so, while we with deep-felt reverence turn
Towards that sacred spot which doth inurn
Our fathers' dust, and consecrate, with tears,
Those hallowed memories of those earlier years,
We, too, will make our own, where 'er we rove,
Their high, heroic faith, and deeds of love,
And gathering here, around their burial sod,
Revow their vows to freedom, and to God."

RÉSUMÉ.

In a remarkably well-written article on the celebration, by Prof. William S. Harris, of Northwood Academy, published in *The News*, Derry, N. H., he says, in relation to the celebration:

The event so long anticipated by the good people of this old town has passed into history. The citizens gave a royal welcome to former residents, and friends from abroad, who gladly responded to the invitation to unite in celebrating the birthday of the town. The town has had celebrations and reunions of interest before, but never any like this. Eighteen hundred persons gathered from all quarters of the country, to honor the past and renew its sacred associations.

The preparations by the Committee of Arrangements, and other willing workers, were on a scale such as the occasion demanded, while friends of the town, both at home and abroad, contributed liberally of their means, so that over $800 was easily raised, to defray expenses.

The exercises of the day were held at the Center, which, although not the first settled part of the town, has been, since 1798, when the old church, now the town hall, was erected, the center of the town's interest, and the place where its people have gathered for religious and municipal purposes. At the side of the town hall, a mammoth tent 130 feet long and 60 feet wide was erected, with seats capable of holding 1,200 or more people. At one side was the speakers' rostrum, and at the end the stage occupied by the band. The upper town hall was used as a reception room for the guests as they arrived, while in the lower hall tables were set for dinner for 140 of the distinguished visitors.

The decorations were attractive and appropriate. The front of the hall bore in large gilt letters and figures the devices, "Welcome," "1720," "1742," "1892." The dining-hall was decorated with palms, hydrangeas, and other plants and flowers from the greenhouses of Horace P. Dinsmoor. The tent and the upper hall were trimmed with flags and bunting, and the houses at the Center, and in other parts of the town, were also decorated for the occasion, many of the historic spots being designated by placards.

LETTERS.

Several hundred invitations were sent to individuals in all parts of the country, and some to friends across the water. Many whom the people of Windham would have gladly welcomed were unable to be present. The following include some of the letters received. None were publicly read, for lack of time. Letters of regret were also received from Mrs. Horace Fairbanks, St. Johnsbury, Vt.; Harry Armour, Esq., Edinburgh, Scotland; Mrs. M. Lizzie Park, Belfast, Me.; Rev. Charles Cutler, Talmadge, Ohio, and many others, not for publication.

THE OLD PARISH OF OUR ANCESTORS IN IRELAND—THE LETTER OF REV. GILBERT ALEXANDER KENNEDY.

Aghadowey, county of Londonderry, Ireland, is, historically, most intimately connected with the Scotch settlement of Windham and Londonderry, New Hampshire. It is six miles from Coleraine, and is the parish from which emigrated, in 1718, Rev. James McGregor, and a portion of his pastoral charge, to Londonderry and Windham. Mr. McGregor was settled over that parish from 1701 to 1718, when he resigned, and came to America, and to Londonderry. Before leaving that place, he preached to his flock from Exodus 33:15: "If Thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence." As he preached to his people, our ancestors, in Aghadowey, on the eve of their departure from their homes, in 1718, so, on the 23d of April, 1719, he spoke to our ancestors, a reunited flock, in this old Londonderry settlement. On the east side of Beaver pond, or Tsienneto lake, under the spreading branches of a great oak, he preached from Isaiah 32:2: "And a man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind and a covert from the tempest, as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." The voice of that speaker has become silent, and his long-ago listeners no longer hear words falling from

human lips. The old pastor and the members of his flock in two hemispheres are sleeping side by side in the ancient cemetery "on the hill," in the east village of Derry, N. H.

The parish of Aghadowey is an interesting locality, and was first visited by the writer in 1884, and again in 1889. The roads are hard and solid, the fields surrounded with trees and walls, or hedges of scraggy hawthorn which line the highways. Many familiar family names are still there, in the old home of our fathers, and kindred blood flows in the veins of that people. Considering the intimate connection which our ancestors had with that place, and that they were members of the Presbyterian church there, before their coming to New Hampshire, words of greeting were sent to pastor and people of that church, and a cordial invitation was given Rev. Gilbert Alexander Kennedy to attend the Windham celebration. To this came the following words of greeting from over the ocean:

Aghadowey Manse, Blackhill, Coleraine,
12th May, 1892.

Dear Mr. Morrison:—I thank you very much for your cordial invitation to your anniversary. I should like exceedingly to be with you, and give you, by the medium of the living voice, the greetings of our ancient church. We feel, naturally, proud of you, and take a deep interest in all that concerns you, but I am a young man, lately settled, and could not find it easy to afford the time and expense required to perform so long a journey. I shall, however, send in time for your celebration a letter containing in a small compass the message I would have conveyed in person. With kindest regard,

I remain, yours sincerely,
Gilbert A. Kennedy.

To the Citizens of Windham, New Hampshire, U. S. A.:—We, the members of the Presbyterian church of Aghadowey, county of Derry, Ireland, have heard of your intention to celebrate on the 9th of June, 1892, the 150th anniversary of the incorporation of your town and the 172d year of your settlement as a people in the far West. Being closely united to you by ties of kindred and of faith, we desire to assure you of our cordial sympathy with you in your rejoicing.

It is now about 250 years since our forefathers and yours were driven by the red hand of persecution from their Scottish homes to

that portion of Ulster in which we now live. During the revolution of 1688–90 they fought under William III., and were amongst the defenders of Derry during its historical siege. For a time the survivors enjoyed rest, but in the year 1704 their troubles re-commenced. At length the yoke became so galling that in our district some determined to surrender home, notwithstanding the blood they had shed in its defense. Accordingly, in the year 1718, the Rev. James McGregor, minister of this church, with 120 of his families, arose and emigrated to America, settling finally in New Hampshire, and many of you are their descendants.

It is a sad blot on the pages of our history that a loyal, pious, and industrious people were thus driven from the land they had bought at so high a price, and the saddest element is the fact that the blow was struck by the hands of those who had lately been their comrades in arms. But "all things work together for good to them that love God." The Aghadowey Pilgrim Fathers landed on the friendly shores of America, a free people. Their descendants have not only found a covert from the storm ; they have shared in the glory of building up the great republic of the West, where peace and contentment reign and not only commerce, but religion and the fine arts grow and flourish.

We are truly proud of you, and of our grand old church from whence you sprang, amd we are thankful to be able to say that never in all her history has she enjoyed a greater measure of prosperity.

Nearly all of the old disabilities have been removed. Civil and religious liberty prevails. Peace reigns within our walls and prosperity within our palaces. When we reflect on the goodness of God to us and our kinsmen across the ocean, we may well say in the language of the ancient poem, "Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well, whose branches run over the wall. The archers have sorely grieved him and shot at him and hated him, but his bow abode in strength and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the Almighty God of Jacob, even by the God of thy father who shall keep thee, and by the Almighty who shall bless thee with blessings of heaven above. The blessings of thy father have prevailed above the blessings of my progenitors unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills ; they shall be on the head of Joseph and on the crown of the head of him that was separate from his brethren."

Brethen, we heartily rejoice in your joy, and unite in wishing you prosperity.

Signed on behalf of the members of Aghadowey Presbyterian church.

GILBERT A. KENNEDY, *Minister.*
JOHN BOYD, *Clerk of Session.*

Matthew Macauley, Samuel Perry, Torrens Miller, James A. Mullen, Thomas Craig, Robert Wilson, Robert Shirley, Robert Anderson, Robert Rankin, other members of the session.

THE MAYOR OF LONDONDERRY.

TOWN CLERK'S OFFICE, GUILDHALL,
LONDONDERRY, IRELAND, 26th May, 1892.

HONORABLE SIR:—I have to thank you for your very kind invitation on behalf of the citizens of Windham, to celebrate the 150th anniversary of its incorporation, and to express my regret at my inability to be present with them on that occasion.

Believe me, yours very truly,

J. ACHESON MACCULLAGH.
Mayor.

To the Honorable Leonard A. Morrison,
Windham, New Hampshire, U. S.

JOHN CARR, ESQ., BOSTON, MASS.

BOSTON, MASS., June 7, 1892.

GENTLEMEN:—In response to your kind invitation to be present at the 150th anniversary of the incorporation of Windham, allow me to express my very great regret that I cannot join with you in that celebration, so full of interest to the descendants of those early settlers and hardy pioneers. I am detained by other engagements, but my heart will be there, where my ancestors, the Dinsmoors, helped to build one of the noted towns in the old commonwealth of New Hampshire, the old Granite state. Hoping you will have a good time and a successful celebration, I remain,

Respectfully yours,

JOHN CARR.

To William C. Harris, Leonard A. Morrison, William D. Cochran, A. F. Campbell, Committee on Invitations.

THOMAS DINSMOOR, ESQ., SON OF COL. SILAS DINSMOOR, THE INDIAN AGENT.

KIRKSVILLE, ADAIR CO., MO., June 6, 1892.

HON. LEONARD A. MORRISON,
Canobie Lake, N. H.:

DEAR SIR:—I received your kind invitation to the celebration at Windham, and also a Boston paper giving an account of same, for which, thanks. I can assure you it would give me great pleasure to be with you, but circumstances beyond my control render it impossible. Hoping you will have a grand success, I remain,

Yours truly,

THOMAS DINSMOOR.

JONATHAN L. NOYES, ESQ., FARIBAULT, MINN.

MINNESOTA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF,
J. L. NOYES, SUPT.

FARIBAULT, June 6, 1892.

WILLIAM C. HARRIS, ESQ., *Chairman,*
Windham, Rockingham Co., N. H.:

DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 31st ult. is at hand. I sincerely wish I could be with you and your fellow-citizens on the 9th inst., and join in the celebration of the 150th anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Windham, where I was born, and where the days of my childhood and youth were passed. Many and very precious are the recollections I now recall, as I pen these few lines. The town hall, formerly the meeting-house, with the box pews, the high box pulpit, the horse-sheds in the rear, Robert Bartley's store, the postoffice within, the tavern near by, and the church at the fork of the roads, the long sermons of the faithful pastor and preacher, Rev. C. Cutler, the Sabbath school, where Mrs. Hughes so kindly and faithfully taught me, and the little foot-stove that I used to carry to Mr. Bartley's house, to fill with live coals,—the only means of keeping warm in those cold, wintry days, the rumpus that arose, when it was proposed to heat the church with stoves,—those and many other associations too numerous to mention pass before my mind, as I think of those early days in Windham. It would delight my heart to be with you, and take part in the celebration, on the 9th inst. I wish to be remembered to any and all of my acquaintances now living, and I

hope the next 150 years will witness even more and better things in Windham than the past; that many more boys and girls will come up to do better, greater, and nobler things than their fathers and mothers have done. That the town may always be as well united, as prosperous, as intelligent, and as well represented, both at home and abroad, in the future as in the past, is the earnest prayer and heartfelt desire of

Yours sincerely,

J. L. Noyes.

ORLANDO DAVIDSON, ESQ., ELGIN, ILL.

Elgin, June 4, 1892.

Wm. C. Harris, Esq.,
Chairman of Committee:

Dear Sir:—I regret exceedingly that I shall not be able to attend the celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Windham, N. H.

I trust you will have a very pleasant and profitable meeting.

Yours very truly,

Orlando Davidson.

REV. JOHN HOPKINS MORISON, D. D., PETERBOROUGH, N. H.

Peterborough, June 1, 1892.

To Messrs. William C. Harris,
Leonard A. Morrison,
William D. Cochran,
Alphonso F. Campbell,
Committee of Invitation:

Dear Sirs:—It would give me great pleasure to attend the celebration of the 150th anniversary of Windham, the birthplace of my dear mother, and for a time the home of my great-grandfather, and also, I believe, of his father and grandfather. I have always, from my childhood up, thought of Windham with a filial reverence. I regret that, instead of being with you on the 9th inst., I can only join you in a silent benediction and a prayer that, as to those who have gone before, so even more to those who come after us, God may be present with even richer benefactions in the life and character of your people.

With sincere regard,

John H. Morison.

HON. JACOB H. GALLINGER, WASHINGTON, D. C.

UNITED STATES SENATE, WASHINGTON, D. C., May 19, 1892.

DEAR MR. MORRISON:—Your kind favor of May 16th, inclosing invitation to the 150th anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Windham, is received. It is a matter of much regret to me that I cannot be with you on that eventful day. Be assured that I will think of you, and trust the occasion may be one of much interest and pleasure.

With sincere good wishes, believe me,

Your friend as always,

J. H. GALLINGER.

Hon. L. A. Morrison,
Canobie Lake, N. H.

DANIEL M. PARK, ESQ., DE SOTO, MO.

DE SOTO, MO., May 30, 1892.

WILLIAM C. HARRIS,
LEONARD A. MORRISON,
WILLIAM D. COCHRAN,
ALPHONSO F. CAMPBELL,
Committee on Invitations:

DEAR SIRS:—To all of us come times when the heart's impulses and earnest wishes are bound and restrained by circumstances. This is one of those times to me. Though never a resident of Windham, yet to me the old town is dear. Over it, in boyhood days my father roamed; in its atmosphere, and from its people he imbibed those sterling qualities and that rugged nature that he carried with him through life. He left to me an honored name, and gave to me the best that one needs to fit one for life's battle.

Of my old Scotch-Irish ancestry, I am proud, and there never will come a time that I shall not wish to be numbered on the roll when old Windham calls a rally of her sons and daughters, and their descendants.

These gatherings bring together the scattered fragments of the old families, and reunite them in a common loyalty, awakening the old ties of kindred blood. I wish I could be with you. I hope to visit the old place this summer, but I cannot at this time. May we not, however, in spirit, join hands across the distance that separates, and together say: "Old Windham, we love and honor thee;—we love

thy granite rocks, thy pine-clad hills, thy silvery lakes and mossy dells."

But dearer still, yet closer to our hearts, are the memories of our old Scotch-Irish ancestry. Earnest of purpose, fearing God, and ever eager to do the right, and the right alone, having that sterling, rugged character that ever leaves its impress on ages to come.

Allow me, then, to express my mother's sincere regrets at her inability to be present, as well as those for myself.

Truly yours,

DANIEL M. PARK.

REV. CARROLL CUTLER, D. D., TALLADEGA, ALA.

TALLADEGA, ALA., April 22, 1892.

MY DEAR MR. MORRISON:—Yours of the 18th inst. is received. I am sorry to say that I shall not be able to be in Windham in June of this year. Our term here does not close until the 9th. It would be some days after that before we could leave home.

I am glad to hear of the good spirit of the people which leads them to observe so important an anniversary. I wish the town had been incorporated in August or September. I would like to move to amend the record, and put it September 9th, instead of June 9th. I am very sorry they made such a mistake 150 years ago. I love old Windham and all its old families. May you have a good and glorious time.

Very truly yours,

CARROLL CUTLER.

PRESIDENT HARRISON, WASHINGTON, D. C.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C., June 2, 1892.

REV. WILLIAM E. WESTERVELT,
Windham, N. H.:

MY DEAR SIR:—The President directs me to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of May 31st, and to express to you his thanks for the kind invitation to attend the celebration of the 150th anniversary of the town of Windham. He regrets that it will be impossible for him to be present on that occasion.

Very truly yours,

E. W. HALFORD,
Private Secretary.

HON. WM. E. CHANDLER, WASHINGTON, D. C.

UNITED STATES SENATE, WASHINGTON, D. C., May 24, 1892.

HON. L. A. MORRISON,
Canobie Lake, N. H.:

MY DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 16th, enclosing invitation to attend the Windham celebration on the 9th of June, is at hand. I very much regret that I shall not be able to attend. I can readily see that you will have a very interesting ceremonial.

Yours respectfully,

WM. E. CHANDLER.

FRANK E. PARK, ESQ., SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.

SOUTH BOSTON, May 23, 1892.

L. A. MORRISON, ESQ.:

DEAR SIR:—Please express to the committee on invitations my sincere regret that a previous engagement, involving the participation of many, will utterly prevent me from enjoying the enthusiastic festivities which I know will prevail on the occasion of the 150th anniversary of the incorporation of the good old town of Windham.

With many thanks for the remembrance,

I remain yours truly,

FRANK E. PARK.

REV. JOSEPH S. COGSWELL, STANDISH, ME.

STANDISH, CUMBERLAND CO., MAINE, June 4, 1892.

HON. LEONARD A. MORRISON:

MY DEAR SIR:—I have received an invitation to be present at the 150th anniversary of the incorporation of Windham, New Hampshire. It is a painful duty to write to you that I cannot be present with you on that occasion of so much historic interest. I am now suffering with many aches and pains, and my physician enjoins upon me rest and quiet. I shall think of you on that day, and wish to be there, as I feel a deep interest in the welfare and prosperity of the excellent town of Windham, New Hampshire.

Very cordially yours,

JOSEPH S. COGSWELL.

GEORGE S. MORISON, ESQ., CHICAGO, ILL.

CHICAGO, May 26, 1892.

LEONARD A. MORRISON, ESQ.,
Canobie Lake, Windham, N. H.:

DEAR SIR: — I thank you for the invitation to the celebration of the 150th anniversary of the town of Windham. As a descendant of one of the early settlers, I take it that this invitation comes to me from the committee of which you are a member. It is very improbable that I shall be able to attend, though I should be very glad to do so. If I cannot go, I wish you would express my thanks to the committee for the invitation, with my best wishes for the success of the day and my thorough sympathy with the celebration and the objects which it commemorates.

Yours truly,

GEO. S. MORISON.

HON. GEORGE A. MARDEN, LOWELL, MASS.

June 5, 1892.

LEONARD A. MORRISON, ESQ.:

DEAR SIR:—I am greatly obliged for the kind invitation to attend the 150th anniversary of the incorporation of Windham on the 9th, but, as I am to go to New York that evening, I can hardly avail myself of it. But for this, I should be most happy to accept your invitation.

Yours truly,

GEORGE A. MARDEN.

D. WALLIS MORRISON, ESQ., NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

NEW YORK, June 6, 1892.

WILLIAM C. HARRIS, ESQ., *Chairman:*

DEAR SIR:—The committee's invitation to participate in the celebration of the 150th anniversary of the settlement of your good old town was duly received. I am compelled, with the profoundest regret, to forego the great pleasure it would afford me to be present on the occasion. The disappointment is all the more keen from the fact that, in addition to the enjoyment of the exercises of the day, I would have had the pleasure of meeting kindred and friends whom I have not seen for many years; and further, that I am prevented

from showing in person my allegiance to the home of my ancestors, and joining with those present in honoring their memory and virtues.

The proposed celebration has aroused Mrs. Morrison's Scottish blood. She has inscribed a few lines to kindred and friends,—enclosed herewith. Possibly an opportunity may present itself to read them to the gathered company.

Fervently hoping that the occasion will be full of unalloyed pleasure to all present, I remain

Affectionately yours,

D. Wallis Morrison.

TO KINDRED AND FRIENDS.

JUNE 9, 1892.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot?
Ah, no, for here we find
Our hearts, with tender mem'ries, cling
To days o' auld lang syne.

Near banks and braes o' "Bonnie Doon,"
Our grandsires worshipped God;
And there, in hallowed kirkyard, now,
Their bones lie 'neath the sod.

Upon old Scotia's granite hills,
Their sons breathed Freedom's air;
And learned, for liberty and truth,
Heroic deeds to dare.

For Scotia, they "with Wallace bled;"
For freedom, followed Bruce;
And ne'er, till right had won the fight,
Consented to a truce.

Their weans were taught, at mother's knee,
Sweet purity to love;
And count a conscience clear within
All other things above.

They brought old Scotland's virtues
Their western homes to grace;
The "Holy Book, in honored nook,"
Still knew its welcome place.

'T was here they raised their hands in prayer,
As their first homes they found;
And, by their sons, this sacred spot
Is counted holy ground.

With "bonnets" doffed, we gather here,
Like pilgrims to a shrine,
To feel what we can ne'er express
For days o' auld lang syne.

And here, like doves that, homeward bound,
To their loved windows fly,
Our kinsmen, drawn by cords of love,
With votive off'rings hie.

Fond mothers to their bosoms press
Their stalwart sons with pride,
And then, with open arms, receive
Each young and trusting bride.

While here and there, amid the crowd,
We mark the kindling eye
Of sweetheart that, to sweetheart dear,
Breathes out the tender sigh.

And oft a touch of kindred blood
In some dear child we trace:
In one a father's noble brow,
And here a mother's grace.

We feel our quick'ning pulses thrill
As brothers dear we meet;
As hand clasps hand, and eye to eye,
Long scattered friends we greet.

The loved and lost in days of yore
Seem hov'ring round us here;
And, as to them fond mem'ry turns,
This song ne'er seemed so dear:

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
We 'll tak' a cup o' kindness here
For days o' auld lang syne.

For days o' auld lang syne, my friends,
For days o' auld lang syne,
We 'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For days o' auld lang syne."

MRS. MARY WHITNEY MORRISON.

New Rochelle, New York, June 6, 1892.

RUFUS A. MORRISON, ESQ., WASHINGTON, D. C.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 7, 1892.

WILLIAM C. HARRIS, ESQ.,
Chairman of Committee of Invitation:

DEAR SIR:—Indulging the hope that the way might be opened by which I could attend the celebration of the 150th anniversary of the incorporation of Windham, my native town, I deferred to the last moment an expression of my deep regret at my not being able to be present. Whenever I think of Windham my boyhood life, with all its associations of pleasure and disappointment, passes before my mind, like a panorama, with its ever changing scenes.

The first object which memory brings into view is the little red school-house standing at the cross roads. It is characteristic of New England. At least, in all my travels, I have never seen one outside of that section, nor do I think that history accords it a larger habitation. There I was faithfully instructed in what has been termed, either wittily or ignorantly, the three R's—reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic. To-day I can see that little school-house standing where the roadways meet, and I could call by name for many a term the larger number of the boys and girls who filled its seats. I well remember when I was one of the *big* boys, and for this reason had the honor of sitting in the back seat, that another larger boy came in late one morning and whispered to me that gold had been discovered in a place called California. It lay right on top of the ground, and people gathered it as they would apples. Many were the schemes we formed for obtaining our share of the precious metal. We examined our geographies to locate the place and ascertain the best route by which it could be reached. Well, California has yielded a vast amount of gold, but, could the values of the gold and the little red school-house be correctly estimated, the balance would be largely in favor of the school-house.

Then there is the old militia drill which took place in front of the old meeting-house. It was the height of my ambition to carry an old flint-lock gun, and receive fifty cents for the half day's work. Each man must appear, fully equipped, with his gun in clean and working condition, with a flint in the hammer that would strike fire, and several more equally as good-looking ones in his pocket. The captain, with his high military hat and still higher feather, the evolutions of the militiamen as they practised the drill to the music of the drum and fife, inspired us boys with a patriotism as intense as that of '76. But the legislature abolished those drills when I was seventeen years of age, and I never received the coveted fifty cents, nor had my name placed on the muster rolls of the state.

The little red school-house and the militia drill have disappeared, but town-meeting day is left in all its original simplicity. This was one of the play days of the year, and enjoyed alike by the small boys and the large boys also who did the voting. This is something peculiar to New England, the scope and meaning of which, people from other states find it difficult to understand. I well remember the pride I felt when I deposited my first ballot. I voted for Ichabod Goodwin for governor, but was not on the winning side, Ralph Metcalf being the successful candidate. At that same meeting the question of printing the common-school reports came up for decision, and I voted in the affirmative. My old Sabbath-school teacher reproachfully looked at me through his spectacles, and said, "Dry reading, Rufus, dry reading." I responded that we would try it one year. I think those reports have been printed ever since, thereby vindicating the young man.

But the day for Thanksgiving was the richest of all the holidays. This day of thanks and feasts has since become national in its character. In my boyhood it was faithfully and religiously observed. In the forenoon, service was held in the church, at which the choir usually chanted the first psalm and closed the exercises with the rendition of some more elaborate anthem.

This takes us into the house of worship, the place where memory delights to linger. Turn back the hands on the dial plate of time one third of a century, and I see the old congregation which worshipped within her sacred walls. I see and know the occupants of almost every pew. The minister, the Sabbath-school superintendent, the teachers, the scholars, and the choir, one and all, are indelibly stamped upon memory's tablet. I cannot speak too highly of the church choir. I have listened to the great singers of our own and foreign lands, but

never have I been soothed or stirred with sweeter and more elevating music than that furnished by the church choir of my native town. The church in all its appointments is the crown, the glory, and the safety of Windham and every other community, May the day be far distant when her citizens fail to recognize her importance and the duty, nay the greatest privilege, of sustaining her in all her work.

Sincerely yours,

RUFUS A. MORRISON.

JOHN MORRISON, ESQ., WASHINGTON, D. C.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 7, 1892.

WILLIAM C. HARRIS, ESQ.,

Chairman of the Committee of Invitation:

DEAR SIR:—It is with feelings of regret mingled with pleasure that I am obliged to decline an invitation to be present at the 150th anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Windham. Regret, that I can not be present to renew old friendships, still fresh in memory, and greet the sons and daughters since grown up to manhood and womanhood to take the places of those who have ripened and gone. Pleasure, that I can claim Windham as my native town.

After an absence of a considerable number of years, I look back with just pride upon the sterling, conscientious qualities which seemed to predominate in all actions relating to matters of both church and state. The memories, the faces, the voices of those we were wont to meet and hear in church and in public gatherings, and the words of counsel, spoken with so much earnestness and faithfulness, though in boyhood days, are as fresh and vivid in memory as though but yesterday.

With heartiest wishes for a happy and profitable gathering, and again expressing regret at my inability to be with you, I remain

Sincerely yours,

JOHN MORRISON.

ALBRO A. OSGOOD, ESQ., BOSTON, MASS.

BOSTON, June 7, 1892.

MR. ALPHONSO F. CAMPBELL,

And the Committee on Invitations:

GENTLEMEN:—Please accept my thanks for your kind remembrance of me, to attend the 150th anniversary of the incorporation of your dear old town—dear to me, not only as the birthplace of my mother,

but also for the many pleasant associations connected with the years of my childhood, when it was my privilege to call it my home.

There are times in the histories of men and towns when they are called upon to pause from their usual vocations, and look back and contemplate the circumstances that have brought them to their present positions. Such, it seems to me, is the position in which you find yourselves to-day. And when your historian has read the pages of your history for the last 150 years, what has he found? A history of men and women, whose early training in your public schools has made them noted for their sterling character, integrity, and deeds of generosity, whether at home or abroad.

Gentlemen of the committee, I again thank you for your courtesy, but owing to business engagements, am obliged to decline your kind invitation, but you have my best wishes for the success of this anniversary, and I hope the object-lesson taught by the exercises of this celebration may ever be a reminder to the coming generations to continue the good example set them by their ancestors. I remain,

Yours very respectfully,

ALBRO A. OSGOOD.

EX-GOVERNOR CHARLES H. BELL, EXETER, N. H.

EXETER, N. H., June 8, 1892.

To the Committee of Arrangements for the Observance of the Windham Anniversary:

GENTLEMEN:—I regret that it is out of my power to be present at your celebration to-morrow, and I send a few pages, to show you how much interest I feel in it, though absent in person.

Yours truly,

CHARLES H. BELL.

At the celebration, twenty-three years ago, of the 150th anniversary of the foundation of Londonderry, the mother town, I heard a lady, who had listened to the eulogies pronounced upon the Scotch-Irish settlers and their descendants, exclaim: "I feel as if I were nobody, to-day, because I am not Scotch-Irish!"

I am more fortunate than she was, for I can boast my descent from that worthy stock, on both sides of the house, my paternal ancestors having been among the early settlers of Londonderry, and my maternal among those of Windham. Indeed, the only English blood in my veins came through the marriage of my Windham grandfather

with the daughter of the Rev. Christopher Sargent, of Methuen. But, he was so excellent a minister, and so worthy a man, that he may be accounted *almost* as good as if he had been Scotch-Irish, too!

The town of Windham is fortunate in its historian. A native, a descendant of one of the original families, familiar with the traditions and associations of the place, he has taken pride and pleasure in his task. His work contains much that is interesting, and characteristic of the people he describes, but hardly anything more characteristic, as it seems to me, than the first vote passed by the town, after its organization by the election of officers under the charter, March 8, 1741–2. It was in these words: "*Voted*, That the selectmen provide two staves, one for the constable and one for the tithing-man, and a town-book." Then, having made this apparently meagre preparation for assuming the duties and responsibilities of townhood, the meeting was dissolved.

But, if we analyze this modest resolve of the town, I think we shall find that it contains the germs of those principles which have ennobled its history in contributing to the country so large a number of men of character and influence. In the first place, the very poverty of the vote indicates the few and simple wants, the narrow means, and the frugality of the people who passed it. They had little money, and none to spend unnecessarily. They brought up their families to like habits of prudence and economy. In entering upon their municipal duties, they evidently considered with care what was absolutely necessary, and meant to provide nothing beyond that. What, then, did they deem the indispensable necessities of their situation? First, a staff for the constable. This was simply a black rod with a brazen crown at the top, but it was the symbol of civil authority. The constable was the collector of the rates and taxes, the conservator of the peace, the representative of the law of the land. In furnishing the constable's staff the town virtually pledged itself to respect and obedience of the law, as one of the main pillars of the future prosperity which they hoped to enjoy.

The staff for the tithing-man used to have a heavy knob at one end, to rap the hard heads of men and boys, and a fox tail at the other, to tickle the faces of drowsy women. One of the chief duties of the tithing-man was to awaken sleepers and preserve order and decorum during divine service on the Lord's day. He was the representative of the spiritual, as the constable was of the civil, authority. When the fathers of Windham voted him his badge of office, they bound themselves, in effect, to support the observances of religion, and the public worship of God.

The town-book was the third article of prime necessity provided for in the town's first vote, and it was scarcely inferior in its influence upon the peace and harmony of the inhabitants to the articles already mentioned. The book was designed to contain the records of town meetings, of the proceedings of town officers, and the like. It was the common property of all the citizens, open to the inspection of all. It was of unimpeachable authority; whatever appeared on its pages admitted of no question. It was a great regulator of official action; a wholesome check upon loose and careless statement, and a final umpire in all disputes and differences respecting town affairs. In these respects it fully justified the foresight and expectation of the voters of 1742.

But, in process of time, the town-book acquired a value which the early inhabitants could never have anticipated. It supplied to the historian essential and priceless materials for presenting to our generation an accurate picture of the doings, the habits, and the ideas of the several generations which preceded us. The early inhabitants, in their modest estimate of themselves, could not have dreamed that they were ever to be of sufficient interest to their successors to be made the subjects of a history, in all the publicity of print, a century after their earthly work was over. When they authorized the purchase of the town book, they builded even better than they knew; and, for that, they are entitled to our special gratitude and acknowledgment.

A community which had the wisdom and foresight, 150 years ago, to manifest their allegiance to human and divine authority, and to recognize the need of making important transactions matters of permanent record, might be expected to thrive, and to raise up successors who should be obedient to the laws, and make honest men and good citizens. Accordingly, the history of Windham affords numerous examples of those reared under such influences, who have been chosen from the ranks to become leaders in the great march of progress. So many of her sons have distinguished themselves in various callings and walks of life, that the list of their names would swell a letter to undue length, and it would be invidious to name a part, and keep silence respecting others of equal deserts.

Long may the old town continue true to the principles of its founders—faithful to the laws, human and divine,—and keep its future record worthy of the past. I am,

Very respectfully yours,

CHARLES H. BELL.

CHARLES H. MILNER, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

San Francisco, May 20, 1892.

To the Committee on Invitations:

Gentlemen:—I have just received an invitation from your committee for June 9th, and although unable to cross the continent to attend, I will be with you in spirit on that day. It is unnecessary to assure you of the great pleasure it would give me to be in Windham at any time, and this is particularly true of such an occasion as the one at hand, which will call together, not only all of the present population of the town, but as many of its former residents as are able to get there, and will afford such a favorable opportunity to greet old friends, that I am very sorry not to be able to take advantage of it and once more meet the many friends that I left there five years ago, and although I cannot do that, still I can send you all kindly regards and hearty good wishes, and, with the best of anticipations for the success of the celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the good old town of Windham,

I am,

Sincerely Yours,

Charles H. Milner.

LETTER OF CONGRATULATION.

SAMUEL M. NESMITH, ESQ., BOSTON, MASS.

Boston, June 16, 1892.

Hon. Leonard A. Morrison,

Windham, N. H.:

My Dear Sir:—I write to congratulate you on the success of the Windham celebration. I think it was one of the pleasantest occasions of my life, to meet with the sons and daughters of good old Windham in celebrating its 150th anniversary. It is well that occasions like these arise, to bring together those long separated from relatives and friends. It was my good fortune to meet with men and women who were my schoolmates more than fifty years ago. This was a privilege which I greatly appreciated. I was much pleased that the governor of our state, with his estimable lady, honored us with their presence, and that sitting by his side was a lady guest 101 years of age.

The address of Hon. James Dinsmoor, a son of Windham, was able and scholarly, and I hope soon to see it published. The speeches

made by those who took part were of a high order, and reflected credit upon themselves, and honor upon the town.

There was one feature of the celebration which impressed me greatly, and of which I desire to write, viz: the charming music of the Windham glee club, introduced by yourself as having been organized nearly forty years ago. This club was composed of some of the best singers of the town, who have continued its organization unbroken by death, to the present time. It was a great pleasure to listen to these substantial men of Windham singing the songs they sang in days long gone by. May their lives long be spared to the good people of their native town.

The celebration was very enjoyable to all, notwithstanding the rain which fell during a portion of the afternoon. The arrangements for the celebration were admirably and substantially carried out. Great credit is due to yourself and the other members of the committee for the organization and completion of this grand celebration. As a son of Windham, I take great pride in the enterprise and public spirit of the men and women of my native town, and I am satisfied that her best interests and welfare are in safe hands to-day.

With much regard, and with many regrets that, on the day of the celebration, I could not say to you in the language of your invitation, "Give me your hand, old friend of youth,"

Sincerely yours,

SAMUEL M. NESMITH.