

Reminiscences and Addresses

By Nahum J. Bachelder

Governor of New Hampshire 1903-1904



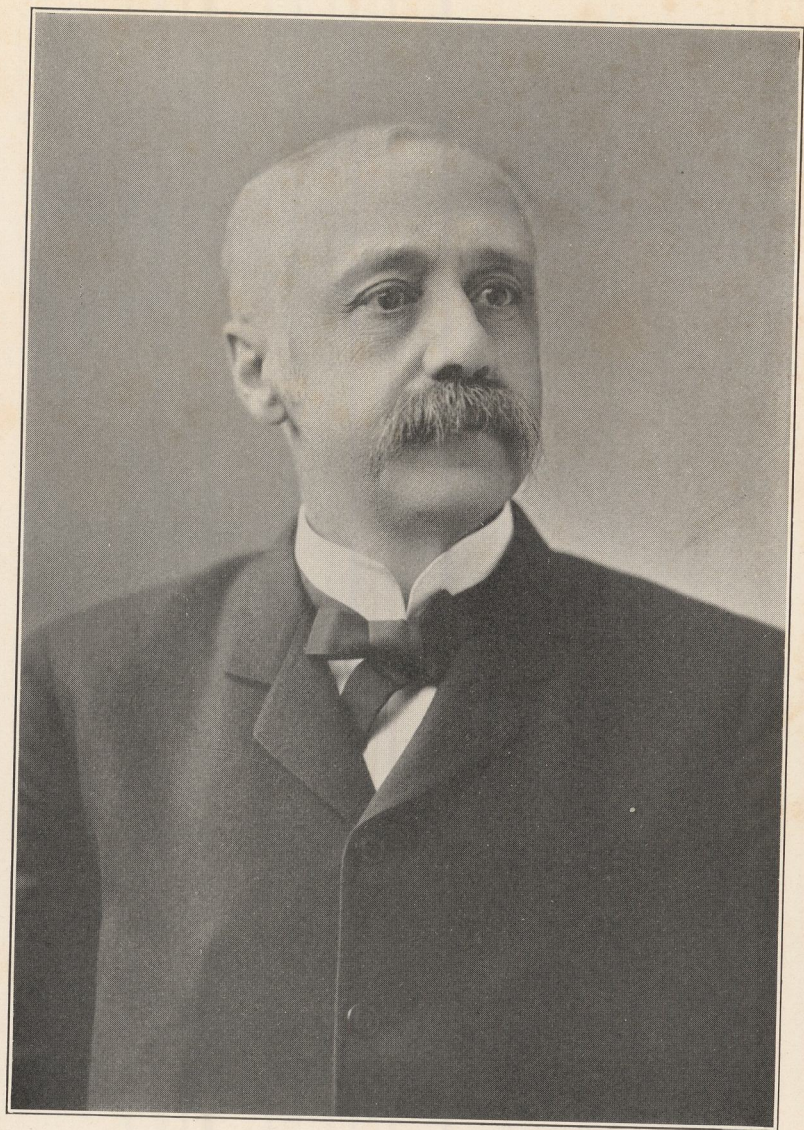
State House Portrait by Daniel Strain, 1905

NAHUM JOSIAH BACHELDER was a life-long farmer, “intensely interested in New Hampshire agriculture,” according to the 1921 edition of *The Manual for the General Court (Red Book)*. A Republican in politics, he served two terms as governor (1903-1905). He was born in East Andover on September 3, 1854 and educated at Franklin Academy, Dover, and New Hampton School, then known as the New Hampton Literary and Theological Institute. For a short time Bachelder taught school. In 1877 he joined the Highland Lake Grange in his home town, later serving as master. He was secretary of the New Hampshire Grange State Fair Association from 1886 to 1896, and secretary and master of the State Grange from 1891 to 1903. He also chaired the executive committee of the National Grange, and was secretary of the State Board of Agriculture from 1887 to 1913. Bachelder first entered politics in 1889, serving on the state Immigration Commission, a post that merged with the agriculture commission in 1891. He also was secretary of the New Hampshire Old Home Week Association, and was a member of the New Hampshire Cattle Commission that year. During his tenure as governor, a state armory was established at Manchester, he helped secure establishment by Congress of parcel post savings banks, and the Laconia State School was founded for the mentally disabled. After completing his term, Bachelder retired from political life to continue farming. He stayed active in the National Grange, serving as the tenth Grand Master of that body. He passed away on April 22, 1934, and was buried in Proctor Cemetery, Andover.

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and ADDRESSES

by
NAHUM J. BACHELDER

Compliments of
Nathaniel J. Bachelder



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*Governor of New Hampshire, 1903-1904; Secretary
of the Board of Agriculture and Commissioner
of Immigration, 1887-1913; Master, New
Hampshire State Grange, 1891-1903;
Master, National Grange,
Patrons of Husbandry,
1905-1911*

HIGHLAND FARM

EAST ANDOVER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

1930

REMINISCENCES

HIGHLAND FARM

Highland Farm has been known as such for about seventy-five years, taking its name from that of the lake upon which it borders.

The original tract comprising the farm was taken up from the wilderness by Capt. Josiah Bachelder in 1782, twenty-one years after the first settler located in the town of Andover.

Captain Bachelder came from Hawke (now Danville), N. H., accompanied by a cousin, Mark Bachelder. They purchased three lots and divided them in the center from east to west.

It is said that Mark took the north end of the lots — now known as the John Bachelder farm — because he thought there were not rocks enough on the south end — now Highland Farm — to build the necessary walls for fences.

The land was covered with forest growth and the rocks were partially concealed in the accumulation of leaves through the ages.

Upon his arrival Captain Josiah went to work clearing the land of trees and getting it into condition for growing crops as soon as possible. He worked at

this for several summers, boarding at the home of Joseph Philbrick, a neighbor, who had taken up a tract earlier and had built some kind of a house for shelter.

Sometime previous to 1790, the exact year being unknown, Captain Bachelder erected a house, the frame being that of the house now upon the farm in which I live, and brought his wife and two children there. He died in 1812 and the farm was taken over by his son, Deacon Josiah Bachelder. He finished off several additional rooms in the house, built a barn west of the house in place of a tumble-down structure on the same spot, and otherwise improved the buildings.

After his death in 1866, his son, William Adams Bachelder (my father) inherited the place and made extensive improvements in the buildings in 1868 and 1869. He moved the house fifteen feet farther away from the road, raised it two feet, took down the old chimney in the center, with its fireplaces and brick ovens, and built the ell now attached to the house. His records show an expenditure of \$3,600. In 1871 he took down the two old barns upon the place and built the barn now standing which, with granite basement and sheds connecting, required an outlay of \$3,000. This was a considerable amount of money in those days to expend in remodeling farm buildings.

He also cleared the fields of rocks and built the massive stone walls still to be found here.

I have no doubt the expensive repairs upon the buildings and the tremendous amount of labor expended in clearing fields of rocks and building them into walls, was done to make the farm attractive to me, for it was the great ambition of my mother that I become a farmer. It was my intention, also, to do this, and I began, as I supposed my life work, tilling the soil and caring for stock; but circumstances in which I had no part at the start, led me in other directions for the greater part of my life.

The farm came into my possession in 1903 and I have kept it in as good condition as when I took it; have added about 200 acres to its area; and have kept the buildings in repair. In 1887 I built the cottage where my father and mother lived during the remainder of their lives. In 1903 I made quite extensive interior improvements in the old house and later built the porches. But the frame is still that of the original house, built previous to 1790.

Such in brief is the history of Highland Farm and of the buildings that stood, and are now standing, upon it.

SCHOOL DAYS

I was born September 3, 1854, at Highland Farm, in the old house previously noted as having been

erected previous to 1790, where my father and grandfather were also born.

I was favored with a strong constitution which gave me the physical ability to withstand hard work and all kinds of hardship. I do not recall ever having called a physician for any ailment except on three or four occasions when attacked by influenza.

The earliest recollection I have of any event in my career was when about three years old I was lost in a little patch of corn of perhaps fifty hills back of the house. I had wandered into it and didn't know how to get out, but after my very vigorous screaming, someone came to my rescue and helped me out. I remember the feelings I had on that occasion and am sure I have never been so frightened since. I recall how happy I was after the tears had dried and the clouds had rolled away.

I recently came across the first letter I ever wrote. I do not know the date, but it was when I was a very small boy, though its contents indicate that I was old enough to do quite a little work on the farm. Being addicted to phonetic spelling in youth as ever since I dated the letter "Wensday morning" and continued: "Good Morning, Papa. I got up this morning and went out and fed the cattle before Grandpa got up and carried the water to the lambs before breakfast."

I attended the district school, about three-fourths of a mile away, with twenty-five or thirty other boys and girls. It was the practice in those days for scholars to have the seats each term which they wanted if they got into them first on the opening of the school Monday morning. I used to secure the seat I wanted by going to the schoolhouse Sunday evening, climbing in a window and placing my books in the desk that I wanted. This was an instance where possession was nine points of the law.

I always went home to my dinner while other scholars living nearer carried their dinners. After sitting in a session for three hours I was so full of vigor and pep that I ran every step home for no reason except to get rid of some of my surplus energy.

I began my business experience by selling peanuts, corn cakes, jew's-harps and ten-cent jackknives to the boys before school and at recess. I did not become wealthy at this, but I remember how large the few cents I made seemed to me.

The event in my district school days that I remember most vividly was when for some misdemeanor the teacher kept me after school and ferruled me. I do not recall that I shed tears but I do remember how the tears ran down the teacher's cheeks as she proceeded to do her duty. I did not report this event at home for fear I would get another flogging there. The teacher

was Miss Kate C. Thompson, whom I met at Andover's last Old Home celebration and we talked the matter over. We both remembered it although it happened more than sixty years ago.

About the time my district school days ended we formed the Taunton Hill Baseball Club of which I was captain. We frequently met for practice in the vicinity of the school house but I do not recall any match games that we played with other clubs. It is rather remarkable that now sixty years later, seven of the nine members of the club are living. They are Arthur C. Graves of Henniker, N. H.; Dr. George W. Weymouth of Lyme, N. H.; Charles W. Stone of Denton Maryland; Sam J. Clay of Bristol, N. H.; Walter O. Edmunds of Haverhill, Mass.; Wilton P. Graves, still living at the old homestead on Taunton Hill, and myself. The two that have died are Cassius M. Clay and George W. Stone.

After leaving the district school I attended two terms in our house kept by Miss Josephine E. Hodgdon. My three sisters and myself with three from outside made the school. I do not recall any unusual happenings and I think we lost some of the advantages that are derived from mingling with others in regularly organized schools.

My next school experience was at the Franklin Academy, where I attended two terms, going back

and forth on the train daily and boarding at home, which required that I walk a mile and a half to the railroad station in the morning and back at night. I took great interest in the school, notwithstanding the seeming demoralizing effect of riding on the cars daily which was then quite new to me. I recollect getting up at 4 o'clock in the morning and studying out my lessons for the day.

That I made progress is evidenced by a happening on the last day of the second term. It was examination day and the school room was packed with parents of the scholars and their friends. Rev. Dr. Savage, the Congregational clergyman at Franklin, was the examining committee. He was a very able man, but quite stern and never given to complimenting anyone. He called upon me to translate a certain paragraph in Latin, which was one of my studies. I did it the best I could with the eyes of a hundred people upon me. My surprise was unbounded when Doctor Savage looked up and said, "Young man, that was a most excellent translation." The people present said he was never known to do it before and that it was a great compliment to me.

I attended school at New Hampton Institution the winter and spring terms of 1875-76. I recollect the ride from Bristol on the stage, the Hayes house, where I roomed, and the "Hash house," as we called it, run

by one John Smith, where I had meals. Prof. A. B. Meservey was principal of the school and a finer man never lived.

Professor Rand, teacher of mathematics, Professor Roberts, teacher of penmanship, Miss Butts, preceptress, and Miss Tirzah Dow, manager of the Lodge, are all remembered after this long period, and the names of many students are still familiar to me.

During the first term I studied well and the score card sent my parents at the end of the term was exhibited by them to all callers. The second term I knew was to be my last term in any educational institution and while this fact should have stirred me to make the most of it in educational advancement it did not work out that way. I gave more attention to having a good time than to my studies and when my score card was sent home at the end of the term it did not get exhibited very much.

I remember an incident that happened during the term. I was unwell and not able to attend classes for a few days and word got around that I was quite sick. Professor Meservey came over to my room to get the facts. My roommate saw him coming and notified me. I grabbed the first book I could reach and when he came in I was very busy with it. After asking some questions he looked at the book I was poring over which happened to be an algebra. He went from there

to Chapel exercises and announced that he had called upon me and that I wasn't much sick; said he found me studying my algebra. He also said "Bachelder is a very studious young man."

This ended my school days. It was the expectation of my parents, and of myself as well, that I would be a farmer, and in those days it was not thought necessary for a farmer to have anything more than the simplest rudiments of an education. It has been the source of deep regret to me all through life that I did not realize the importance of an education when it should have been obtained. In fact, I did not think much about it, but accepted the course marked out for me without question. Mental development is important for any position which one may occupy and the more one's duties take him among people the more he will recognize the importance and even necessity of it.

SCHOOL TEACHING

In the winter of 1876-77 I taught a term of school of fourteen weeks in what was known as Scribnertown in the west part of the town of Salisbury. I "boarded around," the time spent in each family being reckoned by the number of children from that family attending school. I stayed five weeks in the family of Robert Bachelder, a distant relative, who boarded the teacher for the children attending from his family and

for a poor family with a large number of children attending, but not able to entertain the teacher. My stay in Mr. Bachelder's family was a remarkably pleasant one.

I came home Friday night and usually returned Monday morning. On one occasion, I unexpectedly returned quite late Sunday evening, and the family where I was then boarding, not having an extra bed, some who had retired had to get up and give me their bed. Where they slept the rest of the night I have no idea. It was an intensely cold night and that the bed had been quite thoroughly warmed for me was very agreeable.

The school consisted of about twenty-five boys and girls, six or eight of the girls being about my size and nearly my age. Strange as it may seem, I was extremely bashful in those days and not a little embarrassed in trying to manage and teach those big girls.

I recall that the schoolhouse had no outside door and I was obliged to keep a small boy in the doorway to keep out the calves and sheep that it was customary in those days to pasture in the roadway.

I got through the term without many unhappy hours, but I do not think I was especially successful as a school teacher. Mr. Charles Rogers, the town superintendent of schools, lived in the district and I

boarded a few days in his exceptionally comfortable home. In his annual report, in which he commented upon all the schools and teachers in town, he said of me: "Mr. Bachelder is a young man of much intelligence and with experience will make a good teacher." I construed his meaning to be that my efforts were not very successful which was the same conclusion I had arrived at myself.

I engaged to teach the school at South Road, Salisbury, the following winter, but gave it up before beginning. I concluded that I had better stick to my farming which I had begun in earnest the year previous. Why I took up teaching at all I have no idea unless it was for a natural liking to do something out of the ordinary.

It certainly was not from the advice of my father for he seldom advised me in anything, allowing me to go my own way. In his younger days he tried teaching for a term or two and he disliked it so much that I often heard him say he never should advise a "young-one" of his to teach school. However, teaching one term was an experience that did me no harm and I am rather glad I tried it.

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS

In 1885 and 1886 I was superintendent of schools for the town of Andover, or, as usually termed,

Superintending School Committee. Election of a Republican to this office in a town that was two to one Democratic was something of a recognition for, as in most towns then, politics was the guiding star in filling all offices, however unimportant.

I do not think I knew anything about superintending schools, but I went through the motions of an accomplished superintendent. The first duty was to ascertain the qualifications of applicants for a teacher's certificate, and if qualified issue it. Every person who applied got a certificate, a practice that I think was not unusual in all country towns under the law then in effect. Of course it was necessary to ask applicants some questions yet I think the qualifications for a successful school teacher are not so much a finished education as the faculty of interesting and enthusing scholars in their work.

The kind of school for which a person applies for a certificate to teach has something to do about issuing it. It is said that the famous Andover lawyer, John M. Shirley, when superintendent of schools, which office he held for several years, was applied to by a young lady from Danbury for a certificate to teach in a very small school in a back district. He asked her various questions to test her educational standing, but she could not answer even one question. Then he asked her how the potato crop was in Danbury that

year and she replied very promptly that it was excellent. "You'll do," he said, and handed her the certificate.

In addition to issuing certificates the superintendent was expected to visit the schools twice during each term, which I did faithfully, and was called upon by the teacher to address the scholars, which I never failed to do.

One of the high lights in my administration was securing the state superintendent, Hon. J. W. Patterson, to spend a couple of days visiting schools with me. The only remark of his that I recall was made upon driving away from one school when he said: "That was a remarkably handsome school marm." Doubtless he did make other remarks and suggestions in regard to school management but they have gone from me.

One matter of some importance that I gave attention to was requiring the adoption of the same text books in all the schools where before they were of all sorts and kinds. Of course it caused some criticism. It was at the beginning of my first year and a friend said to me he was sorry I did it for if I hadn't I probably would have been elected for a second year, but now my chance was gone. I was reëlected however and I think it is generally safe to do what one thinks is best to be done.

BOYHOOD DAYS

I began to do a certain share of chores at the barn at a very early age and in the rearing of calves and lambs and pigs I became something of an expert. One of the chores that had to be done was milking cows and somehow I took a great dislike to this. In fact I claimed I could not milk and couldn't seem to learn. My father offered me \$5 if I would milk a certain cow in a certain number of minutes. I went after the \$5 and won it, but that I had learned to milk was evident in the contest, and I had to do my share of the milking after that.

I took part in all the farm work and in the teaming when a little older. At fourteen I was driving a pair of horses, hauling lumber from a neighboring town for the repair of the buildings, to which I have referred, and, a couple of years later, for building the barn.

We kept two pairs of oxen on the farm and I drove them in the farm and other work. The first \$50 that came to me for my own was paid by a neighbor for work with the ox team. For several years we used the two pair of oxen on the hayrick to haul in the hay and it was my job to get them from the pasture, yoke them and take the hayrick into the field while the men were taking their nooning.

The planting, hoeing, and harvesting were done by

hand in those days and I took a part in it all with the men. When I was still quite young I could do as much of any of it as any of the men. I remember in potato digging we had among the men an expert digger who claimed to be able to beat anyone in digging potatoes. I got after him one day and won out. I can still hear the cheers of the men and their sneers at him as I came out ahead at the end of the row.

Apple picking was the greatest fun I had and I was happiest when climbing into trees for apples. I did this as well as I could, as I did all my work, and tried to pick as many baskets of apples as I could without dropping an apple. In fact it seemed inherent in me to try hard to do things well; and after all that is a good quality, for the person who can do things even a little better than the other fellow will never fail of advancement.

FARMING

September 3, 1875, I was 21 years of age and the following year took over the management of the farm and began farming in earnest. I disposed of all the stock except cows and bought enough high grade Jerseys to bring the number to twenty. I had men to do the milking, for I still detested it, but after the milk was in the dairy room I did the rest. I raised the

cream in a Cooley Creamer and made the butter, shipping it to leading hotels in Concord, Manchester and Boston.

I did this for several years until circumstances made it necessary to give it up of which I will write later. I always had a desire to do things differently from others, and so, instead of growing corn, potatoes and grain, which were grown upon most of the farms in the vicinity, I began growing onions. In the first crop I had 265 bushels on one-third of an acre, which sold for \$1.25 a bushel. This startled the people in the vicinity, for it was supposed that onions could not be grown here successfully. Within two years there were at least fifteen acres of onions within sight of my farm and I increased my acreage to two acres. While they yielded well, my crop being about 1,500 bushels a year, the price was far less than noted for my first crop, for we had to accept the wholesale price when shipped to Boston by the car.

I began making cider vinegar pickles for the market. I made the cider, turned it into vinegar, raised the cucumbers, salted them and then freshened them and made them into pickles packed in half barrel casks. I made as many as 75 barrels in a year, and went on the road to all nearby villages and cities selling them. I was greatly amused a few days ago in finding in an old desk one of the placards I had posted in the stores

where they were sold. It said, "Inquire for Highland Farm cider vinegar pickles sold here."

I also began to grow carrots, growing as many as 1,000 bushels a year. They were easy to grow, but difficult to sell. I sold what I could and exchanged as many as I could for anything anyone had to exchange for them. I often smile at one of my carrot trades. The owner of a livery stable said he would take a load, not inquiring about the size of the load. I loaded 150 bushels in a hayrick and took them to him with four oxen for a team. He admitted that I had only brought what he ordered, but I never tried to sell him more carrots.

I set out 50 bushels of onions one spring and grew 75 pounds of onion seed, to which I added other kinds of seed, purchased at wholesale, and started a retail seed business with printed price lists. This did not prove successful and I soon dropped it. I grew pop corn for market, 50 bushels or more a year, which sold for a good price.

These were the lines of farming I was following when Merrimack County Pomona Grange held a field meeting here in August, 1882, in celebration of the 100th anniversary of the settlement of the farm, which brought my farming operations somewhat to public attention.

One of the first things I did upon assuming the

management of the farm in 1876 was to set out an apple orchard, one-half the trees in which are alive and in bearing condition today. In the same year I also set out the maple trees around the house as there was no shade before. I am jotting down these facts as they may be useful as a matter of record to someone later on.

I can truly say that at no period in my life have I found more enjoyment than during the period from 1876 to 1884 when I was doing the farming I have briefly outlined and which I supposed would be continued as my life work.

GRANGE WORK

When Highland Lake Grange was organized at East Andover, December 14, 1876, I was away teaching school and therefore did not become a charter member which has always been cause for regret by me. When I returned home later in the winter I made application and became a member in March, 1877. There being a vacancy in the office of lecturer in 1878, I was chosen to that office, the first office of any kind I ever held. In December, 1879, I was elected Master and served four years.

In December, 1883, I was elected secretary of the New Hampshire State Grange at a salary of \$300 a year, the first salaried office I ever held. A vacancy

occurring in the office of Master of the State Grange in 1886 I was elected to that position but declined to serve. I served as secretary until December, 1891, when I was elected Master which office I held until December, 1903.

Thus I served eight years as secretary and twelve years as master of the New Hampshire State Grange, making twenty years of the most vigorous period of my life. During this period the number of subordinate Granges increased from 64 to 266, and the number of members from 3,443 to 26,800. The National Grange held its annual session in Concord in 1892, the second session it had ever held in New England. I had been very urgent in my request to have the session held in New Hampshire and the letter from Secretary Woodman of the Executive Committee of the National Grange announcing that our invitation had been accepted gave me more joy than any Grange communication I had ever received.

The 1895 session of the National Grange was held in Worcester, Mass., where I was elected chairman of the Executive Committee, which office I held four years. At the 1899 session held at Springfield, Ohio, although not present, I was elected lecturer and was wired to come there and be installed, as under the rules a member could not hold office in the National Grange unless installed during a session. I was very

much in doubt about accepting, but I finally decided to do so and went on to be installed, arriving in the closing hours of the session and leaving for home the same evening.

At the session of the National Grange held at Atlantic City, N. J., in 1905, I was elected Master and held the office six years. I traveled extensively in performing the duties of that office, attending meetings of various kinds in twenty-eight states. In the month of August, one year, I spent thirteen nights on a sleeping car, the meetings being so arranged that I could attend in the day and travel to the next at night.

During my administration the states of Idaho, South Dakota and Nebraska were organized and brought into the National Grange. The paid membership of the National Grange according to the treasurer's report during the six years increased from 298,200 to 502,322 and an average of 350 subordinate Granges a year were organized. The funds in the treasury increased from \$87,788.26 to \$113,903.04. As master of the National Grange, I was chairman of the legislative committee and spent much time in Washington representing the organization before committees of Congress in matters upon which the National Grange had taken action. During this period the most important matters in which the National Grange was interested were the election of United States Sena-

tors by direct vote of the people, the establishment of parcel post and postal savings banks and opposition to Canadian reciprocity. The first three became laws and the latter, while passed by the United States, was rejected by Canada. There were scores of other matters of legislation in which the National Grange was interested and upon which the legislative committee acted.

I found the Grange work, both State and National, very enjoyable and it received closer attention by me than any other public work in which I was engaged.

Many ludicrous experiences came to me during my travels in Grange work. I remember driving up to a house in Minnesota where I was expected to spend the night and attend a mass meeting on the following day. I was then about 50 years old. The man of the house came to the door in response to my knock and I told him who I was. He said he was expecting me but was not looking for so old a man. I asked him how old he thought I was. He looked me over very carefully as if it was a matter of great importance and after a while said, "Oh, sixty," I told him he was way off for he hadn't come within ten years of my age, "What," he asked, "you ain't seventy, are you?"

Another time I left the train at the station in Wisconsin where I was directed to leave it, but there

was not a building except the railroad station in sight. I asked the station agent in which direction I would find the town which I named. He pointed out the direction to me. I inquired how large a town it was and he said, "Two saloons." I asked him what else and he said, "Nothing else." I said, "It isn't much of a place is it?" He said "It's twice as large as it would be if there was but one saloon." I agreed with him on this proposition and went in the direction he had pointed out. It was about a mile and true to his description there were two saloons, one on each corner of a cross road, and not another building in sight.

I found the house in which I was to spend the night not far away. The next day I attended a great Grange field meeting with probably 2000 people present. It was an enthusiastic crowd composed mainly of German farmers and their families coming from all directions in all kinds of conveyances, for it was before the days of automobiles.

Another little incident has been fixed in my mind that happened in northern Michigan. I called at the post office for mail expecting a letter from home. I suppose I manifested some disappointment in not finding it, for the postmistress, a good, motherly appearing woman, said "You were expecting a letter, wasn't you?" After another mail arrived, later in the day I went to the post office again and the postmistress

seeing me coming came to the door with my letter and shouted: "It's come, it's come, it's come."

I attended sessions of the National Grange in the years named in the following places:

1892	Concord, N. H.
1893	Syracuse, N. Y.
1894	Springfield, Ill.
1895	Worcester, Mass.
1896	Washington, D. C.
1897	Harrisburg, Pa.
1898	Concord, N. H.
1899	Springfield, Ohio
1900	Washington, D. C.
1901	Lewiston, Me.
1902	Lansing, Mich.
1903	Rochester, N. Y.
1904	Portland, Ore.
1905	Atlantic City, N. J.
1906	Denver, Col.
1907	Hartford, Conn.
1908	Washington, D. C.
1909	Des Moines, Iowa
1910	Atlantic City, N. J.
1911	Columbus, Ohio

GRANGE STATE FAIR

When the Grange State Fair Association was organized in 1886 I was made secretary and executive officer. The first fair was held September 29, 30 and October 1 of that year on the fair grounds at Tilton provided by Hon. Charles E. Tilton. There was general disgust among the farmers of the state at the

gambling and side show features at the fairs previously held and a successful effort was made, in holding the Grange State Fair, to have a clean fair with the agricultural exhibit the leading feature and disreputable features eliminated. This appealed to the people of the state with great force and the fairs held for years were sufficiently patronized to enable the payment of expenses and liberal premiums from the receipts with a surplus left over each year. I continued as secretary and executive officer for ten years, with the exception of 1890, leaving all bills paid and a substantial sum in the treasury, when my duties in other directions made it necessary to give it up.

A few years later the Concord State Fair Association was organized and elaborate fair grounds were provided at much expense west of the city. It was the intention to reestablish the Grange State Fair, which had been discontinued at Tilton the previous year, upon these new fair grounds and for the first year or two it seemed as though it had been accomplished. But it failed to receive the patronage that the heavy expense in its establishment and operation demanded and after a few years' trial the fair was given up, the fair grounds dismantled, the land sold, and those who had been foremost in the movement met the deficiency. There was no special reason for its failure except that the people did not patronize it to a sufficient extent to

enable a clean, high-grade fair to be operated, and those responsible for the fair did not care to be associated in running any other kind of exhibition.

SECRETARY, STATE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE

In February, 1887, I was in the woods with men and team cutting lumber with which to build the cottage on the farm, when a letter from H. H. Metcalf of Concord was brought to me saying there was a vacancy in the secretaryship of the State Board of Agriculture owing to the death of Secretary James O. Adams and asking if I wanted the position. If I did, I had better see Hon. Moses Humphrey of Concord, chairman of the Board, and, the letter stated, it might be arranged.

A desire for this office or any other in the state government had never entered my head and it was not until after serious consideration and uncertainty on my part that I went to see Mr. Humphrey. He looked me over and said I would do and asked me to attend a meeting of the Board, consisting of ten members, that he had called for the next week to elect a secretary. I went to Concord on the day named, was chosen secretary on the first ballot, receiving every vote but one, and began my duties in the office of the Board in the State House on the first day of

March following. I am aware that Mr. Metcalf although a Democrat had much to do in bringing about this result.

The salary of the office was \$1,000 a year and when at the end of the first month State Treasurer Solon A. Carter called me in, as I was passing the office door, and handed me the salary for the month it seemed to me more money for less work than I had ever expected to receive in my life.

The legislature of 1889 created the office of Commissioner of Immigration to which I was appointed by Governor David H. Goodell, this office being merged later with that of the secretary of the Board of Agriculture. It was under the provisions of the law creating a Commissioner of Immigration that the abandoned farms of the state were catalogued and efforts begun to secure their reöccupation. Later the scenic attractions of the state were widely publicized and the movement inaugurated to attract the attention of people of wealth and culture outside the state, resulting in the establishment of a vast number of summer, and all the year, homes. Many thousand publications of various kinds were distributed, the most effective and popular of which was "New Hampshire Farms for Summer Homes," which was issued annually for ten years in such numbers as the appropriation for this purpose would permit. This

sum was ridiculously small in comparison with the interest at stake and the possibilities of results. An important factor in this work was Harlan C. Pearson, who edited and supervised the compilation of the publications.

Later a law was enacted creating a State Cattle Commission consisting of the secretary of the State Board of Health, secretary of the State Board of Agriculture and master of the New Hampshire State Grange. I was chosen secretary and executive officer of this Commission and the work was carried on in the office of the State Board of Agriculture. The appropriations for this work were exceedingly limited and the most that could be done was to enforce quarantine regulations and locate and destroy advanced cases of tuberculosis among cattle and glanders among horses.

When Old Home Week was established by Governor Frank W. Rollins, in 1899, a State Old Home Week Association was formed of which I was made secretary and executive officer, continuing as such until 1913.

The specific duties of the secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, consisting of holding farmers' institutes and meetings, the enforcement of various laws, including the licensing of fertilizers and enforcement of the law regarding their sale, the oleomargarine law and various other laws of less importance,

together with the duties involved in advertising the natural attractions of the state under the immigration act, the duties of the State Cattle Commission and those in promoting Old Home Week observance, made the Department one of much importance and activity. The office room first occupied was at the head of the stairs opposite the entrance to Representatives Hall.

When the State Library was completed the State Board of Agriculture was assigned commodious rooms there which we occupied for about fifteen years. When the State House was remodeled we were assigned the rooms now occupied by the Agricultural Department which had previously been occupied by the Governor and Council.

I held the office of secretary of the State Board of Agriculture for twenty-six years. As I have previously stated I was placed in the position largely through the influence of a Democrat, Mr. Henry H. Metcalf, and at the end of twenty-six years in 1913 the State Board of Agriculture was abolished by a Democratic administration on a strictly party vote, every Republican member voting against the change and no valid reason given for the act except politics. A Commissioner of Agriculture was established and a Democrat appointed to the position. This action caused me no particular concern for I had for several

years desired to be relieved of the cares and duties of the office, but had made no move to bring it about.

THE GOVERNORSHIP

For several years previous to 1902, the suggestion was made, at Grange and agricultural gatherings, that a farmer ought to be placed in the gubernatorial chair, and my name was frequently coupled with the suggestion, but I gave it no encouragement. Of course I recognized the honor attached to the governorship but my official work had brought me in so close relation with several governors that I knew something of the difficulties attending the duties and responsibilities of the position.

I do not mean by this that I was frightened by the thought of those responsibilities and difficulties, for in those days I was frightened at nothing, but I did realize that I enjoyed the work in the Grange and Agricultural Department, which work seemed to bring all the publicity and notoriety that I craved.

I recollect talking with Gen. Frank S. Streeter in regard to the matter. He expressed neither approval nor disapproval of the proposition, but said, facetiously of course, that he could see but one advantage in being Governor and that was that it filled out the line on one's tombstone better than it would otherwise appear. When I was having my tombstone placed the

man in charge asked me what lettering I wanted, in addition to my name. Recalling General Streeter's remark I said, "Nothing, except, perhaps, the word Governor." He said, "I wouldn't do that, for there have been some awfully cheap men serving as Governor of New Hampshire." That probably is not true but it settled the question with me and nothing will appear upon the stone except my name.

The mention of my name for Governor continued among my friends in all sections of the state and in 1902 it became so general as to bring about my nomination and election to the office of Chief Executive of the state. While I was not unmindful of the honor it conferred I did not feel the interest in it consistent with its importance. I spent less than \$1,000 in the campaign and made but four campaign speeches, while my Democratic opponent, Henry F. Hollis of Concord, made over sixty, going into every corner of the state.

In fact, I was out of the state in Grange work much of the two months previous to the election.

I had not moved to Concord for the winter and spent election evening at home on the farm with my family and no others, not even leaving word in Concord for news to be sent me. About midnight my friend, Harlan C. Pearson, telephoned me that my election was assured.

My father, almost 80 years old, was much more excited during the evening than I, and when the news came he was most rejoiced. He died December 28 following, just a week previous to my inauguration, and it has been a great comfort to me that he lived to know that I was elected, for I am sure he was more anxious about it than I was. He kept a diary for almost fifty years and I found that he had written on election day the fact that I was elected Governor and then said: "O that Addie could have lived to see this day." Addie was my mother, who died in 1896.

The chief issue in the campaign was the retention of the prohibitory law, which had been on the statute books for many years, or the substitution of a license system. It was an issue between fake prohibition and license, for intoxicating liquor was being sold openly in the cities and large towns and had been so sold for years. There would have been no issue between real prohibition and license. Knowing these facts I took no position in the campaign upon this matter simply saying that I should probably sign a decent license bill passed by fair means. It seemed to me that a license law that could be and would be enforced was preferable to the existing fake prohibition law. If such a bill was passed the Governor would have the appointment of the commission to enforce it.

Such a bill became a law and I gave no attention to

scores of applicants for positions on the license commission, but after repeated urging prevailed upon three men who had not applied for positions to accept appointment. Cyrus H. Little of Manchester, Harry W. Keyes of Haverhill and John Kivel of Dover were appointed and so efficient was their work that the commission remained unchanged for ten years, the members being repeatedly reappointed by succeeding governors.

Mr. Little was a very devout church member and he consulted his pastor before accepting. His pastor told him it was his duty by all means to accept. Mr. Little asked: "Can I afford to have my name posted in every bar room in the State as it would be on the license?" "Certainly," the pastor replied, "you can do more for temperance by helping enforce the provisions of the license law aright, for they will be enforced by someone perhaps in sympathy with the liquor interests, than in any other way."

The law and its enforcement seemed to give satisfaction to the people of the state, whose experience with the previous prohibitory law was that it did not prohibit. The license law and its strict enforcement continued until the wave of prohibition resulting from the World War spread over the country, causing its repeal as was the case in regard to license laws in other states.

The subject of highway improvement was given much attention by the legislature in my administration. Several new roads in the White Mountain section were built and existing roads through the Crawford Notch and Dixville Notch much improved, as well as other roads in all sections of the state. The beginning of systematic improvement of the highways of the state was made by that legislature and has been constantly developed to the present day.

During my term as Governor I attended many public functions in the state but of them I kept no record. I attended annual meetings of the New Hampshire Medical Society; of the State Educational Department; the insurance men; the Grand Army of the Republic; the Veterans' Reunion; the State Druggists' Association; the White Mountain Travelers' Association; various Municipal celebrations; Old Home Week Meetings; numerous sessions of the Grange; Agricultural gatherings and fairs; and many other celebrations of various kinds. In fact, I went the limit in attending all public functions within the state to which the Governor was invited.

I was present at Hanover upon the occasion of the visit of the Earl of Dartmouth attended by President Eliot of Harvard, Hon. Elihu Root of New York and other notables. I was present at the reception of Grover Cleveland at Sandwich when he was welcomed

by the people of the state. Outside the state I attended road conventions in Hartford, Conn., St. Louis, Mo., Columbus, Ohio, Chicago, Ill., and Buffalo, N. Y.; banquet of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston given to their guests from London; the annual meetings of the National Civic Federation in New York; and the New Hampshire Daughters in Boston. I visited officially the legislatures of Massachusetts and Vermont.

Of the five members of the Governor's Council but one is now alive, Gen. Frank E. Kaley, living in New Jersey. Of the thirteen members of my staff but three are now alive, Gen. William A. Barron of the Crawford House, Col. Thomas H. Dearborn of Dover and Col. Charles B. Hoyt of Sandwich.

I attended to the work of the Grange and State Board of Agriculture during the two years I served as Governor and continued it for nearly ten years afterwards.

One of the events in my gubernatorial service which I have neglected to mention was the reception given by Mrs. Bachelder at the Eagle Hotel, Concord, during the second year of the term. A general invitation was extended to the people of the state. Its details were arranged, and the affair managed by George H. Moses, now the senior U. S. Senator from New Hampshire, and it is unnecessary to state that it

was elaborate in arrangement and successful beyond expectation, there being more than a thousand in attendance.

I have mentioned but few of the events occurring during the two years' term, but perhaps enough to indicate my efforts to perform the duties expected of the Chief Executive. While the office gave me no financial reward I appreciate the honor attached to it, and experiences in it will furnish me with pleasant recollections throughout my life.

MY FAMILY

I was married June 30, 1887, to Mary A. Putney, born in Dunbarton, but from early years a resident of East Andover. Her family was one of remarkable mental development, but not especially strong in physical constitution. Of her six brothers all except one have died at this writing.

When we were married I had saved \$2,000 from farming operations and I used it all in building the cottage which was occupied by my father and mother during their lives. We filled the main house with summer boarders which business my wife managed with great success for several years, while I devoted my time and energy to the rapidly growing Grange and State Board of Agriculture work.

I had no money and we faced the future depending

upon what we might earn and the possible inheritance of the old farm.

While my wife never encouraged me to get into public office, and questioned the advisability of making an effort to secure the Governorship, she was a valuable counselor and helpmeet in all my public work, and shone with rare brilliance upon all public occasions.

In later years her health began to fail and for two years or more before her death she was an invalid. Finally the physicians said her only possible chance of living was to spend the winter in a warm climate, and in December, 1894, we went to St. Petersburg, Florida, in company with Dr. Charles F. Flanders, and occupied a cottage upon his estate, he giving her constant medical attention. At first after arrival she rallied and seemed better, but that was of only short duration and on March 27, 1925, she passed away. At the funeral upon reaching home the house was filled with her friends and admirers and an immense floral display testified to the warm place she held in the hearts of many people. Returning to the north among drifting snow and freezing weather, and broken with grief, I had a serious attack of the grippe which lasted for weeks and probably took me nearer death's door than I have ever been before or since. It required the entire summer to recover from the malady, and I

will never recover from grief at the loss of so dear and affectionate a helpmeet.

Our first child, Ruth, born May 22, 1891, in infancy suffered from serious disease from which physicians gave us but little hope for recovery. Her vigorous constitution enabled her to overcome it and she has been comfort and cheer for us all for many years.

Our second child, William Adams, was born July 7, 1893, and died May 28, 1894.

Our third child, Henry Putney, was born March 17, 1895. He seemed healthy and normal in his boyhood days. He graduated with honors from Concord High School and entered the New Hampshire College at Durham in 1914 where he remained three years. Owing to conditions on account of the World War he left the college, as many others did at this and other colleges, and came home seemingly normal and healthy. He was furnished a car and became an expert chauffeur. He assisted in the farm work to some extent but within a year mental defects were noticeable. He was taken to Washington for two months' stay thinking the change of environment and the excitement of the city would prove beneficial but they had little or no effect. Upon the advice of a physician he was sent to McLean Institute at Waverly, Mass, where he remained for a time. Returning from Waverly his disease was diagnosed as dementia precox and upon

the advice of Dr. E. O. Crossman, an expert in mental diseases, he was sent to the Brattleboro Retreat at Brattleboro, Vt. After spending several months there and several months at home, part of the time with an attendant, he went to Manchester, where he lived at a hotel for two years or more. The disease developed to such an extent that it became necessary by advice of physicians to take him to the State Hospital in Concord in January, 1928, where he is at the present time. Everything that money could do or expert medical advice accomplish has been done but the condition was inherent and could not be treated or averted.

Our fourth child, Nahum Josiah, Jr., was born July 31, 1897, and died November 11, 1899. The two boys are buried in the cemetery at Taunton Hill, where my ancestors from the first settler on the farm are buried.

Ruth and I, all of the family remaining, spend our summers in the old home at Highland Farm, and have spent the past five winters in St. Petersburg, Florida, where the climate is helpful to me, and relieves us both of the loneliness and seclusion of winter life upon the old farm.

DISTINGUISHED MEN I HAVE MET

My work for the Grange and activities as Governor brought me in contact with many distinguished men and I recall that experience with pleasure.

One of these men for whom I have had the highest regard and admiration was ex-President Grover Cleveland. When he came to the town of Sandwich and established a summer home there in 1903, some one asked him to give a reception to the Governor and a few others that we might manifest to him our appreciation of his locating in New Hampshire.

He said he would not hold a reception, but if the Governor would come to Sandwich and hold a reception he would stand in the receiving line. A party of about 50 leading men and women of the state representing both political parties went to Sandwich, not primarily to attend the reception by the Governor, but to extend greetings to the ex-President and the accomplished Mrs. Cleveland.

When I was introduced to him he greeted me most cordially and inquired if this was my first or second term as Governor. I told him they gave a Governor but one term in New Hampshire. "My God," he said, "that isn't right." I said however well or badly a Governor administered the affairs of state he got one term and no more. "Well," he said, "under those conditions he is sure to do one or the other." In other words, a Governor would try to make a record or try to get all out of the office that he could, which may be true.

I have a menu card upon which he wrote his name

while at dinner at the hotel. The other guests passed their cards for his autograph which he continued to adorn with the stub of a pencil with great patience. I said to Mrs. Cleveland who sat next to me, "I think the President is awfully good to write his name on the cards for all these people." She replied, "I think he is in his normal condition." I have one or two letters which he wrote me from Sandwich in his own hand writing.

The last time I saw him was in the following year at an Old Home Week meeting at Tamworth where he made a speech, coming with a crowd of people in a big picnic wagon. In bidding me good bye he said: "Come over and stay a day with me; I am doing things." He was remodeling buildings, building roads and stone walls, and entering into various affairs that tended to the uplift of the community.

A distinguished man whom I met a few times was President Taft. I campaigned in the West for him when he was running for the second term which he failed to get and I had the honor of introducing him to a vast throng in Concord when he spoke there in the campaign.

When in Washington attending a meeting of the Republican National Committee he sent an invitation by the secretary of the committee for me to take lunch with him at the White House. I had arranged

to leave on an early afternoon train and sent him my regrets. I suppose I am the only man among the common people who ever turned down an invitation to take a meal at the White House with the President.

I have letters from him thanking me for services in the campaign one of which closes with the remark, "Headquarters informs me that you have solved the problem of the high cost of living," which I suppose was a facetious way of saying that the expense account rendered was reasonable.

Another distinguished man whom I had the honor of meeting was Charles E. Hughes, at the time Governor of New York. At a banquet in New York I was seated at the speakers' table and Governor Hughes, looking across the table to me, asked what the political outlook was in New Hampshire. I told him something about it and added: "I am telling the people of New Hampshire that you are the man who should be elected President." His reply was: "Mr. Bachelder you are taking a tremendous responsibility." Whether as Governor Hughes or Chief Justice Hughes, he is one of the most gracious, agreeable and distinguished men it ever has been my fortune to meet.

While attending a meeting of the National Civic Federation at the Astor Hotel in New York, which meeting was financially sponsored by Mr. Andrew

Carnegie, I was one of about fifty guests invited to Mr. Carnegie's house for dinner one evening. It was a privilege to see the inside of this house, one of the most elegant in the country, to say nothing of the dinner. We were seated at a long table in the dining room, myself at one end of the table and the president of the National Manufacturers Association, from St. Louis, at the opposite end. There was no speaking but between the courses Mr. Carnegie who was traveling around the table most of the time, placed his hand on my shoulder and said to the diners: "I have got this arranged just as I want it: the head of the farmers at one end of the table and the head of the manufacturers at the other, with us fellows sprinkled in between." Probably the entire company with the exception of the two singled out by Mr. Carnegie's remark were millionaires or multi-millionaires, making the occasion to me very humorous.

The gentleman next to me at the table was a military man of high rank from London and he may not have been in the millionaire class for when the fish course was served he asked me what caviar was, and I was able to inform him. I came away with the feeling that I had scored a point in meeting Mr. Carnegie at close range and in seeing the elegant mansion in which he lived.

While Master of the National Grange I had an

appointment with President Roosevelt to consider the appointment of a secretary of agriculture. I went there in the interest of Aaron Jones of Indiana, past master of the National Grange. I was shown into the executive office of the White House and after waiting a few minutes President Roosevelt burst in with his usual vigor. He said he was delighted to see me, which I very much doubted. He inquired my business and I told him I had come by previous appointment to talk about a secretary of agriculture. He said, yes, he remembered, and would like to have me state the type of man who should be appointed, but did not care to have me name any candidate. That gave me quite a shock for I had come there with the intention of recommending Mr. Jones. Of course I could not go contrary to the instructions of the President, so I described as well as I could the type that would fit Mr. Jones. I made the interview very brief for I saw that anything I might say would have no effect upon him.

I think it was after this that I introduced President Roosevelt to an immense audience somewhere in New York. The meeting was arranged by Mrs. Robinson, the President's sister, who engaged me several months in advance to be present, make a speech and do the introducing. I arrived at the meeting on time and made a speech of about thirty min-

utes to one of the largest audiences I had ever addressed. When this was over the President had not arrived and no one present would occupy the time and at the earnest solicitation of the officers of the meeting I spoke until the President came which required another thirty minutes.

He came to the platform with a bound and I stopped speaking and introduced him. I do not recall anything he said except that after making a statement, about once in ten minutes, he would look around to me and say "Isn't that so, Governor?" I have always thought this was simply for effect for the audience was enthusiastically with me in whatever I said.

Of course he received tremendous applause at the beginning and at the close of his address. A few policemen were on duty but they were unable to clear a path through the assembled crowd for the President to reach his car. Taking in the situation he brushed the policemen aside and with his characteristic energy elbowed his way through the mass of people and the policemen and the rest of us followed. I have never lost sight of the spectacle he made in opening up a passage through the crowd.

Some matter of legislation in which the Grange was interested had come up in the Senate and Senator Mark Hanna was reported in the press as against it.

Mr. Jones and I went to Washington to interview him in regard to it. At his hotel we sent up our cards and requested an interview. He came down to the lobby promptly, greeted us cordially and inquired what brought us farmers to Washington at this busy season of the year. Mr. Jones told him it was reported that he was wrong on a certain proposition and we had come down to set him right. He asked us to explain. We told him about the bill we were interested in and the reasons why it should pass. He listened to our somewhat lengthy argument with apparent interest and much patience. At the close of our statement he thanked us and said he would look into the matter and if he found that our statements were correct he would be with us. When the bill came up in the Senate a little later he voted for it. Senator Hanna was a big enough man to change his position if convinced he was in the wrong. This was the only time I saw Mark Hanna at close range. Contrary to the impression made by political cartoons portraying his supposed coarseness, he was as refined and cultured a man as one often meets, and after this interview and its result I never questioned his sincerity and have carried him in my mind with the greatest respect. He was a great statesman as well as a great political leader.

I met many other public men of ability and reputa-

tion, some of whom were from New Hampshire. I am reminded of the remark of Mr. Copeland, a noted lawyer at Somersworth, N. H., half a century ago. Two gentlemen in a hotel where Mr. Copeland was writing, got into a heated argument and agreed to leave the decision to him. When accosted for the purpose he said in a gruff voice: "State your proposition." One said: "I claim that New Hampshire has sent out more great men than any other state and my companion states that it hasn't. Which is right?" Copeland in a thundering voice said: "You are right. They have all gone." That wasn't true then and isn't true today. New Hampshire men and women engaged in important national affairs are in the forefront in energy and ability. This is true in the United States Senate today and has been true in the past.

HONORARY DEGREES

In 1887 I was given the honorary degree of A.M. by Dartmouth College. I considered this a great honor, because it came unsolicited and before I had received any advertising from public work. I do not know what the degree, Master of Arts, is supposed to represent in the recipient. I recall what Henry M. Putney, whose vitriolic pen touched most everywhere, said when Dartmouth College conferred this honorary degree of A.M. upon James T. Furber, super-

intendent of the Boston and Maine Railroad. He said: "Dartmouth College has conferred the degree of Master of Arts upon James T. Furber. Mr. Furber is master of many things. He is master of his business: master in handling men and master of vigorous language when occasion calls for it, but if there is anything he is not Master of it is Arts." Whether there was any good reason for conferring this degree upon me in 1887 may be an open question, but I appreciated it and have felt honored in its being awarded to me.

In 1899 the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, now the University of New Hampshire, conferred upon me the honorary degree A.B. This I appreciated too. I had been interested in this college for several years and had done what I could to promote its interests and its welfare. While Governor in 1903-04 I was *ex officio* a member of the Board of Trustees and served as trustee in 1905-07 by appointment by Governor McLane.

In 1904 there was a vacancy in the office of President of the New Hampshire College and a committee of the Board of Trustees was appointed to name a candidate for the position. That committee consulted me several times in regard to becoming a candidate but I manifested no interest in it. Finally they offered to recommend my name to the full board of

trustees, and as the committee was unanimous in the matter there was little doubt of my selection. I thanked them for the honor but refused to have my name recommended for the position. I appreciated the honor attached to the presidency of such a great educational institution but did not consider that I had the necessary qualifications for the position and the matter was dropped. Very few persons had knowledge of this offer and I have always considered my decision right.

WITH DR. QUACKENBOS

The Quackenbos family came to us as summer boarders in 1869 and continued to do so for eleven summers. The first year they came the family consisted of Dr. George Payne Quackenbos, the noted author of various school text books, Mrs. Quackenbos, her sister, Miss Duncan, and John D., and Mary Louise Quackenbos, son and daughter. The last year they were here, 1879, both son and daughter had married and had children, and with nurses made a family of fourteen. Dr. George Payne Quackenbos was a most cultured and affable gentleman and coming in contact with him more or less was of great benefit to me in an educational way. He always gave me \$5 when he left in the fall which did not detract in the least from my respect for him.

My father and mother, myself and three younger sisters, practically did all the work necessary in feeding and caring for them. He hired a horse and carryall for the season and I was expected to harness and unharness his horse as many times a day as he wanted to ride, which was every fair day except Sunday. They never rode on Sunday. I also had to dress the fish that he caught in the lake and got to dislike this work to such an extent that dressing fish was detested by me in all later years.

Dr. John D. Quackenbos, the son, was just through Columbia College when he came the first year and was about the liveliest person that ever struck this community. I was a boy of fifteen and became his companion in all sorts of sports and games, mainly hunting and fishing. He was a young man of really wonderful knowledge on all kinds of subjects; and was an inveterate talker, using elegant language and cultured expressions in general conversation. Such companionship for me for eleven summers from the age of 15 to 26 had greater educational effect upon me than I received in the few terms I attended the high school and academy.

We fished all the trout streams and ponds in the vicinity time and again. We camped five days at Follansbee's shore on Newfound Lake, taking a boat with us as there were no available boats there in

those days. Mr. Harrison Busiel and Ben Judkins accompanied us and I never pass that shore now, fifty-five years later, without recalling that trip.

We went to Sunapee Lake repeatedly, taking a boat with us as there were no boats to be had there, either, and brought back splendid strings of black bass, the prevailing fish there at that time. We hunted for all kinds of game, day after day, through brambly woods and underbrush and I recall one day when Dr. Quackenbos tore his clothes so badly that he had to sneak in at the back door and up the back stairs to his room. We frequently went duck shooting at Blackwater Bays, but, as I remember, brought home more blue herons than duck. I recall that in tramping the woods for game he could hear the chirping of squirrels, drumming of partridges and barking of foxes when I could hear nothing, which I suppose is evidence that my hearing was not perfect even in those early years.

Dr. Quackenbos, or John as we all called him, was a great lover of sport of all kinds. I remember how he enjoyed putting coarse horse hair into his sister's bed, and on another occasion hiding under the bed to move it across the room after she was in it. In the latter case she spied him before going to bed and the joke was on him instead of her.

At our wedding reception we had a man to open

the lobsters, upon whom John was very fond of playing jokes. This man made a great deal of talk about being called upon to open so many lobsters on so great an occasion. John heard of it and wrote him, over a fictitious name, that President Cleveland was very anxious to secure an official lobster opener for the White House, and, hearing of his expertness in that direction, and knowing him to be a good Democrat, desired to know if he would consider such a proposition. Of course, the fellow told everyone he met that he had such an offer from the President which made the joke perfect.

In our hunting trips John carried a very fine double barrel Powell gun, a muzzle loader to be sure, for breech loaders were not much in use then, while I carried a single barrel flint lock gun that had been made over into a percussion lock. I envied him his fine gun but I could not afford so expensive a fowling piece. Father told me that if I wanted to cut wood in the mountain pasture and take it to market I could use the money to buy a gun. I worked all of one winter except doing the chores at the barn, cutting and hauling wood to market. In March I went to New York to visit John and paid all the money I had earned during the winter for a double barrel gun and had a good one.

This was my first visit to New York City and it

was a great event for me. I was then about 19 years old, but three or four years younger, compared with boys of the present time. I went to the theatre for the first time and saw Kate Claxton in "The Two Orphans." I went to a famous minstrel show that pleased me greatly. The notorious law suit between Henry Ward Beecher and Theodore Tilton was on in Brooklyn and I attended that.

I wandered all over the city, alone by days, for John was busy with his duties as instructor in Columbia College. Mrs. Quackenbos went about some with me and her sister escorted me to the theatre one evening. I have always thought Mrs. Quackenbos was about the most sensible and most charming woman I ever knew. After about three weeks I came home with less money than I went away with but with a good gun and with mental benefit that I could not have acquired in a year's schooling.

I have often thought that the eleven summers I spent with John in the formative period of my life had more to do in fitting me for life work than any other experience I had. His friendship and love continued all through his life and I had many helpful letters from him. Even in his busiest period of life, after he had won a national and international reputation in his profession, he found time to let me know of his tender regard and wrote me frequently. I saw

him once or twice at his summer place at Lake Sunapee the year previous to his death. One week to a day previous to his death he wrote me the following letter from Lake Sunapee:

SOO-NIPI PARK LODGE,
Soo-Nipi Park, N. H.

DEAR NAHUM:

I did not answer your letter because I have been very ill for about ten weeks. Went over in my office with a severe attack of vertigo, followed by a nervous break. No sleep without dope and thought I would never see our dear mountains again, but came up here two weeks ago and am wonderfully better. The doctors all say it was due to intestinal or ptomaine poisoning. I had done more work in my specialty this winter than in 30 years. I have treated patients now 20,000 times and that means a big experience; am known in Europe, have patients from Paris and London, etc. I am so much better that I am thanking God every hour and am treating patients again. Hope to see you this summer. I often think of our trip to the Shaw brook when you pulled out that pound trout from behind that rock. We did have a lot of happy times together. God bless you, dear Nahum, and come and see me once more. I am in my 79th year.

My best to you,

JOHN.

OUR HOUSES

I built the cottage on Highland Farm in 1887 as a home for my father and mother.

The John Bachelder place, consisting of 250 acres

or more, with a house 150 years old, containing a large chimney with three fireplaces, brick oven, etc., was sold at auction in 1893 and I bought it for \$1,300. My object in buying the place was to get more pasturage, for I was keeping 20 cows or more. About 25 years later I sold the standing lumber upon it for \$13,000. This had not all grown in the 25 years, but when I bought the place little value was placed upon pine trees and I gave them no consideration in getting the wanted pasturage.

Soon after buying the old house I renovated it and it has been occupied summers by city people most of the time since, for the past 15 years by Rev. A. H. Herrick and family of Brockton, Mass., some of whom come over every day for mail and supplies, and we greatly enjoy their company.

I sold the land on the east side of the road to the village to Frank W. Nelson and Clifton D. Colby but there is close to 200 acres in the place. I regard it as part of Highland Farm.

About 1900 I bought the Philbrick place of Shepard & Neal who had taken off the lumber. This place consisted of 200 acres or more and included a large house in good repair built more than 100 years ago. I bought this place as I did the John Bachelder place to increase my pasturage. The house was occupied summers by city people for several years and finally

the place was sold to Charles H. Belcher, the present owner.

The first house towards the village, known as the Farrington place, was obtained by Mrs. Bachelder of Mrs. Farrington around 1900. The house was later burned and I built the present house on the place now owned by Mr. Hazen, it being occupied by city people for several years previous to its sale.

The house now owned by Ellsworth S. Eastman was bought of Mrs. H. N. Rowell by Mrs. Bachelder and rented to city people for several summers. It was finally sold to Clifton D. Colby, who sold it to other parties and was finally bought by Mr. Eastman.

When I bought the Island in 1912 of Mrs. C. G. Pevare I was obliged to take the house which she owned in the village in order to obtain the Island. This was rented to city people for several summers. I finally deeded it to my daughter, Ruth, who later sold it to Otis R. Connor and it is now known as the Connor place.

In company with Weare D. Tuttle I bought the house in the village now occupied by Mr. Loring and the house now occupied by Charles H. Putney. The former was rented to city people for one or two summers and then sold. The other place known as the Marston place was sold to Fred E. Putney after an unsuccessful effort to run it as a summer hotel. We

named it Halcyon as the sign still upon it indicates. The last party we rented it to from Boston slipped away in the night with several months' rent due and took with them all the fruit growing upon the place. Then we sold the place.

I owned the house on the Franklin road below the crossing for a couple of years and it was occupied by my hired man.

In 1927 I bought the house in the village next to the railroad bridge of Arthur E. Gardner, as a site for a library building which is provided for in my will. The house is to be sold and removed and a library building for which \$12,000 is provided to be erected on the site, said building to front on the state highway.

In 1897 I bought the house at 66 North State Street, Concord. It was up for sale at an auction when I arrived and my bid of \$3,600 wasn't raised. The house was assessed for taxes at \$4,300. I expended \$1,000 putting in a new heating plant and renovating the house inside. Later I made other improvements, putting on the bay window and furnished the house almost extravagantly but to my liking. We lived there winters until 1914 when we came to the farm never to live in the Concord house again. We rented part of the time for several years and sold it four or five years later. The winters that we lived in this were the most enjoyable winters of my life, for I

had the house renovated and furnished to my liking and expected to spend the remaining winters of my life there. I enjoyed Concord and Concord people, but it seemed best to live permanently upon the farm. The only tears that I ever shed over a financial transaction was when I sold this house.

GROWTH OF PINE TREES

About 1888 my father told me he would give me a deed of our mountain pasture if I would get him a decent horse. He said he did not know as the pasture was worth anything but he would like to make the trade. I got him the horse but took no deed of the pasture because I did not like to have a business transaction that would seem to separate us. I wanted him to continue to hold his property while he lived.

The pasture lies north of the John Bachelder house and runs from the highway leading to Hill in a north-westerly direction to the Hill line. It contains probably 100 acres more or less. When I was a lad we pastured it with sheep and cattle, turning in about 100 sheep and 15 head of young cattle. As a barefoot boy it was my duty to go there once in a week or two to salt the sheep and cattle and to get the sheep down to wash and shear at the proper times. It was also quite a task to bring in the sheep when the first snow of winter came.

Father sold all the sheep in 1868 and as we were raising but few young cattle, no stock, except in a very few years, was pastured there. It came up to growth, mostly pine, and as we never went there any more we were not cognizant of its growth. At the death of my father in 1902 the pasture came into my legal possession.

In 1903, thirty-five years after we ceased stocking the pasture, an agent of the Diamond Match Company, who had been over the tract and investigated the growth, came to see me and asked if I would sell the growth. I said I would and he wanted to know what I asked for it. I told him I was a Yankee and would like to know what he would give for it. He said he would give me \$2,500.

That nearly took my breath away for I did not suppose it was worth a fraction of that, but I rallied quick enough to say that I would not sell for any such price, that I must get somewhere near its value if I sold it. After coming to see me once or twice he offered me \$5,000 which I accepted and got the check. I do not suppose all the pine grew in the thirty-five years after we stopped pasturing the tract, but most of it did, for there was good sawable pine on the land that was clean pasture before. It came up after the stock was kept out and happened to come up to pine. I think seven-eighths of the growth was made in the

thirty-five years. I still own the land, but it has grown up in hard wood which probably has little or no value.

SOME DANGER SPOTS

I suppose I had the experience that all farm boys have in the matter of accidents, but they happened to me when quite young for I began to do things younger than most boys. I recollect being kicked in the breast by both feet of a colt I was exercising and that I was unconscious for a while. My father went for the doctor but I rallied before he arrived.

I recollect falling off the scaffold onto the barn floor, which resulted in my being insensible for quite a spell.

I was thrown from a wagon in the village by the running away of a young and spirited horse I was driving. I landed on a pile of rocks but received no serious injury.

I recall but one occasion when I thought I was going to die and wanted to die. I went out in a sail boat from York Beach on a fishing trip and I doubt if there was ever a person more seasick than I was. I remember how I felt and the only wish I had was that I might die. I haven't been in a sail boat on the salt water since.

I remember the first cigar I smoked and how sick it made me. A cigar peddler was stopping at the next

house where there were a couple of boys with whom I associated. The peddler gave us some cigars and we took them with us in the afternoon to the mountain pasture where we went to salt the sheep and where we would not be seen smoking. I do not remember about the other boys but do remember how sick I was and how I thought if I ever got home I would be thankful and never smoke again. It is needless to say that I did not tell my folks about it. I soon got over it and have smoked quite a number of cigars since.

I remember when I was about ten years old my parents were away overnight and left the house and me in charge of a great uncle who was not much given to joking. I went out with some boys on some kind of a racket in the evening and did not get in until late. The great uncle heard me come in and called from his bedroom which adjoined the living room, asking what time it was. I told him a quarter of twelve. He knew it was later than that and immediately appeared to look at the clock. He said: "It's three o'clock. What do you mean by saying a quarter of twelve?" I said: "Isn't three a quarter of twelve?" I was not much frightened but he was so mad I thought he would throw me out of the house, but he didn't and went back to bed.

I could mention other happenings of a similar

nature in my boyhood experience but presume they were not much different from what all farm boys experience.

I have one trait that has helped me very much in life. I am not easily frightened, whatever happens, and in my seasickness experience I wasn't frightened but simply hoped I would die. A great help in all kinds of work is the ability to be cheerful, whatever comes along, without being frightened at things it is too late to change.

CENSUS ENUMERATOR

The Republicans in the town of Hill could not agree upon the man they would recommend as enumerator in the Census of 1880, and State Superintendent Jenks of Concord appointed me as enumerator for that town. The first house I visited as enumerator was in the west part of the town, known as Tioga, where there were many inhabited houses then but very few today. An old lady owned the place living with her sons and she had no idea of her age. No record had been kept and none of the family knew her age. As this was one of the questions to be answered by the enumerator in regard to every inhabitant I guessed what her age might be and recorded it. It required 600 inhabitants in a town in order to be entitled to a representative in the legislature every

session, and as the preceding census recorded but very few over this number I was frequently urged while making the enumeration to keep the number over 600, which I did by a very small margin. I raked the town with a fine-tooth comb and listed every person that could by any rightful reasoning be placed in the list. It required about ten days to make the enumeration and was the first job with pay attached that I had outside of my farming which I was very vigorously pursuing. I had a good driving horse at that time and came home each night. It was quite an agreeable change in my work and I enjoyed and probably benefited by it.

EDITORIAL WORK

My first editorial work under contract was in furnishing an agricultural column for the *New Hampshire Statesman*. I continued this a few years, but, deciding it was of no special value to the paper, its subscribers or myself, I voluntarily gave up the work.

When Prof. J. W. Sanborn gave up the editorial management of the *Mirror and Farmer*, Col. Arthur E. Clarke, the owner and manager of the paper, with no solicitation on my part asked me to take over the work. The arrangement called for writing at least one column a week, with clippings and comments for a

page and a half of the paper. The latter was later reduced to the first page of the paper only. I continued this work for twenty years although my name did not appear in connection with it.

During the last few years of my connection with the paper I wrote more or less political editorials for the daily edition and was asked to write more but I could not find the time to do it for I was working until midnight at what I was already doing on the paper. Colonel Clarke would frequently call me on the 'phone, asking to have a certain political or state matter written up for the daily which I was generally able to do, although sometimes calling for work later than midnight.

When traveling about the country I took the agricultural exchanges with me and mailed the copy for the weekly from whatever point I was, never once failing to have the copy reach the *Mirror* office in time for publication. This called for midnight work wherever I might be. I continued my work on the *Mirror and Farmer* as long as the paper was published.

When the *National Grange Official Organ* was established November 6, 1907, issued weekly as the official organ of the National Grange as its name implies, I was made editor-in-chief, writing at least one page of editorials each week. The publication

office was in Philadelphia, Pa., until May, 1909, when it was moved to Concord, N. H. This publication of the *National Grange Official Organ* continued to be issued weekly until January 1, 1911, when it was discontinued and replaced by the *National Grange Monthly* issued monthly as its name implies under different editorial management.

The *National Grange Official Organ* was a publication of sixteen pages, issued each week, profusely illustrated. I have a complete set bound and I get much pleasure in browsing among the pages. It is a wonder to me how I ever found the time to write all the material I contributed to the editorial pages.

HALCYON

Our railroad station was East Andover from the building of the railroad until the Boston and Maine which had leased the road ordered the names of all stations containing an east, west, north or south abolished, substituting names containing but one word. At that time the railroad on which East Andover was located was known as the Concord Division of the Boston and Maine with William F. Ray superintendent. Mr. Ray was a personal friend of mine and he asked me to suggest a name for the station. I gave the matter serious thought and consulted East Andover people. After giving con-

sideration to several names I suggested the name Halcyon which was adopted. The island in Highland Lake had been known as Halcyon for fifty years or more which was a reason for suggesting it to the railroad authorities for the name of the station. Another reason was that as the name means restful and peaceful it was appropriate for a place that had become quite a summer resort. More than one hundred visitors were spending their summers in and around the village of East Andover, which development I had been quite active in promoting through the purchase of houses to lease to them and otherwise. When the box shop and ice house were established on the shores of the lake the effect was depressing upon the summer business and it dwindled fifty per cent or more. Neither the box shop nor ice house are operating now and are being dismantled, and with the right effort on the part of the people East Andover could again become a noted summer resort, for the shores of Highland Lake and the surrounding hilltops afford attractive conditions for the summer sojourn of city people.

WORLD FAIRS

I attended the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876 with about a dozen people from East Andover, including the Rev. J. H. Moody. This was

the first time I had traveled so far from home. Everything was new to me, but I remember very little about it, except that I had a grand time free from all cares. I had not then begun farming operations on my own account and I recall the enjoyment I had in seeing so many new sights with absolute freedom from worry and care of any nature whatever.

In 1903 I attended the World's Fair in Chicago. With Emri C. Hutchinson of Milford, N. H., I organized and conducted a Grange excursion of 125 people. I made all arrangements for transportation, transfer in Chicago to the hotel and for rooms for the entire company at the hotel, assessing each member of the company the actual cost, plus only the expenses of myself and assistant. We had three Pullman cars running through from Boston to Chicago and the same for the return trip. I often have wondered how I dared to attempt running such an excursion, for I had had no experience in the business and did not have the slightest knowledge of its details. By sheer good luck we got the 125 people back home without a skip or break of any kind. When the train reached White River Junction on the return trip the members of the excursion called Mr. Hutchinson and me to the station platform and H. H. Metcalf in behalf of the excursionists presented each of us with a beautifully engraved gold-headed cane. I rarely use mine

and have it carefully filed away with other souvenirs of an active life.

I attended the World's Columbian Exposition at Buffalo in 1901, but only as a visitor. I was there but a few days previous to the assassination of President McKinley on the exposition grounds. I have visited no great exposition since as I am fully fed up on all that kind of entertainment useful and instructive as it may be. The tercentennial being observed in Massachusetts this year with exhibitions, exercises and gatherings in all sections of the state seems a model way of observing anniversary events.

THREE ADMIRER FRIENDS

While I appreciated the coöperation and helpfulness of hundreds of friends throughout the state during my term as Governor and felt under obligation to them, I will mention but three all of whom have passed away to whom I became especially attached by association, and for whom I had the sincerest regard and admiration. Judge Charles R. Corning was Mayor of Concord during my term and we met at many public functions. His personality was redolent of culture and refinement and his addresses, many of which I listened to with pleasure, always contained sentiments of the most uplifting nature expressed in the finest language. I

met him often in a social way and always to my advantage.

The Secretary of State, Hon. Edward N. Pearson, whom everybody called "Ed," was not only a loyal friend but a safe adviser in all matters of public concern. He seemed to have information upon all subjects at his instant command, and as a gifted writer, was unexcelled anywhere. A certain high authority in diction, when asked to criticize something that he had written, said; "I should as soon think of criticizing the Ten Commandments as anything Mr. Pearson has written." This expresses his ability in the matter of writing, but no words can express his absolute sincerity to his friends and the soundness of his advice in all public matters.

In attending public functions, attempting to represent the state, I was often associated with Dr. William J. Tucker, President of Dartmouth College. No words of mine can add to his reputation as an able leader and true gentleman. I recollect on one occasion after we had been through the speaking exercise he placed his hand on my shoulder and said: "Won't you be glad when you can stay at home and keep your mouth shut? I shall be glad when I can do that." The last time I saw him was on a train and when I left the train at my home I said: "Come down and see me. You will probably find me with overalls on,

digging in the dirt." He replied "If you have an extra pair of overalls, I'll come." He was a great leader in educational matters, as the growth of Dartmouth College under his administration proved, and a most delightful companion and genial friend.

POLITICAL CAMPAIGNING

I always have held that a Grange official of high or low degree is not barred from political activity providing he does not mix his Grange and political work. The Declaration of Purposes of the Grange says: "No one by becoming a member of the Grange gives up his inalienable right to be active in the political party to which he belongs. The Grange, Subordinate, State or National cannot nominate candidates or discuss their merits in its meetings, but it is the duty of members to see that bribery and corruption are kept out, and to see that only honest men who will unflinchingly stand by our interests are nominated for all positions of honor and trust." I have acted upon this principle and have taken part in political campaigns whenever I desired to do so, but have never mixed political and Grange work.

I made campaign speeches in Ohio and Illinois for William H. Taft in his candidacy for a second term as President, which he should have had and would have

had, but for Roosevelt's bolt, which gave the presidency to the Democrats for eight years. In Illinois I was accompanied by Secretary James Wilson of the President's Cabinet.

I also campaigned in Illinois for Senator McKinley spending a week in his district. The Senator was in Washington and his wife in Europe, and I was entertained at his palatial residence filled with servants and a garage filled with fine cars and chauffeurs, all at my disposal. I usually went up to Chicago days and attended rallies in various directions evenings being taken around by liveried chauffeurs in high-powered cars. It was here that for the first time I saw sleeping cars on the interurban railway which was the property of Senator McKinley.

I also did some speaking in Vermont and New York during the same campaign. In 1920, when holding no Grange office, I was active in the support of Gen. Leonard Wood's candidacy for nomination for the presidency. I was in this campaign in heart as well as voice for I had every assurance of his interest in agricultural matters and had confidence that he would make good if nominated and elected. He failed to receive the nomination by a few votes because the professional politicians didn't want him. He couldn't be manipulated by them into questionable policies. They did want Warren G. Harding because he was

like wax in their hands, as the scandals in his administration gave abundant evidence.

While the candidates that I supported in the instances named did not win, I have never for a moment regretted the action I took. If General Wood could have been nominated and elected to the presidency agriculture would have had a square deal in administration matters and the disgusting scandal from Harding's election would have been avoided.

BACK TO THE FARM

In 1914 my release from all official duties, holding no office except justice of the peace, the duties of which were not very arduous, raised the question whether I would engage in some business like a real estate agency or go back to the farm. My knowledge of real estate in rural sections of the state through handling the abandoned farm movement would be some advantage in selling such property, but the yearning I had experienced during the last ten years of official work to get back to the soil decided the question.

I always enjoyed farming and there was no line of activity, however much honor might be attached, that afforded me the pleasure and satisfaction derived from growing crops and the feeding and care of farm animals.

I had become satiated with public and literary work and therefore I grasped the opportunity to go back to farming, not by proxy, by giving orders to hired men, but by actually participating in it so far as my health and strength would allow. I did not expect to derive any profit from it, and was not disappointed, but did expect health and happiness, both of which I found in it. These are the reasons for returning to the farm in the spring of 1914 and a statement of the results I expected from it.

During the thirty years in which my attention had been directed to other things than actual farming, we had lived upon the farm summers, and winters too, except those which we spent in Concord. But the farm and buildings had been neglected, the former covered with bushes around the fields and in the pastures, and the latter in a more or less dilapidated condition. We immediately cleared the walls around the fields and much of the pasture land of bushes, and for two months or more bonfires were blazing, almost daily. The buildings were repaired from foundation to cupola and paint and shingles applied as needed.

A herd of 20 high grade Jersey cows and heifers were purchased, headed by a pure-bred Jersey bull from the herd of Dr. G. W. Pierce of Winchester. A Sharpless separator and other butter making implements were installed in the dairy room, and I got

back to my old position as butter maker, shipping the product to nearby cities. I began the breeding of pure-bred Berkshire swine, having at one time about 60 young and old animals upon the farm, some of which sold for \$100 apiece at an auction later. These were kept in an outside enclosure in which I placed movable houses.

Old apple trees were renovated and sprayed and 250 Baldwin and McIntosh trees were set out, which are now bearing abundant crops. I also set cherry, peach, plum and pear trees and an abundance of raspberry and strawberry plants, grapevines and an asparagus bed. These have yielded well, in some years 50 bushels of cherries and 50 bushels of peaches being harvested, but I grew these for enjoyment rather than profit. Many of these trees are past their prime, especially the peach and cherry trees, but by replacement we continue to have an abundance of fruit from all the varieties named.

A poultry house was built and 250 Rhode Island Red pullets hatched and grown upon the farm were placed in it. A maple sugar house was built and a complete equipment for handling the sap from 1,000 trees, consisting of evaporators, buckets, carriers, etc., was installed, and 250 gallons of maple syrup were made in some years. Seven acres of pasturage were cleared of rocks, plowed, fertilized and seeded, making

a productive field. Farm machinery needed was purchased, including potato planter and potato sprayer, corn planter, seed sower, riding cultivators, several kinds of harrows, lime spreader, corn sheller, etc. A pair of work horses was kept and teams hired part of the time. A corn crib and silo were built and filled.

In 1917 and 1918 about one half the tillable area of the farm was planted with corn, potatoes and beans or sowed with grain crops in response to the patriotic World War demands for crop production. In 1918 about ten acres of wheat were grown and a reaper and binder from a neighboring town was used in harvesting the crop. Seldom, if ever, had a reaper and binder been operated in the town before and it attracted a large number of spectators. The wheat was sold to Stratton & Co. who pronounced it the best they had ever bought which was grown in New Hampshire. The farm was a busy place in those days with considerable extra help employed and I was working hard and happy.

Then came a catastrophe. My son, Henry, whom I had had much in mind in developing this farm business, suffered a mental attack in 1917, which became more pronounced in 1918 and in the spring of 1919 became very serious. I was disheartened and discouraged and in March 1919, called an auction and

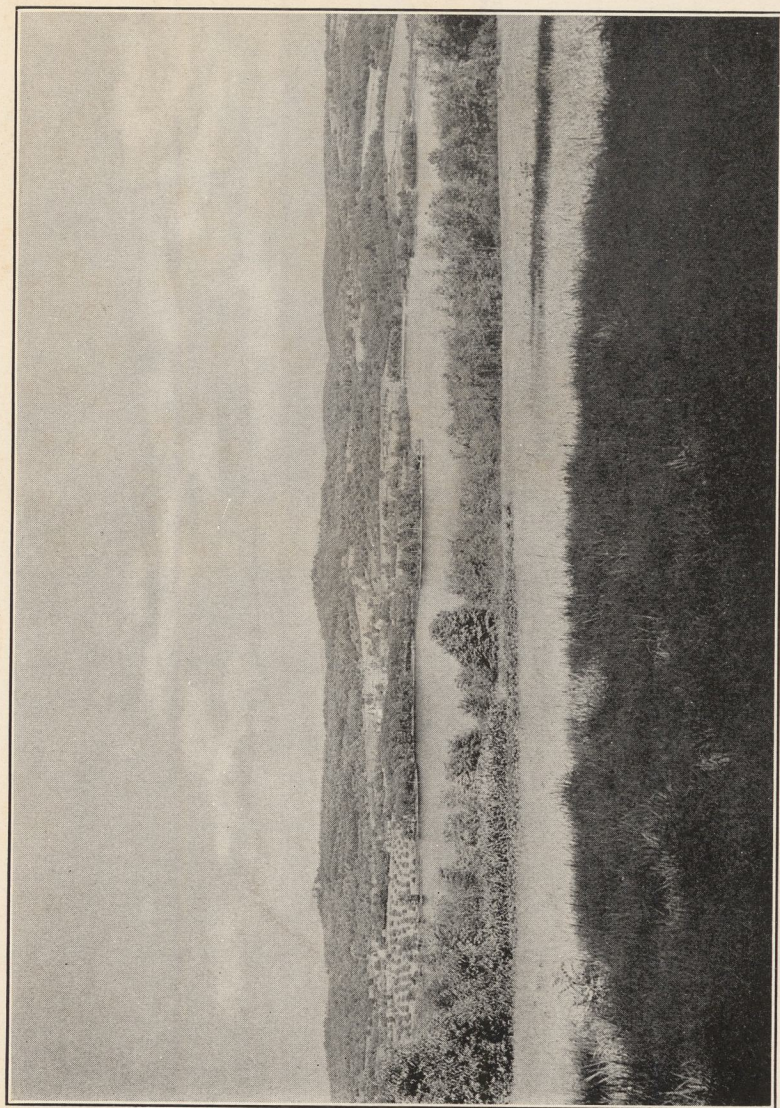
sold everything salable, including all stock, machinery and crops, the sale amounting to \$3,500, and left with my family the day following the auction for Washington, D. C., where, we hoped, change of conditions and associations would be beneficial to Henry. We returned in the spring and later I made another trip there with him for a longer stay the result of which has been stated elsewhere in these pages.

Since the experiences just mentioned I have done nothing on the farm except to keep the buildings in repair and take care of the fruit trees. The farming operations I have described covering five years, yielded no profit. The income from the crops and produce sold, however, met all expenditures, leaving the farm and buildings in greatly improved condition. When I ceased farming the mowing area of the farm yielded an average of over two tons of hay to the acre, four times the yield when I began five years previous.

I have not taken up farming again for the reason that upon the scale I had operated it could only be done at a loss without my personal supervision and my being part of it. Without this the high cost of labor precludes such farming operations in my case except at a loss. For three or four years I did what I could on the farm, keeping a little stock and growing crops in a small way with little hired labor, and giving special attention to the care of my family in which there was

serious illness. In December, 1924, we went to St. Petersburg, Florida, with the results that I have elsewhere stated. I have experienced much sorrow in my life but there have been many joyous periods. Since then I have done no farming and kept no stock. My daughter Ruth and I have lived quietly upon the farm summers and in Florida winters. I am doing the best I can to retain my health, taking what exercise seems advisable and spending much time reading, for I have the reading habit and derive much pleasure from it. I expect to continue this course during the remainder of my life.

June, 1930.



OUTLOOK FROM HIGHLAND FARM

ADDRESSES

NEW HAMPSHIRE THEN AND NOW

(Delivered at the state capitol, June 1, 1926, during the celebration of the sesqui-centennial of the founding of New Hampshire.)

I am aware that my appearance in these exercises is due to the fact that I once held an important position in the state government, rather than to any personal qualifications for this distinguished honor.

The practice of reviewing the past is as old as government itself, and the habit of observing anniversary events is equally venerable. As these events have multiplied in recent years their observance has become noteworthy in civic and public affairs, and when the event is the sesqui-centennial of one of the thirteen original states it becomes of national, and even international concern.

It is therefore well that we pause in this strenuous age to pay homage to the memory of the noble men who laid the foundation of this state government, not forgetting the honorable women who doubtless played a prominent but unrecorded part in the deliberations resulting in its establishment.

When many sections of the territory now known as New Hampshire were reached only on horseback

along spotted trails; when the chief interest of the people was clearing the land of forests, building rude cabins, rearing large families of healthy children and protecting them and themselves from wild beasts and the fiercer red man, they assembled in solemn convention and constructed the framework of the government of the state of New Hampshire which has been so effective in the past and under which we live today. It is difficult to appreciate the patriotism and far-sightedness exercised by those sturdy pioneers in the midst of primitive surroundings. Their struggles and privations are common knowledge and their patriotism has world wide repute.

While we recognize the wholesome vigor with which they went about their tasks, and believe they found enjoyment of a certain kind in their labor, we cannot refrain from rejoicing that our existence is in the present, strenuous and exacting as it may be.

The spotted trails, and later the famous New Hampshire turnpikes, have given place to a magnificent system of highways. The means of communication, requiring days and even weeks to reach distant points within the state, have given way to the telephone and radio. The means of transportation, horseback and later the stage coach, have been superseded by swiftly moving trains and airplanes. The means of education, the little red school house, honorable as

it was, has been succeeded by an elaborate system of education, supported by state and municipal governments and philanthropic individuals, with public libraries at almost every crossroad.

Electricity, with its marvelous development, and the vision of our statesmen, extended from town and state lines to world-wide consideration, are a few of the changes that make for broader and happier life today.

And yet, the bounds have not been reached. It would be a bold prophet indeed who would predict what the future has in store in the field of electricity, the surface of which has only been scratched; in the development of means of communication and transportation through the air, now in its infancy; the part which representatives of our state may take in the consideration of world problems; the development of our agricultural and industrial interests throughout the state.

It may be that a celebration the nature of that we observe today will be held at the completion of another similar period, and the people then assembled may have reason to call our present condition as primitive as we today consider the beginning of the period which this occasion commemorates.

May we and our descendants be as loyal and patriotic in the development and perpetuation of New

Hampshire as were those who laid the foundation of the state government in the interest of the people, for the people and by the people. Then, as today, New Hampshire will be the pride of every citizen and the peer of any state.

STATE AND COLLEGE

(Delivered at Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H., at its 150th Anniversary.)

It is with no little embarrassment that I rise to speak upon this occasion, even in the briefest manner. I am embarrassed because I am merely an adopted son of Dartmouth, my connection with the family being only an honorary degree at the hands of the trustees of the college. I find, however, some comfort in the reply of the child, who was taunted by other children for being only an adopted son. "It is true," he said, "I am only an adopted child, but your parents had to accept what appeared when you were born, while I was selected out of seventy-five." President Tucker must accept those who apply for admission to the college if qualified and do the best he can with them, but I was selected for a degree out of 420,000 citizens of the state.

I am also embarrassed by the magnitude of Dartmouth College compared with the magnitude of the commonwealth which I am supposed to represent.

The college has grown with such rapidity in recent years that it is no longer part of New Hampshire, but New Hampshire is part of Dartmouth College. It is said that a careless individual sending a cablegram from Germany addressed it to New Hampshire, omitting the name of the country. When the operator called his attention to the omission and asked where New Hampshire was he replied, "Oh! New Hampshire is located near Dartmouth College," which immediately indicated its position upon the map of the world, a fact somewhat embarrassing to the Governor of the state.

We are assembled upon one of the most important occasions in the history of the commonwealth and in the history of the college. We are honored by the presence of distinguished visitors from abroad and distinguished citizens from home. Whatever may have been our relations with our Mother Country in the past, we rejoice that they are so cordial today. We tender to you, Lord Dartmouth, and to the people whom you represent, the most filial affection of well-meaning children. This occasion may lack some of the exuberance manifested by our elder brothers in that famous tea party in Boston Harbor, but we lack nothing in earnestness in our more mature years in a desire to coöperate with you in every effort to unite the English speaking people for the betterment of the world.

The citizens of New Hampshire have taken a deep interest in this college and watched its course with great solicitude and joy. When its entering class has exceeded its accommodations we have rejoiced and sympathized with you. When its men have won the pennant on the hotly contested athletic field we have shouted in every town in New Hampshire. When fire recently destroyed its historic buildings we wept with Dartmouth men, and when the reconstruction of those buildings was made possible through loyal and liberal sons of Dartmouth we shouted with you and will add our mite to their liberal contributions.

The interests of the commonwealth and of the college are so intimately associated that it is impossible to speak of one without speaking of the other. If you search the records of the state and the records of the college you will find the same names in both places. The leaders in state affairs are Dartmouth men and many of those who have reflected honor upon their Alma Mater have been, or are, located in New Hampshire. Whatever promotes the interest of Dartmouth College promotes the welfare of New Hampshire and whatever contributes to the welfare of New Hampshire contributes to the welfare of Dartmouth College.

The magnitude of a state is not measured by its geographical area, by its natural resources, by the gold

in its vaults or the products in its storehouses, but by the mental development and moral stamina of its men and women. There are states in the Union and countries in the world beside whose area and wealth and products those of New Hampshire seem insignificant, but when compared by the true standard of greatness — the ability, integrity and energy of its citizens — there are none that overshadow her or place her in a lower rank.

The magnitude of a college is not measured by the number of its students, its costly and imposing buildings or the richness of its endowment, but by the excellence of its finished product. I am bold enough to say, even in this distinguished presence, that when measured by this inflexible rule Dartmouth, by her men in the state, the nation and the world, has measured well up to the standard set by the graduates of the older and more wealthy and more populous colleges and she loses nothing by the comparison. Neither New Hampshire in the galaxy of states, nor Dartmouth College in the field of learning, need blush from inferiority.

We, as citizens of New Hampshire, point with pride to our prosperous manufacturing industries located upon busy rivers; to the agricultural resources of our soil adjacent to good markets; to the soundness of our financial institutions and excellent transportation

facilities; and to our grand natural scenery and health-giving, nerve-restoring climate, affording the most delightful homes in the world; but that to which we point with greatest pride in state affairs is our educational system and the products thereof, chief of which are Dartmouth College and the men and women who help to rule the world.

We recognize in the splendid record of this college a lesson for the people of the commonwealth. Extension and expansion are the order of the day. This college has extended and expanded from a local to a national institution with a patronage and influence as broad as the country itself. Its alumni associations, once confined to New England, are now found strong and vigorous in New York, Chicago, Denver, San Francisco and other distant cities. It has obliterated all lines and become national in character.

As citizens of the commonwealth we must be loyal to the interests of the State. We must guard her industries with jealous care and protect her people in their rights, but we must not forget that we are also citizens of a great republic. State lines and national lines have been broken down and our interests now reach half way round the globe. Our mental vision and our patriotism must expand in the same degree. While we are citizens of New Hampshire we must not forget that we are citizens of a great country,

bound to promote and protect the interests of all her people.

I trust that this college, of which the state is so justly proud, will go on, and on, and on, honoring the memory of her founders, enriching the reputation of her promoters, and upbuilding the state and the nation, and that the commonwealth which has the honor of its location may not lag behind in national service and national honor. Such an occasion as this cannot fail of promoting the interests of both. New Hampshire and Dartmouth, one and inseparable, now and forever.

WELCOMING AN EX-PRESIDENT

(Delivered at Sandwich, N. H., at a reception attended by President Cleveland.)

We appreciate your courtesy in allowing us to intrude upon the quiet enjoyment of a summer among our New Hampshire mountains to extend a welcome. You have conferred a great honor upon us in selecting New Hampshire in preference to all other states for your summer sojourn. We may not all agree with you politically, but we are unanimous in our admiration of your sturdy manhood and your unflinching tenacity in defending and promoting the policies that you believe to be for the welfare of the people of the country. I may be permitted to say it was these

personal qualities, as much as the policies advocated, that placed you in the White House a second time. We all admire a person of integrity and steadfast endeavor, and so I welcome you in behalf of all the people of the State.

During your stay among us we will try not to annoy you, but if people in considerable numbers stroll around your house, linger beneath your shade trees and trample the grass upon your lawn, do not take all the credit to yourself for the people of New Hampshire have great admiration for a charming woman, and our welcome to her is none the less sincere than to yourself.

We trust that you will find opportunity to engage in your favorite sport, for our lakes and streams abound with the gamest of fish. We also hope that your stay among us will continue until wintry blasts cause you to seek a warmer clime, but when you leave we advise you to take your house with you, else it will be carried away in pieces by admirers as souvenirs of the house that sheltered so illustrious a family.

We hope that your stay will be so enjoyable that you will return again and again, and eventually make New Hampshire not only your summer, but also your winter home. You will always be accorded a cordial welcome by the people of the Granite State.

A DISTINGUISHED GUEST

(Delivered at Concord as an Introduction of President William H. Taft.)

We are assembled from various sections of New Hampshire under the leadership of the Taft Club of Concord, to welcome a distinguished guest.

We have followed his administration of national affairs during the past three years with intense interest and great satisfaction.

If there has been anything during this administration that did not meet individual approval it was insignificant in comparison with great accomplishments and achievements.

We recognize the wise statesmanship displayed in our diplomatic relations with the great nations of the world.

The promotion of universal peace.

The investigation of industrial conditions and the enactment and enforcement of laws for the welfare of the common people.

The defense of the Constitution and the preservation of the integrity and supremacy of the courts.

The square deal manifested in all public relations, and the integrity between man and man.

These and other important matters have challenged our admiration and justified our enthusiastic support.

I have the honor of presenting the greatest American statesman, the President of the United States.

THE FARMERS FOR PEACE

(Delivered at the Peace Congress in New York City called by the National Civic Federation.)

I am from a section of the country typical of peace. The first white settlers to land at Plymouth Rock upon the rough New England coast had left their mother country to avoid conflict and braved the dangers of the broad ocean upon a peaceful errand. They encountered the hardships imposed by climate and the danger from the crafty Red man, to maintain the right to worship God according to the dictates of conscience, manifesting perhaps greater bravery than would be required upon the battle field. Those early settlers maintained no armies and constructed no battle ships, but quietly followed the peaceful avocation of tilling the soil and establishing a race of peace-loving people. When the oppression of the mother country reached them even there, they simply pitched the old lady's tea into Boston Harbor and quietly returned to their flocks and herds. From then till now New England has been exceptionally free from bloody war, as well as industrial strife, although our people are always ready to respond in defense of the country and of the old flag.

In 1905 the great nations of Russia and Japan, having destroyed thousands of human lives and millions of dollars' worth of property in cruel war, cast their eyes over the entire world for a place in which to come to an amicable agreement, and finally their representatives met upon the peaceful shores of New England, close by where the Pilgrims landed a few centuries before, and there entered into a treaty of peace that will go down in history as one of the greatest peace movements the world has ever known. It is a matter of profound regret that they did not meet upon this mission of peace before, rather than after, the bloody conflict. For these and other reasons, I am justified in saying that I am from a section of our country typical of peace.

I am here, however, not to represent this, or any other section of the country, but to represent so far as I am able the great industry of agriculture and those engaged in it. I believe the interests of agriculture are the most important of any represented in this movement for universal peace, for the husbandman is the most important factor among the industrial classes. When the products of his labor are reduced, the fires in our great furnaces burn lower, the spindles in our great factories turn with less rapidity, the trains upon our railroads run with less frequency and the goods upon the shelves of our great mercantile houses

begin to gather dust. When the farms of the country yield abundant crops, as they have in recent years, abandoned forges are kindled anew, manufacturers are unable to fill orders and transportation facilities, extensive as they are, become clogged. Agriculture furnishes the mainspring of industrial activity.

The ways of agriculture are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace. Besides being a peace-lover by nature the husbandman from Adam down has found his pleasure and profit in sitting by his own vine and fig tree. While he can fight to save his country, whether it be in South Africa or England, or under the Stars and Stripes, he has no taste for blood and thunder and beats his sword into a pruning hook as soon as the battle is over. With shattered nerves, impaired fortune and devastated home, he sets himself resolutely to work to provide the material which will restore prosperity to his own, and other, industries.

The heaviest public burdens the farmer has to bear are the taxes laid to support military establishments the world over, and universal peace would usher in Utopian conditions. Great standing armies, magnificent battle ships and impregnable fortifications cost vast sums of money and can be sustained only by wealthy nations. If these constitute the most effectual means of preserving peace no expenditure of money

is too great compared with the sacrifice of human life and the devastation of home by cruel wars. The lurking suspicion, however, that the peaceful influence from this source may have been overestimated, and that there is a safer and surer road to universal peace than through preparation for war, is found in the call for this Peace Congress by our leading unselfish thinkers. Arbitration has done much in the industrial world in averting expensive conflicts between capital and labor and to the advantage of all the people. An extension of this policy to the adjustment of differences of a character and magnitude that otherwise would plunge nations into war would be of still greater advantage to all the people, and to no class more than the farmers. They may not feel the disastrous effects of war so quickly as other people but it finally rests upon them as the great producing class.

Great victories consist in something more than the ability of one nation to conquer another by force of arms. Many so-called victories have spelled defeat when all the results were taken into the account, for immediate spectacular effect sometimes obscures the cost in lives and property. Real victory is measured by the results, compared with the sacrifices made to secure it. This can be secured in most cases through arbitration. There may be occasional instances when there is no common ground upon which nations can

meet, but such instances are no more rare in the dealings between nations than in dealings between individuals.

I will not presume to suggest how this can be brought about for those who have been prominent in arranging this Congress are skilled in national and international affairs. It is reasonably certain that such wide publicity as will be given to these proceedings will have effect in promoting a sentiment for universal peace throughout the civilized world. It is also probable that the magnificent contributions to the cause of education made by the distinguished president of this Congress will have marked effect for all future time in promoting the peace sentiment. The establishment of libraries and the endowment of institutions of learning through his great liberality is resulting in raising the standard of intelligence among the people, and as intelligence develops warlike tendencies decline, among people and among nations.

I thank you, Mr. President, for recognizing the great agricultural industry of the country by extending an invitation to representatives of it to attend this Congress. It may be a far cry from our humble homes upon the farms to these palatial surroundings in this magnificent metropolis, but without the products of the farm and the toil of millions of farmers there would be no palatial surroundings anywhere. My only object

upon this occasion, so graciously accorded me, is to express the sentiment of the farmers in regard to the disastrous effects of war, their deep interest in the objects of this Peace Congress, and to pledge their support to any policies that may be inaugurated by it for the promotion of universal peace. We believe that if wars can be averted all industrial and commercial interests will be promoted without detracting one iota from our dignity as citizens, or from our standing as a nation among the nations of the world. Great military equipment and drastic military laws have little effect in maintaining peace compared with strong public sentiment in favor of it.

TO THE EMIGRANT

(Delivered before the Society of Sons and Daughters of New Hampshire in New York City.)

This is the second time during my official career that I have had the privilege and honor of sitting around the banquet board with citizens of the great city of New York. Once with the Society of Colonial Wars I joined the descendants of those who fought the battle of Lake George, when that section of our country was upon the frontier, in perpetuating the manliness and brave deeds of those early settlers.

This time I join the sons and daughters of the Granite State, residents of New York, in perpetuating the

memory of those from whom they descended for their work in establishing and developing our beloved state and in promoting a stronger attachment to her hills and her valleys, to her rivers and lakes and in strengthening the tie that binds those who have migrated to those who have remained.

I bring the greetings of all our people to those who are associated in this patriotic work in the midst of this great and bustling city.

Speaking for the state, I can say in a general way that it is progressing. While our agricultural interests are not extensive, they are more prosperous than ever before, the products of the farms yielding a larger cash return than at any previous time in our history. Our manufacturing interests, notwithstanding fierce competition with manufacturers located at the source of raw material and fuel, and in the midst of cheap labor, are more than holding their own. Our financial institutions are generally sound.

We take some pride in our philanthropic and charitable work, in our educational institutions, chief of which is Old Dartmouth, so dear to many of you, in our pure air and grand lake and mountain scenery, in the health restoring qualities of our climate; but that in which we take most pride is the success of the noble men and women who claim New Hampshire as their place of birth. Some of these have remained

at home to care for aged parents and assist in developing the state, and others have drifted to more populous centres, becoming leaders in great industrial enterprises and in honorable professions. We still claim them and take pride in their achievements and renown.

We are glad you are forming an association of New Hampshire sons and daughters in New York for on account of it you will be likely to come and see us more frequently. You will find great changes since your boyhood and girlhood days, as you visit the old homestead and brambly pasture where perhaps as a barefoot boy you went for the cows at night half a century ago; as you look for the old mill pond where you fished and the streams where you swam; as you visit the site of the old orchard, and look for the old school house where you whittled the desks and winked at the girls; as you inquire for Bill and Sam and Jane, but find that most of them have departed.

You will visit the old meeting house on the hill and the church yard where perhaps are buried your father and mother and brother and sister. In the midst of all your joy in coming, unbidden tears will flow and your hearts will be stirred by feelings that could be produced in no other way. You will add to our happiness by coming and will be even better men and women yourselves for the visit.

A great interest has been manifested in recent years in the purchase of abandoned farms for summer homes. More than 2,000 places have been purchased for this purpose representing an outlay, including improvements, of several million dollars. More than 20,000 people spent the summer months last year in these adopted homes, coming from nearly every state in the Union. The list includes the most eminent statesmen, jurists, authors, artists, bankers and financiers in the country. Three members of the President's cabinet, two of whom own summer places in the state, were there during a portion of last season. In return for their expenditure and their effort they obtain, as you all know, pure air, invigorating climate, romantic scenery and all the requisites to increase their happiness and prolong their lives. We appreciate what this movement means to the state, and as fast as we can learn the desires of these people and can earn the money to provide the conveniences wanted they will be forthcoming.

We are just now establishing a system of permanent road improvement that will make your travel easier, whether by carriage, bicycle, automobile or by snow shoes in winter. We are urging Congress to establish a great national park in our mountain region with some prospect of success. We are enacting and enforcing wise fish and game laws which are improving the

sport in hunting and fishing. We are teaching our people that the summer resident is a person to be respected, not feared, and to contribute to his happiness because it pays to do so.

More than ten million people, or nearly one-seventh the population of the country, reside within twenty-four hours' ride of Mt. Washington by splendidly equipped trains. They can purchase their hats and coats and shoes from a thousand factories and can purchase their corn and wheat and beef from a million farms, but they can purchase their health-giving, nerve-restoring atmosphere only from a limited area of which New Hampshire is the capital.

We are glad to have them come for we have a financial interest in their coming, but we are more glad to have the sons and daughters of New Hampshire return to the old state, for we have a sentimental interest in their coming, the value of which cannot be computed in dollars and cents.

I thank you for the privilege of attending this meeting and assure you in behalf of all the people of our state that the latchstring of our homes is on the outside for you whenever you can visit us. We trust that this association will add still another link to the long chain of similar associations that bind the absent sons and daughters to the old Granite State.

AGRICULTURE'S PRIME IMPORTANCE

(Delivered in Concord on Old Home Sunday, August 22, 1926.)

I realize the fact that I am assigned a place in these exercises for the reason that I was active in the interest of Old Home Week during its early years, rather than for ability to interest or entertain you. The town of Andover seems to be quite fully represented in this program and my friend and neighbor, Mr. Carr, whose interest in worth-while matters seems to be unlimited, will say what I fail to say and much better than I could.

It seems to me fitting and appropriate that we assemble in the house of worship on the Sabbath day, for Old Home Week observance, for no public movement, outside the church, has a greater appeal to the uplift of humanity and the development of character than true Old Home Week observance.

Founded by Governor Rollins in 1899 it survived a somewhat skeptical public opinion and demonstrated its right to exist for the welfare of the state, developing better manhood and womanhood among resident and returning sons and daughters.

It was my privilege to be somewhat active in promoting Old Home Week observance in its early years, bringing to its support organizations and departments with which I was connected. Had it not been given

the active support of the Grange throughout the state its successful establishment might have been in question. It is a difficult problem to establish a custom not required by legislative action, but Old Home Week is now as firmly grounded in the hearts of the people as any event in the calendar.

One feature of Old Home Week observance made prominent in its early years has not, I think, kept pace with the general progress noted. I refer to lighting bonfires on the opening evening of the Week upon hill-tops and mountain summits, flashing a welcome to returning sons and daughters. I recollect climbing Kearsarge Mountain and various hills to apply the torch, producing beacon lights in a chain of greeting from Coos to the sea. It is a cheering and enlivening ceremony for ushering in the week's festivities.

Bands of music, display of bunting, spectacular parades and elaborate evening entertainments are helpful in stimulating an interest in the event, but true Old Home Week sentiment is a heart affair.

When the man or woman in a distant city, jaded with the work which this strenuous age exacts, receives an invitation to return to his or her native town for an Old Home Week gathering, the heart is touched, and when the desk is closed in office, counting room or market place and the journey to the old town is begun, he breathes freer. Someone has

said that listening to the speeches on Old Home Day is about the only unpleasant thing he has to endure.

His heart is touched by the experiences of the week as it never has been touched before, as he sees something in the lives of the people in the old town that wealth cannot give or high official honors confer. He returns to his work a happier man and perhaps for the first time recognizes something in life more valuable than hoarded wealth, or the acclaim of the people on account of political or professional preferment. The people with whom he has touched shoulders during the week's festivities are broadened and exhilarated also.

A depressing influence on such an occasion is abandoned home sites in rural communities and once productive areas given over to an almost worthless growth of shrubs and trees. This condition is in line with the progress of the time, for land not adapted to the use of machinery even with home sites attached, must of necessity be abandoned. There are, however, in the state, many thousand acres of workable land of naturally productive soil yielding practically nothing, mainly for the reason that it cannot be profitably operated. Our various agricultural organizations, bureaus, departments and institutions are active and efficient in promoting more profitable farming, and yet the fact remains that good land remains idle

mainly for the reason that it could not be operated at a profit. This condition is not peculiar to New Hampshire for it exists everywhere.

If I may be allowed on this occasion and amid these surroundings, I desire to say that agriculture is not more prosperous for the reason that it has not been given the special recognition by our national law makers that its fundamental nature warrants. It is a productive industry. Manufacturing is a great industry and gives employment to a vast number of people but it produces nothing. Raw material is changed to the finished product but nothing has been added. Manufacturing simply changes the form of things. Transportation produces nothing. The car of shoes made in New England, and shipped West, and the car of corn grown in the West, and shipped to New England, is the car of shoes and the car of corn in one place as in the other. Transportation simply changes the location of things. Trade simply changes the ownership of things.

In agriculture the intelligent efforts of the husbandman combine the elements of the atmosphere with the elements of the soil, neither of which has a marketable value, and crops are produced. Things are brought into existence that did not exist before, and form the basis of activity in manufacturing, transportation and commerce. Agriculture is in a class by

itself and should be promoted, not primarily for the benefit of the farmer but for the benefit of everybody. This is the most important question before the country today, and how it is to be solved no one knows.

Secretary Jardine, in an address at Hampton Beach last week, said that Congress was ready to enact legislation to this end if the right plan could be devised. We must get away from the idea that to benefit agriculture is simply to benefit the farmer. We must grasp the idea that to benefit agriculture is to benefit every person and every industry, and then agriculture will be attractive because it will be profitable. This is not a radical, but a patriotic suggestion.

When, if ever, this takes place, the Old Home Week visitors to New Hampshire, and to other states, will not look upon such great areas of smooth and fertile land producing practically nothing as is the case today. When, if ever, this takes place, consumers in New Hampshire will not be sending outside for such a large share of products as is the case today. When, if ever, this takes place, the trend of population will be towards the country towns instead of away from them as is the case today. This discussion may not be strictly in line with Old Home Week observance, and yet we think it is germane to the question.

Old Home Week will continue to be a success in New Hampshire so long as President Metcalf contin-

ues to promote it in the enthusiastic manner he has for so many years. As I said on a previous occasion, Mr. Metcalf seems to regard Old Home Week observance next to his religion and politics, and sometimes I think it gets ahead of these. There is no cause so worthy that it does not require enthusiastic and everlasting push to make it successful.

Old Home Week is peculiarly a rural affair and a community spirit is promoted by the local gatherings. Many an aged father and mother have had their lives brightened and prolonged by a visit from a son or daughter from a distant state, who perhaps would never have visited the old home again had it not been for this occasion. Who can measure the good resulting from such an event?

Old Home Week has caused many returning sons and daughters to interest themselves in town improvement. Libraries have been established and endowed, public buildings erected, churches supported, and in not a few instances they have purchased the old home or an adjoining one, beautified it and later made it their abiding place.

New Hampshire is a grand state. Her 600 sparkling lakes, rugged mountains, flowing rivers, beautiful climate and magnificent scenery are nature's contribution to its greatness. Happy homes and the Christian character and genial heart throbs of its inhabi-

tants constitute the real greatness of a state, and these Old Home Week observance promotes in an eminent degree.

I can do no better in closing than quote the closing lines of Edna Dean Proctor's beautiful poem:

"Forget New Hampshire? Let Kearsarge forget to greet the sun,
Connecticut forsake the sea, the Shoals their breakers shun,
But fervently, while life shall last, though wide our ways
decline,
Back to the mountain land our hearts will turn as to a shrine.
Forget New Hampshire? By her cliffs, her meads, her brooks
afoam,
By all her hallowed memories our lode-star while we roam,
Whatever skies above us rise, the Hills, the Hills are Home."

OLD HOME DAY IN THE OLD HOME TOWN

(Delivered at East Andover on August 24, 1929, Old Home Day.)

We are assembled in the name of the Andover Old Home Week Association and in the name of the town of Andover, to welcome the returning sons and daughters to the home of their childhood and to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the incorporation of the town.

In the former capacity we extend a cordial greeting with the hope that you will enjoy this return to the scenes of your youth.

Those who wandered from the old homestead long ago will find marked changes. Doubtless you will visit the places that were once so familiar to you and which you have carried constantly in mind.

You will go to the brambly pasture where, as bare-foot boys and girls, you went for the cows at night. You will visit the old swimming hole, if still in existence, where you bathed with enjoyment, if not in seclusion.

You will go to the old school house where you were in constant fear of the teacher, but whittled desks and whispered to the girls when her back was turned.

You will visit the old meeting house where you listened to two long sermons on the Sabbath, when you were not asleep, and enjoyed in the noon hour the chief social opportunity of that period.

Perhaps you will go to the old cemetery where many of your relatives and friends are buried and be stirred with feelings of sadness.

You will greet one another, and us, as Jim and John and Jane, and have awakened feelings of comradeship and love that could be produced in no other way.

We are glad to see you and open our hearts and homes to you and although some of us are quite along in years we will appear as young as we can.

I do not wish to intrude upon the ground of the historian, yet the reminiscences that I bring to mind on this anniversary occasion necessarily have to do with the early history of the town and before its incorporation. The historian who is to follow me and

the admirable history of the town compiled by the late Professor Eastman, to which we all have access, make it unnecessary for me to refer, save briefly, to its later history.

I will only call attention to some facts in regard to this tract of land known as New Breton previous to its incorporation as the town of Andover in 1779.

On November 20, 1751, this tract, estimated to contain 40 square miles, was deeded to 60 grantees. Among the requirements imposed upon the grantees were that 15 families be settled upon said tract, each having a house of 16 square feet at least and four acres cleared and fitted for tillage within four years of the granting thereof. That within eight years of the granting thereof a meeting house be built for the worship of God and fitted for that purpose. All white pine trees fit for masting the royal navy were reserved and granted to His Majesty for that purpose.

The town at that time extended to the Pemigewasset River, including a large tract afterward taken for the formation of the town of Franklin. A town square was laid out about one-half mile west of Loon Pond, as this lake was then called, and was on the southern boundary of the farm on which I live.

The first settler was Joseph Fellows, who came to the town in 1761, locating in what is known as Flaghole. Elias Rayno was the next settler. The third

settler was William Morey, who located on what is known as the Jonathan Cilly place. The fourth was Edward Ladd who settled on the James Marston place, now owned by Dr. Scannell. Others followed but as there were no roads and the settlers were obliged to bring the families and supplies on horseback along spotted trails, the number did not increase very fast. Yet, in 1775, four years previous to the incorporation of the town, there were 179 inhabitants.

The records indicate that the first road to be cut and cleared in the town was from the Pemigewasset River around the northerly end of Chance Pond, now Webster Lake, to the outlet of Loon Pond. The committee appointed to build the road reported it completed, and at a meeting of the inhabitants, in 1762, were voted the amount of their bill, about \$1,500. This expenditure was quite small compared with what is now being expended upon a very short section of this same route.

At this time the town was covered with a vast forest except for the small clearings made around their rude dwellings by the settlers. The men were busy clearing land for growing crops and the women kept the cabin in order, the wild beasts away and raised large families of rugged children. There is no doubt they were as happy as people are today, for they knew nothing of any other kind of life and were

not discontented from seeing and knowing of comforts and luxuries enjoyed by others. Saw mills, grist mills, fulling mills and tanneries began to appear upon the small streams and all the needs of the people were taken care of within the town.

The land was covered with dense forest and those who settled had but little knowledge of the character of soil they were settling upon. Tradition has it that two Bachelders came here and took up the farm where I live and the farm on the north now known as Kenjockety, each consisting of about 220 acres. My great grandfather, Capt. Josiah Bachelder, let his cousin have the choice of the farms. He chose the one on the north for he thought there were not rocks enough on the other to build the necessary walls. There has not been any scarcity of rocks on my farm.

The early settlers manifested much interest in establishing and supporting religious meetings. On May 18, 1772, the following action was taken by the residents of the township.

"Voted that a meeting house be built in the said township of New Breton for the public worship of God; said house to be 20 feet wide and 30 feet long and 9 feet stud; to be one story high and well boarded on the sides and ends with feather edged boards. The roof well boarded and shingled. Proper doors made and double floor laid over the whole frame below. Plank laid for the people to sit on and a decent desk for the minister."

A committee was appointed to build this house, said committee having agreed beforehand to furnish material and build the house for \$64, one-half of which was to be paid in six months and the balance at the end of a year when the house was to be completed.

We understand this first meeting house was located nearly opposite the present Congregational Church, about where the house occupied by Mr. Newcombe is located, and stood for about twenty years. There was constant agitation of the subject of a better meeting house but they could not agree upon the location. The town voted to locate it at the Central Square, to which we have referred, but rescinded the vote and afterwards voted to locate it on the hill near Captain Bachelder's, where I now live. This was opposed by Captain Bachelder's wife, my grandmother, because, she said, entertaining the ministers would require so much liquor, to the use of which she was bitterly opposed. It was finally voted to locate it on the site of the present Congregational Church, near the mills, which had been built on the outlet of the pond, and the frame, which is the same that is in the meeting house today, was raised May 3, 1796.

Other meeting houses were later built at Andover Center, or Mousum as it was then called, at West

Andover, and a second house in East Andover. The meeting house at Andover Center was regularly used for the meetings of the Universalist, Methodist, Congregational and Christian societies, each occupying it on a stated Sabbath in each month.

The first saw mill was located at the outlet of Loon Pond, and the first grist mill on the stream below. Other saw mills were built on various streams, and, later, fulling mills and tanneries. Evidence of the foundation of these can be found in many places today.

No town has given more attention to school privileges than Andover. In those early days before the incorporation of the town the schools necessarily were crude affairs. We find in the grant of the township certain lands reserved for the maintenance of schools, and before school districts or school houses had an existence here, schools were kept, as "keeping school" was the expression used in those days, in dwelling houses and in barns. The character of the first settlers was such as to perceive the necessity of at least the rudiments of an education.

At the time of the incorporation of the town, June 25, 1779, the name of New Breton, which was given the town in honor of the brave men who achieved the capture of Cape Breton in 1745, several of the grantees being among the number, was changed to

Andover. There seems to be no authentic record of the origin of this name or why it was selected. It has been facetiously remarked that the area of the town was so hilly that it was referred to as over and over, and it may be that it sprang from this by leaving out the first part, making it Andover. Whatever may have been the origin of the name we are all proud of it, as well as of the town itself.

These reminiscences are necessarily mainly in regard to the eastern part of the town for this was the part earliest settled.

After the incorporation of the town its settlement became quite rapid. The first town meeting was held at the little meeting house before referred to, on July 13, 1779, and the first town officers elected. A second town meeting was held in August and the third in September, with frequent meetings following. Action was taken for the support of schools and church, the incorporation of the town marking a new era in its development. Objects of a public nature were supported, old roads repaired and new roads laid out and built. Bridges were built. Land was cleared and cultivated and large, two-story houses erected. Appropriations were annually made for schools, school districts established and school houses built. In 1790, about ten years after incorporation, the town had 645 inhabitants.

The progress of the town since is quite fully recorded in the aforementioned town history. We may say in a general way that the town has been well governed, with no defalcations. We have coöperated with the state and Federal governments in the improvement of roads and none better exist in any town. School privileges have been liberally supported and are under the supervision of a talented superintendent. The district nursing system, which is one of the best movements established in a country town, is efficient and effective. We have two expert physicians, who attend to the health of the people. Four church societies hold religious services for the spiritual welfare of all within their reach, with church edifices of sufficient seating capacity. The dwelling houses throughout the town are well cared for and are the homes of a contented, happy people.

We would not neglect to refer to what nature has provided for our comfort and enjoyment. There is much fertile soil adapted to the production of crops, especially fruit. About a dozen sparkling lakes contribute to the attractiveness of the town, which is noted for its scenic charm. Grand old Kearsarge and Ragged mountains rear their lofty heads at our very doors, while Monadnock, Cardigan, Belknap, and Ossipee mountains can be seen. Even the famous White Mountain range is visible on clear days.

Andover has a wealth of scenery, almost unsurpassed, in addition to its other advantages.

We all love the good old town.

You are familiar with Daniel Webster's expression when speaking for Massachusetts in a far away city. Raising his great hand and pointing in the direction of the state, he simply said, "Massachusetts, there she stands." In closing we can do no better than to point all around us and say: "Andover, there she stands; the pride of every citizen and the peer of any town."

