JULY FOURTH, 1761:

AN

HISTORICAL DISCOURSE

IN

Commemoration of the One Hundredth Anniversary

OF THE

CHARTER OF LEBANON, N. H.,

DELIVERED JULY FOURTH, 1861,

BY REV. D. H. ALLEN, D. D.,

OF WALNUT HILLS, OHIO.

BOSTON:

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1862.

LEBANON, *December* 8, 1861.

DR. ALLEN:

DEAR SIR: In behalf of the citizens of Lebanon, we return you their thanks for the interesting Historical Discourse, in commemoration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Charter of the Town, delivered July 4, 1861; and respectfully request a copy for publication.

Truly yours,

CHARLES A. DOWNS,

For the Committee of the Town.

WALNUT HILLS, *December* 14, 1861.

TO THE COMMITTEE OF THE TOWN OF LEBANON:

GENTLEMEN: In placing a copy of my Address in your hands for publication, agreeably to your request, permit me to express the hope that you will add to it such notes as will compensate for the haste with which it was necessarily prepared. and make it a much more valuable history of the town.

Very respectfully,

Your fellow-townsman,

D. H. ALLEN.

ADDRESS.

Sons and Daughters of Lebanon:

We may be allowed to congratulate each other to-day, that this, our national anniversary, so dear to every true American citizen; and especially, that the Fourth of July, 1861, when the Congress of these United States meets on the most important business that ever called them together, a day destined, therefore, to be *historic* among all the fourths of July, past and future, that this day should be the centennial anniversary of the charter of our town.

We meet to-day, by the invitation of the "old folks at home," to exchange friendly greetings; to look once more upon these beautiful green hills, and these grand old rocks; to revive the memories of our common birthplace, and to take a rapid review of our family records for these hundred years past.

It becomes me at the outset, in the name of all who are gathered here from abroad, to thank the good people of Lebanon, adopted as well as native, for the generous invitation which has called us back to the home of our childhood, and for the spirit with which they have prepared for this celebration.

The idea of celebrating the settlement of New England towns, now that so many of them can number their years by the century, is worthy to be cherished.

Nowhere else, either in our own or foreign lands, does the *town* sustain such relations to the state and nation. Nowhere else has the town system such a bearing upon the character and habits of the people as here. Out of New England, and especially in the South and West, except in localities which bear the New England stamp, the town or township is hardly known. It is lost in the county. Multitudes cannot tell the township in which they live. They will speak of their native county, seldom of their native town.

The distinguished French political philosopher, De Tocqueville, who studied Democracy in America more thoroughly, and unfolded it more correctly than any other foreigner has ever done, did not fail to discover the immense influence of the town system of New England upon the character and government of the nation. He begins his examination of our entire political system with the township.

His language is: [in New England] "The impulsion of political activity was given in the townships, and it may almost be said that each of them originally formed an independent nation. . . . They are subordinate to the State only in those interests which are common to all the people; they are independent in all that concerns themselves. . . . The sphere of the town is small indeed, and limited, but within that sphere its action is unrestrained. The New Englander is attached to his township, not only because he was born in it, but because it constitutes a strong and free social body of which he is a member, whose government claims and deserves the exercise of his sagacity."

This testimony of De Tocqueville is just. The gov-

ernment of a New England town is more nearly a pure democracy than can be found anywhere else under the sun. The "March meeting" is the annual session of this democratic legislature. The people come together to discuss, face to face, the measures to be adopted; to assess taxes and vote appropriations; to select and instruct their officers. In these primary meetings of the people, the orators of New England, great and small, take their first lessons. Here are learned those principles of freedom and self-government, which make the New Englander, politically, what he is, wherever he goes, the *Democrat*, in the true and proper sense of the term; familiar with the foundations of the social structure, and fit to be a citizen of a Republic, whose first principle is, that the will of the people is law.

Aside, then, from all matters of a personal and social concern; aside from the cultivation of reverence for home and ancestry, in which, as a people, we Americans are sadly deficient, there are reasons enough for such a celebration in the very idea of a New England town.

The *period* of the settlement which we are met to commemorate was one of deep interest in the history of our country. George the Third had just ascended the throne of England. The old French war, which resulted in giving England the possession of the Canadas, was drawing to a close. England was then in possession of almost the entire North American continent. Her arms had been successful in every part of the globe. She had risen to the very heights of military glory. And now the project of taxing the colonies which had been laid aside during the war, was

revived. His Majesty's subjects in America had sacrficed a multitude of lives in fighting his battles, and thereby added immensely to his territories and his wealth. And why should they not also pay the bills?

The Stamp Act was passed in 1765; and the years following were filled up with those acts of encroachment and oppression, which were destined to result very soon in terminating forever British rule in the largest and fairest portion of her North American possessions.

The immediate *occasion* of the settlement of this part of the Connecticut valley, was the French war. In the progress of that war, the New England troops had cut a road from the older settlements in the south part of the Province, through Charleston, then called No. 4, to Crownpoint. The soldiers in passing through this valley, became acquainted with its fertility and value; and as soon as the cessation of hostilities, consequent upon the battle of Quebec, would permit, a swarm of adventurers and speculators began to seek possession of these lands. The hardy yeomanry, too, of Connecticut and Massachusetts, saw here a chance to better their condition; consequently emigrants flocked hither, somewhat as they have done in these later years to the prairie lands of the West.

Benning Wentworth, then governor of the Province of New Hampshire, directed a survey of these lands to be made; at first, of sixty townships, extending sixty miles on the river, and three townships deep on each side. Soon after, new surveys were made, both north and west. In the year in which our charter is

dated, sixty such charters were granted on the west of the river, and eighteen on the east side. The charter of Enfield is dated on the same day as that of Lebanon, as also those of Hartford and Norwich, the proprietors being from the same neighborhood. This number of grants was more than doubled in the next two years; not inappropriately therefore, might this Fourth of July have been made the centennial anniversary of this central valley of the Connecticut, in which one hundred and fifty towns in this part of New Hampshire and Vermont should have met at White River Junction, to celebrate the toils and sacrifices of their fathers in taking possession of these hills and valleys, and subduing them for their posterity.

We must now confine ourselves more exclusively to our own town. After the destruction of Louisburg, in 1758, William Dana and three companions, Connecticut soldiers, came across Maine to the Connecticut River, designing to follow it down to their homes. In passing through this region, they found much to admire and covet, and Mr. Dana determined to secure a home here. On his return to Connecticut, a company was formed, and the charter of this town was obtained from Governor Wentworth, bearing date July 4th, 1761.

The main provisions of this charter are these: The town was to be six miles square. As soon as there should be fifty families resident in the town they were to have the privilege of holding two annual fairs; and a market might be opened, and kept one or more days each week. The conditions of the charter were these: 1. That every grantee, for every fifty acres in his

share, should plant and cultivate five, within the term of five years. 2. That all white and other pine trees, fit for masting the royal navy, should be reserved for that purpose. 3. That from a tract of land near the centre of the town every grantee should have one acre as a town lot. 4. That for the space of ten years one ear of Indian corn was to be paid annually as rent, if lawfully demanded; the first payment to be made on the 25th of December, 1762. After the expiration of ten years every proprietor, settler, or inhabitant, was to pay for every hundred acres owned by him, one shilling proclamation money, forever. One whole share of land (about 338 acres) was reserved for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts; one whole share for a glebe for the Church of England; one whole share for the first settled minister; one for the benefit of schools, and five hundred acres for the use of Benning Wentworth, the royal governor.

NAMES OF THE GRANTEES OF LEBANON.

John Hanks,
John Salter,
Obadiah Loomis,
Elijah Huntington,
Huckins Storrs,
Robert Barrows, Jun.,
Jesse Birchard,
Richard Salter,
Constant Southworth,
Hobart Estabrooks,
Benjamin Davis,
Daniel Blodgett
Thomas Storrs,

David Eldredge,
Nathan Arnold,
Levi Hyde,
John Birchard,
John Allen,
Lemuel Clark,
Joseph Wood,
Moses Hebard, Jun.,
John Hyde,
Josiah Storrs,
Nathan Blodgett,
Robert Hyde,
Jesse Birchard,

Charles Hill,
James Turner,
Jonathan Martin,
Samuel Storrs,
Joshua Blodgett,
Nehemiah Estabrooks,
Jonathan Yeomans,
Jonathan Walcutt,
Jabez Barrows,
Jonathan Murdock,
John Birchard,
Daniel Blodgett,
Robert Martin,
Thomas Barrows, Jun.,
Joseph Dana,
John Swift,
Daniel Allen, Jun.,
John Baldwin,
John Storrs,
Seth Blodgett,
Nathaniel Porter,
Nathaniel Hall,
David Turner,
Joseph Martin,
Judah Storrs,
Edward Goldstone,
Jonathan Blanchard,
—— Lutwhich,
William Dana,
James Nevins, Esq.,
Samuel Penhallow,
Oniel Lamont,
Jedediah Dana,
Mark Huntington Wentworth, Esq.,
Hugh Hall Wentworth,
William Knight,
Clement Jackson, Esq.

A majority of these persons were of Lebanon, Conn. They therefore gave the new town in the wilderness the name of their loved native home, — a name originally given to that town in Connecticut, from the circumstance that there was found there a valley of cedars, suggestive of the "cedars of Lebanon."

You will notice that the governor reserved to *himself* five hundred acres of land in this town. He did the same in every grant through all this region, thus securing to himself the title to some hundred thousand acres of land. His successor, John Wentworth, disappointed in finding that these lands were not willed to him, set aside all these titles, and, assuming what is now known as the squatter sovereignty principle, granted them to the actual settlers upon them.

The first meeting of the proprietors under the charter, was held at Mansfield, Conn., October 6th, 1761. A committee was then chosen to lay out the lots and roads, with instructions to begin immediately.

To encourage the speedy settlement of the town, the proprietors "voted that those of their number, who shall settle upon their lands within the term of ten years, shall have the privilege of cultivating and improving such part of the intervals as shall suit them; with these restrictions: that the interval so improved by them be in one piece or body, and when said interval shall be divided amongst the proprietors those persons aforesaid shall have their proportion of the interval so cultivated by them."

These intervals along the Connecticut were wonderful affairs in those days. In our boyhood, before we had looked upon prairies larger than the whole State of New Hampshire, we used to think them *immense*. We boys of the hills used to feel some envy of their fortunate possessors. We are not surprised, therefore, to find that the proprietors thought them a valuable prize.

The town was immediately surveyed and the work of clearing begun. How carefully the pioneers regarded the condition of their charter, to cut down no "pine tree fit for masting the royal navy," we are not informed. They probably had no great fear of his Majesty's officers before their eyes, inasmuch as the laws of England required that a breach of a condition in a grant of land should be proved before a jury commissioned by a court of chancery, and no such court existed in the Province of New Hampshire.

The labor of clearing these lands was very great. They were all burdened with an immense growth of the heaviest timber, never before disturbed by the woodman's axe. That woodman's axe furnished the *réveille* of those sturdy conquerors of the forest, and their morning gun of salutation to their neighbors was a huge pine, hemlock, or maple, thundering and crashing to the ground.

Notwithstanding the labor of providing for themselves a home here, settlers came here rapidly. The second winter, 1762–3, four men remained here. Five years later the population of the town was 162, viz: males over sixteen years of age and under sixty, 42; under sixteen, 50. Females, married, 30; unmarried, including children, 40. In 1775, the total population was 347. The revolutionary war arrested, for a time, the tide of emigration to this vicinity, and made heavy drafts upon its scattered inhabitants for the army. The sixth company of the first battalion of the Continental army of New Hampshire seems to have been made up chiefly, if not wholly, from this immediate neighborhood. John House, of Hanover, was captain, and Thomas Blake, of Lebanon, was ensign. Some twenty-five or thirty were in the army from this town. Luther Wheatley, Edward Slapp, Eleazer M. Porter, David Millington, and Capt. Joseph Estabrooks, are said to have lost their lives in the war.

After the war the population increased quite rapidly, so that, as early as 1790, it amounted to nearly 1,200. The character of these early settlers may be inferred, not only from the herculean labors they were obliged to undergo, in order to provide for themselves

a home and support their families, but from the interest they manifested in education and religion.

It is a singular fact, and one well worthy of our notice, that the very first record of the town now extant is a vote passed May 13th, 1765, in respect to preaching in the town. That vote is as follows: "Whether we will have a minister in the town this summer, or will not? Voted the affirmative. 3d. That we first send subscriptions to y^e^ neighboring towns, and get what we can subscribed, and what remains wanting to supply the pulpit six months, will stand 'sponsible for — to be paid at y^e^ end of six months. 4th. Chose Aaron Storrs to carry a subscription; to take care to get as much in y^e^ neighboring towns as he can. 5th. Voted that the select men take it upon them to seek quarters for the minister, and provide for his accommodation."

That they were disposed to deal liberally with their minister is evident from the first record in regard to a salary. In 1768 the town voted to give a Mr. Wales a call to settle in the gospel ministry. "His salary the first year was to be £50, and to rise annually £5 till it should be £70." If we bear in mind that money was then worth more than double what it now is, we shall see that this first salary, voted when the town numbered not more than two hundred inhabitants, all told, was equivalent to a salary of five or six hundred dollars at this day; and equivalent to a salary of six-thousand dollars to be paid by the present inhabitants.

These, our fathers, had been accustomed for many years to an able and faithful ministry of the Word of God, under such men as Rev. Dr. Wheelock, pastor of

the church of Lebanon, and Rev. Richard Salter, pastor of the church of Mansfield, Conn. They knew the value, to themselves and families, of the regular preaching of the Gospel on the Sabbath, and were ready to make any sacrifices to obtain it.

They knew, too, the worth of education. As early as 1767, we find on the town records a vote to establish a school. September 7, 1768, twenty pounds were appropriated to support it, and a committee, consisting of Asa Kilbourne and Joseph Wood, was chosen to take charge of it. This first school was kept by Mr. John Wheatley in a log school-house, east of the former residence of Capt. Joseph Wood.

In 1775, four school districts were established; and in 1784, eight. In 1781, the land reserved in the charter for the Church of England, and for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, was appropriated for the support of schools. In respect to education, the town was highly favored by the location of Dartmouth College in its vicinity as early as 1769, by which the thirst for education was nurtured, and a supply of well-trained teachers furnished. This remark, of course, will not be understood to imply that all our good teachers were from the college. Indeed there can be no question, that the same causes which led to the settlement of this region at that time, also determined the location of Dartmouth College.

As early as 1758, there was a movement in the southern part of the Province of New Hampshire to obtain a charter for a college. Negotiations were in progress to this end, and several conventions of ministers held for the purpose, when the plans of Dr.

Wheelock were made known to them about 1763, and further proceedings were arrested. Dr. Wheelock's Indian Charity School, be it remembered, was in Lebanon, Conn. Our fathers, of course, were all familiar with his plans. His desire was to remove into the neighborhood of the Indians, in the hope that large numbers of them would avail themselves of the advantages of civilization and religion. In this town were not a few of his former parishioners, now opening their homes in the very presence of the Indians themselves. What more natural, then, than that in selecting a new locality for his favorite school, he should follow the steps of his old neighbors and friends, and choose for his permanent resting-place a spot, at once near to them and to the native Red men, whom he sought specially to benefit?

While speaking of Dartmouth College, I will mention an incident which, while it illustrates the character of the prominent actors, also shows the facilities for travel and transportation which our fathers enjoyed.

In the life of General Eaton, who was well known about the beginning of the present century in connection with his expedition to Algiers, we read: "In May, 1787, with his staff over his shoulder, on which was suspended his pack, containing his linen and a few trinkets, which he expected to sell on his journey, and with one *pistareen* only of ready money, he started on foot from Mansfield, Conn., for Dartmouth College. He was admitted to the freshman class, and graduated in 1790. After a journey to Connecticut, he returned to Hanover and took his degree of Bachelor of Arts, August 28th. The object of that journey, his biogra-

pher probably had no means of knowing. The early settlers hereabouts could have told him. It was to procure the *first bell* of Dartmouth College; and, so far as we know, the first bell whose sounds were echoed through these forests. He went in a horse-cart to Hartford, Conn., and after an absence of two or three weeks, reached Hanover on the afternoon before Commencement. The bell was immediately suspended from a tree, and soon made the welkin ring with a new sound, to the great joy of all the inhabitants and of all the visitors on that occasion.

The location of Dartmouth College has proved in many ways a blessing to this town; and the town has contributed freely to the aid of the college. Fourteen hundred and forty acres of land were given to Dr. Wheelock for the use of the college; and money has been contributed freely, from time to time, for the relief of its necessities. Fifty-four of her alumni* were from this town, and one of the honored dead of her faculty.†

The first settlers of this town and their fellow-pioneers of this valley were fully up to the spirit of the Declaration of Independence. They would submit to no oppression, either by foreign or home governments.

Another will call your attention from the past to the present, and perhaps speak of the unhappy struggle through which our country is passing.

* See Appendix, No. 1.

† Ira Young, Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy. One other consequence of the vicinity of Dartmouth College should not be passed without notice. And that is the fact, that many of her graduates have found here what Solomon calls a "good thing" — a wife. — D.

It may, however, serve to temper our zeal against the secessionists of the South, to be reminded that our fathers were the *first secessionists*. The history which records their uprising is not very luminous, as to details, but is substantially this: —

The original grant of New Hampshire was made to John Mason, and extended sixty miles from the sea. The line passed from Rindge through the west part of Concord, striking Lake Winnipiscogee. Later acts extended its western boundary to Lake Champlain. Under these last, grants of townships were made, as before noticed, on both sides of the Connecticut. In 1764, a decree of the King in Council was passed, limiting New Hampshire to the Connecticut.

The grants to New York were not very definitely bounded; and in consequence, a fierce strife arose as to the right of New York to control the land between the Lake and the Connecticut River. The inhabitants of the towns on both sides of the river were mainly from Connecticut and Massachusetts, and their views of public policy coincided. They were hence not very well satisfied with the decree which separated them from each other; and when, after the Revolution, measures were adopted for framing a constitution for New Hampshire, their dissatisfaction and independence were made manifest. Vermont had petitioned Congress to be received into the Confederacy as an independent State; and a portion of the people, in many towns on this side of the river desired to unite with them. In sixteen towns, of which Lebanon was one, this portion was a majority. They took the position, that, since the government of Great Britain was overthrown, they

were left to their own natural sovereignty; that the original grant of New Hampshire extended but sixty miles from the sea; that these townships were independent grants, each in itself a sovereign political organization; that they had been attached first to this and then to that larger sovereignty; and now, as the power which had assumed thus to dispose of them was overthrown, they were in all respects their own masters, and might attach themselves to what State they pleased.*

On the other hand, it was maintained, that by their own acts, in receiving grants and protection from New Hampshire, they had acknowledged the sovereignty of that State over them. These views were the subject of fiery discussion and conflict through all the towns bordering on the river. Each town acted for itself, and every man in each town acted for himself. Their entire independence of each other will appear at once from the fact, that seceding towns were not in all cases adjoining each other. No common tie of domestic institutions, or social relations, held together these first seceding sovereignties.

These towns were Cornish, Lebanon, Dresden, (now Hanover Plain,) Lyme, Orford, Piermont, Haverhill, Bath, Lyman, Apthorp, (now Littleton and Dalton,) Enfield, Canaan, Orange, Landaff, New Concord, (now Lisbon,) and Franconia.

These towns refused to send delegates to the Convention which formed the Constitution of New Hampshire,

*In their own significant phrase, "they had returned to a state of nature."—D.

but united together in a petition to the Vermont Assembly, which then met at Windsor, to be received as a part of that State. The question was submitted to the people of Vermont, and decided by public vote in favor of receiving the towns. They were accordingly admitted as a part of that State, and gave notice to New Hampshire that they had become Vermonters, and asked for an amicable settlement of a boundary line between the States.

The government of New Hampshire, however, was by no means disposed to recognize the right of secession. The President of New Hampshire, for so the highest officer of the State was then called, Hon. Mesheck Weare, wrote to Governor Chittenden, of Vermont, claiming still these towns, making an able argument against secession. "Were not these towns settled and cultivated under the grant of the Governor of New Hampshire? Are they not within the lines thereof? . . . Did not the most of these towns send delegates to the convention of this State in 1775? Have they not from the commencement of the war applied to the State of New Hampshire for assistance and protection? It is well known that they did, and that New Hampshire, at their own expense, hath supplied them with arms, ammunition, &c., to a very great amount, as well as paid soldiers for their particular defence, and all at their request, as members of this State. Whence, then, could this new doctrine, that they were never connected with us originate? I earnestly desire that this matter may be seriously attended to, as I am persuaded that the tendency thereof will be to anarchy and confusion." He also made an ap-

peal to Congress to interpose and prevent, if possible, the shedding of blood.

The movement of those towns received no more encouragement from Congress than this later secession is likely to receive from that which meets to-day; but the quarrel was not an easy one to settle.

At the first meeting of the Assembly of Vermont, after the people had voted to receive these towns, and the delegates from this side had taken their seats, the question arose, whether these towns should be erected into a separate county. This was refused, whereupon the delegates again seceded, and left the Vermont Assembly in disgust. Their friends on this side of the mountains, bound more strongly to them than those on the other side, proposed to unite with them to form a separate State, on both sides of the river, to be called New Connecticut. Then followed a series of contentions between New York, Vermont, and New Hampshire, which I cannot now stop to detail,—all of which were finally settled by the admission of Vermont with her present boundaries, into the Confederacy of the United States; a settlement which was hastened by the shrewd policy of Ethan and Ira Allen, who conferred with the British authorities in Canada and elsewhere, as if they desired an union with them.

The settlement of this first secession was signalized by the addition of the first new star to the old thirteen on our glorious national banner. May the settlement of this more fearful secession of 1861 add new brilliancy to the whole constellation!

This brief outline of this curious strife, I have thought it necessary to give, to show why we are sons

and daughters of the Granite State, rather than Green Mountain boys and girls, though to be the last would be no less an honor.

In some of the towns concerned in this contest, great disorders prevailed, every man doing what was right in his own eyes. But not so here; the laws of Congress and the statutes of Connecticut were made the guide of their action, while they were in their "state of nature." At the first breaking out of the revolutionary war, a "committee of safety" was appointed with almost absolute powers. At a meeting held here immediately after their appointment, in connection with committees from Hanover, Plainfield, Canaan, and Grantham, the following vote was passed: "That the laws of our country ought and shall be the rule of our procedure in judging of the qualities of offences, and punishing the same, only with such variations as the different channel of administration requires."

The town itself, in the period in which its State connection was unsettled, resolved to adopt the laws of Connecticut, and maintain them; and so they did; though enforcing for a while the statutes of Vermont. When, at length, in 1786, they returned to their allegiance to New Hampshire, like honest men, as they were, they paid up their back taxes to the amount of a thousand pounds sterling.

A few extracts from the records, omitting names, will show the spirit of the times, and their style of doing business.

At a meeting of the Committee of Safety held August 2, 1775, "chose Nehemiah Estabrooks chairman, and

John Wheatley clerk, of said committee. A. B. and C. D. appeared before said committee, and were examined considering their laboring on the 20th day of July last, being the day set apart by the Grand American Congress, for public fasting and prayer throughout the continent; when the above-named persons confessed their fault, and being admonished to a better conduct in future, which they engaged, were accordingly dismissed by said committee."

"Lebanon, March 6, 1780. At a meeting of the committee of safety of said Lebanon, appeared E. F., of said Lebanon, to answer to a complaint exhibited to said committee against said E. F. for sundry crimes and misdemeanors. Whereupon *she*, the said E. F., made a voluntary confession of the facts laid to her charge in said complaint, viz: striking and kicking, which are open breaches of the peace of the good people of this town. Whereupon said committee do award that she, the said E. F., pay a fine of two dollars for the use of the town, and the costs of trial, and stand committed till this judgment be satisfied."

What think you of this? "August, 11, 1779, in town meeting: Voted that the town procure three gallons of rum for the people that shall attend to raise the bridge over the Mascomy, near to Capt. Turner's." This was the sole business done at that meeting, and it was enough.

The account for rum and brandy for building the last meeting-house,* may be found in certain old account books, now in Mr. Kendrick's store, and they would astonish the present generation.

* The present town house.

Another singular chapter of our town history which illustrates very fully the independence, not to say the self-will of the early inhabitants, pertains to the building of meeting-houses.

As far as appears from the records, the first public action on the subject was in February, 1768. Thence onward for four years and a half, they discussed, and resolved, and re-resolved, whether they would build or not; where they would build, and how large the house should be. In just about a dozen different town meetings this subject was "before the people." They first resolved *not* to build. Six months later they resolved to build, — two years later not to build, — *three weeks later* to build. The size of the house was first to be thirty feet square, with ten feet posts; then forty-eight by thirty-four, with twenty feet posts; then again forty by thirty, and ten feet posts; and finally forty-eight by thirty-four, and ten or twelve feet posts.

But the great question was WHERE the house should have its local habitation. The strife was between the claims of one or two places on the river road, and several locations near Luther Alden's. At first it was to be on the hill near the old graveyard; then on the river road a little south of West Lebanon depot; then again on the hill, then in the clay pits, on this side of the Mascomy; then the matter was entrusted to a committee of gentlemen out of town, who seem to have fixed upon a spot farther south, near Osgood's Mills.

At one time, when the timber for the house had been delivered on the river road, a company of men appeared on the ground with teams to haul it away. An appeal, however, from their youthful pastor, assuring

them that he could not consent to remain among them, unless they were more harmonious, prevented a resort to force.

But in spite of committee reports, the hills were destined to prevail, as they always have, over the plains and the clay-pits, and the house was finally built on the south side of the road, near Mr. Luther Alden's. This first controversy was settled in August, 1772, just about a month after the settlement of the first minister, Rev. Mr. Potter.

For about eleven years, meeting-houses had rest. They then began to think of a new house. The majority of the inhabitants were in the southwest part of the town, and, of course, wanted the house near them. Meanwhile the east part of the town had been settled, and therefore, stout and determined resistance was made against such a location, and a central position demanded.

The strife went on for seven or eight years, at times with no little bitterness. In the course of the controversy, the old house was taken down by a mob, the only one I recollect to have heard of in the history of the town.* A company of young men, headed by one "Captain Stubbs," *alias* Comfort Allen, gathered in the night, and proceeded quietly to remove the bone of contention, and before the morning light the house of worship was levelled to the ground. The timber was bought by private persons, and the house rebuilt on the hill, near the residence of Mr. Ziba Storrs, and continued to be used for meetings for several years.

* There was one other, when they were in their "state of nature." D.

The fathers and mothers of some of us used to ride on horseback, and in ox-carts from the extreme northeast part of the town, to that house; verily, a pretty long sabbath day's journey, and, we should think a pretty hard sabbath day's work.* A portion of the people refused to go there, and were accustomed to meet in the house of Mr. Robert Colburn, which stood near Mr. Carter's residence.

The contending forces at length drew nearer together, the south and west of the town fixing upon a spot near Mr. Peck's, good old Deacon Porter affirming, stoutly, that he would never come any farther. The east and north insisted still on the centre. How long the strife would have lasted if nothing but votes had been thrown into the scale, we cannot tell. It was finally settled by a proposition of Mr. Colburn, who owned the land of the village, and who came forward, and stuck a stake, and said, "If you will build the house on this spot, I will give to the town so many acres of land for a public common." The proposition was accepted, the house was built about 1792, and stood undisturbed until 1850, when the improved taste of the present inhabitants called for removal to its present location.†

* We shall understand the length of the journey better if we keep in mind the fact that there was then no bridges east of this village — none in it; the bridge near Mr. Robert Gates' had not been built, and the Masconia could only be passed in the vicinity of the bridge, near Mr. Luther Alden's. D.

† A curious testimony of the earnestness and obstinacy of this strife, ought not to be lost. November 22, 1792, the town voted "that a committee of disinterested persons should be chosen to determine a central spot for a meeting-house; which committee should consider the travel as it respects *quality* and *quantity*, and actually measure to find the same, and say in justice where it

The law authorizing towns to assess taxes for building meeting-houses and supporting ministers gradually became unpopular throughout the State, and in 1819 was set aside by what is known as the Toleration Act. From that time each denomination was thrown upon its own resources for support.

The town owned the meeting-house, and for a while apportioned the use of it among the different denominations, till, one by one, they were able to provide for themselves. As the result we have several neat and convenient houses of worship, in which all are permitted to worship in quietness, according to their local convenience and religious preference; several different denominations uniting cheerfully in this celebration.

In respect to the personal notices which the occasion demands, I am constrained to regret that my time has not permitted me to visit the representatives of all the early settlers, to gather up their recollections of their fathers and mothers, and explore their family records in their old family Bibles; to examine also the old town and church records, and combining all, be able

ought to be erected, upon the consideration of every circumstance of the present and future inhabitants of the town."

The following is the report of that committee: "In the first place, we calculated the *soul* travel to the new meetinghouse; and secondly, to the mouth of the lane, between Mr. James Jones, and Mr. Nathaniel Storrs; and found that there was 215 miles and 29 rods less *soul* travel to said lane than to the new meetinghouse. Likewise we found the *land* travel to the aforesaid spots to be 37 miles and 246 rods less travel to the new meetinghouse, reckoning one travel from each habitable one hundred acre lot. Likewise we found it to be 52 miles and 303 rods more land travel to Mr. Peck's than to the new meetinghouse."

The mysteries couched under "soul" and "land travel" are left for solution to the curious reader. — D.

to present you, to-day, a brief history of the internal life of the settlement, at least in all the first half of the century. The kindness of Rev. Mr. Downs, in granting me the use of his carefully prepared statistics, enables me to add very considerably to what I have had the means of gathering myself.

Four persons, I have already remarked, spent the second winter here. Their camp was not far from the mouth of White River. The names of three are known, Levi Hyde, Samuel Estabrooks, and William Dana.

July 11, 1763, William Downer with his wife and eight children arrived; this was the first family, and Mrs. Downer the first woman who spent a night in town.

In the fall of the same year, came Oliver Davidson, Elijah Dewey, James Jones, and their families. Mr. Davidson built the first dam across the Mascomy. His was the first death, for him the first grave was opened in the new settlement.

The following may be added as among the first settlers. Nathaniel Porter, Asa Kilbourne, Samuel Meacham, Joseph Dana, Jonathan Dana, Huckin Storrs, Silas Waterman, Jedediah Hebard, Jesse Cooke, Zalmon Aspenwall, Joseph Wood, James Hartshorn, and Nathaniel Storrs.

The first male child born in the town it is said was Thomas Waterman, born July 11, 1766. On the records, however, we find the following: "Roger Hebbard, son of Jedediah Hebbard, born August 13, 1764," and at a later date, Roger Hebbard married to Sarah Stickney, March 19, 1786. Whether Roger Hebbard

was born here, the record does not state,* but seems to imply that he was.

The first female child born in town was Sarah Jones, daughter of James Jones, who was born December 22, 1764.

The first minister of the gospel in the town seems to have been a Mr. Treadway. On the records of the town, under date of August 25, 1766, we find the following: "Whether the town will choose a committee to treat with Mr. Treadway, now resident among us, in order to his steady administration in the gospel ministry, in the said town. Resolved in the affirmative; and chose John Wheatley, Charles Hill, and Joseph Dana to be a committee for the purpose aforesaid."

Mr. Treadway seems to have preached here a few months, but not to have been invited to settle here. The first "call" was given to a Mr. Wales, to whom I have already referred, but something in his reply displeased the people, and induced them to reconsider the call.

Soon after, Rev. Isaiah Potter, then a young man about twenty-four years of age, was invited to visit the place as a candidate for settlement. He came and spent the summer of 1771, and was invited to return the following spring. He did so, and, after a few months, was called with entire unanimity to be the settled minister of the town. He accepted the call, and on the 25th of August, 1772, was ordained and installed pastor of the church. The ordination took place in the open air, under an elm still standing on the banks of the Con-

*The probability is that he was born in Connecticut, but for convenience the record was made here.—D.

necticut, a little south of West Lebanon depot, Rev. Mr. Olcutt, of Charleston, preaching the ordination sermon. It is a significant indication of the customs of the times, and an evidence of the fidelity of the youthful pastor, that, at the close of the exercises, he exhorted his flock, especially the young people, to refrain from *dancing*, and all other vain amusements.

By virtue of being the first settled minister of the town, Mr. Potter came into possession of one share of the land, according to the terms of the charter. The proprietors of the land had also agreed to appropriate £62 as a "settlement" for the first minister, to which the town added, by vote, £38, making his settlement £100, or about $500. In addition, his salary was £50 a year, for two years, with an annual increase thereafter till it should reach £80 per annum.

One of the considerations which induced Mr. Potter to settle here, was the fact that Dr. Wheelock had already located the college at Hanover. His first visit to this town was but a short time before the removal of Dr. Wheelock and his family, and students. He and his neighbors turned out to help them, as they worked their way over the logs and stumps of the rough horse-oad from Charleston to Hanover.

Mr. Potter was a great admirer of his more learned and experienced father, on Hanover Plain. They were warm friends and mutual helpers. In full sympathy with him in theological sentiments, and those views of revivals of religion, which were then called "New-light," Mr. Potter's labors, like those of his neighbor, were attended with revivals of great power.

For the first few years of his ministry, his work was

much interrupted by the revolutionary war. Responding cheerfully to the calls of his country, he became chaplain of one of the New Hampshire regiments, and for a season followed the fortunes of a soldier.

He was in the army under General Gates, in that darkest hour of the night of the Revolution, which preceded the break of day, in the surrender of Burgoyne and his northern army. Before the last decisive battle, the young chaplain rode out in front of the army, and with uncovered head, a fair and lofty mark for the enemy's bullets, lifted up the voice of prayer to that God in whom our fathers put their trust.

Having witnessed the surrender of Burgoyne, he soon after returned to this more quiet field of his life's work, confident that American freedom would soon be secured.

There were giants in those days, and Mr. Potter was one of them, being six feet and two inches in height, and of corresponding physical strength. "In mental abilities he rose above the average; sound in doctrine, logical in his discourse, mighty in the Scriptures," quoting them freely from memory, a method, which by the failure of his sight, in his later years became a necessity, adding frequently the modest caveat, "if I rightly recollect." Those of you of my own age can just remember the venerable old man, as he stood calmly under the old sounding-board, which we feared would some day fall upon his head, and talked to us of heavenly things. What he said we do not so well remember. His descendants,* among whom I am happy to number

* John M. Potter, member of Congress from Wisconsin, is a grandson.

my own children, have several of his manuscript sermons written on paper which reminds one of the Stamp Act, in characters as small, and with abbreviations as numerous as are the old editions of Homer's Iliad. Mr. Potter died July 2, 1817, having been pastor of the church about forty-five years.

His successors, Mr. Cutler and Mr. Cooke, were both, like him, of the order of *high* priests, both being over six feet in height. The present ministers of Lebanon, we presume, make up in quality what is lacking in quantity.

Among the early settlers, no one is more worthy of special notice than John Wheatley. An Irish boy, he emigrated to this country, and was sold to pay his passage. Falling into the hands of a kind man, in Connecticut, who discovered and appreciated his superior talents, he received as good an education as the schools of the neighborhood could give, and when this town was settled he removed hither with his family, to share the toils and sufferings of a new country. He was the first town clerk, the first schoolmaster, the first civil magistrate, holding the office for nearly twenty years, and the first representative to the legislature of the State.* An upright citizen, a sterling patriot, and a

* So the popular tradition runs. The records, however, do not sustain it. Mr. Wheatley was Proprietor's Clerk. Silas Waterman was certainly the first *town clerk*, holding the office eleven years. Mr. Wheatley was not only not the *first* representative, but never represented the town in the Legislature of New Hampshire. He once took his seat in company with Hon. E. Payne, in the Assembly of Vermont. He was also chosen as a delegate from this town, to the convention which formed the Constitution, but by vote of the town was recalled, not however from any fault of his. According to the records, the honor of being the first representative in the State legislature unquestionably belongs to Col. Elisha Payne, elected March, 1784. — D.

consistent Christian, he lived and died an honor to the town and the State. His grave should not be left neglected, and his gravestones broken down.

Three of his sons were in the Continental army, one of whom, Luther, fell, mortally wounded in the Battle of Stillwater.

The name of Estabrooks is prominent among the original inhabitants of the town. And whatever may be said of those who came after them, it *may* be said of them, as the Bible says of the heroes of David's army, "they attained not unto the first three" — Samuel Estabrooks, William Dana, Levi Hyde. Samuel of the "first three," Nehemiah also the chairman of the Committee of Safety during the period that tried men's souls, the steadfast and fearless defenders of liberty, and supporters of religion, they have left a line of worthy descendants, who have kept the name in fragrance among us. Two were graduates of Dartmouth College; one of whom, Joseph Estabrooks, was the President, for many years, of the East Tennessee University. His influence is felt to-day in the loyalty of that portion of a seceded State.

Of Nehemiah Estabrooks, the following account has been furnished: —

"Nehemiah Estabrooks, the son of Deacon Nehemiah Estabrooks, born in Hebron, Conn., came early in its first settlement, into Lebanon. He married Elizabeth Slapp, daughter of Major John Slapp, who held a major's commission in the French war, and in the Revolution was an active and efficient officer. Nehemiah, hearing of the Battle of Lexington, in the afternoon, by the sleepless energy of his wife, he was ready at

sunrise the next morning to take leave of home and family, and shoulder his musket in defence of his country. He was in active service from that morning till the close of the war, with the exception of a furlough of two months, during which time he visited his home. He was nearly all the time under the immediate command of Washington, being one of his famous body-guard. He returned poor, having received Continental money for his pay, fifty dollars of which he paid for a breakfast on his way home. His brother Joseph died in the service.

"Nehemiah, in 1808 or 1809, removed to what was then known as the Holland Purchase, in New York. On receiving intelligence of the burning of Black Rock by the British forces, he mustered a company of his neighbors and marched to that place. Arriving just as the last boat was leaving the shore for the Canada side, he drew up his men, and they gave the 'Red Coats' the contents of their muskets." *

The Danas also rise up before us.† William, one of the "first three," whose keen eye first detected the worth of these lands; Joseph, the first deacon of the church, and Jonathan, his successor. Among the descendants of William is the Rev. E. L. Magoon, D. D.,

* Furnished by Dr. A. Smalley, a descendant.

† Capt. William Dana, an officer in the French war, and for seven years in the Revolution, wintered with Washington at Valley Forge. He was the first man to cut a stick of timber, plant a hill of potatoes or corn in the town. He also held the first charter for a ferry across the Connecticut. In addition to other excellencies, he was a true Christian. Before any minister was resident in the town, he officiated at funerals. On one occasion two men came from Orford, for him to go there to make a prayer at the funeral of a man who had died there. For these facts I am indebted to a letter written by his youngest daughter, Mrs. Fanny Cochran, now living in Pembroke, N. H. — D.

pastor of a Baptist church in Albany, N. Y., whom we had hoped to see here to-day. A bricklayer by trade, he worked his way to an education by the help of his trowel. An eloquent preacher, a popular speaker, the author of more books than all the rest of Lebanon together.

The remaining name of the first three is Levi Hyde, largely employed as a surveyor in laying out the roads and farms of the town. "Old 'Squire Hyde," is a name familiar to the older portion of the town, as a standing authority in all matters of law, order, and town history.

In the list of early settlers my eye is arrested by the name of Joseph Wood, whose descendants constitute an extensive *forest*, and are "too numerous to mention."

Two of them, however, must not be passed unnoticed. Rev. Samuel Wood, D. D., long pastor of the church in Boscawen, came to this town with his father when quite a lad, graduated at Dartmouth College in 1779, and settled in Boscawen in 1781, where he remained till his death, in 1836, at the age of 84.

It is safe to say that no man in New Hampshire exerted a wider influence for good, during his life, than he. Besides all the labors of a responsible pastoral office, and of many public trusts, all of which he performed with great ability and faithfulness, he fitted for college, in his own house, more than a hundred young men, among whom are some of the most honored names in our State and nation. It is enough to mention Daniel and Ezekiel Webster.

That venerable centennarian, whose grave is still

fresh among you, was the second brother of Dr. Samuel Wood. Captain Joseph Wood was about seven years old when his father came to this town. His whole life has been a part of its history. Pursuing the quiet and honorable calling of a farmer, of excellent judgment in all practical affairs, energetic, he accumulated a handsome property, which he well knew how to use for good. The Congregational Church in Lebanon, the church and seminary in West Lebanon, have reason long to cherish the memory of his generosity, of his wisdom in counsel, of his solid virtues. A good man, rich in faith and in good works, he died full of years and honors. Of his younger brother, Benjamin, long the faithful and honored pastor of the church in Upton, Mass., I have not time to speak.

Nathaniel Porter, whose wife, Martha, was the only other person in the town whose age has reached 100, is known to me chiefly through his son and grandson, whom we used to call the Old Deacon and the Young Deacon Porter, both of whom have long since gone to their rest. Old Deacon Porter has left his monument among you in yonder church edifice and the parsonage connected with it. Strong, thick-set, resolute, *nearly* obstinate upon occasion, his large head represented, and guided a larger heart. His few words, somewhat stammering, were full of meaning and of force. His daily prayer was, that he might not outlive his usefulness; and that prayer was heard. He returned home from church on the Sabbath, sat down in his chair, and quietly died.

Of Zuar Eldridge we have this record, in connection with the revolutionary war: He sailed in a privateer,

was captured, imprisoned, was finally released, worn down by disease and confinement, and was nursed by Diarca Allen.

Rev. Walter Harris, D. D., one of the ablest and most eloquent divines of New Hampshire, in his youth a musician in Washington's army, long the honored, judicious, and faithful pastor of the church in Dunbarton, should be held in remembrance as one of the noblest sons of Lebanon.

Hon. Elisha Payne was a prominent actor in the affairs of the town, at a little later day. At the time of the conflict between New Hampshire and Vermont, as to jurisdiction over the sixteen towns, he was Lieutenant-Governor of Vermont, and was authorized by the legislature of that State to raise a military force to resist the threatened invasion of this State. He afterwards removed to Orange, N. H., and while there received from this town an offer of a tract of land, at the outlet of Enfield Pond, provided he would settle there and erect mills; which offer he accepted. The mills there were long known as Payne's Mills.

At one time he made an effort to form a new township from parts of Lebanon, Enfield, and Canaan, of which East Lebanon should be the centre; but the attempt failed. He was a man of intellect, intelligence, and energy. He held many important offices, both in town and State. He was the builder of the chapel of Dartmouth College.

And what shall I say more? Time would fail me to speak of the Storrses, the Huntingtons, the Watermans, the Hebbards, the Downers, and the Aspenwalls

in that honored list of the first settlers. They are all familiar and worthy names.

Coming down the century a generation or more, my eye rests upon David Hough, once a representative in Congress, and others of the same name; upon Colonel Storrs, and Captain Sluman Lathrop, who to my youthful vision stood up among the "Sons of Anak"; upon Barnabas Fay, whose representative you are getting impatient to hear; upon Tildens, a name immortalized by yonder beautiful seminary overlooking the valleys of the Connecticut and White River; upon Ticknors,* whom the title-pages of not a few American books will keep in remembrance; the Bakers, Bentons, Durkees, Aldens, Blodgetts; upon the Halls, the descendants of one of whom — Captain Nathaniel Hall — have adorned the three professions, — Law, Medicine, and Divinity. There is a multitude, besides, whose very names I cannot stop to repeat.

There are two characters of this period, so prominent in *my* view that I must be excused for naming them. They were brothers-in-law, the one a farmer, the other a merchant; both short and stout, with pretty capacious brains. Each thought and acted for himself, — and they generally thought and acted very much alike, except in politics; one was a strong Democrat, the other as strong a Federalist. They were often se-

* Lebanon claims William D. Ticknor, the well-known publisher, of Boston. Another of the name should have more than a passing notice. His merits cannot be better told than in the following sentiment, furnished by Robert Kimball, Esq.: "To the memory of Deacon Elisha Ticknor, — the Jason who found for us the golden fleece, — the first to introduce the rearing of Merino sheep, in the town, for which the town is largely indebted for its prosperity."

lectmen at the same time, and had occasion to test their personal friendship in the fiercest political strife. They lived and died, however, true friends, and alike respected and beloved, as honest and true men. Their names were Diarca Allen and Stephen Kendrick.* Their descendants must speak for themselves.

Among physicians who have been largely identified with our history, the name of Phineas Parkhurst is prominent, whom many of us well remember. His life in Lebanon dates back to 1780. The burning of Royalton, Vt., by the Indians — one of the sad scenes of the revolutionary war — brought him here as a messenger of alarm. When the intelligence that the Indians were approaching the town reached his father's house, Parkhurst, then but a youth, mounted his horse

* The annotator, free from the restraints which bound Dr. Allen, may add somewhat to the notice of these men. Diarca Allen was in his youth a soldier with his brother Phineas, in the revolutionary army. The older people of the town will remember the attachment between these brothers, while in the army, and the stories told of their frequent, earnest inquiry, "Seen anything of Ark.?" "Seen anything of Phin.?" Diarca Allen was prominent in town affairs, a successful farmer. an honest man, a wise counsellor, a friend to the poor in a quiet way, — the father of seven sons and one daughter, all yet living, — all honored and useful. In his old age, as I knew him, contented, genial, not without humor, not often second in a trial of wit, abounding in stories of old times, cherished and honored by his children, in simple Christian faith awaiting his call to go up higher. He died in 1850, aged 89.

Stephen Kendrick, the successful merchant, scrupulously honest, accurate in all business affairs, and as capable as honest, for many years a town clerk, the most accurate and painstaking of them all, — it is a pleasure to consult the records made by him. Always of uncompromising morality, — in his later years an humble, devout Christian; religion had no better friend than he, the church no firmer pillar. He attained not the good old age of his friend, but was called suddenly away in the midst of his years and usefulness, in 1834, aged 64. His children, like those of his friend, have been useful and honored. One is Professor of Chemistry at West Point, another a professor in Marietta College, Ohio. — D.

and rode with all possible speed through the neighborhood, giving the alarm. As he was endeavoring to escape, he was shot in the back, the ball passing through the body and lodging in the skin in front. Holding the ball in his fingers, he pursued his way down the river, arousing the inhabitants by that terrific cry, "The Indians are coming!" not stopping to rest till he had crossed the Connecticut. The wound unfitted him for the life of a farmer, and he chose that of a physician. He studied medicine with Dr. Hall, then of this town, had a large practice, exerted a wide influence, accumulated a handsome property. He died in 1844, aged 85.

The names of Richards, Hall, Partridge, Flagg, and Hubbard, among the dead; of Gallup and Plaistridge among the living, completes the list of doctors of past generations among us.

For lawyers, Lebanon has never seemed to present a very inviting field. Whether because of its remoteness from the county-seat, or because of the high moral, and consequent peaceable character of its inhabitants, I do not know. Till proof to the contrary is furnished, we may assume the latter reason.

Hon. Aaron Hutchinson, was probably the first who established himself in town as a lawyer. He graduated at Harvard College, in 1770, and settled here about 1780. When he came here, there were but three lawyers in all Grafton County. He lived to a good old age, having exerted a wide influence in his profession in this region.

Samuel Selden, still living in Michigan, I believe is the only other lawyer of early times whom I recollect.

I cannot close without asking you to drop a tear to the memory of two or three of my own age. Of the living I do not propose to speak, though there are names of which we may be proud. Of the dead, though well known to many of you, I may speak.

Story Hebard graduated at Amherst College in 1828, having distinguished himself as scholar in the natural sciences. Notwithstanding a strong bias to these studies, he sacrificed it to his desire to preach the Gospel to the heathen. In 1835 he left his native land forever, and went forth to the land of the Bible, a missionary of the Cross. His scientific knowledge, in addition to all his other labors, enabled him to furnish to American journals of science some of the most valuable papers to be found upon the geology and botany of the Holy Land. He died, much lamented, in 1841, and his body rests in foreign soil, on the Island of Malta.

Ira Young was *born* a mathematician, and as such was known among us in his early life, and when teaching in our district schools. At the age of 22, having previously wrought as a house carpenter, he began to fit for college, and in a little more than a year completed his preparation. He took his stand in college at once, as one of the best scholars, of one of the best classes ever graduated at Dartmouth, commanding especially the admiration of the venerable Professor of Mathematics, whose chair he was called to fill soon after leaving college. Dartmouth never had a professor of clearer head, and greater worth, as a teacher and a man, than he. He died 1858, in the midst of his usefulness, a loss to the college and the community, at the age of 57.

Willis Bliss, the beautiful boy, the affectionate and obedient son of an accomplished and early-widowed mother, the youth of high toned moral character, the truly magnificent scholar, an honor to the Military School of West Point, than whom it has no higher; the writer of those unequalled war despatches of the old hero, Zachary Taylor, in the Mexican war, he was cut down by death, just as the eyes of the nation were beginning to turn to him as one of the most promising of her sons, either in military or civil life.

The century over which we have thus rapidly glanced has been one of the most remarkable of all the centuries of time. It has been emphatically a century of progress. Inaugurated by the revolutionary war, it includes the whole of what history will record as the first period of American republican government,—its period of sturdy, vigorous youth, of rapid growth in territory, in wealth, in learning, in religion, in short, in all the elements of national greatness. It closes in the midst of a civil war, which is to inaugurate the period of its ripened manhood, demonstrating to the world that a government founded upon the will of an intelligent and God-fearing people, is at once the strongest and happiest government on earth, and sealing with the heart's blood of the children, the institutions of liberty for which the fathers suffered and died.

The period of old age, when even a government is ready to vanish away, will, I trust, never overtake our nation; but I believe, rather, that its growing brightness and strength will at length be lost in that prophetic day, when every nation and every *man* shall be free, and all men everywhere shall enjoy undisturbed what

the Pilgrims found on the Rock of Plymouth, "Freedom to worship God."

Our fathers and mothers came to this place, in canoes slowly paddled up the river, on foot, and on horseback, in ox-carts, and on ox-sleds * — toiling through the forest at the rate of five or ten miles a day. We come by steam at the rate of five hundred. They were sent forth from their old homesteads with prayers and benedictions, as if they were never to be seen again. Our mothers, youthful brides from old Connecticut, stood in the doors of their log-cabins, and wept, as they looked out upon the almost unbroken forests about them, and thought of those left behind; and when a new emigrant arrived in the neighborhood, he came loaded with a precious freight of letters, some sad, some joyous, from those of whom nothing had been heard for many months. We take up our "dailies," and read what but yesterday was going on all over the land, even to the Pacific. Such changes has the passage of time wrought.

They bore their trials nobly, and to-day we are proud to remember them. Are we proving worthy such a parentage? Are we worthy the richer privileges we enjoy? Are we, with all our advantages, accomplishing as much for the world as they have done before us?

The fathers and the mothers, — where are they? We must seek them in yonder resting-place for the

* Mr. John Hebbard has still in good preservation portions of the sled upon which his ancestor brought to this town, from Connecticut, his family and goods, drawn by a yoke of "three year olds."

dead, and other like sacred spots. We have met to-day to speak of their memories—we shall part to-day—and never all meet again on earth. When all the centuries are over, may we all meet in our FATHER'S HOUSE ABOVE.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

GRADUATES FROM LEBANON.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

Experience Estabrooks,	1776.	Phinehas Parkhurst,	1805.
Samuel Wood,	1779.	James Hutchinson,	1806.
Ezekiel Colburn,	1779.	John Porter,	1806.
Elisha Ticknor,	1783.	Thomas Hardy,	1807.
Elisha Payne,	1784.	Jabez Peck,	1807.
Elijah Lyman,	1787.	Constant Storrs,	1807.
Walter Harris,	1787.	Samuel Wood Colburn,	1808.
John Griswold,	1789.	Daniel Hough,	1812.
Nathaniel Hall,	1790.	Experience Porter Storrs,	1813.
Zenas Payne,	1790.	Joseph Estabrooks,	1815.
John Walbridge,	1791.	Amos Wood,	1815.
Silas Waterman,	1792.	John Kendrick,	1826.
Benjamin Wood,	1793.	Ira Young,	1828.
Isaiah Waters,	1793.	D. H. Allen,	1829.
Ira Hall,	1793.	Benjamin Ela,	1831.
William Dana,	1794.	George Cooke,	1832.
Barrett Potter,	1796.	Richard B. Kimball,	1834.
Nathaniel Storrs,	1796.	Aldace Walker,	1837.
Joseph Peck,	1800.	Phineas Cooke,	1843.
Lemuel Bliss,	1801.	Harvey C. Wood,	1844.
Nehemiah Huntington,	1803.	J. J. Blaisdell,	1846.
Experience Porter,	1803.	Benjamin E. Gallup,	1847.
John Porter,	1803.	Henry Allen,	1849.
Luther Storrs,	1803.	Elias H. Richardson,	1850.
Samuel W. Phelps,	1803.	Samuel W. Dana,	1854.
Henry Hutchinson,	1804.	D. A. Dickinson,	

AMHERST COLLEGE.

Story Hebard, ... 1828.

NORWICH UNIVERSITY.

Cyrus H. Fay.

WEST POINT.

Willis Bliss, . 1834. | Henry Kendrick, . 1835.
James G. Benton.

PHYSICIANS NOT GRADUATES OF COLLEGE.

Waterman Dewey,
Sylvanus Martin,
Wm. Gallup,
Daniel Dustin,
Harry Allen,
Constant Abbott,
Benjamin T. Hubbard,
Alvin Ford,
Charles H. Cleaveland,
John Liscomb,
Sylvanus Dewey,
Adoniram Smalley,
Sylvester Ford,
Wm. D. Buck.

CLERGYMEN NOT GRADUATES OF COLLEGE.

Luther Wood,
John Waters,
George Storrs,
Reuben Mason,
John Lothrop,
Colbee Hardy,
Daniel Hardy.

In preparing this list, I am greatly indebted to the tenacious and accurate memory of Thomas Potter, Esq. D.

No. II.

TOWN CLERKS OF LEBANON.

Silas Waterman, from 1765 to 1776.
John Wheatley, from 1776 to 1784; from March to July, 1786.
Elihu Hyde, from 1784 to 1786.
James Fuller, from 1786 to 1792.
Stephen Kendrick, from 1792 to 1819, with two intervals of a year each.
Timothy Kenrick, from 1819 to 1857.
E. J. Durant, from 1857.

No. III.

SOLDIERS FROM LEBANON IN THE REVOLUTION.

John Colburn,
Nathaniel Storrs,
Edward Slapp,
Rev. Isaiah Potter,
Nathaniel Porter, Jr.,
Nathan Wheatley,
Samuel Estabrooks,
Jeriah Swetland,
Zuar Eldridge,
John Griswold,
Zacheus Downer.
John Slapp,
Levi Hyde,
Jesse Cooke,
Elkanah Sprague,
Joseph Wood,
Noah Payne,
David Millington,
Thomas Wells,
Nehemiah Estabrooks,
Azariah Bliss,
Luther Wheatley,
John Wheatley,
Nathan Durkee,
Ephraim Wood,
Charles Hill.

Probably this list is incomplete.

Besides these, numbers were employed as scouts, in the neighborhood, at Strafford, at Newbury, Vt., and at a place in Canada, called the Cedars, under the command of Lieut. Turner.

The following are interesting memorials of that memorable struggle:

"An accompt of the time and charges of my going to Royalton at the time of the alarm on the 16th of October 1780.

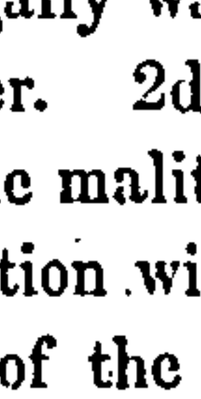
"Myself three days; found a horse to carry provisions from Lieut. John Lymans to the foot of Tunbridge mountains; necessary charges—eight dollars.

"JERIAH SWETLAND."

"LEBANON, Jan. 26th, 1779.

"At a town meeting legally warned were passed the following votes, viz. Maj. Slapp moderater. 2d That the town recommend it to the commissioned officers of the malitia in this town, to select six men as a scouting party, in Conjunction with other towns, in order to make Discovery of the Approach of the enemy, if any there be, and to give timely notice thereof to the Inhabitants.

"Voted also to recommend it to said officers to Equip fifty-six men to be ready at a minute's warning to march against the Enemy, in Case of an invasion, and also they use their Endeavor to have the whole of their



Company in the best posture of Defence that may be; in case of a general attack. Voted that the six men for scouting be Engaged till the first day of April next, unless sooner discharged, and also that Each man Receive 40s per month for the time being, as money passed in 1774; and also that the Town provide Each man with a blanket, and a pair of snow-shoes for their use for the time being, and then to be Returned to said Town. Voted that in case Lieut. Ticknor should fail of Going with said Scout, that said six men make Choice of such meet person as they shall Chuse to take the Command of them in his Room. Voted that the Authority of this town Stop the transporting of all kinds of provisions, that may be attempted to be carried away, from or thro said Town till the Danger of the Enemy be over Except such as are purchased for the use of the Continent. (army)

"Voted that the Authority of the Town, and all others the inhabitants Be Directed to Examine all strangers suspected to be Spies, and if need be to Detain them, as the Exigency of the Case may Require. Voted to Disolve said meeting.

"Attest, JN. WHEATLEY, *Town Clerk.*"

"An account of the Expense and losses sustained by the town of Lebanon, in the publick Defence since the contest with Great Brittain.

		£	s.	d.
May 1775.	Expense to Committee after and for ammunition	20	5	4
July 1776.	Expense to Committee after and for ammunition	29	0	0
July 25.	Rec'd of Col. Payne ten fire-locks, 20 lbs. of powder, twenty wt of Lead and ten flints which said Col. Payne obtained of the State of N. H. for the use of the Reg't commanded by Col. Jonathan Chase			
In the 1777	paid to nine men that join'd Col. Scilly's Reg't for three years service in the Continental Army £24 Each, silver, m	216		
	By orders from Col. Chase an Express to Col. Paine July 3d, 1777, 22 miles—By another Express July 30th to Do.	1	16	
July 3d, 1777.	Express to Capt. Hendy, ...		2	8
July 30th.	Express to Col. Morey, ...		14	

		£	s.	d.
May 1777.	Capt. Sam. Paine paide an Express to Col. Elisha Paine		18	
July 1777.	6 Pack horsos, 3 days. 34 miles to Coffins	1	16	
	Man and horse two days to carry Packs		12	
	To Ferriage over Connecticut River		1	2
July 30th 1777	to six Pack Horses to Otter Creek 70 miles to the Block House	3	12	
	A man with the Pack Horses 7 days	1	1	
Oct. 1777.	Paid James Jones for the use of his horse to Saratoga and for his bridle lost in s'd service	1	13	
	Committees Expense of Collecting and prizing horses for the service to Saratoga	1	14	
	To 62 lbs. of lead; powder, 3 lbs.	3	17	
July, 1777.	Maj. Griswold's Express to Col. Paine		18	
July 18th, 1780.	By a journey of two horses and a boy two days to Orford to carry the baggage of a party of Frenchmen by order of Col. Chase		14	
1780, 1781.	Two Expresses to Canaan on publick service	1	5	8
Jan. 26, 1779	by six men as a Scouting Party for 1 month at 40s per month, as money passed in 1774		12	
Aug. 1780	by 60 men, one day, in the alarm at Barnard at 3s. per day		9	
1780.	By Expence in the late Alarm Occasioned by the Enemy's destroying the Town of Royalton, &c	146	16	9
	By paying and victualling 12 men Engaged for 1 month to scout upon the Frontiers at 48 per month, but as s'd men were in s'd service but three weeks their wages and victualling amounted to	41	4	6
March 2d, 1781.	To paying and victualling six men Raised for one month, to be under the command of Capt. Nelson to scout upon the frontiers, but as s'd men Continued in s'd service but three weeks, Expence	22	12	3
	Expence for transporting provision for s'd men to Newbury	1	18	
March 1781	by Expence in the Alarm at Newbury	48	3	3
Sept. 1781	by expense in the Alarm at Corinth for 60 men	9		

		£.	s.	d.
	By Expence of the Selectmen in time &c. in procuring provisions and other Necessaries for the soldiers in the several Services and Alarms inserted as above-said, 50 Days at 6s. per day	15		
	Two barrels of Beef. 2 hund'd ½ per barrel for the troops at Corinth at £4 10s. per barrel . .	9		
1781.	By a bounty paid to Eleven men that engaged in the publick service for 6 months at £4 10s. each	49	10	
	Additional pay advanced by the town to s'd men 24s. per month for five months and ½	72	12	
1780.	For three men that 'Listed under Capt. Sam'l Paine in the Publick Service at Cohos — a bounty 40s. each	6		
	For 8 men under Capt. Bush 1 month and ½, bounty and wages	38	8	
	To Lieut. Huntington 1 month and ½ at £5 5 per month	7	17	6
	Sum total	£770	1	1

A POEM

IN

Commemoration of the One Hundredth Anniversary

OF THE

CHARTER OF LEBANON, N. H.,

DELIVERED JULY FOURTH, 1861,

BY REV. CYRUS H. FAY,

OF PROVIDENCE, R. I.

REV. C. H. FAY:

DEAR SIR: In behalf of the Committee of the Town, I hereby request you to furnish for publication a copy of your admirable Poem, delivered on the Fourth of July last, the occasion being the "Centennial Celebration of the Charter of Lebanon, N. H."

Yours truly,

G. W. BAILEY, *Corres. Secretary.*

LEBANON, *February*, 1862.

REV. G. W. BAILEY:

DEAR SIR: I feel highly complimented by the request which the Committee of my native town have made through you, their Corresponding Secretary. Although my estimate of the production they solicit for publication, may fall far below that which they are pleased to entertain, I cannot refuse to comply with their kind request.

Yours most truly,

C. H. FAY.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., *February* 7, 1862.

POEM.

We come, thy children come, dear Mother Land!
Thy call we heard afar. By eastern strand,
Where ocean billows roll their anthem bold,—
'Mid northern hills, which lift their summits old
Above the vales where hamlets nestle warm,
Though cold around them breaks the awful storm,—
On prairies wide, where towns like mushrooms grow,
As westward waves of population flow,—
By southern streams, which onward ever sweep,
Through green savannas, broadening towards the deep,—
In cities vast, our country's pride and boast,
Like jewels strung along her winding coast;
In rising towns, remote from thronging mart,
Where springs the life-blood of the nation's heart,—
We heard thy voice, and now in gladness come,
To share thy welcome at our childhood's home!
But dost thou know us all? and wilt thou own?
Thy "boys" have up to stalwart manhood grown,—
Exchanged their noisy sports and careless ways,
For sober work in life's meridian blaze.
Thy "girls," which left thee when both young and shy,
Their fortunes in the world's strange mart to try,
Are women now, and mothers, too, I ween,
With troops of children, strangers on thy "green."
And as these winds around our brows shall play,
They'll lift to view some locks of silver grey,—
Badges of age, perchance of wisdom great,
Gracefully worn by fathers of the State.
Yes, we have changed since, joyous, hale, and fleet,

These fields we roamed on childhood's bounding feet:
Long years, eventful years, since then have flown,
Which, seeds of care, with lavish hands have sown.
Thou, too, hast changed, O mother of us all!
Impartial time spares neither great nor small;
It furrows makes on nature's rugged brow,
And, pressed with age, e'en rock-braced mountain's bow.
But slight the change that o'er thy form has passed:
The same firm hills still breast the northern blast;
Though, to our view, their brows seem tempest-worn,
And here and there their forest-robe is torn;
And on their slopes, once mantled thick with trees,
Broad fields of grain are nodding to the breeze.
We miss the solemn pines that whilom stood,
In stately pride, the monarchs of the wood,
Wearing their plume-like crests, forever green,
The crowning grace of all the wild-wood scene.
O, that one relic of the mighty race
Were left, to show *our* children, from its place,
How stood, in stature grand, in strength sublime,
The forest Anaks of the olden time!
Slight change within these quiet vales we see,
Made verdant still by tireless Mascomy,
And vocal, too, for, as it flows along,
Its waves keep step to their own joyous song.
The grand old elms, 'round which in youth we played,
Still throw, for other sports, their welcome shade, —
Still lift their heads above the busy town,
And on its thrift with conscious pride look down.
But in thy homes on hill-side and on plain,
And in thy streets, where, like descending rain,
The foot-falls pattered from the dawn of day,
'Till deep'ning shadows quenched the fading ray;
Sad proofs we see of changes manifold,
Among the forms that walked these ways of old.
The fathers, mothers, where, O, where are they?
Their furrowed brows meet not our gaze to-day.
Ah, there, within the churchyard's realm of rest,

Their bones repose, their spirits with the blest!
Finished their course, their noble life-work done,
They bowed in death, and passed triumphant on,
Leaving exempt, for aye, from moth and rust,
The stainless, rich memorial of the just.

Swayed by the hour, our minds far backward run,
Backward to SEVENTEEN HUNDRED SIXTY-ONE, —
A century from to-day! Now look upon
The chartered "tract" just christened LEBANON!
From hill-top high to depth of lowest dale,
The lonesome winds through olden forests wail: —
We see no opening in the solemn shade,
Save here and there by fierce tornado made;
Or where the streams from shadows leaping bright,
Their breasts expand to catch the gladsome light.
The cunning fox, and wolf, and wildcat grey,
All undisturbed pursue their panting prey;
The cautious crow no powder ever smelt,
Nor fiercer hawk the fear of huntsman felt;
And eagle bold, on craggy height enthroned,
His sway enjoys, by feathered subjects owned.
Ah, who will dare upon his realm intrude?
Who break the spell of this deep solitude?

Lo, our reply! You ranks of yeomen bold,
With sinews toughened both by heat and cold,
By rain, by sunshine, and by hardest toil,
To plant their homes upon this virgin soil,
And rear their church, — religion's sacred shrine, —
Are marching northward, nerved by faith divine.
There 's Dana, Downer, Davidson, and Wood,
Storrs, Porter, Hebbard, Wheatley, true and good,
Hill, Kilbourne, Hartshorn, Meacham, Huntington,
Waterman, Blodgett, heroes every one:
Jones, Dewey, Turner, Tilden, Fuller, Hyde,
Estabrooks, Cooke, and Aspenwall beside.
Eldridge, Lathrop, Hough, Potter, Hutchinson,
And Bliss, Peck, Alden, Griswold, Sprague, and Young;

Chase, Martin, Barrows, Woodward, Allen, Hall,
Clapp, Bosworth, Billings, Ticknor, Freeman, all,
With Colburn, Swetland, Parkhurst, Kendrick, Fay,
Wells, Liscomb, Durkee, Payne, at later day
Their stout hands gave to clear the forest wild,
And patient wrought till fields in beauty smiled:
And other names there were, which, had I time,
I 'd gladly weave in my unpolished rhyme.
Now rings the axe from depths of wildest gloom,
Now crash the trees descending to their doom;
Loud crackles next the all-consuming fire,
While smoke-wreathes rise with aspect dark and dire,
Befitting pall, as spreading o'er the skies,
For forests wild departing from our eyes!
And now behold the "log-house," rude and low,
And fields of grain, which round it rankly grow:
What simple life beneath that humble roof,
Of what hard toil the "clearing" wide gives proof.
Thus in the wavy woods, from east to west,
Cleared spaces bloom like "islands of the blest;"
Grouping in beauty round that central spot,
Revered by age, and ne'er by youth forgot,
Where stands the sacred church, and school-house plain,
The cherished germs of all our social gain.
Small profits from their arduous labors grew,
But few the wants their frugal habits knew.
Silks, satins, laces, ribbons, such as now
Rustle on hoops, and flutter round the brow
Of maidens fair, in all the winds that play,
Were quite unknown in that primeval day.
In homespun suits young men went forth to "woo,"
And sweet times had with maids, in homespun too: —
Sweet times, though by the fire-place wide and high, —
The tongs and shovel standing staidly by, —
They sat on chairs flag-bottomed, heavy, rough,
Or "settle" hard, crammed full of household stuff!
No chaise then rocked aristocratic pride,
Nor buggy light gave pampered wealth a ride:

The farm-horse served for draft and carriage both,
And seldom he at duty's call was loath;
Saddled and *pillioned*, he the ground would clear,
With man and wife, or swain and sweetheart dear.
What though so rude the ways and customs then?
They gave the world some ornamental men;
And women, too, were moulded by their might,
In whose pure fame their children now delight.

Now later times, *our* childhood's far-off days,
With all their pleasant scenes and social ways,
Are brought to view by mem'ry's magic power,
And notice claim at this high festal hour!
Behold the farm-house, of content the seat,
Beneath whose roof, in union close and sweet,
Plainness and plenty side by side could live,
And toil to health its richest bloom could give!
Thy sway, capricious Fashion, was unknown;
Then bowed no slaves before thy gilded throne:
Luxury then could not her sway advance,
Nor thou, insidious foe, Extravagance.
No idler droned within the busy hive,
No sharper purposed by his wits to thrive,
For sun-browned labor then with honor crowned.
Held, all in "fee," the thrifty acres round.
At home, where woman held her useful sway.
No petted daughter languished life away,
Or thrummed piano while her mother toiled.
Or novels read; till she for service spoiled,
Was only fit to lounge and flirt the fan,
Companion meet for some *exquisite* man!
Then Lowell's looms were but ideal things.
And Cotton was not of the race of kings:
For maiden sinews did the work of steam,
The shuttle threw, and drove the heavy beam,
Made hum with speed the ancient spinning-wheel,
And, partner of its toil, the rapid reel.
O, how could cotton gain tyrannic rule,

While woman wrought in home's industrial school!
Before her *glance* have bolder tyrants cowed:
E'en lords domestic to her *tongue* have bowed:
What chance, then, 'gainst her supple, skilful *hand*,
The base pretender of our southern land!
O, woman true, again assert thy power,
And light shall break upon this darksome hour!

Then locomotive, screaming forth its ire,
As if possessed of fierce fire-demon's dire,
Dragging its lengthy train on desp'rate trips,
Like the dread dragon of Apocylypse,
Had never filled these beasts and birds with fright,
Or echoes waked on every mountain height;
The stages then came rolling into town,
And from their tops the "mails" were tumbled down.
What favored men stage-drivers were, in view
Of boys, who longed to be stage-drivers too!

Each season brought its proper work and care;
Each season had of pastime meet a share.
When blooming spring led on her flowery train,
We ploughed the field, and sowed the fruitful grain;
And when the "stent" was done, the easy "stent,"
With powder, shot, and gun, we hunting went,
And roamed the woods in search of tempting game,
That we might win successful hunters' fame:
How proud, when homeward we in triumph bore
A crow, or fox, and told adventures o'er!
What strains rang forth from leafy wood and grove,
As spring's wild warblers sang their guileless love!
Then rollicked wild the free and happy lambs,
In pastures green, o'erwatched by careful dams;
And merry calves in barn-yard's narrow space,
Fought mimic fights, and ran the reckless race,
While weary cows, the day's hard grazing done,
Sedately chewed their cuds and watched the fun!

Next, summer came, the "haying season" hot,
Whose arduous tasks will never be forgot.
O scythe, and rake, and pitchfork sharp and strong,
What memories now around you closely throng,
Of strifes with neighbors in adjoining field,
And feats herculean, when, — the muscles steeled
By blackstrap — men, themselves no longer then,
Went *wild with strength*, and boys *felt* strong as men!
What music, as the mower's scythe went through
The grass so tender in the morning dew,
And bobolink and lark flung clear and free,
Their matin notes of liveliest melody!

Two holidays resplendent summer had: —
The Fourth, when tories deemed the land was mad.
What cannon-peals awoke its morning bright!
What echoes broke and thundered into night!
What speech, when patriotism found a vent,
Through lips of orator grandiloquent!
We do this business now in other ways,
With crackers sharp, and fireworks' wondrous blaze, —
But does the land with loftier ardor glow,
Than in those simpler days long time ago?
And last, like angel visit, came serene,
"Commencement Day," on Dartmouth's classic green.
Ah me! what awe those learned men inspired,
In neckcloth white and broadcloth black attired,
While slow, through rustic crowds, they moved in state,
The critics grave of anxious graduate!
What wonder filled our minds when standing mute
Among the carts of Yankee Pedler's cute,
While they their gaping victims sought to nab,
Through dire confusion wrought by ceaseless gab!

When Autumn followed in the gorgeous train,
We gathered in the promised harvest gain,
Our hearts o'erflowing with unceasing praise,
To Him who gave its blandly tempered days.

— Those cool autumnal days, with mornings bright,
And sunsets glorious fading into night; —
Those peaceful nights, kind nature's choicest boon,
So bright with stars, and graced by harvest-moon!
With hues all fadeless o'er us now they rise,
As erst they rose on our delighted eyes.
'T was then — the day's work done — with line and hook,
And expectation great, we sought the brook,
Where dwelt the wary dace and spotted trout,
With high artistic skill to pull them out.
How oft, alas, our only earnest bites,
Musquitoes gave of furious appetites!
Not e'en a shiner dangled from the pole,
And died to keep the fisher's credit whole.

Those "Huskings" in the long cool evenings bright,
And after-sports, far-reaching into night —
And "Apple-Bees," that ended off with plays,
Too rude, they think, in these more prudish days.
Ah, clear are all in memory's pictured past,
And glow in colors which through life will last.

Nor shall we e'er forget that time so grand
When Martial strains went pealing through the land, —
Great Muster Day! O ne'er shall pass from mind
The Bugler fat, of most mysterious wind, —
The nervous Drummer, drumming as if Mars
Had charged him with the noise of all his wars, —
The Fifer, pouring out his breath in streams,
And which, like steam let-off, expired in screams; —
The Soldier, marching at the loud command, —
The Captain bold, with flashing sword in hand, —
The Colonel fine, on restive charger set, —
The General grand, with gleaming epaulette, —
And strange "sham-fight" which rounded off the day,
That we might "homeward plod our weary way."

Next, — greatest day of all, — Thanksgiving came!
O, weeks before we fancied time was lame,
Or hard opposed by fate and furies strong,

So slowly moved his lagging steps along.
At length Aurora saunt'ring up the east,
Announced the great day of the yearly Feast!
What joy, as brothers, sisters, parted wide
From parents dear, and home's loved altar-side,
Together met their youth to live again,
And brighten love's enduring, golden chain!
What rapture felt impatient boys that day.
As turkey brown on ample platter lay,
And chicken, rich plum-pudding, pie and cake,
Their keen vorocious appetites did wake!
But here I pause — my palate tickles so.
By visions fired, — I dare no further go!

— Then followed Winter, blustering, cold, and drear.
But not without its hours of pleasant cheer.
Those evening pastimes round the glowing hearth,
When stormy blasts went howling o'er the earth;
The merry sleigh-rides when the winds were still,
And waveless snow wrapt valley, plain, and hill:
Our slides on sleds our own good hands had made,
And skating sports upon the ringing glade, —
O, these will ne'er by us forgotten be, —
Oases they of deathless memory.
As winter days returned, so short and cool, —
The farm-work done — then op'd the winter-school;
And boys and girls who had their "teens" attained,
Were sent to be by sapient "*Master*" trained; —
The "*School-Marm*" mild, who 'd ruled the smaller fry.
Through blander months, had laid her sceptre by.

And now before us stands, distinct, complete,
The School-House famous, learning's sober seat:
Like other seats where wisdom taught its lore,
Renowned by age, and by decay still more.
Its site, though central to the neighbors round,
Was not on nature's most commanding ground:
Seldom did human hands essay to place

Upon that spot an artificial grace.
No skill e'er drew the structure's odd design,
Nor was it built to plummet and to line;
No paint e'er stained its loosened clapboards thin,
Nor white-wash cheap relieved the walls within;
In lieu thereof the smoke's perpetual play,
The ceiling frescoed in its own wild way;
For high within a solemn fire-place stood,
For nothing else but furious smoking good.
Around this place, arranged in order wise,
Rose bench on bench, as Alps on Alps arise:
The seats in front were never made to ease
The short-legged urchins of the A B C's,
But made to earnest give, at life's young day,
Of science's *heights* and learning's *rugged* way.
And now 'mid all conspicuous we can see
The place of dreaded, high authority,
Crowned with its chair, the seat of sternest rule,
Where sat enthroned the monarch of the school,
Whose smile benignant filled the room with cheer,
As smiling day a cloudless hemisphere;
Whose awful frown from that Olympian height
Cast o'er his realm a shadow black as night.
Those masters wise! a wondrous race of men!
O, shall we look upon their like again!
From college some, with tongues so toned to Greek,
They half disdained their mother tongue to speak:
And others were with metaphysics crammed,
All Stewart, Bacon, Locke, and Brown were jammed
Within the compass of their craniums wide,
Enough to thrust all *rudiments* aside!
But most of learning less, or *less pretence*,
Their school advanced by sterling common sense:
Remembered these with lasting, grateful love,
And ranked the heroes of the earth above.
What though of yore advantages were few?
The text-book dry, and mode of teaching too;
What though brain-labor, earnest, hard was done?

Were not, through these, bright crowns of triumph won?
We 've teachers now more finished, it is said,
And modern *modes* to serve in *study's* stead;
We 've school-rooms built with childhood's ease in view,
And fixtures fine, our childhood never knew:
Say, will the young, thus favored, e'er attain
To higher worth, for pathway made so plain?

Lo, now the "Meeting House" upon the "green,"
So firmly built, and placed there *to be seen*, —
Since thrust aside, with other things of old,
By modern taste, or by irrev'rence bold:
Its plain white walls rise clearly on our view,
As once they rose when life with us was new;
And towering upward, graced with gilded balls,
Which glow like fire as summer's sunshine falls;
The "steeple's" outlines grow before our eyes,
A thing of earth, but reaching to the skies!
In burly strength the ancient structure stood,
Expressive of its sturdy builders' mood,
Daring both storm and heresy to mock,
And crow defiance through its weather-cock!
Within, what marvels our young eyes beheld, —
The church arrangements of the days of eld!
Before us, raised sublimely broad and high,
(Fit stand, we thought, for message from the sky,)
The pulpit stood, and threw its shadow o'er
The "deacons' seats," built close its base before;
While just above it, pendant on a cord,
Was hung the broad, mysterious sounding-board.
How oft we 've wondered what its purpose was;
And *how* it served religion's holy cause!
How oft we 've trembled for the saints below,
Lest rope should snap and let it downward go!
The pews, high-backed, were built both snug and square,
With seats on hinges to turn up in prayer:
What rattle, as this service ended, when
The seats fell back and said their loud amen!

Mid-way between the roof and well-worn floor,
By pillars propped, above each entrance door,
On three sides round, the galleries were built,
Whose outer nooks, for boyhood's restless guilt,
Afforded safe retreat, since there the eye
Of parson grave could not the pranks espy.
Sometimes a sound he 'd hear and guess the cause,
And with a warning word give mischief "pause."
No sacrilegeous stove there glowed with heat,
Save private ones of tin for aged feet,
Though windows loose and doors on every side
Let air drive in through chinks and crannies wide!
How could devotion rise in place so cold?
Was preaching warmer in those days of old?

Those saintly men who broke the Bread of Life,
And waged the pious, theologic strife,
Were grave of mein and solemn was there speech,
Too distant most for childhood's heart to reach;
They seemed to move in pathways all their own,
Forever in the *shadow* of the Throne!
But well they met their days' demands, and now
Each shines with Paul, a crown upon his brow.

O, with what brightness beams life's early day!
What charms invest its scenes long passed away!
We thank Thee, Father, in this festive hour,
For faithful memory's hallowing power;
And for the bliss delicious, pure, she brings
From childhood's clear, and sweet, and sparkling springs!
— But now from these high sources must we turn,
For lo, our hearts with patriot ardor burn;
The inspiration of this day's decree,
Which gave our Nation Birth and Liberty.

— Why sweep these shadows o'er the landscape fair?
Why trembles, as with doom, the heavy air?
O, has our Union lived its day of glory.

To henceforth be with empires old of story?
And will its stars, bright gems on Freedom's crown,
Be plucked therefrom and then go darkling down?
And must those hopes enkindled by their light,
Throughout the world, be quenched in sudden night?
No; by the vows of early martyrs dead, —
No; by the blood our honored fathers shed, —
No; by their bones and battle-fields renowned,
Our guarded relics, and our hallowed ground, —
No; by our past achievements grand and great,
By foregleams bright of still more glorious state, —
No; by that name immortal, WASHINGTON,
No star shall pale to perish, — *no, not one!*
Soon rebel hearts shall cease our flag to spurn,
And mad Secession's fires to spread and burn;
And hopes of vengeful despots now aglow,
Shall quickly out in endless darkness go:
For rising up in armed battalions grand,
Are loyal men throughout our northern land,
Whose solemn vow is registered on high,
That *now* Rebellion impious must die;
And if its death involves foul Slavery's doom,
Then both be hurled into one common tomb!

My Native State! the home of heroes' bold,
Whose names on scroll historic are enrolled,
Thy quick response from all these vales and hills,
To Freedom's call, my heart with rapture fills.
Thy faithful sons now marching bravely forth,
With marshalled hosts from all the mighty North,
Will prove where rolls the conflict fierce and dark,
Worthy the fame of Langdon and of Stark.

Dear Native Town! my love flows forth to thee,
For all thy proofs of noble loyalty!
Thy warrior sons are not of coward stock, —
No braver hearts will breast the battle-shock;
For Kendrick skilled, and Benton calm, aye, *all*,
Have sworn to conquer or to bravely fall.

O, that the grave might yield one hero dead,
Of valor high, that peerless lustre shed
On Mexic's plains, whose form to-day we miss,
Thy worthy son, lamented Major Bliss!
I pause; my task, loved mother land, is done;
How mean for one thus honored as thy son!
Accept it as the tribute of a heart,
Whose thankful love would worthier gift impart.

— Shall e'er again our longing eyes behold
These verdant plains and rocky summits old?
This may not be, for shadows flit in view; —
No, — *may not be* — so here 's our sad adieu:
Farewell green Vales and upland Pastures wide, —
Farewell ye Woods, whose grandeurs yet abide, —
Farewell ye "Homes," the nurseries of *Men*, —
Farewell dear Granite Hills, still firm as when
By wooing winds first kissed in dalliance free,
And round you rolled the new-born Mascomy!

Bright stream of our childhood, farewell, farewell; —
Still gladden thy shores through meadow and dell;
And long may the sound of thy musical waves,
Be requiem meet by our forefathers' graves!

AN

ORATION

IN

Commemoration of the One Hundredth Anniversary

OF THE

CHARTER OF LEBANON, N. H.

DELIVERED JULY FOURTH, 1861.

BY PROF. J. W. PATTERSON,

OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

LEBANON, *January* 10, 1862.

PROF. J. W. PATTERSON:

DEAR SIR: In behalf of the citizens of Lebanon I return you their thanks for the eloquent and timely patriotic Oration, delivered July 4, 1861, in commemoration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Charter of Lebanon. and respectfully request a copy for publication.

Truly yours,

CHARLES A. DOWNS,

For the Committee of the Town.

HANOVER, *January* 11, 1862.

DEAR SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your note, communicating to me the wish of the citizens of Lebanon, that a copy of the Oration which it was my privilege to deliver at the centennial celebration, on the 4th of July last, be given to the press.

I will comply with the request, without apology, though, as you are aware, the Oration was prepared hastily, to meet an emergency, and with no expectation of its publication.

Please accept my cordial acknowledgment of the courtesy with which you have expressed to me the thanks of the people of Lebanon, and believe me to be, with sentiments of high regard,

Your obedient servant,

J. W. PATTERSON.

ORATION.

It is a beautiful custom, handed down to us from the earliest ages, to celebrate those days of the calendar which have been consecrated to a perpetual remembrance either by great misfortunes or splendid triumphs.

Great deeds and imperishable events, as they transpire, throw an interest and a glory into the passing hours which time can never efface.

Days thus embalmed, as they rise on the circling year, touch common sensibilities and find a glad recognition in the loftiest and purest sentiments of men.

Holiest among these secular sabbaths is the birth-day of our own national independence. It has a singular prominence in the record of civil and religious liberty. The free of all lands are a distinct people, whose unity and lineage is perpetuated by a paternity of ideas, and this subtle filiation has proved closer and stronger than the affinities of blood. The unbroken record of the struggles of this race for liberty, stretching through the varied events of all ages, develops the divine plan in human government. It is this that gives a sublime import to the festivities of a free people uniting to celebrate their national triumphs. It is this that gives to *our* national holiday its prime significance.

The student of history finds here and there, in the pathway of nations, great epochs into which many streams of influence, flowing from different countries and distant periods, concentre and combine their forces, and wherein the intelligence and culture, the strength and liberty secured by patient study and experience, by suffering and bloody conflicts, in the lapse of years, are organized into new and superior institutions by men whom Providence has raised up for such a time.

Such was the day we celebrate. It was one of the great nervous centres of history, spreading its broad and sensitive network backward and forward, receiving influence and vitality from every event and era of the past, and transmitting a formative power and an elevation of character to the institutions of the future.

The declaration of rights and the proclamation of independence made on the 4th of July, 1776, viewed in their connection with English and colonial history, and the subsequent establishment of a free and independent government, constitute one of the most momentous and significant events of civil history. The cause of freedom and of civilization there moved forward and entrenched themselves behind principles and institutions which, by the help of God, shall never be thrown down, but shall stand the imperishable bulwarks of liberty and the splendid monuments of a Christian civilization.

It would be a strange and unfilial act in us to refrain, on the recurrence of such a day, from paying our tribute of admiration and love to the great statesmen and patriots, and the brave yeomanry of that dark

and perilous time when the foundations of many generations were laid in tears and blood.

The work of our fathers was not so much the reassertion of principles which had long been recognized, and the re-establishment, upon better foundations, of institutions which the lust of power had subverted, as it was the clear and distinct enunciation of truths which before had been only dimly foreshadowed in songs and literature, and the firm and fearless setting up, upon a broad scale, of institutions which before had only existed in partial and miniature forms.

There were pure patriots and great captains among the ancients who struggled and died for liberty. There were wise statesmen and elegant scholars, profound philosophers and gifted poets, but in the absence of the art of printing, there could be no wide-spread literature, no general intelligence among large and expanded populations; and hence the right of suffrage and representation could not be extended, and was not recognized as a *common* right, even by the freest and most enlightened of the ancient nations. The great centres of learning had not at their command the swift messengers of a broad commerce, nor the iron web of trade, which in our day carry thought and civilization wherever the sun sheds its light upon the habitations of men. As a consequence of this want of general intelligence and the means of a rapid intercommunication, republics extending and transmitting the rights and privileges of a well-ordered liberty to large and populous regions could not exist; only narrow democracies, limited to a single city or league of cities, and destined soon to be swept away by the savage hordes

of barbarism, or, if suffered to survive, shielded only by their insignificance. One after another those little free states were blotted out, either by foreign power or intestine strife. At length the battle-axe of the Goth and Vandal was heard to ring even on the gates of Rome, and the great empire, which had retained the empty name and form of the republic long after its life had departed, was itself subverted.

With the supremacy of barbarism began the long night of history.

"As Argus eyes, by Hermes' wand oppressed,
Closed one by one to everlasting rest;
Thus at her felt approach and secret might
Art after art goes out, and all is night;
See skulking truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of casuistry heaped on her head;
Philosophy that reached the heavens before,
Shrinks to her hidden source, and is no more."

The iron rule of feudalism followed, and the last vestiges of freedom seemed ready to be swept away. The sons of liberty fled for safety to the fastnesses of the mountains, and there waited, in a virtuous poverty, the developments of Providence. But contrary to all hope, the brazen womb of feudalism gave birth to a sense of personal independence which, in connection with the ideas imparted to the people by the form of society organized by the Christian church, tended powerfully to break down the government of despotic lords, and by degrees to introduce a more liberal system of civil institutions. At length, what Guizot calls "the spirit of municipality," began to increase the intelligence and power of the masses, and to awaken their

aspiration for a larger liberty. Guttenburg invented the art of printing, and the Turks drove the learned Greeks from old Byzantium. Consequent upon these events, there was a general fomentation of public sentiment; the love of letters revived, and the Reformation followed. The spirit of adventure and discovery, too, awoke, and man seemed to be advancing rapidly to the realization of a better condition,—to something of political security and encouragement.

But just at the moment when men were in the act of securing political freedom, the swiftest and most terrible scourge ever invented by the demon of oppression intervened and blasted their hope. Standing armies, in the pay and interest of the king, were created. The proud barons were humbled by this fearful force, we must allow, but, as feudalism went down, kingship passed into the ascendant, and the rights of the people seemed lost forever. It is difficult to discover how political servitude could ever have been dislodged from its strongholds had not the great Genoese mariner, whose life and death are the saddest of historic tragedies, opened, under the leadings of Providence, an outlet to the oppressed from this dungeon of tyranny.

In England, the people had wrested a few privileges from the throne, and still feebly claimed the rights of freemen, not as the inalienable prerogative of birth, but upon the ground of precedent and authority. As a class, however, they were subdued and trampled upon by the iron heel of the government and the privileged orders. At this critical period, religious intolerance and political power united their forces, both in England and on the Continent, and, as if impelled into madness

by secret and mysterious impulses, worked all the engines of oppression, till they pushed into hopeless exile the Puritans of England, the Germans of the Palatinate, and the devout Huguenots of France. For such men, the last best product of many ages, God reserved a country broad and rich, beyond the sea, far removed from the corrupting influences, the thwarting prejudices, and giant tyrannies of the old world. The circumstances are significant. The overruling power which moves in history has ordered events; and the feeble colonies thus driven into the wilderness by the hand of power, infold the great Christian nation which is to succeed. But they are not yet prepared to enter upon their special mission. A century and a half of pupilage must intervene. A people must be made strong and self-reliant by the neglect of the home government, by the long and relentless Indian wars; by the self-denial of the wilderness and the hardships of colonial life. Their views must be matured by the logic of experience and their power increased by numbers.

A train of events and a succession of causes ordered by Him "who made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation," prepared them to lay the foundations of the State on the secure basis of learning and religion. Bitter persecutions and a narrow inheritance of worldly blessings, had driven them to a profound meditation upon the government of God as revealed in his word, and to an earnest study of the import and teachings of history. The divine oracles and history taught them that absolute, hereditary rulers and privileged orders

served rather to perpetuate abuses, than to conserve the welfare of society; that government and social institutions were not safe in their hands, even when guarded by the severest checks. They themselves were now entering upon scenes in which, if not they, their children would learn that the rightful source of power is, under God, the will of the governed; that the welfare of society can more safely be entrusted to the wisdom and discretion of an educated and moral people than to the hazards of birth under any form of kingly rule.

Royal families may degenerate; may become selfish and unscrupulous; may seek for personal ends in conflict with the public interest; or, if the worst does not happen, may be outstripped by the people in the march of ideas and intelligence, and then endless conflicts and sorrows will succeed. But when the people make and administer their own institutions, they are flexible, and advance or change to meet the shifting phases of society. Collisions are thus prevented, and freedom given to enterprise and thrift to multiply their resources. The aspirations of men are not baffled and turned into forces of revenge and destruction, but encouraged and kept healthful by the prospects of reward. The majority are rendered contented and hopeful while prosperity and intelligence widen with the advancing years and strength of the nation. In the little provincial assemblies which grew up under their charters, the colonists learned to legislate and to provide for emergencies. There, too, they discovered the value of great principle of representation, which has completely regenerated political science and practice, and almost made that a necessity to the moderns which was an impossibility to the ancients.

"The patria," says the profound jurist, Horace Binney, "of us moderns ought to consist in a wide land covered by a nation, and not in a city or little colony. Mankind have outgrown the ancient-city state. Countries are the orchards and the broad acres where modern civilization gathers her grain and nutritious fruits. The narrow garden beds of antiquity suffice for our widened humanity no more than the short existence of ancient states. Moderns stand in need of nations and of national longevity, for their literature and law, their industry, liberty, and patriotism; we want countries to work and write and glow for, to live and die for. The sphere of humanity has steadily widened, and nations alone can now-a-days acquire the membership of that commonwealth of our race which extends over Europe and America."

In the small assemblies of the town, the province, and the church, our fathers were educated, and prepared to found and become the rulers of a great government. Slowly through a hundred and fifty years, grew up a coldness of feeling and an antagonism of principles between the colonies and the mother country. The separation, sooner or later, was inevitable; and when at last the struggle came, how thoroughly it was founded upon principle, and with what religious fortitude is was conducted we all know. I need not rehearse the familiar story of the Revolution. The names of its battle-fields are household words. I need not speak of those who were slain in the conflict, like the beauty of Israel on their high places; nor of those who have since fallen on sleep and been borne to their graves amid the tears and honors of a grateful posterity. But

when the war had successfully terminated, a more difficult and delicate task, and one demanding rarer qualities of intellect and of heart, remained to be performed. The country emerged from the war exhausted and despondent. Its treasury was bankrupt and its credit had perished. Wanting resources to defray the ordinary expenses of government, they felt the burden of an overwhelming debt. Without being able to protect themselves by a navigation law, they saw their ports crowded with foreign ships. The armed hostility of England was only held at bay by the peace which she had been compelled to make, while the old Confederacy was too weak to command the respect and confidence of the people. Congress had no authority to lay imposts or other taxes, and the State neglected the requisitions of a general government that possessed no coercive power but that of war. The Confederacy of 1781 had signally failed as a system of national government. The people of the whole country were compelled to replace the Articles of Confederation by an instrument which should give the power of raising revenue and of enforcing the obedience of the States. In a word, a national government which should reach the people, in place of the old league of states, became a necessity of the times. A constitution must be framed and a government organized which should bring order and prosperity out of this political chaos. This, too, must be accomplished by a government founded not on force, but on justice and the common consent of the governed. Neither "precedent" nor the dogma of a "divine right" could lie at the foundation of the organic law; but the new and untried doctrine of natural freedom and political

equality must determine its form and character. Law was to be made majestic and efficient, not by a standing army, but by the intelligence and moral convictions of society. A government that should be able to defend the rights and protect the interests of a great people in all future time, was to be organized, with delegated powers, for a family of sovereign States, which should be able to bind them in a perpetual union and yet leave them independent of each other, within broad limits. Who has the wisdom and courage for such a task?

The ability and success with which the Convention of 1787 fulfilled the duty devolved upon it by Providence, may be seen in the encomiums of statesmen and historians, and in the constantly augmenting power and prosperity of the nation thus made one, by the Constitution they framed. With a sublime trust in man and in the God of nations, they committed life, liberty, property, and the development of the material and moral resources of a great country, to the protection and encouragement of laws to be made and administered by the people themselves. With what reverent awe and love do we turn to gaze upon the cluster of great names that then ascended the political heavens. Their glory shall never be dimmed in the circling years of human history.

But we are now told in these days of rebellion and treason, that the venerated Constitution which has endured the varied and compiicated tests of three quarters of a century; which has drawn to it the admiration and envy of foreign nations; which has been a model and a standard for the organic law of regenerated nationalities; before which the ablest of our dead and living

statesmen have bowed with obedient admiration, and on the defence of which the peerless and majestic intellect of our own Webster rested its claim to the lasting gratitude and memory of mankind; this instrument, we are told, is simply a bond of copartnership between sovereign States to continue during pleasure, and liable to be rendered null and void at the whim of either party to the contract. But where can the record be found to justify so treasonable a sentiment? Hamilton, one of the great architects of the Constitution, in urging reasons for its adoption in place of the Articles of Confederation, says in language of singular power and purity, "The fabric of American Empire ought to rest on the solid basis of THE CONSENT OF THE PEOPLE. The streams of national power ought to flow immediately from that pure original fountain of all legitimate authority." Listen also to the language of Pinckney, the distinguished soldier and statesman of South Carolina, in her best days. Speaking of the Declaration of Independence in the legislature of 1788, he says, "This admirable manifesto sufficiently refutes the doctrine of the individual sovereignty and independence of the several States. In that Declaration the several States are not even enumerated. The separate independence and individual sovereignty of the several States were never thought of by the enlightened band of patriots who framed this Declaration. The several States are not even mentioned by name in any part, as if it was intended to impress the maxim on America that our freedom and independence arose from our union; and that without it, we never could be free or independent. Let us then consider all attempts to

weaken this Union by maintaining that each State is separately and individually independent, as a species of political heresy which can never benefit us, but may bring us the most serious distress." Even the Articles of the old Confederation are styled, in the title, Articles of Confederation and *perpetual union* of the States. The preservation of the Union was one of the objects specified in the resolution passed by the Confederate Congress, February 21, 1787, recommending a convention of delegates to form a more perfect government; and when that convention met "to form," to use the language of the Constitution, "a more perfect union," think you it would have provided for anything short of a perpetual union? Did its members deceive-themselves with words without meaning, and leave undone the very thing they had met, under a solemn and imperative sense of duty, to do? The necessity of establishing a *national government* was the hackneyed theme of every debate of the constitutional convention. If the Constitution tacitly concedes the right of secession, then the fathers of the republic placed in the very instrument designed to perpetuate our national existence, the seeds of self-destruction. Did Washington and Hamilton and Madison and the other great men in that resplendent catalogue of immortal names, thus trifle with history and deceive posterity? None but shameless and degenerate children would tarnish the fame of their great ancestors with the foul imputation.

The father of his country anticipated, in his farewell address, the fearful crime which has come to pass. "The unity of government," he says, "which constitutes you one people is now dear to you. It is justly

so; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence, the support of your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad, of your safety, of your prosperity, of that very liberty which you so highly prize." He then warns, with prophetic language, against those who would "enfeeble the sacred ties" which bind us together. If we have a government in any true sense, it is a government of powers delegated by the people in their entirety, not by States. The simple but sublime language of the preamble of the Constitution is, "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union," not we the sovereign States. The States were not parties to the contract, and hence possess no sovereignty which is able to override that which is made the supreme law of the land by the will of the people, the primal source of law. State rights move upon a subordinate plane. If the doctrine of Mr. Calhoun that "each State has an equal right to judge for itself, as well of the infraction as of the mode and measure of redress" of constitutional rights, had been recognized by the fathers, the Union would have perished at the outset. Occasions and pretexts must have arisen which would inevitably have subverted the government in its infancy. Constitutions do not provide for their own destruction. Secession is usurpation and revolution, and nothing else. The Union, not the States, possesses imperial attributes. It makes war and peace; it holds the purse and the sword; it makes treaties and regulates foreign commerce; it imposes taxes and administers justice. The Union alone is represented and recognized at foreign courts.

Unless the Saxon language is a chain of riddles, the

Union is a government *de facto*, and can only be destroyed by revolution. Concede the right of secession and you concede the right to disband the government, with all its obligations at home and abroad, with all its glorious history and all its fearful responsibility to posterity. You concede the right to disorganize society, and expose it to the fearful evils of unrestrained passion. The dogma is a hideous fiction by which political thieves and traitors, who are seeking to bear away the palladium from the citadel of liberty, would cover and dignify their treachery. It is the specious pretext of the disciples of Mr. Calhoun, who have been plotting for thirty years to overthrow the government.

Listen to the language of Edward Everett, the patriot scholar of New England. Speaking of his public policy, he says: "I pursued this course for the sake of strengthening the hands of patriotic Union men at the South, *although I was well aware, partly from facts within my personal knowledge, that leading Southern politicians had for thirty years been resolved to break up the Union, as soon as they ceased to control* the United States government, and that the slavery question was but a pretext for keeping up agitation and rallying the South."

During all this time they have been secretly marshalling their forces, demoralizing the army and navy, exhausting the treasury, perverting history, calumniating the North, abusing the Union, and preparing for this carnival of treason and blood. They have even precipitated the issue, for they well knew that delay would destroy their flimsy pretext. The only true account which can be given of this war is that the South, which has held the government for thirty years, has at

length been legally and constitutionally outvoted by the North. No man worthy of any consideration pretends that they have any legitimate reason for rebellion. They cannot claim the rare right of revolution, for their persons and their property too have always been secure under this most beneficent of human governments. Even the distinguished Vice-President of this factitious confederacy, the ablest and manliest traitor of them all, acknowledges that the Constitution — the work as well of the South as of the North — has never been violated.

And what to-day is our attitude before the civilized world? In a time of profound peace and prosperity, when the eyes of admiring nations were turned upon us with envy, and the arms of struggling patriots in Italy and Hungary were stretched to us for succor from over the sea, the mad ambition of a few sectional politicians has plunged us into a fratricidal war that threatens our very existence, and strikes at the last best hope of a Christian civilization. Even tyrants are astonished at the madness and folly which would throw away so rich an inheritance.

Have we mistaken the purposes of the God of nations in planting the colonies; in conducting them, like Israel of old, through the wilderness; in raising up to them friends; in leading them, with an outstretched arm through wars and perils, and in blessing them at length with peace till they have become a great people? Were the Christian heroism, and the blood poured out like water, in the Revolution, all in vain? Were the wisdom and moderation of the men who made the Constitution of no permanent use? The

prayers of the fathers and their children, were they vain oblations? Is this grand superstructure of institutions, whose base rests upon the political equality of man, whose pillars rise from eternal justice, and whose guardians are learning and religion, to be toppled down as easily as the puny structure of a child by the breath of passion or the behests of slavery? No!—thank God, the "mud sills" are not rotten; the foundations stand secure!

When the cry of treason and the call for help, sweeping along the margin of the Atlantic, flying through the valley of the Mississippi, and leaping the Alleghanies, fell upon the startled yeomanry of the North and West; invoking the blessing of heaven upon mother, wife, and child, they flew with the swiftness of eagles and the strength of lions to the defence of the Capital. As of old, the plane was left upon the bench, the plough in the furrow, the goods upon the counter, and the brief in court, and to-day the men of all professions mingle in the camp and share together the hardships and dangers of a border warfare; and, when the hour of deadly conflict shall come, they will stand side by side and fall together, teaching their children the great lesson of liberty which the accidents of trade and the fortunes of peace have will nigh obliterated, that the rich and poor stand as peers in the law of nature.

In the great centres of trade, a small party may possibly be found who hesitate and draw back from a hearty support of the war from prudential considerations. But we would ask, is civil liberty and all grandeur of national character to be sacrificed? Is the cause of civilization and humanity to be abandoned;

lest business should be disorganized and capital diverted from the natural channels of trade? If the prosperity of the nation must perish, we will acknowledge no responsibility in its destruction. The government waited the return of reason and the triumph of patriotism till the spirit of rebellion had rifled the treasury and well nigh emptied the armories of the country; till it had trampled upon the Constitution and inaugurated the reign of treason.

The war has been forced upon us wickedly and without cause, and there is no alternative but to prosecute it without compromise or wavering till the traitors lay down their arms and acknowledge the rightful authority of the government.

The South may make rules to regulate its slaveocracy, and we will not interfere; but it shall never dictate laws and principles of action to twenty millions of freemen. If the manufactures, the commerce, and the agriculture of the land are annihilated in the struggle, we shall leave to our posterity the means of future wealth, the legacy of a noble ancestry, and a free government. By the help of God they shall not be the children of slaves. If the flower of this generation must fall upon the field of strife and lie down to rest in a bloody shroud, the ashes of their sires will bid them welcome to their honored graves and their great inheritance of fame. They will link their names with those who fell at Concord and at Yorktown, and their memory will be as imperishable as the eternal hills that gird our granite home.

You and I have read, with throbbing hearts and tearful eyes, of the thrilling events of other days, and

have regretted that the lines had not fallen to us in those great epochs of history. Do we realize that our half-breathed prayer has been answered in a way we anticipated not? Do we realize that each day of the passing year, on the very soil we tread, is making history more grand and significant than was ever recorded by the hand of Thucidydes or Prescott?

Our incredulity has been so strengthened by the false cry of danger from the party press in each political canvass which has swept the country, that we are slow to recognize the magnitude of the crisis which at last has fallen upon us. Two hundred and fifty thousand of our brothers have gone forth from their comfortable homes, and are to-day marching and countermarching beneath a burning sun. The hazards and hardships of war weigh heavily upon them; and while they stand on the slippery edge of battle their hearts are far away with the loved ones on the northern hills and western plains. They need our sympathy and our cordial support. Let us not question our convenience, but our ability in furnishing every comfort which can alleviate the horrors of war to those brave youth and noble men, who are fighting for the maintenance of good government and national freedom; fighting to perpetuate the glory and the protection which our fathers fought to establish.

The novelty of danger has passed by, and there is a momentary lull in the enthusiasm which for a time lifted the whole people above the prejudices of party and the lust of gain, and presented to the world the sublime and inspiring spectacle of a great nation pausing in its career of power and prosperity to reassert an abstract

principle lying at the foundation of modern States. Here and there in this temporary lull, a miscreant soul, covering its inherent meanness with the shallow pretext of moderation, cries peace, and with traitorous intent seeks to weaken the arm upon which Providence has devolved the duty of defending our homes and our liberties. They complain of the violation of the Constitution and the usurpation of power by the government, forgetting that, if the accusation were true,

"Salus populi est lex suprema."

Prudence may dictate that these home-bred sympathizers with treason should be endured for a time.

"Durum! sed levius fit patientia,
Quidquid corrigere est nefas."

What do these gentlemen wish? Would they have the descendants of the Puritans sell their birthright for a mess of pottage? Would they have our institutions and principles exposed for sale at the brokers' board, and quoted on exchange? Do they desire us to stand with our arms folded till the call of the slave-roll is heard on Bunker Hill, and our children are seen to crawl, poverty-stricken and hopeless, on the battle-fields where sleep the ashes of our sainted dead? But let us not trouble ourselves with these ephemeral insects. They will perish with their brief hour.

The spirit of the nation will soon move with a deeper and more irresistible flow, sweeping over the plains, rising above the hills, and pouring through the gorges of the mountains, bearing thousands more of our brave men to the field of strife.

The great inheritance of liberties, baptized with the

blood of our fathers, and still guarded — may we not believe — by their saintly presence, can never be given to traitors. Wherever, throughout the wide domain of the Republic, men shall gather to this national jubilee to awaken fond reminiscences and to pay a grateful tribute to their sires, a more fervent spirit of patriotism will be enkindled, and the solemn vow of loyalty to the Union will be renewed. The righteous wrath of outraged freemen will deepen month by month, so long as the proud old banner that waved on the battle-fields of the Revolution, that drooped over the graves of our fathers, and beneath whose ample folds their children have found peace and prosperity, shall be torn and insulted by traitors.

This last struggle of liberty may yet prove the grandest in the issue. It will doubtless develop in its progress, new and difficult problems to be solved by a prudent application of the settled principles of political science. They should be decided calmly and wisely, but constantly in the interests of humanity, good government, and a Christian civilization.

A little while, and the selfishness of trade and the meanness of party will be consumed; a little longer, and the foul plague in the veins of the government will be purged away forever; and when the nation rises up with a new and nobler life, we shall learn that "man's extremity was God's opportunity." When the end of this war shall come, be it soon or late, it will be found worth the sacrifices we have made — such as will tend to promote human freedom and the civilization of the world.

"Esta perpetua" may still stand upon the Constitu-

tion, for soon the earth will tremble with a heavier tramp of armies, sent forth from our peaceful homes with the prayers of mothers and the benediction of fathers.

"The angel of God's blessing
Encamps with Freedom on the field of fight;
Still to her banner, day by day are pressing,
Unlooked-for allies, striking for the right;
Courage, then, Northern hearts — Be firm, be true!"

CENTENNIAL AND PATRIOTIC CELEBRATION.

JULY 4th, 1861, the town of Lebanon was one hundred years old. Invitations had been sent to those who had gone from the town to return and unite with the people of the town, in celebrating the day. A large number, considering the state of the country, accepted the invitation, and came once more to the place of their birth, renewing old acquaintances and reviving many pleasant memories of the past.

If we had been permitted to make our selection from all the fair days of the calendar, we could scarcely have suited ourselves better. The day was cloudless; abundant rains had insured us against dust. Perhaps we should have inserted a few whiffs from the North Pole to cool the air a little; but then we remembered that the heat was good for corn, and it served to remind us of the endurances of our soldiers at the South, and stir our sympathy for them.

The day was ushered in by a salute of thirteen guns, fired by a squad of nine cadets from Norwich University, under the command of Capt. A. B. Hutchinson.

These cadets did good service during the day, displayed high skill as artillerists, and won respect by their gentlemanly conduct.

The parade of the Horribles, which we have noticed elsewhere, was a pleasant feature of the day.

The procession was formed at half-past nine, under the direction of Capt. E. A. Howe, Chief Marshal, and his Assistants, Messrs. Shaw, Noyes, and Randlett. Headed by the Lebanon Cornet Band, and escorted by the Mascoma Engine Company, No. 2, and the Franklin Lodge of Masons, they marched around the Common to the stand for speaking.

EXERCISES ON THE STAND.

G. H. LATHROP, ESQ., PRESIDENT OF THE DAY.

The exercises were opened by a fervent prayer by Rev. George Storrs, from New York, a native of the town, and a descendant of one of the early settlers. 2. Singing by a choir under the direction of Mr. J. M. Perkins, who, during the day, furnished excellent music. 3. Historical Address by Rev. D. H. Allen, D. D., of Lane Seminary, Ohio, a native of the town. 4. A Poem by Rev. C. H. Fay, of Providence, R. I., also a native of the town. 5. Reading the Declaration of Independence by Hon. A. H. Cragin. 6. Oration by Prof. J. W. Patterson, of Dartmouth College.

At the close of the exercises on the stand, the procession reformed and marched to the tent prepared for the collation. When the head of the column reached the place, a slight *contre temps* occurred. The people were ready, but the dinner was not. Time, however, soon remedied this. Nearly four hundred and fifty took their seats at the tables. Rev. Dr. Lord implored the Divine blessing. Of this part we have only to say, that the good old dietetic rule was observed "to leave off hungry."

TOASTS AND SPEECHES.

Rev. G. W. Bailey acted as Toast Master.

1. "Our Centennial Birthday — with all its pleasant and interesting associations."

2. "The Fourth of July, 1761 — Lebanon a houseless wilderness; 1776 — her noble sons rush to Lexington and Bunker Hill to defend her rights; 1861 — the wilderness has budded and blossomed."

The third toast was introduced by reading a letter from Barrett Potter, Esq., a son of the first minister of the town, Rev. Isaiah Potter. Mr. Potter is now in his 85th year. He gave at the close of his letter the following toast: —

3. "The Early Settlers of Lebanon — Silas Waterman, William Dana, Charles Hill, William Downer, Levi Hyde, and Nathaniel Porter, the pioneers and first settlers in the town of Lebanon, who, with subsequent settlers in 1768, gathered and established the first church therein, and 1772 settled Rev. Isaiah Potter, the first ordained minister in said town."

Responded to by Rev. George Storrs, who said: "We have come to our native town once more, many of us from a distance. We find great changes. We find an improved country, forests are cleared away, new homes have sprung up. We find new modes of travel, the lightning-like speed of the railroads. It was not so with our fathers; they came by forest paths, upon ox-sleds, by boats on the river, where civilized foot had never before trod. They were superior men. I delight to recall their memory. Let the memory of our fathers be blessed; let it dwell in our minds. They came not only to plant colonies, not only to better their fortunes, but to plant temperance and religion and establish churches, with their blessed influences. We should be deeply grateful to them. We should be deeply grateful to the first minister of the town, for his labors and influence. I shall never forget a single sentence that fell from his lips. All is held fast in my memory. When on one occasion he used the words 'O Ephraim, how shall I give *thee* up,' they seemed to come to me and say, 'O *George*, how shall I give thee up!' They were blessed and fruitful words in me. Honor and success followed him. Let his mantle fall upon his successors."

4. "The Sons of Lebanon, at home and abroad." Responded to by Rev. C. H. Fay, who said: —

"I am to speak of the sons absent and present. It is not a *poetical* theme. You will not expect me to speak in rhyme. If it had been the daughters of Lebanon, I could not have avoided rhyme; so inspiring is such a subject. I have but slight knowledge of the absent sons. I have met them occasionally. They all seem to be doing well, to bring credit to the place that gave them birth. You have a good specimen of them in the Orator of the day. Of those at home, what shall I say? The scene before me reminds me of the progress we have made in one cardinal virtue — Temperance. O, those old Fourths of July! With their wine, and spirits; and women banished from the tables, because they were not fit places and scenes for them. But now we find wine banished, and women admitted. They are far more inspiring than wine.

"Let me tell you a story, related to me by one of the fathers, showing the advance temperance has made in the town, and how they managed in the old times. It was the custom for a neighborhood to select one of their number to take their produce to market, — their butter, cheese, beef, pork, &c. He went 'below' (that is, to Boston,) for the

rest. If successful, he was gone about a fortnight. He was always commissioned to bring back a cask of rum or brandy. On one occasion a number of neighbors were assembled in an orchard. It was in the Jefferson campaign — they were talking politics. Of course the word federalist occurred frequently. One said to another, when he had attempted to use the word, 'What do you say fetherlist for, — why don't you say *feth*—fetherlist?' 'O, you can't say it yourself. I can say fetherlist as well as you.' Others tried the word with about the same success. After testing themselves by this novel shibboleth, they concluded that they were not *quite* sober. And now I trust that you, their sons, will always be able to say *federalist*, — that none of you will ever be in a condition to say *fetheralist*.

"Of the sons at home, I conceive that they are much like the man's nigh ox. He had a yoke to sell. He praised the off one highly, and at great length. Finally the purchaser said, 'Why don't you say something of the nigh ox?' 'O, he can speak for himself.'"

5. "To those who, not having the good fortune to be born in town, have endeavored to retrieve their fortunes by taking a wife who was." Responded to by Rev. Dr. Swain, of Providence, R. I., who said: —

"I am one of the unfortunates not born in Lebanon. I plead guilty of the misfortune, to the crime, if it was a crime, of not having the wisdom to be born here. But with my folly I have mingled wisdom, for I have taken a wife that 'was.' The 'was' is emphatic, 'who was born here.' But I have some pleas to offer in extenuation of my misfortune, of my crime, if it was a crime. The privileges of a son-in-law are often found to be greater than those of a son. My misfortune might have been greater, for if I did not have the good fortune to be born in Lebanon, I have 'retrieved my fortune by taking a wife who was.' I might have had the double misfortune of not being born here, or finding 'a wife who was.' So I have mingled good with evil, wisdom with folly. In these days of secession, let me say: The daughters of Lebanon, 'the cedars of Lebanon,' let not wife, nor mother, nor daughter of them all, ever be found a sc—cedar! Let them love and defend our institutions to the last generation. May their posterity equal and surpass their ancestry."

6. "The Clergymen of Lebanon." Responded to by Rev. Mr. Case, of West Lebanon, who said: —

"This at least merits large notice. The subject is an extensive one,

for the clergymen were many; it is at least a *lofty* subject, for the first three ministers of the town taken together measured some inches over eighteen feet. They were *high* priests. I mention it as a significant fact, that the clergymen of Lebanon were ever devoted to temperance. Considering the customs of former times, it is wonderful that no more ministers fell into intemperance. The records of another town show that in a population of six hundred and forty, forty barrels of rum were used in a year, besides other liquors. Every man in old times would think himself wanting in hospitality, if he did not place a bottle before the minister when he called. Considering their temptations, they escaped wonderfully. Of the ministers of Lebanon, it may be said of them, that they have ever been loyal. The first of them all set a good example to the rest. For when the country was struggling for independence, he went out to encourage and comfort her troops as a chaplain. He was a strong man. A little story will show this. Passing through the camp one day, he saw two men trying to lift a cannon. Taking hold of it alone, he easily lifted it to its place. One of the men, in his astonishment, let slip an oath, when the other silenced him by telling him that he was a chaplain, when he hastened after him and begged pardon for his profanity.

"It is a significant fact, that in the first records of the town we trace their anxiety for a ministry among them. It shows the love of our fathers for these institutions which have so much to do with our prosperity. Lebanon ranks high in the number and quality of the ministers she has raised up. About thirty have gone forth from her. Among them have been doctors of divinity, who have made their mark in the world. Others have found and filled worthy places in colleges and theological seminaries. One is buried in a foreign land, who went forth as a missionary to the heathen. Let the next one hundred years equal the past."

7. "The Lawyers of Lebanon."

Lebanon has not been very fruitful in this class, and none were found to respond.

8. "Dr. Phineas Parkhurst, and the Physicians of Lebanon." Responded to by Dr. Dixi Crosby, who said:— *der p 37*

"Dr. Parkhurst was born in Plainfield, Conn. Early in life he removed to Royalton. Like other young men he went a courting, and stayed on one occasion to breakfast. During the meal he saw Indians

approaching. He immediately went out and caught the Narragansett mare, and helping his lady-love and her mother to mount, got up behind them, and set out for Connecticut River. The Indians followed and fired upon them, wounding Parkhurst, the ball passing through from behind and lodging in the skin before. He seized it in his fingers and held it till he arrived in West Lebanon, when it was extracted by Dr. Hall. This incident first turned the thoughts of Parkhurst to the practice of medicine. He became an apprentice of Dr. Hall, for so they termed students in those days. In due time he began to practice, his first case being in a department in which he was afterwards very successful — obstetrics. More than three thousand received their introduction into the world by him. In due time he married — for *money* it is supposed — the portion of his wife consisting of one cow, three cups, and three knives. He first lived in West Lebanon, and knew what it was to be poor — often with but two shirts, and one white cravat, to which he was very partial, which was washed over night. But success and prosperity came in due season.

"As a physician, Dr. Parkhurst was not learned, but skilful by experience. After listening on one occasion to the learned talk of some of his brethren, he said: 'I am much gratified with all I have heard; I can't talk, but, by Judas, I can practice with the best of you!' As a physician, he was skilful, prompt, self-denying, always ready at call, night or day, in cold or heat. He was noted for his unbounded hospitality; the string was ever hanging out at his door. He was the father of a large family — two sons and nine daughters. He exemplified the great precept of religion, beneficence towards his fellow-men. Those who have succeeded him have been worthy and skilful members of his profession."

9. "Dartmouth College became the Alma Mater of fifty-four sons of Lebanon." Responded to by President Lord, of Dartmouth College, who said: —

"A respectable clergyman of Hanover was asked to give a short *extempore* address. He replied that it was impossible; 'I must write everything. Why, if I should find that I had forgotten to write amen at the close of my sermon, I should faint away.' I am very much like him. Absurd and ridiculous as it may appear (pulling out his manuscript), I must resort to my notes.

"Mr. President, I acknowledge the great courtesy which gives me this occasion to commemorate a remarkable fact in the history of Lebanon, viz: That there have been raised up fifty-four sturdy men, each of whom was born of two mothers. I am still more glad to say that these two prolific mothers are yet in their bloom, and their offspring is likely to be indefinitely increased, till I know not but they will be sufficient to found a nation; particularly as these remarkable children are all sons who are very apt to marry in the family. At least the sisters find *Swains* without going abroad to visit.

"But, Mr. President, I better like your courtesy, because it proves that Lebanon is not disposed to appropriate all the honor of sending out into the world such a noble company of educated men. The natural mother divides credit with the foster mother This is well, and speaks well — so let it be. What Lebanon has brought forth Dartmouth has nourished, to become an ornament to both and a blessing to the world.

"Mr. President, I cannot speak from book, but I think that your good town of Lebanon must have produced a larger number of educated men than any other town of our educating State. I will not even except the larger commercial, political, and manufacturing towns. But, however, it must have exceeded other towns of the same age and population. She deserves to bear the banner, and I trust the banner will be flung here to the breeze, at your next Centennial, July 4th, 1961 — in a time of peace and glory, inscribed to learning, wisdom, and virtue — the guide and safety of the State.

"Sir, I am aware that every man who happens to be born in Lebanon and educated at Dartmouth does not thereby necessarily gain for himself, his town, or college, a true honor.

"I cannot deem that Lebanon or Dartmouth, or any other town or college would choose, in all cases, to recognize the parental relation. I remember what happened at a time, when I was a boy. A young man from a neighboring town was sent to Harvard. No matter what his name — let us call him Simplon He proved to be what students frequently make a subject of their good-natured, but sometimes extravagant sport. His father's house was on the line of Kittery and York, and that line bisected it. It was a problem at Coll.; in which end of the house Simplon was born, and hence some lively classmate gave out the following epigram: —

"'Kittery and York, 't is said,
For Simpson's birth contest;
The strife is sharp, and Kittery wins,
But York comes off the best.'

"Now it is not my opinion that Lebanon or Dartmouth has ever given occasion for quite such pleasantry as this. Or, if it were so, I should not choose to speak of it in such a company. I have to say what is to better purpose, viz: That your list of graduates is one of which any town or college may be proud. It were impossible to speak of them now in detail. But they would bear the criticism of the world; from those old schoolmen, dead, the Woods and Harrises, who have left a shining mark in the history of their times, down to the mediæval period of her Young, and the living men so well represented by the honored and beloved Orator of to-day. Had Lebanon and Dartmouth done no more than to send out such a company, that alone would make them worthy of record among the true benefactors of mankind.

"Mr. President, we joyfully this day cement the fellowship and friendship of Lebanon and Dartmouth. I speak for Dartmouth. Send us still your young men, and we will nourish them. That kind of patronage is not all we want, but it tells most upon the world. It is better even than wild lands — though possibly not better than would be the confidence and rational patronage of the State. But let what will betide, Dartmouth will be for the State, and the whole of it; not for sect or party, but mankind."

10. "The Farmers and Mechanics of Lebanon — none better." Responded to, in behalf of the farmers, by Daniel Richardson, Esq., who said: "Now you will see the difference between knowledge and ignorance — alluding to the learned gentlemen who preceded him. I have been a farmer all my life, and have not had the advantages of education. I cannot make a speech. I may say in behalf of the farmers, that we are under great obligations to them. They have cleared away the forests, subdued the wild soil, and brought it into the service of man — made room for these many pleasant homes. It is the ambition of farmers to raise the largest ox, the best horse, the fattest hog, or largest crop. In old times they took pride in one other thing — in raising up the largest and best families. Let their posterity imitate them."

For the mechanics, Mr. L. F. Brooks — one of them — briefly responded with a handsome tribute to their skill.

11. "The President of the United States" In response to this toast, Hon. A. H. Cragin spoke as follows: —

"The President of the United States is the legal and constitutional head of the government. He is the agent of the people — the executive of the Constitution and laws, and, as such, is entitled to respect. The present Chief Magistrate was elected by a constitutional vote, in due form of law, and is therefore as justly entitled to administer the government as ever was Washington or Jackson. He has his commission from the same authority, and is alike responsible. He is clothed with all the powers conferred by the Constitution, and is under the most solemn oath to preserve, protect, and defend that Constitution.

"It is manifestly the duty of those whose agent he is, at all times to aid the President in the discharge of his proper duties, and to strengthen and uphold his hands in support of the government which he is called upon to administer.

"The present occupant of the Presidential chair entered upon the discharge of his duties under the most extraordinary and trying circumstances. Dissatisfied with the result of the late Presidential election, a portion of the people in the Southern States, regardless of their constitutional obligations, defied the will of the majority, and were conspiring to destroy the government. They had boldly raised the flag of rebellion and resistance. Men were in arms against the government that had so long afforded them protection. Treason was doing its work. Forts had been captured, arsenals had been plundered of arms and munitions of war; national ships had been seized and employed by the insurgents; treasuries and mints with vast sums of money had been embezzled and appropriated for the support of rebellion; the national flag had been insulted, and the Union pronounced a curse.

"Such was the state of things, and worse than this, when Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated President of the United States.

"He appealed to the reason and patriotism of the misguided people, and, by the memories of the past, the hopes of the future, and the graves of the patriotic dead, called upon all true citizens to rally in support of the Union and the laws of the land. His patriotic and paternal appeal was derided by the traitors. The government paused, while the work of destroying the Union went on. The gallant little band in Fort Sumter, hemmed in by a wall of iron batteries, were on the point of starvation. The government, at the last moment, resolved to supply

the fort with provisions. When this purpose became known, ten thousand rebels opened a deadly fire upon less than one hundred starving defenders of the Union. The fort surrendered, but instantly the country was aroused. The war for the Union began. The President called for 75,000 volunteers, and forthwith they were ready. More were called for, and to-day 300,000 men are under arms for the defence of the Union.

"The spectacle of the uprising of the people is truly magnificent. The North is nearly a unit in their patriotic efforts to support the President in his determination to preserve the Union. Party lines are obliterated, and all classes vie with each other in their zeal to maintain the government. There is but one voice heard, and that is, that the Union '*must and shall be preserved!*'

"This government was formed after great sacrifice, and at a very great cost. We have been accustomed to applaud its founders, as wise and patriotic men, and to cherish the inheritance which they left us, as of priceless value. It has already performed a great mission, but its work is only begun. To the union of these States the nation owes its unprecedented increase in population, its surprising development of material resources, its rapid augmentation of wealth, its happiness at home, and its honor abroad. The light of our example has illumined the whole earth, and to-day the hopes of the world, for the preservation of liberty and free government centre in the preservation of this Union. God helping us, we will preserve it.

"If this Union perish now, it will be the most stupendous failure that the world ever saw; and it must be inferred that our national sins have become so great in the sight of Heaven, that God can no longer withhold his vengeance.

"Trusting that the same wise Providence which sanctioned the work of our fathers in the Revolution, has much to accomplish for his own glory, and the benefit of mankind through the instrumentality of this government, I believe the Union will be preserved.

"I am inclined to believe that the purposes of God are visible in this causeless rebellion. There is no accounting for it from the usual motives for human actions. 'Whom the gods destroy they first make mad,' is a familiar adage. I accept the fact as the manifest work of Providence, and fully believe it portends no ultimate evil to our country, or the inalienable rights of man."

12. "The Stars and Stripes. They have floated over our cradles —let it be our prayer and our endeavor that they shall float over our graves."

Song by Messrs. Ingalls and Alden, Mrs. Davis and Miss Porter, — "Star Spangled Banner."

13. "The Staple Products of New England:

"Land — hard to till, and piled with granite gray.
Men — hard to kill, harder to drive away."

VOLUNTEER TOASTS.

By Robert Kimball, Esq. "The Memory of Stephen A. Douglas.

"Brief and eventful was his bold career,
An iron will, a soul devoid of fear;
Wrong — he, perchance, has been in time now past;
Right — minds like his will surely prove at last."

"Lebanon and Hartford chartered the same day; settled by liberty-loving pioneers from the same town in Connecticut, situated side by side in the same charming valley; may their united devotion to the great interests of religion and constitutional freedom be as constant as the flow of the noble river which beautifies their banks" Responded to by D. B. Dudley, of Hartford, Vt.

Letters were received from many gentlemen, natives of the town, expressing their interest in the celebration, and regretting their inability to share in the occasion. From Rev. E. L. Magoon, of Albany; from Maj. Henry L. Kendrick, of West Point, offering the following sentiment: "My Native Town. Her children rise up to do her honor and reverence." From John Potter, Esq., of Augusta, Me., with the sentiment: "The Land where our venerated Forefathers sleep, and the cherished Birthplace of their Descendants. Let liberty and union be forever inscribed upon her annals, and preserved as a precious inheritance to the latest generation, by her sons." From Mr. J. A. Durkee, Esq., of New York: "The Star-Spangled Banner and the next Centennial Anniversary. May the rays of the sun which rises on the next centennial anniversary, shine upon that banner with its stripes unsullied and stars undimmed; waving over a happy people, bound by no chain but the silken cord of brotherly affection, and no bond but peace, no creed but love to God and good-will to men."

Also letters from H. R. Stevens, Esq., and Wm. D. Ticknor, of Boston, and Capt. James Benton, of the U. S. Army. At a late hour the company broke up, after singing Old Hundred.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

E. P. LISCOMB,
C. C. BENTON,
JOHN CLOUGH,
RUFUS CASE,
SAMUEL WOOD, 2d.
WILLIAM S. ELA,
SOLON A. PECK,
OLIVER L. STEARNS, } *Selectmen.*
CHARLES A. DOWNS,
GEORGE W. BAILEY, } *Secretaries.*

THE

Centennial Celebration

AT

LEBANON, N. H.,

JULY FOURTH 1861.

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J. E. FARWELL & COMPANY, PRINTERS TO THE CITY.
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