ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE,

JULY 4, 1876;

ITS CELEBRATION BY THE CITY OF DOVER, N. H.,

THE PUBLIC PROCEEDINGS,

AND

ORATION

By Rev. ALONZO H. QUINT, D. D.

DOVER, N. H.:
MORNING STAR STEAM JOB PRINTING HOUSE.
1876.

PROCEEDINGS.

At a meeting of the Board of Aldermen of the city of Dover, N. H., held June 2, 1876, the proper votes were adopted "for the purpose of celebrating the Centennial Anniversary of our nation's independence," and Aldermen Murphy and Wiggin were appointed, on behalf of that board, as committee in charge. The Common Council, on the same day, concurred, and appointed Councilmen Seavey, Abbott, Hanson, and O'Neil, upon the committee.

Under the direction of the above mentioned committee, on the 4th of July, a procession was formed at ten o'clock, A. M., upon Franklin Square, as follows:

City Marshal.
Platoon of Police.
Chief Marshal, Col. Andrew H. Young.
Aids: Capt. G. W. Colbath, Chief of Staff,
John Kivil, Robert Rollins.

FIRST DIVISION.

Marshal, Charles E. Smith.
Aids: A. T. Pierce, M. Henry Lothrop, Dennis Cash
Dover Cornet Band, W. D. Taylor, Leader.

Strafford Guards, Lieut. Geo. H. Demeritt commanding.
Hibernian United Benevolent Society, M. Flaherty, Pres.
Sabbath Schools.
Orator,
Invited Guests, and
City Government, in Carriages.

SECOND DIVISION.

Marshal, Albert F. Seavey.
Aids: L. Chamberlain, E. Ryan.
National Cornet Band.
Olive Branch Lodge Knights of Pythias, Capt. J. S. Abbott, commanding.
St. Mary's Total Abstinence Society, Bernard Hoye, President, commanding.
First Light Battery, Section A, Capt. Frank F. Davis.
Representation of Trades.
Citizens in Carriages.

The line of march was from Franklin Square down Central, up Washington, Cushing, and Silver Streets, to Cochecho Riding Park.

Upon arriving at the Park, the Chief Marshal, Col. A. H. Young, announced the following officers:

President—Col. Charles M. Murphy.

Vice-Presidents—Hon. Samuel M. Wheeler, Dr. Levi G. Hill, Col. Daniel Hall, Hon. James Bennett, Chas. H. Sawyer, John Bracewell, William Sterns, Harrison Haley, Hiram F. Snow, John C. Plumer, John H. Hurd, John R. Varney.

Col. C. M. Murphy, on taking the chair, said:

Fellow Citizens:—We have seldom, if ever, suffered the birthday of our nation to pass without some observance;

and we should certainly be wanting in patriotism, if not remiss in our duty as loyal citizens, should we fail to show a due appreciation of the importance of the epoch which this day marks in our country's history.

One hundred years ago to-day, our forefathers dared to declare to the world, that they no longer contended merely for their rights as British subjects, but for freedom and independence.

In that contest were involved the dearest of human rights and human destinies; and on its issue depended the hopes, not only of America, but of the human race.

We hold in grateful remembrance the men who guided our councils, and our armies, through the trying period in which they established our independence, and reared the fabric of government which has made us a free, happy, and prosperous nation.

We rejoice that we to-day, after the lapse of a century, still hold the priceless heritage of civil and religious liberty which they have transmitted to us, consecrated with their blood.

When we review the past century, and note our rapid and steady progress as a nation, and the uniform success which has attended our struggles for independence, nationality, universal freedom, and unbroken union, we can but feel that our destiny has been in the hands of the Divine Providence to whom our fathers appealed for the rectitude of their intentions.

As we have received these blessings from our ancestors unimpaired, it behooves us to transmit them to our posterity.

Let us see to it, then, that the men to whom we trust the public weal at the beginning of the second century of our national existence, are animated with something of the worthy purposes, pure motives, and high resolves that inspired the fathers of the Revolution.

The President then introduced D. G. Thompson, A. M.,

Principal of the Sawyer Grammar School, who read the Declaration of Independence.

The Rev. George B. Spalding, pastor of the First Church in Dover, led in prayer.

An Oration was then delivered by Rev. Alonzo H. Quint, D. D.

After the Oration, the procession was again formed and marched through Silver and Central streets to the City Hall, where the Chief Marshal, after complimenting it upon the fine display, dismissed the various organizations to their respective head-quarters.

Resolved by the City Councils of the City of Dover:

That the thanks of these Councils be tendered to Rev. A. H. Quint, for his able and eloquent oration on the 4th inst.; that his honor the Mayor be requested to solicit a copy for publication; and that the city printer be authorized to print one thousand copies in pamphlet form.

Common Council, July 6, 1876.
Passed.
H. A. REDFIELD, *Clerk.*

In Board of Aldermen, July 6, 1876.
Concurred.
J. B. STEVENS, JR., *City Clerk.*

ORATION.*

CITIZENS OF DOVER:

Nothing would have induced me to speak anywhere on this anniversary, but that I felt it to be a special honor that I was selected for this centennial occasion by the authorities of this ancient town. Although now twenty years a citizen of another state, yet here was my childhood. In your public schools and Academy was my early education. My father's home was and is on the old Waldron lands, and scarce a pistol shot from the site of the massacre of 1689, whose legends led me into Dover history. I used to search for the graves of my emigrant ancestors who lie buried in Dover soil, but their sepulchres, like those of the other emigrants, no man knoweth. I used to go and drink of the waters of that spring on Dover Neck which was the household spring of one of my ancestors at least two centuries and a quarter ago, and which still bears his name. In your cemetery lies buried my own offspring, and there is the spot reserved where I shall have my own last resting place.

If I went to another State, it is but as one of the great number whom Dover has given to other States. If history means men, then New Hampshire history is in the ocean commerce, the land traffic, the education, and the public interests of the whole country. Especially is Massachusetts

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* A large portion of this address was omitted in delivery, but the whole is printed by request of the City Government.

indebted to New Hampshire; as it is to our hills which condense the clouds into streams to make the great rivers whose waters are the wealth of her Lowells, and Lawrences, and Holyokes. Many of us always look to Dover, in the dream of early home, and it added to my own interest on this centennial occasion, that my father's father and grandfather, both born in the town for which Dover and Portsmouth gave the territory, were soldiers in the army which maintained the Declaration made a hundred years ago to-day.

I know you will pardon these allusions personal to myself.

Nor was it an unwelcome suggestion, that the occasion needed a historical treatment. Indeed, national authority has itself suggested that this day be made everywhere the occasion of recalling local history; and ours is rich in its abundance. But, in fact, the former laudation of American glory, which made the staple of much of the Fourth-of-July oratory, has become obsolete. Our boasting has been subdued. The recent years of waste and blood; the years in which men lived ten years in every one, and when women's tears fell fast; the years when great principles marshalled mighty armies against each other, and arrayed gigantic armaments,—have sobered us. The grass grows green again over the graves of the dead, and the rains have well-nigh washed away every earth-work, but we have hardly rested since every morning the bugle sounded the reveille on a line of a thousand miles. If I were tempted to boast, I should at once remember that, before our first hundred years had passed, brethren were in arms against brethren; the descendants of revolutionary fathers were separated under hostile leaders; and I would in thought stand again beside my own fallen comrades. Our boasting is ended. Our whole country has been chastened. Our devotion to the principles symbolized in the folds of our floating banner is deepened, but our glorying in our self-confidence gives way to deeper, soberer, intenser feeling.

So I turn to our own local history. Of course, naturally in the drift of thought which conforms to the purpose of the day. In the great centres, they will rightly discuss the great principles of statesmanship, and see the footsteps of God in our national history. Ours is the more humble work of local recollection.

I can scarcely touch the outlines of our own history. Still less can I give the details which belong to the work you have elsewhere asked me to prepare. But to-day I will remind you of the original character of our emigrant ancestry; their political training; and their discipline of hardships in the wars of the century preceding the Revolution; all as suggesting the preparation of an old New England town for the struggle of 1776.

I. Some towns have no remote history. The remote history of ancient Dover would fill a volume. I mean Dover as it once was, which I will remember to-day. The Dover whose southern boundary was far below the bend of the lordly Piscataqua, and included the green farms on the lower shore of the beautiful Great Bay; whose sunset line neared the Exeter meadows; whose eastern edge was the centre of the Newichawannock, and up through the rocky falls; which had no head line till one was drawn across the Rochester woods, and which was long only the immense forests in which there was nothing to break the Indian trail from Montreal. Six towns, and parts of two others, are the modern inheritors of this old domain, taken off piece by piece, but all parts of the homestead.

When the Declaration of 1776 was making, Dover already had a history of more than a century and a half. Edward Hilton, its first settler, had lived nearly fifty years after his landing, and yet had been in his grave more than a hundred years. Only Portsmouth can claim the same age in New Hampshire; the two are coeval, and neither can take

precedence. On the New England coast, only Plymouth had an earlier origin.

Two hundred and fifty years ago, on a spring day, our fathers came sailing into the Piscataqua. The name of the vessel, the name of its master, the date of its departure from England, and of its arrival in the river, are alike unknown. Perhaps it was the *Plantation*, a vessel of the "Council for New England," which was on our shores in May of that year, and in which was Admiral Francis West, with commission to "restrain such ships as came to port and trade without license," from that Council. Perhaps it was a vessel specially chartered by Sir Ferdinando Gorges and Captain John Mason, who held from the Council a grant of lands which included the Piscataqua, and who now undertook their colonization. Perhaps it was one among the scores of fishing vessels which were then annually crossing the Atlantic, availed of to transport the few men who were destined to begin the settlement of New Hampshire.

All that is known is this: that the vessel brought hither David Thompson, a Scotchman, and Edward Hilton, of the Fishmonger's Guild of London, with a few men and necessaries to begin permanent settlements on the land, and to carry on the fisheries in the waters of the river and the ocean. Thompson* settled at Pannaway, the now Little Harbor; Hilton sailed up the river and occupied Wecanacohunt, the now Dover Point. It has always been recorded that these emigrants were, although in the same vessel, "in two divisions." Recent investigations make it clear that the two were independent of each other.† The subsequent pa-

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* An original agreement of Thompson, dated in 1622, referring to Thompson's patent, is in possession of the eminent historical scholar, Charles Deane, Esq., of Cambridge, Mass., who will soon give it to the press with appropriate annotations.

† I am happy to say that my friend, Charles W. Tuttle, Esq., of Boston, of the old Dover stock, than whom no man is better informed as to the patents, and who is writing an exhaustive life of Capt. John Mason, fully coincides in this conviction.

tent to Hilton says that this Dover settlement was made by Hilton "and his associates" at "their own proper cost and charges." The associates, not the emigrants but the projectors, were merchants of Plymouth, and other towns of the west of England. Probably his few men, and certainly the emigrants who followed a few years later, were of that hardy stock, particularly of Devonshire, which gave to the ocean such men as Gilbert, Drake, Hawkins, and Ralegh, and contributed so essentially to the glory of the reign of Elizabeth.

So vague is the knowledge of the men, the vessel, the date of departure from England, and the anchorage in the river. The emigrants have left us no records of these things. Plymouth had its Bradford and its Winslow. Massachusetts Bay had its Winthrop. The records of their beginnings are minute. But Plymouth was the refuge of Pilgrims, whose consciences enforced their separation from the Church of England. Massachusetts Bay was the refuge of Puritans, whose consciences scrupled at some of the ceremonies, but not at the existence, of the national church. Each of these had the histories of peculiar ideas to write. The New Hampshire colonists, neither Pilgrims nor Puritans, satisfied with both the existence and the ceremonies of the established church, came here as bold and hardy pioneers in commercial enterprise; whose number of beaver skins bought of the Indians, or of fish cured for the English market, had none of the romance to attract a historian, but whose vigorous West-of-England blood made a race fearless alike of the storms of every sea, and of the savages of every forest.

This attempt at colonization required courage, energy, and self-denial. It is true, it was not an unknown coast. On the tenth of April, 1603, under the patronage of merchants of Bristol, Martin Pring left that port, with two vessels, one of fifty tons, the other of twenty-six. In his ex-

plorations of our coast, he entered the Piscataqua. He rowed up ten or twelve miles, the first European who ever saw the woods of Dover. "Very goodly groves and woods," his narrative says he found on the shores of our rivers, "and sundry sorts of beasts;" but he left it to its silence. On the third of March, 1614, Captain John Smith sailed from London. On the thirtieth of April he reached Monhegan. There he built seven boats. In one of these boats, with eight men, he explored the coast, and entered the Piscataqua. Probable it also seems, that John Mason, while plantation governor in Newfoundland, also explored our shores, and thus personally learned of the advantages of the place which he chose for colonization.*

Nor is it unlikely that fishermen, who touched at the Isles of Shoals, had sometimes found a harbor in the safe inlet of the main land.

But, in that spring of 1623, from Plymouth harbor to the Piscataqua, there is no substantial evidence of the residence of a single European; and from Piscataqua eastward,—there was nothing save temporary visiting places of fishermen, till one reached the French settlement at Mt. Desert. Inland were the savage tribes, beginning at the very harbor, and peopling the unknown forests. Along the coasts were often ships of other nations, or vessels whose easy allegiance made them no desirable visitors. Their only neighbors, for some years to come, were to be the fishermen who might land upon the Isles of Shoals.

Other and stronger attempts at colonization had failed. Bartholomew Gosnold, in 1602, had built a fortified house on an islet within an inland pond on the island of Cuttyhunk, in Buzzard's Bay. It was a place of beauty and safety. But

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* I have this from the researches of Charles W. Tuttle, Esq., already mentioned.

dissensions arose, and ended the settlement within a month.* George Popham had, in 1607, settled a colony at the mouth of the Kennebec, with glowing titles of officials. "They came hither," says Alexander, "being pressed to the enterprise as endangered by the law or by their own necessities." They abandoned it in the following spring, "and this," says the cotemporary Strachey, "was the end of the northern colony upon the river Sachadehoc." Richard Vines, sent out by Gorges to explore, had spent one desolate winter, that of 1616-17, near Saco; but this visit was not called a settlement. Thomas Weston had sent more than fifty men, in 1622, who occupied the now Weymouth, but in the following March they abandoned it, and when Weston came over the ocean in 1623, the adventurer, pillaged by the Indians to his very clothing, found hospitality in the colony just beginning at Piscataqua. When Thompson and Hilton, with their few hardy men, approached our rivers, from Plymouth to Mt. Desert was a wilderness.

These two little groups, not the hundred of Plymouth, not the fifty of Weston, not the large companies of Gosnold, or Popham, not the strong emigration of Winthrop, planted themselves on the Piscataqua, and there they remained.

The dwellers on the beautiful plateau at the Point, where you go for the breezes of summer, still look southward across the rapid Piscataqua, and westward across the green islands, and eastward across the Newichawannock, where the Eliot fields are backed by Agamenticus. Successive emi-

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* Belknap visited this spot June 20, 1797, and says: "We had the supreme satisfaction to find the cellar of Gosnold's store-house; the stones of which were evidently taken from the neighboring beach; the rock of the islet being less movable and lying in ledges." Seventy years later, I visited the same spot, with Charles Deane, Esq., and a few others. Stones were lying scattered, but no imagination could then outline an angle made by men. The storms had obliterated every trace which Belknap had found.

grants built their houses upwards on the slopes washed by the tides of the two rivers. In 1628, this settlement paid half as much as Plymouth, in the cost of removing Morton from Merry Mount. In 1633, Thomas Wiggin, a descendant of whom is one of your aldermen to-day, brought an accession of more West-of-England people. In 1634, they built the first meeting house in New Hampshire on that elevated spot, "beautiful for situation," whose fortifications are not yet obliterated. The additions were moderately Puritan, probably, but not severely, and by no means strong enough to change the original character of the colony, and from the spring day of 1623, Dover had had its continuous history of one hundred and fifty-three years, at the date of the great Declaration.

New Hampshire was not a Puritan colony. Its original settlement was under the auspices of men of the church of England. Although in 1633, a Puritan minister, William Leverich, came to Dover, he soon departed on account of want of support. I deem it fortunate that New Hampshire was not Puritan. There was needed a place in New England where liberty should be real. Puritanism has done a magnificent work in the world, but it is an exceptional power. We respect its energy, its faithfulness, its hardihood. But the Puritanism which prescribed the cut of men's hair and the dress of women, and conformity in teaching subtle distinctions in the doctrine of the Holy Ghost, was not liberty. The liberty of American Puritanism in its early days, was liberty for itself to do what it determined, but liberty for nobody else. Its purpose was proper; necessary for its own safety; based on the principle of excluding from its own borders all who differed from it. But it was well for New Hampshire, and for the towns on both sides of the Piscataqua, that they were settled under other auspices, by a different kind of men, and were governed by other rulers. Puritanism is good for Puritans, but other

men's consciences are just as good for other men. Over its northern line was a free colony on which Massachusetts looked with jealousy. Men who could not endure the rigidity of Massachusetts found here a refuge, and this commingling caused discords. Here came George Burdett, who came voluntarily; Hanserd Knollys, banished from Massachusetts because his sentiments on the doctrine of the Holy Ghost were deemed dangerous to the Bay government; Thomas Larkham, churchman in spirit; and here came that famous Captain John Underhill, an old soldier of Prince Eugene in the wars of Europe, whose coming in 1639, Whittier, the poet who loves the legends of the Piscataqua, has put into his musical verse:

A score of years had come and gone,
Since the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Stone,
When Captain Underhill, bearing scars,
From Indian ambush and Flemish wars,
Left three-hilled Boston, and wandered down,
East by north to Cochecho town.

He cheered his heart, as he rode along,
With screed of scripture, and holy song;
Or thought how he rode with his lances free,
By the lower Rhine and the Zuyder Zee,
Till his wood-path grew to a trodden road,
And Hilton Point in the distance showed.

Goodly and stately and grave to see,
Into the clearing's space rode he;
With the sun on the hilt of his sword in sheath,
And his silver buckles and spurs beneath;
And the settlers welcomed him, one and all,
From swift Quamphegan to Gonic fall.

Much as the world should admire the Puritan stock and Puritan achievements, we say that the more free West-of-England stock was its peer. In adventurous enterprise, in bravery, in hardihood, and in the love of liberty not only

for themselves but for others, the Piscataqua stock can meet the Puritan. It left a race which gave a commander to the siege of Louisburg, where New Hampshire men pulled on sledges through the swamp, the guns which ensured the capture of the strongest fortress in America. A race which manned the vessels of John Paul Jones, and fought the desperate conflict on the slippery decks of the Ranger. A race which furnished the men who lined the rail-fence at Bunker Hill under Stark and Reid, and mowed down the splendid Welsh Fusileers. A race such that when Washington asked, as to troops who were behaving magnificently, "What troops are these?" the answer was, "Full blooded Yankees from New Hampshire, sir!" A race which furnished the men, raised by New Hampshire solely, and independent of the Continental Congress, whom John Stark led to victory at Bennington; who, on that glorious day turned the tide of British success, ensured the surrender of Burgoyne, and thus gained that French alliance which secured the Independence of the United States. Bennington, with all its results, originated on the branches of the Piscataqua. If achievements tell character, then the free New Hampshire race was at least the peer of the Puritan in every trait of manhood, and far higher on the platform of individual liberty and democratic principle, than if it had clung to the system which told alike how a man's dress should be worn and how he should worship God.

II. Nothing appears which can show the political sentiments of the Dover colonists in the earliest years, inasmuch as no government existed here. Captain Thomas Wiggin, agent for the patentees of some portion of our territory, had an oversight partially authoritative, from 1633. Of those patentees were the Lords Say and Brook, and other Puritans. Captain Wiggin was in sympathy with Massachusetts. But when George Burdett came, in 1637, the peo-

ple made him Governor, and thus set aside Capt. Wiggin. Burdett was in correspondence with Archbishop Laud. Although this fact was probably not known, doubtless his sympathies were apparent. Two original letters from him to Laud are still in existence.* In the last, dated November 9, 1638, he says, "there yet being none but Combinations" for government, and that he had been at the head of affairs for the year past. It thus appears that a Combination for government was established here as early as 1637, and that the tone of public sentiment was liberal and not Puritan. Burdett's strictures on the Massachusetts government, deeply offensive to that power at the time, do not seem at all contrary to fact. Burdett simply mentioned the spirit of independence of the mother country which existed in Massachusetts. It was not any falsification that offended; it was the utterance of the truth at a critical time, and the treachery of the writer, who was then a member of the Salem church.

But on the 22d day of October, 1640, the people of Dover established or renewed a formal government. The document, the earliest one of Dover history, should here be reproduced:†

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* In the Public Record Office, London, England. I have two copies from the original; one made for John S. Jenness, Esq., and the other for me by W. Noel Sainsbury, Esq., of London. A letter intervening between the two, can not be found.

† The body of this paper was preserved by Hubbard, but the names, except three, could not be found by Belknap. John S. Jenness, Esq., found a copy in the Public Record Office, London, and kindly gave me its use. The one herewith printed was made for me by Mr. Sainsbury. The names are given in three columns, as in the copy; as only a copy exists, and not the original, doubtless some names are erroneously spelled.

Whereas, sundry mischeifes and inconveniences have befaln us, and more and greater may in regard of want of civill Government, his Gratious Ma^tie haveing hitherto setled no order for us to our knowledge:

Wee whose names are underwritten being Inhabitants upon the River Pascataquack have voluntarily agreed to combine ourselves into a body politique that wee may the more comfortably enjoy the benefit of his Ma^ties Lawes together with all such Orders as shallbee concluded by a major part of the Freemen of our Society in case they bee not repugnant to the Lawes of England and administered in the behalfe of his Majesty.

And this wee have mutually promised and concluded to do and so to continue till his Excellent Ma^tie shall give other Order concerning us. In Witness whereof wee have hereto set our hands the two and twentieth day of October in the sixteenth yeare of the reign of our Sovereign Lord Charles by the grace of God King of Great Britain France and Ireland Defender of the Faith &c. Anno Dom. 1640.

John Follet,
Robert Nanney,
William Jones,
Phillip Swaddon,
Richard Pinckhame,
Bartholomew Hunt,
William Bowden,
John Wastill,
John Heard,
John Hall,
Abel Camond,
Henry Beck,
Robert Huggins,

Thom. Larkham,
Richard Waldern,
William Waldern,
William Storer,
William Furbur,
Tho. Layton,
Tho. Roberts,
Bartholomew Smith,
Samuel Haines,
John Underhill,
Peter Garland,
John Dam,
Steven Teddar,
John Ugroufe,
Thomas Canning,
John Phillips,
Tho. Dunstar,

Fran: Champernoon,
Hansed Knowles,
Edward Colcord,
Henry Lahorn,
Edward Starr,
James Nute,
Anthony Emery,
Richard Laham,
William Pomfret,
John Cross,
George Webb,
James Rawlins.

This is a true copy compared with y^e^ Originall by mee

EDW. CRANFIELD.

[INDORSED.]

The Combination for Government by y^e^ people at Pascataq 1640 Rec'd abt. 13th Febr. 82-3.

Upon this earliest extant paper of our local history, are the names of our forefathers. Some soon disappeared. Champernoon, of an ancient and eminent Devon house, left our borders. The two ministers, Larkham and Knollys, returned to England. John Underhill was afterwards the scourge of the Indians beyond the Connecticut. But the names of Follett, Jones, Pinkham, Heard, Hall, Huggins, Waldron, Furbur, Layton, Roberts, Haines, Canney, Colcord, Nute, Emery and Rollins, are names familiar to this present generation.

It is more to my present purpose, however, that you see the character of this Combination. In the absence of government, these settlers on a branch of the Pisataqua, fell back on the necessary human origin of government, the compact of the people. It antedated in practice by a hundred and thirty-six years, the principle announced in the Declaration of 1776. It was the proof that no act by any "gracious Majesty" was necessary to the existence of government, and that the "body politique" could originate in a combination of individuals. Forty men on the shores of a river scarcely known by the royal power three thousand miles across the ocean, were capable of establishing, by their own act, a Government. You will notice, also, its evident doctrine of perfect equality. There were no special privileges accorded to the learned clergymen, on whose heads the hands of a Bishop had been laid; nor to the scion of the knightly house whose pedigree was then five hundred years old, and in whose veins ran the blood of the Plantagenets. Their names were written in the same columns with those of obscure laborers, and with no marks of distinction. It was a pure democracy. "Such orders as shall be concluded by-a major part of the freemen of our Society." It was a perfect model of the simplest form of a democratic government, and of equal suffrage. Exeter had made a combination the year previous. The two papers are essentially

alike, but you will see, if you compare them, that that of Dover omits all reference to the church, which that of Exeter makes foremost; and that ours is the simplest, most terse, a model of clearness and precision.

The political history of Dover, and in fact of New Hampshire, did not begin with a general government, and then a subdivision into townships. The townships were first. They were independent of each other. A democracy on the falls of the Swamscot; a democracy at Strawberry Bank; a democracy on the upper Piscataqua. Experience showed the necessity of union, but when they united, and when they all came under the government whose seat was at Boston, they retained almost all their independence. Dover transacted its own local affairs in its own town meetings. It granted the lands within its borders, and its citizens held these lands in fee simple. It levied and collected its own taxes. It made its own municipal regulations. Our town records are full of legislation; legislation of a simple and homely kind; just such as we should expect of plain, sagacious, honest neighbors meeting together.

And when in 1641, Dover, after much hesitation, consented, with the other settlements, to come under the Massachusetts jurisdiction, the terms of union are remarkable, as guaranteeing local liberty. Massachusetts was glad to secure any authority over this northern colony. Burdett had wisely written to Laud in 1638, "Because ye River of Pascataquay is very beneficiell for plantation; having also an excellent harbour wch may much pft or annoy them in case of warre; therefore they indeavoure wth all their skill and might to obtaine ye Comand thereof." In the treaty of union, Massachusetts agreed that Dover and Portsmouth should have their own Court and their own magistrates. No man could be taken out of his neighborhood for trial as to person or property. These towns were exempted from

all taxes except for their own expenditures, and contributed nothing to the provincial Government. No person, as a soldier,could be drawn out of these towns without the consent of the towns themselves. Still more remarkable was another concession. Massachusetts had a law that only church members could be voters; fundamental in its character. But it conceded that these towns should be exempted from this provision. All admitted inhabitants could vote, "though they be not at present church-members." In fact, the free spirit of Dover and Portsmouth would never have consented to the tyrannical statute, which, however necessary or justifiable in the origin of Massachusetts, would have been absurd upon the Piscataqua. Few would have been the voters, otherwise. With the original Episcopal element here, and with the population which gravitated hither because of its freedom, the churchly rule could not be endured. It was well. New Hampshire people never were tempted to "Resolve, first, that the earth belongs to the saints; secondly, that we are the saints." It never had to guard against the personal hypocrisy which such a rule tended to produce. In subsequent years, it never sympathized with the persecution against the Quakers; the few stripes inflicted being by force of Massachusetts laws, and Dover at one time being one third made up of the Quakers. It had no tendencies toward the witchcraft persecutions, and although it saw the phenomena, it left them to die of themselves.

Although, therefore, our ancestors were for nearly forty years under the authority of Massachusetts, that authority sat lightly. Dover was essentially locally governed, by itself. It sent its deputies to the General Court. Major Richard Waldern, its deputy, was seven years Speaker of the Massachusetts House, and yet Dover repeatedly passed such votes of instruction as this: "You shall stand to maintain our privileges, by virtue of our articles of agreement, and bring the proceedings of the Court, that concern

us, in writing." And again: "Orders for the deputy for the General Court: he shall not with his consent pass any act impugning our privileges, but shall enter his dissent agt all such acts." And again: "You shall stand to maintain our privileges concerning military affairs, that we may not be drawn out of our County of Dover and Portsmouth, acc'g to our first agreement." The little Commonwealth here believed that "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and it steadily and effectually maintained its power of local self-government, against authority even so little distant, and so lightly felt, as that of Massachusetts Bay.

Thus we see, citizens, that our local government was founded by a race hardy in character and tenacious of liberty; that it was a voluntary democracy; and that, in its union with Massachusetts, which was a voluntary act, and utterly ignoring royal authority, it reserved local self-government and local liberties. It is not necessary to trace the same spirit through the period of New Hampshire's separate history as a royal province; it continued; and when the Revolution commenced, there was not a principle beneath it, which had not been the intelligent and practised belief of our fathers from the beginning. Their original character and their political habits alike made to them the great Declaration a natural and familiar expression of political truths.

III. The discipline which our fathers here experienced in the hardships of the Indian and French wars, had two results: the latter wars furnished to the Revolution men already soldiers when hostilities with England commenced; and the fearful cost with which successive generations had defended their homes, had made them feel their value.

The first half-century of our history were years of peace. The only hint of suspected trouble was in the year 1667, when the fortification was built around the meeting-house on Dover Neck.

The remnants of the earth-work, at the base, you know are still visible. Some years ago, some vandal holding a town office, ordered the cutting off of some of the south-eastern projection, for the sake of the gravel! Execration[s] be upon his unknown memory! Glad am I that I do not know his name. If I knew it, I should be obliged to hand it down to the scorn of posterity. The picture of that spot, t[aken] under the care of the present owner,* is before you. That owner generously proposes to give the site, if a suitable monument be assured. Let it be done! Let a monument rise to commemorate Edward Hilton, the first permanent settler of New Hampshire: Let it rise to commemorate the spot where, without denial, stood the first church erected in New Hampshire; on the spot where the earth-work and timbers of 1667† protected it, whose remnants yet exist as clear in outline as in that year more than two centuries ago; where armed men walked their posts while their wives and children sang praises to God, or bent in prayer in times of suffering. Let there be a shaft whose top shall be greeted by the eastern sun while all is shade below; which shall glow with the lingering rays of sunset while the river woods are darkened. More than a hundred years before Bunker Hill, did the ancestors of men of Bunker Hill stand sentinels in that work on Dover Neck! Descendants of the men of Bunker Hill, reverence the work which, defying the storms

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* Mr. Amos D. Purinton, of this city.

† 4, 5 mo. 1667. It is Agried with Capt. Coffin to Build the forte about the meeting house on dover neck, on [one] hundred foot square with two Sconces of sixteen foot square and all the timber to [be] twelfe Inches thicke and the Wall to be Eight foot hige [high] with sells and Braces, and the selleckt̃men with the melletorey ofecers have agreed to pay him an hundred pounds in day workes at 2s 6d p day and alsoe to all persons Concerned in the workes on day to help to Rayse the work at so many on day as he shall appoynt.

of two hundred years, recalls the hardships, the stout heartedness, and the faith in God, of your ancestry!

When Reid and Stark commanded the New Hampshire men at Bunker Hill, it was just a century since the Indian wars began in Dover; and of that century, thirty-seven years had been years of war, and of the thirty-seven, twenty-six years had been years of war on Dover soil.

It began in 1675. Dover then comprised four recognized parts: the Neck, the Newington side, Oyster River, and Cochecho. Neither of these fully escaped, but the weight of war fell upon Oyster River and Cochecho. A hundred and forty-six tax-paying males were then on the rolls of these four parts, fifty-one of whom were in Oyster River district. Forty families called Cochecho their home, reaching from Bellamy to Quamphegan and Salmon Falls, their centre being the trading post close by the saw-mill and the grist-mill which stood where the great cotton mills now stand.

It is fashionable to talk of aggressions upon Indian hunting grounds; fashionable, but,so far as our Dover ancestors were concerned, it is false. They bought the lands of the Indians. For forty years they had held them, and when the Indians began the war, our ancestors had not gone a single rod beyond the lands thus purchased forty years before. There was not an Indian warrior dispossessed of a foot of the land he claimed by reason of roaming over it as fish roam through the sea; there was not a squaw dispossessed of a fishing place or a corn-interval. The wars were excited by French emissaries, and fostered by the native Indian barbarity.

Dover was a frontier settlement. Between it and Canada there was not a hut of a white man, nor the sound of his axe in the forest. The Indians were skilled in the use of fire-arms. They knew every path in the woods. Then, for fifty years, the people never knew what security was.

From behind any tree might at any time come the whiz of the musket. In the darkness which preceded the morn of any day, might their slumbers be broken by the war-whoop. Farewell to quiet. They went armed to the house of God. They went armed to the planting-field. They went armed into the woods. By night they crowded into the heavily palisaded garrison houses. Age or sex was no security. No one could foresee the attack. The woods were all open to the enemy. The Ossipee Ponds might be a rendezvous. The Winnepesaukee trail might be the road. The meadows of Pequawket might be the place of the council-fire. Down from the streams of the Cochecho might come the sudden foe. The woods of Lee might harbor the enemy. It might be that months or years of peace would make men careless; and in a night the treacherous foe be upon them and a house be in flames; or in the day, the fire of hidden muskets slaughter them. It was a warfare of the most harassing and exhausting kind. They met an enemy without honor, and to whom no treaty obligations were sacred.

It is not in my plan, if it were possible for me, even to sketch the outline of the Indian wars which made our soil red from 1675 to 1725,—the last year in which Dover men were slain on Dover territory. I will barely touch upon it. They began in 1675 at Oyster River; then attacked at Salmon Falls; then back at Oyster River; then in scattered parties on single houses. Here one day, and ten miles off the next,— our men knew not where to strike, or to ward off a blow. In the course of the many years, there were nine attacks,—on the east side of Garrison Hill; on the Upper Factory road; on the Madbury road; down at Campian's rocks on the lower Cochecho; an ambush where your First Parish church stands, killing a group of men and women as they returned from church on a Sunday; up by the Isinglass; in the Ricker field; near Bellamy; by the Hutchin's garrison in Oyster River; on Back River. In

fact, it is hard to find a road then opened, above Dover Neck, which was not at some time the scene of an ambush and a slaughter. Dover blood wet its soil in terrible profusion. Dover captives were led to Canada,—such as were not killed on the way,— and sold to masters. Many were redeemed at great cost. Others remained there. Dover sons grew up there. Dover daughters married there. Parents here had the agonizing thought that their children were growing up aliens to them and to their race. To this day, Canadian families exist who are descended from our own ancestry.

The severest assault on Cochecho ought to be remembered.

If you look back to 1689, you will find seven garrison houses at Cochecho. Richard Waldron's* was where Central Court leaves Central street, and there the stout old Major exercised his lavish hospitality. Payne's garrison was close to the site of the house of the late Capt. James Varney, on our "turnpike" road. Gerrish's was at Bellamy. The elder Coffin's stood on what was once a hill, on the northwest corner of Central and Orchard streets. The younger Coffin's was on the high ground near the late Gov. Martin's, and twenty years ago, men found its relics there, in digging. Richard Otis's stood opposite the Friend Ham house, and the late Michael Reade had in his boyhood seen the remnants of the cellar. Heard's garrison was where the late Friend Bangs made his garden. These were all buildings surrounded by timber, walls, and impregnable by open attack.

Eleven years of profound peace had then passed at Cochecho. But a larger number of Indians were there than usual. Strange faces were among them. Some of the people, alarmed, came to Waldron. "Go plant your pumpkins," said he, carelessly; "I will tell you when the Indians will break out." On the evening of the 27th, a young man

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* "Walderne" was the ancient name.

told him that the town was full of Indians, and that the people were much alarmed. "I know the Indians very well," was the reply, "and there is no danger." Five days before, two Penacook Indians warned Major Henchman, of Chelmsford, that Cochecho would be attacked. He notified the government at Boston, who sent a special messenger to Cochecho, whose message was endorsed "there with all possible speed." I have held the paper in my hands. The messenger would have been in season, but he was detained at Newbury ferry, and he arrived at Cochecho ten hours too late.

On the evening of the 27th, two squaws applied at each garrison for liberty to sleep in them. It was not unusual, and they were admitted. The treacherous Mesandowit was at supper with Major Waldron. "Brother Waldron," said he, "what would you do if the strange Indians should come?" "I could assemble a hundred men by lifting up my finger," was the careless reply.

In the dead hours before dawn, the squaws opened the gates. The Indians rushed in. The brave old Major awoke, and with his sword, single handed, drove them from room to room, till one came behind him, and stunned him with a hatchet. They placed him in a chair, on a table; cut him across the breast, each one with a knife; cut off his nose and ears and thrust them into his mouth; and when he fell over, faint with loss of blood, one placed his own sword under him, and the old soldier fell and died. Such was Indian honor and humanity.

Heard's garrison was saved by the plucky old Elder William Wentworth, who, as the Indians were entering, pushed them out, shut the door, fell down against it, and held it till help came. But Otis's, and the Coffin's, were taken. When the morning came, every house save Heard's, in Cochecho, and every mill, was in ashes; twenty-three persons were dead, and twenty-nine were prisoners in the hands of

the Indians. And when the settlers gathered from other parts of the town, and looked upon the ashes, the Indians were far on their way towards the Winnepesaukee.

On the 18th March, 1690-1, Salmon Falls was attacked with equal suddenness, by the Frenchman Hertel, and a mixed party. Upwards of twenty houses were burned, and near a hundred persons killed or made captive, including nearly thirty able bodied men.

On the 17th May, 1694, a similar destruction befell Oyster River. Five garrisons were destroyed, a tract of six miles was desolated, and ninety-four persons were killed or made captive.

These were the severest blows. But alarms did not cease, nor men, women and children cease to fall, until Dover ceased to be a frontier town. About 1725, the next tier of towns began to be, and the savages fell back from our soil.

It is impossible to tell the number of persons slain in this fifty years, but there was scarcely an old Dover family that had not its record of the dead. The sufferings of captives, the loss of industry, were great. But amidst all this, not a foot of ground was yielded. Not a homestead was abandoned. Many a party of ours ravaged the woods, and many an Indian fell. Gradually the Indians were driven back by the musket. Their corn-fields were burnt. Their temporary settlements were broken up. Not long after the year 1700, the Indians were forced to abandon Pequawket, and drew back to Canada. Their numbers were diminished. Their strength was broken; and the number of men in old Dover had increased from 146, in 1675, to 466.

War is always stern. Stern, even against a civilized enemy. But that was an enemy faithless to every promise and treaty; an enemy who loved to scalp a woman, or dash out the brains of an infant against a tree; an enemy whose highest enjoyment was in binding a captive to the stake,

piercing him with pine splinters, which they set on fire; torturing him with every invention of ingenuity while they roasted him to death. Such was the enemy which your ancestors met. Whoever may sentimentalize over the Indian character, it is not me! I have read Dover history; its traditions and legends of the families which suffered. The Indian of that time was treacherous, cruel, blood-thirsty, a barbarian, whose extermination became as needful as that of the wild animals of the woods. There are doubtless differences in the characteristics of different tribes; some have proved capable of improvement. But the proper solution of the Indian question of to-day is, turn them over to the War Department! If they will be peaceable, feed them if hungry, civilize them, educate them. Certainly, be just with them. But let the hand that feeds be the hand that can punish. Stop the wicked practice of supplying them with arms to shoot white men with. Stop the absurdity of acknowledging anybody within the United States as capable of making treaties. Stop allowing any band of savages to defy the power of this great country.

Our ancestors came to regard an Indian as safest when he was dead. It was natural. When that Indian—in time of peace—would dash in, seize little children and cut off their heads before their mother's face, as was done a mile up your Upper Factory road, from our Falls; when they would seize the children of a peaceful Quaker family who had fed them, and scalp them before their mother's eyes, as they did at the Hanson's, on the Knox Marsh road, a mile from here; when they would chain a man to a building and set it on fire and dance around his agonies, and that in a time of profound peace, as they did where your American House now stands; when they would, in peace-time, come in and show the scalps and boast how they had killed one's own father, and scalped one's own mother, and cut into one's own child,—it took more patience than falls to the lot of

man, not to regard the Indian as an enemy with whom the best remedy was an ounce of lead at sight. One can not but sympathize with that Hanson Quaker, to whom his relatives went for safety, who, our historian says, had a number of lusty sons, who, although Friends, always kept fire-arms to shoot game with!

Then came the French wars. The war was no longer at our Dover. It was carried to the French provinces, which partially felt what they had inflicted upon others. I can stop only to say that men of our ancient Dover were in the assault on Port Royal, in 1707, where Major Shadrach Walton (I venture to add that he was an ancestor of mine), a son of an early Dover settler, and Capt. Chesley, of the Durham section, did the only creditable thing there; they formed their companies on the open beach, charged on the enemy who were behind a sea-wall, and carried the position by assault. Our men were in the attack on Norridgewock, in 1722. They were scouts in all the wars following. In 1745, at the capture of Louisburg, Dover furnished a company led by Captain Thomas Westbrook Waldron, great-grandson of the old Major slain in the massacre of 1689, and the one who built the Waldron house still standing, alas, that it must be said, on Second street. Old Dover furnished two companies for Crown Point, in 1755; and another the same year for Albany, under Paul Gerrish. In the expedition against Crown Point in 1756, Samuel Gerrish led one company, and brave John Titcomb another; that John Titcomb who lived in the original building which grew into the Dover Hotel, and of whose descendants is the wife of Prof. John R. Varney. In 1757, the western part of Dover sent a company, and John Titcomb commanded a second. It was part of this battalion, which, after the surrender of Fort William Henry, was abandoned by Montcalm to the Indians, who killed eighty out of the one hundred and twenty New Hampshire men. Immediately, old

Dover furnished more men, and stout Major Thomas Tash led a battalion; the brave soldier who became a Colonel in the war of the Revolution; whose great grandson, George W. Tash, is now one of your citizens. John Titcomb was lieutenant-colonel of still another regiment raised in New Hampshire, on whose rolls I find many Dover men. Col. Atkinson's regiment, for Canada in 1759, which served at the reduction of Fort Niagara, had Dover recruits. In Col. Goffe's regiment for the invasion of Canada, in 1760, was one company whose roll is full of Dover names. Dover men were at the capture of Ticonderoga, and in the reduction of Canada; and by the latter, the many years of a war which began at their own doors in the times of their grandsires, and which had summoned three generations to the field, ended in the homes of their old invaders.

It was through such conflicts that these generations were prepared for the war of the Revolution.

And so they came to the Revolution. Their ancestors were men of hardy mould; imbued with the democratic spirit; knew no distinction of rank; established local and free government; maintained their rights; and defended their possessions and their lives through generations of Indian war, and years of war against the French source of their hardships. The generation then living inherited their principles and their vigor, and at once took its place in stubborn resistance to the British ministry.

IV. The tea-question was before the public. Therefore, on the 10th of January, 1774, a legal town meeting convened,— strangely enough, at the Friend's meeting-house,— "to consider of the innovations attempted to be made on American Privileges." Col. Otis Baker was moderator. The temperate, but firm resolves adopted at this meeting should be presented entire:

Although we deprecate every thing which in its infant motions tends to alienate the affection which ought to subsist among the subjects of the same King, yet, we cannot longer behold the Arts used to curtail the Privileges purchased with the blood and treasure of British America, and of New England in particular, for their Posterity, without bearing our Testimony against them.

As these colonies have recognized the Protestant Kings of Great Britain as their Lawful Sovereign, and WE in this Province the Man whom the King has pleased to send us as his Representative—We acknowledge this Representative from our first formation into a Government has had a negative voice on all Bills proposed by Laws in the manner his Majesty has at home.

And as it doth not appear that any Parliaments have been parties to any Contracts made with the European Settlers in this once howling Wilderness, now become a pleasant field—We look on our Rights too dearly bought, to admit them now as Tax masters—Since (by laws as firm as the honor of crowned heads can make them, and which we have no Apprehension so good and gracious a King as we obey, will suffer to be abridged) we have Parliaments of our own—who always with the greatest Cheerfulness furnished his Majesty such Aids as he has been pleased to require from time to time according to the Abilities of the People, and even beyond them, of which, none but themselves could be adequate Judges.

Why the King's Subjects in Great Britain should frame Laws for his Subjects in America, rather than the reverse, we cannot well conceive, as we do not admit it to be drawn from any PACT made by our ancestors, or from the Nature of the British Constitution, which makes Representation essential to Taxation—and this supposed Power of Parliament for taxing America is quite novel, some few Instances for the better Regulation of Trade excepted, which no more prove their supposed Right, than the Tortious Entry of a Neighbor into the Infant's field does that of the Intruder—but if Superior Strength be the best plea, how would they relish the Alternative? which if political Arithmetic deceives not advances with Hasty Strides; tho' nothing but downright oppression will ever effect it.

Therefore, Resolved, 1ly, That any attempt to take the Property of any of the King's Subjects for any purpose whatever where they are not represented, is an Infraction of the English Constitution; and manifestly tends as well to destroy it, as the subject's private property, of which recent proofs are plenty.

Resolved 2ly, That We, and our American Brethren, are the

liege People of King George the Third, and therefore have as full, and ample a Claim, to all the Priviledges and Immunities of Englishmen, as any of his Subjects three thousand miles distant—the Truth of which, our Demeanor clearly evinces.

Resolved 3ly, That the Parliament in Britain by suffering the East India Company to send us their Teas subject to a Duty on landing, have in a measure testified a Disregard to the Interests of Americans, whose liberal Services ill deserve such ungenerous Treatment.

Resolved 4ly, That we are of opinion that any seeming Supineness of this Province in these very—very interesting matters, hath proceeded from a Consideration of their Smallness among their Brethren, rather than from any insensibility of impending Evils.

Resolved 5ly, That this Town approves the general Exertions, and noble struggles, made by the opulent Colonies through the Continent, for preventing so fatal a Catastrophe as is implied in Taxation without Representation, viz: SLAVERY—than which, to a generous Mind, Death is more Eligible.

Resolved 6ly, That We are, and always will be ready in every constitutional Way, to give all the Weight in our Power to avert so dire a Calamity.

Resolved 7ly, That a Dread of being enslaved Ourselves, and of transmitting the Chains to our Posterity (by which we should justly merit their curses) is the principal Inducement to these Measures.

And Whereas, our house of Commons have a Committee for corresponding with those of the several Colonies on these matters, and the Committees of the several Towns in this Government to correspond with each other at the necessary Times, may be subservient to the common Cause—Therefore resolved that a Committee to consist of five persons be chosen for that purpose.

Voted that Col. Otis Baker, Capt. Caleb Hodgdon, Capt. Stephen Evans, Capt. Joshua Wingate, and John Wentworth, jr., or either three of them, be the Committee of Correspondence for this Town.

Voted that the proceedings of this meeting be entered in the Records of this Town, and that an attested Copy thereof be sent to the Committee of Correspondence at Portsmouth, to assure them, and all concerned, that our hearts are knit with those who wish the weal (as it is constitutionally fixed) of our most gracious Sovereign, and all his numerous subjects.

Another town meeting was held July 18, 1774. It was for

appointing Delegates to join in a general Congress of the Provinces for considering of and advising to the most conciliatory methods of establishing their rights and harmony among all the subjects of our gracious Sovereign, which meeting is proposed to be held on the 1st September, at Philadelphia.

On the 7th of November following, a meeting was held to see if the inhabitants would raise any thing, "either in Money, Fat Cattle or Sheep," for the relief of the poor in Boston, then suffering by the operation of the Port Bill. And Dover furnished its contribution.

On the 26th of December, the town voted thus:

The Designs of the Continental Congress holden at Philadelphia being so humane and benevolent, the result of their proceedings so salutary and effective as justly to attract the notice of the millions of freemen in America, this town on mature consultation are fully convinced that nothing (under Heaven) will so evidently tend to preserve the rights of Americans or frustrate the attempts already made for their destruction, as carrying the same into full execution. For which purpose,

Voted, That Messrs. Otis Baker, Shadrach Hodgdon, Stephen Evans, Joshua Wingate, John Waldron, 3d, Caleb Hodgdon, John Wentworth, jr., John Kielle, and John Gage, be a committee.

But before this last mentioned action, a daring and decisive step had been taken in New Hampshire, in whose accomplishment citizens of Durham, our old Oyster River part of Dover, shared the risk and the glory.

On the thirteenth of December, 1774, into Portsmouth came riding that gallant rider, Paul Revere. He brought from William Cooper, of Boston, an official dispatch to Samuel Cutts, of the local committee. The king in council had prohibited the exportation of military stores from England, and orders were out to seize all munitions of war in the colonies. He brought also the rumor that two royal regiments

were to be sent to the Piscataqua. The committee met and decided. It sent despatches to the neighboring towns. John Sullivan, of Durham, was notified, and led twenty men. It was determined to seize Fort William and Mary. The movement was to be open. John Langdon, then an officer of militia, and John Sullivan, who was then drilling a volunteer company in anticipation of war, were leaders. Gov. Wentworth knew of the plan, and informed the commander of the fort. "About twelve o'clock" of the next day, wrote the Governor to the Earl of Dartmouth six days later, "news was brought to me that a drum was beating about the town to collect the populace together in order to take away the gunpowder and dismantle the fort. . . . I sent the chief-justice to warn them from engaging in such an attempt. He went to them, told them it was not short of rebellion, and entreated them to desert from it and disperse. But all to no purpose. They went to the island; they forced the entrance in spite of Capt. Cochran, who defended it as long as he could. They secured the captain, triumphantly gave three huzzas, and hauled down the king's colors." And the helpless governor soon issued a proclamation which begins: "Whereas, several bodies of men did in the daytime," etc., etc.

This capture was in the afternoon of the 14th of December, an open and determined attack.

Said the commander of the fort, in his official report, dated the same day:

I prepared to make the best defence I could, and pointed some guns to those places where I expected they would enter. About three o'clock, the fort was beset on all sides by upwards of five hundred men. I told them on their peril not to enter. They replied they would. I immediately ordered three four-pounders to be fired on them, and then the small arms, and before we could be ready to fire again, we were stormed on all quarters, and immediately they secured me and my men, and kept us prisoners about

one hour and a half, during which time they broke upon the powder-house, and took all the powder away except one barrel.

Ninety-seven barrels of powder were taken away, and on the night of the 15th, the patriots returned and carried off all the arms that could be moved.

How men were raised for the expedition; how that powder was afterwards taken up to Durham in boats, in a bitterly cold night, the men not allowed to wear shoes lest a spark from the nails should ignite the powder; how most of it was hidden under the old pulpit from which the patriotic Adams preached; how the New Hampshire men's powder horns were filled from it when they started for Cambridge, and how John Demeritt, of Durham, hauled thither an ox-cart load, arriving just in season to have it served out for Bunker Hill—was written out for me twenty years ago, from the lips of Eleazer Bennett, then near a hundred years old, who was probably the last survivor of that daring expedition. And that powder supplied the two New Hampshire regiments at Bunker Hill, which, attacked by the veteran Welsh Fusileers, were commanded by James Reid and John Stark, and made such slaughter of the best English troops.

The daring character of this assault can not be over-estimated. It was an organized investment of a royal fortress, where the King's flag was flying, and where the King's garrison met them with muskets and artillery. It was four months before Lexington; and Lexington was a resistance to attack, while this was a deliberate assault. It was six months before Bunker Hill. I fail to find anywhere in the colonies, so early an armed assault upon the royal authority. So far, it must be held that the first action in arms, of the Revolutionary war, was in New Hampshire, and by New Hampshire patriots. This attack was treason. It exposed every man concerned in it to the penalty of treason. When the war-vessels came, a few days after, the men of the little

garrison were placed on board, to be kept as witnesses in the expected trials. When the King heard of this capture, it so embittered him that all hope of concessions was at an end. It made war inevitable. But the trials for treason never took place. The then governor, John Wentworth, the best of all the royal governors of that day,—descended from that William Wentworth who was Elder of our Dover first church, and of the same blood with that Earl of Strafford who was beheaded in the time of the first Charles, and with the British premier the Marquis of Rockingham,—soon sailed away, never again to set foot upon his native soil. John Langdon, after gallant service in the war, and priceless service in its civil support, became governor, and the first President of the Senate of the United States. John Sullivan, then a lawyer in Durham, was son of that John Sullivan who was once school-master of the town of Dover and who was the father of governors, and our local traditions insist was born on our side of the Salmon Falls. To him the refugee Livius, wrote from Montreal, in 1777, urging his return to the royal cause, promising him particular reward, and saying, "You were the first man in active rebellion," and Livius had fled from Portsmouth. Sullivan became Major-General, and governor of his State. Winborn Adams, also of Dover blood, was lieutenant-colonel when he met his death at Stillwater. Alexander Scammel, of that Durham party, was Adjutant-General of the army when he fell at Yorktown. Demeritt, Griffin, Bennett, Chesley, Noble and Durgin, of that expedition, all did service in the army of the Revolution.*

When news came of the slaughter at Concord, New Hampshire was aroused. Men collected from every quarter.

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* I have been the more minute in relation to the above attack, because a grossly incorrect account has been circulating in newspapers, as part of our centennial literature.

"It is surprising," wrote Col. John Wentworth, April 25th, "to see the number who collected. Some came to Dover twenty miles or more." Shadrach Hodgdon and Stephen Evans represented Dover in the convention of the "Friends of Liberty," which met at Exeter on the 13th of May. That convention voted to raise two thousand men, and to accept those who had already hurried to the field. Three regiments were raised. Stark's and Reid's had the glory of fighting at Bunker Hill. The other, the Second, Col. Poor's, was largely on duty on the coast, from Odirne's Point to the Merrimack. Most of the Dover soldiers were in that Second, but there were scattering recruits in the Third, certainly. In the Second, was the company of Capt. *Winborn Adams*,—*John Griffin*, first lieutenant, *Zebulon Drew*, second lieutenant,—from Durham, which was at Bunker Hill. In the same regiment was Capt. *Jonathan Wentworth*, "old Colonel Jonathan" of Rollinsford, —*James Carr*, first lieutenant, *Jethro Heard*, second lieutenant. He made a forced march of sixty-two miles previous to the battle of Bunker Hill, and arrived in Chelsea on that morning, but could not cross the river, on account of the enemy, and went round by way of Medford. Jonathan Wentworth was adjutant of Col. Evans' regiment at the capture of Burgoyne; and in 1778 was on the staff of Sullivan, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. His posterity are here. He had two brothers in service, one of whom died in the army. In the Third regiment was *Ezra Green*, its surgeon, well-known to many of you, who had passed his hundred years when he died in our town. He served on land until 1778, and then sailed with John Paul Jones, and was surgeon of the *Ranger* in its great battle. Immediately after the battle of Bunker Hill, reinforcements went forward. I find in Belknap's diary, on the second day after the battle, "Benj. Titcomb's co. marched from here." This was that *Benjamin Titcomb*, brother of old Col.

John, who afterwards became lieutenant-colonel, and one of the most gallant men in the army. Though severely wounded in three different battles, he served through the war, and ended his days here at his house by Dunn's bridge. His descendants are still in Dover. With him in 1775, was his first lieutenant, *Frederick Mordaunt Bell*, who, a captain in 1777, was mortally wounded at Stillwater. His granddaughter is still here. *Ephraim Evans* was second lieutenant in the same company. The present Dover also raised at once another company,—*John Waldron*, captain, *Timothy Roberts*, first lieutenant, *Paul Wellard*, second lieutenant, *John Heard*, ensign,—and sent it to Cambridge, mustered in July 3, 1775.

In 1775, the six towns which composed ancient Dover had, between the ages of sixteen and fifty, 1,070 men, including the sick, the feeble, the exempt, and the sailors off at sea. Of this number, in the early autumn of that year, one hundred and fifty, or nearly one seventh of the whole, had shouldered the musket and were actually in the field. It was evidence of the same alacrity which caused New Hampshire to furnish more than half the men who fought the battle of Bunker Hill, at the very gates of Boston.

It has often been wondered how a raw militia could so stand before veterans. Much of our New Hampshire force was no raw militia. John Stark was no novice in war. Many of our men had confronted the best troops of the King of France, and sat down before his strongest fortifications. They took down their old "Queen's arms," and marched to Massachusetts in behalf of liberty. When at Bunker Hill, Stark coolly went out in front of the line, and drove down a stick, and said, "Don't fire a gun, boys, till they pass that stick and I say the word," there were veterans enough there to know what discipline was, and they waited!

Late in 1775, express came to New Hampshire, with the information that the Connecticut troops had refused to re-

main in service. Washington made an urgent appeal to New Hampshire for men, and Sullivan added his influence. Thirty-one companies volunteered and marched to Cambridge. In this force were the companies of *Elijah Dinsmore*, of Lee, *Alpheus Chesley*, of Durham, *Moses Paton*, of Somersworth, and *John Waldron*, of Dover. In December, 1775, New Hampshire had in the field over five thousand men! *John Waldron* was in service when the exigency arose. He came home to Dover to raise recruits. Of his own company, *Ebenezer Ricker* was first lieutenant, and *John Goodwin*, was second lieutenant. Tradition has told us that in four days he and his selected officers enlisted in this vicinity seven hundred men, which he commanded as Colonel. The roster does not appear on our Adjutant-General's books, and I had therefore doubted the truth of his colonelcy; but documents recently produced show him at Cambridge the next spring, in command of his regiment, and with the missing roster. The energetic Col. John Waldron lived where the late Taylor Page lived, above Garrison Hill. The son of Harrison Haley, of this city, is the grandson of the Colonel's grandson. An entry in Belknap's diary says: "Dec. 9, 1775, dined at Capt. John Waldron's, and prayed in the companies." The companies of the upper vicinity were, therefore, camped at Waldron's. When you pass there again, recall how our fathers pitched their tents there, on that high ground looking down into Dover. They saw then but one spire, if the parish church had one. They looked down on a few score of houses. "Route step, march!" As they obeyed, with flint lock guns at a shoulder, and powder horns by their side, they passed beautiful Garrison Hill, and its few houses, and the spot where Heard's garrison had stood out against the savages eighty-six years before, almost as lonely as then. From that spot, they found no houses till the site of Otis's garrison, the scene of barbarous slaughter in 1689.

And next was the then elegant mansion of the old soldier of Louisburg, Thomas Westbrook Waldron. They crossed the then new upper bridge (no historian tells us whether its piers were of faced stone or of crib-work!), and they saw only a grist-mill and a saw-mill on the dam which then fretted the waters of the Cochecho. They passed over a hill in front of the place where Varney's block now stands, and saw one house high up on the side of the road, where Coffin's garrison had once fallen. Crossing the gully, they must have stopped in front of the first house reached, that of John Wentworth, jr., that old house still standing next south of the Belknap church, and saluted the youthful patriot lawyer, whose heart was alive in the Cause. Then the houses became more plentiful, and they passed in front of the Dover Hotel, then in its early prosperity; and so went on the Durham road, and on to the siege of Boston. Did the children wonder, or was it to them only a parade like the often one of the old Second regiment, which used to form on the then open ground next the Hotel? Did wives, and daughters, and sisters, and sweethearts, turn away and weep for the men of whom some should never return? The cost of war is not in money, though you throw away millions a day in powder and shell. It is not in the loss of productive industry, though it takes thousands of men out of that industry. It is in suffering on the field, in the graves of the gallant dead; in the shattered health of the surviving; in woman's tears, and orphans' needs! The men who have seen War, are the men who have no relish for another.

It is not my purpose to follow the history of the seven years' struggle. With the statement that the towns which made ancient Dover did their full share, I can barely mention the names of a few others who did service. I see the name of *Hercules Mooney*, of Lee. He had been a captain under Col. Meserve, in 1757. In 1777, he was lieu-

tenant-colonel in Col. Long's regiment, at Ticonderoga, and in 1779, was colonel, and commanded a regiment. In Col. Long's regiment was also Lieut. *Samuel Stackpole*, also at Ticonderoga, and later under Washington further south. Dr. Paul A. Stackpole, of this city, is his grandson. In September, 1776, Col. *Thomas Tash*, the old French war soldier, led a regiment to reinforce the Continental army, which with others joined Washington in Pennsylvania, and was at Trenton and Princeton. *Joseph Smith* was his adjutant, and *Jonathan Chesley*, his quarter-master. *Timothy White*, who had been at the capture of Louisburg, was quarter-master of Col. Joshua Wingate's regiment, raised for Canada, but which joined the northern army in New York. Hon. John H. White, of this city, is Timothy White's grandson. Dr. *Samuel Wiggleswath* was Surgeon of that regiment. Lieut. *Enoch Chase*, of Dover, was with Winborn Adams and Benjamin Titcomb and Frederick M. Bell, and was in the Burgoyne campaign. He was captain in 1780 and '81. Mrs. J. B. H. Odiorne is his granddaughter. In Moses Yeaton's company, in 1775, was lieutenant *Samuel Wallingford*. He was captain in Col. Gilman's regiment in 1776, (*James Nute*, his first lieutenant,) and was lieutenant of marines on Jones' *Ranger*, in 1778, when he fell in its action with the *Drake*. Col. *Stephen Evans*, a soldier at the capture of Louisburg, commanded a regiment at the capture of Burgoyne. He was a colonel on the staff of Gen. Whipple, in 1778. He lived to a ripe old age, and his descendants are with us. *Alpheus Chesley* was lieutenant-colonel in Col. Waldron's regiment in 1776, and *Jonathan Chesley* was quarter-master under Col. Wingate, in 1778. *William Twombly* was ensign in Col. Reid's regiment in 1777 and later. Numerous descendants are still here. Of the Dover company in Col. Evans' regiment in the Burgoyne campaign, *James Libby* was captain,

Joshua Roberts, first lieutenant, *Nathan Horn*, second lieutenant, and *Francis Warren*, ensign.

I wish I could give the record of others, and of the rank and file from Dover in the war, but it is impossible. The rolls have not been preserved. I wish that I could also give the record of the sailors who went from Dover, but that is also impossible. Of these, it can only be said that the large number of volunteers from Dover proved worthy of their descent from the hardy emigrants who came from the maratime counties of England. Researches may yet find the details, before your history is written.

But three men should be mentioned who were not in the army. Col. *John Wentworth*, of Rollinsford, was Speaker of the House, in 1771, and to the commencement of the Revolution. Of the same name with the governor, and of the same blood, his position was peculiar. He proved true and efficient. He was President of the several Provincial Conventions which met in 1774-5. On the 11th of June, 1774, he wrote to the Massachusetts committee:

> A rivetted opinion of the good and gracious intentions of our lawful sovereign constrains me to believe that, to reinstate in his royal favor, he needs only to be divested of the unfavorable impressions of America's inveterate foes, whose secret machinations evidently tend to disunite what, when disunited, will be no longer powerful.
>
> The sons of freedom in New Hampshire, I believe, sympathize with your metropolis in its present distress. So mighty a display of ministerial vengeance can be accounted for only from your noble efforts to stem the torrent of oppression.

He died in 1781, and thus did not live to see our independence acknowledged.

His son, *John Wentworth, jr.*, of Dover, was the only lawyer in Strafford county, except John Sullivan. One of the Dover committees of correspondence, January 10,1774, he represented the town in the Assembly from 1776 to 1781,

and was then transferred to the Council, to succeed his father. Records indicate that his service was important in shaping legislation, and drafting papers, during this critical period of history. In 1778, he represented New Hampshire in the Continental Congress, and affixed his name to the old Articles of Confederation. "His father's blood," said Governor Langdon, "runs through all his veins." Hon. John Wentworth, LL. D., of Chicago, is his grandson.

Jeremy Belknap was then minister of Dover. I have found it a pleasure to examine his manuscript sermons* of the Revolutionary period, for quotation on this occasion, but I leave this field mainly to my friend, Rev. George B. Spalding, minister of the same church, who is specially to treat this part of our revolutionary history. I will quote but little, and that only because it is necessary to show what was the tone of the Dover pulpit in that day, and because Benjamin Franklin said that the pen of Jeremy Belknap did as much for the cause of American liberty as that of any other person.

On the 14th of July, 1774, at this early stage of affairs, his text was significant: "And ye shall cry out in that day because of your King which ye shall have chosen you." His topic was, "Some general idea of tyranny and arbitrary power." I quote a few detached sentences:

Nor indeed is it necessary to the being of civil government, that there should be any King at all.

When a ruler departs from these [constitutional] principles, and sets up any other rule of government than the laws and constitutions which he is sworn to maintain, then the government degenerates into tyranny.

It is a very dark and distressing day to these American colonies. Burdens and taxes are laid upon us by the Parliament of Great Britain, and the most forcible attempts made to bring us to a sub-

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* Preserved in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society, at Boston.

mission, and what further is intended, we know not, but have reason to fear much."

On the 7th of November, 1774, there was to be a town meeting for procuring contributions for suffering Boston. On the day before, Mr. Belknap made an earnest appeal, and in it he says:

> It is a wise and politic maxim that the King can do no wrong, but it is a truth too well-known that his servants can do and have done wrong; and because they are disposed to act the tyrant over us, must it be thought rebellion in us to oppose them? Every one knows that the mischief first began with them. They themselves know that they have done wrong, but they are too proud to retract their error. We may safely oppose the base and wicked designs of these men, and yet be true and loyal to the King; for the King himself is subject to the law and Constitution, and he is no longer a King than while he conforms to it. Therefore if his ministers have done wrong, it is our duty to do what we can to set them right.

And our ancestors did set them right!

On the 22d of June, 1775, a Fast day, he says:

> The dispute is between tyranny and liberty. . . . The country was settled by our fathers at their own expense; they spent their estates, they shed their blood, and wore out their lives, in procuring and establishing a quiet settlement in the wilderness. The nation of Great Britain has no right to our possessions, nor to take away any part of our substance without our consent. The issue is now to be tried by the sword.—There is no party to judge between us, but the supreme God, to whom we make the last solemn appeal.

Such were the calm, but firm utterances of the Dover pulpit in the commencement of the struggle. Their minister steadily stimulated the people, and equally firmly rebuked their own faults. One further extract is interesting. In an early sermon he says:

> Would it not be astonishing to hear that a people who are contending so earnestly for liberty are not willing to allow liberty to

others? Is it not astonishing to think that there are at this day in the several colonies upon this continent, some thousands of men, women, and children, detained in bondage and slavery for no other crime than that their skin is of a darker color than ours? Such is the inconsistency in our conduct!

Belknap never ceased to be an outspoken advocate of liberty. He did it at his cost. What if he had looked forward, and instead of "some thousands," had seen three millions of slaves? Had he seen in prophecy this same violation of principle the occasion of seven years of internal war, in which a million of men should be under arms at once, and an aggregate of a million of graves the result of the strife, what intensity of sorrow would have imbued his warning cry!

And now after the lapse of the hundred years, we meet the questions, What was the root principle of our institutions? and, How has it worked?

The answer to the first is easy. It was the entire equality of all men before the law, and the utmost liberty to the individual consistent with the rights of the whole. Doubtless this principle was imperfectly realized, although theoretically well stated, a hundred years ago. It is easier to see abstract principles, than to change existing institutions to conform to them. But I am sure that nowhere in America was the simple democratic doctrine more purely put into practice, than on the branches of the Piscataqua from the beginning. It was our ancestors' in the infancy of their settlement. They preserved it while united with Massachusetts. It was substantially maintained during the period in which peculiar royal favor, with governors from one family for the fifty-nine years ending with the Declaration, and that family a branch of one whose blood had mingled with that of royalty, gave New Hampshire almost a Provincial Court. This theory was therefore full-born in 1776. It

made the province of government to be the protection of all persons in life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, but then to leave all persons untrammelled to develop themselves. To protect any class, or any man, or any set of interests, beyond the general protection of the whole, was not its work. It threw the duty of self-government on all limited localities so far as is practicable; while it made a national union with which to preserve the unity of the whole at home and meet the world abroad. But beneath all, is the principle of individual liberty and individual responsibility, on a basis of entire equality. Therefore, laws intended to take care of people are foreign to its object. Special legislation, sumptuary laws, laws to regulate what a man shall eat, drink, or wear, enactments to do by statute what only moral principle can effect, are assumptions of doubtful power and are not American. Discriminations between men, either of race or color, are not American. The prejudice of caste, the domination of wealth, are not American. The grand principle of American liberty is not merely the liberty of the nation as a nation, but the equal rights of the individuals. Every man is, before the law, the peer of every other. It rests with himself to develop his own manhood; and the only true manhood is within the man; not in fences, and bars, and props, external. The American idea is manhood.

And yet, when I say manhood, I can not see why I should not also say womanhood. On the American theory of equality of rights, I must admit that there is no justice, and no justification for it, in denying to women, who must be taxed as men are, and who, if criminal, must suffer the penalty of the laws, an equal voice in making the laws which will tax her and punish her.

How has the American theory worked in practice? I prefer to look at results rather than the steps which led to results, just now. I would read the last page rather than the volume. It is enough.

Men predicted that the new country could not hold together. But when the war of the Revolution closed, we had no States which did not border on the Atlantic surf. To-day, the sun which greets our flag as it is rising out of the Atlantic, as it sets in the western sea looks back upon the same flag floating on the Pacific shore. The lower Mississippi and Florida were then in the hands of foreign powers; now the American waters run from the northern lakes to the Mexican gulf. Then we emerged from war with three millions of impoverished people; now forty millions scarcely occupy a domain whose imperial extent would maintain a thousand millions.

Then, the waterfalls were scarcely used. The roads were difficult. The great inventions which annihilate space were unknown. Now, American genius and energy have utilized the white cotton fields, made wheat fields of the prairies, dotted the land with mills, covered the rivers with steamboats, and the iron road runs from the eastern to the western ocean.

Then, a few large schools existed; now, universities and colleges cover the land, and in most of the States, the schools give to the poorest the means of education.

Then, the principle of separation of church and state was feared. As it developed, and as the trammels of public support were taken from churches of every name, they felt the inspiration of the thought that no civil power can interfere between a man's conscience and his God, and the churches responded with mighty vigor, and outran even the advance of industry.

Then, the principle of individual liberty was greatly nullified by African slavery. It was impossible that it and the great Declaration which declares all men free, could forever co-exist. The principle worked. And though at fearful cost, to-day there is not a man on the face of our land who can not stand up in his manhood, and claim the shelter of

the Stars and Stripes. There is not a native of any land on the face of the globe, who desires to be an American citizen, who cannot find a place under its generous folds. It remains only that the government shall preserve the liberty and right of every one of its citizens, at home and abroad. A government which does not do that is unworthy of its name.

It was said that the principle of individual liberty was too centrifugal to allow a strong government. But we have a government that went through a war with the then mightiest power of the earth, whose war vessels covered the seas, and we extorted the principle that no more should a foreign power take from the deck of an American vessel any man of any birth. It went through a war with an American State, and our eagles marched victorious to the Mexican capital, and extorted redress for a multitude of injuries. It went through a sad internecine war, greater than which the world never saw; it put into the field unsurpassed armaments; well nigh drained the land of its men; hurled re-inforcements of half-a-million at once into the contest; fought on a hundred battle-fields; covered the extended coast with iron-clad ships. Some Europeans exultingly cried, "The American bubble has burst!" They mistook the golden truths, and thought they were a bubble! The government stood the awful strain. It emerged from the fire and the smoke stronger than ever. Never before, also, did mighty armies yield up their power as ours did. The armies on both sides melted off as the March snows melt into the fertile soil. The soldiers went back to their work in life. And now you know not who they were, except as once a year the survivors reverently go to the graves of their rapidly increasing dead, and remember affectionately their comrades of the march, the camp, the bivouac, the battle-field, who rise no more at the bugle's call till the reveille of the resurrection morning. Dover does not forget its Henderson, its Sawyer,

its Everett, its Roberts, its Buzzell, its Bryant, its Webster, its Emery, its Emerson, its Knott, or the eighty-three other dead, who fell for the flag.

Yet glad are we that if that great strife was to come, it ended ten years before our centennial. The principle of national life that was involved, was thus settled, and it is no anxious query to-day, whether we are one people throughout the land, as it was twelve years ago. The principle of universal liberty that was involved was thus settled, and the bells can proclaim that liberty is throughout the land. Our flag, nigh a century old, floats unchallenged from the lakes to the gulf, and from ocean to ocean. It is the symbol of liberty and equality of rights. It is as free to the men who laid down their arms after their brave but unavailing struggle, as to any who fought under its folds. It is theirs as well as ours now. Ten years have softened asperities. Brave men recognize each other's bravery. You will not mistake my position, when I say, and say it with you, that we ask no apologies. We demand no sacrifice of pride even. All that a regenerated country asks is, that they who so heroically followed the red and white,—and I have seen it where death was busy,—shall follow as faithfully the red, white and blue. For one, I have no fears. I would trust the flag in the keeping of honorable men of the South, the North, the East, the West, without suspicion. I fear no parties. There is no distinction, when we look at the Stars and Stripes. There are no partisans then. On this centennial year is the auspicious period when we leave in their grave our past contests of the armies, which settled ideas, and we pray for peace.

I remember that once a gallant regiment was at home, re-enlisted. When I see its old flags in the State-House in Boston, I stand uncovered, and sometimes with moistened eyes. They were our flags! We had one battle-flag which, when the regiment was temporarily at home, was

deposited in a careful house, whose family had special and sad reasons to honor it. But every day, the color-bearer would go to the chamber, and take down the rolled flag, and take off its sheath, and unroll it, and, standing off, look at it carefully, and then roll it up, and put it in its resting place. When asked why he did so, he answered, simply, "I could not sleep at night if I had not seen that the Flag was safe that day!"

The flag represents Principles. Need I suggest to American citizens the meaning of our color-bearer's act?

NOTES.

Page 9, ninth line.—The boundaries of ancient Dover do not appear to have been accurately defined before the union with Massachusetts, and there is no record of its northern line until October 19, 1652. The original territory has been subdivided as follows:

Bloody Point, with part of Portsmouth, was incorporated as a parish July 16, 1713, under the name of *Newington*, and appears to have had township privileges from that time.

On the 5th of May, 1705, a petition had been received by the Provincial authorities from inhabitants of *Greenland*, (a territory much earlier known by that name,) for incorporation as a parish. No record of the result appears, but on the 12th of May, 1714, an order was issued that the line between the parishes of Newington and Greenland be defined, and the result of this shows lands originally part of Dover, to be now in Greenland.

Oyster River was made a parish, May 4, 1716; and incorporated as a town, under the name of *Durham*, May 31, 1755.

Somersworth was made a parish December 19, 1729, and incorporated as a town April 22, 1754.

Madbury was incorporated as a parish May 31, 1755, being made up of parts of Dover and Durham; and as a town, May 26, 1768.

Lee was taken from Durham, January 17, 1766, nominally as a parish, but with all town privileges.

Rollinsford was taken from Somersworth, July 3, 1849.

Pages 10 and 18.—The names of the early settlers are of uncertain spelling. *Thompson*, the settler of 1623, is so spelled by Belknap, but the original document of 1622, in possession of Charles Deane, Esq., is decisive that it should be *Thomson*. In an official paper of 1622, he is styled "gentleman." The names appended to the "Combination" of 1640, page 18, were copies made in

1682-3. Of these names it should be noted: *Pinckhame* is now *Pinkham*. *Camond* is elsewhere *Camock*. Descendants of *Waldern* changed the name to *Waldron*. *Teddar* was doubtless an error for *Kidder*. *Ugrouf* is elsewhere *Upgrove*. *Canning* was correct, but it is now *Canney* and *Kenney*. The researches of Charles W. Tuttle show conclusively that *Champernoon* should be *Champernoone*. *Edward Starr*, I doubt not, should be *Edward Starbuck*. *Raoolins* was correct, but is now usually *Rollins*.

Page 16, line 14.—It should be stated that while the expedition of Gen. Stark originated solely in New Hampshire, and was not under the control of the Continental Congress, it was largely reinforced by Vermont soldiers.

Page 37, line 11.—It is uniformly stated in print that Gen. John Sullivan was born on the Berwick side of the Salmon Falls river. But the tradition here has uniformly been that his birth-place was an exception to that of the others of his family, and to have been on the Dover side of the river. Whether any records settle the question beyond doubt, I am ignorant. It is certain that his father was at one time the "school-master" of Dover, by vote of the town; and that he was extensively engaged in teaching on this side of the river in different years.