

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A New Hampshire Magazine

Devoted to History, Biography, Literature and State Progress

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Old Gilmanton Matters

Historical Memoranda and Biographical Notes

By Albion H. French, M. D.*

Gilmanton was incorporated in 1727. The charter was signed on the 20th of May by his majesty's colonial governor, John Wentworth, but no settlement was made until December 26, 1761, through fear of savage cruelties. June 25, 1736, a party

and a half; from thence to Block House Pond, on Dr. French's farm, now called "Shell Camp," a mile and a half; thence to third Block House, Camp Meadow, four miles.

In the winter of 1749-50, a party of men followed up the Soucook river



Dr. Albion H. French

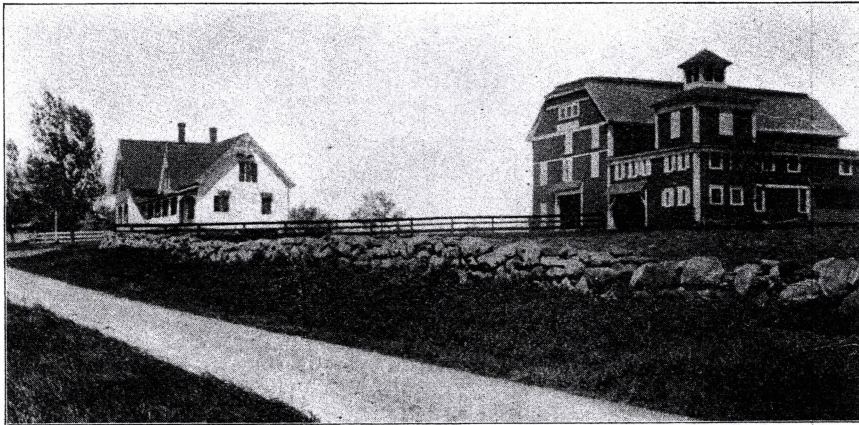
cleared a pathway from Epsom Block House to Gilmanton and built a block house eighteen feet square, called White Hall, on Wilson Hill, where Prof. Sanborn now lives. In 1738 a party of twenty men cleared a way from White Hall, and measured the distance to Loon Pond, one mile

from its mouth in Pembroke and Concord to Block House Pond, now called Shell Camp. They made their camp in the shell of a large pine tree. Here

*Dr. Albion H. French, son of Capt. Thomas H. and Sarah Ann (Brown) French, was born in Gilmanton March 27, 1849. He passed his early life with his grandfather, John French, on a farm. He attended Gilmanton Academy,

they passed the winter, hunting and fishing. They selected their lots on land now owned by Dr. French of Pittsfield, and felled some trees. They withdrew in the spring, on account of Indian hostilities, and did not return. They named the pond Shell Camp. On the memorable evening of December 26, 1761, Benjamin Mudgett and Hannah, his bride, arrived in town, having come that day from Epsom, through a dense forest, a distance of twelve miles or more, on snowshoes. It is related of Mrs. Mudgett that she became exceedingly wearied long be-

sat down on the cold snow, saying to her husband: "I may as well die here as anywhere." We can but faintly imagine the feelings which possessed their bosoms at this moment. In the waste, howling wilderness, separated from all friends, with the shades of night now drawing around them, and yet at an oppressive distance from the poor shelter which had been provided for their accommodation. She made one more effort, and they at length reached their "home in the wilderness," on land that now belongs to the Pioneer farm.



The "Pioneer Farm"—Dr. A. H. French, owner

fore they reached the camp (that Mr. Mudgett built in the fall previous), and often halted to rest. When about a mile from the camp, Mrs. Mudgett

Northwood Seminary, Pembroke Academy and Pittsfield Academy, finally returning to Gilmanton Academy and fitting for college under Professor Edgar R. Avery. He studied medicine as his one hundred and third student, under the instruction of Dr. Nahum Wight, who had previously instructed his two uncles, Samuel P. and John O. French. He entered the medical school of the University of Vermont, and also had access to the college class rooms, taking advantage of the opportunity to study Latin and Greek. Graduating in 1875, he took hospital work in Boston, Long Island College Hospital, and New York City. He practised for a time in Epsom and in Leominster, Mass., but located at Pittsfield in 1892, where he has been in active practice for sixteen years. He is one of the representative citizens of the town, and has served nine years on the board of education, three years as chairman. He has a profound love for his native Gilmanton, where he owns the large and beautiful "Pioneer Farm."—ED.

In 1762 nine families moved into town. On the 19th of January, 1763, Jeremiah Conner moved into town from Exeter. There were eight miles of woods from Reuben Sanborn's, the last house in Chichester, to their home in Gilmanton. In March, the same year, Jeremiah Richardson and John Fox arrived with their families from Exeter, having come from Epsom on snow shoes, the women bringing each an infant in her arms, and the men hauling each a bed and other articles on hand sleds. In 1762 Samuel Gilman and family moved into town, and settled where Captain Jonathan Brown once lived. In 1764 Capt. John Moody settled in town and he had no neighbors within four miles.

July 31, 1766, the first town meeting was held in town, notified by Joseph Badger, Esq. In the autumn of 1769 there came a severe frost and cut off all the crops. Provisions were brought from Exeter, Concord and other places, by men, on their backs, and on hand sleds, in winter, at a great inconvenience.

In 1775, at the opening of the season, the Revolutionary War commenced, in which struggle Gilmanton bore an honorable part. Those hardy and independent sons of the forest were ready to meet the enemy in the field. When the news of the battle

play upon their course, he had but just replied that the ball was not yet cast which was to kill him, when there was a flash from a floating vessel and Major McClary fell by Eastman's side. The ball had passed through the abdomen, tearing him to pieces, and leaving scarcely a sign of life. After tying around his mangled body the only handkerchief he had in his possession, he left him gasping in death, and immediately returned to the main body of the army.

Lieutenant Eastman, in the absence of the captain, commanded a company in the Battle of Bunker Hill. The



Street leading to Seminary Hill, Gilmanton Corner

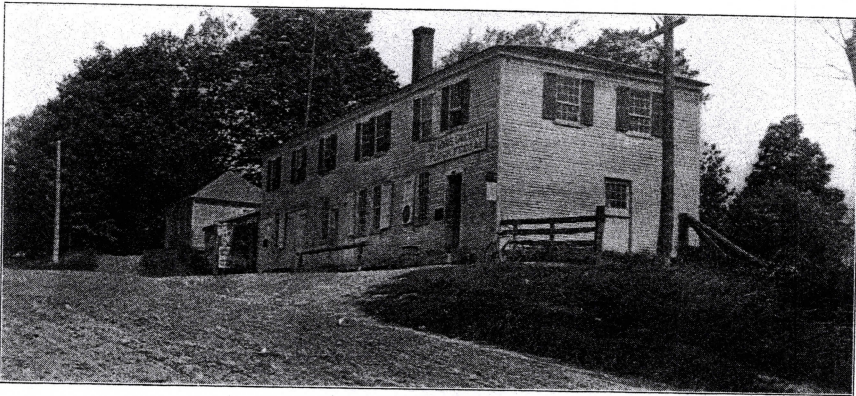
at Lexington reached town, twelve of the inhabitants of Gilmanton, Lieut. Ebenezer Eastman at their head, volunteered and marched to the rescue, Lieutenant Eastman and his company being posted with the rest of the New Hampshire troops under Colonel Stark, on the left wing of the army, behind a fence, whence they sorely galled the British as they advanced, and cut them down by whole ranks at once. After the retreat was accomplished, Major Andrew McClary of Epsom, having occasion to return across Charlestown Neck, took Lieutenant Eastman as his attendant. To the suggestion of Eastman that he was exposed to be cut down by the enemy's cannon, still continuing to

following interesting incident connected with this event was published in one of the newspapers in 1832: While the battle was raging on the heights of Charlestown, the anxious wife of Lieutenant Eastman, together with the people of the town, was attending public worship at the usual place (the Old Smith meetinghouse). While they were there assembled, it was announced that a battle had been fought and that her husband was slain. Frantic with grief at the news she had heard, she retired from the meeting to her home, made some hasty arrangements, and, with no friend to accompany her, with no mode of conveyance but on horseback, with no road to travel even, but a track to be

followed in some places by spots on the trees of the forest, she left home with her only child, an infant, in her arms, to wind her way as she might to her father's house in Brentwood, a distance of not less than forty miles. When she arrived at her father's, the news of the battle was confirmed, but the fate of her husband was not yet known. Leaving her infant with a friend, she proceeded to Charlestown and found her husband alive and in good health.

In 1776 Captain John Moody enlisted twenty men, joined the army, and marched, under Washington, to

town, where they built their camp and rolled back its solemn stillness. For their heritage they had nothing but the uncleared forest and the unbroken soil, bound together by mighty roots. But they were not disheartened. These early settlers were men of toil; they had to act their Iliad, they had no time to sing it. They were laborers in cold and heat, dust and sweat, and carried the elements of humanity and morality under their hats. With all their hardships and deprivations, imagination cannot conceive of a more independent, self-reliant, healthy and hopeful band of



The Old Store, Gilmanton, N. H.

New York. In 1777 Captain Nathaniel Wilson enlisted thirty-five men from Gilmanton and joined General John Stark's brigade, in defense of the western frontiers. They fell in with the enemy August 15 at Bennington, and were in General Stark's presence when he uttered those memorable words: "Soldiers, there are the red coats; we must beat them to-day or Molly Stark sleeps a widow to-night." And they did. Bravery, devotion, and patriotism are qualities that stand alone, and will stand, immortal.

One hundred and forty-eight years have sped their course since the first inhabitants of Gilmanton made a pathway through the forest to the

men than these early settlers of Gilmanton. Their houses were designed for shelter, not for comfort or elegance. The windows were small, without blinds or shutters. The fireplaces had a capacity for logs four feet in diameter, with an oven in the back and a flue nearly large enough to allow the ascent of a balloon, and at night the whole family could sit in the chimney corner and study astronomy.

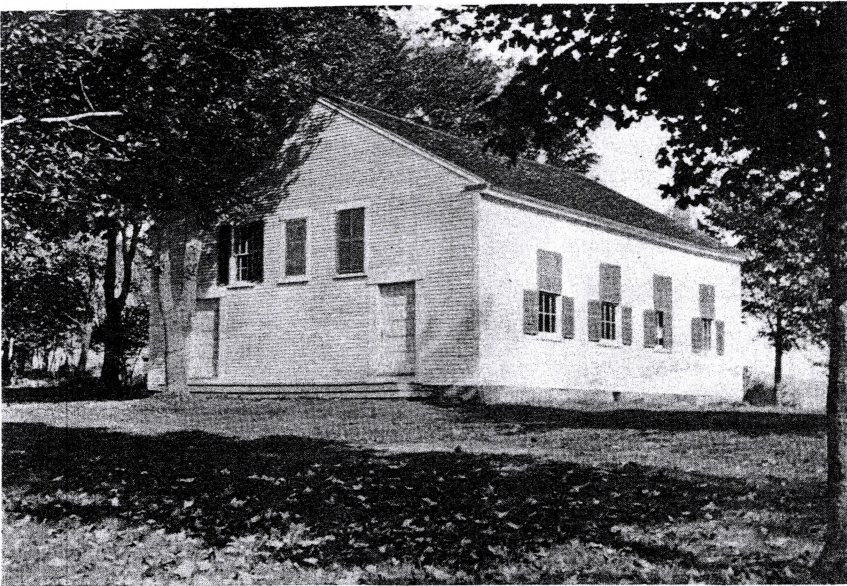
THE OLD SMITH MEETING HOUSE.

This church bore the first footprints of Christianity in town. It was erected in 1774, on a pleasant eminence, near the center of the town of Gilmanton, overlooking a wide territory.

Near it was the residence of Rev. Isaac Smith, the first pastor. Here the first courthouse was erected, and the first burying ground was laid out. Here the first public school was kept. Here the Congregational people of the town worshipped for many years, some of them coming ten or fifteen miles, in summer on horseback, in winter on ox-sleds. The meeting house was high, long and broad, with heavy porticos at each end, containing stairs by which the galleries were

In the winter they had no stove, and the minister's breath was frozen after it left his mouth. For forty-three years, through the faithful ministry of Rev. Isaac Smith, God reigned in that old church and the devil trembled. He gave his people the law, dealing with the grandest theme life holds, immortal destiny and the light of everlasting truth.

In 1840, owing to the organization of Congregational churches at the Academy Village, and the Iron



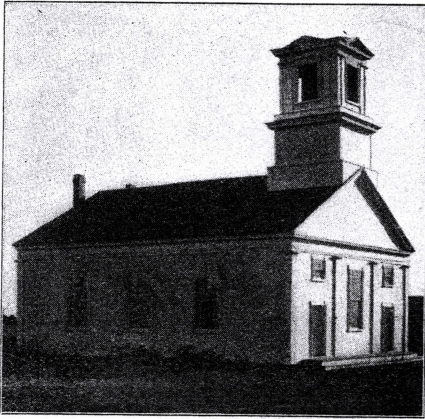
Old Smith Meeting House, Gilmanton Center

reached. The pews were square, with seats on all sides. The broad aisle was the post of honor. The pulpit was reached by a long flight of steps, and a dome-shaped sounding-board was suspended over it. Here the minister indoctrinated his people. The proprietors of the town, though not Puritans, adopted the religion the Pilgrim Fathers bore with them in the Mayflower across the seas. For over fifty years the house was filled with souls that aspired together, and everything moved harmoniously, like the planets around the central sun.

Works, the old edifice was taken down, and the present Smith meeting-house was erected, largely with material taken from the ancient building. Up to 1897 it was sadly neglected, and the great destroyer, Time, was doing its work. But a better day was coming, for in this very same year Sylvester J. Gale took hold of the work of reclaiming the building. In 1898 an improvement society was organized, and the following officers were chosen: President, Thomas Cogswell; vice-president, Sylvester J. Gale; secretary, George C. Parsons;

treasurer, Daniel S. Ayer. The work went nobly on, and the first fair was held August 22, 1898. Baptized anew, it has come forth a living presence, "redeemed, regenerated." May God bless those devoted workers, and prosper the fortunes of their living sons and daughters, who have done so much towards reclaiming the old church.

On every Thursday of "Old Home Week," from the threshold of this



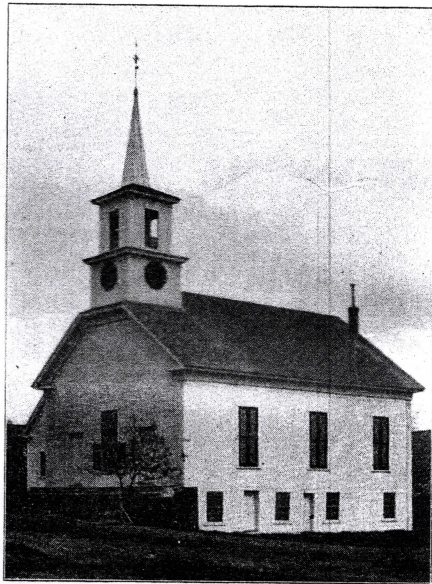
Old Baptist Church, Lower Gilmanton

old church, and its surroundings, where Nature herself has written her character in lines of beauty, the call goes forth to absent sons and daughters: "Come home! Come home! Come home!"

REV. ISAAC SMITH.

The Rev. Isaac Smith was born in Sterling, Conn., in November, 1744. He was the fifth son in a distinguished family of eleven children. His early intention was to settle on a farm, but when called into the room, as his father lay dying, he took him by the hand and said: "Isaac, see that you prepare for such an hour as this; your dying day will surely come." This remark sank deep into his heart, and remained clinched like a nail, opening the way to a higher, a broader, and a better life. He com-

menced at once to fit for college. He entered Princeton College, New Jersey, in 1766, and graduated in 1770, having sustained himself by his own industry. James Madison, subsequently president of the United States, was his college associate. He studied theology with Dr. Hart of Preston, Conn., and Dr. Ballamy, a famous divine. In 1772, he visited Hanover and called on Dr. Eleazer Wheelock, the first president of Dartmouth College, who at this time occupied a log college, and called the students together by sounding a tin trumpet. On the 29th of August, 1774, he received a call from the town of Gilmanton to become their settled minister, which he accepted, and on the 30th of November he received ordination.



Free Baptist Church, Gilmanton Iron Works

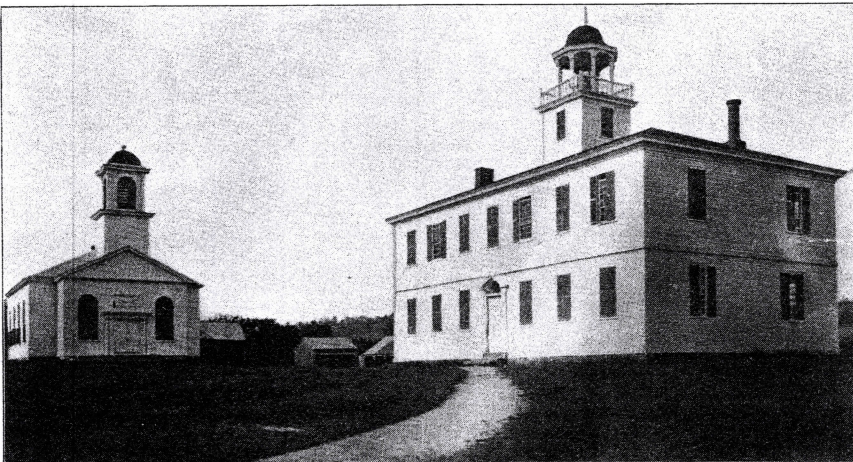
Mr. Smith was deservedly popular in his ministerial labors. For forty-three years he guarded the altar of the old Smith church as the most sacred trust that God ever gave to man. Dr. Prime of New York, in writing the history of five of the most

noted ministers in the United States, included Rev. Isaac Smith among the number. He did much for the cause of education in the town, was one of the first trustees of the old academy, and drafted its excellent constitution. He was a fine specimen of cultivated Puritanism. In his character as a man, a preacher, and a divine, he stood unsurpassed, and no town or state in the land could boast of a more charitable and generous man. On the 25th of March, 1817, in the 73rd year of his age, and the 43rd of his ministry, after only three days' illness, he stood face to that mighty

grave there was not a dry eye in the old Smith church yard. Thus into the immortal catalogue his name had passed, and when the great resurrection reveille shall sound, when the angels shall roll away the stone at the door of his sepulchre, then will the Rev. Isaac Smith be weighed in the balance and not found wanting.

GILMANTON ACADEMY.

The early settlers of Gilmanton entertained a deep sense of the importance of the education of their children. They were desirous, before they passed off the stage of action,



Academy and Congregational Church, Gilmanton Corner

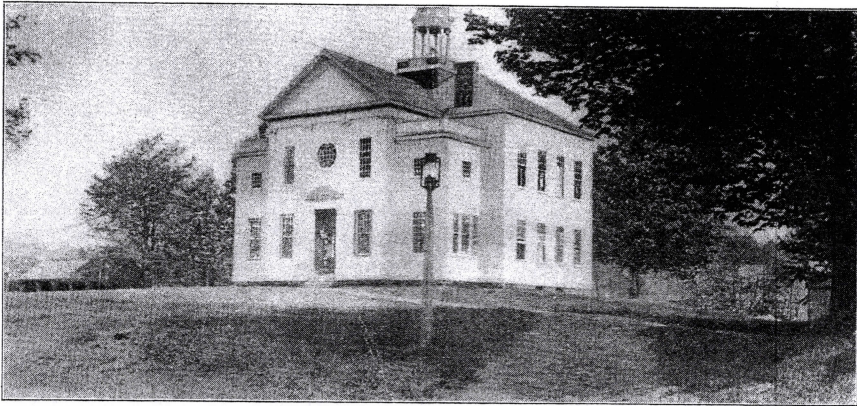
mystery that shrouds the world, going to his grave universally esteemed and universally mourned. The tidings of his death gave a shock to the people, and sympathy rolled as a wave over the town. The church testified the sense of his worth by the erection of a neat and appropriate monument to his memory. His funeral was attended on the 27th of March by several of the neighboring clergymen and a large concourse of the citizens of the town and vicinity. The sermon was preached by Rev. Josiah Carpenter of Chichester, the oldest minister in the association. As his remains were committed to the

that a generous education should be the birthright of every son and daughter of the town. While they were incarnating principles in institutions, there were no prognostications, no calculations, and no expectations beyond making the church and the school the guardians of civil and religious liberty, so that their children might live in the society of noble thoughts and high ideals, drawing their nourishment from the deep fountains of intellectual and moral truth.

On June 20, 1794, a charter was obtained for an academy. In 1796 the first academy building was erect-

ed, at the Center village, Gilmanton Corner, on land donated by Hon. Joseph Badger, Jr. This was the fourth academy existing in the state, at the time. On the 22nd of January, 1808, the academy building was entirely consumed by fire. On the 24th of February, just four weeks and four days after the fire, the frame of the second academy building was erected. In this noble enterprise the fathers of Gilmanton sacrificed much. Marvelous, indeed, was their progress; and to accomplish all this they had nothing but the red earth, sown in stones and bound together with

mental forces for life's great conflicts. To the town it was a fountain whose streams enlightened and purified the race, a beacon that has guided generations of men. The influence that has gone forth from its sacred walls, where the highest type of man was developed, cannot be estimated by any finite mind. Human imagination cannot grasp it. What was the lesson in it? It taught the inhabitants of the town that education is the swadling band, to bring their boys up to manhood and their girls to womanhood. It taught them that it not only enriched the town, but it



The New Gilmanton Academy

mighty roots. For ninety years the academy was the great systemic circulation of the town. Like a mighty heart its living principles pervaded the community, speaking with an eloquence which no words of ours can ever reach. It was the grandest monument the fathers of Gilmanton ever built. It was a magnificent enterprise, a rich contribution to the world's intellectual wealth, for hundreds of young men have received a liberal education through its aid and influence, who otherwise might have remained for life "mute and inglorious" upon their native hills. For four years the writer marched under its inspiring banner, marshaling his

enriched the nation, with the intellectual and moral grandeur of her honored sons, whose names stand high on the scroll of immortal fame. We have a right to be proud of our alma mater. But time and space would fail us to recall the graduates of the old academy who have gone out into the world to carry forward the great work of civilization and progress. Its alumni in the East, the South, and the unbounded West, have been found in every arena of public service. Their influence has been felt and their voices have been heard in legislative halls, in courts, in pulpits, and in all public assemblies.

We now come to a solemn pause.

With feelings of sadness we reflect on the night of the 20th of May, 1894, when the red, crackling flames, like the billows of the mad ocean, rolled through the interior of the old academy, and its walls crumbled and fell to the ground. Still, for her alumni, the old academy stands, grand and glorious in its ruin, as a monument to their memory that time itself cannot obliterate. The mouldering vestiges of her former grandeur rise up before them like a bright star in a lone and distant sky, for memory has hung many a sweet garland on her classic walls.

Her ashes are but the dust, to
Friendship dear, where genius
Once with matchless ray,
Illuminated all within its sphere,
And all was brilliant, all was gay.

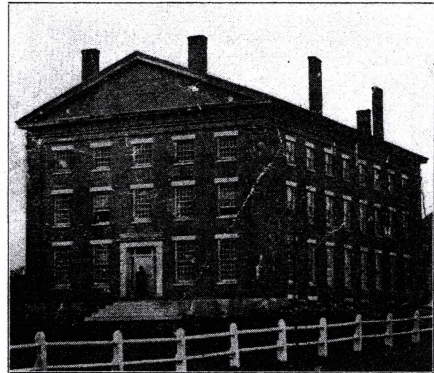
THE NEW ACADEMY.

The bounty of Providence has not exhausted its best gifts. In 1894 a new building was erected by Gilmanton's honored sons, over the spot made sacred by the old academy, and, like a babe in swaddling clothes, may the bright star of prosperity rise gracefully and gloriously over its cradle. Gilmanton Academy is beautifully located and well equipped for a first class school. Professor Eaton, a bright and intelligent young man, a graduate of Harvard college, is making it thoroughly practical, and the sons of Gilmanton are guardians of a beacon whose light must never die.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

On the fifteenth of August, 1835, a theological seminary was established in connection with the academy. It was distinguished by teachers who gave it a prominent rank among the schools of theology. In October, 1835, the seminary commenced operations. Rev. William Cogswell, D. D., professor of history and natural education in Dartmouth College,

was appointed president. The Rev. Heman Rood was professor of theology. Rev. Aaron Warner was professor of sacred rhetoric. Dixie Crosby M. D., of Gilmanton, was lecturer on anatomy and physiology. Later Dr. Nahum Wight of Gilmanton suc-



Theological Seminary

ceeded Dr. Crosby. In 1839 a brick building, 88 feet long, 50 feet wide, and three stories high, was built on a high elevation, commanding scenery as beautiful as creation ever furnished. The corner-stone was laid July 16, 1839, with appropriate ceremonies. Distinguished representatives from churches of the neighboring towns were present and contributed to the dignity of the occasion. A hymn composed for the occasion was sung. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Curtis of Pittsfield, and an address by Rev. Mr. Bouton of Concord. The corner-stone was laid by the Hon. William Badger, president of the board, and father of the late Governor Badger of New Hampshire. Various documents were deposited in the cavity of a stone made for that purpose. For a number of years the seminary was in a prosperous condition. Later the building was used as dormitory for the old academy. In 1893 it was entirely consumed by fire. Like a herald it had proclaimed its mission, and the spot where its

ashes repose became holy ground—the shrine where are pronounced vows that plight the soul to fidelity in its efforts for the moral elevation of mankind.

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH AT
GILMANTON CORNER.

This church was built in 1826, in close proximity to the academy. For



Congregational Church, Gilmanton Iron Works

a country church it is admirably located, quietly nestled down among the beautiful hills. This edifice has no ornamentation; it is marked by plainness and simplicity. In the belfry a great number of young men of the old academy and seminary have written their autographs on the walls, and for many of them the bells of fame will never cease to ring. On September 20, 1826, it was dedicated to the service of Almighty God. The sermon on the occasion was preached by Rev. Mr. Rood, the first pastor. Rev. Mr. Burnham of Pembroke addressed the people, and the Rev. Mr. Bouton offered the concluding prayer. In 1843, seventeen years from the

time the house was built, the church had 243 members.

REV. STEPHEN S. N. GREELY.

Rev. Stephen S. N. Greely, son of Stephen L. Greely, Esq., and Anna (Norton) Greely, daughter of Dr. Bishop Norton of Newburyport, Mass., was born in Gilmanton June 23, 1813. He fitted for college at Gilmanton Academy; graduated from Dartmouth College in 1835, from Gilmanton Theological Seminary in 1838, and was ordained at Gilmanton Iron Works (Congregational church) January 31, 1839. September 29, 1840, he married Sarah B. Curtis of Pittsfield. December 15, 1842, he was installed pastor of the church in Newmarket. From there he went to Grand Rapids, Mich., where he remained till the Civil War broke out, when he enlisted as chaplain in a New York regiment. He rode in



Rev. S. S. N. Greely

company with General Phil Sheridan from Winchester to Cedar Creek—the immortalized “twenty miles.” After

the close of the war he went to Oswego, N. Y., where he had charge of a large and wealthy church. While there he had a call to go to Chicago, but declined. In 1872 he returned to Gilmanton to care for his aged father.

He preached in Pittsfield, making his home in Gilmanton. Rev. Mr. Greely was a bright star in the ecclesiastical horizon of the country, with few if any superiors. His sermons were the fountains of theology from which his hearers could drink freely of their life-giving waters. His inexhaustible eloquence was earnest and effective, like strains of commanding music, charming and magnetizing all who heard. The birthmark of genius was written on his brow and beamed forth from his countenance, indicating power of elevated thought; and truly his thoughts were elevated. They were high as the heavens, broad as the universe, and deep as the sea. In all public assemblies, when called upon to speak, he had the command of words, sparkling as diamonds, and could weave them into sentences of gold. Whence came these noble qualities? From a noble father and mother, and a long line of splendid ancestry, of which he was the natural and legitimate product. On the 25th of October, 1892, he passed over the broad river, the boundary line between Heaven and earth, leaving a memory dear to the hearts of a large circle of friends.

Hushed is Greely's powerful voice;
The audience melt away.
In tears they fix their final choice
And bless th' instructive day.

GEN. CHARLES H. PEASLEE.

General Charles Hazen Peaslee, son of William Peaslee, was born in Gilmanton, February 6, 1804. He fitted for college at Gilmanton Academy, graduated from Dartmouth in 1824, studied law with Stephen Moody, Esq., and at Philadelphia, and opened

an office in Concord in 1829. He was adjutant and inspector-general of the militia of New Hampshire, a trustee of the New Hampshire Asylum at Concord, an institution which he did much toward establishing, and was also a director of the Concord railroad corporation. He was an able

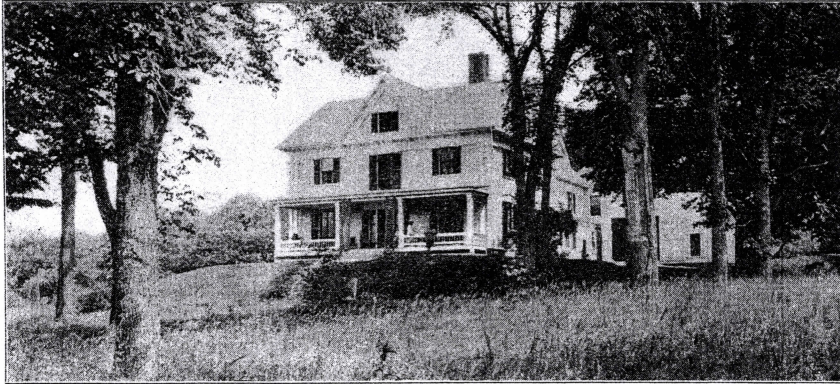


Gen. Charles H. Peaslee

lawyer and was for a time the partner of Gen. Franklin Pierce. He served six years in Congress, from 1847 to 1853, succeeding Moses Norris, Jr., of Pittsfield, who, four years previously, had succeeded Ira A. Eastman, another worthy son of old Gilmanton, who subsequently became a judge of the supreme court.

DR. NAHUM WIGHT.

Dr. Nahum Wight of Gilmanton deserves more than a passing thought. He was born in Gilead, Me., November 20, 1807; graduated from Bowdoin Medical school in 1830. In November of the same year he located at Gilmanton Corner, where he was in active practice for fifty-two years, with the exception of one year which

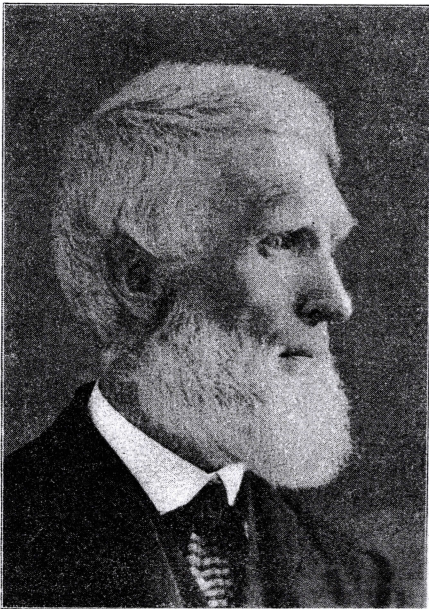


"The Elms"—Residence of Albert R. Wight

he spent in the hospitals of Europe. He was a fine physician and one of the best surgeons in the state. In 1873 he was president of the New Hampshire Medical Society. He instructed one hundred and eleven students, the writer being the one hundred and third. He also instructed the writer's two uncles, Drs. John O. and Samuel P. French. Dr. Henry

A. Weymouth of Andover and William Parsons of Manchester were students at the same time with them. Dr. Wight was a representative from the town of Gilmanton in the legislature in 1841, 1842, and 1843. He died May 12, 1884.

DR. JOHN O. FRENCH.



Nahum Wight, M. D.

Dr. John O. French, third son of John and Lucy Prescott French, was born in Gilmanton in 1820. He fitted for college at Gilmanton Academy and graduated from Dartmouth College in 1844. He pursued his medical studies with Dr. Nahum Wight of Gilmanton, and in New York city. He was a distinguished surgeon in the Civil War. He served on the battlefield at Bull Run, where he won the reputation of being a cool and skillful surgeon. Later he was ordered to Carver's hospital as surgeon in charge, where he remained until the close of the war, when he was ordered to Brownsville, Texas. While there he was appointed medical surveyor of the Gulf district, remaining eighteen months. From that time up to his death, September 23, 1887, he was located in Boston and Hanover, Mass. He was a warm friend of Professor Bigelow of Boston. He was a high degree Mason, a Grand Army man, and a member of the Congregational

church from youth up. In 1845 he married Martha Peaslee, sister of Gen. Charles H. Peaslee, and Mrs.

ber of the Masonic fraternity, also a Grand Army man. He married, November 29, 1857, Hannah S. Gilman of Gilmanton. Their children were Cora B. and Arthur A. He was not only one of Gilmanton's best citizens, but was the first man to move in the work of reclaiming the old Smith meeting-house. He died June 15, 1903. A beautiful monument marks the spot of his burial, but the old

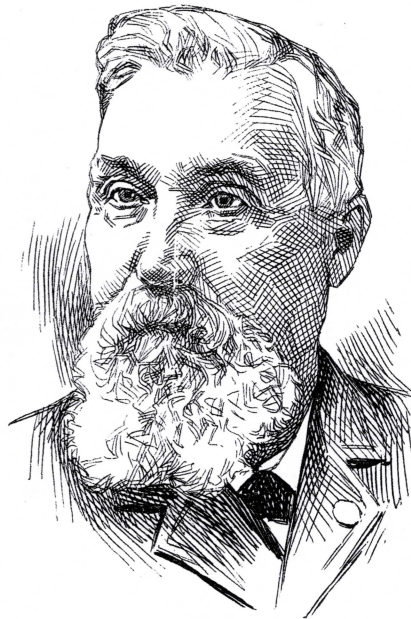


Dr. John O. French

Mary Peaslee Fletcher of Burlington, Vt., who gave two hundred thousand dollars to endow the Mary Fletcher hospital in that city.

SYLVESTER J. GALE.

Sylvester J. Gale, only son of Thomas J. and Hannah (Sanborn) Gale, was born in Gilmanton, February 10, 1832. He received his education in the district schools and Gilmanton Academy. He was a blacksmith by trade and also owned a farm. He was a fine specimen of the old Gilmanton stock. He was the first man to enlist from Gilmanton in Company B, Twelfth regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers, and was first in the regimental list. Soon after his enlistment he was raised to the rank of sergeant. He proved his courage at the battle of Chancellorsville, where he was severely wounded, which incapacitated him for further active service in the field. He was a mem-

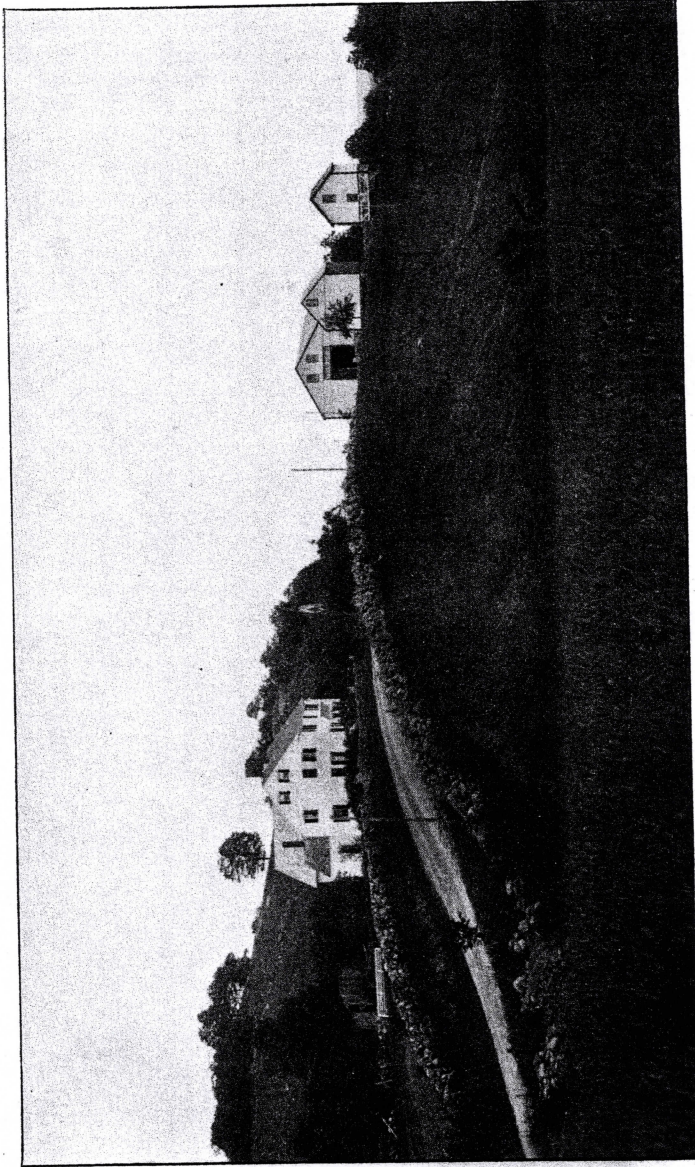


Sylvester J. Gale

church is a grander monument to his memory than bronze, granite or marble.

DR. HENRY W. DUDLEY.

Dr. Henry Watson Dudley, son of John K. Dudley, was born in Gilmanton, November 30, 1831. He graduated at Gilmanton Academy in the class of 1851. He taught school in Gilmanton, Alton, Rochester, and at Pittsfield Academy. He also taught in Culpepper, Va., in 1859, at the time of the celebrated John Brown raid. He graduated from Harvard Medical school in 1864, and settled



COGSWELL HOMESTEAD, GILMANTON, N. H.

the same year in Abington, Mass., where he remained in continued practice up to the time of his death, December 29, 1906. He was professor of pathology at Tufts Medical school from 1893 to 1900, and lecturer on legal medicine. He was identified



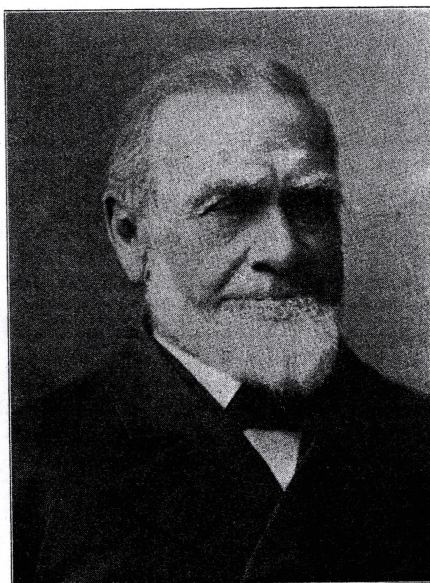
Dr. Henry W. Dudley

with the Massachusetts Medical Society since 1866, and among the most prominent in the district society. He was liberally endowed with most attractive qualities. He was president of the Old Home Day Association, at the Old Smith Church, Gilmanton, from 1904 to 1906. He was in every sense a self-made man—one of nature's noblemen who earn their rank, but do not inherit it.

ISAAC E. SMITH.

Isaac E. Smith, son of William Smith, Esq., was born in Gilmanton, November 18, 1815. He was a representative citizen of the town, and a scion of noble stock. His grandfather, Dr. William Smith, was the first physician who settled in Gilmanton. He visited patients a distance

of thirty miles in the wilderness with no other guide to conduct him than spotted trees. Isaac E. owned a large farm in Gilmanton. His fields were rich, well drained and well cultivated, displaying an air of thrift and industry. In November, 1861, he re-



Isaac E. Smith

moved to Pittsfield, where he died July 29, 1902.

COL. THOMAS COGSWELL.

Col. Thomas Cogswell, Jr., son of Hon. Thomas Cogswell, was born in Gilmanton, February 8, 1841. He fitted for college at Gilmanton Academy. While in the senior class at Dartmouth College he enlisted in Company A, Fifteenth N. H. regiment, at the age of 21 years, gallantly serving as first lieutenant and captain during the regimental term of service. He studied law at Harvard Law school, was admitted to the bar in September, 1866, and began the practice of his profession at Gilmanton Iron Works. He was a member of Governor Weston's staff in 1871, and represented his town in the legislature,



Col. Thomas Cogswell

and his district in the state senate in 1876. In 1886 he was the Democratic candidate for governor. In 1893 he was appointed railroad commissioner, and United States pension agent at Concord in 1894. Besides holding various town offices, he was president and treasurer of the board of trustees of Gilmanton Academy. He and Daniel Ayers, a representative citizen of Gilmanton, were instrumental in rebuilding the new academy. Colonel Cogswell did much toward reclaiming the Old Smith Meetinghouse, and was president of the association for a number of years. He was twice married. One daughter and two sons were the fruits of his first marriage. He was a wise counselor, an able advocate, and an efficient laborer for the best interests of his native town. His ancestry and birthright are typical of the best Americanism. He died February 15, 1904, and was interred in the Old Smith burying ground, where

sacred silence has set up its everlasting throne.



Methodist Church, Gilmanton Corner

The Congregational church at Gil-manton Iron Works was built in June, 1826. Dedicated and the pews sold July 4, 1827. The Rev. Mr. Rood preached the sermon.

The Baptist church at Lower Gil-manton was built in 1774, on the training field, owned by Captain Jonathan Brown. Soon after it was moved where it now stands. On June

13, 1880, Sunday afternoon at 7.15 o'clock, a cyclone passed over that part of the town, moving this large church, with ribs of oak, some two feet from its foundation, with no damage, except to stop the clock.

The Methodist Church, a brick structure at the Academy Vilage, was built in 1826, and dedicated some time in the folowing year.

The Vale of the Blackwater

By Cyrus A. Stone

A beautiful valley among the green hills,
Remote from the turmoil of travel and trade,
With clear sparkling fountains and murmuring rills,
Hid far in the depths of the wild forest glade.

Its tall arching elms shade the pathways below,
And wide-waving willows bend over the stream,
The orchards and farm-lands rejoice in the glow
Of the bright summer seasons that pass like a dream.

There are homes in the valley where true hearts abide
Apart from the world with its racket and roar,
Where the lamplights when kindled at calm eventide
Like a beacon gleam out from the old cottage door.

And strains of glad music in soft ebb and swell
Awaken the echoes when all else is still,
Or blend with the tones of the old Sabbath bell
Pealing out from the tower of the church on the hill.

There are graves in the valley with wild flowers o'ergrown,
Where kindred have paused when the earth-life was o'er,
But they tarried not long in the shadows alone
Ere they crossed the dark wave to the "beautiful shore."

And in fancy, while standing above those green graves
When the gentle breeze wakes at the cool of the day,
I can hear in the songs of the winds and the waves
Their dear voices calling from far, far away.

Sweet Vale of the Blackwater, ever the tie
Of fond recollection shall bind me to thee,
While the sentinel stars keep their watch in the sky
Or the river flows on to its home in the sea.

