Keyes

Autobiography of
Hon. John S. Keyes.
I was born I am told Sept 19, 1821, and from finding in my father’s cash book the entry of that date of the Dr’s fee, and the horse hire for the nurse I have no doubt of it. My father John Keyes was at that time a leading lawyer in Concord Middlesex Co. Mass. and county treasurer and postmaster. He lived then as he always had since his marriage five years before, in the house north of the Court House and fronting on the road to the North Bridge, occupying nearly the spot between the north entrance to the Court House grounds and the gate way as it now exists. My mother Ann Stow (Shepard) Keyes had borne one daughter four years before who named for her, welcomed my coming, and after Dr. Hurd’s services and the nurse’s departure took great care of my puny self. For I was I am informed very feeble and delicate as an infant.
I have been told of my first illness when a month or so of age, an attack of whooping cough that threatened to end my frail hold on life. Dr Hurd on being consulted said he could stop it, and did so by vaccinating my arm. The two diseases would not go on together, and as the arm became sore the cough subsided much to my mother's satisfaction, less to mine as thirty years later I had the varioloid and a few years later a second attack of whooping cough, both at very inconvenient times, especially the last, as I was then in a position to preserve silence not only myself, but in others and to accomplish this during a fit of whooping was not easy.
My earliest recollection is of an accident by falling on the door step, while the house that stood between my father’s & the square was being removed to the next lot on the road east of the lane to the great fields that bounded our garden, (now Miss E E Barretts), and receiving a severe cut on the head, that alarmed my mother greatly. I was cured of this and my sickness by a regimen of mild brandy toddy on which I was weaned and for which I cried many times and oft as I have often since been told.

Of my sister who died when I was four years old from a violent scarlet fever I have no real memory. A dim recollection of her pulling me from the horses who drew Lafayette through Concord on his triumphal tour of New England in 1824, and of the pageant of his visit to Concord, is all I can recall. My sister is described as very charming beautiful little girl, the pet of her father, and the winning of all her friends and family—Her hair a lock preserved by Mother for sixty years is even now wonderful for its color and softness and beauty.
Of the girls who lived at our house and helped in the charge of the children, I recall but faintly those who preceded Betsy Holt. She an old time New England Yankee domestic came when I was about five years old, and remained over twenty years, the faithful prudent but cross and domineering help who ruled her kitchen and all who came into it, except the ‘Squire’ himself, and sometimes even drove him out of her domain. Of the boys whom we had live with us and go to school in the winters, my first recollection is of Jedediah Wentworth James Carter of Carlisle who stole a $10. bill from Mother’s purse, while Father was away at court, and passed it at the store or tavern. He was let off, but Jedediah Wentworth an older accomplice and was arrested convicted and punished in the jail for the offence. He came out but was soon in trouble again and went to the bad utterly. But if Carter was ruined, so was not the next whom I remember better, George W. Wright, who was afterwards the first representative in Congress from California, and a friend of Fremont.
He and his brother Augustus Wright later on treasurer of the old Boston Museum for many years were important elements in my boyhood and to another John Wood since Sheriff of County Ohio I owe much knowledge of matters that are not taught in schools. The last who was the brightest and best of the whole series and for whom my youngest brother was named, George B. Dakin was subsequently a steamboat capt. on Geneva Lake N.Y. and then a successful coal merchant in Buffalo, whence he came occasionally on summer visits to Concord, to see his old friends, and was a happy prosperous pleasant visitor at my mothers and my table.

Such and so different were the hired boys of my younger days from those of the present time. They were of the genuine Yankee stock, and though they eat and lived in the kitchen, I played with them on terms of entire equality and often shared my bed and room with them as I grew older.—
Of schools my first was the private, infant class of Miss Phoebe Wheeler kept in the southwest chamber of the old Peter Wheeler house on the Walden Road. Here I began to go before my sisters death and continued for more than a year afterwards. The Hoar Brooks Stow Shattuck and Stacy children went with me there, and we learnt our primer lessons pinned to Miss W's knee by our aprons to keep us quiet, as we stood up to say our a.b.cs—

How distinctly the old unpainted weather beaten house comes up before me, with its big button wood trees shading the door yard, in which a tract of yellow sand through scanty spears of young grass glowed in the sunshine, and was my childish ideal of Sahara, as the older ones called it. The barely furnished rooms the unpainted seats and stools the made up bed in the corner whereon when tired out we had a nap, the row of half eaten apples taken from us when we came into the school to be given back at recess on the window turning rusty in the sunshine, the steep garret stairs leading out of a door in the corner, on which we were shut up as a punishment in the dark and in mortal fear of the buzzing wasps.
Of one birthday of mine when holding
my mothers hand we walked in
a bright afternoon to this school,
she carrying a basket of goodies
for the feast, and stopping with me
to show me the inside of the Orthodox
church then just completed, and not
quite emptied of the carpenters tools
and shavings, I am quite certain—
It was my fifth in 1826, and I had
watched all that summer the great
building work going on as we went
daily to and from, had been frightened
at the danger of the men on the steeple
and shocked at the death of one of them
a Mr Stiles from a fall when putting
up the lightening rod, so that the real
church had made quite as great an
impression on us school children as
the spiritual one by its secession
from the old time honored single town
establishment had to our elders.
This and the old blacksmith shop
on the corner of the Mill Dam and the
Walden Road, the hatter’s shop on the
corner opposite in the brick building
and the tan yard vats on Dea Vose’s land
in front of his house were of great
interest to us as we passed them daily
The old mill pond still filled the basin
between the two churches, and made
a skating ground for the older boys
and a sliding place for us youngsters
on which we sometimes ventured.
After and perhaps in connection with
Miss Wheeler’s school I went some weeks
to a school kept by Miss Rice, a sister
of Mrs George F Farley of Groton who taught
a little private school in the room of the
ell of the old Wright tavern, then Deacon
Jarvis bakehouse. Under this the great
flaming bakers oven with its crackling
bundles of faggots, and its hot ginger
bread in sheets marked off in squares
and crisp seed cakes was very attractive
This was near the corner stone of the
Monument, laid with so much ceremony
in 1825 when Everett orated, and the
militia companies trained, the cannons
fired, and the boys hurrahed but the
monument never grew above it foundation,
the reason being that the funds collected
in Concord by the Bunker Hill Monument
Association, and appropriated to building
the Concord monument were withheld
or squandered so that ours was left—
This huge granite block some 4 feet
cube was a favorite climb for the
boys of this school, and I can just
remember the alarm of the great
illumination, the bonfire of huge
tar barrels that were piled up on
it by some of the rowdy element a
few years after its dedication, and
burnt one dark night, in mockery
of its unfinished condition. I believe
I was taken out to see it from the corner
of our lot and the Court House wall—
I went also for one winter term to town school in the brick school house when John Brown, since of Kansas, but not Ossowatomie Brown, kept it, and there as the smallest and youngest of the large school I had a good time, with some variations, one that I distinctly remember was being persuaded by an older boy to use the end of a tallow candle probably left by the Masons who occupied the upper hall after one of their nocturnal gatherings, as hair grease, and the scrubbing with soap that Mother and Betsy applied on my return home to get rid of the stuff—

My younger sister was born in 1825, and I was no longer the only child at home, but I enjoyed the greater freedom from care and oversight, this gave me as I grew larger and more boyish in my plays. Trainings were my great delight and we had many of them with the two uniformed companies the Light Infantry, and the Artillery and the ‘old Shad’ as the ununiformed militia were always called by us boys The first two appeared several times a year, and the last at least twice and the fun of following the trainers never palled on me. The court weeks were great events in our household from the company Father brought home and the show of the crowds, brought together and waking up the streets of our quiet town.
The riot and jollification of September Court
I think must have abated somewhat
from its fulness before my time or else I
was kept away from its stronger features
as I cannot remember anything like
the stories I have heard of its glory.
But the sharp quick striking of the bell at
the hour of courts assembling and the
parade of sheriffs judges and lawyers
across the common to and from the
Court House were of my earliest days
a delight and satisfaction.

Connected with these in my memory
were the candies and custards of old
‘Montefury’, Montefiori I suppose, an
Italian refugee who kept a candy store
in sight of our windows between the
jail house and the brick school house,
whose display always tempting to me
was trebly so on all public occasions.
He must have been a character worthy
of more notice than he seems to have had
from the hard working men and women
of those days, and doubtless had a story
as interesting as his name if he ever
could have found any to listen to it
in his broken English. But this is only
my supposition, as he never was noticed
much so far as I have heard. His
successor in the trade was Andrew Carr
the tin man who enlarged or rebuilt
the shop placing a tin revolving oscillator
in one of the panes of the window which
proved as great an attraction to us boys
almost as the display of candies. He
always had a stand with baked custards
in cups for holidays sweeter than any I ever tasted.
When six years old I began to attend the Academy then kept by Phineas Allen, the poorest teacher and worst school I ever knew anything about personally. At that time as was the custom I began Latin and for seven long years I was kept at that study with Greek added when eight years old, without learning anything of either or anything else at that school. This Academy was kept in the lower part of the building on Academy Lane west side now Middle Street, and is now the double house removed a short distance southwest when the street to the Fitchburg RR station was opened, being laid out by me as selectman. It was built by the neighbours for a place to educate their children, and had previously been taught by some very competent teachers but it had fallen off much from its first standard, though still attended by the best of the Concord boys and girls. Here for schoolmates I had among the older boys William Whiting, Lincoln's Solicitor of the War Dept. E R Hoar, Grant's Attorney Gen. William M Prichard of the New York bar, Hiram B Dennis and J. Fay Barrett, of the Boston bar John and Henry D. Thoreau, of the Musketaquid bar, and I think for a term or more Hon William M. Evarts, and many more or less distinguished whom I do not recall. Among the girls were the sisters of all these if they had any, and some of my older school mates from Miss Wheelers & Miss Rices. On the corner of the lane and the main road was Col Whiting's large carriage factory in which all branches of the work were carried on.
Right in front of the Academy was the shop where the silver plating of the carriages and harnesses was done. Here Plater Brooks a kindly old man worked by himself many years, and here I studied harder and learned more than in the school. Recesses and noonings were often spent in watching the work intently, and I might have made a good plater if I had tried. On the corner of the lane and the Sudbury Road or back street as we called it, was the smithy of the establishment, and while I went to school a Mr. Merrill set up a foundry, steam engine and large workshop, building also the dwelling house there standing yet, moved however somewhat. This proved the greatest possible attraction to us boys. I knew all the rooms and workmen, watched the moulding processes, the smelting casting, polishing and turning and was never tired of the hours in it. It was a wondrous spectacle, though it was I think poorly fitted and never profitable, and collapsed financially and in all other ways after a term of a few short years.
On the Main Street opposite that end of the lane, was Josiah Davis General Store, and dwelling house where much trade was carried on with the neighbouring townspeople but my father didn't trade there and I went to it but seldom, unless at recess to spend a cent if I happened to have one. Beyond this to the river there were but two houses on each side of the Main Street, and the fields were cultivated or pastured like those of any other farms. Of these houses the first next to Mr. Davis’ Mr Allen lived in in those years, and I bought it in 1847 or 8, and moved the house from under the elm tree to the west side of the lot, and in the small house across the street from this my son Prescott went to housekeeping on his marriage. Nearly every lot on both sides of the Main Street is now occupied by houses. The Shepard and the Bigelow taverns opposite the library building were then in full blast, S’s for stages and Bs for teams, and with my love of horses I became familiar with the stables of both as early as I was big enough to get into them. What horses and what sights I have witnessed there with Ab. Lawton and Jim Corwell the 2 others.
Either this first summer at the Academy
or the next I am not quite sure which
I made my first visit away from
home. My father and mother with Mr
& Mrs Prichard, Maj Burr Mr. & Mrs
Shattuck and some others made a
stage coach trip to Albany N.Y.
Lake George Saratoga Lake Champlain
&c. They were gone some weeks and
traveled by canal boat & steamboat
over parts of the journey, bringing
home stranger tales of novelties and
wonders to the quiet fireside than even
European or African travelers do now.
I was sent to Stow 10 miles to stay with
Aunt Alicia during their absence
She had recently married Dr. Mulliken
and lived there on Stow Common in
the house next the tavern. It was a new
experience to me, who was not a little
homesick, and could only be relieved
by a cracker spread with butter & sugar
and peppermints every forenoon and afternoon
I have a vivid memory of my first
experiment in boating and fishing
while there, as the Dr who liked the sport
took my aunt and me out on the river
and caught some fish that frightened
me even more than I did my aunt by
my frantic endeavours to get away,
and nearly upset the frail boat on so
doing and was only quieted by a good
scolding that I remember to this day.
I made many subsequent visits to Stow never for but a day or so, and driving up there so frequently with my parents came to know all the houses and roads and many of the boys and girls, but it was not so attractive as Concord, and I usually went only for the drive of which I was always exceedingly fond.—

One other visit there I recall in 1828 the day after my brother Joseph B. was born when with my father I went to attend the ordination of Rev. Mr Sibley, and where I saw something of the old New England feasting & cheer of ‘Ordination,’ I was too young to notice much except the crowded church and holiday air of the town, and the jolly look of the new minister who was to be afterwards the librarian for so many years at Harvard University.

But to return to Concord, the school tasks for such they always were to me under this teacher were so irksome and my mind so much more out of doors, that all the memories I have of that academy are of watching impatiently for the end of school and the beginning of recesses. and that the terms were four each year of twelve weeks each with vacations of only one week between, and the tuition $5 a term, a great deal more than it was worth.
But if I cannot recall much of the Academy, I can many of my outdoor amusements. My inseparable companion was D Bradford Bartlett, son of Dr Josiah and his house the third from ours on that street, with the hill rising behind it the scene of our sports for many a year. At the Dr’s I was as much at home as in our own house, and even more than when my father was about, for the Dr a busy impulsive dashing practitioner never minded what we did or said— and Mrs Bartlett good motherly amiable lady cared even less if we didn’t quarrel and so we had our own way almost. Brad was just a year younger than I and much like his father quick tempered active, alert and alive all over. His sister Martha 14 mo younger the most of a tomboy of any girl I ever knew and his brother Gorham the next child a puny, studious shrinking sensitive little chap with all the Bradford characteristics from his mother who was of that ‘blue blood.’ On the hill back of their house was then a sand bank with swallow holes and others made for all sorts of uses. On the north end a brick yard where the clay pits and mixing circles, stacks of dry moulds and burning kilns furnished endless amusement and capital play grounds
In the summer we built ovens of the old bricks plastered with clay, baked corn & apples and in the winter coasted on the steep slopes and skated on the frozen clay pits. I recall so well our first lesson in skating where Brads aunt, who was famous in those days for her skating, on her marriage with Seth Ames, gave up the practise, and her skates to Brad. Each of us shod with one of the pair practised on the frozen circle at the brick yard where the clay was mixed by a wheel revolving on a screw and drawn round by horse power, for one winter before we ventured to try both of the pair at once.

The dinners, into which I often crowded with the half dozen at the table in the mite of a dining room, (since enlarged by me for Annie and Edward) the barn where the Dr’s horses always of a tearing kind were my great admiration. The swimming and fishing expeditions which the Dr. was always ready for, and which counting the drive to Walden, the sail on the Pond and the perch and shiners so plenty as to be caught two at a time with double hooks what delights they were every summer My first cigar, for the Dr smoked constantly, how smart it was to smoke it nearly all up and how sick it made me, and how certain that I should die, and the scolding I got for it
The horse chestnut trees in their front yard set out about 1830, and impressed on me by the scolding I got around them from Dr Ripley for my imperiousness which though he might have feared if unchecked, would have equaled his own, never began to compare with it— as I at last told him, when I understood his drift, and for so doing got another from my father, for which I never forgave the old Dr. or forgot either.

But the difference of those days of my boyhood from those in religious matters, neither of my parents were of the pious sort, not church members, or as I now think even devotionally minded, and yet how strict they were about the observance of Sundays, and what horrid days they were. I was required to have my shoes nicely blacked, my bathing done and my clean clothes brushed and laid out Saturday night in readiness for the morning. Perhaps this may have been because we had breakfast later!

Then till church I must be studying my Sunday school lesson, no matter how fine the weather might be, not stirring out of the house, and only sitting at an open door or window of the rear not to be seen from the street or the neighbours. Then to church in the old bare bleak uncarpeted & weathered hard board seats, and square pews over which we children could see nothing but the minister.
Then the terribly tedious long winded
sermons running on to 17thly with even
then a conclusion and a finally to
end up with. The singing accompanied
by a base viol, a clarionet, a flute and
one or two fiddles, making with their tuning
and scraping a noise troubling even my
unmusical ears. The grave and grizzled
dacons seated in a row under the pro-
jection of the lofty pulpit where they
faced the congregation and frowned
at all noise or inattention of the boys.
The sounding board hung threateningly
over the parsons head, like an extinguisher
only it never dropped, by an ornamental
iron rod that had more scrolls and crooks
welded on, than would make a weathercock
The galleries with their long free seats
and the tithing men at the upper ends
ready to rap any playful boy or nodding
sleeper. Then the Sunday school at noon,
though I always enjoyed that because
I had such excellent teachers there; Miss
Almira Hunt, now Mrs Dr Jarvis, Mr.
Albert Tolman of Worcester, in particular
I have very agreeable recollections of.
Then after a dinner at noon, unusually
good because in the winter it was the
only one of the week that Father had—
and this long church service, and then
the long wait till the sun went down and
we could stir outdoors, and that only
for a decorous walk, never a ramble
much less a play or sport of any sort.
There were one or two alleviations
only from the tiresomeness of going
to meeting and the sermons of the
old preachers then at Concord
Dr Ripley was nearly eighty years old
and had barrels of old sermons
of his own and his predecessors,
and the theology was too dull and
deep for any boys ears, and old
parson Spaulding of Carlisle I
once heard preach a sermon that
was an hour and forty minutes long,
and the services generally lasted
more than 2 hours, a long time for
active boys to keep quiet even if
they did sometimes get a nap with
their heads pillowed in mothers arms.
But to be sent to church in winter
after the first bell and carrying
the foot stove, and with other boys
get around the old box stove in the
main aisle, and shovel the hot coals
out of the roaring fire and putting
them carefully in the iron box of
the tin foot warmer, and carefully
shutting the perforated door so as to
keep up a draft, and have it all
ready for Mother’s feet to rest on and
warm when she came to the pew,
was fun as incongruous to the time & place
as the carbonic acid gaz of these many
foot stoves was to the health and
wakefulness of the congregation.

The other and slighter was the pine
board seats and arm rests in the
pews hung on hinges so as to raised
or lowered at pleasure, and as every
one stood up in prayer time, the
seats were generally lifted up for ease
in standing, and when put down or
slyly pushed made a clatter that
was like company firing all over the
church. Boys soon became adepts at
letting off these slam bangs at odd
intervals through the service, and
the interruption was often startling

What a quaint queer old church it
was with its three square two stoned
porches holding stairways each to
the galleries, the northern one extending
up five or six stones high to the bellfry
and holding at the top the ponderous
weights and creaking machinery of
the clock, and above that the open bell
fry with its wide view over the village
and the great bell, and the heavy
hammer that struck the hours.

How dark and weird and strange the climbing
the long stairs so crazy with creaks and
cobwebs and dust to the bravest of us boys
From as far back as I can remember
I had one pleasant part of Sunday
the walk to Uncle Nathan Barretts
farm on Ponkawtasset after tea
It was a regular thing with my father
from the time I was old enough to
take me by the hand and stroll up
there across the river and up the
long hill, and there were the big
barns the flocks of sheep, and herds
of cows, and all the farmyard sights
to enjoy. In their season too were
the grapes peaches berries & apples
in the profusion of a well to do household.
The old Captain Nathan I remember
as a prodigious stutterer when excited
who furnished lots of amusements by his
tut tut tut and final explosion of a
word, and the young Captain Nathan who
had married my charming cousin Mary
Fuller and whose brothers & sisters of
about my age that so often made her
visits furnished many pleasant times
and talks of a Sunday evening. Thus too
I came early to know most of the old
farmers on the road there and often
stopped to hear their chat with Father
and their ways of looking at questions
so differently from his professional view.
What a quaint narrow minded set they were!
If the meeting house and the Sundays were not attractive, the stores and shops on week days were especially so to me for many years. There were then many more than now altho Concord had less than half its present population. First because nearest and largest was Col Shattucks on the north end of the common in the centre of the block still standing there. It was of the most general character, on the west side a long counter & shelves filled with cloths, silks, cotton, flannels and all descriptions of dry goods, in the rear end a small counting room with an open fire around which now much of the town gossip went on—Convenient to this and a little to the right the long row of hogsheads barrels & casks kept filled with gin brandy rum wine and molasses, from which plentiful draughts were supplied to almost every family that traded there, and with the tumblers and toddy sticks handy a good square drink was ready for any customer who wished. Then came hardware, nails, flour grain sugars raisins and all sorts of groceries the east side had a well filled apothecary department with innumerable bottles jars and drawers for all sorts of drugs & medicine The cellar held oils, soap, candles & liquors and the lofts furniture, feathers & wools and a medley of small articles of every sort and kind were scattered about in all places they could find room and space for. Then the trading that went on the chaffering beaten down, and praising up the goods. What a contrast to the one price system.
The paved yard in front, with the posts to tie the horses of customers to one of these posts made of the stump of a large buttonwood at least 3 feet in diameter carefully shaved down to a smooth round surface and kept painted a light color were very familiar to my little feet & hands. The chaises and wagons of the remoter customers standing for hours and even whole days and frequently fed with grain bought in the store were sights never seen nowadays, and the long chatter and interminable talk of those who made a days work of their shopping reached often of quiet afternoons into our open windows. It probably took more words in the purchase of a dress and trimmings at Shattucks than are used in a Boston store now in a day by all the clerks and customers combined. I certainly have known Carlislers to be in that store from morning to night their tongues running all the time and all their purchases would nt be 10.6 for every thing then was priced in the old continental currency shillings & pence. The gallant Col. himself was the favorite trader of the store with the ladies and could frequently effect a sale after all the younger clerks had given up in despair. Then too there were the regular loafers who sat round the stove, and chewed their tobacco and toasted their shins telling stories and talking politics that were as punctual almost as the clock in their daily and nightly attendance.
Next in size and almost equal in variety came the Green store so called from its color on the site of the present Catholic Church in which the Post Office was kept and where the single daily mail carried by the stages was sorted made up and delivered and where in the little back office my father and the magnates of the village assembled every forenoon to hear the news. Maj Burr and Mr Prichard first kept this store until they failed and then J P Hayward and R N Rice & Co till it closed, then came the Davises one or two or three of them on the block at the south end of the common with whom I was much less familiar then a rather low toned mainly groggy on the east end of the Mill Dam, then Dea. Parkmans afterwards Phin Hows on the site of Judge Brooks mansion, and finally the Josiah Dr Si Davis store I mentioned before seven at least of them all busy and selling I should estimate an average hogshead of New England rum a week a peice. Not to mention the three taverns all going at the same time with a similar traffic—The goods for these stores were mainly brought from Boston by the ox teams and spike teams, a pair of oxen and a horse hithed in front, that carried loads of wood hay and grain to the city from the farms, and brought back the bales boxes and barrels to these stores. It was a convenient if not easy way of settling the store bill and much sought for by the farmers in all parts of the town, each having rather a preference for some particular store where they traded mostly.
The shops of that day were Dea Tolman's shoe in the end of the Tolman house, the Bowers do [ditto; i.e. shoe] on the road across the upper end of the Mill Pond, Alvan Pratt's gunsmith shop on the south side of the Mill Dam, J Haynes watchmaker on the same side, Jim Adams cabinetmaker also over the brook, and two or three carpenters shops in different parts of the village.

Each of these in turn I frequented whenever I could get the chance, and watched the various trades go on with a boy's wonder & delight.

In particular Frank Hunt's carpenters shop on the northwesterly slope of the hill beyond our house was the scene of my earliest attempts to make things and my cut fingers and bruised thumbs often bore witness to my unskilfulness. The good natured kindly Deacon now, but Frank then was always so indulgent to Brad and I that I have a kind feeling come back to me whenever I meet him since his return in his old age to Concord. In these scenes and this village life all my boyhood days were spent and the memories of them are a kaleidoscopic picture that cannot be reproduced even in outline.

Here I grew up taking a boy's interest in many of these various pursuits, and picking up much more information than from my books or studies.

For politics I must have early acquired or inherited a strong taste, for I well remember the excitement over Jackson's first election in 1828, and the fierce contests in which my father had a share that followed. I can recall clearly Jackson's famous nullification proclamation and its being read in our parlor to a gathering of the neighbors and their interest and enthusiasm over it.
When 8 or 9 years old I had my first experience of an alarm of fire, I was skating at noon time on the meadow on the Lowell Road when I saw a black column of smoke rising from the chimney of Maj Burrs new cottage, not quite completed. This stood on the road beyond our house and next north of the old Humphrey Barrett place, and the cellar hole still gapes on the bank of the Lexington R.R. It was a very pretty and conspicuous structure more fanciful than any other in the town and of great interest to me as the mayor a quiet but pleasant gentleman had recently married a young friend of my mothers Miss Philae Waters, who had spent several winters at our house as company to my mother, and a special favourite of mine. She was very beautiful, a sweet singer and a fascinating lady to a boy and to men also. I think she kindled the first spark of passion in my breast at least the first I can remember. I believe too that this was while she taught a little school for us children one winter. But the smoke rolled up and the fire soon followed it out of the chimney and very much frightened I ran up and gave the first alarm to some workmen returning from dinner. The house and barn were entirely consumed, having caught in the shavings while the carpenters were nooning. And I saw the first conflagration and cried bitterly over my dear friends great loss.
Of more general interest was the shower of meteors in Nov' 1833 which I fortunately saw, and the impression of which I have never forgotten. I slept in a chamber with an easterly window and happening by some unusual circumstance to be waked very early perhaps by the flashes of light I laid in bed for an hour or two watching and trying to count the bright streams of fire that shot so incessantly and madly across the sky. At last thoroughly roused by the sight I got up and pulling the bed clothes over my shoulders sat at the window till the day light hid the display. In my ignorance of the cause I almost concluded that the stars set or went out like that every morning and wondered I had never been told of it or seen it before. On coming down to breakfast I told the family that I saw hundreds of shooting stars that morning and was soundly taken to task for exaggeration, and scolded so that I held my tongue about it. But in a day or two when the accounts were in all the papers and everybody's mouth, I had an even worse scolding for not calling up the others to see the sight. It was grand splendid and magnificent beyond any thing I have ever seen since. The only picture I have ever seen that at all comes up to the scene is the one in the bulky volume of the one hundred memorable events of the first century of the U.S. It literally for all that hour or two when the accounts were in all the sparks rocket like, in all directions across the heavens, mainly starting from a point in front of my window, and varying in sheer directions and colors to any extent.
I recall also the cholera scare, when it reached this country, and raged so in N.Y. that it alarmed all New England. A Mr. Merriam, afterwards known prominently as a weather prophet lived in that city and having relatives in Concord, wrote a daily bulletin of the cases and deaths to my father as the Postmaster here to whom letters came free. These letters of course increased the alarm as they gradually brought worse and worse accounts of the progress of the disease, and were daily read aloud to the knot of villagers who came for their morning mail.

At last a meeting was held and measures adopted to prevent an epidemic in Concord. A committee of half a dozen of the most active and prominent citizens was chosen to visit every house, and persuade each family to purify any filthy conditions of their houses. My father was a member full of interest and anxiety on the matter but restrained by his legal caution at the want of authority in the committee. I accompanied him and Col Shattuck I think in their rides to all the houses in the northerly side of the town, and was much amused at the reception this committee met at the different farms. I would sit in the chaise, while they talked with the women for we seldom found a man at home, get them scared sufficiently to permit the cellars drains and privies to be examined and then hear the suggestions for cleaning up the premises given and generally assented to. Most had already made things presentable before the committee arrived, but every house was visited, thoroughly examined and with but one or two exceptions put in good order by the work or fear of this committee. Concord was never before or since so thoroughly cleansed outwardly as by this cholera scare—!
About this time, I began to drive the old red cow to pasture. My father had always kept one or more in the yellow barn that stood between our house and the lane, and that Betsey milked in the summer when we kept no boy in the kitchen I had grown large enough to be sent to the pasture at the north end of the John Flint farm which Father had acquired by a mortgage or an execution for a debt, and where for half a dozen years I had to go twice a day in the pleasant season till I knew every rod of the mile of road and almost every stone in the walls that lined it. It was good exercise, but often irksome when it interfered with play time at night, though in bright dewy mornings before breakfast a pleasant task The gentle little cow, a natural pacer that couldn't be urged into a run by the swiftest boy at last became a substitute for the horse I so much wanted, and saddled and bridled when out of sight of the house, helped my tired legs over many lengths of the road. Her gait was both fast and easy and I got on her back safely by some of the dangerous parts of the way. One of these, the Jones farm whereon I now live was the home of Ben Barrett, an ugly tempered little dwarf half witted and very alarming. But Suke Cobb, a negro wench of about my age, but of great strength and swiftness who worked for her board and clothes with Marm Jones, was the great terror of the drive. How she would spring from the house and rush down the slope springing at a leap over the wall her scant single skirt flying out and her black legs!
I was now in my ‘teens’ a forward smart
impudent mischievous boy fully up to
my place in the world, and quite ready
to take a hand in any thing going on—.
The anti Masonic excitement was raging
Father was a Mason and king of the Concord
chapter, at least the anti paper so called him
and I was dubbed Prince John, and did
not feel any smaller for having the title,—
I had been to town meetings held in the old
Court House before it was remodeled &
had seen and enjoyed the tramp down the
broad stairs of the sturdy yeomen, as they
filed out and in when the house was polled
after a fierce discussion, and drew up in long
lines across the common to be counted.
I had even been put up to getting into the office
of anti paper through a broken window only
large enough for a small boy and hooking
an advance copy in order that the other
village paper might answer its attacks
the same day they appeared. I must have been
an ardent ‘jack mason’ to have gone through
so small a hole for so little use. Perhaps this
escapade gave me the princely nickname
for it was princely rewarded by the crowd
at the Post Office to whom I brought it in triumph.
Politics were personal then if ever and in 1834,
they culminated in Concord in a manner
that affected me permanently, and seems strange
to recall after fifty years of active political life.
At the March meeting that year, the anti Masons
carried the town, and turned out Dr Abel Heywood
the clerk selectman and factotum of the town
for more than thirty years, and elected Phin
Allen our Academy teacher to the clerkship.
It was a revolution, and how the antis hurrahed
and the Masons groaned and gnashed their
teeth. I think this exciting meeting was held
in the meeting house because I suppose
the Court House was undergoing alterations
and the old walls saw livelier doings that day
than ever Sundays had witnessed. How mad
I was and how even we boys quarreled like
our fathers over the result. The next morning
I was told that I need not go to school any more
and a dozen other children of the beaten
side were taken summarily out of Mr.
Allens tuition, and his honors were without
profit to him. It was high time it was ended
The school had degenerated into a merely useless
machine. I had played truant every afternoon
that previous winter spending the school hours
at the foundry or the shops or the stables with
no rebuke from the teacher, report to my parents
or effect on my lessons. The nervous irritable
Phineas had been worsted in a regular fight
with Isaac Fiske a big boy from Weston
whom he attempted to ferule, and who took
away the ruler and broke it over the teachers
head, ruining the gold spectacles, and the
little discipline there had been in the school
with a single blow. Years before Rockwood
Hoar questioning the accuracy of a translation
given by Mr. Allen, asked on what authority
it was so rendered, the teacher after giving one
or two from the books, added “on my own authority”
“Poorest of all,” was the impudent reply, and
as the Judge, to be, proved right, the reply went un-
rebuked, but not unremembered. I have
no doubt I got less than I deserved of the
ferrulings and punishments, but of them
and the lessons I remember nothing to tell of
I can only recall some Latin and Greek declensions
and conjugations, lists of prepositions and adverbs
that had fixed themselves in my mind by reiteration
This long enforced vacation was delightful
and in it I went with Brad Bartlett, on
the stage to Lowell, each to visit an aunt.
for mine had moved there from Stow,
and Dr M had given up practise for the
better paid business of manufacturing
or rather, bleaching for that he went into—
This was an eventful week to me, I saw
and explored with Brad the few streets then
built from the falls to Chapel Hill where
I staid, and was interested in every new sight
the beginning of this now great city offered to my
country eyes. There were the locks and canals
the half dozen great factories, the throngs of
clean neat pretty mill girls pouring out
at bell time, to their work and their boarding
houses. There were the sail and canal boats
above the falls and the rafts of logs and
the pens full of bushels of slimy squirming
eels, but more than all the railroad
completed up to the big ledge on which scores
of men were drilling and blasting, and the
first locomotive imported in separate pieces
and put together in the Machine shop, and
for two or three days in the process of being
moved on rollers over the bridge of the canal
to the track alongside, a work that tested to
its utmost the skill and strength of the workmen
How we stared at the great monster as it
slowly crept nearer the rails, how jubilantly
the whole city turned out to see its first trip,
the mills stopping the crowds lining the banks and
housetops, the few platform cars rigged with settees
the directors and invited guests crowding the scant
accommodations, the whistle and bell ringing
that announced the start, the rapid short trip to
the ledge and the quicker return down grade—
Wasn't this a sight to have seen for the
first time, in New England as I believe,
and to have partaken of too for through
the kindness of our uncles Brad and I got
a ride on the car when the locomotive,
backed up to the engine house, and had
a thrilling experience to tell the other boys
on our return home, that none of them
had heard or read or even dreamed of.
It was a lucky chance that gave us this par-
ticipation in the very beginning of what
has become so universal since railroading
At last this visit ended filled though it was
with so many new experiences, and we came
back to Concord, I remember surprised and
astonished at the shade of the new grown
leaves on the trees, after a weeks absence in
the unshaded streets of Lowell.

The next Monday June 1st 1834 we began a new
private school kept by Mr. William Whiting
in the upper hall of the Academy building
with twenty odd bright girls and boys—
This was to squelch out the old academy teacher
and started under the most favorable auspices
Mr. Whiting a brilliant keen witted scholar
the third in rank in the large class at Cambridge
in 1833, had been getting experence in teaching
at Plymouth Mass in a similar school to ours
and was full of interest enthusiasm and
ambition in the project. Every thing was new
and different, the hall freshly painted & papered
the windows curtained to temper the light
in the place of the hard straight board seats and
stiff uncomfortable desks arranged on the sides
of the room to separate the girls and boys and
sloping up from the floor to the window ledge,
we had neatly painted, green baize covered
desks each separate and easily moved
of convenient height and size, with
comfortable wooden chairs, and arranged
in the room in an agreeable order so as
bring together those who desired to be in
proximity. The newest books and methods
in the place of old and outworn ones, the
zeal of the new teacher, and the inspiration
of real knowledge, made the school a success
from the start. In a year and a quarter
I learned more ten times over from Mr. Whiting
than I had in the seven years of Mr. Allen, and
acquired habits of study and application
I had never before imagined possible.
Latin became a delight and an actual
language instead of a dead and buried tongue.
Greek unfolded its mysteries and beauties.
French its grace, and Arithmetic and Algebra
became the fascinations of exact science.
He introduced us to Shakespeare, to Plutarch
to Burke and English Literature generally
and he made ardent students out of idle
boys, and brilliant scholars of bright girls.
What a revelation and awakening that
time was to me, and to most of the others.
I of course had advanced enough to become
a boy lover, and as naturally was charmed
by the belle of the school and the village
and experienced all the delicious sensations
and shyness of a first love, that need not
be repeated here, and was cured by the early
engagement and marriage of my charmer
to a man old enough to be my father. How
we studied in school, and how we strolled to
the cliffs and love lane in afternoons & recesses
or skated on the shallow ponds about the
present station and railroad. How I enjoyed it all!
Most of the scholars were from the village
half a dozen from other places who
brought new ideas and elements of
thought and play to the new school. Of
these one or two from the city and one
from the tropics were particularly
strange and novel. We thought ourselves
an uncommon lot, and in some respects
we were, for I find in looking back
fifty years to that list all between
10 and 20 years of age, that in spite of the
pressure of study, the unsuitableness of clothing
the unhealthiness of our diet, and the un
sanitariness of our homes, three quarters
are alive now, but one boy of the dozen
has died, and one half are still living
healthy hearty lives in this town today.
None have been especially distinguished
in professional or literary life, and not
much fruit of all that study has borne to
the world outside the home life of most of us.
Of my adventures out of school this year
I recall but few, and those hardly worth
telling. One spring freshet when trying to open
the sluice through which the lane by our
house drained to the brook, the ice that made
it over flow suddenly gave way and the rush
of water carried me into the stream pouring
through the opening up to my neck and ears.
The tool in my hand stopped my being carried
through the sluice and I scrambled out wet
to my skin, and not daring to go home in this
dripping plight, ran round to school in that
March wind, and sat through the afternoon
and then played out till I was dry outside
I recall one boyish quarrel about this time with a younger playmate Frisbie Hoar, now senator in Congress, that had a serious termination. Angered by my plaguing him after the manner of lager boys he caught up a stone, and hurling or striking with it he hit me a blow in the mouth, that broke off more than half of my upper front tooth. Shocked and almost stunned by the accident I let him escape, and went home to suffer greatly from the tooth ache. After treating this for some days an application of strong nitric acid, that smoked I remember as it came from the bottle killed the nerve and relieved the pain. It killed the tooth also so that it turned black and soon decayed. This perhaps had something to do with the decay of my first double teeth which caused me much suffering, and when after bearing with each as long as I could were pulled by Dr Bartlett with his old fashioned twisters, and never were renewed. So that I early lost my grinders, and never had what I ought to have inherited from my father a good set. I suppose I took after my mother in this respect, as she used to go to old Dr Parsons then the only dentist in Boston, while I was a youngster, while my father had good sound teeth all his life. I tried for years young Dr Parsons, the translator of Dante but with very little success, and up to my manhood, used to calculate that I had spent a fifth of my waking hours enduring the sharpest kind of tooth ache. After that time tobacco proved an entire relief.
at supper time, though at bed time, my
shirt and drawers were still wet, and
yet I suffered no inconvenience, and
caught no cold. Neither did I the next winter
when skating on the meadows in front
of my present home I sliding backwards
into an air hole, and went under the ice
and out through another air hole a few
feet off, completely ducked, and skated
on till school time, and got through unharmed
as before. I wouldn’t like to repeat these now.
Skating was my great amusement always
I was not specially proficient in the art
but I practised it at every opportunity
and while the black boy John Garrison was the
best skater in the town and Brad Bartlett
the next I never tired of trying to keep up
with them, in our long trips up and down
the river from Fairhaven to Jug Island.
Coasting came next in my enjoyments
and the round knoll perhaps twenty or
thirty feet high back of our house and
since dug away bodily for the site the two
houses on the east end of Bedford Street
was a favorite place for the smaller boys
and the school children at the north primary
close by. The bolder and bigger boys tried
Heywoods hill, the old road way up the steep
north slope behind the Town Clerks house,
Yet it seems to me bearing the marks of our
runners, and under favorable conditions
enabling us to continue on over walls &
through fields then unbuilt on clear down
to the road by my fathers house, nearly a
half a mile. Another greater favorite coast was
down the road way over the hill by Dea Brown’s house
Mr. C.C. Shackford the first scholar in the class of 1835, succeeded in September of that year Mr Whiting, who began then the study of law. Mr S was a very different man, as bright and keen, but without ambition, and bilious, moody, and very unequal in his instruction, at times thrilling and inspiring and at others sour and cross and depressing. Our training under the first teacher and the impulse carried the older scholars through the second year, but the newcomers of whom there were several didn’t have that help and the school so far ran down that it closed with Mr Shuckfords twelve month. He was a strange compound, and rather an exciting mystery to the older girls, to whom he paid great deference, and soon became blindly in love first with my charmer and then when rejected, by her, with the next prettiest but most wayward of them all. How he fared in this pursuit was the theme of endless discussion of the older scholars and took much time from our studies to watch the traces of success or despair. Some of us thought them engaged definitely others that she refused, and it ended in smoke if there was ever more to it. And he has been married twice, and is a Professor at Cornell, and she a matron of a large family and high position in Concord, of course like a dutiful pupil and the oldest boy in the school I was bound to follow such an example, and did my utmost to plague his life, and make him feel the jealousy from which I suffered, as much as he did. But alas how time cures all wounds.—
One or two incidents of these schools are fresh to my memory. Sitting at the north window of the school room one summers afternoon, I was curious to know the cause of the rapid driving & running up the main road, and impatiently waited to find out after school, that two girls of about half my age had fallen through a loose plank in the south bridge and were drowned clinging to each other and the piles under water—I knew one of them very well, Esq Joseph Barretts daughter.

It was a great shock, and the whole town turned out the funeral of the victims. I with other boys of my age was asked to be one of the bearers, and attended first at Dea. Elijah Woods house, the services of the Orthodox minister over one child, and then in the old Lee house where Squire Joe lived the two were placed side by side, and another service was performed by the Unitarian preacher.

It was an awfully hot day, and while this service was proceeding a fearful thunder shower came up, the worst I can recall. The roomy old mansion was full of people, men women and children for the schools were dismissed for the occasion, and the rain poured the wind howled and the thunder rattled till women fainted, children screamed and men were panic stricken, while the lightening struck several times on the farm one setting into a blaze and burning up a large pine tree in plain sight of the door where I stood.
I recall the remark of the old stage driver
Stuart at the sight, that they burned the
Charlestown convent last night so
that was safe from the lighting, and
that news that was whispered about did
not allay the excitement or the strain
After a long long hour of waiting the rain
stopped, and in the muddy washed out
and badly gullied streets under the broken
clouds and muttering thunder we bore the
bodies on the bier to the graveyard &
were dismissed after sunset worn out,
exhaustened and in a frightened state.
This was August 16 1834—

After this experience I had a great fear
of thunder showers that lasted till
a boy came to stay at our house and
got to school whom I did not like
and who was even more of a coward
about lightening. Laughing and
plaguing him on the matter cured
me so entirely that I hardly remember
any more showers till recent years.

I remember very little of Rev. Mr. Goodwin
Dr Ripleys first colleague though his
ordination marriage, and birth of his
son William and death of his wife
made a great sensation in Concord
during the year and a half or two years
in which it all took place. But
I do remember a pleasant acquaintance
with his brother, who lived with them
and with whom I was very intimate.
The other school incident I remember was a Forth of July picnic at the cliffs with half a dozen of the girls and no other boy in which after a jolly scramble and lunch we all sat under a large umbrella in the sunshine, and told the fortunes and phropesied of each others futures in such genuine earnestness that the fates proved them true in many particulars and kept them green in the memories of several of the number. It was a delightful day to me at the time and ever since. Still another of the same sort was a stroll with several of the girls not familiar with the east side of the village to show them Sleepy Hollow, then just beginning to have that name, and the mishap of one of the number in crossing the brook, that broke up our ramble, and required prompt return to her home, and possibly many other consequences not then dreamed of by any of the parties. It is certain that I have heard it alluded to more often than any school event in all these years since, and that it is not and probably never will be forgotten by the two chief actors in the accident.
The great event was the Concord Bi-Centennial Sept 12 1835, for which great preparations had been made and which was an entire success. Mr Emerson gave the oration and the old church was packed so full that props were put under the galleries and yet one of them settled alarmingly with the weight. I remember well occupying the highest point in the audience sitting astride the door of the north gallery, and looking down on the heads of all the rest, and being so interested in the oration that I was not willing to move even when the rush was made to escape from the opposite gallery that cracked ominously.

After the exercises I was perhaps the youngest boy whose mother smuggled him into the ladies reception of the orator and invited guests at the court room, and which I enjoyed highly perhaps the more, as the other boys of my age were kept with the school children feasting on crackers and cakes in the entry below, while we upstairs had more elaborate entertainment. At any rate I had never enjoyed so much in a day before and I keep the manuscript of Emerson's oration to this day as my greatest literary treasure, and I mean never to part with it.
I remember coming home one day and finding a painter at work on the kitchen floor, and spending an hour talking with him quite entertainingly as he worked. When Father came in, he at once ordered the man to take up his tools and leave greatly to my surprise, and to Mother's, discomfiture, as the floor was not half painted. I was sent for Cass, the master painter to whom Father gave a round scolding for sending such a man to work in his house and I found it was the ill look of the man that had caused the trouble and his dismissal.

A short time after there was a great excitement over some daring burglaries in Acton where this man had been employed and a felonious assault on one of inmates of the house broken into. Search and arrest of him followed and evidence conclusive against him was discovered. He was brought to trial turned out to an old offender and was convicted and sentenced I think for life to the State Prison. I attended the examination and was greatly interested in the case, couldn't believe he was guilty he had talked so well and pleasantly to me, and yet was much alarmed to think I had been so near to such a villain. It made a great impression for Father often recurred to his quick insight of the man's character, and the crime was then so rare and shocking in a country village I suppose that up this time a large portion of the farm houses in this and neighboring towns had neither locks nor bolts to their doors or windows. This instance made a demand for fastenings however, and the supply was soon forthcoming.
About this time I made my first visit
to Boston, spending some days with my fathers
host at Cambridge Court, Levi Parker
whose daughters very attractive girls had
frequently visited at our house. Their
brother Luther, a few years older than I
was my especial guide and companion
He took me to Boston Common, and the
State House, to the wharves and the market
to the Navy Yard and Bunker Hill, to the rope
walk and the glass factory, and gave
me my first sight of all these and many
other new things. How much was crowded
into these few days, and how tired I was
every night when we got back to his house
The impressions of that week are faded
but not gone, and recur to me occasionally
and unexpectedly when passing over some
of those same spots now so altered—

One or two years previous I had attended with my
father an 'Exhibition' at Cambridge, where
I saw the college buildings and the yard in its
brightest array, was presented to the Governor,
and best of all saw the college company
parade the privates in black coats & white pants
and the officers in the most elegant uniforms
surpassing any I had seen at musters or Cornwalls [?]
The college as such didnt make any particular
mark on my mind, though I presume I was
taken to the Exhibition to interest me in my
studies that were preparatory then for that end,
and when I got there eventually, the military
and the exhibitions were of the obsolete or
abandoned matters 'that didnt interest me no more.'
I accompanied my father to Boston for a visit when he was in the Legislature and acting as speaker pro tem during Julius Rockwell's illness. We boarded at Earles Coffee House in Hanover St on the site of the present American House and during the sessions of the Gen Court I sat on the steps of the speakers desk and had a very friendly acquaintance with one of the pages, for whom I kept up a correspondence some years. His name and fate I have forgotten, but he was a very promising boy I thought. During this visit I saw the famous Garrison mob, and frightened half to death clinging to my father's hand I stood on the steps of a Court Street office and saw the sign over Garrison's paper pulled down and broken up, saw the men at the windows with a rope trying to hang him, and heard the howls of the mob as they rushed by us after a carriage supposed to contain the vile abolitionist. It was terrible and haunted my dreams long after, tho not from any sympathy with Garrison, as I now am inclined to think my seeing it with the third officer of the state shows where his feelings were, and quietly this 'mob of gentlemen' was regarded by the speaker.
Mr Shackfords school ended as his predecessors began in a triumph of the anti Masons, who after many efforts had turned my father out of the county treasurership he had held for 25 years and Van Burens election removed him from the Post Office he had held as long. I cordially detested both this success and the two successful candidates for his places. Stedman Buttrick was the new Co. Treasurer, an idle ignorant hunting and fishing and drinking farmer who was popular for the very qualities that unfitted him for the position. He knew so little of business matters & had handled so little money that when Father instructing him in his duties said he deposited the county money in the bank ‘Sted’ asked how he deposited money and how he got it out, never having seen or heard of a bank book or check. Charley B. Davis, a failed and dishonest trader got the Post Office, and the way his coattails stood out, as he rushed out of Fathers office after presenting his commission and asking when the office would be turned over to him, he was told that in one hour it would be in his store and he must be ready for it—And it was bundled over to his store opposite the church within the time mentioned
The chief result to me of all these changes was that Father having taken into his office Col A. H. Nelson as a law partner I was to recite to him my lessons as there was no more school for me. It was an agreeable change from Shackfords moodiness, to Nelsons geniality and good fellowship, and Hiram B. Dennis was a student in the office that winter and the fun his mad waggery made over my blunders and the Col’s corrections made the office ring with laughter and fun. But it was hard to stick to study hours at home there were so many temptations to idleness and amusement. I can recall an original device of mine that season to escape the hated lessons. I had at last after spending more hours in Pratts gunsmithery than would have made one by even my work, became the possessor of a fowling piece, how I dont quite remember but certainly not by making it. For this I made a tight light box case in which by taking the gun to pieces it could conveniently be stowed, and with the ammunition, it was kept in the Sleepy Hollow woods concealed under leaves and brush— for I did not dare to bring it home with me. So pleasant days I would take my books and pretending to go off to study would exchange the books for the gun and have some hours of hunting through the woods and great fields, where I was quite sure of meeting no one who would report me.
With this gun and Nuttalls Ornithology
I became quite a hunter and acquired
a smattering of that study having seen shot
and examined nearly all the specimens
he describes as common in New England,
and many of the rare visitors to our wood.
It was a great pleasure though I soon began
to feel qualms at killing and wounding
the beautiful creatures, and these have
so grown with my growth, that I have never
become a sportsman, or of late years taken
life of any creature willingly. But the savage
instinct is sure to show itself at sometime,
and mine came and went early. This
This winter was a gay one in Concord, and
the sociables were in full blast with Hoar
Dennis, Nelson, Prichard, Rice, Manson, Wetherbee
and other young men for partners, and lots
of young ladies, and as the old folks went to
these parties at their houses in turn, there
was much dancing, games, and fun at them
I again was of the youngest am of opinion
that I must have been quite a precocious boy
or more correctly a forth putting youngster.
Either this or the previous winter I attended
for the sake of the dancing the last half of a
dancing school kept by N. P. Banks of Waltham
who taught the steps of the youth to 'keep time to the
music' much as afterwards he did as governor
speaker and general the steps of grown up men—
I had when much smaller attended a childrens
dancing school, and paid my first attentions
in gallantry to the young daughters of my old
friends the gunsmith and watchmaker, and
how much I admired them! Older now and grown
more fond of dancing than of any other amusement
I went to all the balls parties and social gatherings
where there was any chance for indulging it
and have the vanity to think I was a good partner.
During this year I was full of the idea of going to West Point instead of college and becoming a soldier. I recall the vision I dwelt in of being a dashing calvary officer and displaying a bright uniform mounted on a black horse, to the envy of all my boy friends and the admiration of [word undeciphered] of the other sex. Fired with this notion, and knowing well that Father would oppose it, I wrote to the Adj. Gen of the Army whose address I had obtained an application for a cadetship. He very graciously replied enclosing [for] me printed forms for a regular application, lists of the articles required by a cadet, and the studies in which examinations were had before admission, and some general advice about obtaining the situation. I was immensely proud of these letters, and have them still very carefully treasured. My father somehow found it out perhaps through the Post Office where official letters were then a rarity, and we had a serious talk over the matter. He knew what I didnt that the place was in the gift of the member of Congress & from the district, and this was then Mr Hoar of our town. He was consulted and offered to reccommend me if Father approved the plan. He investigated it and persuaded me to give it up, as the Army then offered but a poor show of either employment or promotion there being only frontier Indian wars on hand. I did at last unwillingly give in to the parental advice, and abandon the project, but with always a longing inclination to have tried it. A schoolmate Amiel W. Whipple the son of a tavern keeper at the Nine Acre Corner, was appointed by Mr Hoar, graduated with honor and became a general in the war of the Rebellion. His career I watched all I could considering it a type of what mine 'might have been'.
Lessons and studies made I fear but little progress this winter, and I was to try to enter college at the next commencement 1837. My father asked the new college of Dr Ripley who had been ordained in Feb’y to hear me recite, and he consented. Mr. Frost or the Rev. Barzillai Frost I should have written had been a mathematics tutor at Cambridge and ought never to have been anything else. He was a very old, dried up, cast iron conservative cold critter, that suited the old fashioned notions of some of his parishioners, and never interested any of the live young people. I began to recite to him while he lived at Dr Ripleys, and the dull gloomy Old Manse only increased his dulness and dyspesia. It was almost too much for my spirits and if it had lasted much longer might have made a minister or worse of even me—But in June Mr Frost married a very rosy bright agreeable lady a Miss Stone of Framingham and they took east side of the double brick house on Main St. and began housekeeping Col Whiting had built this house a year or two before bringing the bricks in canal boats from Lowell up the river to the bottom of the lot, a feat of navigation that greatly interested us boys—also that same season 1836 the monument at the battleground had been teamed from Carlise by Mr Wilkins and set up, where it could be seen from the windows of the Parsons study when I recited to him. But he had got settled and waked up by his new wife and home and lessons were more interesting and better after this vacation and I made some progress towards being fitted during that summer.
The only interruption that I recall was the Fourth of July dedication of the battle monument, the sentence about which belongs here. This had been standing some six months, getting built after a dozen years fight over it in town and although then considered a masterpiece by many, was severely criticized by not a few and especially the inscription! The true story of this part of the work I must tell for it has never been written to my knowledge. The committee Col Shattuck, Capt Barrett, Col Wheeler, T. Prescott Esq. Capt Merriam Sted Buttrick & G M Barrett &c asked various leading men to write an inscription, and then attempted to select one from those handed in to them. It was not easy for them to decide, they liked parts of each, but none entirely. Therefore at a meeting at Mr. Prescotts they undertook the task of composing one out of portions of those submitted. 'Here on the 19th of April 1775,' was common to nearly all and so was taken it would be hard to say from whose, 'Was made the first forcible resistance to British aggression' this from Dr Ripley's whose controversy with Lexington turned on those very words forcible resistance. On the opposite bank stood the American militia and here the first of the enemy fell,' was from the lawyer like special pleading of Hon Sam'l Hoar 'In the war of that Revolution which gave Independence to these United States' was from another pen, and the concluding sentence was Mr Emerson's 'In gratitude to God and the love of Freedom this monument is erected AD 1836.

It was well known and generally understood at the time, how and who composed each part. So that Dr. Jarvis copy of the original as he claims deposited in the Public Library is merely his copy of it after the committee had put it together and which he took for the purpose of correcting.
Dr Jarvis neither wrote one for the committee
had any hand in composing the one they
adopted, and his only connection with it was
to attempt to correct the draft the committee
had agreed upon, by substituting ‘actual’ for
forcible’ resistance,” as appears on his manuscript.
The claim that he wrote it and the committee
adopted it with the change of only a single
word, is the forgetfulness of old age, and
a fondness for magnifying ones share, that
has led him within these later years on finding
his old copy, to call it the original. Mr Prescotts
journal of the committees doings if it ever
comes to light will fully confirm this account.

But to the Dedication. I remember it so well
it was a very hot sunny July day, after the
noon salute and bell ringing the village
became as quiet as of a Sunday. About
three oclock the procession escorted by the
military companies, but a straggling advance, and consisting mainly of
the townspeople men women and children came
slowly along the common and passed up the
road to the Old North Bridge, there were assembled
about the monument two or three hundred
seated on the grass, who listened to a prayer
by Mr Frost an oration by Samuel Hoar
and then Mr. Emersons hymn was sung by
all who could join, in full chorus. This hymn
was printed on slips of paper about 6 inches
square and plentifully supplied to the audience
I kept mine, and have a part of it now, and
notice the alterations Mr Emerson has since
made in it by comparing this with his book of poems.
The last verse begins ‘O Thou who made those heroes dare
To die or leave their children free’
Rev John Wilder prayed and Dr Ripley gave a very
solemn benediction for was not his lifes work
and effort accomplished in this monument
erected and dedicated on the spot he had selected.
In the spring a year or two after this dedication
the committee organized a tree bee for
the ornamenting the avenue to the
monument on the 19th of April.
Every one who chose brought and planted
with the help and care of Cyrus Warren
a tree on either side of the roadway
in four long straight lines to the river
Nearly a hundred elms buttonwods
pines, maples, and spruces were set out
by those gathered on that occasion
and a sort of festival was thus made
that has lasted in its result almost half
a century and promises a good old age yet.
Most of the villagers were represented in
this celebration, and their names were
taken and preserved by the committee
in a report to the town, and duly recorded
Unfortunately the kind and place of
each tree was not set down against
the name of the giver of it, so that it is
impossible now to identify many
of them, or which in the course of years
have died and been removed—
   It made of the bleak road to the monument
a shaded avenue, that the visitor now would
hardly identify in the old lithograph
published before this tree planting.
That was a very correct picture of the place
as it then looked, and I can point out
on it my boat in which the artist was
carried by me across the river to make his sketch
while I paddled about waiting his return.
I took great interest in this battleground and its historical interest. It had been a favorite fishing and boating ground all my boyhood. I had heard the older men tell their stories and traditions around the store and tavern fires. I knew some of the then surviving veterans and I was fully impressed with the Concord view of the priority and importance of the first fight. When the Boston Fusiliers came here to encamp some years earlier I recalled my father and other prominent gentlemen escorting the company to the battleground and telling them its story with no little anxiety how the first company of redcoats for this was their uniform, would be received by the townsmen, who had not seen that hated scarlet before since the fight, but it passed off well—there and then my devotion and determination to do my part to make this place memorable was born and has grown stronger each year. And now living and possessing the next farm overlooking the ‘hallowed spot’ and many relics and emblems of that eventful day I am content with my share of the afterwork.

To return to myself the summer slipped away and the dreaded examination was at hand. The Monday before commencement then the last Wednesday in August was the appointed time. To reach Cambridge in season involved then going down Sunday night and my arrangements to spend the nights with David Henry Thoreau as we all called him then, had all been comfortably agreed upon. Armed with Parson Frosts certificate of good moral character, (precious little he knew about mine) and a carpet bag well stored with lunches and books I gladly mounted the mail stage about 5 PM & rode off.
Nothing memorable can I remember happened
on that momentous ride bearing a green boy
to the first of his decisive trials in real life
and I was dropped at the yard gate where
Thoreau met me and took me to his room
in Stoughton. I was anxious of the morrows fate
overawed by the dull old college walls, and
not a little inclined to be over thoughtful at the
sudden change it all implied. But these
fancies were soon dispelled, a burst of
Thoreaus classmates into his room headed
by Chaös. Theodore Russell, Trask, and others who
chaffed Thoreau and his freshman in all
sorts of amusing ways, and took down some
of our local pride, and Concord self conceit
for which I soon found out that my host
was as distinguished for in college as afterwards
These roaring seniors fresh from vacation’s fun
and with no more college duties to worry about
made a sharp contrast with a Sunday evening
at home. It was seeing something of the end
before even the beginning. There had been
some kind of a row with the faculty and
the trouble was carried into the Criminal
Court and I had heard the county side of it at
home, and now was told the students side
by some of the actors or sympathizers
and got some ideas of college discipline
that varied essentially from the home notion
It was startling and novel to hear 'Old Prex
and the other nicknames familiarly
applied to such dignitaries as Concord had
almost worshipped, and I fear that the
introduction wasn't of the most useful
sort to just such a boy as I was. I had
that evening recalled to mind scores of times
since when I have met the laughing chaff
of C. T. Russell who perhaps remembered it too.
Early next morning after breakfast
at the meagre commons, not yet filled
at any but the seniors table, and so poorer
than at regular term time, I reported at
Old Massachusetts, and as Mr Frosts scholar
was assigned to a section with Mr. Hedges
scholar of Plymouth, and Mr. ’s scholar
of Boston, and ordered to an instructors
room in university. Here on giving our
names I found myself between Abraham
Jackson and Samuel F McCleary Jr, and
as our names thus accidentally came
alphabetically, I touched elbows with
them for the whole four years at prayers &
recitations, no one ever coming in to alter
the order of our names, a curious and remarkable
instance! So we went on from teacher to tutor
all that day, and at night I slept better
than the previous one, as I was tired out and not
disturbed by seniors that I remember.
The next day my father appeared anxious
to hear of his boy and while I finished the
examinations, he strolled about the yard and
found another father anxious like himself
for his boy. The two struck up an acquaintance
though as unlike as their sons, agreed to put
them together in the tutors freshman room
that I had secured by some introductory letter
to Charles Mason, the Latin tutor. I was disgusted
enough at the plan when announced as I
had seen several much more agreeable fellows
to chum with, but the result of the examination
in which I had one or two conditions, didnt
encourage me in an effective rebellion
and I rode home in the chase with Father
not quite so elated as I should have been
if things had gone more to my liking
I was admitted, and I had got the promise
of driving to Phi Beta with my particular
charmer, in Shepherds white chaise and bob
tailed horse, if I succeed in passing examinations
and the anticipations of such bliss were
enough to make me forget other troubles.
Mother was radiantly delighted and aided
my hopes all in her power. But alas for boy’s
felicity, how I never exactly knew, but it
fell through and I didn’t go, and my beloved
went with quite another party, whether by her
own choice or through the manoeuvres
of our respective fathers I cannot tell.
Perhaps a little of both, as she was soon after
engaged to that other fellow, and married
him before I was out of college.

I sought the green wood and shot away my
discontent in its quiet paths, and lonely vales
and thought no one ever so ill used before—
Rallying however for the task of biding goodbye
to all the boys and girls, and to the packing my
things for old Uncle David Buttrick to carry
down, I managed to ‘keep a ‘stiff upper lip’
over this two or three days that intervened, and
on Sunday in my first swallow tail coat made
by Stewart to have all the dignity of a freshman
and the self esteem of the boy thus clothed upon
with such omens of promise. After church I had
to go up to Cousin Mary’s to say my adieux, and
to sport my new coat, and returning after tea
and a jolly romp with the visitors there I
strolled along the bank of the river to the battle
ground, thinking of the past and future, when
my foot slipped and I sat down in the water
to the great detriment of my coat tails, and
my intense disgust at such a drenching of
all my fond hopes and buoyant anticipations
If I had been as wise then I might have ceded the bad omen.
The next morning at 7 o’clock Sept 1, 1837, I got on the top of Dea. Brown’s accommodation stage in a fog so thick that it concealed every landmark of the village, and with my black leather trunk, and carpet bag took what in the dampness and dulness of my spirits I thought was my leave of home. Real homesick I was till the fog lifted as we drove over the Lexington hills and changed horses there, and drove on to Cambridge by the foot of the locks, now ‘Arlington Heights’ and Menotomy, or West Cambridge now Arlington by Porters just beginning as a cattle market, down North Avenue then a solitary country road, till the college buildings came in sight, grey with age, but the yard gay with students and the life of the opening term. Stopping at the posts in the old wooden fence behind Holworthy the grumbling Deacon helped me in with my trunk to my room No. 9 lower floor middle entry of Holworthy Hall, then a much despised, now a much coveted apartment. Here I began my college course, with a bed and washstand in my sleeping room, a small bureau and table two chairs and a locker a pail, lamp, and washbowl, and naught else, save a pine bookcase and standing desk so cheap and cumbersome that some Concord boy of former generations had left them as transmittendences to Concord students of whom I was then the only representative. These were duly welcomed and inscribed and I in turn transmitted them to my successors but they have long since departed, split up I guess for kindlings, or sold for a pittance by the more luxurious denizens of later years. At any rate when my son, who inquired for them in his college life, no trace or memory of them could be found. Here and thus I settled myself for what was to come—
[There is no page 54 in manuscript.]
My chum, a tall lank red haired uncouth fellow from Scituate, Ephraim Otis by name, soon made his appearance, even more meagrely fitted out than I and as much greener as he was older and as different as Concord from Scituate. How soon after I thoroughly hated and despised him I wont undertake to say. I believe it was before supper that night if it wasnt before dinner. What his miserly curmudgeon of a father, and my polished and courtly but anxious parent were thinking of when they yoked up such an unlike pair, I never understood. Mine I suppose went on the Concord rule of getting an old sedate and studious chum for the wild fellows that were sent from that county seat. My class only numbered forty five on entering and had as its numbers showed come in at the lowest ebb of the tide in the college life of the nineteenth century. Josiah Quincy was the President, and almost in his dotage, the Professors Channing Ware Beck Sales were nearly or quite in the same state, and the younger ones Fellow Pierce Longfellow Webster, Bowen and Lovering had none of their subsequent fame or reputation. The scholarship and instruction were poorer, and inferior than ever before or since, so that it was at this beginning of its second century at the turning point of slack water. We had that to find out and to me certainly no student it didnt occur till I came in after years to look back on it and discover the fact.
Of course I was then much more interested
in the football game with the sophs
and the anticipated hazing night than
in lessons or text books. The first I had
practised much on the common at home
and could run well, and kick a fair bit
and though I helped considerably we
I believe were beaten in all or nearly
all of our three games with the sophomores
though when the juniors came to our aid
and the seniors to theirs, we beat them,
thanks to Baker’s prowess and Ganson’s
knocks and Austins speed and Kings height
all of them junior heroes to us that night.
The hazing was mild and merciful to me
who bought my peace with a bowl of punch
from Willards, but my chum who refused
to share the expense, was worse treated. It
was rather horseplay without malice &
not at all up to the raw head and bloody bones
of which I have heard both before and since.
Of my class whom I soon came to know
every member as we recited together
in nearly all our studies, there were but
few who made much impression early.
Sedwick facile primus, a rosy cheeked
handsome nephew of Miss Sedwick the
authress, soon showed to the front in both
lessons and class meetings, Higginson the
youngest member, from Cambridge where
his family lived on intimate terms with
all the professors, was soon prominent
while the Boston, New York, and other city
boys for a time carried off the honors by
their better dress and greater fitness for display
I think I took kindly to college life
at any rate before the Christmas
vacation I had got to know every
one in college by sight and name
had built a bonfire or two in the
yard simply because it was prohibited
had joined Mr. Simmons Sunday class,
and learned the way to the race track
and stables beyond Porters, had on the
night of November election in a big
snow storm, had my first spree in H’y
18. Tuckerman’s room, of boiled sweet
potatoes &c with something to wash it
down, and though coming very near
to it had not lost my matriculation—
As to studies I did as little as I could but
had ransacked the library for books
I had heard of but never read, and
as then we had free access to the alcoves
had learned where to find the treasures.
I had some privates, but hadnt got to
a public admonition and thoroughly
hated professors and tutors, & mildly even
proctors, while for my elbow neighbours
and the Worcester boys I had formed
quite a friendship, and I might add the
Portsmouth also. I remember nothing else
in especial save a Sunday at home once
a month, on one or two of which I walked
up to save the stage fare, for money was
short in the panic of 37, and on other
Saturdays exploring Boston very thoroughly
taking supper at the Parkers and walking
up the lonely road from East Cambridge
with my classmate Hall of that locality.
This first vacation beginning the Wednesday before Decr 25th. as the catalogue had it to avoid any mention of Chirstmas [sic], was as I found when I came across recently a journal that I kept of my college vacations, one continuous spree. Dancing 5 or 6 nights in the week and a sing the others, sleighing skating or coasting by day. Father away at court my brothers too small to interfere with my amusements and Mother to proud of her college lad to control him at the least. What fun what flirtations and frivolity, it was all spent with the Concord girls and their charms in my eyes were only equalled by their numbers. What a lingering regret it was to go back and how tame seemed the college sprees after the Concord ones. Luckily for me Lizzie Shattuck my nearest neighbor went to the Dana Hill school then kept by Mr Mack in the only house on Dana Hill between the college yard and the park proper, and as Caroline Brooks and Lizzie Prichard my nearest in age were at school in Boston I had with my other acquaintances about Cambridge in Malden Waltham Watertown &c some little female society in term time and this helped away the winter term—The night before our spring vacation the old Dana Mansion on the hill caught fire and burned down and I brought home the news of that, which ended the school in that locality. This spring was duller than the winter vacation had been and I recall little of it but the helping Capt Nathan Barrett move the barn at the Proctor place between Mother [?] and Dr Bartletts and make quite an improvement there.
The summer term after this two weeks vacation at Fast, was very pleasant at Cambridge. I got acquainted with Fresh Pond and took my first lessons in sailing, took horseback rides to the towns about, and walked over many of the pleasant country roads now city streets and thick with houses and gardens.

Brad Bartlett was at Waltham in the counting room and would come and spend a night or Sunday with me in my room, or I would go to his & at my aunts there have a jolly evening.

The end came at last six weeks before the commencement, and the seniors got very drunk on this class day, and made not a little fuss, and I came home with some conditions to be made up in vacation, that greatly disturbed my father, and didnt pleasantly affect me.

The truth was I ought not to have gone to college but have been put to some practical business for which I was much better suited as my life has shown, and the authorities were wise enough to see it, though my parents didnt.

Of this summer vacation I can remember best my trip to Dartmouth College Hanover NH. It was Fathers alma mater, and he perhaps thought it would be a better place for me than Cambridge. So as Mr Emerson was to make the address there before the literary societies we took him in charge and starting Saturday morning journeyed around Monadnock as it seemed to me all day and reached Keene N.H. at dark. Here we staid at the Cheshire House then a famous hostelry and as I had never been out of the state before I enjoyed myself greatly Father had friends there Gen Perry & others Mr Emerson was known and cordially welcomed by them.
And I saw that pleasant town over Sunday 
under favorable auspices. At dark that 
night we took the stage again for Walpole 
and after a striking drive by lamplight 
safely were housed at the tavern at Bellows 
Falls for a sleep, broken by the roaring 
waters, which I was out very early to 
see in all their romantic wildness.

With Mr. Emerson my father who was quite 
familiar with them, showed us their huge 
worn pits and rocky ledges and points 
of interest until breakfast and the stage 
called us to resume the journey. All that 
day we rode up the Connecticut River 
admiring much its beautiful valley 
meadows hills and waters reaching 
Hanover late in the evening to find 
it bustling with commencement festivities.

Mr E was carried off by the societies, and 
we found rooms and friends at the hotel.
The next day Father renewed his youthful 
memories of people and places, he knew 
three years before finding less change 
than I had thought possible, while I 
left to my own devices strolled about the 
college campus and buildings making 
vastly unfavorable comparisons of it 
to my Cambridge. It was in holiday garb 
but even that was tame and poor beside the 
rich and dashing Harvard. At the hotel was 
a bride the wife of a friend of Fathers a Mr. 
Spaulding of Nashua, a very young and lovely 
lady, and I paid her very assiduous attention 
which her old husband smiled on complacently 
and she accepted graciously in his absence 
at the college meetings he attended—
Of the commencement I remember but little only in my sophomoric conceit. I thought the speakers green, and I fear was more impressed with the bride's looks than with all orations &c. The address of Mr Emerson was a revelation to all who heard it, and reading it lately since its publication in the new edition of his works I was reminded of the stir to the life and spirit of those who heard it and his power and eloquence then for the first time. It made a great sensation partly because it shocked the orthodoxy and old-fashioned notions of the college and mainly because it voiced the new aspirations then just beginning to be felt all over New England. He received much admiration and attention from everyone there, and we came in as his friends for a share of it though I confess that even the bride overlooked her soph for the sages conversation to my mortification. At the ball which closed the festivities I got even however as the lady danced finely dressed splendidly and shone so fairly as the belle in her wedding dress and cameo necklace, that I as her escort for her husband was too old to dance was in high feather again—We parted after supper with arrangements all made by me, to have a special stage for our drive home with a select party, and I dreamed of her I feel sure, for I thought I had never seen anyone so lovely—and some of the seniors treated me to a parting bumper in return for their introductions to the bride and Mr Emerson.
We started early next morning in an extra stage, in which Mr Emerson Father Mr. Spaulding and several friends of theirs of the college or old graduates, and on the outside Mrs Spaulding and myself with the driver, and we climbed very deliberately over the long hills that make the back lane of New Hampshire. The days ride was long hot and dusty Mrs S. sought the shade and comfort of the inside and I helped the driver & at last after dark, and with the incident of losing our way & the driver’s getting off to climb a guide post and see what it said an experience I never knew repeated in all my staging, we reached Concord N.H. quite late in the evening. We were all too tired to do much but sleep except Mr. Emerson who had preached there years before and knew many of the people, and saw some of them late as it was. The next morning we looked over the town which I remember seemed smaller than our Concord, although it was the state capital and had some good buildings. It was always called then ‘New’ Concord by Massachusetts people to distinguish it from ours, and was new looking. We took the Mammoth road line of stages because the driver promised me to drive 6 horses a feat I had never tried before, and I forget whether that parted us from the Spauldings or whether we left them at Nashua. Anyhow we reached Lowell.
in season to get brought in a carry all
home Saturday night after an exciting
and eventful week. My first journey
from home of any length.

The next term beginning after commencement
brought several new members to our class
and many changes at Cambridge, chief
of which that the college year was divided
into two terms of twenty weeks and two
vacations of six weeks each, a change that
as Durant of our class rejoiced at as it
made only two bills a year instead of three.
Another of more importance to me was
getting rid of ‘my Otis’ as he was called
and chumming with C.B. Farnsworth
a steady old fellow from Groton, to whom
I was commended as a scapegrace that
needed looking after, by Father when I had
decided to go back to Cambridge not taking
to Dartmouth at all. We took his room
in the second story of Stoughton N°8 and
got on together most amicably. He was
a good student and a favorite with
the best fellows in the class though
I hardly think I was. Of that year I
recall not much of moment worth
writing now. I got on somehow with my
studies, more pleasantly with the girls
of Waltham, as Gore Ripley had entered
our class and began to visit Lexington
with Wellington Blodgett &c, and to renew
my acquaintance with the Phinneys
&c. and I have no doubt to more and more
sophomoric—
The summer term ended with our class
supper, at some of the suburban hotels
I forget which, and for it Farnsworth
wrote the class song that was greatly
admired and afterwards printed in his
book of poems. In that vacation I made
a trip to Haverhill to see Mr Lowell who
had kept store a year or two with Col Shattuck
and was always talking of Bangor ME.
and from there to Portsmouth N.H.
to see my classmates, staying at the
Rockingham House. Here I had an
alarming adventure with a burglar who
got into my room and frightened me
so that to this day I have the fear of burglars
at any noise in the night. I made
out his figure in the darkness as he put
his arm out to take my watch, and sprag
out of bed with a yell on his back that
frightened him quite as much as he did
me, so that he made a hasty retreat and
I saved my watch, and heard him rush off
down stairs and jump into the lane behind
the house and run off, while I in vain
tried to rouse the landlord and get a light
In the morning the cashier of the bank who
occupied the adjoining room informed me
that the attempt was probably made through
a mistake of my room for his to get the bank keys.
Here I saw the Navy Yard and sailed down
the river and drove about the country
and enjoyed the week immensely—
but have no recollection of seeing any
girls as the boys of P. didn’t show me them
I went also with Mother and my brothers
to her mothers at Hopkinton, where I had
often been before, and where the old Sir
Harry Frankland house, ‘sung of by Holmes
and written of by Nason, was my ideal
of all castles of romance or history—
It was built before the Revolution by Sir
Harry for a country seat, and a safe house
for the Lady Agnes of his romance, and
was the great source of legend and story of
my youth. But of this hereafter.

As a junior I went back again to a H’y.
room No 12 third story middle entry
with my chum, whom I had grown to
like very much, with whom I discussed
every thing and body, who had been at
Concord and our house not a little
and with whose relatives in Roxbury
I had become acquainted. This year
after trying various experiments in
living, withdrawing from commons
they had got so poor, and boarding our-
selves, and at various clubs, I went
to Mrs. Clarke’s an old friend of Mothers
and there joined the best set of table
fellows in college. James Lawrence
and Coolidge Shaw, and Holker Welsh
of the seniors, Tuckerman & Osgood of the
schools, and my particular Otis Williams &
Ned Stimson who roomed there—
The table was superior & Mrs Clarke presided in a matronly way that was kindness itself to me, and Ned Clarke her son was our first scholar, and helped me in many ways. Farnsworth who couldn’t afford the high price $3.50 per week the highest I think in Cambridge didn’t follow me, and this was my only regret. I got acquainted through this with an entirely different strata of society, of which I had no experience. The old Boston families with all their pretension and self sufficiency were well represented at our table and in our talk, and it did not make me feel any more tolerant of their notions to see them more nearly and familiarly. This term too I began billiard playing with tremendous enthusiasm for weeks together going into Boston every night on foot and walking out at midnight to spend the evening in the only billiard room then kept in the city and which was so carefully kept that we were admitted only on being known. This was Bacons in Milk Street, and I after much practise became a good player and what walks those were seven miles and lucky if we had money for the tolls after paying our score, and much more lucky if we could have an oyster stew or something to drink on our return. Deep Red Brown, and Billy Stearns & Benny Heywood generally made up the match game.
It was this term I think that I first got theatre struck, I had been once or twice before entering college, and occasionally as a great adventure in my earliest years, for it was a serious offence in those days. But when Ellen Tree came to the old Tremont theatre, and made a great hit, I became infatuated and went in night after night to see her in her Shakespeare characters. How I worshipped her, and how I would walk in and wait in the dark close alley crowded by an ugly illsmelling rowdy gang for the pit doors to open and then rush for the front seats, (as none were reserved) and sit an hour or more waiting for it the curtain to rise, and my idol to appear. How she thrilled me to tears or smiles and when she would come back for the last time in answer to our rapturous applause and greet us youths in the front row with a bit of a smile for our enthusiasm, the glamor of it would light all the dark lonely walk back, and tired, hungry, and exhausted we would dream of her in a restless sleep till the prayer bell roused us cross and ugly enough. This lasted fortunately for my health and purse but for a week or two of her engagement. Then came Thanksgiving and Christmas first beginning to be noticed, and quieter pleasures took the place, and the long vacation of that winter went as the previous ones in homelier joys & scenes, so like the others that I remember no particulars.

To the summer term of 1840 I returned feeling the stir of the political saturnalia that had begun and was sweeping over the country I had greater interest in it from my fathers share who was trying to be nominated for sheriff but was not successful as Chandler got the place.
The excitement of the term began with
a still greater theatrical craze over
Fanny Elsler the famous danseuse.
It was my first ballet and it carried
me away even more than Ellen Tree
It was the rage for a month in Boston
and even Mr Emerson who went with
Margaret Fuller to see the ‘divine Fanny’
was quoted as answering Margarets
‘This is poetry’ ‘Yes it is religion,’ and
the wit of the day said it was the ‘ne
plus ultra’ of dancing. I returned to the
former method of walking in waiting
in the alley and walking out night after
night when she danced, and at her
benefit we ‘college apes,’ as the papers
called us took the horses from her
carriage and drew her to the Tremont
House in triumph—What a wild scene
of tumult and rejoicing it made and
how proud we were of our share in it.
I would have given all I possessd to
have been introduced to her, but it
couldnt be accomplished luckily
for me, for when a few years later I
went to see her again, the shock to my
older eyes was great, and a near view
even then would have broken something
She gave a benefit for the Bunker Hill
monument then approaching completion
and it was said danced the cap stone to
its place, by a ‘pirouette of her toes’—a
‘tour de force’ never since equalled.
This excitement was soon followed by the celebration of the Fourth of July by the greatest political gathering ever held in Concord, of the Harrison and Tyler campaign. The tippecanoe clubs from every town came with banners and flags with log cabins and hard cider, and in teams on horseback in canal boats and on foot filled the streets to overflowing. The preparations were on a grand scale, a speakers stand, and booth of immense proportions was set up on the lot southwest of the present Sleepy Hollow Cemetery and a procession formed in the square that extended to the monument at the battleground, around which they marched with bands and escort flags and devices including the big ball, a huge affair a dozen feet in diameter made of a frame covered with cloth and inscribed with mottoes of all the political bye words songs and phrazes in letters that could be read as it rolled on drawn by ropes in the hands of earnest sturdy yeomen. The charm of such an occasion drew me home days before, and I was busier in its work than in my studies, cutting for it recitations and exercises, and even such examinations as we had then which amounted to next to nothing—The great day came and fine weather and entire success greeted it. The Democrats got up a rival affair at Lexington but it was so tame and poor that it only added zest to ours, and it went off with a wild hurrah. I witnessed the gathering and march of the four or five thousand men from the cupola of the Court House, where with a bevy of girls of my own selection, we enjoyed the grand pageant to the utmost. Then escorting them
to the booth we listened to the stirring speeches
partook of the crackers and hard cider so
liberally provided for the multitude
and saw many of the great leaders of the
old Wig party and heard their eloquence
for the first time. Especially I recall
that several of the speakers were guests
at our house and that one of then Hon
Myron Lawrence of Belchertown whose
great size and powerful voice made
him a prominent figure in that campaign
had the night before a terrible attack of
asthma, that frightened me out of my sleep
by his horrible breathing and who I
expected would certainly die of choking
before morning, but who rallied, recovered
his voice, and filled the whole audience
and the entire valley with his stertorous
tones at the dinner tables. Henry Wilson
made his first appearance then, and
excited much interest as the Natick cobbler
The day ended with R. N. Rices wedding
and reception at the Thoreau house on
the square opposite my fathers, where we
had a jolly time winding up the festivities
with a champagne super—

I went back to Cambridge after it to finish
up the term by recounting the glories
of the day to my classmates, and with a
growing interest in politics that swamped
all studies and scholarship—I should have
said before that Father went to Baltimore
to the convention that nominated Harrison
and his letters from there that I read recently
show what a waking up this campaign
roused in both old and young that nothing
since or before has equalled.
Of this term at Cambridge I can remember
but little save some college scrapes, one of
which got into the papers the ducking
of Tom Hill, afterwards President of Harvard
and our Waltham and Lexington parties
These were kept up by me in the vacation
much of which I spent with my aunts
for Mr. & Mrs Leland were in from New York
that summer and bought a residence
for Dr & Mrs Mulliken to occupy after it
was moved. and at Lexington the Wellingtons
Clarks and Smiths as well as Phinneys had
high old times that I never missed if I
could help it. My acquaintance with the
girls of other places increased as I sought
every opportunity of meeting with new
faces, and my list in the Book of Beauty
I kept rapidly grew so general was my
admiration of new faces and fair forms.
There were episodes with several of these
worth recounting if the particulars were
not as faded and forgotten as the girls themselves
These quite overshadowed the Concord flames
of my school days, and I can recall names
and places that then thrilled me that are
of no interest now, nor have been for years.
But Plymouth, Watertown, Malden, Cambridge Port
and even Marlboro and Scituate had along
then many attractions to my roving fancy
But of all these I really enjoyed the Waltham
most, and in this vacation had a sail up the
river with a large party in a big mud scow
brought up the Charles River and fitted out
for the occasion very comfortably, and with
a picnic lunch and dance under the trees
and a moonlight row back was an occasion
to be long remembered by those who partook
and was marked with the whitest stone in
my calendar—
Our senior year began almost with an incident not very conducive to study, the great Whig gathering on Boston Common early in September. Here 50000 Tippecanoe & Tyler too men formed and marched to Bunker Hill, the big ball of Concord heading the Middlesex Delegation and creating great interest as it rolled on—

In the thills were Father Jos Barrett Sam Hoar Dea" Brown and Wood, Cols Shattuck & Whiting and the other magnates of the village and on the ropes were lots of us boys I so well recall that at a halt in State St I procured a bunch of cigars from some enthusiastic Whig of Boston and handing them round, all the old dons lighted up and smoked defiantly of all city ordinances It was the first smoking I ever saw done openly in Boston streets, for then even college boys walking home would have to put off their cigars till they got to the bridge or run the risks of a policeman’s stopping them, so strictly was the rule enforced. We labored at the drag ropes up Bunker Hill, heard Webster, Choate, Everett, and N. Y. and Va orators in plenty and wound up the day at John Skinners house on Main Street, with a great spread and lots of fun and champagne. How I got back to Cambridge I dont remember or when after it I got to studying but I fancy the politics had much more attraction for me than lessons, and I know that it was the begining of many pleasant visits to Charlestown and that family that lasted for more than a dozen years, till Harry Fairbanks time.
As if this wasnt enough I must needs fancy myself desperately in love with a certain young lady of a town near by to Cambridge, and that my affections were rejected, and so blighted, that I was desperate and tried drowning my sorrow in the wine cup in the most approved Byronic style, I dont think it was very deep seated or deadly in its effects and was relieved by a sound scolding from my father and some kind consolation from my mother, and a new turn of my [word undeciphered] from an old source. One and almost the only incident I remember of college exercises came queerly enough from this despair! Old Channing gave us out as a subject for themes “The world before them where to choose” and it struck just with my moodiness— I wrote pages of dislike disgust and discontent with the world past present and future, all blotted with rage and tears, and copying enough for a theme of twice the usual length sent it in. Something real in it hit the professors fancy perhaps reminded him of what he may have felt, and for the first and only time I got the highest mark in spite of lots of corrections where he put the knife to my turgid rhapsody and a private commendation of it when he kept me to look over it with him that pleased me much more than the marks.

At Thanksgiving I came home for the wedding of my old flame to my old school mate now the ‘High Joint’ &c &c, but a quarrel over the invitation, which I suspected was so intended as to keep me from being present, that I staid away and kept Father and Mother who didnt love him any more than I do their son—and this and their renewed consoling for my other disappointment completed my cure of both flames—
The election that resulted in Harrisons victory was a terrible rain storm in Massachusetts and I recall driving all day and night about Boston getting returns and waiting at the Atlas office where I already knew some of the staff and the jollification that ensued over the bright prospect of success. Ned Stimson who was with me, and I had a symposium at my room in honor of it, and a champagne bottle that I tossed hitting him in the head floored him so instantly that it seemed like death & sobered the others and frightened me so that I have been careful since—of bottles!—

What a hurrah there was over the election and how the excitement kept up till after the inauguration and death of Gen Harrison The effects of the debauch for such it was lasted all winter and into the next spring in the body politic, for it opened a new vein and began a new era in political management that forty years has hardly ended. If the temperance movement had then began it was a serious drawback to its progress and it as I recollect well set the champagne flowing at private parties as well as in the college rooms, and more public balls.—

But I didnt care for anything or any body that winter but myself and good times. & I recall a sleigh ride to a Lexington party at the Phinneys where we drank bumpers, and I upset in the Wellington yard coming home with a pretty Miss W. but without harm and another at Danas in east Lexington where we had magnums of champagne at supper, and I rode home horseback in the moonlight after finishing I should not dare to say whether 3 or 4!
The winter vacation went like the others in dancing and parties, and I had at last got forward enough to manage even a ball. Some ladies visiting here from Boston were very anxious to see a country tavern ball, and I was interested enough to gratify them. So after many small but jolly dances at the ‘Liberty Hall’ in Mrs Woodwards block by the old church, [in pencil, possibly in another hand: Concord Church]Col Nelson who had recently married, and I think Manson, and I got out the invitations to a regular ball at the Middlesex. It was to be select and high priced tickets $2 or $3 including supper. The night came and the ladies, but very few gentlemen as they couldn’t well afford so much at the end of the season. But alas for my pleasure, the pride of my post as I opened the first set with the Boston belle was too great, and I burst a small blood vessel in my nose that wouldn’t be stanched—and for hours while the music went on and the dances shook the old tavern, I was being iced, and drenched, and plugged to no purpose in the old kitchen by the anxious maids and old Wessons daughter. I only got over it in the small hours in season to escort the ladies home, and the next day had a $10 bill to pay for my share of the deficiency. Both of dancers and of dancing. It ought to have cured me of managing balls but I have done it often since with never quite such poor luck as this first time trying. After this I went back to my last term, with all the grand finale of college life, a little wiser but perhaps not less conceited than when I entered.
It was destined to be memorable, for there soon came the inauguration balls all over New England and I of course had to attend the one at Concord where Father was a prominent manager and old and young joined in a grand break down in honor of that of the Democracy. Then came his death and the public funerals & eulogies in Boston which the college boys attended in a body wearing crape badges & marching by classes & presenting quite a display—Then the class elections which resulted most disagreeably to me, Orne a drunken fellow of the Porcellian Club being chosen orator when I wanted a very different fellow, and the poet, marshals, secretary, & committee were not more to my satisfaction.

The Navy Club of which I was boatswain did not have their excursion, and the award of the jacknife wasnt as it should have been I had some friends, and some bitter enemies in the class but I was never popular nor much considered, only tolerated—But all this was lame to what was coming an old friend of mine Stearns Wheeler of Lincoln who had fitted for college in the Concord Academy, and a thoroughly good but obstinate fellow was Greek tutor and chairman of the Parietal Committee. His room in the east end of Holworthy was the place of their meeting, and they looked after the discipline of the students. Wheeler was conscientious and some small escapades of a set of our class coming to his knowledge, he set out to catch them, and in so doing had a personal collision with Simmons on the Delta I think, spying on him
For this Simmons was expelled, and his set of fellows severely punished in other ways. The class took it up and bore Simmons off in a barouch and four white horses after prayers at night, with half a dozen of the best scholars as his companions in open defiance of the authorities— That night the college was in an uproar and all rules were openly violated in the yard and buildings. The Parietal met in Wheelers room and occasionally sallied out to stop some disturbances My sober and sedate chum, one of the first eight in scholarship got greatly excited and vowed to lock them into their room when they returned to their session Watching from our window we saw them go back in squads to Hy 20 in the east entry stealing up the stairs Farnsworth quietly turned the key in the lock of the door and he thought he had them fast, but the door was ajar, and they sprang after him. He rushed up stairs hoping to find an open room or an escape but none offered and in the fourth story there was only the open window of the entry. Desperate but bold the got out of the window and held on to the ledge by his hands. Not seeing him his pursuers returned for a light to make a closer search, when he kicked his feet through the sash of the 3\textsuperscript{rd} story window and with this support he climbed back into the entry. The noise of the breaking glass drew the Parietals out into the yard in a pursuit of the stone throwers, and my chum walked coolly down by them and up to our room unsuspected—
It was a feat of nerve and strength few
collegians then would have dared and
it made him quite a hero for the nonce.
That night a meeting of the class was
called for the next morning under the
Rebellion tree, and with no debate and
but little noise and great firmness
we decided to attend no exercises until
Simmons was returned, the others let up
and Wheeler dismissed, and sent it as
our ultimatum to the faculty. Every
member with the exception of Higginson
signed the paper, and we sent it to the
President by a committee. The faculty
met and refused it, and threatened—
But the other classes joined with us and for
several days the college was in full
Rebellion, no prayers, no recitations, no
anything—but gatherings in the yard
cheers of defiance, groans for any officer
seen in the yard, and general rowdiness.
How it ended I never exactly knew for ‘Uncle
David’ Jr. going home from Cambridge and stopping
to leave my washing that he alway carried,
gave such a wildly exciting account of matters
there, that Father started in the moonlight and
drove to Cambridge to bring me home. Arrived
after midnight a knocking at my door though
it waked me yet as I thought it some fellow
wanting me for some deviltry I slept on tired
with the excitement of the day while poor Father
finding the college all quiet was forced to try
Willards who wasnt easy to rouse up after he
had retired at the call of belated students, and I am
inclined to the belief kept the old gentleman cooling
his wrath and his heels all night—
Any way he knocked again before sunrise
and after finding Farnsworth, and I quietly
abed, and very cool and unexcited over the Rebellion
insisted on carrying me home to keep me
out of mischief, and as that avoided examinations
if there were any I unwillingly consented, and
we drove home to a late breakfast. Thus I got
an additional vacation of a week or more
while the Rebellion simmered down & at last
 petered out. So after a good time at home I came
back to hear my name read out among
those having parts at commencement, my
first last and only college honor. The class
graduated forty four in number, and twenty three
or one more than half had parts assigned them
Mine was a dis something sertation or quisition I
dont remember which with two other fellows
Minot and [in pencil, possibly in another hand: Rice] subject Rome Athens &
Jerusalem.
I was utterly astonished, and so was everbody else,
none more so than Father who feared much I
should lose my degree. The only way I could ever
account for it was that the theme I mentioned
carried my marks higher than Minots and as he
must have a part, I coudnt be left out of one.
Any way I got it, wrote it in the 6 weeks before
vacation that the senior class then had without
lessons for the purpose, and enjoyed those weeks
too in many ways till Class Day came.
Ours was a failure. Orne the orator was drunk over
night and the oration a muddle with out sense
or declamation in which he excelled. The poem
I dont remember, and the spreads few and poor.
The dancing on the green I had anticipated as so
many of my lady friends were to be there
but it didnt go off well, and the cheering and tree
were unenthusiastic. The class supper at the Maverick
House East Boston was the best part. Farnsworth
and I drove over sat it out and got back at sunrise!!
I packed my trunk, said goodbye to my room and
college and without a regret left for home in
the mail stage that stopped at the same gate
as I entered at, and landed me in Concord to breakfast
How some trifling incidents cling to the memory
I can see that morning and the yard and room
as distinctly now after more than forty years
while all else even of these recollections are blurred
and hazy as was the morning I left home to enter.
Why this is thus who can say?
The summer vacation spun like magic with
so many pleasant things to be done & places to
visit & I had done so much better than any one
supposed, that every thing was lovely at home
Father took me on a trip to Nantucket staying
over a day and night in New Bedford where we
spent a delightful evening with Cha\textsuperscript{s} Warren
afterwards judge and later President of the Boston
and Providence R.R. a wonderful wit and most
genial companion, and over their wine they
discussed the politics of the state in a way that
opened my eyes, and gave me a new insight
into political management I never forgot.
The fine estates of Gov Swain, Mr Arnold, and
others were visited and duly admired and
after we had seen enough. We took a steamboat
for Nantucket. The harbor there was full of
whalers, the steamer anchored outside the bar
the canals not being ready or in use I forget which
and we were rowed to the beach where all the
town were waiting in carts backed into the surf
for the passengers—In one of these half filled
with pretty girls I got and was driven to Mrs Coffin
hotel and father coming in another we were
soon made to feel at home. Several old friends
called and I went to a pleasant party that
evening where were lots of pretty girls all
wearing quantities of bright jewelry I remember.
The next day was devoted to seeing whalers and curiosities of the island, and after dinner we were taken in the tip carts over the wide sheep commons to seasconset or Sconset head with a merry party of old and young men and women and strolled on the beach or climbed the sand hills had a prime supper and got back in the moonlight & made calls afterwards on our hosts.

Another day we came to N Bedford & then home by rail. Two things stuck in my memory the peculiar walk the girls had occasioned the mainlanders say by a flirt of the heel to throw the sand out of their slippers, and by which you could tell an islander in the streets of New Bedford. The other a cinder in my eye that took very much from my pleasure and bothered me for a time after my return. It probably prevented my seeing any thing so attractive in any of the girls as to remember them. It did not prevent the quaintness insularity and peculiarness of the people from making an impression that recurs to me whenever I hear the name—It was a strange island—Thoughts of commencement soon became uppermost, cards of invitation to my spread had to be written and sent to my particular friends, as different from the sleek engraved ones I now receive, as the home dainties that Mother made and Betsy cooked from the caterers luxuries of the present day. My part too had to be copied and committed to memory and sent in for correction, and Mr Goodwins black silk gown borrowed of his widow for the occasion & lots of other preparations.
I forget how many rehearsals old Channing
required but enough to take me back to
Cambridge some days before the great day
and to have our goodbye sprees duly finished
and to take leave of all the college.

I suppose it was my fault but I could not
recall a helping word or a kind act or
a useful hint from any one of my college
instructors in my whole course. I found not
a friend among them, and our whole relations
were that of foes and the course a battle.
I did not love either my alma mater, or any
of her officers, and did not care to ever see one
of them again, unless perhaps our two preachers
Drs Walker and Palfrey, whom I respected truly.
Of course under this state of things I had got
but little advantage from my course, and
the 'quos scio idoneos esse' of my diploma was
the rankest sarcasm, as many of us thought.
I said before that the college was then at its
lowest ebb, for before there had been zeal and
ambition in its students, if not in the instructors
but in my day, the outside interests were taking
strong hold of the students, and the professors & tutors
had not learned to grapple with these problems
in a way to excite or inform their pupils. The
whole was to me and to most of those I knew
a perfunctory task on both sides—and
poorly enough performed. Except some
leading of my own choice, and the intercourse
with bright fellows of my own age, I never
have seen any advantages my A.B. brought
or that I got for the time and money spent there.
My expenses for term bills, board, clothes, and pocket money
were 1st year $ . 2nd year $ 3rd year $ 4th year $

in all $ as I find on looking back to
my account books, and I fear it was but wasted
principally through my own fault—
Commencement Day brought its crowds of graduates, girls, and gallants, governor and guards, and the old church on the square was packed full, and the sea of upturned faces that greeted me when I mounted the platform was a sight to unnerve a bolder man. The parts were then all delivered in the inverse order of their rank except the Latin salutatory. This being first and serving as it wasn't understood only to get the audience settled in their seats, mine followed and so had the best place in the program. I was satisfied with it whatever others were, and though it was so jejune sophomoric, and commonplace that I couldn't be hired to read it now, it was a surprise and pleasure to my acquaintances and went off better than even I expected. The others dragged on for hours, and when the orations came the throng were too tired and hungry to enjoy them even if they had been masterpieces as they were not, for there were no brilliant men in the class and Tom Higginson the youngest & perhaps the brightest had the salutatory of which I have spoken. The exercises over, my room was filled with my friends including all the Concordites and Walthamites, and the spread was very agreeable. One young lady an old schoolmate was fortunately present for the first time at commencement, and meeting her with the friends she was with, I brought her in my triumph to my room to see her Concord friends, little dreaming then of the effect she was to have on all my after life, and only glad she should see the proudest day of my life.
Enough of college, I came back to Concord
and taking two or three weeks to think
about what I should do about various
chances for teaching, including a Kentucky
school Dr Jarvis wrote to me of from Louisville
and one in New York Mr Shackford
knew of, and a plan for going out
to India with Augustine Heard that
came to nothing, I decided on the law
I was not fit for a school master, had
no facilities for getting into business
and as Father evidently preferred it
I entered my name in his office Sept 19,
1841 my twentieth birthday and began
Blackstone. The office was then in the
northwest corner of the Robbins harness shop
that stood on the site of the Town House
yard, at the corner of Bedford Street, and
the business being given up the other parts
were in use as Irish tenements. It was
a pleasant room facing the common
under the shade of the big elm with an
open piazza over the door that was very
inviting in summer, as from its shelter
the Court House, jail tavern stores all the
life of the village could be seen. Here
I brought Dr Ripleys old secretary, my
college sofa, a chair or two, and
taking down from the dusty shelves
of Fathers law book case a well worn
copy of the commentaries, read 8 hours a day
Into all the life there was going in Concord
I was soon plunged. Father had a little law
business, but not enough to be much
of an interruption to my reading, I
kept pretty strictly to my work for the
day time, but my evenings were devoted
to some thing else. Mr. Emerson had then the
habit of assembling at his house all
the villagers that were interested in the
discussions of the Transcendentalists
by whom he was surrounded. Margaret
Fuller, A.B. Alcott, et id omne genus held
forth in his parlor to any who would listen
and an additional attraction to me was
‘Saint Mary’ then teaching his children
and living there who inspired me with
something of the worship devout Catholics
have for their saints, and drew me there
oftener than philosophy would. Then
my friend of commencement day whose
father and mine from being old friends and
townsmen in their birthplace, had quarrelled
over anti masonry and didnt speak to
each other, was visiting at one of my
daily resorts, and attracted me the more
perhaps from the fact of the quarrel.
A photographer or daguerrotyper rather
had opened a saloon in Shepherds Hall and
to it as a new art all Concord flocked to be
taken and criticize. I had seen the plates
of Daguerres own work when they were
first exhibited in Boston at a show, and
became somewhat interested in the art.
I had kept up my pleasant acquaintance
with Thoreau who was at this time living
in his shanty at Walden, where I sometimes
went to see him, and oftener met him in his
walks or on the river. I had some of his
naturalist instincts and tastes, used
to compare notes with him on birds and
beasts, though I was no botanist as he was.

His life in Walden, has been somewhat
misrepresented as it was by no means
so much that of a hermit as is now thought
He was at Mr Emersons & the village
nearly every day, often partaking of his
meals there and at his fathers house
and though not intrusive was altogether
too egotistic to be either shy or retiring
He loved the woods the pond and the river
and having met a disappointment in his
other love, sought their consolation in
preference to that of society.

I had built and took great pleasure
in a dainty boat named the ‘Fanny Elssler’
that would barely carry two, and was al-
most as crank as the wherries of later date
In this I occasionally persuaded a lady
friend to risk a row on the river.

I recall once at high water landing with
Jane Whiting on Egg Rock, and while sitting
chatting on the top, seems Fanny Elssler quietly
float downstream beyond recall. Waiting
and wondering how we should get away for
it was an island at that stage of the spring floods
old Capt Moore came whistling along was hailed
and brought back the truant boat, with a grin on
his old face, and a story of the adventure I heard of often
At another time with Martha, the oar caught in
roping under the bridge, the current tipped the boat
and we were barely saved by great exertion from drowning
and ending prematurely this interesting story—
Of my home I have not written much, so
here is a good time to describe it. It was
except 3 or 4 as comfortable as any in Concord
our parlor on the northwest corner being one
of the largest and handsomest in the
village, with two windows on the north and
west sides 15 ft wide and 21 long, a square
fireplace on the east side on the bright brass
andirons a blazing wood fire, with two back
logs to throw out the heat, and the free stone
jambs rubbed down every morning to reflect
it more perfectly. A wood colored three ply
carpet on the floor, a handsome mahogany
sideboard opposite the fireplace, whereon
all my boyhood stood well filled decanters
of wine and liquors that the temperance
movement and perhaps Fathers fears for me
had banished to the closet. A sofa at the
south end, a card table between the windows
on the north end, half a dozen cane seat
chairs, a large and small mahogany rocker
for Father & Mother, the four foot dining
table in the centre of the room as we eat
there in winter, and Mothers work table by the
fireside made the furniture. A chimney
glass the length of the wooden mantel, 3 oil paintings
and an engraving of taking the veil for ornaments
These paintings were part of a dozen that Col.
Hurd brought home from China it was
said where they were copied from Italian
landscapes but I believe they came from
the shores of the Mediterranean, and were
an old mill on the Tiber, a grotto near Naples
and a ruined castle, in tarnished gilt frames
Dr. Hurd and Col. Shattuck possessed the others and
and they were the only oil paintings in Concord.
A china closet at the south end filled the rest of that end of the house well stocked with the blue india china for our table and white gilt edged french for extra occasions. Opening out of the south end was the middle kitchen or dinning room of summer time and from this an outer end door led onto a broad piazza, and was the generally used entrance. In the ell running back south to the Court House wall was a good sized kitchen and back room in which was the pump and well, and turning east a woodshed in which I have sailed in a tub in spring freshets. Back stairs most generally used led from the door of the kitchen to the chambers and the cellar stairs underneath were only to be got at through the dining room. On the east side of the front entry and stairs a spare front parlor used only in summer with a straw matting and flag bottomed chairs and between this and the kitchen a large pantry called, from a former occupant Mrs Sanderson’s room—Two front and three rear chambers filled the second floor of the main house, and one over the ell was finished as a second spare room, and the part over the back room was called the mealchamber for their were the barrels of meal and flour. The large garrett of the main house unfinished was the great play place of stormy weather and its dark sides under the eaves, its knot holes and streaks of light through cracks in the roof were noted marks of my childhood. There were only open fireplaces to warm the rooms and all the cooking and heating was done by these, and the chambers only warmed in sickness.
In the small yard at the west and north ends were two lombardy poplars of rather scraggly growth, and a fair sized cherry tree each side of the front door the fruit of which could be plucked from the upper windows—On the east side a much larger yard extended to bank the barn and shed, fronting on this, and below the bank a small garden to the lane, as the road to Sleepy Hollow was always called In the sheltered space between the kitchen ell the piazza and the Court House wall was a flower garden with an arbor of grape vines next the wall. The sink drains ran on the surface in paved gutters one of these enriching the flower garden, and contested the perfume of the flowers. Of these my mothers monthly rose was her joy and pride In a square wooden box painted green and ornamented with picks and scallops it stood in the parlor winters blooming every month with clusters of pale roses and transplanted summers to the garden renewed its vigor. It was older than I was and had required nearly as much care to be kept growing and from freezing—It was as tall as the room 7 or 8 feet, and often bore a hundred blossoms at one time, and these renewed monthly. It was almost the only window plant kept in the town and the admiration of all comers. It lasted till the fire when it disappeared finally. Opposite the house across the road Father had a half acre kitchen garden, in which was a strawberry bed one of the few in Concord and the usual assortment of vegetables—
He also acquired about this time the lot in rear of the Court House and our barn after many fruitless attempts to buy it moved off a little yellow low cottage that stood on the lane, and tried to grow something on its sandy slope but in vain. In the house my brothers Joe and George had the room next Mothers over the parlor, Betsy the middle chamber, and I the east room over the pantry. A relation or friend usually one or the other staying with us the chamber in the ell, and the front spare room with its high post bedstead tester curtains & canopy easy chair, was the guest room—Our table was handsome not luxurious or costly but plentiful and well cooked. Mothers pies and cake were as good as could be made both I and others thought. The garden furnished all the vegetables in their season and I so well remember in the cholera seasons that Father would himself gather all the varieties and bring them in fresh and then go to his Post Office and get the news from New York of the deaths and when he came to dinner, order away untasted all the nicely cooked dishes of corn, beans cabbage or turnips or beets he had gathered and the melons and fruits for fear of harm while Betsy and Mother sometimes finished them after he had returned to his office, and tho then I did not care for the vegetables guess I had my share of the fruits—Berry puddings were a specialty with our cook and I have never got over my love of them especially when fried the second day—
The town had changed but little if any thing business was duller, the experiments of book printing that was tried in the new block on the Mill Dam, had failed and the rooms in it were empty. Shepard had left Concord for Manchester NH. and his tavern was running down, the court terms had in part gone to Lowell and the change made by the railroads was beginning to be felt, altho we had just begun to talk of one through Concord. Dr Heywood the old magistrate and town officer was gathered to his fathers and no one had yet quite settled into the place. Politically anti masonry had grown into Democracy Gourgas was publishing the Freeman in their interest, and Bemis the Gazette in the Whig faith, and the Democrats carried the town by a strong vote, electing their candidates with hardly an exception—Socially it was beginning to be more divided by these influences, but the parties were as gay and frequent as ever among the young folks, of whom there were about as many as ever. Singing however rather had the better of dancing and if I enjoyed it I could not do it. Yet we managed to have some jolly dances in 'Si Davis hall on Main st, and military and other balls at the taverns. Thanksgiving we spent alternately at Waltham and at home and this year had a great party of the Waltham friends at Dr Hobbs after dinner at Dr. Mullikens. We had 'Boulangers' there and at Watertown that I attended generally.
The law progressed fairly well and at the March term of the Common Pleas here I attended closely while my classmate Henry Smith was acting as junior with Ben Butler and Hoar and Nelson were trying cases, to which I listened as well as to Siah Adams good stories, and Farleys brow beating witnesses. Along then my fathers once friend and later foe died suddenly in his prime, and this brought his daughter and myself nearer together, so that I helped her in the study of Greek, and occasionally took a drive if her horse needed exercising, and we were good friends, as our fathers once were. The summer came bringing the civil and criminal terms good schools for me, and some important cases I got interested in, especially the indictment of Saml Parker a lawyer for perjury before the Grand Jury in trying to get Farley indicted for the same offence I was asked by Farley to take minutes of his testimony and did so as well as I could. My only vacation was a weeks camping at Sandy Pond in Lincoln woods with Nelson Rice Hoar Dennis Moore Prichard &c &c where we had great fun by ourselves for both days and nights, and wound up by asking the ladies to join us in a sail on the pond, a fry and chowder, and a good time outdoors. It made quite a sensation and scandalized the temperance folk not a little, as that movement was making such headway that I think I even signed some pledge or other at a meeting where a pretty girl Helen Brown dared me to do it with her. But it was in joke and I never tried or intended to live up to it.
There was some religious excitement too
a new minister at the Universalest Church
Mr Fay, afterwards a politician and powder maker
and I think some Methodist interest started
Dr Ripley had died the fall before while the
old church was undergoing a thorough
alteration, the old spire was with much
effort pulled over, the building turned round
and raised up, a vestry made underneath
and new pews, pulpit, frescoes & hymn books
and Mr. Frost freed from the restraint
of the old Dr. started up some new life in
the old parish. I became interested and
not only went very regularly but took
a Sunday school class, and read good books,
and talked seriously with my friend of these
things. That season we were greatly excited
and alarmed by the burning of Phineas Hows
new store, where my cousin Henry Fuller
tended, who was my most intimate friend
of the Concord boys. I worked hard on the
engine to save the other houses, and as it
was discovered that the store had been robbed
and set on fire, helped watch and patrol
the town for some nights afterwards to try
to catch the thieves. It was soon found out
that an old school mate Horace Brown had
broken in plundered and burnt the store
some of the property was recovered from
Merrills blacksmith shop where it was stored
by Brown, and he arrested examined and
sent to prison. It was exciting enough
for a quiet village and as How failed
and was found hopelessly bankrupt
it made more than a nine days wonder.
At the beginning of the college year I entered the Cambridge Law School taking with my old class mate M'Clury a room in Graduates Hall, over the stores and facing the rear, and boarding at Mrs. Clarks, and coming home Sundays.

The Law School was in its palmiest days, Judge Story lectured and taught in his absences from the United States Court, and was at the zenith of his powers and usefulness. Simon Greenleaf was the resident professor giving us all the benefit of his long experience and through training. Several other lecturers on special topics Charles Sumner, R H Dana, among them helped, and the difference between the college and the law school was marked.

I knew many of the students and soon found the advantage of my office and court experience over those without this in understanding and applying the books to practise. I studied hard, and was helped and really taught much. M' was rather boyish for a chum, but I was sobered down enough to keep him in check, and at Mrs Clarkes a new and younger sett looked up to us older ones as I had done on first going there. All began well, and I made many new acquaintances among the students, of whom several became life friends. The weeks went rapidly with Saturday and Sunday at home, I recall my twenty first
birthday Sept 19 1842, when I felt myself
a man—and had a long walk with my
friend and I received a present from her
that was long remembered. During
the Thanksgiving holidays I became
grounded to her, and was as happy and
as much in love, as ever a fellow was.
My father was delighted with the engage-
ment, and took the greatest pleasure
in showing every kindness and attention
to Martha, perhaps from the return of his
old friendship for the family so long
interrupted, and every one I cared about
was satisfied. Her friends were not so
well pleased but this didn’t trouble us
as we could enjoy their dissatisfaction
in the fullness of our happiness. So the
winter flew on the visits home and
the letters between filling the time so full
that the law suffered. I wrote and delivered
a lecture before the Concord Lyceum on crime
and had a moot court case in the school
and in the long vacation resumed my
desk in Father’s office for as much
of the time as I could not spend better.
We went together to all that was worth
the trouble, and visited at Waltham &c
to see and be seen by our relatives, 92½
I finished the year at Cambridge and
found the summer term and vacation
only too short. In June we had at Concord
the famous ‘Webster week’ when at the
trial of the ‘Phoenix Bank’ officers for the
embezzlement of its funds they were
defended by Daniel Webster Rufus Choate
Sidney Barllett and Franklin Dexter of Boston.
Nathaniel Hawthorne brought his bride to the Old Manse in 1842, and as this was close to Marthas home, we were greatly interested in their establishment. We had been shown as a great artistic work their chamber set decorated by Mrs H’s hands with illustrations of night and morning, Venus rising from the ocean &c &c a la Flaxman’s illustrations of Homer if not copied from them, then very much in fashion. We had seen the shy recluse with his pale interesting face as he rambled over the woods and fields, knew his bright and lively wife, and at last I got to be acquainted with him somewhat by meeting him at a reading room then kept in the Tolman building next the old house. His interest in politics took him there to see the newspapers, and mine on the other side helped, and though often silent, he could talk very entertainingly. He accepted Fathers invitation to our house during a pause in the Wyman trial and drank a glass of wine with a gusto, that gave me a new side of his character. I was actively interested in his works as they appeared, read them eagerly & this perhaps he perceived and didnt dislike. Later when he came back to the Wayside and after his stay in England I saw him again and remember him best at a reception given him by Mr. Emerson on his return. He was genial chatted freely and amusingly over his experiences, and seemed really warmed up to his neighbours by Mr Es sherry—.
Charles Allen and Huntington Dist Attys
and Judge Merrick on the bench. The
trial was by far the most famous of
the county, the court room was thronged
by the ladies of the town, and the bar was
full of lawyers, while the witnesses and
parties to the quarrel had hardly room—
It was before the days of reporting and
the course of the trial was followed in all
its dry details of figures and law points
with great interest day after day.

Daniel the great observed of all observers
fretted much at the protracted testimony
sought relief by a flirtation with a young
married woman Mrs Cheney which was
scandalizing to the old maids of the village
and would come into court and roar an
argument on some point or objection, or
growl a cross examination question or two
and then go off for a drive or a snooze.
The evenings were devoted to social teas
or parties, and Webster would unbend
and Choate gleam, Dexter fascinate
and Barllett sarcast the ladies, while
we poor country fellows had no chance—
It ended in a summing up by each as
marked by their individual styles and as fine
as that old Court House had ever heard. How
Barllett sneered, and Dexter in their
openings and Choate scintillated and
Webster thundered at the close. I doubt if
any trial brought out more eloquence
in New England, and all to a disagreement
of the jury, and a quarrel between Webster and
Allen that was to have a political consequence.
I voted for the first time at the November election the Whig ticket, and recall the contest over the choice of representative for we had the town system, and had several ballots before we made an election [two overwritten indiscernible words; the first is underlined] spring town meeting at which I made my maiden speech on the question of discontinuing the old south bridge. I had paced the two roads and stated the difference, and the saving in expense so that it carried the appointment of a committee to petition the County Com'ts I was not put on the committee being too young, and they didn't succeed in getting the bridge given up. Why I never knew till years afterwards when Mr. Cheney told me. It seems that Mrs Hosmer, then living at the cottage, would have the few rods farther to walk if the petition was granted, and Mr. Cheney so forcibly urged this old woman's lameness on 'Siah Adams' then chairman of the Com'ts, that in spite of all the arguments the saving of cost, and the danger from the railroad, the claims of personal friendship prevailed and Concord was compelled to build a new bridge there, and maintain it ever since. It would have been far cheaper to have built the old woman a house in the village, or hired her a carriage for life! The railroad had been chartered organized, at my father's expense through the manoeuvres of How Hoar &c with David Loring as Concord director, and was being built entirely out of the proper place!
This made a start in Concord dulness and
that summer was livelier than any before
Belknap the contractor with his fast teams
came here to live, and houses were bought
and moved about at the west end, by
him, and Joel Britton, wood lots cut off
for sleepers, and Irishmen imported to lay
them, till it was no longer a quiet Concord.

After the summer vacation, an idyllic
one to us in walks, rides, sails and strolls
was over. I entered my name in Esq Mellen’s
office at Wayland. I had got enough of books
at the Law School. I wanted to see practise.
Mellen had one of the largest in the county and
Wayland was a quieter town than Concord. I
was anxious to be admitted, that I might be
married, for the one step must wait the other.
I went after my birthday found a dirty little
office, a nice boarding place at Mrs Woods,
and a bright agreeable lady in Mrs Mellen.
Somerby who had taught in the town & whose
name was in the office, was away teaching
A younger student was in his place, and the
office clients and business was turned over
to me while the Squire was off at court.
I soon got the run of it and of the Depy Shff
Heard, the justice and the trader of the same name
and went at briefs, writes, and collections.—
I saw all there was of Wayland, its people
institutions, and amusements—not much to see
Read my lecture to their & the Littleton Lyceum
that winter, skated home, walked home, rode
home, and drove home, as often as I could
and wrote home when I couldnt get there.
Read some queer books I found in the office
tried my first justice case and won it too,
and got through the winter not unhappily
The year 1844 was much my most eventful and at first was quiet and serene as if it were to be so throughout. In March I said goodbye to Wayland and came home to the term of the C C Pleas which Judge Cummings an old political friend of my fathers held, and to him I applied for admission. Dissy [?] Smith had been admitted a year before and had become an authority on practise to all the bar. I passed an easy examination at the judges chambers in the old Middlesex and the next day was sworn in as an attorny and counsellor at law. Some one I have forgotten who, was admitted with me perhaps it was John Nourse my friend of the Law School. I opened my office with my fathers and began practise March 20th. Found something to do at law made an occasionally writ, wrote a few deeds and more damning letters, and tried some small cases before Justice Ball. At June term I entered two or three actions and had some criminal business. But the political campaign was in full blast and another great county meeting was to be held July 4th and I had taken interest enough to be secretary of the Committee of Arrangements of which Hoar E. R was chairman. He was so busy with the district attorneyship pro tem that much of the local work fell to me and I did what I could. The gathering was twice as large as the one in 1840, for the rail road was opened to Concord.
June 17, and brought several trains full
crowded to their utmost. Maj Allen
of Somerville was chief marshal
and I acted as one of his aids. There
was a military escort, bands & delegations
from every town in the county, with
banners and mottoes. The big ball was
rolled out again its mottoes revised
and reprinted, that in particular

"With Tip and Tyler
We’ll bust Van’s biler" and this added
With Tyler alone
We busted our own

The procession formed at the R. R. Depot
marched to the battleground and on
the Ripley Hill opposite closed en masse
about the speakers stand at the foot
of the hill next to the road. Mr. Hoar
presided I think, and the prayer by Rev.
Sam'l. Ripley of Waltham was so enthusiastic
and inspiring that we marshals had all
we could do to prevent the crowd cheering
[in another hand: & was hard to hear him] Webster, Choate, Everett, Berrien
of Georgia
Winthrop, and others famous in that
campaign spoke in 'words that burn'
for hours, and the procession reformed
and marched to the marquee near the
Depot on the plain in front where from
8 to 10000 were fed at the tables, and more
speeches, made and hurrahs given, and
toasts drank in lemonade, till night fell
and the tired Whigs got home as best they
could. It was more successful than the
previous one, if the campaign was not.
After this was over and cleared up our preparations for the marriage went on with the furniture buying & house fixing as we were to board at Fathers after it and the NE front room & one behind it and the ell chamber were to be ours, and there were several things to be done. So there were trips to Boston with Mother returning from one of these we found Father sick, and the Dr came said it was bilious cholic and prescribed the common remedies, but with no effect. He grew worse for a day or two and then took croton oil, and we anxiously watched the result. He was relieved and though very weak got better and stronger for a few days till he sat up part of the time and I decided to go to commencement. Martha spent the day with him, and I with my classmates and I came home at night to find all right, and walked to her house in the evening. When I got back Father was screaming in agony Dr and Mother doing all in their power to relieve him, and it was toward morning before he was quieted by laudaum. Then I slept a little and found him dying gone beyond reviving with every effort and before noon he was dead. Aug. 28, Aet 58 The day had lost its brightness, the sun was paler, there was a blow that darkened every prospect, I had never dreamed or imagined the desolation of our home.
The funeral, the work of the world to be
taken on my shoulders my mother & brothers
care, the business and property concerns,
I cannot tell the weight they made on my
heart. I had not thought I cared much for him
but the loss was overpowering by its greatness
and its suddenness. Elsewhere I have written
my mature life view of his character
and ability. I cannot so much later add
to that picture, more than is herein shewn
I recall now only my grief and distress at
his sudden death. But the days went
by somehow, and our marriage which we
had planned 18 months before for my next
birthday, must be postpone or the
preparations completed. We decided to go
on and were published the next Sunday
as the law then required 3 publications.
It seemed like Hamlet’s funeral bake meats
and all invitations were given up save
that to my chum to be groomsman that
had been sent. It was to be a very quiet
family wedding, and fortunately for us
the great Whig gathering on Boston Common
was fixed for the same day. So when
the 19th came it was as quiet as it was
pleasant. There was a cloudless sky
a bright beautiful September day.
After a long walk together in the fore
noon, we were married at our own room
in the evening only our nearest relations
& my chum and Marthas friend besides, by Mr
Frost, and a sober wedding it was. After the
ceremony I executed my will and wrote a page of my journal
Our honeymoon was spent quietly in our home, and had no interruption by travel or sightseeing. Our rooms were all we wished nicely furnished with mahogany that we still use, and we enjoyed life there extremely. Mother kept house and we boarded with her and the boys, and all was harmonious. I found that in the 6 mo I had earned by the law about $325.00 including charges, and with this I was satisfied. Martha had of her own property some $3 to 4000, which would have been doubled but for the easy going of the administrator, Nathan Brooks Esq. who though he settled everybodys estates, and was as honest as the day if this was a specimen would have done less harm if he had been a sharper. I was determined my fathers estate should be better managed, as I administered and believe of it there was no losses. The inventory was over $40,000 a larger sum than had ever been inventoried before in Concord, and all earned by himself. It made Mother and us three boys very well off, but not rich, and no difference was made in our style of living. Betsy our girl had gone and we had a Jane instead and as Martha took the care of her own rooms there was not more to do for us. Except losing my wedding ring on a drive to Lowell Court I recall nothing special that happened that fall and winter.
In the spring we planned and executed a trip to Niagara Falls with Mother, and Abba, my wife's half sister. We went by rail to Albany N.Y. enjoying the scenery of the Western RR were nearly mobbed by the hackmen there.

Thence to Trenton Falls seeing them by moonlight, and thence to Rochester stopping at Auburn to see the prison under the guidance of a contractor for the labor whom we got acquainted with in the cars, and came to know very well later on, Julia Woods father. At Rochester we staid some days with Martha's cousins then running that R.R. and went on to Buffalo and Niagara Falls. Here though at first disappointed we remained long enough to get the full influence of the wonder and strength of the cataract, viewing it from both sides and enjoying Table Rock not then fallen and the Canada shore much the most. After several days here we took the cars down the river bank to Queenstown, and queer carriages on wheels they were, saw Lundy Lane Battle Ground, and met an old schoolmate then engineering the Welland Canal. Had a steamer toll the lake to and returning by rail to Rochester and Troy N.Y. took a days steamer down the river seeing the wreck of the Henry Clay lost the previous summer with many passengers, and staid in N.Y. a few days at my aunts, in Hammersly St where I had been before. Abba staying with our friends the Hudsons then at very quiet housekeeping in the city. We had a good time here seeing the sights, and especially High Bridge, & the Croton Aqueduct & Reservoirs then recently completed. We returned by the sound, and leaving the cars at Framingham got home Sunday morning before June Court.
I was busy with a full bar of the lawyers at the calling of the docket the Tuesday following when an alarm of fire caused the court to break up, and the old Middlesex Hotel was burnt to the ground. It caught from a defective flue, and in an hour was entirely consumed, no other buildings were burnt tho in much danger, and the prisoners in jail were removed as it was within 30 or 40 ft of the hotel. A good story was told and I think truly of my old law teacher E Millen Esq who rushed up to his room at the first alarm seized a valise and brought it safely out when on looking at it & finding it not his own with a lawyers care and prudence carried it back to the room and bore away his own, leaving that to its fate. I believe it was rescued with much of the furniture but the old hall, bar room dining room and parlor that had seen so much, and heard more of the good old times gone by, were wiped out. It made quite a hole in Concord, and although rebuilt after a year or more the new one never had the business or the success of the old.

This season I was chosen 3d lieutenant of the Concord company, my first military experience, and under Capt Richard Barrett trained for the first time at muster & fall parade. I was also chosen a director and solicitor of the Concord Bank in my fathers place, a trustee of the Savings Bank, and had become a settled well to do citizen.
I think I was older that year than I have ever been since, the cares and responsibilities of life coming so rapidly on me at four and twenty, I recall the joke upon it my wife delighted so much in, of the woman who called to see me, and enquired of her if her father was at home, ‘My husband you mean’ she said with a young brides accent.

‘Oh I beg pardon I’ve only seen him once or twice’ and as Martha was three and a half years my senior she was proportionality pleased.

Oct 13th. our first boy was born, and with Rockwood Hoar’s first boy christened at church, John and Samuel respectively for their grandfathers. Our’s lived but a short year but long enough to show us that he was of a finer make and more promise than any of our other children. His death almost broke down my wifes health, and as soon as she was able we went to Gloucester with her sister for the benefit of sea air and rest, and had a quiet fortnight at the old Niles Tavern and in strolls and rides over the cape and beaches, including the stage ride from Salem, which was very lovely even then—

After this I worked away with what heart I could at my profession, losing some cases and winning few, till in May 1847 our home was blessed with a daughter who brought back life and cheer to our hearts. In 1846 I was chosen a member of the Social Circle in the place of R N Rice who took Fathers place, and who removed to Michigan after his failure in business in the Green store & keeping the railroad station for a year or two He took letters from me to my wifes cousin there.
I was nominated by the Whigs for town representative in 1845, and might have been chosen but for the Fitchburg R.R. interest which didn’t like me. I had worked so hard as to have got a Whig majority in Concord, and being over persuaded declined, and Capt Stacy a negative non committal sort of a man was chosen. I once tried it again in 1847 and was beaten by [name undeciphered] 155 to 103 I was promoted to second lieutenant of the company, which kept up its efficiency though its rival the old Light Infantry after several resuscitations was about dead. I began to have a voice in town meetings was put in [indiscernible words canceled] committees and in short was as forth putting as ever.

1848 brought the presidential election, and tho I had but little sympathy for the Mexican War, yet I had a great admiration for Gen Taylor old ‘Rough and Ready’ who won our victories, and stuck by the Whig colors when the conscience Whigs on his nomination discarded it and went over to Van Buren. Hoar led away most of the Concord Whigs but a sturdy few held on, and fought a good fight. I was rather ‘to the fore’ wrote to Dr Palfrey a letter asking him if he would support Gen Taylor, and published his reply which defeated him for Congress for several trials. I then 27 was nominated for the Senate on the Whig ticket, then elected by the whole comity six in all, with Col Nelson Tup Wentworth, John Sargent and an old farmer from Natick and another from Ashby. We made a fair run but as a majority was the rule, the Free Soilers and Democrats prevented an election. The victory in the country and state was a compensation for this partial defeat and was rejoiced over with hurrahs by the glorious forty two, in Concord. Here politically Hoar and I parted company and we have staid apart since.
The Legislature met in Jan’y 1849 and the vacancies in the Senate were filled up with Whigs at once. I remember that we had invited a large party of young and old that night and had a pleasant time when Esq Barrett then state treasurer came in bringing me notice of my election, and adding to the eclat of the occasion what had not been anticipated. I with the others took our seats the next day in that respectable body, and think I was younger than any one before or almost since. At any rate I was a mere boy and among forty Whig senators in a very poor place. As the youngest I had the lowest seat with D.C. Baker of Lynn across the aisle he being next me in age, and we formed a lasting friendship. I was put on the Military Com. from my rank I suppose as first lieut to which I had risen, and on the Committee on Education. It was not a very distinguished Senate, but it had some very good fellows in it, and the House had more. I took with the rest a room at the Revere House, attended faithfully to my duties, had some sharp fights in the Committee on Education over incorporating a Catholic College for one and came to know C.W. Upham of Salem the chairman, J Lothrop Motley and Erastus Hopkins of Northampton house members of it very well. Besides the Middlesex lawyers, Lord of Salem Dawes of Pittsfield, Train of Framingham Devins of Greenfield and Bullock of Worcester were in the Legislature and we made a club at the Revere having a parlor, that had much work fun and politics well mixed with hot whiskey for the winter nights. I had but one hobby to fight the Fitchburg R.R. and in this I failed I had some prominence early in the session for Esquire Joe the State Treasurer died suddenly and as his townsman to make the announcement and arrange a legislative com funeral at Concord for him, which was duly attended.
I made but little talk as was proper for so young a senator, but I knew everybody of prominence in politics and worked for certain friends in the disposal of the offices that came with the change of administration. I had rather assumed my father's place in the county, and as I believed owed my early election to the knowledge the county had of him than to my merits. Indeed our names being so nearly alike many people voted for me thinking it him. We put Devins in as U.S. Marshal, P. Greely as Collector and N.W. Coffin as Navy Agent, and divided the spoils as best we could. Of course Danil Webster Abbott Lawrence and R.C. Winthrop and such magnates really decided these matters, but as we boys had done the work of the campaign, and been well patted on the shoulder by them while engaged in it, we were still pleasantly allowed to do something about the selection of officers. It made a busy exciting winter. I usually staid in Boston 3 or 4 nights in a week, and this with attending court at Cambridge where I had some business kept me at work. I recall but little of interest in the legislation of the year, and in the Senate with no opposition we had to be very gingerly about treading on each others toes. I would far rather have been in the House where there was more freedom and interest. The session ended however in a funny incident worth telling I had of course been put on as one of the senatorial overseers of Harvard College, and the exhibition coming the last day of the session when I didnt care to be in my seat for some reason I have forgotten I determined therefore to attend the Cambridge exercises and see how the college was getting on. It didnt occur to me that on the last day neither governor nor any of the dignitaries would be able to get away from the Legislature till on arriving I found myself the only member of the board present to examine the college.
I had kept somewhat up with college having attended commencement mainly to see our class meetings, while Brooks & Ned. Hoar in 45 Friz Hoar G Bartlett, G Heywood had kept up the Concord line of graduates. My brother Joe had entered and thanks to Everetts folly and his own had a chequered course, and got rusticated for a year at Lunenburg with Babcock!

His class finished this year and gave me an additional reason for examining the college. Snuffy old Sparks was the President, Everett having resigned, and on reaching University Hall I found the faculty I used so to dread in solemn waiting for the committee!!! Informing them of the reason why no others would probably attend, they began their reports of the condition of their several departments To those professors who used to dead me so often I put questions and comments in their own style and wasn’t it nuts to me not seven years out of their clutches to get them into mine old Channing, Beck, and Benny Pierce caught a cross examination, they little imagined & I chuckled mightily over their squirming— soberly pocketing their written reports and gravely informing them I would make my report on the state of the University to the full committee, I led the way to the chapel on the arm of the President and sitting in the seat of honor, heard the exhibition parts, and gravely pencilling notes on my programme, I watched the boys and girls out of the corner of my eye, and hugely enjoyed the queer change of a few short years. I think it was one of the most complete revenges of times whirligig I ever met!

As we started off in state again J.T. Austin ex Attorney Gen'. arrived and after conferring with me, helped to eat the dinner in Commons Hall, but well served, and relieved me of the reports and the response in behalf of the overseers.
Returning from the Legislature and Cambridge
to the law and Concord, I got ready for June Court
and it was well underway, when an alarm
of fire broke on the stillness of midnight. Our
room in the ell was undergoing repairs and we
were sleeping in the front chamber with the
windows open, and the first cry of Fire Fire Court
House on Fire, took me out of bed and down stairs
seizing my pail of water I rushed out doors and
not scaling the fence easily went to the front door
of the Court House unlocked and opened it but the
smoke was too thick to get far inside. Mother
who had gone to the pump for water stepped
out with her pail to the back door where the
fire was kindled and blazing up and where
if we had met we might have put it out.
As it was we both returned to the house and
began preparations to move our things out.
The engines came but too late to do anything
except save other buildings. The neighbours
rushed in and began clearing our house. I
sent the baby Annie to the Goodnows, and locking
our parlor door & telling Martha to sit there
and keep every one out till I came, rallied
a squad of the company boys and with their
aid safely removed every article of our parlor
furniture beyond the fires reach, without a
scratch or mark except a nick in the marble top
of the centre table. By this time the flames had
mounted to the cupola of the Court House and
made a splendid show. This two story lantern
with its 16 large windows blazed fiercely the
gilt eagle on top shone, scorched & quivering
and fell with the crash of the roof to the ground
At this critical time the water gave out, the
engines had to be moved to the brook for a supply
and our house caught from the intense heat
of the fire and was burned up completely—
Every thing of consequence was saved except our
school books and some clothing in a forgotten
closet, and the morning dawned hot and dry
on a scene of desolation and ashes, with
all our possessions lining the road & common
Some amusing incidents were connected with the
fire, Judge Hoar black and grimy with smoke
heard our pig squealing in the barn cellar then
in flames with lighted hay dropping, and going
to its rescue, got an addition of dirt and manure
lifting it in his arms over the wall, I never
have forgotten the scene as I came to his help,
and poor piggy freed with some burns ran
wildly to Capt Barretts on the hill before he
stopped as if knowing there was a friendly home.
Old Nealy a big fat course lubberly fellow
searching in the cellar for drinkables &
finding in his thirst an earthen pitcher
filled put it to his mouth and taking a long
drink sputtered out ‘Soft Soape By Gad’
that made a shout of laughter from all who
saw it, and this [word undeciphered] of soap and the cordwood
were the only matters the insurance co disputed.
The question of whether they were provisions
was left out to Judge Hoar who after argument
recommended ‘splitting the difference’ and both
parties acquiesced.

We took up our quarters at Emiline Barretts
boarding house next door. Mother soon went
to Waltham, Joe was at Cambridge and George
in Boston, and we sweltered through that
summer in a hot close chamber with our
clothes in Shattucks store then given up from
business by Henry who had run it out,
our furniture in my office building and
wherever else we could find a place for it.
It was a sudden lively and entire change,
and a new and strange experience to us. On
the whole we fared more comfortably than
we expected, and I do not recall any long
absences from Concord that season by it.
It changed my real estate operations materially
I had taken in the division of Fathers property
the office lot and the garden lot as my share
of the real estate, and had planned a stone cottage
on the garden site some year or two before.
The Committee on Education had arranged
to visit and examine the state normal schools
in the summer and did so going to Newton
and then to Westfield. We and our ladies
met at the Massassoit House in Springfield
by appointment. Mrs Upham a matronly
Salem lady the mother of a dozen children
Mrs Motley a Boston society swell, and
some young lady relatives, & some of the others
met and we spent an agreeable evening
together. The next day we drove over the river
to Westfield saw the young ladies at their
exercises made speeches &c &c. Then we
came back to Springfield and in the summer
evening took that delightful ride up
the Connecticut in the train to Greenfield
and there left the Motleys, having parted
with Hopkins & his wife at Northampton
Dr Sears was of the party in his capacity
of Secretary of the Board of Education
and altogether it was one of the most
agreeable incidents of the legislative course
I think we found and visited Marthas sister
then at the Water Cure in Brattleboro and
spent a day or two in that lovely town
returning by the Fitchburg R.R.
Of this I have no such clear recollection
as of the crossing the bridge at Deerfield
after a summer shower, just as the sun
broke out below the cloud, and made
a vivid rainbow exactly spanning
the river east of our train, as we halted
at the station. It laid down on the hill sides
as a brilliant shading to the green banks
and seemed a [indiscernible overwriting] span, crossing from
hill top to hill top a pathway for angels.
It was the most beautiful sight I ever
witnessed, of that sort of phenomenon.
Not liking this site exactly I had bought of
J M Cheney the westerly half of the Jones
lot on the Main Street running to the river
and including the house and the great elm
tree by the spring thereon. I had the previous
year removed the house from under this
tree to the extreme west side of the lot, and
let it to Wm E Channing who lived in it with
some talk of purchasing it. I wanted it now
myself very much but in the confusion
of the fire had mislaid his note taking it
for a term, and was obliged without this
to let him purchase it on the terms talked of
[Paragraph symbol?] Before planning a house on that lot such
as we wished to build, a verbal offer for
the lot came from T. B Mackay, and waiting
this completion, we hired Mr Eatons new house
on our street, now Mrs Richardsons, which he
had recently built, and removing to Pittsburg
had left with Silas Holden for a care taker
of it, to leave if a tenant offered. Waiting
a month for Mr Holdens mother in law
to get well enough they moved out and we
moved in and had our first dinner Aug 5th
in our own house, my wife housekeeping
Here we were quite comfortably established
the rooms were pleasant and convenient
Mother had the front chamber we the back,
with a nursery attached, then the girl, and the
boys Joe & George the west in the end of the ell—
And here we had my military friends at
muster for I had been chosen captain of
the co and then very promptly major of the
Regiment, and could ride much better and
easier than I could march, here too that
winter we entertained Dr Sears & Dr Hayes
Lyceum lecturers for with Mr Emerson and
Mr Frost I was a curator of that institution
and had a regular quarrel over Phillips and
an abolition lecture before the Lyceum—
This was an old grievance. Years before the abolitionists insisted upon having him lecture because they could thus get an audience and could not for an anti slavery meeting. My father took up the objection that such topics as abolition and temperance were not proper in a literary course to which all parties went any more than political or sectarian addresses would be. Added to this was his disgust at Phillips attacks on the Constitution and Union, and there were hot debates at special meetings of the Lyceum over the question. I remember one where Father most fiercely attacked Phillips' sentiments and expressions, and charged him with 'leading captive silly women' and foolish men, that made a buzzing like a hornets nest, and Phillips himself was got to the meeting to answer the attack, which he did eloquently I thought but not logically or effectively. This had slumbered unforgotten and came up in my time, when it fell to me to advocate the same views and have another row over it. This time they didn't as they threatened to bring Phillips himself to put me down, but set Dr Bartlett & Col Whiting &c to advocate their cause. I always thought I had the better of that encounter, even if Mrs Brooks their leader did contradict my statements in the open meeting with the words 'Thats false Mr Keyes' and my reply with a low bow 'I had it Madam from your own husband' and left them to settle the dispute. Any how our side carried their point and Phillips didn't lecture on abolition before the Lyceum, and as I remember Mr Emerson for that reason wouldn't. It was the only difference I ever had for a moment with Mr—Emerson and I have often regretted that I let Mr. Frost put me up to that disagreement.
Leaving my wife child and mother well settled
in our new home I started with Dr Mulliken
for a trip to Washington. Dan. Baker joined
us and we staid over a day or two in New York
and on leaving found on the ferry boat at
Jersey City, Somerby my old Wayland compeer
on his wedding trip. We had a slow journey
changed to a steamer on the Delaware River
and were delayed by fog reached Philadelphia
the next morning, and ran by rail across
Delaware seeing our first sight of slavery
in a pouring rain after the ferry at Havre
De Gras and reaching Washington late in the
afternoon of a winters day. I think we
staid at the National, it may have been Willards
and soon became familiar with the wretched
miserable mixture of public buildings and
shanties then composing the Nations capital.
Dr. M staid but a day or so as business prevented
but such politicians as we boy senators were
not content with so short a visit. The contest
for the speakership was in full
and Winthrop was the Whig candidate with Cobb
of Georgia Democratic, and a handful of
Free Soilers supporting Giddings holding
the balance of power. It had kept the House
unorganized for weeks and was growing
more fierce daily. Admitted to the floor of both
chambers as senators, in the old Capitol then being enlarged
how we exulted in the place Massachusetts
held under the lead of our friend from Springfield
Geo Ashmun the Whig leader, and watched the
varying fortunes of the discussions & ballots
for days, spending hours in the halls of Congress
and evenings at the rooms of our delegations
there being still a vacancy in my district
while Daniel P King of Essex was Bakers friend.
Keyes

One scene in the old Senate Chamber now the
Supreme Court room I remember vividly
The Senate were waiting for the House to organize
and having nothing to do, some one offered a
resolution of welcome to Kossuth then
in this country. It was a fine chance for
senators to air their eloquence on both
sides of the Chamber, and 'there were giants
in those days' eager and ready for debate.
In that one morning session I heard finer
specimens of their several styles in short
speeches from Clay, Calhoun, Crittenden,
Benton, Berrien, Cass, Silas Wright, Marcy
and many others, than would often be listened
to in a months session. In the height of it
Daniel Webster made his appearance for
the first time that session, and stalked in
all his godlike power down the aisle—
The speaker paused, the senators bowed as Mr
Webster took his seat a greeting that seemed
to acknowledge his greatness with almost awe
He received it as the homage to a Lord and
settled himself in his seat with an air of
pride and haughtiness showing how great
he felt even among his peers. The debate
went on until at last Webster rose and
in a deep bass almost growl thundered
out a few sentences that covered all the
points and so masterly answered all objections
and summed up the matter that no one dared to
reply, and the vote was carried on his side—
Then when the Senate adjourned, how warmly
he was greeted and thawed into the genial
whole hearted man he really was. I saw him
several times during my visit, and had some
talk with him over Concord courts & people
and called on Clay, Geo Evans, Berrien &c &c.
I saw during this visit the President Gen\(^1\). Taylor, most of the Cabinet, and went the rounds of the departments in the usual style. Somerby and his wife staid a day or two and introduced me to winsome lassie he met. Dan. Baker at last had to leave for he was very busy, and was making a fortune rapidly in California shipments & shoes, and I was left waiting the result in the House. At last it came Winthrop was beaten and Cobb elected. I saw him take the chair call the House to order, and then left for home in company with Gen Schouler of the Atlas, bringing canvass backs from Webster to his wife in Boston, after giving us a taste of them at his rooms the night before. How we ran the trip from Philadelphia to New York inside of two hours, and ahead of the Presidents Message Express, that followed sharply. How we took the train for Boston and I got home to find all well and glad my first long absence was over. I think I saw and learned more from that trip than from all others I have made since as it was my first real entrance into the political world, of our national existence and gave me my first real notion of what a country this was. We had reached across the continent had gained the Pacific Ocean and the whole Union was swelling with the idea of its future greatness under the shimmer of California gold, and the emigration that occasioned. What a hot fever of excitement pervaded the land and what a whirl of stirring adventure poured out over all the land. Fortunes were made gold was plenty, country farms deserted and California widows abounded at the East. It was a good time to see the Capital of the nation.
At Thanksgiving we entertained the whole family for the first and last time, having the Mullikens 4, Lelands 3 and Keyes 6 at our table. It was getting uncomfortably full and we gave up the [pan?] after that, and we were not so entirely harmonious a set as might be. The Lelands had built and lived at Waltham, and his pork packing had developed too much of the qualities of the animal in him to make him agreeable in his prosperity and lack of occupation, and his only son was developing even worse propensities in that worst position an only son of a rich father and a weak fond mother. That winter was a quiet one at home but I was busy enough arranging the Union celebration for the Nineteenth of April on its seventy fifth anniversary, having been appointed chairman of a large committee that united with Lexington and Acton in a grand commemoration of the day.

The question of removing the courts entirely from Concord because of the loss of the Court House had been hotly agitated in the Legislature during the winter, and as one of the committee of the town had attended hearings long and strong before the Judiciary Comtee, but thanks to Emory Washbarns zeal at our counsel, and Saml Hoars ability in the House where he was sent on purpose we had succeeded in keeping the courts.

Thereupon we invited the entire Legislature as guests, with all the state and national dignitaries and did the thing up in great shape, decorated the entire village, had a great procession a big marquee, an oration by Robert Rantoul and a good dinner with much after dinner eloquence, ably suggested by Judge Hoar as president of the day, and all together a most gratifying success. My part in its work is printed.
The Legislature behaved very handsomely by the
town, holding a session here, and passing
a resolve of thanks and voting to print
the oration and an account of the celebration
which I prepared, and giving us all the
copies we wished. Hoar carried off the
honors and I had the credit of the day
and recall that when all the anxieties were
over and the company fairly seated at the
tables for dinner, I fairly collapsed after
the strain of so much real labor. I had
worked nearly all the time for days & weeks
and as the weather was most important
for an outdoor occasion, actually rode
to Acton in a sleigh to a committee meeting
three days before, with good sleighing
wondering what would happen if it lasted
over the nineteenth. We got through it with
no difficulty worth recalling except the
old controversy that Acton couldn't forget
and must needs bring out offensively at
the dinner. It is suppressed in the report
and consisted of the toast by the Acton Vice
‘Acton found the men and Concord the field
for the Battle of Lexington’!

In addition to this I had filled the last year
the place of ‘Superintendent of Public ‘Grounds’
for Concord, and worked hard at many
little improvements in their appearance
which were well received, and are all to be
read of in my printed reports published yearly
with the town. In fact I was becoming an
authority in town matters and few of the
old men cared to encounter me in town
meeting, and I was the leader of the young
men. Even Gourgas the Democratic magnate
began rather assiduously to court my approval.
With the opening of this spring 1850 the county and town began the movement for the new buildings to replace the loss by fire. The county bought of us the old house lot to enlarge the Court House grounds and rebuilt a wooden structure of convenient size and well adapted for a Court House. The town not to be outdone bought my office lot on the corner of Bedford St. and the intervening lot to the county grounds for a Town House and proceeded to build a brick hall, school rooms and offices beneath. It was a costly undertaking and unfortunately Mr. Cheney from his reading some books on architecture when in college, and talking about the doric ionic &c was always put on chairman of any building committee had ruined the fine old church by his disgraceful addition of porch and cupola, was again in command. He employed as before Bond a carpenter of Boston for draftsman, and we got a common place fair looking structure instead of an ornament. The town sold the old building on the lot to be removed, and I bought my office back for $200. and moved it to the garden lot as a beginning of a new home.

I remember going to Salem with the officers of our regiment to attend the funeral ceremonies in honor of Gen. Taylor while the moving was in progress, and being detained by a storm for a day or two, badly shocked on my return to find that A. Hosmer had cut a large limb from the great elm in front to get the building out, and the town was enraged enough at the despoiling
That trip to Salem was one of my few military adventures worth recalling. The Col Lt. Col & staff in full uniform attended the eulogy by my old friend C W. Upham, and a very good one it was, then were banqueted at the Essex house with other guests, and returned to Nahant where we staid at the hotel. In the morning a fearful easterly storm had set in keeping us fort prisoners for the day with nothing to do save watch the waves and hold on to our hair if we ventured outdoors and it was not till the end of the third that we got home to find the uproar about the tree in full blast. The building got safely moved wasn’t burnt up as I feared it might be and I went on with my plans. I had previously on the Fourth of July moved a fine elm perhaps 8 inches in diameter from the cellar to the south west corner of the house, with a huge ball of earth on the roots. To settle this firmly I brought by a hose the water of the cistern of our old house and the tree never knew it was moved, and is yet a vigorous growing shade to the house. The workmen began about Sept enlarging and repairing, I overseeing every part of the work. They added the parlor with the room over it and the two piazzas, and finished the out side before cold weather. The Court House masons put on the hard finish to the plastering. The roof was slatted with narrow slate of extra thickness and was the first dwelling house slatted in Concord so far as I can recollect. The bay window was certainly the first ever built in the town and I had to go to Waltham
with Cummings Wetherbee the carpenter to
show him a pattern by which to make it
It was finished inside during the winter
and was ready for occupation by April
We moved in on wifes birthday and settled
ourselves in the most compact convenient
and well contrived house then in Concord
I never desired in 15 years use of it to make
but a single alteration, the swing of a door
and I can even now after twice that length
of time commend the pattern to any one.
It cost me all told $3500. and it was well
worth it. The location might be improved
but the arrangement inside is excellent.

The Town House and Court House were
opened for use the same season, and as
both were close by on the square we could
see all that went on in either—and many
things worth remembering did. I had my
office in the northwest corner of the Court
House and could slip over to it easily by
the north door, and see all the common
and home from the windows. This office
was a very fine room well furnished and
comfortable and convenient especially
at court times.

To go back a little Florence our second daughter
was born in February 1850 and we had
two nice girls to care for and comfort us
Mother moved with us to our new house
having the spacious front chamber over
the parlor, and rejoiced to get back to her
old outlook on the square. Martha’s
sister Abba was married this March
to Geo M Brooks and went to housekeeping
in the Brown house opposite Mr. Emerson’s
and thus we formed a curious connection
wifes half sister, her husband his half sister
married to Judge Hoar. The two rival ends
connected by half sisters & half brothers wives
It tied us all together as ‘brothers in law’
At the March town meeting this year 1851, the voters having tired of old men for office made a new departure, and chose me chairman of the Selectmen and Kelsey and Fay associates. Of this new work, especially the bridges then in our charge I took hold strongly and did all I could for the town financially and prudentially. We rebuilt nearly all the bridges laying the planks lengthwise instead of cross wise, making an improvement in riding over them, and we had great care and oversight of the new Town Hall. I kept on with my work improving the public grounds and got the grave yards into decent shape removing the engine and hearse houses that marred their fronts, and repairing or rebuilding the walls and fences about them. The iron fence to the Main Street burying ground was the old one that stood on the Court House wall with new rails and the old capstone foundation it made a strong durable and suitable fence. The hedge at the battleground was continued by me to the river, and many of the elms and maples planted in the streets and square that still stand to comfort with their shade and ornament the village. Breaking my leg on page 119½

As selectman I had to welcome Kossuth on his visit to Concord on a pleasant day in May 52 His visit was put off by some engagement and came on us with short notice at last. But we were equal to the emergency. He was met in a carriage at the line and escorted by the artillery he came to my house where he rested and wrote out or arranged his speech. The artillery formed a guard of honor about the yard to keep off too ardent admirers and after a substantial lunch at which he eat buttered radishes he went to the Town Hall and was welcomed by Mr Emerson.
During the June term finding that some cases
of mine were in order I started of a pleasant
Sunday noon with Geo. Heywood to notify
my clients to be ready with their witnesses.
As the best we could get we took Staples old
sorrel plug and his open wagon and drove
through Stow to Marlboro, where we rested
and took a drink at Wetherbees Pond.
Returning we had climbed the long hill
this side of Marlboro, when the old horse
started at a stray pig, and ran kicking up
down the hill. We laughed at his antics
and when his leg came into the wagon
I tried to hold it there with my foot. As we
reached the bottom, his leg caught one
rein and that pulled him & the wagon
on to the bank, and tipped us over. I as
cool as I am now, attempted to step over
the wheel, but at that instant the transit
bolt slipped out the wheel flew up and
instead of alighting on my feet, I was caught
by the wheel and came down in a heap—
Trying to stand, I found the sole of my boot
turned up and that my leg was broken—
So I sat down pulled off my boot, and
true enough my ancle was dislocated &
the large bone broken above the ancle joint.
I crawled back to the nearest house on
my hands & knees sent Heywood for a Dr.
who came set the bone, and the man of the
house brought us home at midnight
Wife and Mother had been anxious and
were frightened badly on our arrival
I was carried up to a bed a little faint
and exhausted with the ride and injury
Dr Bartlett summoned and the leg examined
He insisted it was not broken and that I could
stand on it. I declared I couln't, but the Dr.
told of a case he had recently had just like
mine, where the man took off his splints &
wandered home from the office. I thought
it wouldn't happen twice, but he added
that I didn't want to be laid up six weeks
at court time. And as I certainly didn't,
I put my foot to the floor & bore my weight
The broken bone shot by. Its broke by Faith
said the Dr. and he set it again, not nearly
so well as before, for the limb was swollen
and it never came straight again. I was
laid up with it six weeks, confined to my
room and bed for part of it, and only
crawled on crutches about the house for
the latter portion. It was long & tedious not
very painful, and gave me a good chance to
get acquainted with home wife and babies.
While shut up in my chamber the officers
of the Regt. were at the Middlesex, and came
over, and sent up a glass of champagne,
& then as I leaned up at the window they
drank my health in a bumper, in the
street below. It was slightly fast I admit
I was able to go to class supper at commencement
by the aid of a cane, and got on very
comfortably, but my leg troubled me for
a long time, at any mistep or bad storm.
I walked for many months with a limp
& feared my dancing & marching days were
over. In fact I never had a sound good leg
after it and it was all the Dr's fault.
The speeches were both as eloquent as I ever heard in that hall, and the crowd of prominent men who accompanied him, and hung on the words of both the speakers was a great feature of the occasion. I recall him chiefly for his pertinacity in keeping all waiting for his pleasure and the dash and elan of the man when he came forth and warmed to his reply to Emerson. This was the beginning of many gatherings at my house I may recall, for it continued to be a sort of public headquarters for years when anything of political interest was afoot. That summer after we moved in we visited the Bakers at Lynn in their new house a French roof villa, and spent a pleasant week driving there and back and all over Nahant and the neighbourhood, as we had done before and had visits from them at Concord. This summer too I carried Judge Hoar to my grandmothers to take her pension papers oath and showed him the faded glory of the old place, and this recalls to me a trip with him and his wife and mine and the babies to Hopkinton Springs where we drank the water and left his wife and child for the benefit of the springs, and called at the old Mansion on our journey. [in pencil: this was in 1846]

The muster at Lowell that September was the hottest time I ever remember for the three days we were encamped, and many men were sun struck, and even the mounted officers were prostrated by the heat. This was soon followed by the Cattle Show at Concord at which we always kept open house entertaining all our friends that came, for I had been chosen treasurer of the society a position I much desired as a stepping stone to the county treasury I was ambitions to fill partly to oust Sted Buttrick, and more to succeed my father, but I never got it, though I ran for it in 1851 and was soundly beaten.
I had kept up with the political changes of state and nation, had been on county & district committees taking my share of the work, and especially figting the coalition that so disgraced these years. That elected Boutwell governor and Sumner senator and I had active in the opposition. Growing out of our parlor at the Revere House was an informal club that dined together on all occasions they happened to be in Boston & that had much influence in Whig politics. Fairbanks, Nelson, Train, and I represented Middlesex Devens, Thorn Davis, Stow and Kellogg the western counties, Lincoln Coffin Suffolk, & Col Wright the Democrats, and jolly times we had in the old Parker’s dining room on Court Square. I never enjoyed dinners so much, and at the June term had all I could get of them at my house to a supper that was the best we could get up for them, equal to Parkers. This club was entirely unorganized and did nothing by rule, but the politics poetry philosophy that was discussed was only equalled by the viands and wine. What dinners those were. Youngs and Tafts of the present day are nothing to them At these dinners we settled for ourselves and often for the counties, the nominations, & platforms of conventions, law cases, and law makers, and varied by sails down the harbor, or trips to some suburban hotel, or dinners at private homes. In 1852 after the Kossuth speeches, most of our club went to Baltimore Convention with the 1000 young men of Boston, who went in Mr. Websters interests. I got away from June Court to do it, for I could leave my law business to itself and Geo Heywood who spent his days in my office, at any time for politics. I spent a day or two looking on at the convention and seeing Baltimore, and then went on to Washington to see about a Post Office matter. It was high water with the Webster men when I left and I had a warm welcome from his friends who took me to tell him the news I brought.
The nomination of Scott by the Whigs & Peirce by the Democrats, gave us a lively campaign particularly in Concord. Hawthorne had come back, after his first residence of two years at the 'Old Manse', where he was a near neighbour to us and fitted up the 'Wayside' for a residence. Here Pierce his old friend and classmate came to see him, and the Democrats of the town made a call on their candidate. Frank was a little abashed or a little ashamed, so that Jim Adams the cabinet maker pretty well set up, clapping him on the shoulder, with 'Dont be scar’t General. Keep up a stiff lip and well put you through' made much fun for the Whigs, who soon heard of it. Hawthorne wrote then what has been called his 'greatest romance' the Life of Franklin Peirce, and contributed by it to the almost unanimous choice of Peirce. Massachusetts stuck to her Whiggery in spite of Free Soilers [word undeciphered] & coalitions. We nominated Clifford then attorney general for governor our club contributing not a little to it and we elected him too, making a clean sweep of the coalition. That summer having been elected colonel of the regiment in the spring I ordered the encampment at Flints Pond in Lincoln, and had my four companies of artillery muster there for the three days. They were from Groton Waltham Concord & Charlestown, and as the orders then were paraded with muskets except the Concord co. had their battery. I had a capital staff. Tom Lord, Abiel Heywood Ned Mulliken, Jim Green &c and we had fine weather and a capital good time. I got over done a little the first day and came home to sleep, but rallied, received the Governor Boutwell, & his adjt gen at the camp all right.
The ladies and lots of visitors came also and
I have seen few military sights finer
than our dress parade at evening, with
the tents reflected on the still waters of
the pond, the woods in the rear, and the full
ranks, groups of officers, and ladies on
that ‘tented field’ as the sunset gun was fired.
It was a very quiet pleasant agreeable
camp, named in honor of
and proved my last and only military
command. It gave me the title of colonel
one that I always have admired and enjoyed
more than any other, and it has stuck to me
from all who wish to please me by its use.
There were then and before lots of colonels
in Concord, Buttrick Barrett Shattuck, Whiting
Wheeler Nelson Holbrook and others, they are
all gone now, and I have lived to be for
years the only person entitled to the rank
in the town.

The election came and after its excitement
died away, came the question of state offices.
Train who had been removed from the
district attorneyship must go back and
and he insisted upon my becoming sheriff
and so did the club, and the bar generally.
Lowell only objected as they wanted the office
kept there. I hesitate and considered it long
and doubtfully. It wasnt much to my
taste, it was uncertain as all political offices
it would break up my business, and keep
me much from home. On the other side it
was lucrative, had the courts to deal with
belonged to my profession, had been Fathers
last political desire and I finally consented.
There is no page 124 in manuscript
After it was all settled, and Harry Fairbanks was chosen Gov' Clifford counsellor and helped all he could to persuade me to accept, I recall little else of that winter. We cleaned out the coalition from the State House with much the feeling of the present time among the Republicans at getting rid of Butler, and enjoyed doing it too. I recall nothing of that winter but this and that I went to Washington with Dan Baker in February 1853. When for what, how long, where we staid who we saw all is forgotten. It may have been on business, it may have been to see the last of the administration, it may have been for pleasure only. All I can remember of is that I staid over after he left to attend a ball I think on the 22nd of February, and that when I came back to the hotel, it was Willards, our room had been given up and I was put for the night only into a vile smelling remote corner, where I tossed for a few hours & came home early the next morning. Just a fortnight after I received my commission as sheriff and came down with an attack of varioloid on the same day March 12. It was a sharp attack and I broke out profusely with the pimplies, but it was soon over. I was pretty effectually quarantined to my room, and all sorts of precautions taken no one but Martha coming near me, except as I must qualify on account of the jail. I had Mr Brooks and F R Gourgas come to ad minister the oaths, and I well remember Gourgas with a scented handkerchief to his nose peeping in.
This dread disease even didn't keep away the rush of deputy shffs and would be depy shffs but it answered the purpose of giving me time to select them with more care, and commissioning only those at once needed. But I had a hard task to satisfy the dozen men who in half the towns in the county each thought they were entitled and best fitted for the place. I had but one or two competitors for the sherifffalty, but for the deputyships not worth the having in most instances & localities there were a score or more of applicants. Every Whig lawyer in the county wanted one for his special practise. It was my first experience of patronage, and I have sympathized with every case since where an officer had it to bestow. As they each had to give a bond for $30,000 the same amount as my official bond and as it is about the riskiest of such bonds and the fees were only what they could earn it was laughable almost at the eagerness they showed to get such positions. It made me more trouble, and caused me more unpopularity than all other official duties— I succeeded Fisher A Hildreth of Lowell Butlers brother in law, with whom I had very pleasant relations, and who bore his removal very coolly and independently, and took comfort in the success of his friend Frank Pierce. The nasty Lowell politicians disgruntled at the want of success of their two candidates Bancroft and Butterfield made all the trouble they could, and though both were old deputies, and had been retained by my predecessor when I tendered them an appointment, Bancroft at their suggestion declined it, and Col Joe who accepted promptly became one of my most agreeable deputies, as he had been a good friend of my fathers and mine before this appointment—
On thus entering on official life, and giving up my profession, which I never resumed except for a single year, I can only say that if politics had not interfered I might have been a fair lawyer a great one I never could have been from my lack of memory if nothing else. I had only a moderate practise earning not over 10 to 1200 a year, and that in rather small ways. I never tried any large cases and cannot now remember but very few of them. One victory that I had was for the town of Concord which was sued by Pastor Woodbury of Acton for damages by a defect in the road. Gourgas then factotum of the town and politically sympathizing with Woodbury undertook to settle it, and agreed to leave it out to three men, each to choose one, and the two so chosen to select the third. Woodbury chose his deacon Gourgas chose Banks, and they two agreed that the third should be either of two named. Woodbury found out that one of the two was a relation and got his deacon and got his friend to write to Banks to name this one and not the other. The referees met and Woodbury's friend relative and the deacon made an outrageous award, which Banks protested against and refused to sign, and Gourgas declined to pay. Here the case came into court and I was employed to defend, while Farley of Groton appeared for Woodbury. The trial of our objections to the award, came off in the vestry of the church before Judge Mellen just after the Nineteenth of April Celebration. Farley had imbibed some of the Acton spite at Concord from his client, and sneered about another Concord fight in his opening, and bragged that again the Acton men would obtain the honors of the battle. This put me on my mettle and I faced him more boldly than he expected. Banks had carelessly sent with the papers to
Gourgas the original agreement to refer the case
and Gourgas had kept or burnt it. So they had
to call Banks to prove the loss of the paper
and I cross examined him until I got out of
him all the unfairness of the reference. This
obligated Woodbury to call his deacon to meet
Banks testimony, and on cross examination
I made him acknowledge that he told the parson
about the two men they had selected, and that when
Woodbury claimed the relationship to one he at
W’s suggestion got Banks to change to the cousin.
It made quite a sensation as it came out and
although Farley did his best he was beaten so
completely, that Woodbury on hearing the decision ran
out of the room jumped into his chaise lashed
his horse into a run, and drove to Acton as if
there were no defects in the highway, and Concord
never heard more of his accident or damages,
or of him I might add except that he got up with
the aid of his Democratic allies in the coalition
the absurd monument at Acton to Davis & Hosmer
by the state’s contribution of $2500. In this
they followed Lexingtons example as the
modest structure on their common was also
built by the commonwealth, neither town
having any paying patriotism—

The other was a divorce case between the
parents of Gen. F.C. Barlow, in which after
taking great interest for years for the wife
and with many interviews and much cor-
respondence, I at last succeeded in getting
a decree from the court in her favor, on
grounds that left no stain or bitterness
on either party. It required more care and
skill than any case I ever conducted, as
both were so sure the other was in the wrong.
I entered this and one other divorce on the credit
side of the ledger in which I recorded the only
two marriages I ever performed on the debtor side,
and thus balanced and closed the account.
The shrievalty brought new duties, and they were faithfully performed. I think I filled the place as well as any other of the entire new crop appointed for every county in Mass. Old Eveleth of Suffolk was more dignified, Col Richardson of Worcester more pompous, Payson of Essex more energetic, and Sherman of Bristol more humorous, but taken all together I never yielded to any of the others after I came to know them in efficiency. My first court and public appearance was at Concord Chief Justice Wells presiding at the March term of the C.C. Pleas, and I had entire satisfaction in the way all my department went. I was the youngest sheriff in the state, and the youngest the county had ever had, and I knew as much of the duties as any one, and used my knowledge. My predecessor had no acquaintance with the courts or the bar considered the place merely political and had been very unfit and inattentive in the office. The change was an agreeable one to all concerned. Even I thought to him, and at the next court the April term of the Supreme Court at Lowell Merrik J. was very flattering in his praise and we became good friends though opposed in politics. Seth Ames was clerk, Train was district attorney, and at the hotel table I presided quite to their acceptance. This court adjourned to Cambridge where in May the first capital trial was had, that of Casey for a brutal murder of his employer and wife, at Natick. This was a test and trial that determined my success or failure as sheriff and I made all the arrangements for it with forethought and had no trouble or difficulty. After this I felt secure, and the only event I at all dreaded was what never happened, a mob and a call for the posse comitatus. I resigned my colonelcy as incompatible with sheriff.
My time was fully occupied when courts were not in session, I had sheriffs juries to summon and preside over. Several of this class of cases had accumulated because the late incumbent was not a lawyer, and more were began and tried because I was. They were the pleasantest portion of my work, as they took me all over the county and made me acquainted with many persons in nearly every town. I never thought I was made for a judicial position and dont think I was very useful as such. But I tried to be fair, and I never cheated in exceptions, and I got verdicts always, never once having a disagreement, and I think theise never set aside by the upper courts. I tried my first of these cases in May, and it went off as well as I could have wished. Then came the June civil and criminal terms at Concord, and at the best time I had all the members of the bar I could get at my house and gave them a good gander supper. At the criminal term my old and near friend Train came back to the prosecution of the criminals, and we had plenty of work to do together, and a good time doing it. June 15 the anniversary of my accident, I bought my first horse, a beautiful little mare, of a cross between the Canadian and the English blood stock. She was fast untiring and spirited, and perfect for her weight 700 lbs. I enjoyed her mightily and had many capital drives both long and short. Having a horse involved harness wagon and then a stable and a man to take care. Two of which came soon the last waited a year. My outfit was complete for my purposes and I think I enjoyed the necessary driving about the county most of all my new work.
Early in July we had another daughter Mary, born on the 8th and Martha got up nicely from her confinement, and was soon able to enjoy the shorter drives with me—Owing to this and my engagements we made no long trip this summer, tho later on Martha was recommended to the sea shore as she had an attack shutting her up to several days. Cousin Mary Barrett the Capt's wife died and broke up his home, badly, and we boarded two weeks at Emelines while our house was painted inside, a nice Florence White. I attended commencement in a new and handsome uniform, received Govr Clifford and took his staff up to Porters to lunch with the Lancers, and then after the dinner in Harvard, was escorted with him into Boston and had a pleasant class supper in the evening. Later on I went with him to the Salem muster, and with Sheriff Payson had receptions, dinners, and a gay time. Went to various other places including the Lawrence Cattle Show, and showed off as much as was necessary. Beside these I drove much to Lowell, Cambridge and about the county usually with a cousin or some pleasant lady friend, and enjoyed more than I can recall. In addition to this county and town business and all the politics as treasurer of the Agr. Society whereof Hoar was president had lots of work getting up the lot & building on Bedford St. where we had a first rate show and I had more business than I could do. Besides this the County Convention was held in Concord, and I had to keep open house for all comers that week, and plenty they were. With all this and election and state politics in which I was interested for Govr Clifford declined and my old friend and Joes law teacher Washburn of Worcester was nominated and elected.
After this it was all court varied by sheriffs
jury trials dinners at Youngs with our club
and nights in town at the Revere House as
the emergencies of court required. I saw much
of Train occasionally visiting his house
or meeting with our wives for a spree of
some kind in Boston. I had Joe & Helen
at our house at Thanksgiving and was
at home only on such holidays and Sundays
and at Christmas had a tree for the children
The year ended in about the worst snowstorm
I ever remember, confining us two nights
in Boston as the cars didn't try to run,
and making it difficult even to get
to East Cambridge and back. Boston was
fairly blockaded with drifts, and all the
traffic of the city obstructed for those 2 days.

1854 opened with the new Governor equally my
friend, but not equal to the old in ability
The County Delegation in the Legislature very
unfriendly to our club, and succeeding
in defeating Henry Fairbanks for the council
a great blow to him and all of us. So great
that poor F took a fever and died from both
causes combined, much to our grief and
desolation. I recall a visit to New York with
Martha spending a week there very pleasantly
seeing much of the Hudsons with whom
we staid, and more of New York that they
showed us. Theatres, churches and sights all
open to the editor of the New York Herald
and his friends. This was almost my only
vacation for a year, from courts & cases
and I sported my uniform at a dinner
party at the Prichards, and about New York
with much satisfaction at the time, but
less when I came to think and hear of it
afterwards. I was undoubtedly too much 'set up'
Early in the spring I had a regular row with
the Lowellites over Bill Clemences appointment
at which they were very mad & threatened even
my removal. I wrote them a letter which
they had to publish, but with a page of nasty
comments, and there the matter ended. All
the bar were on my side as he was a good
officer, and our club backed me up strongly.
Even Gov. Washburn to whom I explained
it thought better of me for doing it though
he was too easy and politic to approve it.
I saw much of him during the winter and
spring, and through Joe’s intimacy with his
family had no fears of my opponents.—
Meantime I got well acquainted with the
other sheriffs saw them frequently at their
and my jails &c, and had one meeting and
dinner of nearly all while the Legislature
sat. In the summer I attended at Taunton
the execution of Clough who was hung by
Sheriff Sherman, on the gallows of this
county I lent to him for the occasion
It was my first sight of capital punishment
and would never have happened but for
this circumstance. The anti capital punishment
men had persuaded a coalition legislature to
pass the law that required a person sentenced
to death to be confined for a year in the State
Prison, and then executed only if the Governor
issued his warrant. This they supposed would
never be done as after that length of time
the crime would be so forgotten that if the
prisoner behaved well, nothing more would
be thought of him. This Clough who murdered
a police man, was prosecuted forth by Gov. Clifford while atty gen. and vowed revenge
on him for his conviction if he got the chance.
When the Governor visited the State Prison
Clough who was at work there, secreted a knife
as the Governor approached his bench, and
but for the Warden’s seeing him take it up
and pushing by the Governor and disarming
the convict before the party reached him
he would have tried to stab Clifford. I saw
the scuffle and recall C’s surprized look
at the Warden’s quick push by him and
Clough’s look as he was caught and hurried
off. Nothing was said at the moment but when
we got to the guard room, it was explained
to us, and as most of the council were present
it made such an impression on them, that
when the year expired they recommended
Gov’ Washburn to issue the warrant for
his execution. This being the first case under
the law, all others followed the precedent
and capital punishment was not abolished.
> [probably indicating page 134½ should go here] Of course I went to
  commencement, musters
cattle shows and public gatherings as before
and was so busy with courts, and jury trials
that I seldom had a days leisure at home
Little Mary had a short and sever sickness
of cholera infantiem, and died in August,
and as a rest and relief to my wife we took
a trip to the White Mountains in Sept.
We had a miserable beginning at Wolfboro
in a storm, and had almost decided to give
it up when at Centre Harbor the sky cleared
and we drove to North Conway on a Sunday
in an open wagon, trying the way of living
of the natives on the road and finding it
very poor and rough. From there we had
a lovely stage ride through the notch and
to the Profile and Plymouth, and home safely
We met some pleasant people, whom we visited
afterwards, and came to know very agreeably.
It led to the issuing of a warrant to execute Casey, and I had to remove him from the State Prison to the Cambridge jail preparatory to hanging him. I made the necessary arrangements there, had the gallows altered and erected in the small courtyard by the jail door, and procured him a priest and did all I could for his wants. He was a sullen brutal fellow made no show of any feeling, and was a hard case. Indeed there was a rumor that he had murdered a person in Ireland before he left there, and he certainly killed this man and his wife in a dispute about half a dollar of wages, and in doing it with an axe, put the edge in and pried open the door instead of smashing it in. I took Judge Hoar with me to see him the day before his execution, and found him apparently stupid and morose, and called again for the last time in the P.M. He had cut off his broom handle into a club and had it on his bed. He was very ugly said I had done nothing for him as I had not got him reprieved, and began nervously hitting his bed with his club. I faced him expecting an attack, which he might have made, but Mayo who was in the dark corner of the cell, stepped forward & caught the club, and I took my leave. In the morning I drove down with Geo. Heywood had my deputies and the 12 witnesses only the law prescribes, and I executed the sentence on him without a compunction. He was unfit to live, and I was glad he didnt any longer. I drove home after it and a dinner with the shffs at the Revere House, and felt much relieved.
We had hurried home to attend my brother’s wedding which came off satisfactorily at the house of the bride Mary E Brown and they went on a wedding journey. This was finished in season so that they returned to our anniversary on my birthday and we had a family dinner with Joe and his fiancée Helen Maynard at our house in honor of the occasion. Fall courts soon followed and kept me busy as ever riding to Lowell almost daily, and driving over the county in all directions and so much that I had to get a mate for my little mare, and my team became pretty well known on the road. It surprizes me to recall the amount of work I had and did of this kind, often 40 or 50 miles in a day. With Judge Mellen who was made chief justice after Judge Wells death I kept up frequent and pleasant visits and with Judges Perkins and Bishop I became intimate, and they visited me and I them at their houses, and enjoyed them very much. At the hotels where Ben Thurston entertained us so handsomely with his good stories and food, we had high old times at whist &c in the evenings after court, and I came to look forward to them, as full as agreeable as any part of the shrievalty. The Lowell lawyers gave handsome parties to the court and I had many agreeable evenings there at Butlers, Abbotts, Morses &c, and quite came to be well acquainted with the best society there. At Cattle Show I had the usual house full of company, and a very good show, and in connection with it got up and put through the plan of taking Sleepy Hollow for a cemetery and had many meetings of a committee the club chose to consider the project on which I worked harder than all the others.
Keyes

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2  [There is no page 136 in manuscript]
The American party or Know Nothings as they were commonly called had perfected their secret organization so admirably that when election came they swept the state as with an avalanche. I joined them in the summer and was well posted in all their plans by Simon Brown who was the candidate for lieut. governor on the ticket with Henry J Gardner. In Concord Lodge nominated Bull for representative and he was handsomely chosen to the great surprize of all the Whigs. Indeed this was the end of that ‘grand old party’ which had out lived its usefulness, and died of inauction to the great joy of all the opposition that had coalesced against it. It was time and the only objection to the KNs their secret organization was of course done away when they had carried an election and chosen every thing from governor down. I was in full accord with the new admin-
istration through the Lieut Gov’. and had my full share in their councils. Train stood out but Nelson and others of our club had joined, and we helped arrange matters. The year ended with a pleasant Thanksgiving at the Browns with the new married couple, and lots of pleasant sleigh rides and dances with good times every where, so much so that at the end I thought it had been the most prosperous and pleasantest I could remember. The office was entirely satisfactory in duties and emoluments netting me $3500, a year, of which I spent nearly all in keeping up such an establish-
ment as I thought suitable, and in the many ways I could enjoy spending it. It was a happy old and new year both.
The new year opened with the new political administration, and one of the first things I recall was Lieut Gov' Browns bringing home Gov' Gardners message to consult with me about. I found a great blunder in it the omitting entirely the state tax of a million or two that I had distributed the warrants for the season before, so Gov'. Brown and I took it Gardner the next day and showed it to him and had it corrected, in season before he delivered it. It would have been an awful blunder for finance was his strong point as a merchant, and he was properly grateful for saving him the mistake. I felt after that and getting Col. Nelson into his council with Lieut Gov' Brown that I was safe however much the heathen might rage, and when he came very soon to removing all the Whig sheriffs I almost alone retained my office, and became his strangely attached friend, though I lost many of my old Whig associates who couldnt see why I had changed my politcs. The year and the new administration rolled on smoothly though a set in the Legislature behaved badly and I was obliged to change some of my deputies and appoint some new ones to satisfy the public clamor. I had one amusing encounter in that connection. A certain Lowell doctor wanted very much to be the jailer there, and at the instance of the Lowell politicians I made him the offer of the place. He declined it at first and afterwards wrote me a letter accepting but so full of mistakes and bad spelling that I did not what him. I drove over to Lowell sent for him to come to the Washington House and showed him his letter and my answer refusing to appoint him, and giving him his choice either to have them published, or write another declining—He declined—
I had been very much interested in the jails and as much dissatisfied with their condition. The Lowell one was by far the worst most crowded, and unfit for use. To induce the Co Com's to build a new one was a hard task but I had finally got them to seriously think about it. Early this year we made up a party including Train, as dist atty, the com's, the jailer at East Cambridge and we went to N.Y. to examine the prisons there and on the way We were gone a week, saw all there was worth seeing of the prison kind, made a thorough inspection of Blackwells Island under the charge of the famous Chief of Police Matsell, and through Mr. Hudson's courtesy had a very pleasant visit. It gave us all much information and a sight of the dark side of New York life not often seen by visitors there. I also had time to see some of my lady friends there and to enjoy that the more by contrast. The com's on our return procured plans from various sources and at last decided on much the worst and most expensive of them, simply because the architect came from Lowell as did two of the com's D S Richardson & L Huntress, and because it would be such an ornament to the city! A jail for an ornament!!! It was as appropriate as to make the necessary the ornament of a stately mansion. In vain I protested and opposed, I had no power and the huge unsightly granite structure was built, on the highest ground, thus over topping and dominating a city, that after its existence in it for a generation, might appropriately be spelt 'Low Hell' and yet it was greeted with such favor and applause, that it well indicated the public spirit of a community that could enjoy the crowning of their industrial home by such a monument of folly and bad taste!
This spring I had my great fight with Judge Hoar and the old fogies of Concord. The practise of holding the parish and town meetings combined had existed in Concord always unimpaired even by the starting and growth of a second parish in the town, except that in deference to their existence the parish articles were put by themselves at the end of the warrant. At the April meeting the year before I acted as moderator, and after the town business was finished, and only a dozen or so of the members of the parish remained they attempted to choose a Parish Committee. There were several candidates and as no one had a majority I after some consideration of the new law making a plurality elect in all state county and municipal elections decided that it did not apply to this case, and declared no choice. From this decision an appeal was taken and the decision of the chair was overruled!! a nice way of getting over the effect of a ballot! Thereupon I resigned the chair, as I not belonging to the parish did not care to preside over their deliberations if they did not like my decisions. Judge Hoar was chosen moderator, and not content with finishing the parish business must to 'rub it in' needs go back to the town business and try to find some article not entirely acted on, to take up and finish. In this he was unsuccessful, but it was so insulting that when he left the chair I told him it was the last time the parish would ever have their business done by the town officers or in a town meeting. He laughed at it as an idle threat. Accordingly this year as I had been reelected selectman by a unanimous vote and my colleagues were heartily with me, the town warrant contained no parish articles. A petition for such a meeting to be held, was refused by the Selectmen. Then the parish got a magistrate their deacon to call one because the Selectmen had refused.
When the time came, the Town Hall was locked, and it was not opened by me till the question was settled that it was a town and not a parish meeting that was to be held in it. Thereupon as soon as the warrant was read, I made a motion to dissolve the meeting. The town clerk put it and declared the meeting dissolved as it was my supporters being in a decided majority. The parish undertook to stay and do their business but I directed the hall to be cleared, and it was the boys being willing to have put the parish out of the windows if I had said the word. Mad enough they left and after threatening all sorts of legal measures, finally acquiesced and had a parish meeting called by a justice in their own vestry, and the separation of this ‘Church and State Union’ so incongruous to the times was complete. They never troubled me or the town more by their business. It was a great fight, made much excitement at the time, and me many enemies for whom I didn’t care. The Judge never forgave me for it and it was a sore spot for years in our otherwise pleasant intercourse. When he in the thickest of the fight at the dissolved meeting proposed to me, that the parish should go on and do their business in the hall, and have the right listed by an action of trespass, I shut him up, by asking him with one of his sneers If that case should be tried before him in his Common Pleas Court? This will show how bitter the fight was. The town fully backed us up in our course, and the question has never been mooted since.

The parish was much divided then Mr. Frost having become unpopular from preaching so much temperance and abolition with a portion of his hearers, and I had withdrawn from all connection with it, after as one of a committee having had a sharp correspondence with him, in which he to me now appears best.
The birth of Alicia in the summer was the event
of the household, and we got through it well
and enjoyed another daughter. She was
named for Aunt Alicia and has taken
from the beginning after and for me.
Next to this in importance and prior in time
was Joe's wedding to Helen Maynard of Waltham
which took place at our house, and was
large and handsome as we could make it.
They went to Watertown to live where Joe had
been practising law for two or three years.

After Martha was sufficiently recovered
we spent a week at the Nahant hotel, and
had a good time with the Trains who were there
sailing, driving for we took our team, and
seeing Dan Baker &c. I went also to Salem
Muster again with Gov Gardner & staff
and had some fun, only I missed Payson
who was removed with the other sheriffs.

I remember best a grand Know Nothing
Council and State Convention at Springfield
where I went with Gov Brown and where
all the party magnates, if there were any,
assembled, for a pleasant episode of mine.
After a nights session, quite a party a dozen
or more started for the U.S. Armory, where
Gen Whitney a Democrat was superintendent
On arriving no one knew the Gen, and we
met him in his office, and he very cordially
greeted me, made me introduce the rest to him
and showed us through the entire establishment
taking especial pains to be civil to me. In vain
I tried to recall where I had seen him before
till when we had finished the sights, he asked
us to the parlor of the dwelling house of the Supt
and gave us a most elegant lunch, with
champagne and all the luxuries. He proposed
my health, and said it was in return for the
very agreeable refreshment he had at my house
when the Cons Convention Committee came to Concord
to Gourgas funeral. Wasnt I considerably set up!
This was one of the occasions certainly when my bread cast on the waters, or rather waiters came back to me buttered. After this convention had adjourned I went with the Gov'r & Lt Gov'r to commencement at Amherst College where we saw all the orthodox clergy dined with them & had an interview with Conkey, that was the best of it all.

At the election that fall I was sick with the cholic, of which I had several so severe attacks that Dr Bartlett said they would finish me, and equally sick of the politics of the hour. Dick Dana persuaded the convention of old Whigs and new Freesoilers not to nominate Gardner but to put up my fathers old friend Julius Rockwell against him, and then take Gov'r Brown for Lt Gov'. I tried my best to persuade him to decline it but he wouldn't, and so the KN's threw him over, and both he and Rockwell were beaten badly. Nelson went on to the Municipal Court as chief justice, Train wouldn't accept the K.N. nomination for atty gen¹, and was removed as dist. atty. and I.F. Morse put in, and so many changes made that I was not sorry to be laid up with sickness so as to be rather out of the scrimmage.

During this summer and fall almost alone and unaided I laid out the cemetery according to Clevelands plan, so far as was feasible, and with my own hands drove the stakes for the lots and saved as many trees as possible from cutting. Made all the arrangements for dedication and had a memorable address from Emerson a poem from Sanborn, an ode by Channing all delivered on a lovely September day in the glen by the lot I afterwards selected. This was followed by a sale of lots the choice for the first bringing $50. from Wm Monroe and realizing more than I expected some fifty lots sold, and the undertaking successful Thanks to me we have a 'Sleepy Hollow' cemetery I am quite content to take my long sleep in—and for my only epitaph "The Founder of This Cemetery"
Beside this which took up all my time at home
we had conventions and a great cattle show
in fact two or three of the last I attended
including a N.E. exhibition in Boston where
I took Martha to see the trotting, and staid
over to see Rachel the French tragedienne
by whom I was quite carried away, though
she reminded me more of a snake than any
living woman I ever saw. Drove back to Concord
in the moonlight after the theatre with my
ponies which was delightful. S. Hoar's funeral.

At Thanksgiving went with the family
to Joes at Watertown dined and drove home
even the little baby enjoying the ride, besides
lots of other drives, with lots of people here
there and everywhere, and no rest except when sick.
What with courts, cases, calls, caucusses, chowders
cotillions, and cholic I had a lively time, the
only wonder being that I got through so
much, but I did enjoy all but the last.

The new year opened with a great row over
my retaining the office, to which I held on by
means of my fitness and Gov't Gardners friendship
and as I succeeded in checkmating my opponents
I rather enjoyed the fight. Courts &c kept me busy
and the time was spent as much like the last year
as could be, and be different. I recall but little
worth telling about save the political part.
The Sumner assault roused the anger of Massachusetts
as it never had been before, and indignation
meetings were held all over the state. At the
Concord one large and enthusiastic, I presided
and we had some great speeches. Then came
the Kansas excitement and we held another
meeting at which we raised $1000. in an hour
The county was organized very thoroughly
by a committee that met frequently, and
though not a member, I helped all I could.
Then came Fremonts nomination, and we
made a rousing campaign for him all over
New England, and I had my full share of work
and contributed my mite to the cause. In
the spring I resigned all my town offices, and
at cattle show was chosen president of the society.
At the conventions the sheriffs dist. attys clerks &c were to be nominated for the first time as these offices had been made elective by the constitutional amendments. Some half a dozen were called at Concord the same day by the different parties, and there was a great crowd. I had laid in provisions for a siege, and after an open house at cattle show had no time to fill up the larder a second time. But the conventions and the committees sat and quarreled and eat dinners at my house, and met again & fought and adjourned for supper, and at last just before midnight agreed to a ticket all round. The chief fight had been over the sheriffalty, and Gid Haynes of Waltham was the opposing candidate. The Republicans under Trains lead were for me, the Americans for Haynes, and the other offices were make weights in the trade. After lots of trunk and dicker, I was nominated with Morse for dist atty, and Ames for clerk & Bull resigned as senator to give Haynes a place on the ticket, and the conventions adjourned. Down came all my friends to my supper table on which I had laid out while waiting every bit of food in the house, & some drink. They surrounded it cheered me congratulated themselves, for the hotel had given out & shut up and were making a night of it when the door bell rang, and tramping in came all my opponents, who finding no other place for a bite or a sup had concluded to come over and eat my cake, they hadn’t cooked— I was delighted, and we picked the bones, and eat the crumbs, and drank the heeltaps till there was literally nothing left. Then cigars and pipes finished up, they parted, inwardly thankful they hadn’t beaten me that day. They all voted for me and I had 10000 majority in the county, and was never so popular in my life. It was my hay day in the public mind and I shaved my beard for the last time that morning, and I never mean to again, never—
Gardner was elected governor, and my brother Joe
a representative from Watertown, and the
Keyeses were still in the ascendant. Train was
there too, and for three years I was sheriff.

After the election Martha and I went to
Montreal to the great water celebration
and with Joe and Helen who joined us there
did that city and Quebec, very pleasantly
for all the crowd, and spent a week in
sight seeing and travelling quite enjoyably

At Thanksgiving the family dined with us
and later my brother George gave a great
party in the Town Hall, that was a success
and socially put the family where politics had his
brothers.

The year ended with the State Prison tragedies
that were very alarming, and disturbed me not
a little. The Deputy Warden was first killed by
a convict and I as sheriff of the county in
which Charlestown then was, was immediately
notified, and had some hours work composing
the Warden who was greatly shocked and affected
Within a few days the messenger came rushing
into court with the tidings of the murder of the
Warden by another convict, and I had the
same only a much harder and more fearful
task, to get the excitement quelled both inside
and out the prison. I staid there for several days
all that I could spare from court, attended
the funeral with the Governor and council,
and was thankful when the strain was over.
The terror of both convicts and officers at this
accumulation of horrors was most pitiable
and I had a severe trial of my own nerves.
It called my attention very strongly to prison
discipline, and I studied much on the subject,
and made a more careful examination of my
jails and the houses of correction than before.
I had already improved the management of them
materially, but here came a new incentive
to work for even better results. Worse couldn't be!
My first act after qualifying anew as sheriff
and appointing my deputies over again
was to resign my appointment as overseer
of the House of Correction. The board consisted
of three old fogies, Wm Parmenter once Democratic
member of Congress, Jon Wheeler a dried
goods trader, and ex Shff Chandler, who had held
on to the place after being sheriff to spite Hildreth
his successor, not one of them was under sixty
and they had about as much to do with the care
and management of the institution as three
sitting hens. They met monthly pardoned the
poor devils that couldn't pay their fines,
and for the rest did exactly what Adams
told them to. I had objected to this sort of over-
seeing when the Co Comrs appointed me as
one, and made various attempts to effect
a change. In vain, the fogism inertia
and routine of such an establishment
was too great for a boy like me to alter
to resign with my reasons was a wedge
that broke the ice, and I followed it up
to the best of my ability, imprudently I
doubt not but with some good effect.

This winter of 56-7 was terribly severe lots
of drifting snow storms, high winds and
bitter cold days breaking up even the
court for days at a time, freezing up the
harbor so that we had a good track over
Charles River on the ice, driving & walking
across to Boston without paying tolls—
I remember going down the harbor on
the ice for miles alongside the canal
cut for the Cunard steamer, and watching
her progress to sea through a crowd of
curious people lining the edges as the
great ship slowly forged ahead. I forget
whether I rode or skated on this occasion
for I think it had happened once before and
that then or this time I skated to the light ho.
and I hardly think I should have done that
as sheriff, more likely when at Cambridge!
This stormy weather kept me in town many nights and brought Martha to Boston to stay also rather than be at home alone, and we had some brilliant evenings, at Fanny Kemble Butlers readings of Shakspeare than which I never heard any acting of them that was half as good or enjoyable she seemed to me a woman of immense power both physically and mentally and could give every variety of character a wonderful distinctness by her voice alone, quite equal to any whole theatre company and stage effects. Then we attended the great Tigers ball at the Boston theatre recently opened, and had a good sight of the military and invited guests from the balconies & boxes. Had some agreeable evenings at the Lyceum of course also, with Geo Sumner, Agassiz, Wendell Phillips Dr Hayes and Old John Brown of Ossawotomie to lecture, and quite a number of them staid with me, as one of the curators that winter. I believe, at any rate I recall their visits at my house even now with much pleasure especially Geo Sumner who so entirely different from his brother, was as fascinating and amusing a companion as I had ever met, while Dr Hayes revived all my boyish love of arctic adventure, and gave me much real knowledge of the polar region.

At court I had the famous Kalloch case with a tremendous crowd, and great interest. K was a Baptist minister preaching to great crowds in the old Tremont theatre now Temple. He was caught at the Lechmere house with a Mrs Steen a former parishioner of his in Maine and the scandal getting out and he denying it and laying it to the Rum influence, a sensation was made that ended in his indictment for adultery trial and disagreement. RH Dana and Train defended. Morse was no match for them but the facts were thoroughly ventilated and the parson went west to Kansas and California
The great Central Bridge case against the city of Lowell before a shffs jury, I tried for a week with Rufus Choate on one side and Butler on the other, having more than my hands full, to drive such a team, and finally sent it to an auditor to state an account of the tolls. Meantime Martha and I went to New York and made the Hudsons a visit of a week, having an enjoyable sight seeing and doing up the city & surroundings. Stopped into court to see the Burdell murder trial which was going on exciting quite as much interest as the Parkman murder in Boston, and was much amused at the utter want of dignity in the court room. Martha and Mrs Hudson were given chairs in the judges desk behind him and actually presided there an hour of the trial!!! We saw much of the Prichards & dined with them, and went to many theatres. &c &c After our return I arranged with the Supreme Court to have two capital trials at Concord in June the first time that court had met in the town for twenty years. I got my two pictures of the 19th of April and the battleground painted framed and hung in the parlor and had the pleasure of bringing my old governor friend Atty Gen1 Clifford up to my house, where Train Morse and Mellen spent the evening with him. In the morning Ch J. Shaw, Judge Metcalf and Judge Bigelow came, and after a rest of an hour or two at my house went into solemn session over a capital case. They and the Atty Gen1. dined with me, and Chief Justice Shaw went home after a party at my house in the evening to spend the night at Judge Hoars. The others we accommodated as Mother was away at Hopkinton, and the next morning I took them to drive before court showing them the sights, and getting through the case and dinner, and the [sic] and a large party in the evening at Hoars—
The morning of the next day was spent in court sentencing the prisoners, and after a parting lunch at my house the Chief & Metcalf went home, declining to attend a chowder at Egg Rock they were much inclined to for fear it wouldnt sound well as a wind up of a capital trial by the Supreme Judicials!—Then Bigelow Clifford and I started in the double team and drove down over the Lex ington Road to Porters, where they had ordered dinner for us three. Now I had often dined at Porters with juries & college suppers &c. and supposed I knew the resources of that establishment. But I found I had no conception. Old Zach met us at the door the house was very quiet and we washed off the dust and cooled after the ride in one of the stuffy parlors, till we were shown out to—well I've eaten some good dinners in my time—but to by far the daintiest most exquisite and best dinner I ever saw. The host himself carved and served it, and as he never before had carte blanch for three high dignitaries he out did himself. I dont remember the bill of fare with any particularity, but such game, fish meats, soups, puddings & dessert were never before or since I believe served in his house, and the wine! Bigelow & Clifford were connoisseurs if any men in Boston, and their exquisite taste gave me new conceptions of what dinner wines should be, and for the first time I partook of a special kind for each course, this now it has become the fashion at all good dinners. Then the talk and the stories and the jokes and anecdotes they were equal to the dinner—It took us five or six hours to do justice to all that was offered us, and the Judge and the Atty Gen went in to Boston, and I drove back home feeling that I had culminated as sheriff.
My maternal grandmother, Mrs Hildreth widow
of Gen. William Hildreth, Sheriff of Middlesex
about 1810-14, and before that marriage widow
of Dr Timothy Shepard of Hopkinton, Mothers
father, and a daughter of Edward Stow, who
held a government office under the Crown at
the time of the Revolution and owned a fine
estate on Sumner St Boston, that was con-
fiscated because of his toryism, had died
and was buried while this capital trial lasted.
As soon as it was over Martha and I drove
over for Mother and to say goodbye
to the old place. This was to my boyhood
a veritable castle of romance, always
associated with every novel I read as an
ideal prototype of the scene described.
It was Sir Harry Franklands country seat
where he brought the beautiful Lady
Agnes as his misstress and afterwards his
wife, and spent much of his summer time
in the care and cultivation of its grounds.
The stories that lingered about it of his ways
and peculiarities, the traditions of the beauty
and charm of his Lady, the necromancy
of his valet the conjurer Dick Potter, and
the witchcraft and fortune telling of old
Jule Dicks sister, who had crossed my palm
and told my fortune and my wives & baby’s
at a visit there, a volume wouldnt hold them.
Holmes has made of them a poem, Nason
a volume, and yet I feel that these do not
begin to tell the romance of the place as it is
impressed on my mind. I had as a boy
made frequent visits there with Mother
It had a terraced court yard in front, planted
with box hedges 8 or 10 ft high, huge old cherry
trees of delicious fruit, and which on one visit
there were in full blossom and covered with
a wet snow, and had attracted a great flock
of humming birds, scores of which we caught as
their wings got clogged with the snow.
The double door under the front porch, of which the lower part swung on hinges and the upper part was a window raised or lowered by pulleys the only one I ever saw, opened into a huge hall, perhaps 25 X 40 ft with six immense windows, no fireplace, and with three graceful arches of elaborate stucco work over the pillars that supported the rooms above—Then a cosy parlor on the sunny corner with its white marble mantel over the generous fireplace, and the buttery opening off it in the angle of the great chimney, these with the spacious kitchen and servants rooms in the ell part, made the ground floor. A narrow stair way winding round the old chimney brought access to a long gallery over the hall off which opened the great chambers, some of which Sir Harry’s ghost or Lady Agnes’ or both were said to haunt, but I never saw them, or any one who had seen them. Shut the crazy doors, that would stay shut or open, the creaking timbers, the rattling windows and above all the arras hangings so worn and moth eaten flapping in any breath of air were uncanny to my childish sleep. But the great garret with its old trumpery, and barrels of papers and letters, and relics of the past was delightful for a play place for my cousins and myself. The avenue of old elms that led to the barn, once a famous structure, blown down in the gale of 1814 the great gale of New England, but leaving in its wreck many signs of its extent and style, the old pear trees in the orchard the great hill rising behind the house with its Indian name of Magunka yet adhering to it, and its bubbling spring flowing past the house in a little brook, who ever had such a grandmothers house to go to as a boy.
Then my grandmother herself a belle of Boston in the colonial days, quitting that city with the British Army when they evacuated in 76, and with her father sailing in the royal frigate to Halifax, and later returning by the way of New York when Lord Howe was in command there, to her Boston friends, and of an age to remember and describe vividly those scenes and persons. Marrying while still young Dr. Shepard a surgeon of several privateers of the Revolution who thereby acquired a fortune sufficient to purchase of the brother of Lady Agnes the Sir Harry estate, and make a pleasant home for his large family of daughters as well as for the old loyalist tory his wife’s father, who came back after the peace disgusted with the grant of half of St John’s New Brunswick, given him by his king for his losses in the royal cause, saying that if he couldn’t be better paid than by such fog snow and ice, he’d none of it, and fighting over again his battles with my grandfather, till they both died. Leaving my grandmother a charming widow of thirty with five blooming daughters, to catch or be caught by the Sheriff General and carried to Concord to preside at the Shire and leave the old place to decay. Here in the County House, now the priests residence they kept a jolly hospitable open house where the generals lively daughters and Grand mothers charming ones made Concord gay for several winters. Then the Gen’s death and my fathers marriage sent the doubly widowed back to her old place where for forty years she had lived, letting her farm at the halves, and entertaining her children & grandchildren & old friends.
[There is no page 154 in the manuscript]
Later in the summer Martha and I with Joe & Helen and half a dozen young men made an excursion to Lake George and saw Old Ti as the fort at Ticonderoga was called, sailed down the lake and had a delightful trip. The ladies had so much attention from the young men that we husbands were of no account and the party was extremely pleasant.

At commencement this year I prevailed on the Governor to accompany the Atty. Gen & myself to Porters to dine with the Lancers, and we had a great time there. We stepped out at the back passage way in the old church, and tho he was missed we got back in season for the orations and the dinner. Then I accompanied them back to town, and in the evening went to a pleasant class meeting at M'Cleary’s house, and wound up the next day by attending the alumni meeting and hearing E. Everett.

I went with His Excellency also to a great celebration at Bunker Hill, and as it was in my county rode in his carriage with the Sheriff of Suffolk as the etiquette required, now too often I fear abandoned. I recall also that Nelly my first little mare brought me a filly while at pasture in the Agr Soc ground, in June, and that I spent much time over training & handling the colt, tho I could do nothing with the mother. She had become so perfectly crazy when harnessed that once I kept her tied to the tree all day and night before she would start at all and then she ran half way to Lowell and sprained her shoulder so I had to leave her in a barn at Parkers & walk the rest of the way to Chelmsford, and that from her clear insanity. I was compelled to sell her for breeding purposes as that was all she was fit for, and she went to the White Mountains in N.H. where I heard of her in later years unusable except for raising colts.
I was very busy with cattle show matters all summer, and once when trying a jury case at Lowell, sent out the jury drove over to Concord and presided at a meeting of the society drove back and received the verdict and returned to Concord that night. It was fast work, but successfully accomplished I moved the Agr. building from the centre of the lot between the Burying Ground and Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, to the southwest corner on higher ground, put a floor into it to get rid of the dust at exhibitions and graded a circle of an eighth of a mile in the level middle of the lot for an exhibition ring where the animals could be better shown We had a great show better and larger than ever before, had Gov’ Gardner here and entertained him at tea at my house, and the dinner and speeches were excellent I remember thinking, and I presided very satisfactorily to myself at any rate. I was less fortunate at the co. conventions that followed, where I tried to defeat Huntress for co commissioner and failed utterly and laid the foundation for my own defeat by the quarrel this engendered. The Lowell jail was the occasion, but the prison discipline was the real cause, he being merely a tool of Adams &c, at Cambridge, where matters were approaching a crisis.

I finished up the central bridge jury case having a ten days conflict before me between Briller and Choate, with whom I spent the time at the Washington House evenings and had much charming talk, and who never was in brighter mood or more brilliant as a lawyer, and a companion. How much I w’d. give to recall those wonderful epigrams and scintillations that he sparkled our nights with The arguments attracted an immense crowd of spectators for two days, and were most able. The result was a verdict for the company of $21,000, which was afterwards sustained by the Supreme Court to which it was carried on the low points involved in my rulings—
I remember another agreeable trip that summer
with my wife driving to Providence RI
and attending commencement at Brown
University with the Trains, and seeing that
pleasant city, and going to President Sears’
levee where was gathered all the beauty
and learning of R.I. Thence over to Shermans
at Pawtucket, my old friend Bot the Sheriff
and going with his family and Trains to
a regular Rhode Island clam bake
that I voted a great institution. Driving back
we dined at Frank W. Birds in Walpole
whose wife was an old school friend of Marthas
and reached home after a tea at Waltham
late in the evening, after an agreeable expedition
This was a drive of over a hundred miles both ways
and was only a specimen of the way I drove
about all these years. In fact I was on the
road more than any where else save in my
bed, and I was never tired of the longest rides
I doubt if they were very useful to me as I was
so much alone in them that for want of other
thoughts I mulled over my disagreements
with other people too much, and acquired a habit
of arguing to myself my side of all disputes.
The Lowell jail was a great nuisance to me
it was nearly completed and Lowell wanted
the Sheriff to come there and live and run it
I am homesick at the bare thought of such a life
for myself and for my wife and babies it is
too dreadful, but I fear it is my duty and do
not see my way clear. So I rage inwardly and
with it, its authors, abettors, and inmates all shut up
for life in its walls, and those buried deeper &c!
I had one great laugh, one stupendous joke, that
really broke the financial crisis of this year
by setting every body to laughing &c heartily
that they felt better and brighter for it. This
was the way of it. I had a jury trial at old
Cambridge between the city & a citizen for
the value of his land. As there was no hotel there
I made an arrangement with Smith the caterer
who had opened the Brattle House as a college
boarding house to get a dinner for the jury on
the day of trial, and we tried the case till
one oclock when we adjourned to dinner.
On arriving at the Brattle House we found that
dinner was not ready, and the man in charge
said he was ordered that morning to have it in
readiness at two oclock. I wondered who had
interfered with my arrangement, but told him
to hurry it up all he could as we were waiting
and in the mean time chaffed some with the
jury about our ‘family dinner’ &c Soon we
were ushered into the dining room where the
table was most elaborately set for just
our number 15, the 12 jurors counsel & sheriff
I took the head, the Mayor my old friend J. Sargent
the foot and we proceeded to discuss the bill
of fare, which had half a dozen courses and
glasses for as many wines. We had got through
with the fish, roasts, boiled, & down to the game
the chaffing over it as a ‘family dinner’ going on
when a great commotion was heard in the hall
outside, and heads peeped into the door, and our
waiters were in confusion. We kept on however
till the farmers of the jury were well feasted
up, and tho noticing that some of the courses
were diminished finished an excellent dinner
and came out into the hall to meet who
but the corporation of the University with
their invited guests who had attended the college
exhibition and were cooling their heels while
we had eaten up their dinner Judge Hoar’s
exclamation, ‘Why Mr Sheriff you have eaten
our dinner’! I shall never forget. It was too
good a joke. In their own house on their own
ground to have their first elaborate corporation
feast devoured by a sheriffs jury!!! Language
fails, I was even at last with the college!
They had to put up with what was left, and we roared
and retired. Smith had confused the two orders as
one. All the rest of the trial, the students who heard
of it would peek in, and grin at the jury that had
eaten the corporation dinner, & go off roaring
The next day the newspapers got hold of the joke
and for some days poked fun enough
at the corporation. All Boston & Cambridge
laughed till they were sore at the terrible
discomfiture of the college dons, and
even Dr Holmes good pun that after all
the dinner 'de facto' was as good as the dinner
‘de jure’ didn’t stop the merriment.
I got more credit for it with the alumni
than for all my college exercises and
for many years it was a standing joke
at our class meetings.

This fall I bought the title of the other
trust in Grandmother’s old place and I
owned the farm as was only becoming
to the President of the Agr. Soc. It would
have been easier to persuade the family
to go to jail at Lowell than to Hopkinton
or rather Ashland as the new town
was called that included Magunka.
As the time drew nearer to decide that
matter, I had more uncomfortable feelings
more quarrels with the Comrs, and got
more thoroughly homesick about it than
ever. At last in the closing days of the year
after a sleepless night tossing over it
I suddenly thought of a plan of escape.
Why shouldn’t Joe go and keep the jail
He had but little practice at Watertown
had no children, and no love of the place
and here was a good opening. I drove
at once to see him talked it over with
him & his wife, and settled it easily—
This relieved us all of the nightmare it had been for so long, and the old year ended and the new one began most happily at such a capital arrangement for all. The election had resulted in the defeat of Gov. Gardner, by the union of all his opponents upon Banks who was handsomely elected by 24000 plurality, and with him many good fellows heretofore proscribed by the American KN’s. George Brooks who had taken my place as chº of the Concord selectmen was chosen representative and I had a good friend in the Legislature in him. Gov. Banks was very different from his predecessors and I never liked him half as well as either of the three but I came to know more of him than either, and I early in his governorship had a pleasant evening with him and Mrs. B at the Tiger Ball, which had become a regular institution.

At last the jail was completed & furnished. Joe moved in and March 21st. the prisoners were received, and the new chaplain Parson Wood preached a good discourse to them and us, and I felt the incubus fairly laid. It made quite a home for me when at Lowell though not so pleasant as Ben’s yet it was safer and the plan worked admirably. Mean time at home Mr. Frost had died of a long consumption, and Martha’s old friend Grindal Reynolds of Jamaica Plain had been invited to settle in F’s place. He accepted, and the church had been renovated inside and we had got through the condolatory and all was lovely. Accordingly one June day he was settled or rather instated with the usual crowd, dinner &c and we were quite prominent as his oldest friends in the parish among his old friends whom we knew.
With Dist Atty Morse, I made a weeks sojourn in Washington seeing all the sights and people in the Capital and stopping both going and returning in New York to call on friends there. It gave me more familiarity with both places and in that way was of use afterwards. Soon after my return Prescott was born and we were much congratulated on our boy after three girls as well as on staying in Concord. The family kept very well and I was busy as ever till the summer vacation came. Then we drove with Annie & Flory to Lynn had a pleasant visit on the Bakers tho Dan has met with losses & became a little hard, and from there we drove to Beverly and spent some days with our White M\textsuperscript{t} acquaintances the Endicotts. Queer old fashioned puritanical half quakerism people but very kind and hospitable They took us to Beverly Farms & showed us much kindly attention, and we saw many new people they knew & we enjoyed. This helped off the summer heat and we got all the babies through it nicely. Early in the Sept term I went home with Judge Perkins who had brought his wife to Lowell, and introduced me, and I had shewn her over the city, and felt quite well acquainted. He was living at his sea shore residence out of Salem in Swampscott and we drove out there and found a delightful place. I got hindered by a shower from returning and spent a Sunday most charmingly it was a perfect Sept. day. Mrs P. Miss Cox & I strolled to the beach sat on the rocks and talked for hours, enjoying one of the whilst days I remember. Went back to Lowell with the Judge after it greatly delighted with my visit Mrs Perkins was a Brookhouse and her father is very rich and owns a beautiful place adjoining theirs full of African curiosities he brought home
The fall I spent mainly in electioneering
for Train for Congress I visited nearly every
town in the district belonging to my county
Had some pleasant rides mainly alone
and saw some of the active politicians
and secured delegates to the convention
and on the second ballot got for him
the nomination 63 to 61 after a hard fight.
He had done even more for me two years
before, and it was great fun to repay
him, and beat Boutwell into the bargain.
I recall after that a pleasant trip to
Barnstable with the Gov' and the Ancient
& Honorable Artillery to the Cattle Show,
where I was agreeably entertained by S.B
Phinney who married Miss Hildreth of Concord
and knew all the Concord folks. We had
a great ball at the hall in the evening
and a generally good time.

My own cattle show was a great success
Mr. Emerson gave us a pleasant address
The show was extremely good, and the
dinner entirely satisfactory. I had my colt
harnessed in a trotting wagon and Annie
drove her on the track skilfully & safely
Annie 10 yrs old, and she 16 ms only.

The election went off safely Train was
chosen, and the rest of the year was
spent in preparing my side of the quarrel
with the County Commissioners over
the House of Correction matter, in which
I had got much interested and was bound
to put it through. If I had taken the bull by
the horns and removed Adams and put
in the right man, it would have been better
but I didn't quite dare the responsibility
of such summary work, and it drifted
into a legal complication very annoying
and with as usual no definite result. The
fact was the Comrs. and their county ring
were too much for me alone to cope with.
A club room had been established on the Mill Dam this season, with billiard table and all the luxuries, of which I was made president, and enjoyed very much. It had made much talk among the women as an institution they doubted or disapproved of and it wasnt in very good odor of sanctity. I was attending Mr. Reynolds sermons & lectures rather faithfully and the club room also. Something must be done to reconcile these and the opportunity occurred about New Years A poor family at the factory village living in the old red mill house half under water came down with typhus fever of the worst kind. Father mother and six children all more or less affected, in a forlorn destitute hovel with even the neighbours afraid to go near them. I brought up the matter at club room and was appointed a committee to visit support and take care of the family and authorized to expend any needed amount in doing this So taking my chance I went up there, washed fed, and nursed up the lot, got them a nurse provisions medicines, beds and comforts. Set them to mending and with Dr Bartletts aid after some weeks pulled them through. For several Sundays went each morning, and as soon as they could bear removal brought off the youngest children to better homes till they could go back, in short played the good Samaritan till I could leave them to their work again— This as the work of the B.C.&W. club, stopped all unpleasant remarks, and the club has gone on quietly and comfortably ever since. The family I soon lost sight of in their moving but it was the worst sight I can remember and the danger of infection was very great. We made another visit to New York staying at the Hudsons going to theatres nightly & churches Sundays & spending a week very pleasantly and having a jolly good time, as the Hudsons at last have a boy of Prescotts age.
I remember a visit to Salem at Judge Perkins
where I spent a Sunday and enjoyed the day
with them, and saw many Salem people I knew
tho it wasnt as agreeable as the sea shore.
I went also to several great balls this winter
the Tigers, the M't Vernon for the benefit of the
Washington Fund for his home there, which
was by far the most brilliant assembly
I had ever seen and where Martha & Lizzie
Lord accompanied me, and we danced
and had a festive time. Also the Masonic
Ball at Concord one of Surette’s most
elaborate and dressy affairs that made
quite an excitement for the quet town.
At the Legislature I had lots of work getting
the House of Correction matters settled
by a statute, and succeeded only partially
after much committee hearing & lobbying
To do this last effectually N’th 14 Tremont Ho
was occupied by the Tunnel and our crowd
all winter, and many good dinners, and more
good whiskey punches were drank than
can ever be remembered. What times those
were with Thorn Davis, Train, Col Parker,
Brooks, Swift John Green &c &c I dont
believe Boston sees anything like it now
with all the increase of wealth & luxury.

All that summer was devoted by me to the
great state encampment of all the Militia.
Gov't Banks proposed it and with the Adj. Gen
Stone selected the field near the Fitchburg
R.R. (junction that now is) for the place.
With Capt Richard Barrett then in command
of the artillery as an aid I hired two farms of
the owners for that week, and we laid out
the grounds, controlling all the land that could
be used for the outside shows, so as to exclude
gambling liquor &c Geo M Brooks was selectman
and I as sheriff took entire charge of the police
arrangements. I selected a score of my
best deputies for special aids, got a squad
of police from Boston Providence Portland
and all the cities of Massachusetts for duty.
I spent the most part of every day there for a month before, leasing the land for some $12 to 1500 out of which we paid for a bridge over the Pail Factory Brook, wells, stabling for staff horses, and a score of other details. I expected a serious time, with rough & rowdy as this was the first instance in the state or New England of a muster on such a scale and it was expected to draw an awful crowd. I was so apprehensive that I got my life insured put extra bolts on my house, provisioned it for a siege, made it headquarters for Mrs Banks and the Governors lady friends, and really did more work about it than all the rest.

The week came, the Governor and his wife were at my house, my deputies in white pants dark coats and black hats with cockades, all mounted and armed were quartered in the Court House where I had the jury beds brought from Cambridge (they were fed at my table) and all was ready. 7000 troops mustered and were encamped on the river bank from Derbys Bridge to the one Arch Stone Bridge. The walls were removed for a parade ground from the field between the brook and the main road, and the camp for headquarters was on the bank of the Pail Factory Pond overlooking the whole. I was mounted on my 'gallant grey' a fine parade horse, and in full sheriffs dress and reported to the Governor at his quarters with my score of deputies, who had charge of the police arrangements under my directions. The weather proved magnificent as did the sight and the first day was quietly spent in drills and routine duty, and without the great crowd I had feared, so that after patrolling the outside of the camp we came home to supper, and in the evening escorted Mrs Banks Martha & Mother to see the camp by moonlight, and finely it looked. Slept at home, and reported for duty again the next morning finding they had passed a quiet night with no kind of disturbance and all going on well.
In the afternoon the whole body of troops were marched off the field by the revolutionary Barrett houses to the battleground, where they cheered the monument halted and then back through the village to camp again. With my deputies we led the march, and except for a plenty of dust it was an imposing display. The second day was well spent in camp doing duty, and I found the crowd increased but very orderly and the soldiers very quiet at night. I received Gen. Wool of the U.S. Army who came as the Governors guest, escorted him and Mrs Banks to headquarters where I dined and we had a band concert in the evening with the ladies there, and then the Gen W. & Mrs B. came back with me to sleep quietly—

The third and last day was the grand review attended by the Legislature, the judges mayors and all the dignitaries escorted by the Anc. & Hon Art. Co, and a crowd of 50000 people. I had my hands full and with the police kept order, and preserved the peace so well that there wasn't a row, an accident or an arrest during the whole time. After dinner at the Govrs. and sending off the invited guests, the Governor came home with me and had quite a levee at my house in the evening with a supper &c afterwards.

On Saturday the troops, officers deputies police and all left the town, and I wound up the Camp Massachusetts in a rain storm. It was a great success in every particular and did much for the military spirit of Mass. that made it so effective a year or more later. I had much praise for my share in the good order, and arrangements of the camp, and felt that I was entitled to the credit if hard work, earnest thought, and wise counsel contributed to make it what it was—My deputies had a jolly lark of the week and got much satisfaction out of their duties.
In the convention that fall, although I had visited every town in the county and worked hard for success I was defeated of the nomination by the Co Court and the Ho of Cor. ring. Had I been willing to connive at their management and kept quiet over their cruelty and rascality they wouldnt have opposed my reelection. As it was with three or four candidates in the field, the opposition combined on a Boston school teacher Charles Kimball, who with not a single qualification for the place, no law no experience, no fitness, was nominated and elected, and reelected till his death in 1880 Simply because he allowed himself to do as the Co. ring directed. So much for making the office an elective one!

Of course I took my defeat sorely to heart, it threw me out of business, I had laid up but little of my salary, and had to begin my profession again, with a growing family and no especial opening. It was a hard setback but I bore it as philosophically as might be and made friends even more in my defeat than I should have in success.

With the beginning of the new year 1860 I opened an office in Boston in N°. 20 State Street with Train and Underwood, and began practise. I had quite a docket of suits against myself as sheriff and against my deputies, but didnt make much at taking care of them or get many new clients. Still I worked and waited feeling poor and reducing my expenses as much as possible. I was certainly relieved of a burden when I had become a private citizen again, after giving up the sherrifftalty to the new incumbent which I did with much formality after making an address to the court, and introducing my successor, and was thankful enough to be relieved of the responsibility so great that I did not feel the load till it was off my shoulders. I began a new home life with my family and on the whole think this year was even happier than the more public ones though far quieter.
We had elected Simon Brown representative from Concord, on the river meadow question and his seat was contested and my first case was this before the Legislative Committee. But as John Goodwin was speaker one of our sett it was comparatively easy to seat Simon securely, and the river meadows were not to be considered indifferently.

Then came a trip to Washington again with Mrs Train, meeting Train and Rice in New York, and there I staid over a day and then had several days at Washington where was great excitement. Saw lots of people I knew there, and recall a most agreeable evening at Senator Douglass’ where as he was busy his wife a most charming woman entertained us delightfully till he came in. The little giant impressed me as a very strong man, and we discussed politics very amicably for an hour. Found Charley Train very much at home in Washington having got the hang of the school house and on the best of terms with all the members. I made a pleasant call on Major French and saw Mary Brady and other Concord friends, and had rather an introduction to the feminine part of W. that I had never seen before. So I enjoyed several days there and returned to my law business at home.

This reminds me that I forgot the John Brown excitement of last year and I must recall one of its peculiar episodes in Concord. When the day of his execution arrived we had arranged for a gathering in the Town Hall, and had a wonderful meeting. I had insisted at the preliminary talks that all the speakers should be confined to reading other peoples writings, as there was too much danger of our giving way to treasonable utterances if we allowed ourselves to speak our own sentiments and the plan was cordially assented to.
The hall was crowded, I think Hoar or Fay in
the chair, Mr Reynolds read from the Bible
Mr. Emerson from Milton, Mr Alcott from
some heathen philosopher, I read the Execution
of Montrose, from Aytonns ballads, and never saw
a more effective impression made on an audience
than did those stirring lines. DH Thoreau with his
usual egotism broke the agreement and said
some rambling incoherent sentences, that
might have been unfortunate if they had not
been unintelligible. Sanborn read something
and so did Hoar but Ive forgotten what. A
hymn was sung perhaps written by Channing
and the ceremonies serious and sober as a funeral
were over. All of us knew Old John, all admired
him, and many rejoiced in his attack on slavery
and there was a profound feeling of sorrow for
his death. If I hadnt been sheriff I should have
gone to the trial to defend him I was so strongly
moved by his courage and manliness—
Sanborn had I never doubted full knowledge
of his plans, and Concord subscriptions had
helped his cause without however knowing
its purpose. So that when Mason of Virginia
began in the U.S. Senate the investigation
Sanborn was summoned to testify. He was
afraid and unwilling to trust himself in
Washington and refused to attend. He consulted
with me, and I had a correspondence with Mason
on the subject endeavoring to induce the com"ee
to take his deposition here. I think that was
one object I had in going to Washington myself
but do not recall any interview with Mason.
At length the U.S. Marshal made the attempt
to take Sanborn and carry him off as a witness.
I was sitting quietly in my house of a moonlight
evening when Grace Mitchell one of Sanborns
scholars came wildly rushing in with the news
that they were carrying him off. I ran to his house
next to the high school house to find him handcuffed
in the carry all with the 3 depy marshals holding
him, and an excited crowd of 30 men & women
holding the horse and stopping the road in front.
Sanborn terribly excited, and waving frantically
his manacles and calling for help and rescue
I enquired of the officers who recognized me
their purpose and authority which they gave
and then telling the crowd to detain them till
I got back, rushed off to Judge Hoar’s house
where I found him quietly smoking in his
library to which the cries and shouts of
the scene almost penetrated. I applied to
him for a writ of Habeas Corpus for Sanborn
and as soon as he understood the matter
he granted it. I writing the petition therefore
while he filled out the writ. Armed with
this I hastened back to find the crowd
swelled to a mob of hundreds, in which
some Democrats had mingled trying to
take the part of the officers, and getting
roughly handled for so doing. Shouting for
my old deputy Capt Moore, the crowd gave
way he came forward served the writ
by taking Sanborn from the wagon and
releasing him from the officers and the handcuffs.
They who were thoroughly alarmed for their
safety, gladly drove off after hearing the writ
saluted with a parting volley of stones & groans
and when the town clerk had shoved the collector
Col Holbrook into the gutter as the fit place
for his pro slavery remarks, the women helped
Sanborn to his house, the men walked off
and when I got through a short consultation
with him, and turned homeward Concord street
were quiet and the excitement over save that
Rufus Hosmer had fallen dead of heart disease
in the tumult that had been going on there.

My coolness and legal instinct alone prevented
a dreadful row. Carleton & Freeman & Coolidge
the officers were armed, and but for my
prompt interference would have made sad
work and a terrible result, instead of the quiet
surrender I brought about by means of the writ.
It was the best instance of presence of mind I
can recall in my whole experience!
Byron like, I woke the next morning to find the newspapers full of the encounter and myself famous for my interposition. In the excited state of feeling over slavery and the John Brown invasion, it was almost a declaration of war. I appeared before the Supreme Court hastily collected in full bench with Gov. Andrew as senior counsel for Sanborn while the Marshal with the U.S. District Atty was on the other side. The Court House was crammed the excitement red hot, I suggested the point when the warrant was produced under which the officers were acting that as it was addressed only to the Sergeant at Arms of the Senate, he could not deputize his authority to a bailiff for want of any such direction in the warrant and therefore the service by such bailiff was utterly void and nugatory, and cited the decision of our Supreme Court to that effect in the case of a writ directed to a sheriff and served by a constable. Charley Woodbury the Dist Atty, replied. Andrew closed and the court after consultation sustained the point and discharged Sanborn. The crowd cheered Sanborn was the hero of the hour, and though for a month he had been hiding in Concord garrets and writing to me from Patinas, he must make the most of his notoriety by the aid of newspapers, interviews, and cards of thanks. I came home at night to find Concord stirred to its depths, with reporters and emissaries of all kinds, and more foolish stories in circulation of attacks, and captures, than could be imagined—The papers here and in N.Y. Washington were filled with it. Congress got excited, Mason threatened and it seemed as if war might actually begin. Sanborn was carefully guarded, and the story that the Marines were to be sent out in the night to take him, came so straight from Mrs Jackson who was connected with the Emerson & Bartlett family that videlles [?] were sent out mounted to watch and give the alarm. Altogether it was another 19th of April and I sat on horseback for hours on the Lincoln hill watching.
I had the officers arrested brought to Concord
tried before Ball Justice for assault & battery,
& bound over to criminal term. Brought a
suit for Sanborn in the Supreme Court for
$10000 damages, and with the Atty. Gen
appeared in the U.S. Court where the com—
case was carried by Woodbury & in short had
lots of business growing out of the affair.
The Legislature took it up, and Congress
got excited over it, and it was a great row!
Meantime politics must be attended to and
I went to the State Convention at Worcester
where I helped elect the Andrew ticket for
delegates to Chicago, and was chosen the
member of the State Convention from the
Midx Senatorial District, also was chosen
with Sweetzer at the District Convention
in Concord a district delegate to Chicago
after a hard fight, in which my friends
rallied to pay me for my defeat as sheriff,
and thus I was busy again in political
movements.

Besides all this the river meadow matter had
come up in the Legislature, and I had many
hearings before the committees about it
where I appeared with Millen and French Jr.
for the meadow owners. I brought a 'quo
warranto' in the Atty Gen's name in the S.J.C.
against the old Middlesex Canal Co and
got their charter forfeited. Then I drew
the bill for the relief of the meadow owners
by taking down the Billerica dam, and
after much consultation, a hearing and
a view &c &c with lots of lobbying carried
it successfully through both houses and
saved it from a veto by my influence with
Banks, to whom I explained it satisfactorily
and had the satisfaction of a great triumph
with Gov't Brown in this vital interest of Concord.
As if all this and my other law business was not enough, I had been chosen the year before chairman of the School Committee under a new organization, that abolished the district system, and made a large committee of 3 from the centre and 1 from each of the outer schools. Sanborn was secretary, and we chose Alcott superintendent, and brought about a great change in the educational tone of Concord.

We had a whole week of examinations that I attended faithfully, followed by a grand exhibition in the Town Hall of all the schools and a glowing report thereon by the Supt. to the town making a volume of itself, and interesting all the citizens in the schools under the new system. Of course there was much work in this, and it led to a great fight in town meeting over some of the changes we proposed, but I carried my points by a great argument in their support.

Then came the Chicago Convention to nominate the Republican candidates for President and Vice President, probably the most important body that had met in this country since the Constitution was framed.

I started for it, by choice over the Grand Trunk route to be out of the way of the rush of the delegates &c over the other routes, and had a very interesting trip. May 11th up the Fitchburg via Bellows Falls to Burlington Vt. thence to Ogdensburg N.Y. being much detained by a break down, and getting acquainted with my fellow travellers, several of whom I knew before, and the Browns of Salem I came to know well after, &c and reached Toronto Canada, too late Saturday night to go on Sunday because the ‘chenim de fir’ didnt run on the Sabbath so we were forced to stay over, go to church and to such other places of amusement as were open and enjoy all we could of our forced delay on this very interesting Canadian city—!
Going on again Monday we got to Chicago
Monday night to find the delegation and
the whole Republican party there on hand.
Andrew was made chairman of the delegation
I secretary and Geo W. M’Lellan a [indistinct overwriting] secretaries, at our
first meeting, and our rooms at the Tremont
House, kept by my old friend David Gage once
a conductor on the Fitchburg rail road,
were thronged day and night by an excited crowd
To secure some rest George M’Lellan and I accepted
the invitation of a connection of his to take up
our quarters at his private house one of the best
in the city, and where his wife the brightest
and handsomest lady in Chicago made us
most agreeably at home. Massachusetts
was a power. We nominated and elected my
old friend George Ashman, the hero of the speaker
ship fight for Winthrop chairman of the convention
and he controlled it and the nomination—
Our delegation were pretty nearly unanimous
for Seward, and had many conferences with
the New Yorkers led my by old friend W M Evarts
and my new friends Weed and Judge James with
both of whom I established friendly relations.
In all this and the preliminary skirmishing
my training in crowded courts and conventions
and cattle shows came into full play. I could
more than any other of our delegation keep
my head in a confusion worse confounded,
make a clear record of what was done or voted
even if a hundred noisy men were all talking
at once. Could prompt the chairman who was
far from being used to such tumult till in a
wonder of admiration he declared I was the coolest
and most level headed secretary he ever knew, &
made so much of me, that I was his right hand
man through it all, and as he was one of the most
prominent men in the convention, through his defence
of Old John Brown, I came in for quite a share
of the prominence for the same reason in Sanborns
matter that had became almost as national an issue
as the original insurrection itself. It was great fun!
The convention met in the great Wigwam
with its immense crowd of spectators, a most
 glorious sight, we organized with Ashman as
 president, appointed committees, and adjourned
for the platform. What an evening of conferences
and consultations followed, our delegation staid
in their rooms which being central we received
delegation after delegation from other states
heard their speeches, and replied to them through
our chairman, or occasionally a secretary till
long after midnight. Then the President Andrew
and myself held private confabs with the New Yorkers
and western men, had a quiet supper discussing
the morrow, and finally I got a little sleep.
Bright and fresh I came to the meeting after a good
breakfast at Mrs Tuckhams again to astonish the
chairman who was nearly used up with his labors,
and we held a long session settling the disputed elections
and the platform, till at last it was the hour for
a ballot. Had one been then taken Seward would
have been nominated beyond all question, but the
President though nominally a friend of Seward
was fearful that he would not carry the country,
and Ashman was equal to that emergency or any other
Quietly rising amid a howl of tens of thousands
voices for a Vote, Ballot Ballot! he hushed the
uproar, and coolly informed the convention that
the secretaries had not the printed tally lists that
would be required for a vote, which would not be
ready till morning, and that it would facilitate
matters to adjourn over night for their convenience
The convention tired and hungry accepted the plan
and before the Seward men could prevent it adjourned.
I with Sweetzer and some others of our delegation saw through
the trick and voted with the New Yorkers No. but in vain
and satisfied that we were beaten, I went home to
get some rest, leaving the delegation to caucus as they
pleased, feeling sure we had lost our best chance
After this we had a pleasant time on an excursion in the harbor with the
ladies and
forgot my dissatisfaction in the hospitalities
of the Chicagoans, which were lavished upon us.
The charming Mrs Tuckham was the belle of the party
and smiled on me, till I fear I became oblivious
to the work of the hour, and the necessities of the
Republicans. At any rate I had a good time that evening
The eventful morning came. The convention met more excited and crowded than ever. In our delegation Sweetzer was swearing mad at the treachery he had smelt in the air, and the 2 or 3 Lincoln men were hopeful, but not disposed to talk. Andrew was rested, and Ashman kept away from our meetings. The others subdued by the importance of the hour, and quietly and almost breathlessly we took the first ballot. The result was announced in silence. Seward 173½ Lincoln 102. Bates 48. Cameron 50½ Mase 40. McLean 12 Dayton 14. Wade 3 Read 1. Collamer 10 scattering 2. Then such a shout as I never heard before it seemed to move the very roof and shake the walls after quiet was restored a second ballot was taken Seward 184½ Lincoln 181. Chase 42½ Bates 35, scat. 22. Again the shouts came louder than before, while the Sewardites saw the end, and the Linconites did too. On the third ballot Lincoln was nominated by 265 votes to 163 for Seward and 36 Scattering, and then the roof fairly raised, the walls split, the earth shook and the ‘welkin rang’, cannons fired bands played, delegates embraced, hats went up, banners flapped, hell was to pay. Of our delegation only 4 voted at first for Lincoln and one MD Field withheld his vote, on the second it was the same except Mat came in for Seward, but on the third as it stood at first Lincoln had 18 and Seward 8 and of these I think all but Sweetzer and I changed over. The deed was done, and the convention adjourned for dinner. I had tried to get Banks for vice president he was so eminently qualified that it seemed just the thing to complete the ticket. Some of our delegation stood out against him, and I could not persuade them. I had prepared a speech of 10 words nominating him if I could have made it, I think it would have carried the convention, Andrew was willing I should try & Ashman would have recognized me to make it But some of the old abolitionists on the delegation opposed and finding at noon from Evarts and Curtis that N.Y. wouldnt second it because we had failed to support Seward unanimously, I refrained and here it is as the convention didnt hear it. ‘Massachusetts for whom Abraham Lincoln will ‘maul rails’ presents in her ‘iron man’ the wedge to split the Democracy. Nathaniel P. Banks’.
So we went back into the convention and voted
Hamlin of Maine, an utterly unfit, useless, and
and amounting to nothing as a candidate was
voted for by New York, and lead on the first ballot
Banks who had all our delegation but two came
next, and on the second ballot Hamlin was nominated
I imagine it was done by the New Yorkers to kill
the ticket, not to strengthen it, as it certainly
didnt. If—now for my ifs. If we had taken a
ballot the second afternoon Seward would have
been nominated, and if elected we should not
have had the rebellion. If—I had made that
speech and it had taken the ear of the convention
Banks would have been nominated and elected,
and reelected and we shoulnt have had Andy
Johnson and impeachment and the break up.
On such little things does destiny of nations
seem to turn, but it was fated not to be.
The convention did its remaining business
My old colleague in the Senate was put on the
National Committee John L. Goodrich of Stockbridge
and the usual votes of thanks &c & adjourned.
It was a great meeting, in it of the men whom
I met for the first time were Gen' Hersey of Maine
Tuck of N.H. Welles and Cleveland of Conn. Preston King
John Keyser, A.B. James of N.Y. Frelinghuysen of New Jersey
D. Wilmot. Thad Steven. Gov Reeder and Judge Kelley of Penn
Frank Blair of Md. David Carter and Tom Corwin of Ohio
beside Giddings & Delano, whom I knew before. C.B Smith of
Indiana, Ferry of Mich. David Davis, Judd, & Browning of Ill.
C Shurtz of Wis. Kasson of Iowa. B Gratz Brown of Miss.
& Horace Greely, who represented Oregon & hundreds of others.
In the Mass. list were Kellogg Boutwell and Comins at Large
and Day Webb, Peirce, Eb Stone John Wells, & Hopkins of my
old friends, with Claflin Rogers Hooper & Dunham
& Tim Davis & Tim Winn my neighbors, in short a strongly
representative delegation I came to know them
all well, and afterwards to have much pleasant
political intercourse with them. Scores & hundreds
of others were there as substitutes and alternates
and outsiders, Joe from Lowell, for one who got in
through my influence in the place of Bellows
who was my substitute and didnt attend, and
it was my high water mark politically!
Andrew urged me very strongly to go up to Springfield the next day with the committee to notify Abraham of his nomination, but I refused thinking it in better taste for someone who hadnt stood out to the end to go, and so I accepted the invitation of the Wisconsin Delegation to go up to Madison the capital. It was a fine railroad ride, through the fertile lake shore counties to that loveliest capital of the states embosomed in sparkling lakes and with superb trees, and hills, fine houses and a hospitable turn out of all the carriages in the town to drive us all about its environs. We had a great dinner & speeches hurrahs & cannon at every station immense enthusiasm over the nomination and a fine show of western breadth & exuberance. I persuaded the Brown’s of Salem to go with us and they enjoyed it as I did their company Miss B being a most ardent Republican–enjoyed the trip extremely and can recall even now the capital beer that the whole party were treated to as we halted at the brewery on the road. We got back to Chicago at night to a last meeting of the delegation at which the chairman reported his impression of Lincoln and we heard the return echo of the cheers at the nomination, from north east & south. Sunday was spent in seeing Chicago driving with Mrs T. all over the north side and the lake shore, and having an agreeable dinner party with their friends. Reuben Rice formerly of Concord was here and with arranged an excursion to Dubuque over the Ill. central for the delegation and friends on which we started on Monday morning. Buckingham of Cambridge was chief squire, and Tom Russell J.A. Goodwin, and lots of Massachusetts men went. Mrs T. and some of her lady friends accompanied us and we were pleasantly transported the entire length of the great state seeing all its broad acres rolling prairies and wonderful breadth to Dubuque, where we spent the night a merry party with music dancing and merriment till tired out we slept by the side of the great father of waters to the sound of its rapid flow.
In the most lovely of mornings we took steamers for a sail of a hundred miles down the Mississippi and with the party on deck under the awning we leisurley floated down this wonderful river till noon. That sail I noted with the whitest stone in my memory's tablet. I never saw and never expect again to see anything equal to its charm. It was the culmination of my western longing and life wish. Arrived at Fulton I actually did not dare to leave the bank of the stream and go with the portion of the party on an expedition to some falls 20 miles off, for fear I should not resist the desire to stay west always, and send for wife & babies to join me. I was so carried away with its boundlessness. Therefore I dined and taking an express train was landed in three hours in Chicago crossing the entire breadth of the state, through one vast prairie a garden of flowers at that season in an almost air line, that seemed never ending still beginning as we looked out on its dwindling distances lost in obscurity both before and behind us. At last I had seen and crossed a prairie! Bidding my kind host goodbye settling up the accounts and finishing up all the last things I got off that night for Detroit. The convention momentous in its outcome awful in its results, inspiring in its grandeur, exciting in its details was a thing of the past, 'un fait accompli' and with Tom Russell & wife & John Goodwin I was homeward bound. We rode very sleepily all night only awakening once by the troubles of a new married couple in the berth opposite. After a wash up and breakfast I got hold of Brooks John Newell, John Hosmer & Henry Hurd and under the guidance of some or all of them spent the day doing the city. Here I called on and saw Gen Cass the great Senator of the state whose estate was the finest property in the loton and enjoyed a brief interview with him. Of the docks railroads and flour mills elevators and business of the place I saw all I wanted. But I did not see Rice who hadn't got back.
The next day we crossed the suspension bridge taking
a look at Niagara, and winding our way home-
ward arrived on the next to find all well.
From this onwards I gave almost all my time
and thoughts to the campaign, attended meetings
far and near, organized Wide Awakes, reported
our doings at the convention, and occasionally
made speeches. I think the law suffered some, and
my cases were not always successful, but the
campaigning was glorious enough for both.
I recall many pleasant meetings of the State
Committee and many pleasant acquaintances
I made in the political world, especially the
part I particularly carried through. The great
torchlight procession in Boston in October
As chairman of a subcommittee I worked hard
and met with a complete success. The details all
arranged and they seemed endless Martha came
down and went to a friends house in Chester Square
where the procession of 20,000 Wide Awakes in
uniform carrying torches, and blazing with fire
works countermarched in living lines of fire
before our winking eyes. Our committee and guests
in a great barge had lead the van, and at this
point satisfied with the result I left them and
enjoyed the sight with my wife, and escorted
her back to the hotel, and rejoined the barge
and finished the route after midnight.

Was sick all night after it, but got out the next
day to see the reception of the Prince of Wales.
of whom we got a good view as he rode to his
hotel. The next day we went to the State House
where Gov' Banks received the Prince and we saw
him again, and what was more of a sight the
crowd filling Beacon Park and Tremont St full
In the evening as Martha had gone home I saw
the outside of the great ball & at Music Hall we
saw the school childrens festival and welcome
to him where two thousand children sang God
Save the Queen and America to him. The following
day he went to Cambridge, and I followed and
saw him again as he visited my old room in Hy
lunched in the library with him, and though not
presented think I have seen enough of a future king
Then I took Annie and Flory to Boston and we saw
the Prince’s departure, went through his rooms at
the Revere, and they saw a repetition of the Music
Hall festival to their great delight.

At the several conventions I helped nominate
Andrew for Governor and Train for Congress
and was not a candidate for any thing myself.
At Concord we had a lecture from Cha's Sumner
who staid at Mr. Emersons and was waited on
and welcomed by the Wide Awakes for whom I was
spokesman, and we wound up the campaign
by a torch light and illumination after a speech
by Comins who spent the night with me. In Boston
we had a rousing meeting at Fannell Hall which
when I called it to order presented a sea of faces
such as I never looked on before, and then came
the election, and the result. Lincoln was chosen.
Some weeks before I had attended with Train a
meeting at Harvard where in his speech, he had
told the voters “to make a note of it to write it in their
farmer’s almanacs to score it on their cellar doors
that after the election of Lincoln we should never
hear any thing more of secession, or disunion”
He thought so, and I too busy with the campaign
to read much of the southern newspaper stuff believed
it so that it was a rude awakening when in the
midst of our rejoicings, a shrewd political friend
startled me by saying now look out for the southern
cannon replying in grim war earnest to our guns,
and to find it true, that war was to follow.
I confess it blanched my cheek for a time, and
I gladly withdrew from politics to law to forget it
The river meadows were being cheated out of all
they hoped from their bill so gallantly carried
by the knavery of the Commissioners appointed
under it. When the day came for these com’rs to take
down the dam, they were met by a bill in equity
asking for an injunction on them upon the pretence
that the damages were not secure by the obligation
of the state to pay them, and Cha's Hudson & Bellows
of the board took that opportunity to go West and
be gone so that we could not file an answer
for them and have a hearing till it was too late
that season to do anything more with the dam
who paid their expenses of this trip I wish I knew.
In December I changed my office in Boston from State St. to No 1½ in the old Jays building on Washington St. which looked right down State St and was a very convenient location.

Along at this time a sort of understanding was arrived at about the offices under Lincolns administration, and partly from fitness and partly from my connection with the Sanborn arrest, I was designated for the United States marshalship. Of course it was necessary to have a good endorsement in addition to my record as sheriff, and I spent some time this winter in getting recommendations. The electors signed for me, the Supreme and Superior Court certified to my fitness, the Chicago delegates approved, the Governor & Council agreed, the State Committee urged, the ex Atty. Gen². and the bar generally endorsed, and the leading members of the Legislature were added to a set of papers that could not be beaten. Several prominent friends from other states wrote letters, and I felt sure of Train’s support. I had but one opponent. John L. Swift then a drunken, rowdy stump speaker, who had only a set of poor politicians behind him who couldn’t have discharged the duties or obtained the bond if he had been appointed.

Armed with these recommendations in February I started with Martha and Anne for New York where I staid some days with Hudson seeing the sights and getting well posted on the political situation. The Peace Congress was in session in Washington and the President Elect came to New York and had a great reception and escort through the city. I saw him in the carriage for the first time and thought him the homeliest man I had ever set eyes on. I wrote home that he was a cross between Jake Farmer and Beauty Wetherbee the two homeliest farmers in Concord. Martha went home, Lincoln remained and I went to Washington.
Arrived there I found the city in a whirlwind of hubbub and excitement. Congress was being deserted every day by southern members in treasonable speeches for leave taking. I heard Andrew Johnson's famous rebuke to them, and thought it the most eloquent in parts I ever heard, it fully equalled and almost paralleled Cicero's oration on Catiline. The Peace Congress were trying to patch up a settlement but with no hope of success. State after state was seceding at the south. The local Republicans were trying to arrange for the inauguration, while the local society was breaking up, and the oldest families were clearing out, while business was at a stand still and property all most valueless. I looked about for a day or two, found Major French in charge as chief marshal of the inaugural ceremonies, who at once secured me to take charge of the President with such aids as I should choose. It was the most dangerous duty of the day. Fears of an attack, assassination were rife, and rumors of real war were in the air. I accepted without hesitation, secured a dozen Massachusetts men on whom I could rely. Col. NA Thompson Gen Devens, Col Rogers, I.P. Hanscom &c I cant recall all of them, engaged our horses, and badges, conferred with my namesake Col Keyes of Scotts staff and Capt Stone of Mass in command of the local troops as to the details of the march &c. &c. &c. As the magnitude and danger of the occasion grew on me I couldnt sleep, and after tossing all night I came down at Willards very early and was sitting in the hall when who should arrive but Lincoln in a cap and cloak, looking worn and haggard with a night ride, and with only Lamon with him. No one was about but the night clerk to whom it was whispered who the guest was and he retired to his room. I recognized him from seeing him in N.Y. and he & his friend Lamon eyed me suspiciously as the only guest of the house visible at that strange hour of day down. With Lamon I soon became well acquainted,
and was introduced by him to Mrs Lincoln in
the evening at a sort of reception she gave
after her arrival to the ladies &c at Willards.
Though she tried to be agreeable she was very
distasteful to me, reminding me strongly
of Aunt Hannah Leland whom she resembled
exactly except in not being lame, but with
a thoroughly southern manner I detest.

On Sunday I had my first interview with
Lincoln, in his parlor where Lamon took
me to confer about his wishes as to the next day.
I shook hands with the long, lank, lean rough
looking ill dressed president elect, and telling
him my purpose in calling, was struck with
his reply, as throwing his long leg over the
top of the centre table he answered My only
wish is to go to the Capitol take the oath
and return to the White House as directly as
possible to begin the duties of the office.’ Then
we talked of details, and he left all to me to
arrange, with the committee of the Senate
Baker and Collamer, while Lamon with Phillip
the Dist U.S. Marshal were to see to Buchanan
the out going President. After half an hours
talk in which Lincoln told several good
stories, and made me feel very comfortable
I retired to try my saddle horse. Riding very
leisurely over the route seeing the positions
Scott had assigned for the troops, I met Col
Butler Bens brother an old frontier Indian
campaigner whom I had seen before and
who asked me what I was trying that horse for.
I told him to escort Lincoln tomorrow. The devil
said he Ive been in lots of fights but I dont
envy you. Why said I. Because Id rather take
my chances in any Indian scrimmage
than be in your place. Then we talked and he
gave me some points for which I thanked him
and rode off. It was a lovely quiet afternoon
but the quiet was ominous, and foreboding
There was a hushed expectancy in the city that
betokened anything but a festival for the morrow
and yet I had a pleasant ride and liked my horse.
It was the last night of Congress which had nominally been in session all that day and in the evening I went to the Capitol to see the sights usually attending the close. Here too was the same foreboding, knots of members anxiously conferring, every one sober, and serious, nothing of interest doing only waiting in gloom and distrust for what the morrow might bring. There were but few visitors in the corridors or galleries, only some haggard claimants for legislation hoping against hope. It was dispiriting enough and I went back to Willards wrote a long letter of goodbye to Martha and slept an hour or two.

Rising early the bright sun, the busy throng of sightseers occupying every favorable point, the moving troops, and the general bustle of the great day in Washington, drove away the clouds and fears of the night before. Mounting our horses at Willards we waited the arrival of President Buchanan from the Capitol, where he had been signing the last bills, and we waited long. The escort & procession were drawn up on Pennsylvania Avenue Major French and his aids in the advance and at last Buchanan arrived. He went in shook hands with Lincoln and they came out together, Lincoln and he taking the back seat of the carriage L. on the left with the Senate Committee on the front seat. Lamon and the U.S. Marshal on Buchanans side of the carriage I and my aids on Lincolns side, I so near I could have touched him by extending my arm. Col Thompson in front of me with Col Rogers, Gen Devens at my left and the others in the rear. Thus we slowly moved down the avenue, between files of troops and troopers keeping the wide street clear from curb to curb, with detachments of artillery posted on all the side streets with their horses mounted canons loaded & post fires lit.
The sidewalks windows and house tops crowded
with a dense mass of humanity chiefly
men. In comparatively silence we passed
along occasionally a faint cheer from a
knot of Republicans on the walk, or a waving
of handkerchiefs from a bevy of ladies at
a window, no enthusiasm no warmth of greeting
In the carriage Buchanan nervous faint
almost collapsed, rode silent and trembling
as if to his execution. Lincoln calm cool quiet
bowing to every greeting from the crowd and
occasionally speaking to the committee men
on the front seat. Baker on my side vigilant
but anxiously watching every motion or pause
scrutinizing every group, while I keeping
my horse exactly between the wheels of the
carriage, shielded Lincoln all I could the
entire way. All went without incident till
we got to the foot of Capitol Hill, where the crowd
was densest, and there was some delay while
the troops were taking their places in front of the
eastern portico. Baker got very nervous & excited
called on me to push on and clear the way while
Buchanan shrank into his corner as haggard
and frightened as if his doom had come.
Old Collamer and Lincoln cool and collected
talked on unconcernedly, while I sent Col T.
ahead to see what caused the obstruction. As he
returned a sudden sway of the crowd caused the
carriage horses to start, and the pole as it lifted
catching the Cols saddle unhorsed him instantly
This added to the confusion, but was soon righted
and before Baker’s order to ‘Drive on’ Drive on
was repeated we advanced and alighted at door
of the Senate wing. Here the Major Chief Marshal
met us, and escorted the presidential party to
the Presidents room. After a brief tarry here
we entered the Senate Chamber, where we found
places, and after some proceedings there formed a
procession and marched to the east portico
where Lincoln took the oath and delivered his
famous inaugural to a vast crowd filling the
steps and front square, and amid profound silence.
As a part of my duty I stood within 10 feet of him hearing every word, and greatly impressed by the good sense and homely strength of his phrases. It was not very well received, his awkward appearance was not favorable and it hardly elicited a cheer, though he had a rather warm greeting from the ladies and the friends close to him as he first appeared on the platform. This over we returned to the Senate Chamber & the Presidents room, the procession reformed and Lincoln escorted by us as before resumed his place in the carriage, and we returned over the route. Lincoln was relieved and so were all others, I forget whether Buchanan came back to Willards with Lincoln or left him at the Capitol. At any rate the chat of the party was lively the crowd was relieved that all had gone well the greetings were more enthusiastic, and the return much pleasanter than the advance. As we turned up the Treasury building there was a great cheering and much heartiness shown, and in front of the White House we reviewed the society’s & delegations which composed the escort who being all Republicans were very enthusiastic. I recall with pleasure the praise Lincoln and Baker bestowed on me for keeping so exactly in my place the whole route, and it well paid for all my trouble work and anxiety. The White House reached we dismounted were invited by the President inside, warmly thanked by him for our attentions, introduced severally by Col Lamon, and then forming a body guard staid for an hour or two while he received all that desired to be introduced of the waiting crowd outside. This over the President again made his acknowledgments to the Marshals and we took our leave of him, ready to begin his duties. I was entirely delighted with the success of the day, satisfied with my horse my aids my position and myself, and felt as relieved, as assured that I had helped inaugurate a Republican President who would appoint me his marshal for Mass.
After this came the Cabinet nomination,
and calls on the several secretaries most
of whom I knew before. I remember the
one on Edward Bates the Secretary of the Interior
in whose department the Marshal belonged
I went with Mudgett of New York who wanted
to be marshal of that district, he was
as forth putting boasting and cheeky as
I modest retiring and unassuming. He was
opposed to Seward and had no more chance
of the place, while I was quite as certain of
mine as a candidate could be. What
Bates who was a snuffy old fogy thought
of us I didn't make out, or any thing else
except that he was very small potatoes.
Montgomery Blair I liked best of all
and was satisfied with the Cabinet as a
whole, though disappointed in the N.E. men.
I went to Frank French's wedding at the
Major's that week, where he married Ellen
Tuck. Amos' Ts daughter, and as both the
fathers were great friends of Lincoln he
came for the ceremony at which many
of the senators & cabinet were also present.
The major was expecting to be marshal of
the district but Col Lamon took that as
the best plan, and had interested himself
for me, but Lincoln left all the offices
to the Massachusetts Delegation to decide
how they should be distributed. Gen Devens
was in Washington very desirous to be the
District Attorney at Boston, and consulted
me and laid down on me strongly for
help to get it. I gave him my best advice and
took him to see every one who could help him
but it was entirely useless, the man who sent
back Burns to slavery had no chance in the
first Republican administration—
We came home together after getting the things running along and finding that nothing more could be done in Washington. Soon after the Senate adjourned, Sumner and Wilson came on the delegation met and divided the offices. Sumner took the P. Office to which he named Palfrey, Wilson the Surveyor ship to which he named Phelps, Adams the Dist. Atty for Dana, Hooper Naval Office for Tuck, Train the Marshal for me, Dawes the Collector for Goodrich, and the others their offices for the several district places, and sent on the slate to Lincoln. Mean while the South were setting fire to the building in which the President said he was letting rooms at the other end, and we were feverishly excited and worried at the prospect ahead. I had some relief in the river meadow case before the Legislature which was in a bad way, and for which I had much work to do.

I saw considerable of Gov'. Andrew who was very busy equipping the militia with overcoats and corresponding and advising in every direction. He wanted me to give up the marshalship and take the Adjutant Gen'. of the state. I declined because I knew I was fit for the one, and not fit for the military duty of the other.

In the height of all this turmoil came the guns of the Rebels on Fort Sumter that startled the country from its politics its business and its pursuits. It reached us at Concord on Sunday, and the news as we came out of church, took away all other thoughts. I rushed off to Boston in the first train to consult as to what should be done next and found that my commission as marshal had arrived and waited my qualification. But for this I should have volunteered and started for the war with the fist regiments in some place.
The President's proclamation came in answer to the rebel attack on Sumter, and Gov Andrew in answer to it sent his two best regiments. He consulted me as to sending Butler as brig. genl with them, and I advised his doing it knowing Bens zeal and interest in military matters and believing his fertility of resource would be worth much to the Mass. troops. He was sent.

I was busy getting my bond signed and in making arrangements to take the office as the first regiments moved off to the war. My old command the Concord company was in readiness and prepared to start when Capt Richard Barrett called on me to say that he could not go, with a large family dependant on him with his pecuniary affairs in great confusion and needing his personal attention to straighten them out he felt that it was neither right nor honest for him to leave. After a full explanation I told him he must be the judge, that there were plenty of officers anxious to go that his lieutenants George L Prescott and Jos Derby Jr were either of them capable of taking the company and that if I were in the situation he described as his I should resign, and let Prescott take the co He did so, and the company started on the 19th of April, the Concord anniversary amid the tears and cheers of those left behind.

It was the day of the Baltimore riot. I had chosen it as my day to qualify and I took possession of the marshalship that day. I came home at night after a busy day with the news of the Baltimore riot exciting every body almost to frenzy. It had pervaded our usually quiet town, till at a crowded meeting in the evening, they got so wrought up that they would have torn Capt Dick to pieces and were ready to mob me for advising him—
The meeting was called about the departure of
the company, Judge Hoar presided and I was
urged to stay away, but refused, I had never
been afraid of my townsmen, could always
control them, and did not doubt I could again.
But I had not considered the tremendous strain
the war had brought on every mind, and I
soon found myself a defendant on trial.
This was Judge Hoars opportunity as he thought
to kill off both me and the Capt who always had
backed me. He did all he could to convict me.
And with the help of B. Tolman and some other
Democrats who really cared more to injure me
than for the war, I came off very badly. It
was a very outrageous affair, ending in the
hanging Dick in effigy, and in my deciding
that popular favor was not worth having.
It took all my interest in the town or its action
entirely away. I had enough other interests to occupy
me, in my new duties, and for the next five years
I gave as little thought to Concord matters as was
possible. I voted and that was all I cared to do for them
as much as possible I was away, and except for
the friends who stood by me I let the rest go—

In the office I found a very efficient deputy
Fred Warren who knew all the special duties
and matters of account very thoroughly from
twenty years experience, I got rid summarily of
all the rest except the Marshals son Watson Jr.
whom I allowed to stay till I decided on his successor
but Carlton Coolidge and that crew I bounced as
much for that Sanborn affair as for their general
cussedness. I found that the marshalship combined
the work of a co. treas. and a sheriff for the U.S.
and in both these capacities I was entirely at
home. I soon learnt all that I didnt know of
the new place. Found R. H. Dana the Dist Atty well
disposed, and fully believing in my operations.
Thornton Lathrop his assistant and I became
good friends at once. Judge Sprague of the District
Court was a little offish at first, but Judge
Clifford of the Supreme Court who held the circuit
and I got very intimate, as I remember his early
appearance in Concord in the old Common Pleas Court.
I found myself very pleasantly situated with no
more to do than I wished, and that chiefly attending
court, and with leisure to help on the war movement
that engrossed every one's thoughts. There was no new
business in courts at such a time, and it seemed
as if there would be no use for the office except
to stop the slave trade which had started up anew
with the pro slavery sentiment of the late administration
Seward was specially anxious for this to be done
and I was soon called to a conference in N.Y.
with the marshals of that city Philadelphia and
Baltimore. I found Murray of N.Y. a thorough
politician devoted body and soul to Seward for
whom he had been a striker and willing to serve
him in this as in any scheme, but ignorant
of any thing outside of New York harbor where
he had held some small place. Milward of
P. I had known in Congress as a great friend of
Trains, and found him a hearty bluff good
fellow only anxious to make all the money he could
out of his office. We agreed on our measures of
vigilance, and I set up John C Warren as a special
detective meeting me daily in my old office
in Jays building and reporting every suspicious
vessel or movement. We caught nothing, and
but one escaped our vigilance, and that deceived
an old Free Soiler himself the ships agent.

But the blockade of the southern ports soon put a
stop to the trade, and gave me quite another sort
of occupation. Prizes—My first was the brig Amy
Warwick with a cargo of Rio Coffee, of which
I took charge, and appointing my brother George
a deputy, set him up on Lewis warf in what
proved the largest business done in Boston during
the war. We went into this as a regular mercantile
business manner, took the same care and attention
of the prizes a merchant would if consigned to
him by a firm that he dealt with and I soon
had all I wanted to do in such a line of business
I became quite familiar with merchants' ideas
ways, and got into quite a different set from
the lawyers and courts I had hitherto known.
The war went on and in spite of Judge Hoar's prediction in my parlor that the 75,000 men called for by the President would march through all the southern states, there was no sign of its being over in Seward's 90 days, although the Judge and the chairman of our selectmen went on to Washington 'in a body' to see what it meant. As they didn't find out and Congress had met I decided to go, and having got the office into such shape that I could leave, I started and as the bridges had been rebuilt and the steamer was back at Harbre De Gras, I had no trouble in getting there. Previous to this I had seized all the telegraphic messages in Boston under the orders from Washington and as Sicy Cameron wanted some keen loyal man to help in their examination I recommended my brother Joe who was out of the jail and business too, and he was at work in the department on them so I had another reason for going. I got there to find Train Rice and Delano rooming together and as I meant to stay some time I took a room in their house on 14th St back of Willard's and was comfortable. It was a very different Washington from what I left or had seen before, soldiers every where, guards every where, that even my marshals buttons would not pass, and more Massachusetts men than I had left at home, so I spent some days in looking about, went to Alexandria to see the Concord company, to the White House to see the President and to the Capitol to see a Republican Congress. It was the eve of a forward movement, to see which made lots of people had come on.
After several days in the city I joined a party of Bostonians for a drive to Fairfax Court to see the advance. We rode out over the Long Bridge saw the signs of the advance every where, the deserted farms between the rebels and the city, and soon found ourselves at the front, and full near enough to the enemy. We heard only a pistol shot but that was enough to show we had better get back and we turned off from Fairfax and came back over Chain Bridge, without seeing a rebel, but like a reconaissance with some idea of the lay of the land fortunately. A day or two were spent with the ladies for Dr Bartlett had come on bringing my mother and Joes wife, & Emeline Barrett to look after Nathan Henry, and Saturday night we had a tea party at Major Frenchs with a dozen Concord people present more than were ever together in Washington before, at once, except the Concord Art. Co.

I had arranged a party to go out Sunday to see the battle. Rice and Delano for Train couldn't leave as his son was coming from Annapolis, N. W. Coffin and Jim Dolliver, Dr Bartlett and myself would just fill a six seated Jersey wagon that with a pair of grays I had hired for the trip. They came round to the house at 3 A.M. and with some lunch, cold tea &c we packed in and drove off in the quiet streets of that Sabbath morning before the city had waked up. Passing the guard on the Long Bridge as soon as it was light enough to see to read our passes, we kept on having a lovely drive in the cool fresh air, and passing all the teams we overtook till we came in sight of Fairfax. Driving through a brook to water the horses the load 'sprung the axle' and we feared our fun was spoilt, but as we crawled into the village, a likely looking soldier in uniform at an abandoned blacksmith shop agreed to mend the wagon for us in an hour—
So we stopped for breakfast at the Fairfax tavern where Gen'l Washington had so often dined during court sessions, got a very fair meal in the quaint old dining room, with a paper fly scarer over the table pulled by a darky boy outside the room, that brushed the innumerable flies off the food while we were eating. We had for companions at the table Ely a N.Y. M.C. and Senator Foster of Conn who were driving in a hack to see the sights. As our wagon was not quite done, they got away first, and we strolled over to the Court House to find Col. Marston of N.H. in command of that post and to look at some of the old records that were getting pretty roughly handled by our soldiers.

When the hour was up we called and found our wagon as well and neatly mended as if done in New England, and that the blacksmith was a Yankee soldier whose company was stationed near by, and who had opened the rebels shop and had earned a good months pay that morning shoeing horses, and mending breaks for any who came along in need. All right we pushed on and about 10 oclock arrived at Centerville where we could see some regiments of soldiers in position on the hill facing the enemy and could begin to hear musket shots & cannon from the front. We drove to the tavern engaged quarters for the night and stabling for the horses, and strolled about to get some news but there was none. I remember going to a spring for some water around which some darkey urchins were playing while the cannonade grew louder and being shocke at their unconcern rebuking them for their noise, and seeing they did not understand why they should not play, had to tell them because it was Sunday, a fact probably as new and strange as the battle, to them to judge by their faces. Finding no more to be seen there we met and as dinner
wasn't forthcoming we decided to push on
and get as far as we could to the front. We
drove leisurely down the long hill and on
for a mile or two passing Cub Run over a
very rotten bridge, till we came to a solitary
farm house in a grove, which had been con-
verted into a hospital, where we saw some
wounded men, and the Dr. went in to find
his services not needed. I had a presentment
all the forenoon that things were not going
right at Bull Run, a mile or more in front
and various little circumstances so confirmed
me that I declined taking the party any further
note especially as a train of mull teams we
had passed loaded with heavy bridge timber
that I knew would never get safely over
the bridge behind us, and that I could see on
the road approaching it. So collecting the party
we were discussing the matter when a shell
burst in the road forty rods ahead of where
we sat. Ely's carriage was close by it, the
horses took fright plunged into the woods
overturning the carriage. Ely got out, and—
we next heard of him in Richmond—
This decided me and turning about I whipped up
got over Cub Run Bridge just before the timber
wagons reached it, and looked back to hear
the crash and see the wagon break through it.
As we drove back to Centreville we met the regiments
we had seen in position when we arrived rapidly
marching down the hill, a German regiment
under Blinker singing John Brown's body's—
and the men throwing away their blankets &c as
if they were going into action. From the hill
we could see the dust & smoke rising along the road we
had passed as if there was fighting going on there
and while we rested at the tavern yard asking
if dinner was ready and getting no answer for
no one seemed to know. Who should ride up to the
top of the hill but Gen'l McDowell and a full staff.
As they halted to examine with their glasses the
movements in front Rice who knew the Gen¹
left us to go and see what could be learnt from
him as he was the commander in chief that day.
Not returning, and finding a large train of army
wagons were moving to the rear I watched
for an opening and when a break in the long
line came pushed out into it, and took the road
back. It was none too soon, the firing became
louder and as we left Centreville for Washington
a panic seemed to seize all the wagons on the
road, and we soon found ourselves in the rush
and confusion of a retreat. Luckily our
load was lighter for Dolliver had found other
friends, Rice was off and the horses fresh for
their rest. So we could keep out of the way of
the running wagons behind us. But those Virginia
roads were not made for fast driving, a deep
gully on each side down every hill made
by the spring rains, had left the centre track in
places 3 or 4 feet higher than the sidetracks
in these gulleys, and as one had to choose whether
to be crowded by a wagon off into these gullies
or take a side track and be stopped by any obstruction
in it, it wasnt a good road for a retreat. Then
too the panic soon increased so much by its own
motion, that the loaded wagons going up hill
would be opened at the rail board, and their loads
of barrels of beef shovels spades or what not
would be spilled out to come rolling down on
those behind, or the teamsters getting more scared
would cut loose their mules and gallop off
leaving the wagon to its fate. Thus the retreat was
soon a rout, and an occasional straggler or
wounded soldier getting to Washington helped it on
by giving the impression that the rebels were coming
One such wounded soldier we picked up and helped
on his way till he overtook some comrades in an
army wagon and relieved us by joining them.
A mile or two on the road in this ruck we overtook Rice heading on foot for Long Bridge as fast as he could walk. He had learned enough from the General not to trust himself in Centreville any longer and was glad enough to be picked up and helped on. The rout continued intensified at every mile. Now we would pass a light carriage come to grief, again a hack demolished by contact with an army wagon. Now our wheels would crumble the edge of the gully and all our weight would barely save us toppling over into it Now we would nick whiffle trees with an army wagon hub or tree both going their best, I never drove such a dangerous ride, and never drove so coolly & skillfully. A dozen times the Dr on the seat with me held his breath, or screamed a warning that was too late, but the gallant greys were in perfect control excited and eager but well in hand and doing their level best. And so we plunged on for nearly ten miles every rod of which was a peril. It was getting too much for even my nerves, as we approached Fairfax I was on the lookout for a road to the left that would lead to the one by which we had returned on the reconnaissance. At last I saw one, and deftly running out of the ruck of the retreat, was in a few rods entirely out of sight of even a person or team in a quiet wood road, with only the roar of the distant rout and the cannonading reaching us. The change was striking and grateful to drivers and horses, but our troubles were not over for pursuing this track we soon came upon trees felled across it, and after getting by the first half dozen were confronted by a regular abattis formed on each side into the woods, and stopping our farther progress. Here all got out but the Dr. searching for relief
I consoled them with the thoughts of spending
the night in the woods, where even the rebs
wouldn't find us. Rice relieved himself
of every scrap of writing about his person
by which he could be identified, at the
sacrifice of some money and more sentiment.
But after the horse were well breathed
from their run I went ahead and piloted
the team through the woods, Dr [word undeciphered]
at a walk and the others swinging the wagon
round any trees it hit. After a hard hours
work we got into the track again and soon
came out on the road I had been over before
and on this we drove rapidly discussing
the movements we had seen, the probable result
and speculating as to whether it was a victory
or a disaster. We had the road to ourselves
the full moon had risen, and but two incidents
occurred all the way back, a dead horse by
the road side frightened mine, and after we
passed Chain Bridge a balloon in the hands
of a company of regulars, showed us there
was anxiety for information at head quarters.
It was midnight when we reached the War
Dept where we left Rice to report what he
knew, and the others at Train's who swore
at us awfully as a damned scared set of cowards
and wouldn't believe our troops were whipped.
I went to the Majors with Dr Bartlett and
roused up the ladies and told Mother Helen
and Emeline to start with the Dr for home
in the first train in the morning. Then
I got back to supper in my room over which
we discussed the day and at last I slept.
After the longest hardest most exciting and
eventful day of my life. My first and
only battle in which I didn't see an enemy
or get in range of their guns, and yet I got
all I ever want to see of actual warfare.
I woke to a pouring rain storm, and at a late
breakfast with the woman of the house
a southern secessionist as I found, heard the
rebel side of the Bull Run. A friend of
hers had come from Beauregards head
quarters that night to Washington had
made all the inquiries he desired got all
the information he wanted breakfasted
with her an hour before and returned to
report the frightful condition of the city.
I swallowed my coffee rushed to the War
Department and told them of this spy and
the necessity of guarding the approaches &
securing him. It was too late if not useless
for the demoralization was complete, the
city entirely at the mercy of the rebels. The
army that had so proudly advanced into
Virginia was crowding back shattered and
beaten struggling like sheep into Washington
and nothing but confusion reigning there.
It was indeed a black Monday, the storm increased
the rain came in torrents, and to this alone
I attributed our safety. The rain made those
roads rivers of mud, and the rebels with
shoes worn to tatters couldnt march in
that mud, and their opportunity was lost.
It was an awful storm and day both.
After dinner I heard the Concord company
were back, and loading my pockets with
bottles of brandy I went with Heywood and
Fay to an empty block near the bridge and
there found a worse looking more worn out
and wet muddied tired and used up set of
men than I ever saw before, one half of them
sleeping from mere exhaustion, the rest groaning
with bruises and sore with their march in the dark & rain
Turning them up as they lay we dosed them all
round with brandy, got them a supper and
made them as comfortable as possible. But
their accounts were as bad as their condition.
They reported half a dozen killed and as many missing but these last all turned up and the six killed proved to be prisoners in Richmond and although Sid Rices head was shot off by a cannon ball, and Gen [?] Dennis entrails were strung out over a fence rail they all returned in a few months entirely cured by their confinement in Libby prison.

The howl that the northern newspapers brought the exultation of the South and the dismay of our friends were beyond my poor words to describe. Suffice it to say that as soon as I could I got away from the Capital and got home to find Massachusetts recovering from the defeat and ready for new exertions in the cause.

The 75000 hadn't cleaned out a single county of one state, and more were needed and sent. The three months men were sent home as their times expired and we gave a great reception to the Concord company tho they had no victory to boast of, but they had done their duty and were welcomed by an outpouring of all Concord to greet them at the Town Hall and carry them to their homes rejoicing!

Capt Prescott had proved a very useful and efficient officer, and was petted and praised beyond bounds. But the romance and the excitement of their going had died out and the feeling it had aroused was not shown by any who had seen service. They had seen and felt enough to know that their old captain was right in staying at home and they formed anew the company under his command.

It was only the stay at homes that had mobbed him and would have me if they dared, and those who had smelt the powder respected one who had a good reason for not going when they did. With soldiers I never had trouble.
To make up for Bull Run we soon got Grant's victory at Fort Donelson and Buckner & Pillow and were sent to Fort Warren. I had through Seward committed and released several prisoners there the Baltimore rebels among others, and now the War Dept telegraphed me to be ready for those generals. I met them at the train, was duly introduced by the officer in charge and having the tug ready soon had them safe under the guns of the fort. This was quite an agreeable part of my marshalship as it took me to the fort on pleasant days a pretty trip, and I was on very friendly terms with the U.S. officers there, and it was a pleasure to witness the hard fate of the rebels confined there, many of them were good prisoners and some good fellows in all but their treason, and I spent many an hour chatting with them over the differences between North and South. I was as kind to them as they deserved and they appreciated it. Gen Pillow, Buckers companion was a very agreeable gentleman, and had connections in N.Y. or N.E. that helped him to get exchanged. The Trent affair brought the Mason and Seidell, the forme of whom with whom I had corresponded in Sanborns case, and whose pompous slave driving manners were very offensive, made it nuts to me to tack up in Fort Warren, and to communicate dispatches from Seward &c that riled him to the utmost. Slidell was more polite but he was so chagrined at his capture that he took to his bed and was really sick during most of his confinement. I got on better with their secretaries, of whom I saw more, and had much intercourse. Another part of my duty was to look after suspected rebels on the Cunard Steamers.
And I became quite at home on these trips up and down the harbor with them. I remember especially boarding from the revenue boat the steamer from England just after the news of the taking of Mason and Slidell reached England, and the trembling anxiety of the passengers at the trouble we had got into on that score. They had been looking off all the way over for the British warships they expected sent to release the prisoners—and my untroubled coolness as I pointed them out when we passed Fort Warren safe in custody there, astonished their weak nerves.

The diplomatic discussion that was so well carried on by Seward through the winter, was of great interest to us at the office where prize law was studied so much in all its practical bearings. When the decision to release them was revealed Ned Webster with whom I was well acquainted by meeting him at the slave trade conference in N.Y. came on took a little tug and in a very rough sea put them on board with the waves washing the deck and wetting their feet, and under a guard sending them to Provincetown to the Renalds. Then he came to my office in Boston and we dined, over their discomfiture, and as the gale increased every hour drank to their speedy deliverance at the bottom of the sea where it secured most probable they would be.

The tug weathered it however, and the Renalds was blown well over to the Burmudas and nearly foundered. It was a good riddance to us, and was a good punishment to them for their treachery and insolence.
The war spirit that prevailed so extensively kept me immensely busy investigating all sorts of exports that reached me from every quarter, of rebel ships, contraband goods, and letters and communications from southern sympathizers. Gov Andrew sent me all that he thought worth looking after. The mayors of the chief N.E. cities seemed to follow his example, and as the papers published many of my seizures I soon acquired a very unenviable prominence in this respect. I had lots of work for every officer I had, and in this respect fully satisfied the departments at Washington with my zeal and activity. But it all amounted to next to nothing in its effect on the result, it drove away from Boston any secessionists who could have been mischievous, put loyal men on their guard as to shipping merchandise that would reach the rebels, and stopped some transfers of property to the South notably a large lot of treasury notes given in pay for the steamers that ran between Boston & So. Car. that proved as good as gold, by the terms on which they were issued. In short I ran the civil and criminal part of the U.S. in my district, leaving the military to the Gov' and the President. In this work I made so many trips to New York, New Bedford and all the neighboring seaports that I had a free pass over many roads & steamlines. Much of the work was high handed and illegal, but the war excused everything and inter arma silent leges was the motto of the U.S. Court House. Dana believed in it, and helped. Judge Sprague didn't, but he never interfered.
In the winter I took Martha to Washington with me for a visit. We stopped of course in New York with the Hudsons who as usual had made us a visit in the summer and then went directly to the 'Rugby' where Train and his wife were quartered for the winter. It was quieter than a hotel, had S.S. Cox and wife Ophelia a bright little woman. Mr Abbott of the State Dept. and Mr Bridge of the Navy whose wife had been quite prominent in the old Washington society, and was a great friend of Mrs Jeff Davis with whom she even then corresponded at every opportunity.

Washington was buried in mud, the weather and the getting about alike detestable, and M'Lillan was the hero of the hour, but as ever, not quite ready, and the army officers soldiers camps and wagons were everywhere. Of course we saw all the sights old and new, visited hospitals, and forts, and in addition saw all the society there was that winter. Mrs. Train and Martha went to receptions made calls, saw the wives of the secretaries, and senators, went to Lincolns receptions and were presented at court, such as the court was! I had leisure to accompany them generally and we staid a fortnight, entertaining at the Rugby Gen Butler and Col Devens and seeing at the hotels and departments every one of note that I cared to meet, including a very lovely lady a Mrs. O Sullivan who made quite a sensation that winter by her beauty and whom we were invited to meet at some private house whose I forgot now! I contrived to do considerable official business and especially to get on good relations with the Treasury Dept where my accounts were settled and change the old order of suspicion of our office.
This summer as the prizes were numerous
and I liked to be within reach, we took
rooms at the Rockland Nantasket
for a month. George and his family
found us, and Joe & Helen came for a visit.
We had many friends in the house, the
Colts of Pittsfield, Goodrich the collector
and with my ponies, and his Revenue Cutter
we had much pleasure driving & sailing
I went down every night in the steamer
and saw the usual life at the sea shore
under more favorable auspices than ever
before. We had our friends the Trains and Fords
down occasionally and of course gala
days. My income was at least $10,000 &
I felt with the uncertainties of the war
like spending all I wanted to of it. Of
this year I recall the draft troubles out
of which I had considerable work as
under the secretary's order I issued permits
to travel to persons who might otherwise
be held as avoiding drafting, and had
some amusement and much notoriety
all over the district by my course in so doing
Then I caught and convicted Appleton
Oaksmith the chief confederate slave trader
and had much connection with Marray
of New York over this case and Gordons
whose execution in the N.Y. tombs for
slave trading & piracy I went on to witness
These and pleasant official trips to various
seaports on official business made life
full and interesting, where the knowledge
that I was useful to the government
and doing good service to the Union gave
me a satisfaction, quite as agreeable as
the praise of the departments of which I heard
Not to dwell too long on matters of detail or the confused recollections of such multi-farious business, many cases where of were extremely interesting, I recall more distinctly one against Charles E Fuller Josie Whieldons husband. He had been quarter master at Beaufort S.C. and I was ordered to seize any property he had brought home belonging to the U.S. so I had to go out to their place at Newton, and soothe Josie’s fears and make out a list of odds and ends he brought home, and have a long correspondence with the department. Luckily Fuller was away from home or he might have got shut up in Fort Warren.

Then the new regiment Col Prescott raised to garrison Fort Warren were ordered off and a heavy artillery regiment took its place of which Chaplain Barker, Jane Whitings husband were also ordered to Washington from the fort, and Jane joined her husband there and got interested in the sanitary com. Her brother my old teacher William Whiting was made solicitor of the War Department and thus I had many friends there, with whom I had very pleasant relations, as I often had to go on for official duties I got to feel quite at home there, and in my trips had as ‘compagnons de voyage’ Mrs Train or Mrs Clifford or Mrs Barker that helped the tedium of such long journeys. One winter I spent a fortnight at Willards where Jane and I occupied seats at the same table with Mrs Gen Grant, who was very pleasant and social, and with whom and many other of the ladies in Washington she was very intimate, and introduced me agreeably, but this was later on in the war. This year 1862 was McLillan, Burnside & Hookers fights and the varying scenes of their disasters. That fall I found I had lost my grip of district politics and in spite of all I could do for him Train was defeated for Congress by Bontwell.
The year 1863 found me more busy than ever
with prizes after my controversy with old
Welles was settled in my favor. He undertook
because Judge Sprague wouldn't condemn
a prize without any evidence until a year
and a day had elapsed to show a default
to direct that no more prizes should be sent
to Boston. Dana and I rebelled at once, Dana
proved that this decision was good prize law.
I showed conclusively that it cost less than
10 pr ct in Boston for expenses of adjudication
while New York cost 33 and Philadelphia
nearly as much. This comparison I mailed
to every blockade commander, and spent a
week in Washington inducing the secretary
not only to rescind his order, but to counteract
its effect, by a new recommendation—
After this I got my full share and sold their
cargoes of cotton for immense sums. So
large that I once drew a check for a round
million of dollars from the State Bank, and
deposited it with the sub treasurer where I
kept my accounts. Most of these prizes were
cotton cargoes captured going out, but once
in a while we had one caught running in
and then such a miscellaneous lot of things.
Medicines, dry goods, leather, &c. &c. I remember
an entire infants wardrobe going to a lady
about to need them, that made much trouble.
I tried to persuade Martha who expected a child
to buy it, but after examination she declined
luckily, for the British Minister tried to reclaim
it as it was destined for an English lady at Nassau
and too late for it had been sold to a Boston dealer.
I got at the auction a big trunk full of every sort
of linen, clothing, ornaments, and nice articles
George got a similar one, and our households
rejoiced for years in their several prizes. Many
of these things are still 'heirlooms' in the house
and their constant use brings frequent notice
of their origin and destination. I made one or
two good speculations in buying through a
third party some of the lots of cotton holding
it and selling for a handsome advance.
George secured some huge record books intended for confederate government purposes and gave one of them to Gov' Brown for his diary and one to the Social Circle for biographies. My great treasure is the most comfortable old mahogany rocking chair that I have used daily ever since the war, and was the most comfortable seat I ever saw in a steamer.

Train after the close of his congressional career went on to Gordons staff and was at Antietam, and then came Gettysburg at which we all held our breaths, and when the anxiety ended were gloriously victorious. I was commissioned by Gov Andrew with Sheriff Clark to act as Marshals for Mass. at the dedication of the cemetery there in the fall of 1863 and with the Marshals of Maine and Rhode Island, my old friend Bob Sherman we made a party that was very jolly. Two better story tellers than the two last named couldnt be found in a days journey, and as the older & the more prominent I introduced them to each other, and a flow of stories that lasted the entire journey. We were joined in New York by Murray and Milward and arrived at night fall in Gettysburg to find Col Lamon of Washington in supreme authority and nothing arranged or like to be. Sitting up all night with him and his personal staff we got a little order out of chaos that reigned and spent the next day in going over all the scenes of that great battle. Everywhere piles of shot marks of bullet rusted bayonets and equipments, dead horses & splintered gun carriages met the sight, and the varying fortunes of the fight could be almost told by the marks of shot and shell visible all about. It was more interesting and almost as exciting as the day at Bull Run, and tired out with the long tramp, the night wasnt half long enough to perfect arrangements as they ought to have been—
The morning of the dedication broke cloudy and threatening, President Lincoln and his Cabinet had arrived, and with the escort of U.S. troops we managed to get a straggling procession to the Cemetery Hill, in an occasional shower of rain. I had been detailed to the division of states delegations but as these were conspicuous by their absence I took charge of Mr. Everett of Massachusetts and saw him safely to the grand stand for his oration sitting my horse within a few feet of him I heard his rounded periods, and then those few immortal sentences of Lincoln's that will always be his best remembered words, and be declaimed for generations as are Cardinal Walseys or Hamlets soliloquys.

It was the supreme moment of the war!!!

Returning in the President's train that night to Washington our party spent several days very pleasantly in that city and then came leisurely home, making it on the whole the most interesting episode of my marshalship I had a successful expedition to N. York with Lathrop in which we staid at the Brevoort House and prosecuted a search for evidence against the owners of the stock in the Charleston steamers. I advanced in the Herald over the initials C.S.A. for information about persons in Charleston and Savannah, and received scores of letters in reply. Going to New York I hunted up lots of the writers and found some queer characters, but at last I got hold of the exact persons I wanted one who had been employed in the office of the Telegraph Co in 1860-1 & 2 and who knew the rebellious tendency of all these owners. We took long depositions of these witnesses and went back with full evidence to confiscate the property. The case came on at the next term of the District Court
at which Judge Sprague gave such a sound
charge to the grand jury that it was
printed for its effect on the community
We had a jury that was thoroughly loyal
and were itching to try the case against
these southern rebels. But Judge Sprague
defaulted them, and gave judgment in
favor of the United States without taking
any verdict, a proceeding afterwards
held by the Supreme Court to be invalid.
It was never questioned in this district,
however, and the treasury notes given for
the steamers were confiscated and I got
one half the net proceeds awarded to me
as the informer by the court and received
the pleasant little fortune of $25,000.00
for my share. I took it because but for
my seizure the rebels would have got it &
because the notes had advanced with gold
so that they sold at nearly 100 prs ct premium.
It made me quite independent for my
wants, and I began to think myself a rich man.
On the strength of this and all my business
I took a house in Chester Square for the
winter, and moved my family and what
furniture we needed beside that in the house
and set up my city establishment. It
was a great change, for Mother Wife & babies
Less for me, but still great in many respects.
We made many friends at the south end
went to Mr Hepworths church, by mistake
as we meant to have gone to Mr Hales, and
had all the luxuries of city life. Hallett
our near neighbour was very attentive
My cousin Henry Mulliken lived near us
Frank French was nearby and we had a very
clever winter, only Prescott had a dreadful fever
in which Dr Ruppaner saved his life after
a long struggle, Annie and Flory had been at
school in Boston for some years, Lillie & Prescott
went to a kindergarten, and I was at home nights
and to dinners. It was luxurious living the
house was handsome, the square famous
and the Marshal of much account. We
went to theatres, balls and the opera, heard
music, had visits from our Concord friends
and enjoyed the winter in town immensely.
George Keyes took my Concord house while
he repaired his own and enlarged it one half,
and I went up to the Social Circle there
once or twice and to a great military ball
taking Martha and Mrs Ruppaner with me.
Fred Warren left the office July 1863 going
to Europe, and my brother Joe took his place
as chief deputy. It was just the place for
him, and he was entirely satisfactory to
me, more than making F. Warrens place
good as I could trust him more implicitly
on private matters, especially those involving
questions of loyalty. Warren had a beautiful
Black Hawk mare, of which he was very
fond. He sent her to Concord for me to use in
his absence, and I brought her to Boston
and kept her there for the winter going
out sleighing on the Brighton Road and getting
an occasional smash up. We drove up to this
ball went to George’s in our own house, and
had a delightful dance, starting back in the
morning the mare passing the church trod
on a limb of a tree kicked plunged and on
examination was found to have pierced her
belly with the end of the stick, and before
she could be got to the stable and under treatment
had the intestines protruding and in spite of all
that could be done, died in a day or two.
It was a great loss and grief to us all, sad and bad!
Speaking of the Ruppaners, I had been in the habit
of dining at the Tremont House all my marshalship
as Judge Clifford stopped there, and it was convenient
In that dining room I first saw the Dr & his wife
and thought her the most charming lady I
had ever seen. I came to know them intimately
The Dr became our family physician and our wives
became acquainted and visited each other.
Their house on Tremont Street and afterwards on
Boylton St was the one place in Boston where I was always welcome, and enjoyed myself. We took a summer trip together to Vermont Clarinda Springs, and Saratoga, and had a jolly good time. Martha believed in the Dr. and I admired Madame extravagantly.—

This year 1864, after our return to Concord I found that George had left our house, and moved into his own again, and I took up Concord life with new interest. On Marthas birthday, her 45th in 63 she had the deed of the Jones farm on Monument St adjoining her old home, that I bought for her & I added farming on a large scale to my other business, and began extensive improvements on it. The barn which had stood for a hundred years opposite the house, was moved across the road and fitted up neatly. Darby Ferguson and his wife Julia our old cook were living in the house on the farm and carrying on the work of it. Jersey cows & a work horse, were bought and put on it, and it became quite a pet with us all. Judge Clifford and his wife and daughter in law came up and spent Sunday with us driving up over the Lexington Road and back and enjoying that and the visit extremely. It was a sight to see the immense form of the old Judge in our pew at church, for he was 6 ft 4, weighed nearly 300 and when sitting looked larger than any man I ever knew. Standing he was so erect and active that he didnt seem so large, and on this occasion he filled both the pew and the carriage to the utmost. He was glad to revisit the scene of one of his earlier efforts, and was patriotic to the last extent over the Revolutionary relics in Concord. For a Democrat he was very well behaved in the war matters and made no trouble, as he might have done. Some of this I attributed to his friendship for me for whom he had a real regard, as was shown in several habeas corpus matters where he accepted my excuses for not serving precepts at Fort Warren, when by insisting he could have made matters very uncomfortable if not absolutely dangerous for me.
I attended as a spectator the Baltimore Convention that renominated Lincoln, and was on the floor as a substitute for Train who was a delegate. W. Whiting was also a member, and I mingled much with the N.E. delegates all of whom knew me and I them. I worked hard for Andrew Johnsons nomination with the recollection of his union speeches in the Senate, and was greatly pleased at his success over Horace Maynard for whom as a native of Massachusetts most of our men went. Then I went on to Washington and saw the President, Lamon Webster and all the rest and had as usual an agreeable visit. During the summer we made a trip to the Vineyard and saw Edgartown, and my deputy there Mrs Warren’s brother, and several other shorter journeys, and decided not to go to Boston again for the next winter as there was so much for the children in Concord and we could find no house we liked. I ought to have bought the one in Temple Place that was offered me for $12000 and sold for twice that as soon as it was opened for a street to which I contributed not a little by taking the responsibility of signing for the Court Ho the petition. The Ruppaners having left the Tremont House and gone to housekeeping I left for dinners and went to Blane’s in Water Place, and in my good nature lent him the cellar of the Court House for his wine storage. He abused the privilege and went to bottling in it and I came near getting into serious trouble from a conflict of laws about liquor seizures, but I escaped and got rid of him & his wine at last. It was this summer I think that we went to Chester N.H. with George and Mary and saw that old town and the French mansion, I had too the romance of my prize matters that if I were to read in a dime novel I should say was too improbable for belief but is literally and strictly true. The steamer
laden with cotton captured running out of Charleston was sent to Boston and on her arrival a boyish young middy reported at my office her arrival. Taking George and some friend with me who happened to be at the office I proceeded on board. There I found the most dilapidated cabin in which were a middle aged and a rather young lady with a black servant and a rather truculent looking southerner as passengers. To the ladies I was introduced by the midshipman who had brought home the prize, they passing under the names of Lewis and to the man as Mr Pollard. I had been warned by a telegram from Newport where they stopped for coal of who they were and after a little talk, I passed over the steamer. Beside the cotton there was a blazed stallion on board in a sort of pen made by cotton bales, and a game calk. This last I found had been the cause of the condition of the cabin, as every mirror on board had been used up in his fights with the reflection of himself in it, for the amusement of the ladies! Young Harding the middy in whose charge the vessel was sent in, then coolly informed me of the escape of the captain as they came up the harbor, and I at once sent my officers in pursuit, but without avail. Taking the passengers off to the Tremont House I telegraphed to the Navy for instructions as to what should be done with them, after an interview with Miss Lewis in which I told her of my information that she was Belle Boyd the famous rebel spy who had bamboozled so many Union officers! She admitted the charge and acknowledged the real name, but desired for many reasons to pass under her assumed name. On examining her baggage, I found that she was really the [ms damaged: daughter of a former member of]
Congress had played such tricks on our soldiers as had been reported in the news papers, and had caused her to be sent to Richmond Va to be out of harms way. There she had seen a hard winter and spring, and was on her way to Europe to recruit her health well night gone by her life of dissipation. She had lost much of her beauty but still had a grace of manner and some fascination that she had exercised with great effect on young Harding. An old salt sent along as sailing master and pilot reported the next day many incidents of the voyage, that made it as sensational as the stories of pirates or bold buccaneers. Pollard was released on his parole, and Belle and servants remained at the hotel on their word not to escape. Harding went to Washington to report to the dept and after some days Mr Secretary Wells sent me an order to put Pollard in Fort Warren and see Belle &c safe to Canada. I was much relieved by this for her ladyship when she had got over her sea trip, started out shopping and my office was soon filled with startling reports of her presence in the stores, and her gold coins with which she paid for her purchases &c. &c. She was proving a troublesome customer as she was overrun with curiosity seekers and had no discretion herself. I took the party in a sleeping car for Montreal, put them safely in their berths, told the conductor who they were, and got his promise to see them safely through, and caught the down train at Rutland Vt and came back home to breakfast, glad to be so well rid of her. Gradually it leaked out that young Harding overcome by her fascinations, had allowed the capture of the blockade runner to divide with her and the servants and crew of the prize, a key of gold on board, and then to wink at the captains escape. For this he was discharged from Fort Naby [?] and only escaped a court martial by his youth and inexperience counting in his favor.
Belle went to England, in a Montreal steamer Harding followed in another as soon as he was released, and I had full particulars from a Boston merchant who was on board with him of how thoroughly traitorous she had made him on the voyage over Harding quarreled with him on political matters challenged him to a duel and generally behaved scandalously. On his arrival at Liverpool Belle met him and they were married at once. On the return of my informant he stopped at the hotel in Liv. erpool and met Belle, the honey moon not yet over, who invited him to their room to see Harding whom he found dead drunk on the floor, and Belle pointing at him with scorn as the fool who had married her, and had wasted their ill gotten money in drink. It took some time for this all to happen, and as if I were never to be done with them more happened. I got into a Boston train at Springfield after the horse show there, crowded full and walking through the cars to find a seat at last saw one occupied by a rather pretty girl with a plenty of bundles, &c. She made room for me, and setting down I opened the N.Y. Herald of the morning and began to read. The news of Hardings marriage to Belle Boyd was prominently displayed in startling head lines on the first page, and I soon saw that the lady was greatly excited and interested in the paper. Handing it to her read, I was disturbed by her agitation on reading this paragraph and her inquiry if I was in the Navy and if this account could be true! The gilt buttons of my uniform led to the first question, and in answer to the second I told her who I was and what knowledge I had in the matter. She was greatly distressed nearly fainted, sobbed and cried, and was only partially soothed by all I could do or say to her. It turned out she was the lady to whom he was engaged to be married, and to this
circumstance he owed his selection as prize officer
to bring in that prize, to enable him to fulfil
his engagement. That on his arrival in Boston
he had written to her, telling her he would soon
visit her near New Haven where she lived,
and then she heard nothing more from him
and got no answers to her letters or telegrams.
Anxious almost desperate she had started to
visit some friends near Boston to endeavor
to find out something about him, and on the
journey had met me and read the account
of his marriage to another and that Belle Boyd!!
Imagine, for I cannot describe the shock to her
or the distress she was in. I could only confirm
the story and try to comfort her by showing
what an escape she had made from such
a worthless scamp. She behaved well after
a time, grew calmer, and listened eagerly to
all I could tell her of him and his captor Belle.
On our arrival her friends met her, and she
went with them out of the city a short distance
and after some days I had a note enquiring for
any news from Harding. The months went by
and as if coincidences would never cease
in the winter she appeared at the office one
day looking weak pale and thin, to ask for
news of him. She had been sick with a fever
and but just recovered, I told her that it
had within an hour previous been reported
to me that Harding was in Boston on his
way to Va, to get some money from the estate
of Belle’s father, that I had sent an officer
after him, and that if she would call again
in a little while I would probably present him
to her in person. She called but he escaped my
deputy by a few minutes, and on my telegraph
was arrested and confined in Fort Delaware
till the end of the war. Belle returned went on
to the stage, and died the papers said in an insane
asylum in San Francisco. Harding was lost in the
‘Star of the East’ on the way to Cuba with a band of fili-
busters. His lady love I never heard of again
The election passed off quietly in Massachusetts, I went with Mrs R and some ladies to hear Dan Dougherty in Faneuil Hall, and saw him at a supper party afterwards at the Tremont. I witnessed the torch light procession from the Dr.’s house, and thought it far inferior to mine of the previous campaign. I spent the winter at Concord mainly interested in the planning of alterations in the farm house over which we studied much and as we had the experience of building that we lived in it was a useful and pleasant task, taking up many evenings & otherwise idle hours.

At Christmas time I had yet another exciting incident, about the middle of December I received a telegram from Stanton directing me to board the Canard Steamer then due in Boston, arrest Mrs Preston the wife of Gen'l Preston of Kentucky then in the rebel army and her daughter, secure their papers and prevent their landing at all hazards using any needed force, and send them back to Halifax in the steamer on her return—It was in Stanton’s most peremptory style, and on the arrival of the steamer I complied with the order, got their papers, and kept them on board. It seemed that Mrs Preston and a charming daughter of seventeen, had been to Halifax to meet the Gen'l on business matters and that he had returned to the South via Nassau while the ladies took the steamer to Boston in order to return to Montreal by rail and not undergo the long sledge ride across Canada in the winter. On the steamer they met John P Hale and daughters, and quarrelled and Hale had telegraphed Stanton with this order as the result. It was rough weather the steamer was to lay in the dock at East Boston a fortnight, steam was out, the boat was to be overhauled and the ladies could not be made comfortable on board with no warmth or food or cabin accommodations. I was mad didn’t believe in making war on women and children, and found in all their papers not a line or a scrap of any thing treasonable.
Their writing desks contained only mispelled
drafts of letters of acceptance of invitations
from the dignitaries of Halifax, and such
school girl copies as a Yankee girl would have
been ashamed to have written before her teens
and the usual memorandums of shopping
and washing of a travelling lady. These
I sent to Stanton with a protest against the
hardship of such a confinement on the steamer
He let up on them a little, allowed me to take
them to a hotel, and make them comfortable
but go back in the steamer they must & should.
Mrs Preston who was a fine specimen of the
southern lady, agreeable, intelligent and
used to good society, behaved extremely well.
Mr Everett, Mr Winthrop and other Boston
gentlemen called on her, and by their aid
in return for the hospitalities they had received
from the Gen¹ when Minister to Spain, and at
his home in Kentucky, they succeeded after
several days in getting Stanton to consent
to my taking them to Montreal in close custody.
When I called with the telegram, a pleasant
gentleman was presented to me by Mrs Preston
as President Peirce, whom I had never happened
to meet before, and who was very agreeably
impressed with my news, and warmly thanked
me for my courtesy to the ladies, in their
situation. We arranged our train &c to suit
their convenience, and I met them at the
station and we took the sleeping car at dark
for Canada over the Fitchburg rail road.
We had a delightful trip they were in fine
spirits at the result and glad to get to their
friends in Montreal for Christmas. We
sat up late discussing the South, slavery &
the war, with just enough of difference in
our views to make it spicy and not quarrelsome,
I wasnt converted to slaveocracy, and she saw
in the winter moonlight more of New England
than she ever dreamed or imagined existed.
After a short sleep, we got ready for a comfortable breakfast in the car and chatted on like old friends till we arrived. I accompanied them to their hotel, wearing my full uniform, was presented to all the southern refugees staying there, who though at first disposed be cool and distant to a Yankee officer, were soon brought to their bearings by Mrs Prestons account of her reception and my treatment of her. I found her quite the queen of a little court of rebels collected there, and was not unwillingly persuaded to stay over the holidays, and receive much attention from herself and her subjects. I saw all I cared to of many southern notorieties staying there but to them all carried myself as became a Union officer among traitors and rebels.

I abated no jot of claim to victory in the end, gave them good advice as to how to get back to their citizenship in the Union, and promised pardon when they showed repentance.

We had a pleasant supper Christmas Eve in Mrs Prestons parlor, with music &c after it, and I slept soundly in the midst of fierce rebels without a thought of trouble. Christmas I called on the U.S. Consul whom I knew, and had a good Union talk, saw the cathedral ceremonies of the day, dined with the Prestons, took a long drive in the afternoon seeing Montreal in its winter garb, & gaiety made a pleasant acquaintance with a Dr N. Edwards formerly of New York who was very polite, and took me to see everything I wanted to in the city. I enjoyed the visit, staid till I was satisfied, said goodbye to the ladies, whom I have never seen since, and got home safely to find all had gone smoothly in my absence of a merry xmas.
With the end of winter came the invitation from Lamon to all the U.S. Marshals to attend Lincoln's second inauguration, and I met others Clark & Bob Sherman, Murray and Milward some days before and had a pleasant dinner at Lamons house. I took on with me D. & Mrs Ruppaner and established them at Willards where I introduced them to Jane Barker and as rooms were scarce I took Mr Whiting in a private house, as he went to Boston on business. George & Mary Keyes were there with Anne staying at the Majors, and I had a round of visiting to do with all the ladies. We went to all the receptions, parties, &c that were had, called on cabinet ministers and senators wives, and when the day came I acted as Lamons aid in the procession. What a contrast to the four years previous! no thought of danger, no lack of enthusiasm. Grant was victorious, Lee and the Confederacy drawing to the end, pomp and display on all sides, and yet Lincoln care worn, haggard almost as if with a presentiment of his impending fate. What a rush there was to the Capitol, what crowds inside its doors where the last hours of Congress had barely closed over scenes. I watched curiously till long after midnight, and that made some faint approach to the traditional stories of congressional riot and drunkenness. How we scrambled from the Senate Chamber in the hurry to get places on the platform after seeing Andy inducted into office as Vice President so barely over the effects of his last nights drunkenness, as to hiccup the oaths. How I helped my ladies to perches where they could see and hear the inaugural address and how when it was over we waited long for the stairways to be cleared for the Presidents return. Then as I was mounting my horse I noticed the same man skulking about, who was there when
we entered the Senate wing, and who attracted
my attention again as he did before, and though
not a suspicion existed then, was undoubtedly
Booth seeking a chance, as afterwards clearly
appeared in evidence. I often wondered if any
thing I looked or did about it, prevented his attempt
I remember thinking him impudently out of his
place, and eyeing him so sharply that he turned
away and walked off. Then came the grand
inauguration ball, that was a complete
success, and where I had many lady friends
to see to and dance with. Later on in the week
President Lincoln gave a grand reception
to which I took Jane and the Dr & Mrs R &
Annie & the Frenchs party along. It was simply
an awful crush till we got in to the White
House, but once there with Major French
& Lamon in command we were all right.
We got good places staid till the crowd was
over, had a nice supper, and enjoyed it all.
Jane was a great favorite by that time
in Washington society, and took us to all
the best houses and saw the best people there
and they all petted and praised her. Mrs Ruppaner
looked finely, Fred Warren & his wife were there
and Mrs Rs cousins the Townsends of N.Y &c
It was my last sight of President Lincoln
as I shook hands with him on saying good
night, after a talk over the contrast with his
first inauguration, and the motley crowd at
his reception then, and the brilliant throng
of this night. He had succeeded. He was
his own successor. He was success itself
and yet he was within forty days of his
Easter morning. When all this was to
be rolled away and vanish in the hour
of triumph. His was the work, but not the
reward. And yet I believe he was better so—!
My cousins son, Nathan Henry was at this time through Major French, quite at home with Mrs Lincoln and rather a favorite of hers. He secured a presentation of the ladies of our party to Mrs L. but I think I didn’t attend. I could never see anything pleasant in her face manners or conversation, and the Washington scandals never spared her for she richly deserved it and more too than she received. I cordially detested her and all I heard and knew about her—

After the gaieties were over we made up a party to go back, and left in a thaw and rain that on our arrival at Jersey City was the blackest foggiest night of the winter. A thousand people poured from our long train at midnight on to the ferry boat loading it down to the guards and with barely standing room. As we left the slip and got into the stream we ran into the ferry boat coming into the slip, and as she was lightly loaded her guards shot over hours the cabins crashed together and we were jammed fast together. Such a panic I never saw before and hope never to again. It was too frightful to describe. I tried to soothe the fears of Mrs R & the ladies who clung to every arm that could support them, and when the shock was over and the boilers didn’t explode nor the boat sink we began to get quiet and look about for help. The engines had stopped, and we were drifting in the rivers swift current full of floating ice and in perfect black darkness, save the lights of the craft lying at anchor. Right on to one of these schooners with some barges in tow we drifted with another shock, and a crash of a bowsprit through our cabin or what was
left of it, and carrying away this fleet with its anchor dragging we kept on our way to sea picking up several more vessels in our course, each time with a new fright and another panic. And at last after we had got down below the battery, they got an anchor down at last that held & we were saved from going out to sea.

Hours passed, and by the fog lifting and burning blue lights we were met by a ferry boat sent on a rescuing voyage taken off safely and in the wee small hours landed at last in New York. To get the ladies to the 5th. av. hotel, and then to sally forth ourselves and get supper at some of the Broadway all night open cellars was the only way to recover from the strain and fright of that peril. It was the worst I ever experienced, unless the Bull Run rout, and there the reins were in my own hand here a thousand men women and children were powerless.

The next I recall was the greater horror of Lincolns assassination, I was walking to the station of a pleasant morning to meet this terrible news, that stunned me, I hurried to Boston to find a stricken community paralysed with the shock. Murray telegraphed to me to come to the Capital where he had gone from N York but I could not do it I was too unnerved to be of any use, and there were plenty there for any good they could do. All that I could do was to bear the affliction, and keep up as well as possible under it. There was the fatal fact, nothing could alter or soften it and to come so on the heels of our final victory and the fall of Richmond & the rebels
I draped the Court House in mourning
it was only a symbol but it relieved my
disgust at the Easter display of the
Episcopal Church next door, that typed
the want of patriotism and the copper-
head feeling of that unamerican sect
so manifest through the rebellion—
I fear if Dana hadnt been such a high
churchman, I should have undertaken
to stop their parade. I hated them for it
and have alternately cursed and despised
them ever since and long before as well
But the world went on, Lincoln was
buried the Rebellion was wiped out
as with a sponge, and at Concord
Mr Emerson voiced our grief and homage
better than it was done else where—
I saw his murderer tried, I did not stay
to see him hung, but I approved it all.

When Jeff. Davis was captured, I planned
a punishment for him that ought
to have been inflicted. I would have put
him in a cage guarded by Libby prisoners
and have carried him through every
village in the northern states so long
as his life lasted exhibiting him at
evory cross roads to the ignominy and
shame of the bystanders only protecting
him from violence, till his fate had been
a warning and his name a reproach to
the civilized world, and his punishment
greater than he could bear. He should never
have been released to be caressed and honored
by his sympathizers at the South, but he
should have borne the taunts and reproaches of the
North to the uttermost.
Having got my plan perfected for the
house alterations, I began work on it
with Nathan S. Hosmer as a carpenter in the
spring of 1865. I had got Darby moved out into the
house at the corner of the roads north of the
bridge beyond my house, and I found mine
as I proceeded very dilapidated and rotten. So
much so that after a few days work by
the men tearing away the decayed timbers, I
was strongly advised to pull it all away and
build new. This was such sensible advice that
after conferring with Gov' Brown, I went home
and confessed to my wife that I ought to do it
but that it would take away all my interest
in it, and I fairly cried over the disappointment
she comforted me, by rather suggesting that I
could afford to do what I pleased with it
and after a nights sleep over it or rather a
nights sleeplessness I decided to stick to my
original purpose, carpenters masons and
practical men to the contrary—
I had new sills put in all round had the old
oak parts spliced down where they were rotten
then as the chambers were barely 6½ ft high
I gave up the attic entirely and removing
the cross beams raised them into the garret
2½ ft with a slant on the sides of the upper
2 ft. The old lean to on the east side was so far
gone that I tore it all away and rebuilt in
its place the back parlor and the chamber
over it to the same height as the others putting
on a hip roof to agree with the rest outside
By adding a dormer window on the north
lean to I got headway for the back stairs
I bought the old porch of the Thoreau house with its
flat stone floor and fluted pillars, in which I
had spent so many pleasant hours of my boyhood
and moved it over the front door. I moved the
old shed that held the quintals of fish in 1775, up to
and joined it to the main house, raised [?] the roof
so as to get a chamber over it for clutter & place
for a bowling alley for the children.
Then on the front side I put on a sheathing over
the old clapboards, and leaving the old plastering
for back plaster, got five thicknesses between
the rooms and the cold outside. Cutting down
the front windows to the floor, adding a bay
window on the south, and French windows
in the back parlor, that George gave me from
his old cottage with the side lights to the front door
I had before fall the outside completed
the inside plastered, the chimneys built
of the old brick in the huge structure with
its four different sized fire places in the living
room, each made smaller than its predecessor
by partially bricking up as the wood grew
scarcer. Inside and out we searched carefully
for a date to fix the age of the house. But no
sign of one could be found any where.
The house as early as the first settlers 1635-40
was standing across the road from its present
site. Whether to judge by the outside boarding of
the present dinning room, it was moved from its
first site or taken down and rebuilt is quite
undetermined. The whole structure was not
built at once, first the dining room & the room
over it were built against the front of the
great chimney, the rest of the chimney being out
doors, the side of this room next the front stairs
showing the weathering of the boards by many
years exposure. Then the lean to on the north
was added, then at a later time the Holland
front parlor, and last the lean to over the
east side of the south end. Approximately these
dates from the best information I can
obtain, and from the character of the work
are 1650, 1700, 1730 & 1750. At any rate it was an
old house when the Manse was built and
when the British came here in 1775.
In the oldest room now the dining the ceiling
was originally made of oak studding planed
and the wide floor boards above the joists also
planed smooth, and certainly cut from the first
growth, the original forest. This was blackened
by a century of use and smoke, and had then
been lashed and plastered, the laths made of splits
of oak and nailed with hand wrought nails.
I wished much to restore this wooden ceiling but
the nails had so rusted into the oak that it was
impossible to draw them out or hide their marks.
I had early decided to have no painted finish
inside but to use the natural woods. The
upper rooms were finished in pine oiled—
The parlors in butternut, the dining room
in chestnut the front hall in oak the end
entry in birch, the bedroom in curled maple
and my room in chestnut stained with lime.
The kitchen was chestnut, and the doors
of the several rooms corresponded to the wood.
It was the first house in Concord in which
natural wood without paint was used for
finish, and all these except the butternut
and maple, grew in Concord.

For the parlor mantel and fire place I was
lucky enough to secure when in Washington
one of the old marble that stood in the recess
behind the speakers desk in the old Hall of
the House of Representatives in the Capitol.
This was being removed to make room for the
steam heating apparatus, in the Statuary Hall
as it is now called, and was to be sold for old marble
I was the purchaser, at a song, and shipped it on
by water to Boston. Old marble was such a dreg
in Washington in those war times, that a
part of another mantel from the speakers room
adjoining this recess was shipped with the one
I bought. After vain efforts to get the two to go
together as one, I had the second placed in the back
Keyes

parlor, where with a new frieze and shelf it
answers for a companion to the first.

If these marbles could only repeat the talks
they have heard if they had not been stone deaf
every prominent man from the war of 1812
to the war of the Rebellion has sat by this fire
place, toasted his shins and spit his tobacco
into its capacious jaws. Madison & Monroe
Jackson and Van Buren, Calhoun & Clay
Benton and Berrien, Woodbury and Wright,
Webster and Winthrop, M'Duffn & Hayne.
Adams J.Q. died in front of it, and all the
secretaries senators and representatives may
from its position, have chatted or chawed
before it. It is in itself a good illustration of
the art of the country in 1815. The pilasters
have the fasces surmounted by a liberty cap,
with a sheaf of wheat heads for the capitals.
The frieze on each side has the thirteen
stars in a circle around the suns rays, and
in the centre an elaborate piece of sculpture
showing America or the Goddess of Liberty
crowning with olive wreaths with her right hand a female
figure in a flowing veil, holding a book in her
hand with her foot on the globe, and a bale
of merchandise behind her intended for both
science and commerce, and with the left
hand wreathing another female figure holding
the mallet and square, and resting her foot on
the plough, meant for agriculture & mechanics.
There are bas reliefs wrought undoubtedly
by the artists imported to finish the Capitol from
Italy, on tablets of solft cream white Italian
marble, and very well done, the figures only
6 inches high, but very distinctly executed.
Commerce is touching with her hand the wreath
while agriculture more modestly waits the gift.
Was that intended also to be typical of the nation.
For my own sanctum which looks out on the field and the barn, as a farmers office should I secured at an auction in Boston, an elaborate carved black Irish marble mantel quite old but never used, and so hard that the work on it must have cost many times what I paid for it $25.00, and for the other rooms in each of which is an open soap stone fireplace I selected white marble mantels, plain and simple, but safe, as wooden ones are not!—The great difficulty to be overcome was how to effect the discharge of the water from the back roof, a wide valley being required and this was a last got over by making it a top of the closet in a back chamber. I spent as much time morning and night on the work, but it was not in many particulars as well done as I wished. It was finished off in the winter. Messer doing the bathing room, and Hosmer the rest, including the chestnut doors to the kitchen, while the others were bought of the manufacturers. The old milk cellar of brick outside the house was converted into a cistern for rain water and the old well in front supplied water to the kitchen sink. Drain pipe were laid to the barn cellar and a cesspool built in it under the horse stalls for all the house drainage. It was a very perfect & complete farm house, containing a score of rooms ample for our present and future wants.

With this work and the business of the office I spent the summer and fall mainly at home taking only rather short business trips going I recall to Berkshire county and driving its whole length to serve some processes and seeing all its glorious hills and streams in a lovely sunshiney day, and again with Martha
to Pittsfield and North Adams by rail road
and up to Williams College with Tucker
and then over the Hoosac Mountain
stopping at the tunnel works to see that
expensive result of No 14 Tremont House
and finishing our drive at Greenfield
after a nice dinner at Charlemont in a
well kept old fashioned country inn—

For the winter I had in my keeping as US
Marshal a partly furnished house in
West Newton Street, on which I had an
attachment and that was unoccupied.
We decided that it would answer for us as
well as we needed, as Mother wanted to
stay in our house at Concord, and Lily
wanted to spend the winter at the Emursors
with Miss Ellen. So we packed up before
cold weather, and moved to the city—
Here the winter was much like the other
one in Boston, we found the house very
comfortable, large enough, and quite as
pleasant though not as fashionable,
as the one in Chester Sq. We saw many of our
old friends made a few new ones the
Robbinses, Bassetts, Stones &c. Had the opera
concerts theatres &c. I got into a habit of
spending an hour at noon in Music Hall
listening to the great organ, to compose
my brain when confused by the worry
of business and politics, for these last were
getting ugly again under Andy Johnson.

I went on to Washington at the opening
of the new Congress in December, and heard
Sumner’s attack on Grant for his report on
the condition of the South. I foresaw then
the quarrel this would inevitably follow
and which is sure to come by the change of
administration from a president to a vice.
I saw the new cabinet officers and new men
On my return I had Phil bring my colt
and sleigh to Boston and tried to use
her with Nelly in double harness, but
it was no use. The colt had inherited all
the vice of the grandmother and none of
the quietness of the mother, and as we
were driving down Hancock Street she
bolted onto the sidewalk, broke the
pole and had to be sold for an unbroken
colt at auction for what I could get.
Phil Dolan who had been captured and
in Libby prison, came home to recruit
and was with us much of the winter
Geo. Brooks was [word undeciphered] at Thanksgiving
and lived at Concord and made us a visit
as did some of our Concord neighbours.
This helped away a busy winter, and
at the Court House I planned and executed
some important alterations of rooms
that accomodated Judge Clifford &
Judge Lowell who had taken Judge
Spragus place, getting by this a new light
court room, a better clerks office, and
a pleasant private room on the front
for my own use instead of the little closet
that was all I had for my private office before.
This kept us in great confusion while it
was going on, and with the political
troubles made me quite willing to give
up the marshalship. There were plenty
of applicants but as yet none that were
fit for the place. So I held on till my
new paper commission was about to
expire, having qualified under it with
Col Thompson and my brother George as
bondsmen, though I did not like going to
farming with the income of the office to
increase the extravagance of my living—
I had planned to give up and wholly change
my active busy life for the quiet farm
when the spring came, and though Dana
resigned and Hillard was appointed dist.
atty, and Lathrop doubled the wisdom
of my making such a change, I wished
much to bring it about. Complications
of my successorship prevented and I
was still in office. Spring came early
that year 1866, and we had got the house
done, the furniture for it all ready and
the family were anxious to move home.
At last we started, and on a pleasant day
the 4th of April Marthas birthday went up
settled ourselves in the renewed farm house
and began an entirely different life.
It was quite a change for all of us, only
Mother decided to remain in the house
down town, on the corner where she had
so long lived and keep house for herself.
I had two men for the work outdoors and
Martha two girls in the kitchen and we
interested ourselves in the quiet work
of the fields and the dairy. We enjoyed it
more than we anticipated, had our friends
to visit us, and our only trouble was Lily’s
health. This had always been delicate &
as Dr Ruppaner had moved to New York
after we were well settled we took Lily to
that city to consult him about her throat.
The Dr was at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in a
pleasant set of rooms in full practise—
We staid a fortnight doing New York
very thoroughly and getting much relief for Lily.
After our return all went on quietly at home and at the office for some time I going to Boston usually everyday to look after Joe who could run the office well enough alone, and spending the rest of the day driving about Concord. I bought at J.B. Farmers auction his horse General, that he had raised and used on his farm till then when he was a dozen years old and found he’ll make a very good mate for my Nelly. General was a very perfect specimen of the Morgan breed, had been the smartest horse on the road among the market teams. Would do any kind of work, and knew more than most men. He would without guiding turn up to the church on Sundays and to the Post Office on week days, and he was said to have once drawn the wagon over the sleepers of the bridge when the planks were up without accident. I never could tell which was the fastest he or Nelly though they often had sharp trots to decide it for themselves in double harness. They made a capital tandem team as he was a good leader, and I drove them many thousand miles, in long and short journeys— I had in my stable these two, an old black workhorse Phillis, and the Belle Boyd stallion Comet, who was a very fast runner going his mile in about 2°. 10’, a Jersey herd of 6 cows and a bull, a young ram, and an old sheep, a Suffolk boar, and a sow with a young litter, a flock of hens, and a brace of ducks and was well started in fancy farming—
The farm had ten acres of mowing and meadow land in front of the house, in which was the garden and a pear orchard, ten acres more behind the house, with an apple orchard and a vineyard on the hill, then half a dozen acres of brook meadow back of the hill that was pretty much grown up to alders &c and beyond that at some distance a scrub woodlot of twenty acres, recently bent over. It was large enough for all the experiments I cared to try, and it needed all I could make for it had been hardly used for a generation. I studied the books, worked hard on it myself expended some money and improved it to my satisfaction, and that of some of my neighbours.

At last in midsummer Gen¹ George H Gordon who had received the West Point appointment I wanted instead of going to college, turned up as a candidate for marshal. He was a friend of Trains had done good service in the war, was a lawyer before the rebellion, and I thought fitted for the place. I resigned in his favor—But there were hitches in his appointment. I had brought the office into such good repute that the department sent all the new marshals in N.E. to learn my ways and take pattern by mine in their methods. The secretary and Atty Gen were very friendly and wished me to remain—Even Andy to whom I was known through Major French didnt like to make a change though he knew I did not entirely agree with his politics So Train and Gordon went to Washington to see to the appointment, and soon telegraphed for me to come on and join them. It was in the middle of haying, and I hated to go in the hot weather, it seemed hard to have to go so far to get rid of so good an office. But I went, and staid several days in the hottest weather I ever experienced, about July 4ᵗʰ. and I found Washington ‘en dishabille’
The Cabinet were in [ms torn: their short] sleeves, the [ms torn: President] in a linen coat, the hotels deserted, and even the clerks idle from exhaustion. I staid several days dining with the Atty Gen &c, calling on all those of influence and trying hard to keep comfortable and jolly. I helped Gordon at last to the promise of the place though I found it very difficult to make any one understand why I wanted to give it up—and at last came home successful in resigning.

During the summer we made a pleasant drive to Wachusett Mountain that is in sight from our windows and is an excellent barometer, stopping at Lancaster on our way both going and coming and finding after all that these driving trips are far more enjoyable than railroad rides. We climbed the mountain, saw the fine view and had good attendance and fare at the Mountain House. Then the summer ended almost before Gordon got his commission and I was relieved at last from office. He retained Joe, and all my subordinates and I was at last a private citizen.

I felt more relieved than I could have thought possible. It was the schoolboys feeling at the end of school, I was free and had no longer any responsibilities. It was fortunate that I was wise enough to know when to stop, a few months more of it and I should have stopped entirely. Life was getting too fast I could not have borne it much longer. I had not till it was ended realized the strain of the five years and a half of the war. It was time to rest, and the rest was welcome, I was content with my situation and surroundings and philosopher enough to enjoy what was left of health and life. It was young to retire but on my forty fifth birthday I felt that my work was done and I had earned rest. With that date my journal begins, and this ends.
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<td>1</td>
<td>Mary</td>
<td>b March 24</td>
<td>1827.</td>
<td>d Oct 3</td>
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<td>2</td>
<td>Joe</td>
<td>May 13</td>
<td>1829</td>
<td>d May 6</td>
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<td>3</td>
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<td>July 8</td>
<td>1832</td>
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<td>JK</td>
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<td>9</td>
<td>PK</td>
<td>March</td>
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<td>58</td>
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Keyes
Keyes

1  1821
2  Vaccination & hooping cough
3  1837.
4  West Point intentions
5  1834
6  Cholera in New York
7  1830 [?]
8  Jordans painting floors
9  [several canceled words]
10  1835
11  Breaking my front tooth
12  1837
13  Sarah Storers wedding
1839 Rufus Hosmers party.
1840 Tree bee at monument
1841 The [bout.] Fancy Elssler & Thoreaus shanty
1843 Spring ride to Stow with J Nourse Hawthorne in Old Manse
1849 Woodbury case against town
Com on Education at Westfield [ms damaged: d?]
1861 or 2 Gordons execution in N.Y.
1864 Julias sister death at [word undeciphered]
1834 Father & Jos Barrett Reps
1837 SB. Co Treas'.
1842 Anthoney Wright Rep
1845 on com on armory & hay reeve
“ John Stacey, chosen 155. [Lee]118
1846 Com on list of Jurors
47 Tything man
47 Staples Rep 155 Keyes 103
Apr
1848 Moderator
Nov' " ---- " 58 for senator. Ticket 68.
Jany 49 " President 62 Whig
140 Free Soil
June " Supr Public Grounds 147 Demtc
Sept. " Moderator
Nov' 49 Senator 138. For K. 67 for Tuket
1850 April Fire Dept
about guidance to [George ?]
March [Word or words undeciphered] com. Org. My house
Aug Ann. Mod.
1851 Jan'y. "
[ms torn]