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1746.

The dread of Indian attack, never long absent from the mind of pioneer New England, first kindled into alarm in Rumford, in 1739 when news arrived that England had declared war against Spain. For nearly thirty years there had been official peace in Europe during which the old rivalry for supremacy in America had been held in truce. But with England's declaration of war, France took the offensive and sent two squadrons to the West Indies to prevent British encroachment in South America. This was dread news for New England for it meant attack from our northern border. The French in Canada always placated the Indians who, in return, waited only the call to plunder the English in our colonies. The village of St. Francis, convenient to the border, was the stronghold of the scattered tribes of formerly powerful Indians who once dominated New England.

There was good reason for the vote at Rumford town meeting in this year of 1739—"That there shall be a good and sufficient garrison about the Rev. Mr. Walker's dwelling house, as soon as may<sup>be</sup> conveniently, at the town's cost! A grant of five pounds was voted to Parachias Farnum to build "a flanker to defend his mills." There is no record of overt act on part of the Indians at this time, and it seems probable that fear was allayed and no further steps taken toward defence. The townsfolk took every advantage of this peace, clearing more land, replacing log cabins with "mansion houses and out-houses, barns and fences". Their dream for Rumford was coming true.

Suddenly fear struck again when, in 1744, France declared war against England. Immediately upon arrival of this news, Rumford citizens signed a petition drafted by their Minister and addressed to the General Assembly of New Hampshire, setting forth their exposed and defenceless position and praying for military protection. A facsimile of this petition which Benjamin Rolfe carried to the Assembly, is of interest

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because it bears the signatures of those men of Rumford whose faith and courage during ensuing years, kept our town intact against great odds.

Neither this petition nor any of the several which followed it brought material response from the government of our province, and so an appeal was sent to Massachusetts on the ground that defence of the upper Merrimack valley was a necessity for that province. It was Massachusetts which sent the first military aid to Rumford. This negligence on part of the New Hampshire government was in harmony with its persistent attitude toward our town. Since the District Act of 1742 which incorporated Rumford and other Massachusetts settlements as New Hampshire towns, none of these towns had been allowed representation in the Assembly. Rumford paid taxes faithfully under the new order and, encouraged by an order from the royal Governor and his Council, elected Benjamin Rolfe as the town's representative. But the Assembly happened to be at odds with Gov. Wentworth and took this opportunity to spite him by refusing to seat Rolfe and the representatives from four other towns in like situation. This injustice was continued for years to come.

Entirely neglected by their government, the townsfolk of Rumford turned to the task of defending themselves by building garrisons at their own expense. Meanwhile New England planned a daring attack upon the French stronghold of Louisburg at Cape Breton and Capt. Ebenezer Eastman headed a company of volunteers from this vicinity who enlisted for the expedition. A number of Rumford men served in this company but the names of very few of them are recorded: Nathaniel Abbot and Isaac, his younger brother, Seaborn Peters's son, Obadiah, and a man named Chandler. The company left Rumford March 1, 1744 (O.S.) and took part in the brilliant assault which resulted in the fall of Louisburg in June following. In November Capt. Eastman returned home, reporting the loss of Isaac Abbot killed and Chandler dead from disease during the campaign.

The immediate result of the Louisburg victory was reprisal in form

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of the dreaded Indian raids. Rumford men organized a small company of militia in command of Capt. Nathaniel Abbot and Gov. Wentworth granted authority to Capt. John Chandler (holding commission in 2d Company 6th Regiment Provincial Militia) to maintain a company of scouts in and around Rumford. The first outside relief was a small detachment of militia from Andover and Billerica sent by Massachusetts in 1745. According to the Minister's diary, such militia men were frequently quartered at his house—probably in the unfinished main part. During the following winter Capt. John Goffe of Bedford had thirty-seven scouts ranging this valley, among them these Rumford men: Samuel Bradley, John Webster, Ebenezer Eastman, Jr. and his cousin, Joseph Eastman. (3rd)

Plenty of Indians were prowling around waiting the chance to attack and military protection was too scanty for peace of mind. In March 1746, Benjamin Rolfe, clerk, was instructed by the Proprietors to carry their precious records to Newbury, Mass., "or any other town where he shall judge they may be kept safest." The local Indians remained peaceable although there must have been apprehension lest they be swept into the savage lust for killing. That they kept the peace was largely due to consistent friendliness and fair dealing practiced by the Minister's household.

Such consideration must have taxed the patience of the Minister and the courage of his wife. At a time when Mr. Walker was absent from home a party of warriors decided to camp for the night in the dooryard. Mrs. Walker did not demur, but the keen-eyed chief saw that she was discomfited. "Minister's wife afraid", he remarked and then with real gallantry, he collected all the guns and delivered them to her for keeping until their departure the following day. Neither did Mrs. Walker enjoy the Indian habit of borrowing her small son, Timothy, for a day's visit to neighboring wigwams; but he, boy fashion, delighted in the experience coming back home proudly decked in war paint and feathers. Certain of

hospitality at the Walker home, the Indians in return, treated the family with unvarying courtesy.

As danger increased, Rumford men proceeded to their defence "by assembling together by common agreement, as many families as conveniently could, and first erecting a fort or garrison sufficient to contain them, and then building within the same a house for each family to screen them from the inclemency of the weather; and all this they did at their own expense". (Deposition 1757. Isaac Chandler and Jacob Pilsberry) The only gesture of help from the government of New Hampshire was the official consent given by the Governor for the maintenance of these garrisons.

These forts were built of hewn logs piled flat upon each other, with the ends fitted into grooved corner posts. The walls were built to the height of the house thus enclosed and a sentry box was built at each corner wherein a sentry was always on guard. On January 28, 1746, the Minister wrote in his diary: "Began to haul Fort Timber", and on May 23-24, "Joseph Pudney & als built their chimneys" and on May 28- "Joseph Pudney and Ob<sup>h</sup> Foster moved into y<sup>e</sup> houses". The accompanying drawing faithfully depicts the Walker garrison with the Minister's house and cabins for the eight families quartered there. The simple furnishings of their homes were moved into these cabins and there, sheltered by the heavy log walls, the people lived for the better part of three years.

Official approval for the three outlying garrisons and the four along the village street, bears the date of May 15, 1746. Garrisons provided in earlier years by Dea. George Abbot, Edward Abbot and James Osgood were not approved, but these men were permitted to keep their families in their own homes for the time being, since there was no provision for them in the other garrisons "and the season of the year so much demanding their labor for their necessary support that renders it difficult

for them to move immediately." For, in spite of the fact that a month earlier the savages had seized Woodwell's garrison near Tyler's in Hopkinton, and carried away eight people captive, Rumford men were planting their corn and beans, rye and flax as usual. The accompanying map drawn in later years by Philip Carrigain, shows how far the fields were from the main street and the protection of the garrisons. Work in these fields was a daily hazard as men well knew, for this month of May saw <sup>two</sup> men killed in Boscawen, and in June a man in Canterbury was scalped and another taken captive.

The strain of continual watch and guard was broken now and then by jokes and laughter. Apphia Farrington, worthy daughter of the hardy Bradley stock, went one day to the field where her husband, Stephen, and other men were mowing. According to custom these dangerous days, their guns were stacked close by, but, contrary to rule, no one stood guard. Having finished their mid-day lunch, all the men lay in the shade of a tree peacefully napping. The goodwife determined to teach them a lesson, so she quietly picked up a gun and fired. The rebound nearly knocked her off her feet, but the fright of the men was ample reward to Mrs. Farrington.

Every able-bodied man in town took his turn scouting and the Minister sent to Andover for a new gun, reputed to be the finest in Rumford. There were frequent warnings of trouble during those summer days and nights- and the Minister's diary notes: "Alarm over y<sup>e</sup> River on account of Indians being seen <sup>\*\*</sup> Dorcas Hall (Mrs. Ebenezer) saw an Indian at night <sup>\*\*</sup> George Hall<sup>x</sup> lay abroad and saw six Indians." Often the town was wakened at night by guns in surrounding woods, and waited with anxious heart for the dawn.

During this summer of 1746, Dr. Ezra Carter had a narrow escape from Indian foes. He had cut the hay in his field and gathered it into "winnows". During the night a party of savages hid in the hay intending  
 \* Probably George Hull in Stickney garrison. \*\* Hall garrison

to attack him upon his return in the morning; but a storm of rain broke before daylight and continued for several days preventing work in the hayfield. After peace was restored, one of the Indians visited Rumford and told Dr. Carter of the plot, saying that the Indians concluded that the Great Spirit had sent the rain to protect the good doctor.

Under conditions of ever present danger, the men and women of Rumford kept to their accustomed tasks and life continued as nearly normal as faith and high courage could sustain it. There was marrying this year of 1746, and a considerable number of babies first saw the light in the little cabins within the garrisons. Death in a peaceful way, came now and again. Sometimes a daring visitor made the trip into town, or a venturesome youth rode to Andover and brought back news of another expedition to Canada. Capt. Ebenezer Eastman went to Canada again—perhaps with this second expedition—for, on July 10, the Minister records in his diary—"Capt. Eastman returned from Cape Breton."

Among the families from outlying towns who took refuge in our garrisons were the two families from Dunbarton. Some years earlier, James Rogers and Joseph Pudney of Londonderry had gone on a hunting trip into the wilds. They came upon a large meadow cleared by beaver, and found it a tempting place for pioneering. It is still a lovely place, lying on the southwest slope of a high hill, well-sheltered from north winds, open to the sun, fertile and grassy. In 1739 or 40, Rogers and Pudney moved to "Great Meadow", built their cabins and became the first settlers in Dunbarton. Because it reminded him of the home of his youth in far-away Ireland, James Rogers named the place Mountalona.

A path was made through the woods and spotted trees marked the trail to the mills on Turkey river, for it was there the pioneers brought their corn to be ground. Suddenly the peaceful, secluded life of Mountalona was invaded by terror when scouts brought warning that Indians were abroad, and urged instant flight. One housewife was cooking supper,

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the other was churning butter; but everything was left and the families fled to Rumford in the gathering darkness. Next day the men returned for their cattle only to find them lying dead where the savages had struck them down. The cabins were smoking ruins and the young orchard had been hacked down except for one lone apple tree.

Until 1749, James Rogers and his family lived in a Rumford garrison except for his son, Robert, who was off scouting and developing those remarkable gifts which made him the famous leader of the Rangers and eventually the deliverer of our valley from all Indian foes. Joseph Pudney (probably the father of other Pudneys in Rumford garrisons) lived with his wife in the garrison at Eleven Lots. One day he started out carrying a bottle of beer to men working in nearby fields when an Indian shot from ambush and shattered his arm. Dropping the beer, he fled to shelter permanently crippled so that he was unfit for active scout duty. May 28, 1748, Gov. Wentworth granted his petition to be "posted as a garrison soldier". After the years of exile, Rogers and Pudney returned to Mountalona and rebuilt their homes and the cellar holes may still be found in "Great Meadow." Obadiah Foster of Rumford joined the group and it is probable that Robert Rogers sometimes lived at his father's home between campaigns.

The climax of two anxious years came to Rumford in mid-summer of 1746. In July even the New Hampshire authorities began to feel concern for the town and its neighbors and Capt. Ladd of Exeter was ordered thither with a force of fifty militiamen. They did scout duty in the neighborhood and, their assignment being ended, returned to Exeter on furlough. On August 5 they re-assembled to march north again, but at Massabesic two days later they found the trail of a dozen or more savages and Capt. Ladd with thirty of his men turned to follow the trail toward Chester. The other men under Lieut. Jonathan Bradley proceeded to Rumford where a part of the group remained while the others went on to Canterbury. Lieut. Bradley, thirty years old, was the son of Abraham Bradley. He had married an Exeter girl, sold his

land in Rumford and then removed to Exeter. It was a Sabbath day, August 10, when Capt. Daniel Ladd marched into Rumford with his detachment of militia, bringing ease of mind to anxious town folk.

According to invariable custom, Rumford men and their families went to the log meeting-house that Sabbath morning. The main street was a quiet place as befitted the Lord's Day, but its silence was further emphasized by the abandoned houses. It is a grim main street in retrospect, with its log forts and sentries on guard. The big gate of the garrison at the Minister's house opens wide and the families march out in orderly file and down the dusty highway. The Minister carries his fine new gun in the crook of his arm and his Bible in his hand, while the other men march guarding the women and children. From each garrison similar groups march quietly to enter the meeting-house, where the men stack their guns about a center post. But the Minister keeps his own gun handy in the pulpit.

On that particular Sabbath day there were foes in hiding who knew the Sabbath day habits of the townsfolk. It seems evident that a considerable force of savages had closed in near the meeting-house intending to attack while the people were gathered at service. During that service Abigail Carter, the doctor's sister, let her eyes stray to the open door and across the highway, she saw an Indian's feather-decked head in an alder thicket. So strong was the discipline to reverence that she made no outcry but waited till close of the meeting. Another group of Indians was seen that day in bushes near the corner of present No. State and Franklin Sts., but, aware of the presence of militia, they delayed attack. Meanwhile the people marched back to their garrisons unmolested and the savages thwarted, awaited the opportunity to vent their lust for killing.

Monday was grinding day at Turkey river mill and early that morning, Lieut. Bradley and five other men set out for the Jonathan Eastman garrison. In the party were Obadiah Peters, militia man from Capt. Nathaniel

Abbott's company, who was anticipating a visit with his family at the garrison: Samuel Bradley, brother of Lieut. Jonathan, and William Stickney, son of Jeremiah Stickney, who, being a lad in his teens, was perhaps carrying grist to the mill. Sergeant Alexander Roberts and militiamen, John Lufkin, John Bean and Daniel Gilman completed the party and it is understood that some of the men "rid double on horses."

So used were the people to alarms that, in spite of the knowledge that Indians were in the neighborhood, there seems to have been little apprehension as the men set out on this trip. Indeed, when Daniel Gilman sighted a hawk, he ran ahead blithely hoping to bring it down with his gun, as he afterward explained. This would indicate that he may not have been a militia man. Gilman, some sixty rods in advance, heard three shots but felt no special alarm, thinking his companions had sighted game. He did, however, take the precaution to climb a rise of ground to look back.

To his horror, Gilman saw the Indians attacking and heard Lieut. Bradley shout—"Lord, have mercy on me:--Fight!" "In a moment his gun went off, and three more guns of our men's were shot, and then the Indians rose up and shot a volley, and run out into the path, and making all sort of howling and yelling\*\*\*\*".\* Young Gilman "did not stay long to see it" but ran to give the alarm.

The garrison at Turkey river was less than a mile beyond and the gun shots were warning there. A post was sent to the village street where because "the wind wasn't fair to hear," the people were ignorant of the tragedy. Such was the delay in summoning the militia that a search for the foe was of little avail, for the cowardly savages, estimated at not less than fifty, and perhaps as many as a hundred- had fled in such haste that their packs were left behind.

John Lufkin and Obadiah Peters were killed before they had a chance

\*Report of Daniel Gilman in Journal of Abner Clough, clerk of Capt. Ladd's Company (Bouton)

to fight. Lieut. Bradley gallantly rushed into the midst of the Indians and fought at close quarters until he was literally hacked to death. His brother Samuel was shot as he advanced to fight and shot a second time as he struggled forward. John Bean and John Lufkin evidently had no chance to fight before they were killed. Alexander Roberts and young William Stickney were carried captive to Canada.

When the news arrived in Rumford, alarm guns were sounded from garrison to garrison and over on the Mountain, Philip Eastman and his wife who had left their children for the day in Grandfather Eastman's garrison, heard the dread alarm. Saddling his horse with all speed, Mr. Eastman rode to the door and called - "Come, Abiah, let us go!". She replied - "I am ready" and, at a single bound, sprang to the horse's back behind her husband. At full canter they rode down to the fort and there they heard the tragic news that Abiah's two brothers were among the victims.

In his very old age, Reuben Abbot (b. 1723), one of the sons of James Abbot on Rattlesnake Plain, gave an account of that dreadful day, which was taken down in writing by two of Samuel Bradley's grandsons. The document tells that Reuben with Abiel Chandler, was "at work in the Farm, near Sugar Ball, making hay" when they heard the alarm of three guns from Parson Walker's fort. They ran to the garrison and found that the soldier on guard and as many other men as could be spared, had gone to the scene of the massacre. The two young men hurried after, taking a path through the woods south of present Franklin St., and arrived at the spot where the bodies lay as soon as those who went around by the road. "More than seventy years had passed since the tragedy, but Reuben Abbot described the horror of the sight as if it had been but yesterday.

An ox-cart had been brought and in it the poor mangled bodies - some of them stripped of all clothing - were laid side by side to be taken back to the village street. The men of Rumford were no weaklings, but there was not one who was willing to drive this ghastly load. Finally

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Reuben Abbot volunteered and the tragic procession slowly took its way down the Mill road to the nearest garrison at James Osgood's house. All the town gathered there and the strong reserve of those hardy men and courageous women gave way. "There was a great multitude of men, women and children collected to see the dreadful sight; they wept aloud. Mothers lifted up their young children to see the dead bodies in the cart."

Samuel Bradley's widow, Mary Folsom, held her little four year old son, John, in her arms to look on his mangled father. The child never forgot the horror and, during all his childhood, he was haunted by fear of the Indians. His grandfather's faithful slave, Pompey, was his constant attendant for this reason, and the little boy riding on black Pompey's back was a familiar sight in Rumford during the next few years. Mrs. Bradley and her two children continued to live at the Bradley place until her second marriage to Robert Calfe of Chester. Left widow a second time, she returned to Concord to live with her grandson, Richard Bradley at the homestead, until her own death seventy-one years after the massacre. In her last years she often talked of the husband of her youth with great affection, and repeated the phrases which he used in the last family prayers offered that morning of August 11, 1746, together with the chapter from the Scriptures which he chose for that last morning's worship.

The day following the massacre, two graves were prepared in the Burying-ground; the Bradley brothers were buried in one and Lufkin, Peters and Bean in the other. The location cannot be identified positively, but in later years, the shaft which now memorializes the victims, was erected very near those graves. Upon a large tree near the spot of the massacre, the initials of the five men were carved, but in time this tree was destroyed. In 1837, Samuel Bradley's grandson, Richard, erected the granite shaft which stands on the north side of Hopkinton road in the vicinity of the actual site of the tragedy.

One last service was rendered when Abner Clough, clerk of Capt. Ladd's company of militia, paid the bill which James Osgood sent for the funeral expenses:

"To boards for making 5 coffins, and making of 5 coffins	1	10	0
To expense for drink for the peopel,		1	00 0
In old tenor "		<u>2</u>	10 0

William Stickney was held captive for a year and then escaped with a friendly Indian, but the Indian arrived in Rumford alone with the tale that Stickney had been drowned in crossing a river. The Indian was wearing clothing which belonged to the youth, <sup>and</sup> some suspicion was felt as to the actual facts. Roberts, the second of the captives, escaped and returned to Rumford in 1747, bringing the first intimate account of the massacre. He declared that four Indians were killed and a number severely wounded, two of whom died later. He claimed and collected a bounty for one of these dead Indians by showing the place of his burial not far from the place where the fight took place. The General Assembly made a grant to Daniel Gilman and to the widows or heirs of each victim of the massacre.

Indian depredations continued in the vicinity of Rumford but continual vigilance prevented further loss of life to townspeople. On November 20, 1746, the Minister's diary, records - "Our soldiers were dismissed", for approaching winter brought relative safety from savage attack, in spite of the fact that only a few days before, Dr. Carter had another narrow escape. A Mr. Estabrooks from Hopkinton came riding in haste to summon him for sickness in his family. For safety the doctor's horse was pastured near Dea. George Abbot's garrison, so the doctor walked down to call him. But the horse refused to come to the bridle and Dr. Carter, knowing Estabrooks's anxiety, waved to him and called - "Go on". The man rode on and shortly a gun shot was heard and a party hurrying to investigate, found Estabrooks dead near Rum hill.

Occasionally there were raids on outlying farms whose owners were

living in garrisons. Benjamin Abbot had a large field of rye and Indians watched, intending to kill the harvesters; but when the day came the people turned out in such force and finished the work so speedily that the savages were outwitted. In revenge, as it would seem, they killed cows and oxen, sheep and horses in nearby pastures. Jerry Bradley who lived a short distance west of present St. Paul's School, had a fine field for fall grazing and, as Indian raids became less frequent, many of the village folk pastured cattle there. Again and again the Indians stole the cattle until the men of Rumford gathered and marched in two well-armed parties to the field. They waited in ambush for the savages to appear, but a gun went off prematurely and frightened the raiders away. One Indian was mortally wounded and some time later his body was found in a hollow log whither he had crawled to die.

Loss of livestock, interruption of farm work during the summer season, expense of garrisons and of scouting, made a financial burden which the men of Rumford found difficult indeed, but "Notwithstanding all these discouragements they have stood their ground against the enemy; supported themselves with all the necessaries of life; and also yearly spared considerable quantities of provisions to the neighboring villages in the said Province-which must have suffered very much if they had not had their assistance. And that they have been always ready, upon notice of distress or danger among their neighbors, during the war, to go to their relief many times in considerable companies, to places at a great distance all at their own expense." Such was the testimony of a deposition made during the Bow controversy (1757) by Jacob Pilsberry and Isaac Chandler. The former was in the Stickney garrison in 1746 and Lieut. Isaac Chandler and his son, Isaac, seem to have been at the same garrison. Although their names are not on the official list of 1746, in an order dated March 21 of the following year the Chandlers are ordered to leave the Stickney garrison with two other men "to do their duty" at the Minister's garrison.

The deposition referred to is eloquent of the trials of Rumford and it was made as part of the effort to persuade the government of New Hampshire to deal justly with the town of Rumford during the years following the Indian terror. The Bow controversy will be recorded in a future chapter.

School in Rumford had suffered from the abnormal conditions. After Schoolmaster Scales left town in 1742, there is no record of his successor, if any, and it seems probable that the town lacked funds for the purpose. In 1744 the record reads-"Such persons as were inclined to hire a schoolmistress at their own cost, had leave to keep school in the schoolhouse." From that time on school keeping must have been impractical because of continued hazards, but in 1749 Joseph Holt is mentioned as Schoolmaster. A native of Andover and a graduate of Harvard college, he had charge of the Rumford school for several years and his daughter, Dolly, married into the Farnum family.

The year following the massacre, certain changes were ordered in Rumford garrisons and the fort on Rattlesnake brook, and that on Turkey river were discontinued pending their giving better protection. The closing of the Lovejoy garrison was a real hardship for the considerable number of families dependent upon its grist mill. Settlers at the North End of the village street, at Rattlesnake Plain, Canterbury and Boscawen petitioned Gov. Wentworth to provide a sufficient guard of soldiers so that the garrison might be re-opened. As a further inducement, the petition suggested that Lovejoy, himself, was ready "to erect a forge for the making of Barr Iron" near the garrison-the first enterprise of the kind in all this section.

Regardless of this petition or its success, the hazards of Indian warfare were so lessened by the peace declared in Europe in the fall of 1748, that Henry Lovejoy began his new enterprise. In that very year he built his second dam on Rattlesnake brook about forty rods west

of his garrison house. This flooded the swamp and the sheet of water became known as Forge pond. Near the dam he built "a shop containing a water wheel and a Forge" and there he wrought into iron the ore which was found on the banks of the Merrimack river above Merrill's ferry at the South End. A century later, cinders and scraps of iron could still be found around this old shop.

Naturally, Capt. Lovejoy, living as he did far from the village street, was bound to have some adventure with the Indians. One night as he rode home from Osgood's tavern (the garrison was used for tavern purposes) he instinctively felt apprehension, especially as he approached the "Gulf" south of Dea. Ephraim Farnum's. With wise strategy he pretended to be in command of a band of men and, as he galloped at full speed down into the hollow and across the brook, he yelled - "Rush on, my boys, be ready to fire!" Reaching home in safety, he turned his horse to pasture on the north side slope of Rattlesnake hill, and, as he let down the bars, he noted a stir among his cattle. Feeling that Indians were near, he hid under a large wind-fall tree instead of going on to his house. Almost at once two Indians with guns trotted over the tree, and, failing to find their quarry, soon returned and searched his vicinity. But Lovejoy lay safely hidden until they finally went away.

These years were not wholly tragic and tense with dread, for the spirit of youth bubbled over now and then. After the Lovejoy garrison was closed, the young folk in the Abbot stockade (site of Swenson Granite Co.) liked to visit the Farnums down the highway. Their elders felt concern lest Indians attack them in the dark on the lonely stretch of road but the youngsters paid little heed. So Reuben Abbot, still young himself determined to teach them a lesson and, on a night when the group had gone to Dea. Farnum's, he disguised himself as an Indian and hid in the bushes beside the road. As the gay little party approached on its way home, he rustled the bushes, grunted like a savage and showed his feathers.

decked head for a moment. The ruse was a complete success and from then on his younger brothers and sisters showed little desire to venture forth after dark.

In the early summer of 1748 there was a real jollification when Capt. Ebenezer Eastman raised the frame heavy with great oaken timbers, for his two-story mansion house. The raising was excuse, even in a Puritan community, for merry-making, feasting and dancing to a fiddle- if a fiddler could be found; if not, the young folk danced to singing of the tunes. No one, least of all Abigail Carter, the doctor's sister, wanted to miss the occasion. Dutifully she asked her parents' consent although she was all of eighteen years old. Their reply was- "Yes, if Parson Walker's girls go". The Parson, it seems, was planning to attend and would take his two young daughters, Sarah and Mary. When the raising was accomplished, the girls begged to stay for the early evening dancing and he acquiesced: "Yes, yes only come home in good season." Abigail stayed also and they forgot the hour, but when the dance was over they were "waited on by young gentlemen to go home across the river." Alas, for Abigail and romance! At the other end of the ferry they found the anxious Parson waiting to take them home.

And so Rumford men and women lived gallantly through these years of terror. Thus did they hold the town secure, forming a bulwark for the lower Merrimack valley against savage invasion. The years tested their character but that character held firm for it was grounded in unconquerable Faith.

Capt. Eastman never completed his house for in July of that summer he died at the age of fifty-nine. Bouton gives him first place in his biographies of men prominent in the making of our town and calls him "the strong man of the town". Among the pioneers he was conspicuous for courage, a cheerful spirit, good judgment and inexhaustible energy. No other man in Pennycook approached him in enterprise during the two score years

years of his life in our town and his accomplishment was far beyond that of any other pioneer.

Coming to this wilderness in his maturity, this "inholder" from Haverhill with some means and six growing sons, could not be content with a house lot on the main street and a homelot of a few acres over in the Fan: He could not wait for the surveying and apportioning of more land by the Proprietors. When, in the second survey, he was given four and a half acres on the Mill Brook Intervale across the river, his decision was made. There on the beautiful interval lying west and north of our present Federal bridge, was the level land and upland, the brook with ample mill power, the enticing spot where the grantees had hoped to build their town—at least in part. That plan had been abandoned upon the unhappy discovery that the Judge Sewall farm of five hundred acres had prior claim.

This dilemma was Ebenezer Eastman's opportunity: he began to build a log house on his new grant and negotiated a lease of the Sewall farm on terms which only a man of courage could have dared. The scope of his ambition and activity was ever-widening as recorded in an earlier chapter. In addition to this development, he accompanied two military expeditions to Cape Breton, returning from the last trip just a month before the exciting events of the massacre. When Ebenezer Eastman went to his "long home", his will, made before his first trip to Cape Breton, provided for his wife, Sarah, the old homestead in Haverhill which they had left for the toil and peril of life in Pennycook Plantation. He bequeathed to her a pasture, a negro man, Cesar, her choice of three cows, and such of the household furnishings as she desired. To his six sons he left the rich inheritance of lands in Rumford, and to his descendents, even unto this generation, an honored name.