

Chapter XIV.

Along Contoocook River.

As the Contoocook river approaches the end of its long northerly course, it enters the northwest corner of Concord and, after repeated falls, joins the Merrimack at the point where the town lines of Concord Canterbury and Boscawen meet. The land along the Contoocook was surveyed and apportioned in eighty acre lots to the Proprietors but it remained wild and uninhabited until after the Indian wars. The river was the only highway and save for some hardy hunter, the savage was the only human being who travelled that wilderness. In the spring of 1748—two years after the Bradley massacre—one such hunter saw a considerable party of Indians floating down the river on rafts and, upon returning home, he learned that they had raided and killed cattle on the river banks in Warner and Hopkinton.

A year or two later, Joseph Walker (b. 1732) son of Isaac Walker, Jr., attempted settlement on the eighty acre lot originally assigned to Zerubbabel Snow. He built a hut near the river but prowling Indians discouraged him and after a brief stay he abandoned the enterprise. Neighborhood tradition points to large stones in the drive beside the Herbert Farnum house, which leads to the cottages on the river bank, and declares them to be the foundation of Joseph Walker's cabin. For long years this wilderness solitude remained unbroken.

The first permanent settlement made by Concord pioneers on the Contoocook was at the mouth of the river. Since 1737 there had been a ferry across the Merrimack at that point and Stephen Gerrish, the first ferryman, lived on the Canterbury side. At the west end of the ferry and within the limits of Rumford, Proprietor Henry Rolfe had acquired land on the south side of the Contoocook and in later years his descendants added land until the Rolfe farm stretched westerly from the Merrimack to present Main St. in Penacook, and southerly to the high banks which overhang the old channel of the Merrimack at Goodwin's Point (Horsing Downs).

The earliest road to the ancient ferry across the Merrimack undoubtedly followed an Indian trail from Beaver Meadow, north along the high bank above Goodwin's Point, and this part of the early road to Boscawen may still be travelled except where erosion has forced it somewhat to the west of its original course. The first Rolfe house was near the end of this road and not far from the present railroad station in Penacook.

Two of Proprietor Rolfe's sons settled in our town; Benjamin, long clerk for the Proprietors, and his brother, Nathaniel. In 1746 the latter was listed in Parson Walker's garrison, indicating that he lived in that neighborhood. His two sons, Nathaniel 2d and Benjamin 2d, pioneered at the Rolfe farm at the mouth of the Contoocook river, as early as 1758 when Benjamin 2d was about sixteen years old and Nathaniel 2d was a few years older. They owned the land jointly and lived a bachelor life until nearing the age of forty. It was a wild country still and in later years Benjamin used to tell his children how the wolves howled at night on the high banks south of the log house, and how the cattle would huddle in a corner of the field, making a circle to protect their young. After the Revolution, Benjamin 2d parted company with his brother, taking his family to Rumford, Me. where they endured the hardships of pioneer life.

Nathaniel Rolfe 2d married in middle life, the widow of Capt. Abiel Chandler, Judith Walker, youngest daughter of Rev. Timothy Walker. Their acquaintance doubtless began when Nathaniel, at the tender age of three, lived with his parents in the Parson's garrison during the Indian terror. Mrs. Judith Rolfe brought three young daughters by her first marriage to the farm at the mouth of the Contoocook river and their home was the house here pictured built by the Rolfe brothers about 1774. Originally the house stood somewhat north of its present site. In this house Nathaniel 2d's three children were born and Judith Rolfe named her first son (b. 1781) Abiel for the husband of her youth.

Abiel Rolfe never married. For nearly thirty years he served as dea-

con of the church in Concord Street. His brother, Henry 2d (b. 1785), inherited the home farm, married Deborah Carter whose home was on Carter hill and had a family of eleven children in this old Rolfe house. A third generation of Rolfe children was born in this home.

Capt. Henry Rolfe held his commission in the famous 11th Regiment N.H. Militia. It was he who first utilized the water power at the lower falls of the Contoocook on his farm. He cut the timber on his land and about 1825 he built a saw mill on the site occupied in later years by the Simonds Table shop. With this beginning, he and his sons built up a lumber business which the family continued for a century longer. On the spot later used for a railroad station, they made a public landing where logs and sawed lumber were unloaded, made into rafts of suitable size and then floated down the Merrimack to be carried through the Middlesex canal to the Boston market. Loads of lumber came to this landing by ox team from the Borough mills and from other mills along the Contoocook, as far away as Warner and Hopkinton.

Besides the ancient Rolfe house there are two other old houses standing on land once a part of the Rolfe farm, as pictured. The most southerly of these was probably built by Capt. Henry Rolfe in 1815 and in later years, it became the home of his son, Timothy Carter Rolfe (b. 1817). The other house was built by Dea. Abiel Rolfe in 1836 and has been occupied by Rolfe descendants since that time. Our picture is from an old photograph taken before fire destroyed its original roof.

During the early years when the Rolfe brothers were living their bachelor life on the farm, a Rogers Ranger named Richard Elliott made an expedition along the Contoocook near the upper falls. While scouting during the Indian wars, he had discovered that the river divides at the head of these falls, making an island of considerable size. The south branch of the river at this point is about a mile long, although at that time it was no wider than a sizable brook. Elliott was quick to see the

possibilities of water power and after peace was declared-certainly as early as 1760, he left his home in Salisbury Newtown (Newton) and acquired land along "the Outlet" as the pioneers called it. There he built a dam and a saw mill, boarding at the time, at the home of James Abbot four miles down the highway at Rattlesnake Plain. Elliott's dam was midway between the Holden mill (now the Pipe Factory) and the present bridge over the Outlet, on the road to Penacook. In time, a road to this mill was opened from the ancient highway to Boscawen which ran through present West Main St. to present day Penacook. Approaching the mill, the new road followed present Fowler St. to a log bridge built over the Outlet at a point somewhat to the east of the present bridge. Traces of the approach to this bridge may still be found on the bank of the Outlet. The Elliott saw mill stood on the south bank and on the east side of the old road. Thus began the history of Elliott Borough-known to this generation as "the Borough".

In the days when the stream south of the Island was small, it was seriously affected by drought which held up mill operations. Such an emergency occurred when the Walker family of Concord waited for lumber for their large barn. This brought about the construction of the first recorded dam on the Contoocook, when a group of men gathered great rocks from nearby land and built a rude dam just below the entrance to the Outlet, thus increasing the flow of water by the mill. Ever after that day, the mill rights on the Outlet held precedence over water rights on the main river in time of drought. Remnants of this ancient dam are still visible at low water near the Island.

After some ten years in the Borough, Richard Elliott sold his property to his brother Jonathan who brought his wife and three children to live in the log house in the millyard. In 1774, Jonathan sold one quarter of the "Iron & Woodwork of the Saw Mill and a quarter privilege of the

Stream s^d Mill stands on" and other buildings, to his brother Benjamin of Newtown. Arriving at the Borough this new family moved into a log house farther up the Outlet on the site of the Marshall Baker house of later date (picture p.9). Benjamin Elliott fought at Bennington and when the exodus to Rumford, Meg began following the Revolution, he moved his family to the new town.

Prior to 1774, Benjamin Sweatt, a weaver from Kingston, had purchased twenty acres on the west side of the Snow eighty acre lot and probably made his home on or near the spot where the youth, Joseph Walker, had pioneered years before. Sweatt had a daughter, Molly, and it was she who charmed Benjamin Rolfe 2^d, who lived on the farm at the mouth of the Con-toocook, into forsaking his bachelor life.

In midwinter 1778, Joseph Elliott and his wife Lydia and their two babies arrived at the Borough and settled in a log house just beyond the present junction of Washington St. with Borough road, and about that time John Elliott - not of the same family - made his home on eighty acre lot No. 55 west of Benjamin Elliott's house. John's family was mostly adult and his three sons, Barnard, Jonathan 2^d and John Jr., were married with families of their own. John Jr., called "Soldier John" because of his service in the Revolution, lived in West Village, at least in his later years, but his brothers located in the Borough.

And so the Elliott clan gathered along the Outlet and multiplied. They were a hardy race and their enterprise at the Borough was unique in Concord history for they dominated this little hamlet for generations. Others came to the Borough and by their energy and toil promoted its prosperity, but none left upon the community the impress made by these first pioneers. The Elliotts fought cold, hunger and the dangers of the surrounding forest and while they were conquering the wilderness, they raised many children who played a part in the Concord of the future.

Their first log houses were hastily constructed huts with neither

chimney nor window and life was primitive in the extreme. In such a house or one very little better, Mrs. Lydia Elliott bore three of her eleven children and counted herself a happy woman. For years she was never without a babe in her arms, but such was the spirit of this pioneer woman that she lived not only an exceedingly long life, but one singularly rich in the highest joys life can bring.

Forty years after her husband had died, this remarkable person celebrated her one hundredth birthday in the house built by her son, David. As she looked across the road to the place where the log cabin of her youth had stood, she recalled to the friends gathered about her, many interesting memories. She told of perfect health with never a doctor called except when her babies were born, of life so reasonably lived that she "never took physic, or an emetic, nor had a tooth drawn, or was bled": of busy days in her large household—days never too busy, however, to help a neighbor at spinning or weaving: of joyous out-of-doors days when she took her babe in her arms and walked the mile and a half to the Rolfe farm to pull flax. Cradling the child under a tree, she worked all day in the sun stopping only to nurse the baby when it woke and cried. On the Sabbath it was her privilege to walk to the Meeting-house, seven miles away in Concord Street, with her littlest child in her arms.

On that birthday of this centenarian, Jan. 30, 1853, the Borough was a place far different from her home of seventy-five years before and many of the Elliots born during her memory had lived their lives and gone to their reward. It was a solemn day and Lydia Elliott was a serious-minded as well as a happy woman. It was fitting, therefore, that the celebration should center around a religious service, and so there among her friends, in the home of her son and her grandson, under the leadership of her Minister, she entered with thanksgiving and praise upon a second century of life. With all her faculties keen except for a slight deafness, with hands still busied with knitting, Lydia Elliott lived for three years and a half beyond her hundredth birthday, venerated in all Concord.

Four of Joseph and Lydia Elliott's children married Rumford, Me. people and lived in that off-shoot of old Rumford. Others married and lived along the Outlet, passing on to children and grandchildren, the family traditions of work, thrift, reverence and contentment.

In the early years of the Borough, the only official road was that "from Hoit's brook to the bridge over Contocook river" mentioned in deeds as early as 1787. After leaving Hoit's brook where our present D.W. Highway crosses the brook, it seems to have followed a course considerably to the south of our present Borough road. In 1790 there is a record of extending the road a mile or so farther and in time it merged into a highway which continued on to present Riverhill, somewhat south of the River road of today. Travelling the Borough road of today, one dips into "the Hollow" and up a little rise to the junction with West Main St. Tradition tells that some of the Elliott pioneers lived at "the Hollow" and in later years descendants of John Elliott certainly lived there. This family left a record for epic battle in the year 1785, the occasion being the "raising" of Maj. Livermore's house in Concord Street.

It was a time-honored custom to celebrate "raisings" with wrestling matches since all the strong men for miles around were gathered for the main event. The Concord champion was the bully of the countryside, a short, thick-necked, broad-shouldered man named Eph Colby. He is said to have been ensign in Capt. Joshua Abbot's company at Bunker Hill, but he was not of Concord antecedents. As usual, Colby appeared at the "raising" well stimulated with rum which flowed "as free as water" on such occasions and, as usual, he was boastful and insolent. His wrestling was apt to end in a free fight, as other wrestlers tended to be wary of him: this day he chose to pick a quarrel with the Elliots.

"Soldier John" and his brother Barnard jumped on Colby, one seizing him round the middle while the other attacked from the rear and all fell in a heap. In the struggle, John used a familiar tactic and

bit the bully's nose half off, whereupon Colby rose like a madman, shook John off, knocked him down, wheeled and caught Bernard by the neck and the slack of his breeches and flung him into West brook which flowed gently by the scene. Then Colby turned on the father of his victims and drove him off the grounds.

The story of that fight was the stock yarn with the old men of Concord as long as a witness remained alive. The town had no admiration for Eph Colby but it had a certain fearful respect for his prowess. It is a curious fact that the bully worked in the Minister's employ for some years and freely admitted "that Parson Walker was the only man the Almighty ever made that he was afraid of." Late in life, Colby married and moved to Rumford, Me.

The mill at the Borough passed through varied ownership. Dr. Ebenezer H. Goss of Concord Street owned it until 1787 when, as he was about to leave town, he sold it with four acres of land to Silas How. How sold it the next year, "with a house nearby" to Abel Baker of Berlin, Mass. Soon after he took possession, Baker built the first grist mill in the Borough on a site closely above the modern Rolfe saw mill, and then he built a second saw mill near by. As yet there was no highway from the ^{west} into the Borough and patrons from such area had to carry their corn to mill on horseback over a rough trail, or even to tramp the trail with a sack of corn on their shoulders.

In 1803 Abel Baker sold "My homestead where I now live" including the old saw mill, to Timothy Walker 3d, grandson of the Minister, but in 1817 it came again to the Baker family through purchase by Abel, Jr. Abel Baker Sr.'s wife was Polly How, daughter of Phineas How, who came from Bolton, Mass. and, in 1790, seems to have been living near the bend of the old road to the mill as it led into present Fowler St. The How family was noted for gigantic size, Phineas being six feet nine.

Polly, herself, was six feet tall, weighed two hundred pounds and was so strong that she thought nothing of running the mill and carrying the grist-often as much as three bushels at a time- from the horse's back to the mill and return. "Judge" Baker, as he was called, and his Amazon wife lived with their three children in the mill yard and the years added seven more children to the family. One of their sons, Samuel, was said to be the tallest man who ever lived in Concord. When twenty years old, he stood six feet nine inches in his stocking feet and weighed two hundred and thirty pounds. About 1826 he made a trip west and a clipping from a Buffalo newspaper drifted back to Concord, with news of a New Hampshire boy recently in that town who was so tall that he could wade across the Niagara river.

Samuel's brother, Abel Baker, Jr., married Nancy, daughter of Samuel and Catherine (Green) Bradley and for a time the young couple lived in Henniker. About the time of his father's death in 1817, Abel, Jr. returned to the Borough and bought the old saw mill. Among his own children was a son destined to fame. Nathaniel Bradley Baker (b. 1818) graduated from Harvard college in 1839, was lawyer, newspaper publisher and, in 1854, Governor of New Hampshire. Later he moved west and during the Civil War, he was Adjutant General of the State of Iowa. Grateful soldiers of that State erected a monument to his memory in Des Moines.

Our picture shows a shabby old house in the Borough which has recently been renovated beyond recognition. Many years ago it was the home of a member of the giant How-Baker family, Marshall Baker (b. 1788). He was six feet four and married Naomi, daughter of the Hoit family and a woman of gentleness and genuine piety. Her rough husband was known throughout the countryside for his physical prowess and fluent profanity which tried the goodwife's soul. He purchased this home from John Hoit and it was the site of pioneer Benjamin Elliott's log house.

Lieut. Marshall Baker served in the War of 1812 and fought at the

Battle of Plattsburg, where, it is said, he sharpened his sword on both edges that it might be doubly effective. The sight of this mighty man charging must have been hair-raising indeed. He fought again at Chateaugay. The Borough has a legend about the passing of this old soldier, quite in keeping with his character. On the night when his spirit took its flight, the watchers declared a rushing wind swept through the house, leaving a great sense of awe with the living.

The classic tale of Marshall Baker concerns a fishing trip he once made to Hardy's brook which flows into the Contoocook from the east slope of Dicketty hill. The fish were so plentiful that he decided the hook and line method would be waste of time, so he took off his trousers tied up the ends of the legs, stretched the waist band wide with sticks and set the trap in the brook. Then he waded the stream from above, driving the fish into the trousers. Then he took his record haul home to his scandalized wife.

One of the early settlers in the Borough was Enoch Brown, a joiner, who purchased in 1791, a farm of more than one hundred eighty acres from Phineas How. The land lay west of present West Main St. and bordered on the river for more than thirty rods. Enoch Brown married the widow of Nathan Chandler (d. 1781) of Boscawen, she being the daughter of Stephen Ambrose over on the Mountain. The Brown home was probably the west section of the large house on Fowler St. here pictured. Its age is indicated by the fact that its timbers are handhewn and its underpinning is of round logs. There is in the Town Records, a return of a road dated Aug. 23 1798 laid out beginning "near Enoch Brown's gate" *** "where the road formerly laid out Ended" and running southeast one hundred and twenty-six rods to the road from Concord to Boscawen near Hqit's brook.

In 1823 Enoch Brown sold this farm to two brothers from Hopkinton Benjamin Morrill, Jr. and Gilman Morrill, who also took over the nearby saw mill. The farm was split up into sections, one of which was sold to a young

man named Jeremiah Fowler and another to Barnard C. Elliott (b. 1784) and Nathaniel C. Elliott. In 1830, Morrill, Elliott and Fowler were running the mill. The following year a Capt. Stevens of Manchester purchased the frame of a saw mill which one, Varney, of Dover had started to build in 1824 at the new dam west of the bridge in Penacook village. This dam was destroyed recently. Stevens moved the mill frame to the Borough and set it up on the north side of the Outlet opposite the old saw mill and ran it on power from the old dam built by Richard Elliott. This industry on the north side of the Outlet was made practical by the opening in 1823 of the present highway from the Borough to Penacook village through Washington St.

In 1838, Jeremiah Fowler built a Match factory on the south side of the Outlet and across the road from the original saw mill. All these various industries flourished at the Borough until a freshet in 1853 swept away Richard Elliott's ancient dam. The match factory now stands at 52½ So. Main St., Penacook. Fowler prospered and eventually bought more of the Borough mill property and also the homestead of Enoch Brown for his own home. It is fitting that his name be given to the street laid out long ago through the farm which was long his home.

Capt. Fowler came of pioneer stock for he was the grandson of that Jeremiah Fowler who married Mary Woodwell who was taken captive in the raid by Indians at Woodwell's garrison near Contocook village. He was a hardy youth and at nineteen he set out in the spring from his Hopkinton home and tramped to Fort George on the Niagara river searching for work. He got a job as mason on the fort and worked until late fall and then tramped home. Next year he repeated the trip. In militia days he was captain of the Jackson Rifle Company recruited in the Borough in 1833.

Until Richard Elliott's dam went out the Borough continued to be a populous and flourishing hamlet. With its three saw mills, the lumbering business increased steadily and sometimes fifteen teams and as many men

were employed in hauling the lumber overland to the Merrimack river.

Few of the ancient houses are standing today in the Borough but there are a number identified with the second and third generation from the pioneers. A trip through the Borough will serve to locate a few of them. Leaving D.W. Highway, one turns into present Borough road but it must be remembered that until we go beyond West Main St., we are travelling the old highway from Concord to Boscawen. From that point on is the historic Borough road. The ell of No. 63 is the house of Chellis Elliott whose nephew was Alonzo W. Elliott, the last male of the clan name to live in the Borough. This ell is more than a century old and Mr. Elliott recalled that somewhat east of No. 63 there was an original log cabin built by the Elliotts, which stood until about 1890.

Proceeding along Borough road, one comes to "the Hollow" and down in "the Hollow" is a little old house which, under the modern shingles, is still the old red. It was built about 1840 by Hall Elliott. Directly opposite on the high bank above the road, there once stood an ancient Elliott house, the home of generations of the clan. The last occupant was James Elliott whose daughter married young Gilman Morrill.

Opposite the end of West Main St. is the attractive estate called "Four Winds". Originally the old house stood close to the road as our copy of an old picture shows it before its restoration. Directly east is an old rangeway running south to Bog road and, although overgrown, it may be travelled on foot today. This is one of the oldest houses left in the Borough and from 1830 till 1840, Barnard C. Elliott kept tavern there, well patronized because the Boscawen road was the old stage route to Hanover. Sometimes the house was called Jackson Hotel because it was headquarters for the Jackson Rifles when training day came round in May. Of course liquid refreshments were in abundance on that occasion as well as when these crack riflemen of the Borough met for their annual turkey shoot.

Barnard C. Elliott was a grandson of John Elliott and, as a young man he carried on his trade as chairmaker in Bow. In 1813 he and his brother Ezra were buying land at "the Burrow" and in 1830 he purchased this house with sixty-four acres of land lying between "the Burrow road" and "the road to Contocook" (i.e. Boscawen). Like so many old houses in Concord, this old tavern shows evidence of repeated enlargement of what may have been a small house of perhaps only one story. Local tradition dates it back to Revolutionary days and the Elliott pioneers. Barnard's brother Ezra owned a farm further up and on the River road, which we shall locate later.

Travelling up Fowler St. we pass the Jeremiah Fowler house which has recently received additions which somewhat disguise its oldtime lines, as shown in our picture (Enoch Brown house, p. 10). Turning into Washington St. we find at No. 88 an old house recently modernized beyond recognition. It may well be as old a building as any in the Borough for it is a house which stood in in the old mill yard. In 1839 it was occupied by Capt. J. G. Stevens who set up the saw mill on the north side of the Outlet. Our picture shows the old house before it was modernized.

More than a century ago a young man named George Frank Sanborn came to the Borough and for a time ran the Stevens mill which stood on the site of the west end of the Holden mill (present Pipe Factory). In his early years Mr. Sanborn was famous as a bugler and was in great demand at muster time in the days when a military band was limited to drums, fifes, a clarinet (when one could be had) and a bugle.

Mr. Sanborn's grandfather was a British soldier who deserted to

the American side during the Revolution and later fought against the British in the War of 1812. In 1842 young Sanborn married a daughter of Jeremiah Fowler and the couple moved into this house in the mill yard and lived there to the end of their lives. Soon after marriage, the Sanborns were converted to the Baptist faith and were baptized by immersion in the Outlet through a hole cut in the ice, on a freezing February day. The tall elms in front of the house as pictured, were brought from the woods and set out by Mrs. Sanborn.

At the end of Washington St. we enter the River road and the first house on the north side of the road, here pictured, is the David Elliott place where Mrs. Lydia Elliott lived the last years of her long life. David's son, Eben, built the ell on the east side of the house and in 1833 he had a new mill on the site of present Rolfe mill which stands between the Elliott house and the Sanborn house.

Of the old time houses on the north side of River road, the next is the Marshall Baker place, difficult to identify because of the addition of its continuous dormer windows, its new shingles over ancient clapboards and its gay wooden shutters. Next beyond is the old home of Theodore Farnum Elliott (b. 1803), son of Joseph Elliott, Jr. and his wife Dorcas Farnum. Theodore was a fine figure of a man, six feet tall and well-proportioned. He was a skilled mill-wright and he also built carriages and made a fine grade of rifles. With his death, it is said, the peculiar skill of his trade ceased, at least in Concord and its vicinity. He could plan every detail of a mill "in his head" with never a drawing or memorandum on paper, and then proceed to prepare its frame with absolute accuracy. By this method he built a mill in 1855, modern in every detail, to replace Eben Elliott's mill of 1833. Theodore's father Joseph Elliott, Jr., probably lived in this house with his son, after giving up his old home in "the Hollow."

The next house along River road is the Charles Elliott (b. 1780)

homestead. Charles was one of the eleven children of Jonathan Elliott 2d and, therefore, a grandson of that John Elliott who settled west of the Marshall Baker place in 1778. He married Phebe Farnum, sister of Mrs. Joseph Elliott, Jr.-the sisters being grand-daughters of Josiah Farnum who lived in the Lovejoy garrison on Rattlesnake brook. The Elliott house later became the property of Joseph Scales.

The last of these old houses on the north side of River road is the one known today as the Herbert Farnum place, and it stands at the head of the lane where the foundation stones of Joseph Walker's pioneer cabin have lain so long. The house pictured stands on or near, the site where three bachelor brothers of Charles Elliott once had a home. Aaron (b. 1784) Jonathan 3d (b. 1787) and Eli (b. 1808) seem to have been famous mainly because of their cider mill which consumed most of the Borough apple crop. Fire destroyed this old home but tradition says that the large barn across the road from the Farnum house, is the old Elliott barn.

The Farnum house is said to have been built by Ezekiel Farnum Elliott (b. 1807) son of David Elliott, and it stood originally on the rise of ground opposite the road which crosses the Outlet to the Island. After fire destroyed the home of the three Elliott brothers, Ezekiel's house was moved to take its place.

The farm next beyond was owned by Ezra Elliott, brother of Barnard C. Elliott. The original house is said to be the ell of the house now standing on the south side of River road. The main part is of recent construction because of a fire. The one-story ell had its front door on its south side until recent changes, indicating that the highway originally ran somewhat south of present River road, as tradition tells. After Ezra Elliott's day, a blacksmith named Jacob Tewksbury lived in this house and his smithy with its old bellows, stood on the south side of the house until very recent years.

While the old Hoit farm is not, strictly speaking, in the Borough, it has a place in this story because the brook which bears the family name figures in old deeds and in the return of new roads. The brook is crossed by Borough road just south of the end of West Main St. Present day Murray farm on the River road was, for at least four generations, the Hoit farm. As early as 1817, Jedediah Hoit approaching old age when he must give up the responsibility of this considerable farm, deeded the place to his son who, in turn, deeded it to his father for use during his natural life. Across the river, other Hoits had pioneered on the slopes of Horse-hill. Until 1901 Jedediah's farm remained in possession of his descendents. Our picture of the Hoit house on West Main St. is the only tangible reminder of the Hoit family left. It was, long ago, the home of Jonathan Hoit and his spinster sisters. Tradition tells that for many years this was the only house on this section of the ancient highway from Concord to Boscawen and Hanover.

In the Borough of today such are the reminders of the virile clan of the Elliotts who, with their neighbors, built up a flourishing settlement on the Outlet which Richard Elliott discovered long time ago.