

Chapter XXVI.

Destiny.

As the nineteenth century opened, rural Concord hitherto ultra-conservative in its outlook, stirred with a spirit of progress. Seventy-five years had passed since the Essex County pioneers had cleared the forest to make the northernmost settlement in New England. With the one purpose to provide ample farms for their sons and grandsons, there was no conception of a future State or its Capital, but their choice of Pennycook Plantation was an asset which they little realized. Geographically they chose a center desirable for the government of New Hampshire.

Beginning with the early months of the Revolution, the State Assembly voted at each session upon the place of its next meeting and, while a number of towns from Portsmouth and Exeter north to Hanover were thus honored, far more sessions were held in Concord than in any other place. During the months when the new State was struggling to establish a Constitution (1781-83) Concord, midway between the important coast towns and the newer settlements along the Connecticut river, had been the popular meeting place. Judge Timothy Walker's strategic and successful move to have the session of 1782 held in Concord provided the precedent which became habit. Other towns craved the honor of being made the Capital, among them Boscowen, Pembroke, Salisbury and Hopkinton—the latter most formidable of all. There was no official decision in the matter but after the legislative session of June 1808 all succeeding sessions were held in Concord by common consent.

There were other factors than geographical which influenced the destiny of Concord and one such must have been the character of her people. Sober, reliable, true to their Puritan heritage, Concord men were public-spirited and, although far from wealthy according to the standard of the coast towns, they had proved their generosity in building their Town House and improving their Meeting-house for assembly purposes. Had

one of the pioneers returned in the flesh to walk the main street which he had helped create long years before, it is certain that his reaction to all this change both material and political, would have been one of pious gratitude. Remembering his struggle with the wilderness, the wild beast and the savage: remembering toil and cold and hunger: remembering the years of humiliation and injustice under colonial government, he would have said-"Assuredly, it was God who led and defended us."

During twenty-five years Concord's population had doubled so that, in 1800, it was a little over two thousand. Col. Kent's son, William (b. 1793) reminisced about this village of his boyhood and pictured it as a place of not more than seventy-five dwellings, indicating that Concord was still a town of farm homes rather than village homes. Along the main street there were five public houses well-patronized, for stage coach travel had begun. Six stores provided those commodities not produced by the townspeople themselves. Mr. Kent in his old age recalled the great event of his youth when, on February 22, 1800, a memorial service for George Washington was held. He trodged up the main street in the procession of young and old who, quiet and sad, marched to the Meeting-house where solemn exercises were held.

Travel out of Concord in 1800 was still a problem, for the earlier plan to establish a regular stage wagon to Waverhill, Mass. seems to have failed. Mr. Kent recalled that in 1806, the only conveyance he was able to find for such a trip was "by post horse which carried the packet while the post boy walked by his side." The post office of the time was at the North End in a 6 X 8 compartment in David George Jr.'s hatter shop. Minimum postage was ten cents and this tiny post office distributed mail to people of a wide radius: Canterbury, Northfield, Henniker, Warner, Hopkinton, Allenstown, New-London, Dunbarton, Rindge, Weare, Pembroke, Loudon and Bow- at such times as the people addressed or their neighbors, called for it at the post office. Sometimes mail was advertised in the Concord

newspaper as awaiting persons in Sanbornton, Sutton, Croyden, Newport and Wew-Bradford.

The slow method of travel is illustrated by a sad experience which stirred the town in 1801. While Rev. Asa McFarland was on a pastoral visit to Pigwacket (Me.) his young wife was taken seriously ill. Good-hearted Benjamin Gale, the taverner, volunteered to go "express" to fetch the Minister home. He started on horseback at daybreak on an August morning, stopping at Meredith Bridge for breakfast. Then with a fresh horse, he rode hard toward Fryeburg—eighty miles from Concord—arriving at nine o'clock in the evening. Fortunately he found Mr. McFarland there and at dawn next morning they began the anxious trip home. With their best effort they reached Sanbornton at night-fall and were forced to tarry there until daybreak. On the morning of the third day they arrived in Concord—too late, for Clarissa Dwight McFarland's spirit had taken its journey to her long home.

Young Mrs. McFarland must have been beloved for Dr. and Mrs. Peter Green, next door neighbors, named their thirteenth child (b. 1799) Clarissa Dwight Green. She lived to grow up and married Dr. Thomas Chadbourne, a Peter physician in Concord. The Greens lived directly opposite the Town House and in 1799 the Doctor sold a lot on the north side of his house to "Asa McFarland, Clerk" and there the Minister built his house which originally looked as in the accompanying drawing. Next north of the McFarland house was the home of Rev. Israel Evans.

The taverns in the village included Butters, Gale and Stickney already referred to in earlier chapters, and a new tavern opened by Benjamin Hannaford about 1795. This stood north of the Meeting-house on the north corner of what is now Walker St. In the new location "he had an abundance of the County of Coos travel", writes his son-in-law, Levi Hutchins—"the double two-horse sleighs with their arms set on end and tackling on, in the large open space in front of his house, were like ship

masts in a spacious harbor."This old tavern remodelled now stands at No.7-9 Walker St.

The fifth of the inns mentioned by William Kent was probably that of David George. In 1782 he had bought the Dr. Goss place where the Rumford Arms now stands and until 1807 he advertised as an innkeeper. Then he sold the place to Solomon Mann who enlarged the house and developed it into the famous Washington tavern. David George, Jr.'s first hatter shop had burned in 1798 and his father sold to him a small lot 39 feet x 41 feet on the north edge of the tavern lot where he built a new shop. This shop must have been where the post office was kept between 1801 and 1815.

The six stores of the village included those of Robert Harris, William A. Kent, William Manley and William Duncan- the latter conducted by Mrs. Duncan after her husband's decease. All four were on the main street and not far from Hopkinton road. Then or a little later, two stores were located at the North End, run by Jacob Abbot and Jonathan Herbert.

The Meeting-house still dominated the growing town, but as state affairs centered more and more in Concord, it seemed necessary to enlarge the edifice. Under the direction of Capt. Richard Ayer, a group of citizens built a semi-circular addition against the south wall. When completed in 1801 "in a handsome and workmanlike manner," the exterior appeared as in the accompanying drawing. The floor then seated eight hundred people and the gallery four hundred more, making it the largest auditorium in the state. Its Sunday congregation was worthy of its size averaging then and for years to come, seven hundred people. Reasonably enough the town decided to add one hundred dollars to the Minister's salary.

Across State St. from the Meeting-house was the Burying Ground and this was fenced in after seemly fashion, thus adding to the dignity of the surroundings. Near State St. stood a great round granite block which, raised about four feet from the ground, was a convenience to the women

of the parish who rode to meeting on a pillion. Tradition says that the cost of the block was met by the women themselves who pledged a pound of butter apiece to the fund. The block now stands in the yard of the Parson Walker house.

The main street continued to be a rough ungraded road without sidewalks and there the village swine roamed at will except for an ordinance which required that they be "rung and yoked"; but in 1810 the town voted that owners should be fined if their swine were found loose on the highway between John Colby's (Lot Colby's old farm at Eleven Lots) and John Bradley's at the North End. In 1808 the town had built a pound of wood a few rods north of the Meeting-house; somewhat later it was moved to Pond hill at the north end of the main street and there it served its purpose until the stone pound at West Village was built by Zebediah Gleason.

Our present State St. had never been opened south of Franklin St. until 1808 when it was approved from Hopkinton road (Pleasant St.) north to School St. Two years later it was continued north to Franklin St. with damages to property varying from 25 ¢ to \$30. In 1810 a new street was opened from the main street, west to State St. in anticipation of the building of a State Prison on the square now bounded north by Tremont St. and south by Beacon St. Naturally this was called Prison St. (now Washington St.)

Even as the Meeting-house dominated the physical aspect of Concord so its Minister was the dominant factor in the spiritual and social life of the town. His choice following the resignation of Rev. Israel Evans, was prompt and without opposition for Asa McFarland had won popularity when, during his days as tutor at Dartmouth college, he had spent his leisure periods in teaching Concord's singing school. A salary of \$350. for the new Minister was agreed upon with "the use of all the Improved Lands belonging to the Parsonage Right & Liberty to Cut Wood and timber on the out Lands." The church approved these terms unanimously but the town vote showed some

dissent as to the amount of salary from some of the thrifty men on the farms who feared a burdensome tax. These citizens finally accepted the majority decision and became friends and supporters of Mr. McFarland.

Born in Worcester, Mass., in 1769, Asa McFarland graduated from Dartmouth in 1793 and during the next four years he taught at the college adding to his meagre salary by his musical ability. His ordination has been referred to and also the sad death of his young wife soon after he built his home in Concord. After a lonely two years he married Elizabeth Kneeland of Boston, a young woman of twenty-three, who was excellently educated according to the standard for females of her day. Her life during the next thirty-five years in Concord, is an extraordinary record of service.

The McFarland home was a place of unlimited hospitality. A son of the family tells that on public occasions the house was filled with ministerial guests as, for instance, on a June day in 1814 during a church convention when "sixteen horses were in our barn and yard; and the house ^{and} was so full that notwithstanding the children were at night put into the unfinished attic, some of the ministerial company who ate at our table were lodged in other dwellings". Perhaps this was the occasion when the saintly mistress of the house wrote in her diary—"I bless God for this week, in which I have been indulged with an opportunity of waiting on some of the servants of Jesus Christ."

In later years a grandson described this home: "Our family homestead was as comfortable as were the dwellings of our neighbors—a carpet only for the best room, but solid silver ware, beautiful table linen and stately mahogany of the Chippendale period brought from Boston by my grandmother. The front hall was plainly furnished and its clear white pine finish had never been painted. No draperies, but in their place sliding solid wooden shutters concealed in the casings, while candles or whale oil lamps shed dim light in the interior. There were flies and mosquitoes

but no window screens-dusty streets but no sprinkling.No ice nor abundant soft water.In winter the kitchen only was certain to be warm." Our picture shows this old home after it was modernized and shortly before it was torn down in 1934 to make way for a filling station.

This grandson recalled going to Sunday service with his grandmother "A winter morning's ride to that church in Mr.Samuel Herbert's sleigh, with my grandmother and others,when a considerable number of foot stoves were taken along with live coals therein,is fixed in my memory.Mr.Herbert lived in the house still standing at the corner of Main and Ferry Sts.,built in 1765 by his father who,was a soldier at Bennington.The horses he turned out seemed very fleet,the sleigh bells rung clear in the frosty air,and the driver vigorously cracked his whip.No small boy would ever forget such a dash through the snow drifts."

The enlarged Meeting-house demanded the presence of a preacher of commanding personality.Asa McFarland was such an one.Tall,well-built and handsome,"with a voice of deep bass,his eloquence was at times like peals of thunder,which as it echoed around the walls of the capacious house of God in which he preached,made the pillars thereof,and much more the hearts of sinners tremble!"Bouton says-"Rev.Asa McFarland*** was sound in doctrine", and the fruits of his ministry brought four hundred and twenty-nine members into his church during his pastorate of twenty-seven years.

Small boys seem to have been a problem even in those decorous days,for the town meeting voted in 1807-"That Samuel Butters take care of the boys in the Meeting-house on Sundays."Among the small boys of that day was Asa McFarland,Jr.and here are his memories of the old Meeting-house:

"The interior of the church,its great gallery and numerous choir,its pew for people of color,the pulpit and sounding-board above it,which I was very apprehensive would sometime fall upon and demolish my father,

are in memory's eye. I call to mind also, the venerable men within the spacious enclosure in front of, or rather, beneath the pulpit—those pilgrims in baize caps—men far down the vale of years, who are included by Ecclesiastes the Preacher, in the 3rd, 4th and 5th verses of his 12th chapter. I see the strong and influential persons of the town, as they entered the house with wife and children, and conducted them to their accustomed seats. I see the daughters coming up in single file—three from some households, to five and seven from others—pass up the aisles and into the great square pews found in the church edifices of that day.

"As I never can forget the faces within, so I never can the furious winds which howled around the ancient pile, the cold by which it was penetrated, and the stamping of men and women within the porches, as they came from afar, and went directly from their sleighs to an immense apartment in which there was no fire except that carried thither in footstoves. The rattling of a multitude of loose windows, my tingling feet, the breath of the people seen across the house, as the smoke of chimneys is discerned on a frosty morning, the impatience of the congregation and the rapidity of their dispersion—are they not all upon the memory of those who worshipped in that house previous to 1821? Then my father suggested that in winter there be only one service which led to the purchase of a moderate sized box stove, and its erection about half way up the center aisle. This, strange as it may seem, was a departure from old custom which encountered some opposition."

At the first of the sleighing season, it was Mr. McFarland's custom to give notice from the pulpit to this effect: "Persons who drive sleighs will please keep to the right, and let those who are afoot have ^{the} middle of the road." This had been authorized by vote of the town, to protect foot passengers on Sundays since there was no other place than the road which was passable when snow lay deep. Bouton tells that Capt. Richard Ayer, a

a towering, powerfully built man who knew no fear, was much incensed by sleigh drivers from outside the town who failed to give church-goers the right of way. So, on a Sunday, he armed himself with a stout club and walked behind a group of women bound for meeting. Down the main street came a loaded sleigh drawn by two horses whose driver compelled the women to step aside into the deep snow. Capt. Ayer lifted his club and ordered the driver to stop and when he paid no heed, the Captain struck one of the horses on the foreleg and brought the animal to its knees. "There", said he, "turn out when you meet people on their way to meeting or I will knock you down." News of this drastic action brought wholesome results and thereafter foot travellers to meeting were treated with respect.

In the Statesman for Jan. 14, 1870, there is an article called "Old North as a Picture Gallery" written probably by Asa McFarland, Jr. who was one of the publishers of the paper. Referring to the leading men of the town in the days of his boyhood, he writes of "the regularity and constancy with which they attended public worship and the permanency of their positions in the house," continuing:

"There were giants in those days' is the impression of the boys of each generation of men who preceded them. But making all proper abatement the ancient church edifice under consideration contained every Sunday a long array of people who suitably and honorably discharged the duties of life; some of whom had encountered the hardships and perils of the American Revolution.

"Jonathan Eastman, Esq. Sr., whose patriotism was like an overflowing fountain and who was as hospitable as patriotic. ***** Hon. Thomas W. Thompson, tall and dignified, represented by those who saw him in discharge of his duties as Speaker of the House, N.H. Legislature, as the most finished presiding officer that had then filled the chair in the branch. *** Capt. John Eastman, a patriotic, highminded and exemplary inhabitant ***** George Hough, Esq., p.m., printer and publisher; a man without guile, whose 'modera-

tion was known to all' who never made an enemy, and whose only delusion consisted in the belief that all men were as honest as himself.*** Abel Hutchins, Esq., widely and favorably known as the founder and many years keeper of the Phenix Hotel; a man of imposing, dignified presence; a highly useful citizen, to whose quiet and excellent public house Daniel Webster when here always resorted.*** Dea. Abial Rolfe, an officer in the church nearly thirty years, a quiet, excellent man; a bachelor like St. Paul.**** Capt. Richard Ayer, a citizen of great personal presence, a diligent student in public affairs; a man of decision of character;**** John Shute, an untitled good citizen, regular in attendance in all weathers, upon public religious service; walking thither from the South End many years after aged people retire to the chimney corner; a spare man, quick in his motions, who lived until past ninety. His son, Aaron, still survives at nearly ninety and resembles his father in person, and has the same church going habit."

In 1809 Rev. Asa McFarland was made a trustee of Dartmouth college and in 1812 Yale college gave him the degree of Doctor of Divinity-honors well deserved. He was endowed with a mind of unusual vigor and activity, in evidence of which he left more than two thousand manuscript sermons, all scholarly in character. Since he was the only minister in town his parish duties were most arduous and summer and winter alike, he rode over our hills to visit his people. Each Sunday he preached two written sermons and usually a third which was extemporaneous, was given in the Town House or in some neighborhood schoolhouse. For three and a half years he was chaplain of the new prison and preached once each Sunday to its inmates. These were routine duties and in addition he organized frequent revivals and during his entire pastorate, he served as clerk of the Ecclesiastical Convention of New Hampshire.

Fine as was his physique, it is not strange that Dr. McFarland's health broke at the age of fifty-four and that his life on earth closed

at fifty-eight. The continual strain of devotion to his people was obvious in recurring depression of spirit some years in advance of his breakdown, but still he labored on. Mrs. McFarland was a wonderful helpmate to her husband and must share in any expression of appreciation accorded to this faithful Minister. Their portraits here reproduced were painted by young Samuel Finley Breese Morse in 1816 when he was a guest at the McFarland home.

Mrs. McFarland was a frail, sensitive gentlewoman—a person of unusual sweetness and charity of disposition. Well-educated, she gained through prayer a deep spiritual experience which gave her strength and serenity. Her life is a record of spiritual victory over recurrent physical exhaustion. The wife of a busy minister whose income never exceeded \$500. she bore eight children, seven of whom grew to adult life under her mothering. Her discipline was absolute, her tenderness exquisite. During these busy years she kept open house for every minister who entered or passed through Concord, and found time outside her home duties for visits to those in poverty and distress.

Her prayer life was the unfailing fount for her daily need and each morning, very early before her household awoke, she spent an hour with God. Out of this communion came the spiritual vision for three constructive pieces of organization: The Concord Female Cent Institution (1804) which was the beginning of woman's home missionary work in New Hampshire; The Concord Female Charitable Society (1812) familiarly known today as "The Old Charitable", and The Concord Female Religious Society, an association which, for many years, conducted a monthly day of prayer for women. No other woman of her generation in New Hampshire did so far-reaching and significant work for human welfare as this modest, retiring wife of Dr. McFarland.

In 1812 Mrs. McFarland wrote to a friend—"Within about fourteen

months there have been more than eighty added to the church under the care of Mr. McFarland."

We know from her diary that her prayers must have been a factor in this harvest of souls brought to God. Church membership was no casual matter in that day: neither was it the result of hysteria: rather, it was the result of careful preparation and consideration of the spiritual values prescribed in the Scripture. Growth of the Concord church under Dr. McFarland was noteworthy, but such growth was never his dominant purpose.

It was a time of general confusion in religious thinking. In certain intellectual circles atheism was rampant and the old Puritan Congregational Church of New England was in a chaotic state. A skepticism sponsored by theologians of brilliant mind had produced Unitarian doctrine and many an historic parish was wrecked for the time being. All this left a trail of bitterness in the churches. Dr. McFarland was alert to the situation and he kept his parish thoroughly instructed in the orthodox faith and, more definitely to emphasize that faith in this crisis, he re-wrote the ancient Covenant of his church and so elaborated it that there could be no honest question of interpretation. It was, in character, like Asa McFarland himself, so single-minded in its integrity that compromise under its vows must be unthinkable. Expressed in unequivocal terms and noble in its phrasing, it reiterated the Trinitarian belief on which the church was founded. In somewhat abridged form, but unchanged in doctrine, these vows continued to be the pledge of belief required by old First Church until 1935, when, conforming to the general trend in Congregational churches, the vows of more than two centuries were discarded for a liberal and indefinite statement.

Thus did Dr. McFarland "earnestly contend for the faith once for all delivered to the saints" and thus he more than justified his responsibility to his parish in Concord. So doing he bequeathed to coming generations a dynamic church powerfully equipped for spiritual and moral

leadership in town and in state. This was his great contribution as Minister in Concord and it was made without the bitterness so characteristic of the rise of Unitarianism throughout New England. In due time certain liberal-minded citizens in our town formed a Unitarian church but the record indicates that not a member of Dr. McFarland's church took part in its organization. The sturdy character of Rev. Asa McFarland was woven into the spiritual and moral fibre of the new Capital for New Hampshire.

Under the very shadow of the Meeting-house another religious movement was quietly preparing for the first organization of dissenters ~~of dissenters~~ from the orthodox faith in Concord. In 1805 a small group of townspeople "having become convinced of the truth as professed by the Friends", were aided by the Weare Monthly Meeting in starting a meeting in Concord. For a time the local group met at the home of Ruth Turner and Sarah Sweatt, both of whom were daughters of Benjamin Hannaford, the tavern keeper. Ruth Turner, a widow, introduced the new doctrine to Concord and, through her influence, her sister Sarah (Mrs. Moses Sweatt) and their father and his second wife became converts. Levi Hutchins records that the Hannaford tavern was always open to Friends who were kindly and freely entertained there. Levi's wife, Phebe, another daughter of Hannaford, had been a member of Mr. McFarland's church but her husband never "owned the covenant" although he attended meeting regularly and played his bass viol in the choir. In time he and his wife joined the Friends but in his old age and after his wife's death, Levi Hutchins withdrew from the Society. His sister Bethiah (Mrs. Dudley Ladd), his daughter Ruth and her husband, Daniel Cooledge, Mrs. Joseph Haseltine and Thomas W. Thorndike were among the adherents.

Young Thomas Thorndike (b. 1797) was just of age when he decided to become a Quaker and perhaps he was influenced in his decision by the youthful Quakeress in Weare to whom he was later wed. When he withdrew from the family faith it caused grief to his home folks and soon he was

summoned to appear before a church committee on discipline, on the charge that he had "neglected to fulfill his covenant engagements." The record continues "he explicitly declared that he should walk no more in the ordinances with this church". This brought the committee to the inevitable decision that he must be "set off from our communion." There was no hint of persecution in such cases—only a considerable amount of dismay and sorrow.

In 1802 Benjamin Hannaford had purchased an acre and a half lot directly south of his tavern property and it seems probable that Sarah Sweatt whose husband was an officer in the U.S. Navy, and her sister Ruth Turner, were provided with a home there. The large house now standing on this lot (No. 151 N. State St.) has an ell of much older construction which may well have stood there in 1805. The picture of the Meeting-house in Chapter XXXI shows this ell as it appeared years ago—a unit in itself typical of the small two-story houses of the early nineteenth century. In the same picture a bit of the Hannaford tavern may be seen next north of No. 151.

If our surmise is correct then this old ell was the place where the Friends held their early meetings in Concord. In 1814 the Society was able to buy a small lot on the west side of the land now occupied by the State House and there they erected a plain one-story meeting-house. Levi Hutchins writes: "I made the seats thereof after the fashion, a very plain one, universally adopted by the Friends. In order not to deviate from their plainness in this respect, I went to Ware and took a pattern of the seats in one of their Friends' meeting-houses in that place."

But in less than two years plans for the State House made necessary the removal of the meeting-house, and its destination was the lot next north of the Burying-ground which Benjamin Hannaford had set apart prior to his death in 1811 for use as a Quaker burying-ground. In 1840 the local Society of Friends was so reduced in numbers that it was dis-

continued and five years later School District No. II purchased the little meeting-house and moved it to the rear of a brick school which then occupied the south-west corner of No. State and Church Sts. It was used as a primary grade school. In 1859 it was discarded as a school and moved to Franklin St. where it was rebuilt into the two-tenement house at No. 39-41.

When First Church abandoned its ancient Meeting-house for a new edifice on the corner of N. Main and Washington Sts., the historic old building was sold to the Methodist Biblical Institute and Stephen M. Vail, a professor in the school, purchased the house standing north of the cemetery and built on the large front section as it now stands at No. 151. There he maintained a boarding house for the theological students at the Institute. The old Quaker Burying-ground west of the site of the Quaker Meeting-house and north of Minot Enclosure in our Old Burying-ground, has been incorporated into the latter, for distinctions in dogma no longer disturb the quiet dead.

According to Quaker custom no headstones were placed at the graves of their dead. One exception prevailed in their old Burying-ground for there is a stone inscribed-

"Phebe Hutchins, Wife of Levi Hutchins, b. Apr. 15, 1766, d. Apr. 2, 1829."

Beside her grave is that of her son-

"John Hutchins of New York, d. June 5, 1843 ae 44."

It seems likely that Levi Hutchins could not leave his wife in a nameless grave and that this may have been one reason for his dissociating himself from the Quaker meeting. John Hutchins was buried here after the Concord Society disbanded. In later years a large granite block was placed in this little cemetery, inscribed:

"In Memory of
Benjamin Hannaford, Ednah Hannaford, Seba Houghton, Lydia Dunlap, Sarah Houghton, Daniel Rodgers, William Rodgers, Mary H. Worden, Peter Hazeltine, Daniel C. Hazeltine, Levi Hutchins, Phebe Hutchins, Anna H. Morse, Sarah Arlin, Joseph A. Hoag.

Beside the headstone for his wife, is the S.A.R. marker for Levi Hutchins, Soldier American Revolution.

Despite the Jeffersonian dictum that all men are created free and equal, New England clung to certain class distinctions brought by the Puritans from old England. In Concord such distinctions are to be found in deeds of sale wherein citizens are classified according to profession or as "gentleman", trader, yeoman (or husbandman) or laborer. Judge Timothy Walker, by virtue of family background, education and civic standing, was "gentleman"; so also, was Squire Timothy Carter who had acquired broad acres in West Parish. The sons of these men might be "yeomen" until in their later years, they attained to the status of "gentlemen"—a title which seems to have been possible for any citizen of intelligence, character and reasonable success in material prosperity.

The "traders" included those who kept store or dealt in real estate and they as well as the artisans—the tanners, shoemakers, tailors etc.—were eligible to become "gentlemen". By such selective process a tinsmith as well as a yeoman might aspire to dignity, for the old English custom of class had become thoroughly democratized so that every Concord boy was born "free" to become "equal" if his mental equipment and character development should prove him worthy. Such standards seem never to have produced snobbery in old Concord; on the contrary, there was evident a sense of responsibility on part of the "gentleman" to co-operate with other classes.

Into the simple rural life of Concord, however, newcomers were bringing a certain sophistication which was changing the social pattern of the town. People like the Harris and Duncan families introduced new customs, established new standards and were reckoned "genteel and fashionable" as Bouton says. They with their associates, the Kents, the Greens, the T.W. Thompsons and others, lived and carried on business in that section of the "Street" below Centre road. At the North End lived the old pioneer

families-the Walkers,Bradleys,Kimballs,Emerys and others who,by virtue of the conquest of the wilderness of Pennycook,had held leadership in the town for three generations.It was inevitable that the two diverse elements old and new,should clash and so it was that a long feud developed-North End versus South End.The boundary line was the old Meeting-house brook now coming to be called West brook.

With the growth in Concord and the surrounding towns,the time was ripe for the establishment of a bank.Both Concord and Hopkinton solicited a charter and Concord received it in 1806.A number of prominent men formed a corporation with authority to conduct a bank for twenty years.It was the question of location and management which precipitated the first major clash between the North End group led by Judge Walker and the South End group led by Col.William A.Kent.The dilemma was solved by opening two separate banks under the one charter,and the North Enders began business in the north half of the Livermore house,with its cashier,Samuel Sparhawk making his home in the south half of the building.Judge Walker was made president and the institution was known as the"Upper Bank."

The South Enders elected Joseph Towne of Hopkinton as president and Col.Kent as cashier and called their institution the"Lower Bank." In January 1808 they purchased the northeast corner of the Gale tavern lot and built there a two-story brick block which,with many changes,still stands at.No.49 N.Main St.This was the first brick block in Concord and the bank occupied the first floor while the second floor became quarters for the newly organized Blazing Star Lodge and was called Masons' Hall.

When the bank charter expired in 1826,the Lower Bank secured an independent one under the original name-Concord Bank-but during the financial stress incident upon the panic of 1837,it failed with serious loss to its stockholders and the town in general.During the civil war period Concord's police station was located in the upper story of the old bank building,and it was then that the photograph here reproduced was taken.

During the years under the first charter the two banks kept up the feud. The Upper Bank forced a run upon the Lower for the redemption of the latter's bank bills in specie, and, as a clever resort, Col. Kent employed the deliberate Mr. Hough to count the small coin while an Express was despatched to Boston for the extra cash needed. With no more than his customary slow precision, Mr. Hough spent sufficient time for the trip to be made and the messenger returned with the specie to save the day. In retaliation the Lower Bank brought suit against the Upper for issuing bills contrary to law, and there were other vexatious episodes before a truce was called.

The Upper Bank renewed its charter under the name of Merrimack County Bank and continued prosperously until it voluntarily closed its doors in 1866. Two years later the First National Bank of Concord—organized in 1864—took over the Lower Bank building and remodelled it for its quarters as shown in the accompanying picture.

In 1800 the Union consisted of sixteen states and two political parties were in fierce contest for supremacy in the government. The Federalist party comprised the conservative followers of Washington's policies: the Republican party (later the Democratic) was the liberal element led by Thomas Jefferson who, since he had received the second highest vote for the presidency, had automatically become Vice-president with President John Adams, a Federalist. At the time New Hampshire was strongly Federalist in politics, but in 1804 the state went Republican. In 1809 it swung back to Federalist and so remained for a decade. In the earlier years of this shifting political trend, Judge Walker was several times the Republican nominee for governor but the Federalist sentiment of the state defeated him. Nevertheless, it is probable that his personal influence as a Republican leader helped to promote the Jeffersonian cause in the state as a whole.

As the political balance tipped from party to party, the time

was ripe for newspapers definitely partisan in purpose. The first of these—"The Republican Gazette"—was issued in 1801 by Elijah Russell. After two years it lapsed and when, in 1805, George Hough's "Herald" ceased publication, there was no newspaper of any kind in Concord for an entire year. In 1806 William Hoit (b. 1783), great grandson of Abner Hoit, began publishing "The Concord Gazette" which lasted less than a year. In a few months he tried again and sold the Gazette which was a Federalist paper, to Jesse Carr Tuttle. Tuttle had served apprenticeship with George Hough and his wife was Zerviah Abbot, grand-daughter of old Reuben Abbot.

Tuttle's gifts were hardly equal to newspaper management and he gave up the enterprise to become miller at Dickerman's mills. However, his paper had attained a measure of influence in politics because of "the communications of strong and versatile contributors". The outfit for printing the Gazette was an old one purchased from Dudley Leavitt of Gilman-ton and brought to Concord in a two-horse wagon. The front page of the paper bore a vignette—"a wretched imitation of an eagle, so badly engraved that its ground work was black as ink"—a fact which caused it to be dubbed by the opposition as "the crow paper". Publication ended in 1819.

Meanwhile William Hoit started "The American Patriot" in support of the Jeffersonian party in 1808, in an office over Timothy Chandler's clock manufactory (site of Huntwood Terrace). When he was a child the Hoit family moved to Wentworth, N.H. and later William was apprenticed to a printer in Peacham, Vt. In 1806 he came back to Concord to work for George Hough and three years later he married Betsy Haseltine (b. 1785). During many years in the printing business in Concord, his friends and associations were many and happy "and after his death in 1854 in Pembroke, the printers of Concord erected a monument to the memory of "Veteran Hoit." His significance today is largely due to the fact that his American Patriot became the medium through which Isaac Hill came into power and influence.

A perusal of the old newspapers printed in Concord is enlightening as to the spirit and thinking of their time. Political controversy knew little restraint and was candid to the point of abuse. In direct contrast to coarseness of expression in political matters the papers provided an abundance of sentimental rhyme "in tender rills", along with copious advertising of devout books and religious tracts-balanced at times by notices of the irreverent literature which showed the confused theology of the time.

By such method of trial and error did the partisan newspaper make its halting progress in Concord, paving the way for the coming of a young man named Isaac Hill who, by genius and indomitable will, became one of the outstanding editors of his time and, in so doing, put the provincial town of Concord on the national map.