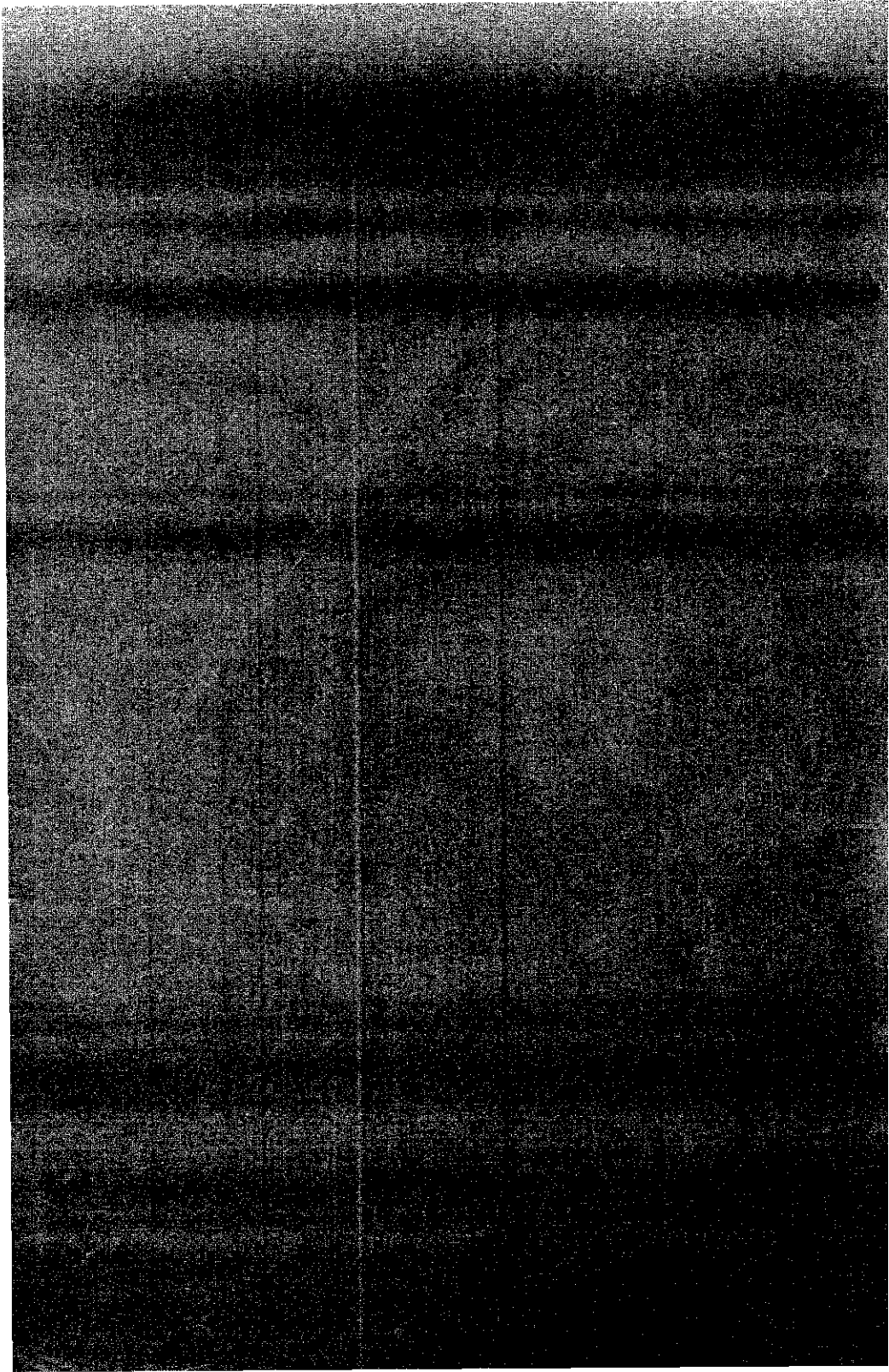


A Brief History
of Madison

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A BRIEF HISTORY
OF MADISON

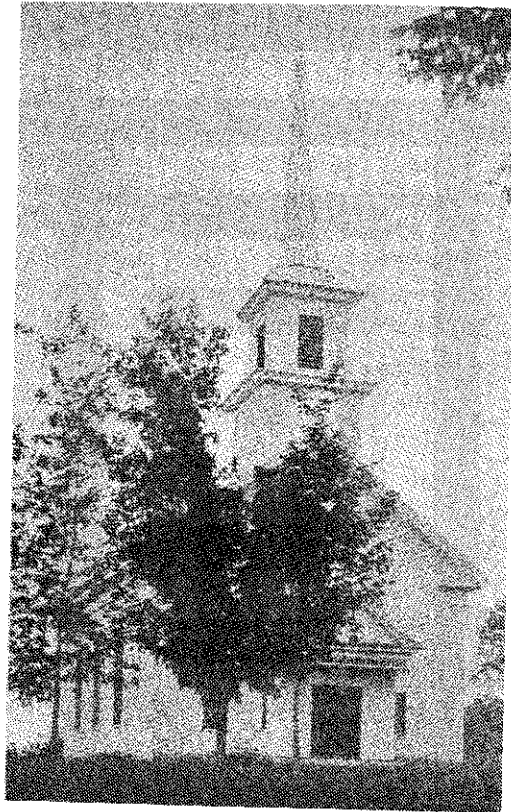
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Madison Church

A Brief History of Madison

Madison abounds in beautiful scenery. Besides the Boulder, the traveller is rewarded by a visit to Jackson's Ledge, Stacy Mountain, the Lead Mine, Rock Cave or Old Pound. Rock Cave, on the east side of Gline's Mountain (or Paul Bickford's Mountain), is a natural formation about thirty feet high, thirty-five feet long and twenty feet deep. On one side at the entrance stands a pulpit of stone much like a church pulpit. In the sides of the cave are seats, shelves and pot holes. The arch on one end is almost perfect. This has the appearance of an Indian Council chamber. One may dream of Indians meeting here in the days of Pequaket, Chocorua and Passaconway.

From the top of Jackson's Ledge can be secured an excellent view of Madison Corner, Silver Lake, Ossipee Lake and the surrounding country. From the top of Stacy Mountain can be counted seventeen ponds and lakes. The drive from Madison to Conway abounds in beautiful views.

Silver Lake is one of those graceful bodies of water that suggest a Highland Lock, a Swiss Lake, the Gulf of Venice, or any of those dreamy places of rest where one may lie in a boat and gaze into summer skies fringed with majestic mountains, and for the time be beguiled into thinking he is in fairyland. No other lake in this vicinity seems so quiet, so tranquil, so full of repose, as Silver Lake. From the village it opens up a long vista of most entrancing appearance, while from the lake and southern shore delightful mountain prospects gleam on you over a sheet of liquid silver. This has come to be a much valued summer resort, where people can enjoy bathing, fishing and boating.

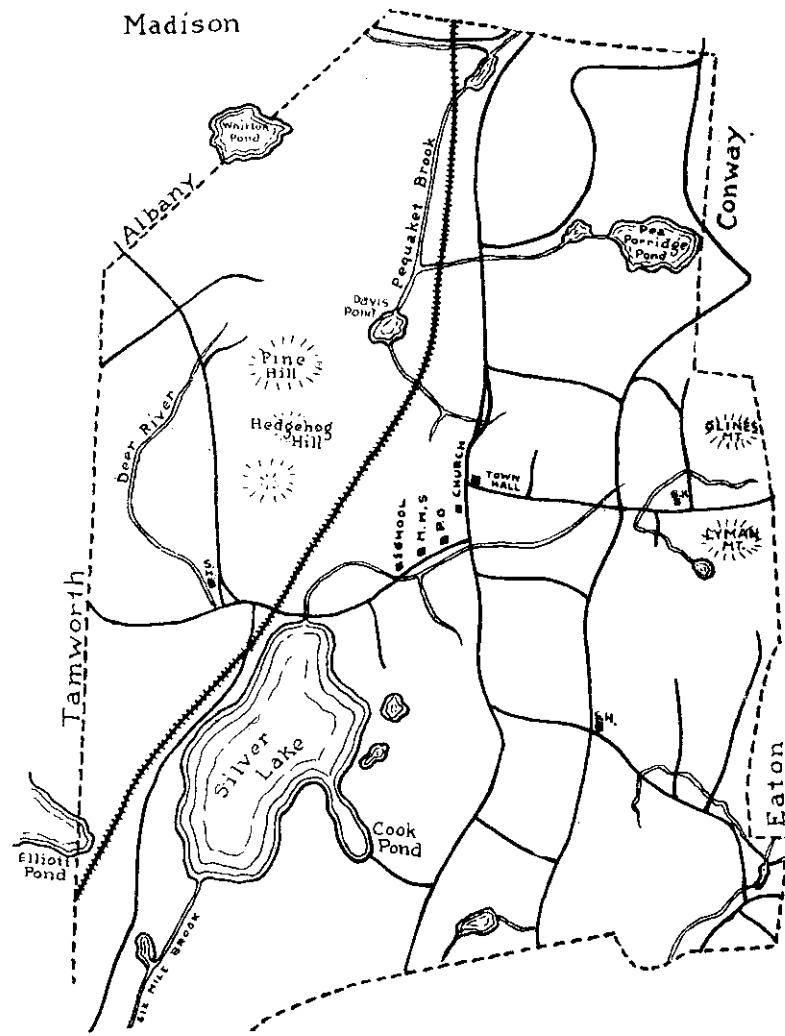
Indian relics in the form of stone chisels and hatchet heads have been found near the Silver Lake House, and, it

is stated that the knoll where George Chick's house stands was once an Indian burying ground.

Besides Silver Lake there are other bodies of water—Pea Porridge, Little Pea Porridge, Loud's and Whitten's Ponds. These are constantly fed by springs which furnish a supply of pure water from which are caught trout of excellent quality and size.

Madison originally was a part of Eaton which was chartered in 1764 and named in memory of General John Eaton for meritorious military services. Madison was created by an act of the Legislature December 17, 1852, and was formed of "that part of the town of Eaton, in the county of Carroll, lying westerly, and southerly of a line commencing at the northwest corner of Samuel Stark's Location, so called, in the town of Conway in said county, being also the northeast corner of McNeil's Location, so called, in said town of Eaton, and thence running southerly by the westerly line of said Samuel Stark's Location to the southerly line of said Samuel Stark's Location one hundred and sixty rods to a stake and stones, thence running southerly over the summits of Glines and Lyman Mountains, so called, to the range line between lots Nos. 52 and 55 in the south division of lots in said town of Eaton, thence running southerly on said range line to the southwest corner of Lot No. 50 in the south division of lots in the said town of Eaton, thence easterly by the south line of said lot No. 50, thence southerly by the westerly lines of Nos. 21, 22, 23 and 24, in the south division line between said town of Eaton and the town line of Freedom in said county." There was much contention over this division. When news came that the town was divided, there was great celebration in Madison; such as shouting, firing guns and building bonfires.

Madison contains sixty square miles. The north part of the town consists of the grants of 2,000 acres each made to Daniel McNeil, Joshua Martin, Alexander Blair, John Caldwell and Nathaniel Martin for services in the French



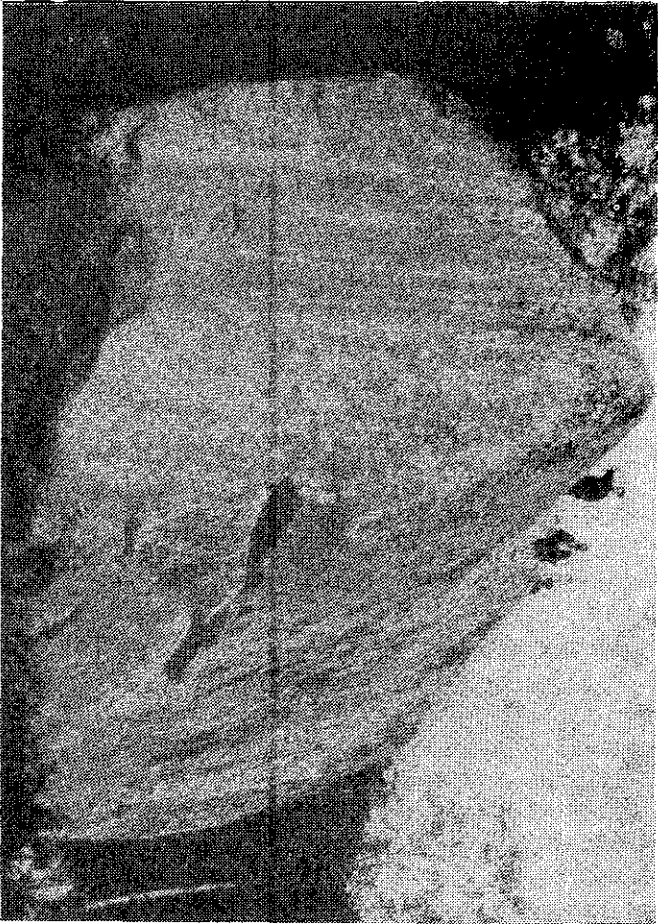
Map of Madison

and Indian War. The Governor's lot of 500 acres, exempted from the original grant to Eaton, lies in the north-west corner. The south and western portions were a part of the grant of Eaton. It is bounded north by Albany and Conway, east by Conway and Eaton, south by Freedom, west by Tamworth and Albany. The population in 1860 was 826; in 1870, 646; in 1880, 586; in 1890, 554; in 1900, 529; in 1910, 507; in 1920, 482.

The formation of Madison's physical features is due to glacial action. When the ice receded, it deposited many boulders about the land. Chief among these is Madison Boulder, the largest known in America. This boulder is ninety feet long, thirty feet high and forty feet wide. Silver Lake and the surrounding meadows are, no doubt, the result of glacial action.

The Silver-Lead Mine, discovered by Ephraim Tibbetts and first worked in 1826, gave glittering promise. It is on the eastern side of Silver Lake. The mine is near an immense sandy plain where rock exposures are almost unknown. The rock is quartzite. Later it was worked by a Mr. Colby from Georgia who put into the mine \$80,000, all of which he lost. Squire Colby, as he was called, had a home which was located near James Gerry's watering trough. In 1868 Henry Banks, who had a hotel where White's Garage now is, with two others, secured the mine, erected a mill run by a fifteen horse-power steam engine, employed ten men and mined 1,500 tons of ore in that and the next year. They claimed to get twenty percent of zinc and twenty percent of galena from the ore. The galena gave seventy percent of lead and six pounds of silver per ton. In 1870 the work was enlarged but after a short time was abandoned again. After a long season of quiet, operations commenced again in 1888, being carried on by New York parties.

According to an old resident—About 1870 there was an old washing mill with undershot wheel at the foot of the



Madison Boulder

lake. The rock was pounded with hammers, separating the ore as much as possible, and then the ore was hauled by oxen over the old Iron Ore Road to Portland. This road ran down behind Ossipee Lake through Effingham and so on to Portland. It took days to make the journey. Drivers had places to stop for the night, paying ten cents for a bed and five cents each for a place to stand the oxen. Food was carried for man and beast. In winter the food was carried in frozen state and chopped off as needed. It is also reported that iron ore was hauled to Tamworth where it was used in the iron mill.

About 1874 a second mill was set up, having a fifteen-hundred pound hammer to crush the rock and a revolving table on which the ore was separated by gravity. In 1879 there was a mill on Cook's Pond. Later there was another on Silver Lake. Still later another mill was operated near the pond where the ore was crushed, passed over rollers and blown through a cloth.

In 1906 Mr. Davidson undertook to work the mine. About 1912 Albert E. Reynolds came. He had diamond drills and drove several pockets. He worked over much old crushed material. He had crushers and five sets of rollers. The work was profitable during war prices, but was abandoned later.

The only Pound, which the town had in early days, was situated at the turn of the road as you go from Maple Avenue to Pearson's Heights. It was a square enclosure built all the way round with a high stone wall. On the top of the wall on the four sides were hewed beams one foot square. Posts one and a half feet high were sunk at intervals in the beams. On top of these posts other beams four inches square were placed with the posts fastened in them. On the north side was a swing gate with a lock. The Pound was used for enclosing stray cattle. Owners could get their animals after paying for what damage they had done. There was a pound keeper elected each year at

the March town meeting. Thomas Granville was the last pound keeper, elected in 1861 to care for the Pound and keep it locked and in repair, also to look after stray cattle and collect pay for damage done. He was elected for a number of years. Then use of the Pound was abandoned.

Shepherd Flanders is said to have absent-mindedly put his cattle in the Pound when he was pound keeper and then could not find them at night. He asked the neighbors if they had seen them and was told that they were in the Pound.

About 1785, Samuel or John Banfield built the first frame house in town on the place now owned by Amy Ambrose, whose residence stands near the site of the old house. Among the eleven families here in 1787 were those of John Banfield, Thomas Burke, Thomas Danforth, Dr. James Jackson and Timothy Danforth. Joshua Nickerson, William Snell, Timothy Gilman, John Atkinson, Job Allard, Robert and John Kennett and Jacob Blaisdell were early on this soil. After about 1790 came quite a number of families; and Eaton, which then included Madison, was a place to which to emigrate up to 1835. The new settlers cleared the land, built houses and mills, and had fine stocks of cattle. Clearing the land and burning the growth made it rich in potash and the crops were abundant.

The early settlers of the town had many hardships to encounter. In the year 1816, there were no crops raised by reason of the cold, wet weather, and they had as much as they could do to keep soul and body together. The next year, 1817, the crops were plentiful. As one old man said, "They passed from a sharp famine to unbounded plenty." Most of the early settlers were descendants of the Orangemen who settled in the central part of the state near Manchester and they had wonderful energy to endure the hardships of pioneer life.

In the early days of the town most of the teaming was done by oxen. Men drove one hundred miles to Portland,

carrying farm produce, butter, beef, shooks, maple sugar and such things to barter for groceries and supplies. With oxen this trip required a week each way; but with horses it could be made in two or three days.

In these days when Madison was still young, snow rollers were unknown. Sleds were used to break out the roads. The town was divided into districts, and ox teams in each district were used for the purpose. When the teams reached a house, the owner was ready to hitch on his pair of oxen. The older children in each family, boys and girls too, would pile onto the sleds and go along with the men. Many a happy frolic did the young people have in that way. Often when the crowd reached the home of some neighbor, they would be treated with hot cocoa or coffee and hot gingerbread or other goodies.

Onesiphorus Flanders came from Hampton with his wife and four children in 1787. He settled finally on the place now owned by Theodore C. Pearson. His wife, Elizabeth, was sister of Timothy Danforth. His children, Stephen, Samuel, Shepherd and Anna, who married Richard Lary, all became residents. The old gentleman was very obstinate. The first road near his residence led over a steep hill; in the course of time a new road was laid out avoiding the hill, but Mr. Flanders always used the old one, saying it was far easier. Incidents are told of Shepherd Flanders, his son, which show his absent-mindedness. At one time he went to the grist mill and returned leading his horse and carrying a one hundred and fifty pound bag of meal on his shoulder. Someone asked him why he didn't put the horse on the other shoulder to balance the load. At another time, when he was driving a team loaded with hay or grain, he passed by his own house and went on till he met a neighbor who asked him where he was going.

A little later came Gilman Colby, settling on what was known as the Deacon Charles Allard place. The location of this place is near the present entrance to the Boulder Road.

John March, known as Squire March, came from Portsmouth or Hampton about 1800. He was a man of note, and had great physical size and strength, weighing about three hundred and fifty pounds. He was a merchant, 1800-1820, but raised and commanded a company in the War of 1812, and marched to the defence of Portsmouth. He died in 1833. His home was near the Fred Allard place on the Conway Road.

Dr. James Jackson located on the place formerly owned by Henry Colby, later known as the Majors. Here, years before, Major Asa Jackson had tanned hides and made shoes. Major Jackson played the fife when soldiers drilled.

The Harmons, Silas, Abner, Richard, came from Scarborough, Maine, about 1815, and located in East Madison. Artemas, son of Abner, built the house now occupied by Daniel L. Harmon. He was prominent in town and political matters, serving as selectman, representative and senator from the twelfth district.

The Kenesons were early in town. John Keneson, born in 1784, was a man of much mechanical ability and conducted both clock and watch making and shoe manufacturing. Randall, his son, fitted up a small jeweller's shop which he conducted till 1852.

Thomas Burke located as early as 1785 on Kennett Hill. This hill is named after Robert Kennett, a Scotchman, who settled there in early days.

Daniel Lary came from Wolfeboro about 1790. Among the children were Tilly, Richard, Daniel and James. Daniel was prominent for a long time in town affairs. He was noted for his keen wit and jokes.

Capt. James Mooney came to Madison in 1847, bringing his little grandson, James O. Gerry, then two years old.

Isaiah, Spencer and Lattie Forrest moved from Bridgewater, Massachusetts, to Eaton after the Revolution, and settled on Five Mile Brook near where Alonzo Alley lived.

This place is now occupied by Joe Prescott. By his first wife, Isaiah had children, namely, Eunice, Lucy and Isaiah. Later descendants lived where John Pearson now lives. Among these, as children, were Isaiah A. Forrest, Mrs. Frances Knowles, Miss Emma Forrest, Newell K. Forrest and the late Mrs. Harriet Warren, all of whom have always resided at Silver Lake.

Farming was the general occupation in early days, and down to the construction of the railroad in 1870. Years ago it was a prosperous rural community with pleasant homes on every hillside. Flax was grown all over town. Old flax wheels can still be found in some of the dwellings. Linen cloth made here may still be seen at the home of Daniel L. Harmon. Wheat was grown to make flour. So tall did the wheat grow that it could be tied over the head of a woman. From 1820 to 1850 there were five farms amply supporting five large families on Gow Hill. Now all are abandoned. Near East Madison where Elmer Littlefield lives, Roswell Harmon and Diamond Littlefield had a fine farm where grapes were raised. Farming is still a very important industry but it is probable there are at least fifty farms, which in 1810 were productive and supporting families, that are now abandoned or consolidated with other farms. The railroad, by affording a means of transportation, gave an impetus to lumbering which since that time has been the principal business. William Kennett, father of Ernest Kennett, was the largest operator. Formerly logs were put in Silver Lake, floated to Ossipee Lake and through Effingham Falls to the Saco.

John Frost worked, as a young man, for William Kennett, leading a gang of men getting out piling. When he received \$1.75 a day, he felt wonderfully well paid.

Daniel Harmon (Uncle Danny) tells the following incidents:

"When I was a youngster, it was my good fortune to have in the families that I visited and in my own home,

persons who came to Madison soon after the War of 1812,—persons who were young and who grew up with the country. They were full of courage, ambitious, and never had anything but praise for the land of their adoption, although what they went through would be extreme hardship to us. The satisfaction they felt in being at peace with England and free from Indian dangers compensated them for all their privations.

“Perhaps you would be surprised to think how few things there are that are necessary to our comfort, but what can be produced here in New Hampshire. Salt is one of the things that I think of and it was sometimes brought here on the shoulders of our forefathers from Portland, Maine, a distance of fifty miles—forty by the spotted tree trails through the forest. My grandfather worked in Saco for several weeks. He started home one Saturday evening at six with a half bushel of salt on his back, and reached Madison at six the next morning. Iron was mined and wrought into nails, horseshoes and other necessities. The house where I live and some others in town were put together with wooden pins in place of nails and are still doing good service. Even the boots and shoes that were worn on their feet were pegged with wooden pegs and were often made by shoemakers who came to their homes, bringing only their tools with them. The homes furnished all the leather and other materials. The shoe makers were credited with much wisdom and were often consulted on important matters. Some that I remember did credit to their reputation. Major Jackson, who owned the place known as “The Majors,” was one of them. He was a musician and kept his violin, fife and snare drum always in good trim ready for instant service.

“He once made a bet with a number of his neighbors that he could drive sixty pegs into a boot quicker than a chicken could pick up sixty kernels of corn. So they secured one of those Shanghai roosters—the kind that has more feathers on his legs than on his back. They put him

in training on a diet of fresh air and water. Then, when all was set, they were told to go to it. The major won out by two pegs.

"A man lived across the road from the Amy Ambrose home with his wife. One time in the winter he left home for a few days. His wife had no near neighbors but stayed alone. One night before retiring, she answered a rap on the door and found seven Indians who wanted to come in and sleep on the floor by the open fire. She did not have the heart to refuse, for it was a cold winter night in December. She soon retired in an adjoining room but was awakened by something under her bed. She called to the Indian leader, who was not asleep. He counted his men and reported all present. Soon she felt sure of someone under the bed and called again. He reported the same again, but when she called the third time, he came into her room and looked under the bed. He found a negro who lived in the neighborhood and who was known to be a criminal. The Indians took him out and he was never seen again. An empty well across the road was noticed to be partially filled with rocks a few days afterwards and was filled up by the man when he came home. He thought the negro might be in the bottom.

"Two boys, who lived in East Madison, loaded a bag of corn on a sled late in the winter and, with snowshoes, started for Chocorua early one morning to get the corn ground into meal. When near Elmer Littlefield's place, they found a small bear that had just come out of his den. As he had but little life, they tried to drive him but had not gone far when he woke up and showed fight. So one of the boys went home for an ax with which to kill him. As the bear quieted down, the boy who was left tried again to drive him towards home, but this time the bear woke up in earnest. The boy dodged behind a tree to escape from him. The bear followed close behind but the boy was quicker than the bear and was soon chasing the bear in place of the bear chasing him. He soon caught the

bear by the tail. The bear took no notice of him but kept on straight ahead and thus the other boy found them. When asked why he had been so long, he replied that breakfast of pancakes and syrup was ready when he reached home and he had satisfied his hunger by eating a second breakfast. They soon killed the bear and took him home for a future feast."

The following story was told by Uncle Danny's mother, of a man who was called "Uncle Abram." "One day he was splitting planks for the floor of his house. The process was slow. He would fell a good, straight oak, chop off the desired length, then split it in two with wedges. The two halves were then hewed to the desired thickness, two planks being made in this way from each log.

"Six Indians sprang out of the woods and seized him just after he had driven a wedge into a log. This was soon after the French and Indian War, and bands of roving Indians often surprised settlers, whom they carried back to Canada in the hope of receiving a reward. Uncle Abram saw that it would be useless to resist, and so gave up peaceably. They told him they were planning to take him to Canada. Uncle Abram agreed to the proposition, saying that he would as soon live in Canada as anywhere, but he added that he would like to finish splitting the log he was working on before he left. The Indians gave him permission, and he drove his second wedge into the other end of the log, taking care, however, to place it on one side so that the crack from this end would not meet the crack from the other end. Muttering something about the log being a tough one, he drove a third wedge into the log near the center and half way between the two wedges already driven. The log did not split. He pretended to be surprised and disgusted, then suggested to the Indians that if they would take hold of the log—three on each side—and pull when he hit the center wedge, he thought they could force it apart. The Indians obligingly placed their fingers in the crack and began to pull. Uncle Abram knocked the wedge

out, the cracks closed and the Indians were caught prisoners. Dropping his mallet he ran for home, pursued by hideous yells from the Redmen. He returned as soon as possible with a band of armed men but the Indians had disappeared and only the bloody marks on the log told where they had been imprisoned."

New Hampshire, the Switzerland of America

By Uncle Danny

"With thy rugged mountains bold,
Born by ancient glaciers cold
In dim centuries of the past,
Thy mellowed majesty shall last
Till time shall be no more.

"We love the beauty of thy hills,
Thy wooded vales and rippling rills.
The glory of thy western skies
In sunset hours brings moistened eyes
And crowns our days of toil.

"We love thy rugged rock-bound soil
Although it brings us days of toil.
We love the land that gave us birth—
There is no other land on earth
Would be to us like home.

"We've braved the blast of winter storm,
Felt April's showers and summer's warm.
Thy brilliant autumn leaves have shed
A crown of glory o'er our head—
Each season has its charm.

"Thou hast in nature's store concealed
A wealth of harvest, which will yield,
Of ripened fruit and golden grains.
The granite from thy hills remains
Still prized in many lands.

“And when our journey here is done
And we o’er life the victory’ve won,
We hope to lie upon thy breast
And in thy bosom sweetly rest
Till that blest time to come.”

Among the Harmons was one Captain Allison, who lived in Maine and was called the strong man of Maine. “Allison was solidly built and as serry as a cat. At one time when loading his ship with lumber, he sent four men to bring down to the vessel a piece of heavy timber, but they could not move it; whereupon Allison alone shouldered the timber and carried it aboard. Allison weighed 250 pounds and was five feet ten inches in height, and measured three feet across the shoulders. His neck was the size of an ordinary man’s body and his wrists were double the size of an ordinary man’s. He is said to have lugged an anchor weighing 1600 pounds and with one hand to have tossed over an anchor weighing 400 pounds, and also turned over a piece of Southern Pine that nine negroes could not move.”

“At one time an English fighter visiting Portland heard about Captain Harmon’s strength and went to arrange a fight with him. Harmon was sawing out great logs at the mill when the Englishman made his errand known and supposed the Captain would require a week or two to give notice and call a large company to witness the fight; but the Captain asked him to wait until he had finished sawing the log, and then they would step out in the mill yard and have it out. When the log was finished the Captain took the whole thing upon his arms and boosted it out at the tail of the mill; and turning suddenly around, knocked off the Englishman’s hat, saying, ‘Now I am ready.’ The Englishman was so amazed at this exhibition of such marvelous strength and speed that he decided he did not want to fight, and after making an apology, he departed.”

In the direct Harmon line was a girl, Frances Folsom, who married President Grover Cleveland. She was born

July 21, 1864, in Buffalo, New York, married in the White House, Washington, D. C., June 2, 1886 to Mr. Cleveland, then serving his first term as President of the United States. She was educated in Medina (New York) Academy, Public Schools of Buffalo and Wells' College, Class of 1885.

The Freewill Baptist Church of Madison was organized as the "Eaton Church," Stewart says, in 1789, in one place; in 1802 in another. The early records being lost, it is impossible to tell accurately. John Colby labored here in 1811 and baptized forty-six. In 1812 the membership was exceedingly large, 200, as appears on the reports of the Quarterly Meeting. In 1822 they had dropped to fifty and a series of declensions and revivals followed for many years. In 1838 the membership was reported as 82. Sixty-seven were added in 1844 when Rev. Chas. E. Blake was pastor for about five months.

In 1853 the church became the "First Madison Church" by the formation of the town of Madison. A large revival blessed faithful efforts in 1858, forty-four becoming members. There were then but sixty-eight. In 1878-79 the Sunday School numbered over one hundred attendance. Rev. E. E. Blake became pastor in 1886. The present church building was erected in 1885, and in the summer of 1888 was thoroughly renovated and refitted, and a fine bell hung in the tower. In 1913 the church was remodelled in the present condition with hardwood floors, new pews and inside finish renewed in southern pine. Horse sheds were built for the shelter of teams.

In those days the members of the church had to be very careful of their conduct or they would be excommunicated. One Sunday one of the church members was seen driving down the main street with a rake in the back of his wagon. The other church members immediately concluded that he had been haying on Sunday and he was called before them to answer for his misdeeds. On questioning him, they found that he had been hired to work for a man on Gow Hill on Monday. He had to go to the place Sunday

night and took his rake with him to avoid the necessity of coming back for it on Monday morning. Nothing could be proved against him, so he was allowed to go unpunished.

Extracts From Old Home Sermon

Preached by Rev. L. L. Harmon

Sunday, August 17, 1902 in the Church

Text: "Say not thou—that the former days were better than these, etc." Ecl. 7:10.

"If we apply this text to ourselves personally we are compelled to say that in many respects the former days were better than these. No money can purchase, no skill can prepare bread and cheese, suet puddings or pumpkin pies that will taste to us now as good as they did in our childhood days. Those little wild cherries, sour as they were, gave us many rich feasts. Those painful looking scars upon the sapling pines stood for years reminding us of rich feasts upon pine saliva. Music can never again charm us as it did in our childhood: we hear no artistic singing so sweet to us as mother's song when we were little ones.

"Our first gushings of love were all-mastering, all melting, no language, no song can tell it. But we do not forget some of the painful experiences through which we passed in our early days. That solemn judgment scene when we stood mute before the teacher :-that dreaded ferule in hand :- —that order 'Eyes on your books every one of you,' might be obeyed but not one of all the ninety scholars thought one word of their lessons, and many eyes spared one corner to witness the dreadful ordeal, and to catch a view of that distorted countenance not soon forgotten. And that yellow birch withe having the frost taken out by the log fire in the big fireplace that served to warm the schoolroom, that, when well fayed on would take a fellow up a foot high so quick he would not know it; and used in the family

as well, may have helped many a youth to so trim the sails of their frail barks as to round many points of sharp temptation in perfect safety. So these **severe** inflictions which were but for a moment may have worked a far more exceeding and eternal weight of character and of glory. Family government was then in the hands of parents and not in the hands of the children. But these days are better than the former days for I remember when full half the women in our neighborhood smoked and one good old lady chewed tobacco and a woman was entirely out of fashion if she did not take snuff and when twenty-one hogsheads of rum were sold in one year in a little by-store to say nothing of the rum sold at the principal store that went without numbering.

“Not many generations back when a smart looking man came into this place, from out of town or from another part of the town for a few hours, he would be lucky if he got away without having a ring formed and they must know whom he could whip or who could whip him, and if the man was likely to come out first best he was liable to have a handful of ashes dashed in his eyes for fear that the men of the place would have to pay for the rum to treat the company with; and later wrestling took the place of fighting,—and still better things followed. We remember when all our flour grew on our home farms and our wheat was reapt by hand with aching backs and sometimes with bleeding fingers. Now you send off a cord of wood and it sends you back a barrel of flour. We remember when all our clothes were grown on our farms excepting a little cotton yarn and all woven and made up by hand for large families. It is a mystery how the mothers did this, a mystery not easily solved in this day. Now you send off a cord of white birch wood and it sends back to you a fine suit of clothes.

“The first church in this town that we have any account of was a Hard Shell Baptist Church so cold and formal that when Deacon Onesiphorus Flanders reproved a

young man for swearing he was asked which was the worst to swear and mean no harm or pray and mean no good and the question was not answered.

"The ministers who preached to this church were Rev. Ransom Smith and Rev. Mr. Merrill. One or both lived in Conway and they preached the doctrine of infant damnation.

"About 1800 Elder Greene came to town and waked up the slumbering embers and had a great reformation out of which grew the First Free Will Baptist Church of Eaton, now Madison. Report said that Elder Greene was a holy man of God, and did a great amount of good here. There was a break in the revival meetings. Elder Greene went to General Muster, got drunk, got in a fight and was injured so badly that the meetings were closed about two weeks but when Elder Greene had recovered from his injury, the reformation went on again and spread all over the town.

"In 1806 Rev. Richard Marden held revival meetings here with some success. In the spring of 1811 the sainted John Colby came here and saw many converted; his second meeting commenced at one o'clock and continued all night until the next morning; after a few hours of recess the meeting commenced again and continued into the next day. This was seeking the Lord in good earnest, but there was strong opposition. One young man promised a coffin and another promised to kill Elder Colby if he attempted to preach on the evening of July 4th but he preached from Acts 20:24 'But none of these things move me neither count I my life dear unto myself, etc.' He baptized about forty-six in town. Two years later he visited Eaton (Madison) and preached his last sermon June 18, 1813.

"Dr. James Jackson who came from Connecticut to Rochester, New Hampshire and then to Eaton was acting pastor of this church from near its organization until 1815. Preaching was transient until 1818 when the boy preacher, Jonathan Woodman, came and had a great reformation and remained until 1819. He came again in 1820, stayed one

year and honored the town by giving himself in marriage to one of the fair daughters of Eaton.

“In 1825 the church was built, which we all wish now had been permitted to remain as of old.

“Soon after the church was built Elder Samuel Knowles came to town and was acting pastor of this church until 1838 when Elder Thomas Sanborn came from Parsonsfield Academy and preached. There had been much praying for a reformation and when Elder Sanborn, who was a strong man able to do two men’s work a day at stone work, so mightily did the spirit of the Lord rest upon him that when he closed his first sermon, he was so weak that the two deacons had to help him from the pulpit and about one hundred persons dated their convictions from hearing that sermon and a great reformation spread for miles around.

“Elder Sanborn remained two years and after an absence of two years came back and remained a year or more and saw many more converted. In 1843 Charles E. Blake, a licensed preacher became the pastor but after six months Mr. Gaskell, a vile hypocrite came to town, and preached such wonderful sermons that Elder Blake had to leave town, Gaskell remained a short time, then left for parts unknown in a most disgraceful manner. Cheap supplies followed and no preaching until 1853 when Elder Ansel J. Wood was pastor of the church for two years or more and following him were Reverends Hurlin Uriah Chase, J. B. Leighton, and others and you know more about them than I can tell you.

* * * * *

“What improvements have come to this town since the first settlers were compelled to take their food fresh as nature gave it to them or bring salt on their shoulders from Portsmouth, New Hampshire,—seventy miles away, a part of the way by spotted trees, and since the first wagon in town owned by the Gilman family; all the springs it had was found in hard wood axles. It was called the rattler.

and the roads in town were rough enough to make anything rattle.

"The first white male child born in this town was Joshua Nickerson whose son Mark is with us. Joshua Nickerson was born Oct. 21, 1780, about half way up the hill South East of the Nickerson Schoolhouse.

"All merchandise came from Portland, Maine, hauled by oxen and horses, for many years and later from Union. Now you take it from the cars at the depot. To light our houses kerosene and electricity have taken the place of the pitch torch and the more dim tallow candles. The bicycle, that wonder to the Indian when he saw the white man running so fast sitting down, has come to stay and to be a great convenience as well as the automobile. Electricity lights our streets and our homes, cooks our food, carries us in cars through the country, up hill and down with bird swiftness at a trifling expense. The telephone has brought to us great convenience. Friends in different towns or states can hold conversation with each other and by it the doctor can learn the condition of his patients, their pulse, temperature, etc., and prescribe for them in another town or state and save riding through storms and bleak winds as in other days. X-rays will show the location of a piece of steel in a man's eye and how to remove it safely. Wireless telegraphy carries messages to ships far away at sea and the little son or daughter can send a kiss to papa across the Atlantic Ocean. It is a great comfort to have the pictures of our friends and especially after they are taken from us, but now the girl's song and the boy's whistle can be taken by the graphophone and far down the flow of time, the old man may listen to the song and whistle of great great grandparents as well as to the wedding march played when they stepped upon Hymen's altar; or listen to words of Christian counsel handed down through many generations. We would not leave out the immense benefits of steam power. Not many years ago all transportation of merchan-

dise overland was done by oxen, and then it required 400 oxen and 125 men two days to do what now one engine and three men will do in two hours.

“Our big vessels must have steam power to hoist sails or to weigh anchor; and orders from one part of the vessel to another must be given by telephone. Our present day advantages are such that a person with fair scholarly abilities, if poor, can go through college and gain a profession if they are willing to swap idleness and pleasure for it.

“The talent produced in this town is worthy of note. Few towns in our state have produced so much and such superior musical talent. Few towns in our state, if any, have produced so many gospel ministers according to their population. There are six or more now living that went out from this town, and aside from myself they have stood quite above the medium for talent. I love to think of other noble Christians who have gone out from here and of others who have lived and labored here, and their works do follow them. They have fought a good fight, they have finished their course, they have kept the faith and have gone to receive their crown. They have made this town what it is. You are now to determine what it shall be in the future.”

First Public Christmas Tree

The first public Christmas tree was held at the home of Theodore C. Pearson's father. Everyone was invited to come and bring the family presents. Every room on the first floor was cleared for the festival. Two large Christmas trees were set up in the largest room in the house. A great crowd came out to enjoy the celebration. All the rooms were packed with people. Every seat was taken and many had to stand. A happy evening full of fun and laughter was enjoyed by everyone.

An Early Fourth of July, 1874

An early Fourth of July celebration was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Pearson. The scene of the fun was a hillside in front of the house. The people began to arrive in the middle of the forenoon and took their seats on the hillside beneath giant maple trees near a tiny pond which nestled at the foot of the hill. At noon time a group of men came from the house carrying huge pans of fish chowder which the hostess had made. This was dished out into plates and passed around to the hungry crowd together with bread, rolls, crackers, pickles, pies, cakes, cookies and doughnuts. Kind neighbors helped by making a great deal of the pastry. A grandstand had been erected by the boys of the family beneath the trees. Here, after dinner, patriotic speeches were made by some of Madison's citizens. The children gave recitations, and good music was furnished by a band made up of Madison boys. A small number of the people remained to enjoy a display of fireworks in the evening.

From the earliest, a saw and grist mill has been in existence at the outlet of Long Pond, now called Purity Pond, most of the time in the possession of the Blaisdell family, and known as Blaisdell's Mills. Today the mill in different form is owned by Edward E. Hoyt.

The house in which Milton Hoyt lives at East Madison was built in 1804. It is fastened together with wooden pegs. While the house was being built, and the lumber sawed out, the Blaisdell family lived in a camp. The women standing on the doorsteps could break from the trees hemlock twigs out of which to make brooms. At this mill wheat was threshed; and, at threshing time, ten or fifteen teams could be seen waiting in line at six o'clock in the morning. East Madison was then larger than Madison Corner and meetings were held at the White Meeting-house. Robinson Blaisdell, Mrs. Mary Kennett's grandfather, one of the owners of this mill, was said to be the

best Latin scholar in Carroll County. Besides grinding grist at this mill they sawed lumber, shingles and shooks. At one time the mill was washed away in a freshet, and the owners had to drive to Meredith to get new machinery.

Several mills were built on different streams, served their day, and are no longer in operation. One of these was on the brook between Charles Bickford's and John Pearson's in which vicinity the Forrest family formerly lived. A woolen mill once stood where Albion Twombly now lives. This was probably 1824. Near the bridge at the foot of Deer Hill there was a lumber mill known as Colby Mill. A little farther down the stream was one known as Marsh's Mill. There was also a sawmill in the woods in what is called the North Division. Still another called Percy Mill was located toward Conway. Lumber put into Silver Lake in those early days was valued at a dollar and a half a thousand. Enoch Drew, one of the oldest residents, a veteran of the Civil War, tells us that a tree was once cut on the left hand side of the road above the bridge on Deer Hill from which a log was taken twenty-two feet long, seven feet and four inches in diameter. An old mill house stood where Fred Pearson's camp is now. It was called Deer Hill Camp.

Not far from the residence of Bert Chick stood a lumber and grist mill. Here can still be seen the old pit and canal. Grain was threshed, cider made and shingles sawed.

At the location of Albion Twombly's slaughter house formerly stood Snell's Mill where grist was ground and lumber sawed. This is at the junction of Frost's brook and Five Mile Brook. Additional water was secured in Frost's brook by digging a canal from Burke's Ponds. Remains of the canal can still be seen.

During the Civil War Charles H. Hunt built a saw and grist mill at Madison Corner on the site now occupied by Ernest Kennett's wood yard. He sold it after some years to John and George Chick who sold it to Eli Banfield. The

site can still be seen. Having become an unused mill privilege, it has now reverted to the owners of surrounding land. In 1870 George Chick built a mill on the stream below the village just above Madison Garage. Water power for this mill came from the brook water which ran through a canal beginning near the late Dr. Martin's house. Remains of this canal can now be plainly seen. Here Mr. Chick manufactured lumber, staves and box boards, the motive power being increased by a thirty horse-power steam engine. This was burned in 1881. In 1883 Mr. Chick erected a mill at the north end of Silver Lake of much greater capacity, and furnished it with sixty-five horse-power engine and machinery for manufacturing lumber, bobbins, box-boards, etc., and a planing and matching machine. This has been in operation ever since, being now under the management of John F. Chick & Son and employing at present twenty to twenty-five men. A cooper shop was run in connection with the mill for a time. A grist mill adjoining the saw mill received its power from the same engine, but this was later burned. This plant has been burned three times but each time has been rebuilt to meet the needs of a constantly growing business. This is the only manufacturing establishment in Madison and is of great value to the community.

Samuel Atkinson kept an old-fashioned road tavern at the late Henry Harmon's residence from about 1820 until his death. Mrs. Harriet Warren tells of attending school as a girl with Mr. Atkinson's grandchildren and heard them tell about the delicious cooking, the beautifully dressed guests and the gay coaches that stopped before the door. On the death of Mr. Atkinson his wife continued the business until about 1863. Upon her death the house passed into the possession of Nathaniel Churchill, whose name may still be seen on the sign over the piazza.

Another tavern was kept by Mr. and Mrs. Crocker at the home now owned by Bertwell Gerry. This was opened about 1820 and was kept open until his death in 1848. He

was an early postmaster and was commonly known as "Judge Crocker," his real name being John Crocker. For a long time he was mail contractor on the route from Madison to Saco. Mr. Crocker once had the honor of entertaining Daniel Webster, and Mrs. Carrie Kennett of Conway has the table from which he ate. Mrs. Kennett is the granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Crocker. In the early seventies Jesse Ferrin and wife kept the same house under the name of the Madison House. The pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Ferrin still hang on the walls of Mrs. Minnie Gerry's home, Mrs. Gerry being their youngest granddaughter.

In 1874 Mr. and Mrs. Andrew J. Forrest, having cleared a wild tract of land, built and opened the Silver Lake House for the entertainment of travelers. After Mr. Forrest's death in 1877, his widow, Mrs. Arvilla R. Forrest, conducted the house for seventeen years; and, by her hospitality and genial way made it a tarrying place long to be remembered. At Mrs. Forrest's death in 1893, Miss Emma M. Forrest became proprietress of the house and conducted the business until the house was burned on April 19, 1923. The loss of this hotel which accommodated from 20 to 30 guests was keenly felt both by the citizens of Madison and by the traveling public. The house commanded a fascinating view of Silver Lake from the piazza.

Walter Kennett opened the Lakeside House to guests in 1904. The house has been twice enlarged and remodelled and is now a deservedly popular hotel for traveling men and for guests who come both summer and winter to enjoy the pleasures of this beautiful lake and mountain section. About fifty guests can be accommodated here in summer. This house in its original form was the first one located at Silver Lake and was owned by one James Hodgdon. Mr. Hodgdon sold to N. D. Piper who built on the annex and raised the roof, making it a three-tenement house. Mr. Piper sold to Nathaniel Goldsmith. The house was built on High Street near where Mr. Thompson lives



Silver Lake and Village



Street Scene, Silver Lake

and moved to its present location on the shore of Silver Lake.

The second house at the Lake was the one now owned by Ralph Kennett, and was built by Charles Hatch who was the first depotmaster.

The railroad came through Madison about 1870. The station formerly stood on the opposite side of the track. It was burned in 1874. Andrew Cheney was the first baggage master, Wesley Abbott was the first conductor, and Albert Franklin the first engineer. Charles Hatch, the first station agent, was a jeweller and had a little shop in the end of the station. Later Mr. Hatch built the original building which is now Gilman's Store, and carried on a small trade. Mr. Hatch sold to Ben and Charles Bickford. They sold to Frank Kennett. Mr. Kennett sold to Gilman Brothers.

David Knowles built Lake View House in 1876 and opened it to summer boarders in 1878. Its situation on a pine-covered knoll is delightful, commanding the lovely scenery of the Lake. Mr. Knowles, a practical florist, makes the grounds around his house beautiful with flowers during the summer months. From fifteen to thirty guests have been entertained there in past years.

Silver Lake Post Office was established in 1878 with F. C. Pearson as postmaster. He had a room in the Silver Lake House. Later it was kept by John Ferrin. For the last ten years it has been in charge of James W. Tyler in the same building where it is now located. Previous to this Sidney D. Gilman had it in his store, moving it from its present location in 1895. Mr. Tyler moved it back in 1914.

East Madison Post Office was established about 1854.

A library was organized at Madison Corner about 1895. The state offered to help any town which would raise a certain sum. Madison took advantage of this offer and the result was the present library. It was located first in the Burke house at the stone watering trough. Later it

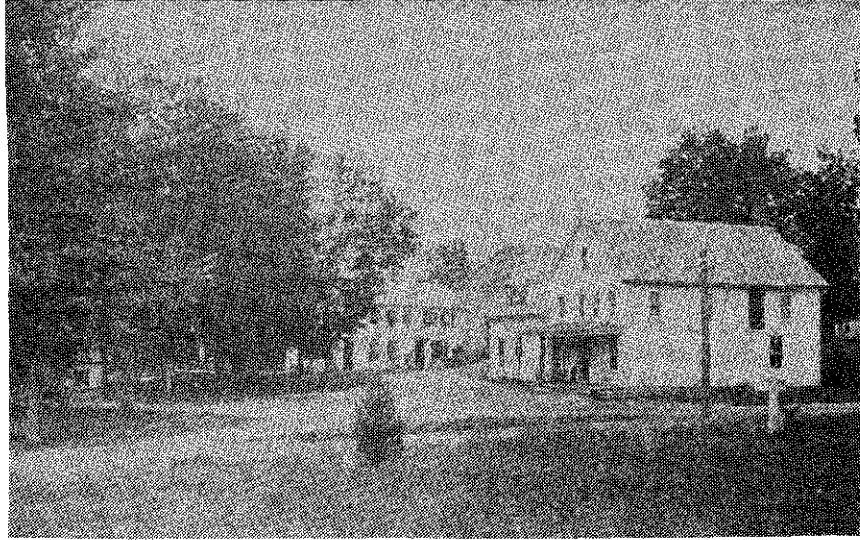
was in Augustus Lary's house—now D. L. Harmon's. The present building formerly stood near the Town Hall and was the Post Office.

Some time before 1885, Mrs. Andrew J. Forrest, hearing that Effingham was to start a library, started the idea at Silver Lake. The Silver Lake Circle took up the idea. Socials and suppers were given to raise money. At an anti-quarian supper where old-fashioned dishes were used and old-fashioned clothes worn, sixty to seventy people met in spite of a New England snowstorm and raised money for the library. An autograph quilt netted \$53.00. The library was kept in Mrs. Forrest's house in a bookcase bought for \$15.00 from a firm in Snowville. Irving Forrest was first librarian. I. A. Forrest was the second. Patrons paid 25c for three months' reading. After the library at Madison Corner was started as a free library, this one was dormant till Miss Emma M. Forrest opened it again as a free library.

Stage coach days seem very interesting to us now. Stage came from Dover through West Ossipee and across the Plains, through Madison to Conway. They also came from Meredith through South Tamworth and West Ossipee to Madison. A lighter stage went from South Tamworth through Tamworth Village and Chocorua to Madison and Conway, coming over the old road back of Frank Lyman's. A stage came from Saco through Freedom and East Madison, through Madison to Conway.

Madison was a stage coach center. Horses were changed here. There were at times six horse teams. The stables were located near the present residence of Frank Nason. One of these barns is now on the Henry Harmon place.

A schoolhouse was located near the present residence of W. F. Webber and the children thought it was great fun to see the stage coach pass. Frequently the passengers would throw out things for the boys and girls.



Madison Corner



Road at Madison Corner

In 1875 Nathaniel M. Nason began the manufacture of pantaloons for Boston merchants. He employed a hundred sewers who made one hundred pairs per day. His work for one firm in 1888 amounted to \$4800. Some sewers made four pairs per day.

A cabinet shop stood between the present residence of J. H. Burke and Arthur Tyler's store. Here were made by hand tubs, churns, chairs, bedsteads and tables.

A cooper's shop stood opposite Henry Plummer's residence, somewhere near Madison Garage.

The house in which Daniel Harmon lives was for years the parsonage. It is an old house and Mr. Harmon has interesting things to show, such as linen cloth woven from flax grown in town.

A man named Merrow had a blacksmith's shop on the corner near Will Leavitt's at the entrance to Danforth Lane.

The Ambrose blacksmith shop was opened as far back as 1871. The Ambrose place just above the shop is one of the oldest houses in town.

At Silver Lake the stage from Chocorua in passing behind Frank Lyman's house passed by the site of Mrs. Lyman's old home—the old Drew place. Her grandfather, Robert Drew, came here eighty years ago and built a log house on this site where roses can now be found. Later, Richard Drew, Robert's son, built a frame house just back of Sidney D. Gilman's. The frame of this building is now the one occupied by Frank Lewis who lives opposite Ralph Leavitt's on the road from Madison to Silver Lake. This Richard Drew later built the house known as the Robert Drew house located on the right as one enters the Plains road. Richard owned all the land from near Mr. Thompson's to the railroad, including the Knowles place and Forrest's meadow. Enoch Drew, Richard's brother, still lives in town and is an interested historian.

The farm on which Fred Lyman lives is the old Lyman

place. Josiah Lyman was followed by Joseph Lyman. Fred and Frank are sons of Joseph.

The North Division is a section of Madison north of a line running from a tree near Enoch Drew's residence to a point near Asbury Harmon's and on to a point near Will Leavitt's, past the Hobbs place and across to East Madison. "North Division" is often used to mean that section which is located on the extension of High Street toward the Albany boundary. In this section there were formerly seventeen families. Now there are only three besides those having summer homes.

Near the top of Deer Hill on the left may still be seen white lilacs blooming in their season. Here lived one of the early settlers—Chase Flanders.

Josiah Hobbs was the first college graduate from the town. His wife, Mary A. Hobbs, wrote poetry of merit. Following is one of her poems.

Hints of Summer

Mrs. Mary E. Erwin Hobbs

"A breath of what the summer brings
I caught today,—
A shimmer as of silken wings
'Gainst birches gray.

"A bird-note broken o'er the hush
Of things below,
An answer warbled from a bush
Above the snow.

"A timid tremor in each stem,
Of warm surprise,
A soft breath whispering over them
From southern skies.

“As opening in the shrunken drift
 To grasses gray,
 A vision rising in the rift
 Of new-mown hay.

“A subtle sweetness in the air
 Of ‘leafy June,’
 A new life lifting everywhere,
 A world in tune.”

Town Annals—George Merrow, James Mooney and Mark P. Blaisdell were authorized to call the first town-meeting which was holden February 8, 1853. The selectmen were constituted a committee to settle with the town of Eaton according to the act of incorporation which specified as commissioners to make a suitable division Jonathan T. Chase and Eliphalet Cloutman of Conway and Elias Rice of Freedom.

1861. December 18, voted to raise \$300 for families of volunteers.

1862. No votes for and 129 against buying a county farm and building jail. Seven school districts made.

1862. July 12, the selectmen are authorized to hire \$400 for families of volunteers. August 14, voted \$2,500 to encourage enlistments and to pay each man who enlists \$100; also, that the enlistments in the town be restricted to our quota. August 23, voted to “authorize the committee having in charge the act providing for aid to volunteers to pay to families the sums equal to the full amount specified in the act referred to according to the number of the family dependents; the town making up to the volunteers’ families whatever the state does not allow (if anything) to encourage enlistments.”

September 29, voted \$1,200 for soldiers’ families.

1863. March 30, a committee appointed to report a plan for a townhouse immediately.

1864. At the March meeting this resolution, offered by B. B. Colby was adopted:—

Resolved, That the southern rebels now in arms to destroy this government are foul conspirators, false to themselves, false to manhood and to God; we therefore hold it to be the duty of all loyal persons to do all they can by word or deed, by their influence, by their conversation, by their sympathy, as well as by their purse, to aid the government cheerfully and heartily in putting down this cruel, unjustifiable, uncalled-for, and wicked rebellion.

1873. In the warrant calling a town-meeting to meet April 26th, the fourth article read: "To see if the town will vote to build a town house and raise money for the same, or unite with the first school district and build a town hall in connection with the school house in said district." The town voted to pass this article. In the March meeting, 1874, one article in the warrant was passed over which was "to see if the town will vote to build a town house and raise money for the same."

The subject of town-house was again "passed" in a meeting held April 14, 1877.

1883. The town house question again comes up, and is again "passed over."

1884. Voted to build a town-house; also, to raise \$800 to build it and chose George Chick, David Knowles, Langdon M. Atkinson, William Mason, and Nathaniel M. Nason a committee to locate the site and build the house.

1886. Voted that the young people have the use of the town-house free for dramatic and social entertainments for the ensuing year, in consideration of the chandeliers and settees they have presented to the town for use in the town-house.

Inventory 1889—Polls, 153; 140 horses, valued \$7,766; 96 oxen, valued \$3,858; 185 cows, valued \$3,346; 129 other neat stock, valued \$2,100; 184 sheep, valued \$370. The total valuation of the town was \$137,366.



Madison High School

Madison was formerly divided into nine school districts. There was a school in the Tasker neighborhood, one near Mrs. Schmidt's residence, one in the section where Leslie Emerson lives, one in East Madison, Madison Corner near William Webber's, Nickerson, Graytown, Silver Lake and North Division. Mason School came later replacing the one beyond Leslie Emerson's.

The High School was started as a private school in the fall of 1920. The town took over the school in the spring of 1922 and completed a new building in the fall of the same year.

Interesting accounts are given of the large schools in early days, there being as many as fifty to seventy in a single room with one teacher.

Singing schools were interesting social gatherings. Once in the Nickerson Schoolhouse they sang "Fire" so lustily that a passerby rushed in to put out the flames.

Historical Excursion I

Leaving the state road to Conway just this side of the Manley Place, we climb Colby Hill passing the sites of former dwellings where several Colby families lived. Reaching the top of the hill we come to a very beautifully located farm owned by Fred Clayton. From the piazza one gets a fine view of the mountains. Here was once a thrifty farm with abundant harvests and husking bees in the fall. At the foot of Colby Hill, now a part of the Manley Place, was the home of Leonard Jackson. Down the hill beyond is the old William Merrow place. John Pearson's place was formerly Richard Libby's where Mrs. Hattie Chick lived as a girl.

Others who formerly lived in this section of the town were Paul Bickford and Horace Bickford. From the old Paul Bickford Place we take the trail to the Rock Cave, a large opening in the precipitous rock wall, looking out over a wide wooded valley.

Historical Excursion II

In the southeastern part of the town one may take an interesting trip over Gow Hill. Going up on the road starting directly in front of the Nickerson schoolhouse, we come to the old place of Ephraim Tibbetts on the right. On the left is a small cemetery in which lies a soldier, if we may judge by the flag flying over the grave.

Farther on is the old house of Thomas Harmon. Here Daniel Harmon lived as a boy and was chum of Reverend T. H. Scammon who now preaches at Chocorua. These boys with others used to attend singing school. When the boys were harnessing the horse, the older people would say, "Be sure you put the horse in the thills right end to."

Farther on we come to the old Henry Harmon place, located in the center of the hill. This old house, put together in olden days with wooden pegs, has now fallen into ruins. Henry Harmon was the father of Mary, Holland Harri-man's mother; Thomas, Daniel's father; Samuel, Mrs. Carrie Kennett's father; Sarah, Mr. T. H. Scammon's mother. Once Henry claimed he could not go to yearly meeting because the vegetables were not harvested. His wife on the quiet harvested the vegetables and forced Henry to go to the meeting.

Other places on the hill are those of Joe Burke and Stephen Grover where Reverend John T. Clough now lives. All these places are delightfully located. The abandoned farms speak of former activities which were a blessing to the town.

Descending the hill by the other road, one passes the Joseph B. Marston place later owned by Henry Harmon. Mr. Guilmette now lives here.

Historical Excursion III

Starting from Mason schoolhouse on the road to Eaton, one would turn to the right and go over Lyman Mountain. Mr. Lyman lived in the second house, the first being occu-

pied in early years by Mr. Loud. This mountain overlooks Loud's Pond, from which there is discussion about securing a town water supply. Following the mountain one comes across to Bert Chick's property and down to the mill site on Chick's Brook. Here can still be seen the old pit and canal where the mill stood. Grain was threshed, cider made, and shingles and lumber sawed.

In this section of the town are stone walls built one hundred fifty to two hundred years ago. After haying each year, the men would clean land and build stone walls.

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