

**MEMORIAL OF
LYDIA W.
SHATTUCK**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649302291

Memorial of Lydia W. Shattuck by Various

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

VARIOUS

**MEMORIAL OF
LYDIA W.
SHATTUCK**



A. J. Young
Lydia W. Shattuck

[From her last letter.]

MEMORIAL
OF
LYDIA W. SHATTUCK

BORN JUNE 10, 1822
DIED NOVEMBER 2, 1889

BOSTON
BRACON PRESS: THOMAS TODD, PRINTER

1890

H

*"And I will trust that He who feeds
The life that hides in mead and wood,
Who hangs yon alder's crimson beads,
And stains these mosses green and gold,
Will still, as He hath done, incline
His gracious care to me and mine;
Grant what we ask aright, from wrong debar,
And as the earth grows dark, make brighter every star."*

—WHITTIER.



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY SARAH D. (LOCKE) STOW.

IN "The Memorials of the Shattuck Family" the editor says: "The Shattucks have formed a fair average specimen of the independent yeomanry of New England—that class of men and women who make the foundation strength and energy of the republic, and who can be relied on generally for its peace, stability, and progress, and, in cases of emergency, for its protection and preservation. They have, in the main, been independent thinkers, stable in their opinions, not afraid to express them on any proper occasion, and unwilling to submit to oppression or unreasonable dictation. A large average proportion of them have been professors of religion, and eminently Christian men and women, careful in the performance of all Christian duty."

The family traces its origin to William Shattuck, who was born in England in 1621-22, and whose name appears in an old list of the proprietors of Watertown, Massachusetts, made about 1642.

Lydia White Shattuck—named for her maternal grandmother—was a lineal descendant in the sixth generation from the above named William. She was born June 10, 1822, in East Landaff (now Easton), New Hampshire, on the western side of the Franconia Mountains, in the region of Mount Kinsman and Moosehillock. Her grandfather Shattuck, with others of the family, went to New Hampshire from Eastern Massachusetts, and settled in Landaff, then called Lincoln, in 1798. Her father, Timothy Shattuck, who was a cousin of the

eminent physician George C. Shattuck, of Boston, turned back like Isaac to the country of his fathers for a wife, married, January 28, 1812, Betsey Fletcher, of Acton, Massachusetts, and took her to a farm life among the mountains. Lydia, their fifth child, was the first who lived. William L., the only son, survives his sister, and resides in Wing Road, New Hampshire, a few miles from the place of their birth.

The father, tall, large, with light blue eyes under a massive brow crowned with light hair early turning white, was a man of strong intellect and of deep and firm convictions. He was strict in all religious observances himself, yet would not require his children to adopt either his practices or his opinions. He was often called to visit the sick and dying, and was active in all good works.

The mother—short and somewhat stout; of dark hair, eyes, and complexion; of reticent habits, with a certain fine feeling and a love of the beautiful—often found companionship in nature rather than among the neighbors of their sparsely settled community.

The daughter was like her father in form and features, bright blue eyes and delicate complexion. Her light curling hair turned white with years, but always curled; her pearly teeth kept sound and beautiful as long as she lived. Full of life and strength, the active maiden was an attraction through the neighborhood; and though she never spoke of it, rumor says that she had admirers not a few, who would have been glad to gain her heart and hand.

Drinking in all the influences about her, the young girl remembered her father's words and ways, and imbibed with his sturdy views her mother's feelings and love of nature, often following her half silently through wood and field. She never lost the child's delight with which, on returning from one of these excursions, she sat down to rejoice in her apronful of flowers—all her own.

With her brother she climbed the hills, or wandered up and down the streams that feed the Ammonoosuc. She loved

to watch the fish, but could never bear to have them caught; their struggles gave her too much pain. Twice at least they ascended Mount Kinsman, on whose summit she found to her great surprise the meadow cranberry growing.

In the words of Miss Ellis, her long-time friend: "Nature, the dear old nurse, took her into loving confidence; wandering about in meadow, marsh, and forest, in the valleys and over the hills; delighting in the whisper of the breeze, the notes of insects, the songs of birds, and the ever-varying phases of the vegetable world, she gained a knowledge of flying and creeping things, of green and beautiful growths, far beyond that of most of her own age, and indeed of her own time."

In the shadow of the Franconia range, all her early life, like that of Miss Lyon, and of Miss Fiske among the Berkshire heights, had the elevating and expanding influence of a home among the mountains. What if they hid the eastern sky? She used to say: "I had to turn my face upward to greet the sun, and so perhaps I learned to be always looking up."

She was able and skilled in handiwork, but loved the beautiful more, and would rather be watching the clouds than washing dishes or mending stockings. But if either was to be done, she did it well, and in later years younger fingers seldom excelled hers in fine darning, or in such other needlework as she attempted. She early learned to spin and to knit. Books and papers were scarce in those days, but she availed herself of all that she could obtain, knitting sale-footing and reading at the same time. She was rapid with her needles, and after her fiftieth birthday she knit a pair of men's socks one day to see whether she could still do it in that time. She was fond of drawing, and at one time allowed herself the time and pleasure of making crayon pictures. A large copy of Miss Lyon's birthplace, given to a friend nearly forty years ago, has always hung in a place of honor, and is valued highly for its double associations. A lover of poetry,