

**HISTORY OF THE TOWN  
OF  
HAMPSTEAD, N. H.; FOR  
ONE HUNDRED YEARS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649296996

History of the town of Hampstead, N. H.; for one hundred years by Isaac W. Smith

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](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**ISAAC W. SMITH**

**HISTORY OF THE TOWN  
OF  
HAMPSTEAD, N. H.; FOR  
ONE HUNDRED YEARS**



HISTORY

OF THE

TOWN OF HAMPSTEAD, N. H.,

FOR ONE HUNDRED YEARS.

BY ISAAC W. SMITH.

As contained in a Historical Address delivered July 4, 1849.

---

HAVERHILL, MASS.:  
1884.

~~11849.5.5~~

U8 11849.5.5 \* \* \* \* \* Sep 6. 10.

By Exchange

## HISTORICAL ADDRESS.



FELLOW CITIZENS, AND  
NATIVES OF HAMPSTEAD :

By your invitation, I am to speak of our honored forefathers; of men whose lives were the history of our own homes,—whose characters were indissolubly identified with the Revolution of our Independence.

To us this day is *doubly* interesting. We have met to celebrate the anniversary of our Nation's birth; to pay a passing tribute to those who stood up manfully in the strife for freedom, and nobly gave their lives, to lay deep the foundations of that Government, under which we live in such perfect security of life and liberty.

We have also met to celebrate an event in which we are *peculiarly* interested. A century is just completed, since a handful of hardy settlers were honored with an Act from King George II, incorporating this place with the privileges and conveniences of a municipal government. We have met to recount the early history of our town; to rescue from oblivion the names of its settlers; to honor the memory of its most worthy inhabitants; and to show our love and veneration for the spot "where our eyes first saw the light," or to which, from a long residence within its limits, we have become ardently attached.

Unfortunately for posterity, there has been too little care bestowed upon the preservation of those legends in our earlier annals, which gave the truest index to the charac-

ter and habits of our ancestors and make up a valuable part of their eventful lives. Though removed only two centuries from the earliest scenes in New England history, we are yet ignorant of many of the most interesting particulars of that period. The eventful story of our forefathers is yet to be written. "The lore of the fireside is becoming obsolete. With the octogenarian few, who still linger among us, will perish the unwritten history of border life in New England."

The period of the Trojan war is called the Heroic Age of Greece. The Iliad of Homer, founded upon the incidents of that war, represents to us, in startling reality, the characteristics of the ancient Grecians; their indomitable spirit and unyielding courage; their superstitious awe of divine interference; their love of country predominating over that of kindred; their eager desire to be led forth to battle; their restless inactivity in time of truce; the martial spirit they infused in youthful breasts;—all those qualities, that made the Grecian's fame reach the most distant shores. The sightless bard has portrayed to us, with matchless skill, the noble impress of the power of the generals of Greece; the wisdom of her statesmen; the eloquence of her orators, surpassing emulation; the sublimity of her poets, more musical and harmonious than any who lived before them, than all who have lived since their time.

England's Heroic Age embraces the darkest and most complex period in her annals. In tracing down events through the Middle Ages, the historian, when near the Age of Chivalry, finds that the poet has woven, out of the doubtful and obscure, dark and mysterious tragedies; "that he has occupied the vacant field, turned to account the dark hint and half-breathed suspicion, and poured into the unoccupied and too credulous ear his thrilling and attractive tale; that the genius of Shakspeare seized upon the history of this era as a vacant possession, and peopled it with beings, who had indeed historic names, but whose attributed actions lack the stamp of authenticity."



But the *Heroic Age of New England*, the eventful story of the Puritans, has far more interesting connections. Looking back through a period of little more than two centuries, we turn to Old England's shores, to the scenes in which they were "burning and shining lights," to the days of their long persecutions, to their noble confessions of faith before the world, and "sealed with their blood." At Delfthaven we see them kneel on the sea-shore; commend themselves with fervent prayer to the blessing and protection of Heaven; part forever from friends, and home, and native land; embark upon the almost unknown seas, and uncomplainingly encounter the dangers of the deep, to reach a place where they may in security worship the living God. And when their lone vessel reaches the bleak and barren sands of Cape Cod,—

" On the deck then the Pilgrims together kneel down,  
And lift their hands to the source of each blessing,  
Who supports by his smile, or can blast with his frown,  
To Him their returns of thanksgiving addressing.  
His arm through the ocean has led to the shores,  
Where their perils are ended, their wanderings are o'er."

We admire the enthusiasm which impelled them to emigrate; the firm, unshaken spirit with which they met the horrors of Indian warfare, endured the extreme privations of the comfortable homes they had left behind, the sufferings and death from disease and a cold winter, "lamenting that they did not live to see the rising glories of the faithful." The memory of these men lives enshrined in our hearts and enthroned upon our affections. Their energy and incorruptible integrity prepared the way for the complete enjoyment of those blessings which New England people so preeminently possess. Amidst the stirring excitement of the present day, simple legends of the past have become, many of them, irretrievably lost. No poet has yet sung of the heroism of the Pilgrim Fathers. In coming ages, some Homer may arise, who shall describe in immortal verse, the Heroic Age of the New World; who shall sing of the May Flower of Plymouth Rock; of Heroes

more noble than Achilles or the son of Priam; of moral conflicts more sublime, of defeats more signal than the battle between Greek and Trojan, than the sight of the ruins of smouldering Ilium; and of eloquence more sublime than the appeals of Trojan Chiefs, or the thrilling harrangues of Grecian Leaders; who shall sing of a submission to the decrees, and of an obedience of the commands, of the living and true God, more humble and yet more beautiful, than the blinding superstitions and imposing ceremonies and sacrifices of the heathen deities.

An affectionate and respectful remembrance of our worthy ancestors, is a debt of gratitude which we can pay in no other way, so appropriately, as by the exercises of to-day.

If tradition speaks truly, the first inhabitants of this town were two Indians, who lived near Angly Pond. An Indian is also said to have lived near the large oak\* in this neighborhood. No further information of the history of these men can be found. But these rumors are undoubtedly correct; for the fine facilities for fishing, which the ponds in this town then offered, and the fine hunting grounds the forests then presented, must have rendered it a favorite resort of the Red Man.

Our imaginations carry us back to the time, when this land was inhabited by the Indian only, and to scenes witnessed or enacted by him alone, in centuries gone by. A wild and roving people once lived in these places, once performed their sacred rites in these beautiful groves, celebrated their festive days with strange ceremonies, and payed tribute to the memory of their dead, with strange lamentations. Unaccustomed to till the soil, and independent of the cares of life, they roved in careless indolence through these fields, bathed in these waters, and threaded the mazes of these forests, in uninterrupted pleasure.

\*This tree stands in front of the dwelling house of Mr. Benjamin Sawyer, and is the same to which allusion is made by Rev. Henry True. It measures about 25 feet in circumference. It is hollow, and formerly, by means of a hole near the ground, was a favorite hiding place for the boys in the neighborhood. This aperture has now grown over.

To use the language of another,† — “ Here, long ago, and perhaps on the very spot where we are assembled, has been held the war dance around their council fires, while the surrounding hills echoed their loud whoop; here with impassioned words and startling figures have they made the woods resound with their rude but irresistible eloquence, which, more potent than the peal of the ‘ stirring drum,’ and the shrill fife, aroused them to deeds of daring and of valor.

“ And when in times of peace, softer passions swayed their hearts, beneath these forest pines, Indian youth have wooed their mates, and with the stars to witness and bless their vows, have pledged perpetual love and constancy.

“ But these scenes are all blotted out. The history of centuries is a blank. Oh! could we roll back the oblivious tide and expose to view what other days have witnessed! could we but catch the sound of some soul-stirring song, or the echo of some strain of their simple and glowing eloquence! But it cannot be. Nor song, nor speech can be gathered up. Like the

‘ flower that’s born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air,’

they have died in the breeze that wafted them away.”

There is no record to show the exact time when Hampstead was settled. The earliest records of the town commence in January, 1749, with the first meeting under the charter. According to tradition, the first settlement was made in 1728. The venerable man, who ministered to this people so many years, and whose recent death we have so much reason to lament, did more than any one else to preserve the most interesting events in our history. In his “ Sketch of Hampstead,”\* published in 1835, he remarks,

†Rev. Stephen T. Allen. Taken from his address delivered at the Centennial Celebration of the town of Merrimack, April 3, 1846.

\*It is proper here to say, that I am indebted to his “ Sketch ” for many of the facts here related; also to the town records. Most of the remaining facts were communicated to me by the older inhabitants of the town.