NABBY CRAFTS

AND HER FAMILY

By

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Dear Relatives:

The idea of compiling this little book originated at one of our Christmas parties, at Auburndale.

There were several generations present, and we older ones were surprised at the ignorance of the younger set, concerning their ancestry. It was suggested that I should write something for them that would preserve the stories the former generation told us, especially the six sisters, who remembered so much of their childhood days.

I have mentioned the women of the family particularly, and have taken Nabby Crafts for the central figure.

I have gone back of her two generations, and forward two generations. I have copied largely from the Manchester History and Crafts Genealogy, beside getting all the information possible from the cousins.

Mr. Bingham, librarian at Manchester, ninety-three years old, has told me some anecdotes about Nabby Crafts; also her mother, Elizabeth Allen, both of whom he remembers.

Mr. George Foster Allen, over eighty, has told me some facts also. Both these men are Samples descendants of this same Elizabeth Allen, from whom we all came. If in twenty-five years hence any of the younger ones wish to carry this genealogy further, it will be easy for them to trace back to my generation, where I stop.

Yours cordially,

Tenah Porter.

NABBY CRAFTS AND HER FAMILY

MANCHESTER-BY-THE-SEA has been the home of our ancestors ever since the settlement of the town, and many people living there now are our relatives, though very distant ones.

Salem was settled in 1626. Soon after that time some of those brave pioneers decided to live on the other side of the Bay, at Cape Ann, now Manchester.

Masconomo was the chief of the Indians who roamed over that region, and felt they owned it. They seem to have been kindly disposed and welcomed the white man, selling him land for a home. There were no atrocities committed by the Indians, and no savage war-whoop terrified the infant settlement. The new comers planted, builded, went to church and mill in safety.

Our ancestor, William Allen, came from Manchester, Eng., in 1624, but did not go to Cape Ann till 1640, when there was already a little settlement by Salem people. The first settlers went to Jeffrey's Creek as early as 1626, but they increased so slowly that there were only sixty-three people in all, living in the little hamlet when William Allen arrived, in 1640.

Soon after this the settlers petitioned the Honorable Court to give them power to erect a village, and William Allen's name is the third in this petition. It was granted in 1645. The settlement received the name of Manchester, probably through the influence of our ancestor, who was glad to take the name of his old home for his new one. "He was one of the first selectmen, and being a carpenter built the first frame house in the town. He was an influential and enterprising citizen."

Another ancestor was Lieut. Griffin Croft, or Crafts, who came from Yorkshire, Eng., to Roxbury with Winthrop's

party of colonists. "He was a man respected in the community and whose judgment was referred to during his long life. He held many offices of trust and honor."

The connection of the two families came about through the marriage of Elizabeth Allen and Eleazer Crafts in 1767. Both were in the fifth generation from the earliest settlers.

"These founders of New England belonged mainly to the middle rank of life. They knew that their prosperity depended on intelligence and morality. Though many of the chief men could not even write their names they prized education, virtue and religion, and they gladly made great sacrifices to secure for themselves and posterity these blessings. This migration became a serious matter to England and in 1637 King Charles prevented men of substance from coming over, by a royal proclamation; but if this deterred the more wealthy and aristocratic, it resulted in New England being settled by the most substantial of immigrants."

The growth of this little village was slow, but trees in the forests were cut down, boat-building and the curing of fish afforded employment, and the little hamlet showed signs of enterprise and thrift.

Soon a place of worship was built, around which the village gathered, thus fixing the site of the centre of the town.

Laws were made against lying as well as stealing, and almost everything else, even to the width of an ox-sled. "They believed that the invisible things of this world are greater than the things which are seen. They believed that eternity is of more consequence than time. They believed that he who should lose his own soul to gain the whole world would make a bad bargain. They believed that plain living is none too dear a price to pay for the privilege of high thinking. They believed that he to whom any precious and pregnant truth has been revealed must utter it, or else stand condemned of high treason at the judgment bar of the King of Heaven. They believed that a true church may be instituted by the voluntary act of a body of Christian disciples organizing themselves into a communion, and a lawful state

by the consent and co-operation of self-governing citizens. They believed these things practically as well as theoretically. They had the courage of their convictions. They dared to do. They feared nothing else so much as sin, and they counted no other shame so great as recreancy to their loftiest ideals. They said what they meant and meant what they said. For truth as they saw it, for duty as it was revealed to them, they braved the stormy, lonely ocean; endured poverty and exile, hunger, cold and death, and a savage wilderness peopled by savage men. In thus believing, they set an unsurpassed example of faith. In thus choosing the better part, as between flesh and spirit, they made a like choice easier for all coming generations of the children of men in all the earth."

One of the prominent objects in view of the first comers from England to these shores was the catching and curing of fish, for which there was a good market in the West Indies and European ports. Cape Ann soon took a prominent place in the fishing interest, which it has held to the present day. Our forefathers placed a high value upon fish as an article of food, and the fondness for fish chowder in the present day would seem to be an inheritance from our ancestors. This industry was always encouraged by the General Court, and in 1639 it was ordered that all vessels with their stock and fish should not be taxed and their men should be exempt from military duty. The "sacred cod" in the State House expresses the value set on fisheries. This industry trained a class of seamen and master mariners who made the name of Manchester known all over the world. In 1820 there were fifty masters of vessels who were citizens of the town. All through the history of the fishing enterprise we have frequent records of men lost at sea, in several instances whole crews disappeared at once, the vessels going down with all on board. In the first years of the settlement four men were drowned at Kettle Cove while fishing, and so the record goes on. The needs of the people were simple and easily supplied. The woods fur-

nished game, the sea and shore yielded a supply of fish, wild fruits and berries were abundant in their season, and potatoes, corn and pumpkins were grown with little labor. The implements of the farm, fishery and household were of the most primitive kind. There were few conveniences and no luxuries. Settles stood in the fireplace, box-beds occupied one end of the great kitchen, great logs blazed on the irons, a huge crane hung in the enormous chimney, and a noon-mark served the purposes of a time-piece. There was small variety in the way of literature. Some households had a few books, but the Bible was in every one, having been packed with their household goods when starting from England. It was the age of homespun. Roads were few and were only paths, with the smaller stones removed, those too large for the crowbar were left and the road obligingly went round them. Riding was almost entirely on horseback, by saddle and pillion until near the close of the seventeenth century when chaises were introduced.

The discomfort of the old houses was doubtless great. Huge fireplaces, which consumed an enormous quantity of wood but allowed most of the heat to pass up the chimney, were the usual means of warmth, and this when the winters were far more severe than in the present time. The table fare was coarse but plentiful. Lobsters weighing twenty-five pounds, are mentioned and the abundance of other fish was beyond believing. Oysters and clams could be had for the digging. There were fruits and vegetables and a good supply of game. Wild turkeys sometimes weighed forty pounds each and came in flocks of a hundred. Fresh meat was rarely seen, but a hog or quarter of beef was often salted down in the autumn, bits of which later on were boiled in the Indian porridge. The bread was Indian or rye, and the common drinks at meals were milk and cider; very rarely tea.

People were much crowded in those days in their habitations, for families of ten or twelve were very common.

As early as 1637 the Indians began to show signs of

hostility to the new-comers, but Manchester suffered very little. They were in constant fear from wild beasts; wolves, bears and lions (catamounts) being in the forests and sometimes coming into the settlements.

About 1763 the first store was opened, by Elizabeth Allen Samples (Nabby Crafts' mother) on Sea Street, now owned by the heirs of Joseph Proctor. The first tavern was built on North Street.

About 1700, Kettle Cove had grown to be the largest precinct of the town and some noted people lived there. Dr. Manasseh Cutler from Hamilton, one of the most accomplished men of his time, used often to visit these people. He had traveled south, and west to Ohio, (a great distance in those days) and was a great botanist. One day when he was riding over there he smelled the peculiar fragrance of the magnolia. He could not believe it possible they could grow so far north, but he followed the scent until he found the bushes. They still grow freely in the swamps of Manchester and Gloucester, and the boys get them to sell to the summer visitors. In this connection I have two incidents to mention. One is of my mother, who remembered pictures of families going off to Ohio, well dressed, fine horse and cart, and very smiling; the other the return, when the horse was a mere skeleton, the cart broken, and the people emaciated and in rags. Ohio seemed almost the end of the world in those days.

Those of you who remember my old home in North Brookfield and our fine garden, with its gravelled paths and box-bordered beds, will be interested to know that when my father was a boy, he used to look over the fence at this same Dr. Cutler's garden, and think that if he ever had any money he would have just such a garden. He did lay it out, as nearly as he could remember, like the old one he admired so much as a boy.

At last, in 1745, an event occurred that stirred to life the colonists. The far-famed Fortress of Louisburg, on Cape Breton, was besieged by a combined British and Amer-

ican force, under the command of Sir William Pepperill. It surrendered June 17th, after a vigorous siege, and the English became masters of the whole North American coast. Nabby Crafts' grandfather, Benjamin Crafts, went to the war, being in the commissary department.

This capture of Louisburg has well been considered the most daring and marvellous feat in all our naval history. The New England sailors had no fear to anchor on the open coast close in shore where they landed their guns, and by their handy use of ropes and tackles, transported them over creeks and swamps, mounted them on platforms, and opened fire.

In September, 1746, there was great alarm in town lest an attack be made by a French fleet. A watch-house was built, a company raised at Cape Ann, and the people were in great fear; but there was no attack.

Year after year the public records of the town are chiefly occupied with "Assessing of Rates," "Reliefe of the Poor," "Support of the Hi-Ways," "Appropriations for the "Gramer Choole," and directing the selectmen to "Care for those who should Behave themselves disorderly in ye Meeting-house by leaving their Seats and taking others."

With the historic year of 1775 more public matters found place in these records. The disturbed condition of the seaboard just before the Revolution may be inferred from the emigration to Canada at this time. There is a tradition that many of these emigrants painted their chimneys white, with the understanding that their houses should be respected by the British in case of hostilities. The names of Jacob Hooper and Eleazer Crafts appear on committees at this time. In April, 1775, came the call to arms when the British attempted to sieze the military stores at Concord. Among the names mentioned as going to the scene of conflict are Eleazer Crafts, Benjamin Crafts, Jacob Allen, John Allen, and Ezekiel Allen.

Many of these men joined the Continental Army and served a long time.

Manchester bore its part bravely all through those troublous years. It is not easy to realize the "straitness and scarcity" which the people suffered. There were times when all the men capable of bearing arms were either in the army, manning the little earth-works dignified by the name of forts, or serving on board privateers; leaving women and children and old men to till the land and eke out their subsistence from the sea. Added to other difficulties the Continental money had so depreciated that seventy-five pounds was the common exchange for one pound in silver. At this time four months' pay of a private soldier would not purchase for his family a single bushel of wheat; and the pay of a colonel would not purchase oats for his horse. A leg of mutton was cheap at $1,000.

The town had escaped much trouble from the Indians by being on the seashore but during both wars it suffered much for the same reason. The fear of a descent upon the coast by some of the enemy's cruisers was one that was always felt. People lived in almost constant dread. Persons still living remember the "Old Garden" as it was called, near the present Magnolia Station, where families made for themselves a temporary shelter in times of danger.

The poverty of the people, the almost total destruction of the maritime and fishing interest, and the demand of the war for men and money, made the years from 1774 to 1784 a decade of almost unparalled trial and suffering. The Declaration of Independence was entered in full on the Records of the town of Manchester at the time it was made, and the town spent in the war all the money which was at interest for the support of the ministry and all the tax money, then gave notes to the Government for the support of soldiers and their families in the defence of that Declaration. The return of peace brought great relief to the distressed and impoverished people. The old cannon that had stood in front of the church was taken in charge by two war-worn veterans and taken to every part of the town, and fired again and again as an expression of the popular rejoicing. Fol-

lowing the War of the Revolution, scarcity of money and a derangement of the business of the country resulted in a widespread disaffection which assumed in Massachusetts, the form of an insurrection called "Shay's Rebellion," 1787.

Among the men who were called into service to put down this insurrection were eleven from Manchester. Their whole time of service was one month and fifteen days. Benjamin Crafts and Eben Crafts names appear in this list.

The condition of things at this time was most disspiriting. The fishing interest had been almost totally destroyed, the people were poor and embarrassed by debt, but the native pluck, energy and self-reliance, nurtured by a century and more of hardship and toil, soon helped them to rally from the depressing influences of the long and wasting contest.

With the improved conditions of the country, the revival of maritime interest, the opening of new markets, the increase of trade and the hopeful feeling that began to prevail, the town entered upon a new era. New fishing stations sprang up, and flakes appeared where the old had fallen into decay, and the stir of prosperity took the place of idleness. Among the alarming occurrences which are recorded about this time are comets, electric storms, earthquakes, and especially mysterious the "Dark Day," of May 19, 1780, when there fell over the bloom of Spring a horror of great darkness, when lamps were lighted at noon-day, cattle came home to the barn and fowls went to roost. This phenomenon has never been satisfactorily accounted for, although it has been partially repeated in the Yellow Day of September 6, 1881.

The early part of the century had been one of formalism. "The living faith of the settlers old" had almost died out or had been repudiated by their descendants. When the country was so poor and business was paralyzed, families were scattered and broken up, schools closed, and meeting houses in some instances left to decay. Then came the "Great Awakening" under Whitefield, Edwards, and others, which passed over the churches in New England like a thunder storm. It produced a profound and lasting effect,

notwithstanding the fanaticism with which it was accompanied. It broke up a reign of indifferentism and left a result of holier lives. Whitefield did not go to Manchester, but preached in Ipswich, to assembled thousands, on the hill before the meeting-house; and his influence extended to all the towns about.

One more cause of local trial and sorrow remained to throw a pall over the closing years of the century.

In the year 1794 an epidemic, probably a severe type of typhus fever, swept off about seventy persons in a few months. Great want and suffering ensued.

Early in the nineteenth century came troubles which culminated in the war of 1812, caused by the impressment of American seamen into the British Naval service, and England's claiming the right to search all vessels for the purpose of arresting deserters.

There were so many flagrant acts of injustice that the new and small country of the United States was obliged to declare war with the greatest naval power in the world. The first war-like measure adopted in Manchester was the appointment of a Committee of Safety. John Allen was one of these. They were instructed to place a watch along the coast, erect flag staffs and provide flags for signals and alarms. A breastwork was thrown up, and the present Powder House was built, on Powder House hill.

The seaboard was in particular danger from the enemy's cruisers, and was almost wholly unprotected from Salem Harbor to Eastern Point. Petition was made to Government for powder and two six-pound cannon, and the people drilled and armed themselves, in almost constant expectation of an attack.

Nabby Crafts' son, Joseph, was captain of the military company.

The inspection roll of Capt. Joseph Hooper's company of foot is preserved in the town archives. Their number was eighty. "The worn and faded sheet with its carefully filled returns of equipments is evidence that the inspection

of the militia was no mere farce. We can almost see these sturdy men mustered on a bright Spring morning, at sound of fife and drum, on the Common, answering to their names, exhibiting their arms and ammunition, going through their simple evolutions in the presence of an admiring crowd, and then adjourning when dismissed, to the tavern and regaling themselves after the arduous service with cider and flip. Captain and men were now on a perfect equality, a part of that citizen soldiery which our country has never found wanting in time of need."

Although the English men-of-war were known to be hovering like birds of prey along the coast, and were occasionally seen, no assault was made or landing effected. They destroyed a good many fishing smacks and prevented the people from fishing.

The nearest approach to an invasion occurred at Kettle Cove. An alarm was given, the militia was hastily summoned by beat of drum, the six-pounder mounted in front of the church was loaded with powder and ball, and the martial column bore away for the scene of conflict with the old field-piece in tow. The cannon was planted in a strategic position, and the men, concealed among the rocks and bushes awaited the approach of the enemy. After some time the boat from the frigate appeared, but seeing the cannon and hearing the strains of fife and drum, supposed that a large force lay concealed, and judging discretion the better part of valor prudently rowed away. The gallant defenders emerged from their hiding places and started homeward in high glee, with the old cannon. In coming down the "Great Hill" what was their amazement to find their trusty and only cannon-ball quietly reposing by the wayside, where it had rolled from the cannon as it was being dragged up the hill.

There is a story Aunt Eliza remembered of an idiot who lived at Kettle Cove. He dressed in white duck, and when the "Britishers" were rowing in to burn the little boats of the fishermen, he dodged from tree to tree, pointing a long

stick at them and shouting, "Aim—fire—bang—go," which frightened them away, as they thought the woods were full of Indians.

Although the town did not suffer from any descent of the enemy upon the coast, the presence of the cruisers in the Bay caused a good deal of alarm at times, especially among the women and children, who were often alone and who hurried with their valuables to the woods on the first alarm from the coast guards.

Added to this source of constant and wearing anxiety, provisions were scarce and no money to be had. Labor commanded very small wages, and these were paid in orders on the stores. A peck of meal was considered an equivalent for a day's work, and a day was from sunrise to sunset.

At last peace was declared, in 1815, and Manchester celebrated by a great dinner at the tavern, where the emotions of the people found vent in speeches, songs and shouts of merriment.

After this they settled down to the business of life. Wool was grown in large quantities, palm-leaf hats were braided, binding shoes was introduced, and idleness was a sin. For years a "packet" plyed between Manchester and Boston three times a week, carrying passengers and freight.

Again in 1860-61 came a time of great anxiety and suspense. There was the gravest doubt in the minds of many, both at home and abroad, whether the Great Republic would not disappear from the roll of nations. When the first gun was fired on Fort Sumter there was a wonderful uprising throughout the North. Manchester was not wanting in those great days. The town met every call, kept its quota full, and was represented in almost every battlefield of the war.

On the conclusion of the war a beautiful Memorial Hall was erected, and the town consecrated a burial lot for the use of the G. A. R.

Richard H. Dana was the first summer resident. In 1846 he purchased thirty acres of Capt. David Crafts, for $3,000,

a princely sum in those days, and built the first summer residence, overlooking the sea.

Following him came many persons of wealth and culture, until Manchester-by-the-sea has become famous as one of the most beautiful and fashionable watering places in the country.

Rev. Dr. Bartol has done more than any other one man to bring it into notice. Acres once covered with a tangled growth of wildwood and considered too valueless for taxation, have been threaded by romantic avenues and beautified by lawns and gardens.

On the Essex Road, the woods have been preserved by purchase, through the liberality of the summer residents, to form a continuous shady drive.

If the first rude fish-house on Jeffrey's Creek and the Essex County Club house could be placed side by side it would well show the transformation of the town. The most costly building is the Memorial Library, built on the old Crafts' place by T. Jefferson Coolidge, one of the summer residents. In this building are two bronze tablets to the memory of the sailors and soldiers of the wars. In the library is a desk made from a mulberry tree that grew on the place for years, and had to be cut down to make room for the building. One of the most beautiful beaches in the world is Old Neck Beach, or now called Singing Beach, because of a peculiar musical sound as one scuffs the feet across the sand. Prof. Agassiz said there was no other like it in this country, but it has been found in Switzerland and Africa.

One of Manchester's most unique institutions is the organization known as the "Elder Brethren." It began in 1870 when the older men of the community gathered for the purpose of renewing oldtime friendship and eating chowder. It was organized in 1878, is known as the Elderlies, and no one can join who is under fifty years of age. They meet in August, usually over a hundred of them, past and present citizens of Manchester, and spend the day in friendly greet-

ings. The town has built a neat and comfortable pavilion at Tuck's Point, that can be used by the public for gatherings; and the town also owns the beach, so anybody may feel at liberty to enjoy both. Will you not all go there some time to see the home of your ancestors for generations? They owned much of the land which they sold for very little money, as it was considered only rocky pasture, almost good for nothing; since then it has been sold as high as $24,000 an acre.

About twenty-five years ago my mother wrote an article for the Boston *Journal*, entitled "One Woman's Descendants." That woman was her mother, Nabby Crafts, the central figure in my story and from all accounts a very fine woman. Since then an article has been published in the Manchester *Cricket*, by Hon. W. H. Tappan, about *her* mother, Elizabeth Allen, who was another remarkable woman. Nabby Crafts had four sons and six daughters. The sons were all useful, honorable men. The six daughters were women of strong minds and strong bodies. It is the remembrance of these six sisters that I am trying to preserve. They were intensely interested in their early surroundings, and used to entertain their children by telling of the by-gone days. We have good pictures of them all. The Manns have a black silhouette of Nabby Crafts, and a white one of Elizabeth Allen. Miss Martha Crafts Knight of Manchester, has a large blue and white plate that belonged to Elizabeth Allen, and a black silhouette of her with her name written under it when she was eighty-seven years old, two years before she died.

Again, two years later, my mother wrote another article for the Boston *Journal*, by request. This was written in March and she died in December. My mother was the first of the six sisters to die, when the youngest was seventy-two years old and the oldest ninety-six. She used often to say that the first death in the circle would soon be followed by others, and her words were verified. In three weeks Aunt Clarissa died, in three months Aunt Trask; five years later

Aunt Rachel, three years later Aunt Eliza, and five years later still the youngest, Aunt Jane, in 1898. Nearly all of them died of apoplexy.

THE LITTLE GRANDMOTHER.

(From the Manchester *Cricket*, Jan 2, 1892).

A True Story of Manchester in Colonial Days.

The following highly interesting sketch was read by Hon. W. H. Tappan, before the October meeting of the Manchester Historical Society, and was received with so much favor, that we take pleasure in publishing it entire.

There is a strange bit of family history that the late Mrs. Martha Lee used to relate, in her admirable manner, of her mother's first marriage, and how it came about, that should be preserved. As gathered from the lips of one who three score years ago was an attentive listener, it ran as follows:

It was in Scotland, in the year 1753. The day had been very warm, and as the sun was sinking behind the hills, which formed the western rim of a small valley, in which nestled a dozen or more of small, thatched covered cottages, when a heavy lumbering wagon of a farmer on his way homeward from the market town, might have been seen slowly plodding along the dusty road.

When near the home of Widow McDonal, it stopped, and from the high seat by the driver, a young man, in the dress of a seaman, sprang lightly to the ground. His face was pleasing, and his laugh a merry one, as he nimbly assisted his slower, and rather awkward companion, in moving a green sea-chest from the wagon to the cottage, that being disposed of, a canvas bag and a bundle tied in a blue plaid handkerchief soon followed, then a few coins chinked in

the hand of the farmer, and the wagon rumbled slowly onward.

This arrival produced a very happy effect upon the lonely occupant of the cottage, whose old eyes suddenly became bright with pleasure, her wrinkles less marked, and her kindly face quite glowed with color, for her boy was home again; and when it became known among the cottagers that Sam'l Samples had arrived from Calcutta there was much rejoicing, the old and the young came to see him and the old house assumed a cheerfulness long unknown to it for Samples was a favorite with every one.

His father had been lost at sea and his mother died when he was quite young, but good Mrs. McDonal took the little boy to her home and as far as was possible she had filled the mother's place. From school he went to sea, made friends everywhere, and now he had returned as the second mate of a large ship, and as he was yet young the people were all proud of their townsman: the few who had gone to sea from their midst had been content to go as fishermen, but Samples had always been in merchantmen, and upon long voyages: so he was not only looked upon as a youth of unusual spirit and enterprise, but also as one who had seen a great deal of the world.

And his popularity was not confined to the sterner sex, while the wives were always ready with words of praise, with the daughters he was no less an object of admiration. During his short stays on shore he had been quite attentive to one of the prettiest who lived just beyond the bridge, and in a few weeks it was currently reported they were engaged, and to be married as soon as he returned from his voyage to America, which as chief mate he was to begin in a few days. The day fixed for the departure of the ship soon came. Samples had taken leave of his mother McDonal, and in accordance with a custom then in vogue with Scotch seamen, he made his sweetheart the custodian of his best suit of clothes and some other valuables, and then hurried to the harbor, where he found the ship still swinging with

the tides, and because of the delay in some repairs that were necessary, would not be ready for sea for several days. He took possession of his quarters, but soon became restless, and resolved to return to his home and there remain until all was ready. So he walked homeward, had descended the last hill and almost reached the first of the cottages, when, through the foliage, the sound of merry voices came to him, and presently, leaning upon the arm of a new lover, was his betrothed, and to his still further astonishment he was clad in his own raiment, and his own watch and seal formed conspicuous ornaments upon the person of his rival.

The current of his love had thus far flowed without a ripple—but now it became a tempestuous torrent—they quarreled, and he not only renounced the faithless, but shaking the dust of his native village from his feet determined to return to it no more, but make a home in the new country to which he was going. At length all was ready and the ship sailed for London, where some passengers and more cargo was taken on board. There they remained for more than a week. During the day he was too busy to think of his own troubles, but at night they preyed upon him. He wrote often to Mrs. McDonal and always contributed liberally to her comfort, but time hung heavily, he longed for engrossing cares of the voyage, and often wished they were at sea. He visited the theatres and other places of amusements but the remedy was only partial, he could not forget his disappointment.

Having heard much of the wonderful doings of a certain Astrologer, he went one evening to his rooms, and with no little awe took his seat at the table of this "man of mystery" who sat opposite. He was a venerable man of fine appearance and of courtly manners. After some handling of cards and references to the charts of the stars, Samples was told he was in trouble, was about to leave the land of his birth forever. But he would build a new home in a distant land where happiness and prosperity awaited him. And for an additional fee he would show him the face of his future wife.

The ardent youth quickly paid the required sum, and was placed before the "magic mirror" from whose surface a cloudy indistinctness soon passed away and a human head appeared, which gradually became clearer, and finally developed into the face of a young woman of much beauty, with soft brown eyes and hair, and clad in a dress of bluish grey, without ornament save a bit of a bright ribbon about the neck. Then the entrancing vision faded away, but the memory of it was indelibly fixed upon the mind of the delighted youth, with him it was always present, it encouraged him in times of trouble, and upon this shadowy foundation he planned great air castles to be built in the new land to which he was sailing. After an uneventful voyage the good ship reached Boston where the passengers were to be landed and the cargo discharged. Samples' duties kept him about the ship during the day, but in the evenings and on Sundays he sought among the lecture rooms and the churches the face that had so strangely appeared to him. He found many singularly attractive, but no one that resembled that seen in the wonderful mirror. One day the second mate invited Samples to his home in Lynn, where they could spend the Sabbath and return on Monday morning. The invitation was accepted gladly, and the two friends sat in the meeting house. The eyes of Samples wandered over the audience, but they found no resting place. In the afternoon they went to another church, and here the now despairing youth gazed about with no results, until the choir stood up to sing, and there in the front row was the long sought treasure. The same sweet face, the soft brown eyes and hair, the dress of the same color, and the identical bright ribbon about the neck. It was the charmingly fresh original of the reflection which he had seen three thousand miles away. But no longer a shadow—a dream—but the vision's counterpart in every particular, in flesh and blood stood before him. This realization of his hopes quite unnerved the young man whom we fear heard but little of the sermon. At that time there dwelt in the village of Manchester, Mass.,

David Allen whose home was on the brow of the hill, opposite the old burial ground, overlooking the harbor, on what is now known as Washington Street. He was a fisherman and the happy father of three daughters. They lived in considerable comfort, but what they lacked in wealth they possessed in contentment and cheerfulness. There was no room for dullness in that household.

The eldest of these was Elizabeth, who was born in 1734, and one morning she amused the family by the recital of a strange dream, which in substance was as follows: "It seemed so real, and it is impressed upon my mind as a dream never was before and I must tell it. I was placing the dishes for dinner, when chancing to look down the road I saw a man on a black horse ride to Dea. Allen's tavern, and knock on the door. The Deacon came and pointed this way.

I thought he was directing some traveler to Gloucester, but he rode into our yard, tied his horse to the fence by the calf-pen. And when in answer to his knock, I went to the door, fancy my surprise when he said he had come to see me. And soon he told me he was from over the sea and wished to marry me. He took dinner with us, and upon leaving gave me three plain gold rings, one of which was to be my wedding ring if I chose to make it so. And then with a promise to come again before many days he rode away. Now was not that a real nice dream? And don't you girls wish it might come to pass."

And in the merriment that followed she promised her sisters a ring apiece whenever the dream became a reality. Some months after this event, Elizabeth, wishing to be of some assistance to her parents in the support of the family, went to Lynn, and secured a place with a dressmaker, where her excellent taste and nimble fingers made her a valuable inmate in her new home, and her fine voice and skill in music soon gave her a place in the church choir. After his first visit Samples again accompanied his friend to Lynn. He had learned the name of his new life, but had never spoken to her. Finding she had returned to her home in Man-

chester, he hired a saddle horse, and sped in quest of her. He hurried through the streets of Salem, and chafed at the slow moving ferry-boat that conveyed him to Beverly, and then he galloped on to Manchester. At the tavern, "with the sign of the golden ball" he knocked at the door and Deacon Allen stepped into the street, and with his cane pointed to David Allen's house but a few rods away. Thus directed, our hero rode into the yard, hitched his horse (which chanced to be black) knocked at the door, which being opened by a younger sister, disclosed the object of his search, placing the dishes for dinner. His errand was soon made known to the astonished girl. He dined with them and remained until the sun was low. He found her handsome, learned in all the domestic accomplishments, in short she was all his fancy had painted her, and before leaving, he presented her with three plain gold rings, and was the accepted lover of Elizabeth Allen, and their wedding took place one year from the date of her dream. This marriage so strangely brought about proved to be a happy one. Mrs. Samples was not content to remain a mere ornament in her husband's home, but she proved a helpmate indeed. While the captain industriously pursued his calling, his wife looked well to the household, treasured his earnings, and from time to time made judicious investments, one of which was the purchase of some land at the Neck, and soon after she began the construction of a cottage of their own. Building in those days was a slow process. Materials were scarce, neither glass nor nails could be got in the village. So the little woman walked again and again to Salem (nine miles) and bought the desired articles as they were required. And when the chimney was to be built, she borrowed a leather apron from a cordwainer, and in it she carried all the bricks from the road to within the reach of the mason. This is the cottage now owned and occupied by Joseph Proctor, the eminent tragedian, as his summer home. The years rolled on and four children were added to their happy home. The captain's return had been expected for several weeks, he

had been away longer than usual, when one morning a fisherman stopped on his way from his boat, to say her husband's ship had passed him going into Salem harbor, and with that wind she must have reached the wharf before noon. This greatly rejoiced the little wife who knew the captain would not lose a moment, but hasten home as quickly as possible. So, she hurriedly put the house in complete order, prepared for him as elaborate a meal as her humble means would allow, arranged the table with unusual adornments in the best room, she dressed herself and the children in their neatest clothing, and awaited his arrival. From the window overlooking the road, the children watched for their father's coming, and laughed at the gambols of the birds as they wrangled over the crumbs that had been thrown on the grass, as their part of the family feast. But the shadows lengthened, the sun sank behind the hill, and the birds flew to their homes among the leaves, but he came not.

Darkness began to gather, the children moved their seats from the window to the fire, and listened, but the wished for footstep was not heard, and tearfully the now sleepy little ones went to bed. Then the wife sat alone, but no sound broke the stillness but the measured ticking of the clock, and the moaning of the wind in the pines. The weary hours moved on leaden wings, the tall clock in the corner was striking the hour of midnight when a heavy step was heard, followed by a knock at the door, which was quickly thrown open, but her heart sank within her, for it was not her husband who stood before her in the moonlight, but a sailor, a resident of the village, who had made many voyages with the captain.

He was ill at ease, and came in reluctantly. He told of the captain's illness, how very sick he had been, how he had longed for the loved ones and home. How his great strength waned. How tenderly all on board had ministered to his wants, and how slowly he seemed to mend. And finally, after many kindly evasions of her questions, his stalwart form trembled with emotion, and with tears rolling down his

rough cheeks, he told of his death and burial at sea, some days before. It was a dreadful blow to the poor woman, and for a brief season the reign of reason was almost eclipsed, as it often is in such emergencies. But she soon rallied, for now she realized she must stand alone, and upon her own efforts she must depend now for the support of her children and herself. At this time there was no store in the village, there never had been one. In this the energetic widow thought she saw her opportunity. So she furnished her best room with counter, shelves, scales and measures, and with a general assortment began the sale of merchandise, which she continued until 1767, when she married Eleazer Crafts, and removed to his house on Union Street, where, with a larger stock she supplied the wants of the community for many years.

She was a very kind, active woman of great energy, and was familiarly known as "The Little Grandmother." She died at the age of eighty-nine.

The rings were guarded by the sisters with great care, but in spite of every precaution, that belonging to Mrs. Abial Burgess suddenly disappeared, and for several years its absence was the cause of much grief.

One day Mrs. Burgess pulled some beets for a neighbor who in preparing them for dinner observed a metallic substance about the top of one, at the beginning of the leaves, and it proved to be the long lost treasure. The strange advent of these golden circlets into the family had already gained for them a regard closely bordering upon the superstitious which was very materially strengthened by its somewhat singular recovery.

Mrs. Burgess' ring never again left her finger, and is believed to have been buried with her. But one of them to this day remains the treasured heirloom of one of the Little Grandmother's descendants.

MRS. ELLA L. DURGIN.

ONE WOMAN'S DESCENDANTS.

By Mrs. M. L. Porter.

The following from the pen of Mrs. Dr. Porter of this town will be found interesting reading, as the history of a girl "who made shirts for the soldiers of the Revolution."

New Hampshire may take the palm for the oldest individuals, but there is a family in Massachusetts that may be worthy of notice.

One hundred and fifteen years ago there was born a daughter to a worthy couple living in a small town, Manchester, on the northern shore of Massachusetts Bay. Other children followed, in due course of time, but it is with this one only our story has to do. There were at the time no "United States of America." The "American Colonies" were nominally under the protection, but really under the grinding heel of the British Government. The deep mutterings of discontent that had long been heard all along the line culminated nine years later in the famous "Declaration of Independence." England then sent over her soldiers to take possession of Boston, lay an embargo on all communication with outside places—her warships meantime were capturing everything on the high seas, destroying commerce and working all possible injury to the rebellious colonists. During these early years of the war, when our little girl was from ten to fifteen years old, she had her "stint" to make a shirt a day, which her mother, an enterprising business woman, sold to the soldiers. There were no sewing machines in those days, and every "seam, gusset and band" was put together stitch by stitch, and faithfully done, too. But there came a time when there were no needles or pins to use. Thorns from thorn bushes were used for pins, but there was no substitute for needles. One day her mother,

with a little satchel in her hand, started on foot for Boston to get a supply. She was ferried across rivers and streams, where are now substantial bridges over which thousands of people are daily passing.

At the Boston limits she was confronted by the guard, who allowed her to pass on pretext of visiting a friend. From that friend's house she went out buying a few papers here and a few there, till she had a supply of the coveted articles, and then she went out, satchel in hand, as she had come in. Having a friend in Malden who owned a chaise, the only one in all that region, she walked to his house and spent the night. Next day her friend carried her to the Salem boundary, and she was ferried across to the Beverly side. A few hours' travel brought her to her own home, weary and footsore, but to the joy and relief of her townswomen. At the close of the war, when our young girl was seventeen years of age, she was married to a young farmer, Joseph Hooper, several years her senior. In common with others they shared in the hardships of the times. The country impoverished by the war and deeply in debt—Continental money worthless, and a growing family on their hands, happy in each other, they made no complaint; but in 1794, when that terrible scourge, the putrid fever, swept away so many from that region, within one short month she was bereft of her husband and her husband's mother, who had been a true mother to her. Thus, at the early age of twenty-seven she was a widow with four little children, one daughter and three sons. After four years of widowhood she married again, Stephen Smith, and had one son and five daughters, the last one being born the same year that war was declared the second time with England. Her experience and memory thus embraced the full period of both wars, with all their hardships and trials. Her father was in the Revolutionary war and at the surrender of Burgoyne. In the last war one of her sons was captured from a sailing vessel and sent as prisoner to the Dartmoor Prison ship. Her eldest son was Captain Joseph Hooper, of the "Home

Militia," and when a British frigate was standing in shore as if to make a landing, he brought his men together and marched them "single file" across the beach, thus deceiving the enemy as to numbers, and they took themselves out to sea. These ten children all lived till the youngest was eighteen years of age. Then all were together at the wedding of one of the sisters, Eliza Smith Mann, for the first and last time. In 1830 the youngest son, Eleazer Hooper, of the first family, after a few hours of suffering, passed away. He was at that time druggist and postmaster in East Cambridge, and was highly esteemed for his genial disposition and noble qualities.

Four years later the eldest child and only son, Samuel Smith, of the second family, having been many years an invalid, at the meridian of life yielded up his spirit to his Maker. Eleven years later, the good mother, her children all having homes and children of their own, after a few days of suffering laid down her burdens and entered into rest. One year later a third son, Jacob Hooper, followed her, and the eldest child, Joseph, Jr., of all, at the ripe age of fourscore, passed away in 1866. The circle of six sisters still remains unbroken. The only one of the first family is now in her ninety-forth year, and the eldest of the second in her eighty-first, while the youngest has just passed her "three score years and ten." All these sisters enjoy comfortable health, and to a great degree the possession of their physical and mental faculties. But the youngest is the most active of them all, and is a good illustration of the saying "the youngest ne'er grows old."

These sisters all live in Massachusetts, but no two are in the same city or town. All have pleasant, comfortable homes of their own, where they have long resided. All have kind affectionate children to care for and comfort them in their declining years. All have been from early years members of the Orthodox Congregational Church, so following their sainted mother, as their children and grandchildren are following them. A spirit of harmony and love has been

a marked characteristic in all these families. If one member suffered, all suffered with it. If one rejoiced, all the members rejoiced with it. The widows of the three brothers still live, at the ages of nearly ninety, eight-five and seventy-eight, and all for the last two or three years have drawn pensions for their husband's services in the war of 1812, a circumstance that, probably, cannot be parallel in New England. The ages of these nine sisters aggregate 721 years. Summing up the results we find that from this one little girl have sprung ten children, six of whom are living, and the widows of her three sons; fifty-one grandchildren, of whom twenty-three live; seventy-four great-grandchildren, of whom fifty-four still live, and six great-great-grandchildren, making one hundred and forty one, of whom ninety-two are in active life." (Written 1882.)

A LATER ARTICLE BY MRS. PORTER

At the time "One Woman's Descendants" was written there were living the widows of three of her sons, two of whom have died during the past year. The one now living in her ninety-third year makes the combined ages of the seven sisters 574, the average eighty-two. Looking back to the birth of the mother in 1767, nine years before the Declaration of Independence was made by these oppressed and persecuted British colonies, and comparing it with the present, counting time by events rather than by years, it would seem that these two generations had outlived the patriarchs, even Methuselah himself, and some of them may live to see greater things than these. The marvelous growth of the country in population, wealth and resources, its colonial cities and thriving villages springing up in all directions, would be beyond the imagination of the most sanguine. To show how the world has progressed within a century we have only to reflect that George Washington, our first Presi-

dent, never saw a steamboat; John Adams, the second President, never saw a railroad; Andrew Jackson, the seventh President, knew nothing about the telegraph; Abraham Lincoln, the sixteenth President, never dreamed of such a thing as the telephone. Inventions of benefit to the human race have been made in all ages since man was created; but how many more have been crowded into the past fifty years than into any other fifty recorded in history! These are some problems we have hitherto deemed impossible, but are the mysteries of even the most improbable of them more subtle to grasp than that of the ocean cable or that of the photograph or telephones? We talk by cable with an ocean rolling between; we speak in our voices to friends a hundred miles or more from where we articulate before the microphone. Under the blazing sun of July we produce ice by chemical means, rivaling the most solid and crystaltine production of nature. Of a verity, this is an age of invention, nor has the world reached a stopping place yet.

This good mother of whom I was speaking, lived through the two wars with England, and all her children but one have vivid recollections of the war of 1812-1815, though victory was gained more by naval battles, than on land. The "*plague spot*" in the Constitution could be wiped out only by blood, and this culminated in the Civil War for the preservation of the Union.

In this war three of her grandsons were in the navy, one laying down his life (Henry Strong) in the vessel of which an elder brother, Edward T., now retired as a rear admiral, was commander, and a third brother is still in the navy as first lieutenant. Another grandson (Charles A. Porter) was in the army, and was one of the few who had a minie-ball put through his lung and survived.

To the ninety-two lineal descendants who were living two years ago, several have been added and but one, a grandson (George K. Hooper) in middle life, has been removed by death. These may be found as useful and honored citizens in ten states from Maine to California, and one (Samuel

Mann) is in the Sandwich Islands. The centennial celebrations that have been taking place the last few years have quickened the desire in all classes to know more of the early history of our own country, and hence the avidity with which everything on this subject is seized.

All those who were witnesses and sufferers in the Revolutionary War have passed away, but there are many now living, with mind and memory undimmed, who can from personal recollection and experience give many a reminiscence of the second war that would be of thrilling interest, and it is to be hoped many such will be preserved ere it is too late.

MARTHA LEE SMITH PORTER, 1884.

STORIES OF OUR ANCESTORS.

Benjamin Crafts, Nabby's grandfather, was born in Roxbury, where his family had lived since his great grandfather Griffin came over from England.

He moved to Ipswich when he married Mary Choate of that town, December 22, 1728. He was living there when, in the early Spring of 1745, a call was made for volunteers to join the expedition against the Fortress of Louisburg, C. B. With others from the same town, he enlisted and served through the siege. After the capture he remained in Louisburg, having care of the commissary department, and in considerable favor of the great men, but in the following Spring, 1746, he died, of the disease which swept away so many of the garrison. He wrote a journal of the siege, which, together with some letters written at that time, was presented to the Essex Institute at Salem by his granddaughter, Mrs. Martha Lee, of Manchester (Nabby's sister).

The Manns have an original letter written by him at Louisburg and sent to his wife by a comrade, here is an extract: "I Send you as a Taken of my Love and Affection for you & our Dear Children a peace of Silver money for you to Remember me by & one a peace for the Children."

With this money a spoon was bought for each of the children. The one belonging to Eleazer Crafts, becoming thin after years of service was made over with the addition of his father's knee and shoe buckles, and marked E. C. (perhaps for both Eleazer and Elizabeth Crafts) It descended to his daughter, Martha Lee, and after her death, in 1860, was sent to her niece, Elizabeth Smith Mann. It is a large, deep-bowled table spoon, in good preservation, and is one of the choicest heirlooms in the possession of Abby Smith Mann of Methuen. She is the namesake of her grandmother, Nabby Crafts. (Abigail was the real name).

Col. Eleazer Crafts married Elizabeth Allen Samples, Jan. 6, 1767. He was Nabby's father. He served through the war of the Revolution. He was a lieutenant at the time of the Lexington alarm, and was afterward engaged in many battles. He rose to the rank of major in 1777, and was commissioned lieutenant-colonel Aug. 12, 1778. He was in the army under Gen. Gates when Gen. Burgoyne surrendered his forces. He kept a journal throughout the entire war, but only a little of it has been preserved. He was a shoemaker by trade, and after the war he kept a public house in Manchester until his death. A chair that was in that tavern, a square one, is now owned by Mary Hooper Kimball in Auburndale. He represented his town in state councils, 1773-1780, and was selectman many years.

Elizabeth Allen Samples Crafts married Capt. Samuel Samples, Jan. 16, 1755; married Maj. Eleazer Crafts, Jan. 6, 1767. Elizabeth Allen, Nabby's mother, was the daughter of David Allen, a farmer and fisherman in good circumstances. He lived in a large white house on what is now Washington Street, but it has been torn down.

Elizabeth and her two sisters were bright, interesting girls. Some of the facts given in Mr. Tappan's story seem incredible, and doubtless have been exaggerated; but many of the circumstances I remember hearing my mother relate, espec-

ially about the family watching for the return of the husband and father who never came, and the ring growing on the beet. I have never seen the only one of the three rings saved, but I saw the owner of it at the Allen reunion two years ago. "Remember the giver" is the posy on the inside of it, and the date, 1753, Mrs. Durgin has had put in it. One ring was buried on the hand of Dolly Burgess, a Samples granddaughter, and the other has been lost. Elizabeth was no ordinary woman. She was only twenty-one when she married Samuel Samples, a Scotchman, Jan. 16, 1755. She had four children, for whom she labored while her husband was at sea. After a while she wanted a new home, and as help was scarce, she assisted in the work herself. She borrowed a leather apron and carried the stones and brick for the masons. This house was built on Sea Street, now owned by the heirs of Joseph Procter. Mrs. Procter herself lately showed me the house and told me about it. The little gambrel roofed house on the street is the original part, to which the Proctors added much more; but they were interested enough in the old part to preserve it. There were, and are, just four rooms in it, with a large square chimney in the middle, and a small entry at the front. The room on the right was the parlor. It has the original beams across the ceiling and in the corner. The room back of it was the kitchen. It has the original fireplace, six and one-half feet long, with an oven in one side and a queer-shaped closet on the other side, and a large crane. The front room was the one where she and her children watched for the father and where she opened the first store in the town.

After learning of her husband's death she was almost insane until a friend urged her to rouse herself for the sake of her little children. It was a question what was best to do, but she finally decided she could keep the home and family together by having a store and so opened the first one in the town. She took in farm products that she sent up to Boston by the "packet" and had dry goods sent back the same way. She often walked to and from Boston, twenty-

five miles away. After four years she married Major Eleazer Crafts, and had six children. She may have kept on with the store after her second marriage, for we know she was in the same business later.

After the Revolutionary War she kept a store in the "Old Franklin," which is still in good preservation, and with her husband kept tavern in the rest of the building. Until lately the same store has been occupied by George Foster Allen, her direct descendant, both maternally and paternally, for an Allen married an Allen.

Once she was walking home from Boston, and late at night was near Manchester, when she was overtaken by a man in a chaise who offered her a ride. It proved to be her son David, a sea captain, just home from a voyage, who had left his ship at Salem and was hurrying home. He did not recognize her, as it was dark, but she knew him at once and said, "Yes, David, I will be glad to ride with you." She lived to be eighty-nine, and was a very smart old lady to the end.

In the list of "Some Notabilities" in the Manchester history is mentioned only four women: Elizabeth Allen Samples Crafts, Aunt Lee, and Aunt Trask are three of them.

Elizabeth Allen Samples Crafts lived to say, "Daughter go to thy daughter, for thy daughter's daughter hath a daughter."

Mrs. Ella Lee Durgin is descended from this line, her mother being the fifth daughter, and she is naturally the possessor of the famous ring. As she has no children we hope that she may give it to the Essex Institute, where its story would be known and it could be seen by the numerous descendants of its first owner.

Nabby Crafts married Joseph Hooper, May 17, 1785; and Stephen Smith, Sept. 25, 1797. Nabby was married when she was seventeen years old, to (5) Joseph Hooper. He was born June 5, 1761 and died Oct. 1, 1794, son of (4) Jacob, (3) William, (2) William, (1) Francis, who is

mentioned as being in Marblehead in 1665. He was a fine man, fond of his family and industrious. When his wife used to beg him not to work so hard, he would say, "Father may have and mother may have, but happy are they who have of their own."

They lived at Kettle Cove, on Summer Street, where the cellar is still visible. They were a very happy family until 1794, when putrid fever broke out, and he was one of seventy in the town to die. Great want and suffering followed this epidemic. Nabby was left at twenty-seven years of age with four little children, four to eight years old, to care for. Although her father-in-law was a man of considerable property for those times, she received none of it; but later when her children were grown, they received enough to establish themselves in business.

Her parents were "keeping tavern" at that time, so she went home to them with her children, and assisted them all she could. A few years later a young man came to Manchester from Hopkinton, N. H., and boarded at the tavern, named Stephen Smith. He was a carpenter, son of Samuel and Rachel Hunt, born Nov. 11, 1776 and died Sept. 22, 1858. On the Revolutionary roll of New Hampshire, we learn that his father, Samuel Smith, enlisted July 9, 1775, served his time and re-enlisted Jan. 1, 1777, for three years but died at Ticonderoga Sept. 14, 1777.

Late in life Stephen received a pension for his father's services in the war. It was 160 acres of land, that sold for the great sum of $150. The Manns have samples of the clothes Stephen and Nabby wore when they were married. Stephen wore a suit of brown corduroy small clothes, and a vest of white pique with brown figures, that his mother spun and wove for him. She wore a steel-colored silk dress. Stephen Smith was a large, handsome man, affable, musical, and fun-loving. He was a Universalist, while all her family were Congregationalists, a great difference in those days. For a time, during the War of 1812, he was a Watchman on the high hill behind the house at the Cove, ready to light

a bonfire at night, to give an alarm or use a signal in the daytime, which would be repeated from hill to hill along the coast.

Stephen Smith and his stepson, Eleazer Hooper, were taken prisoners while out fishing, by an English cruiser and were threatened with Dartmoor prison, but promised their freedom if they would secure fifty dollars' worth of fresh provisions for the battleship. They were allowed to communicate with their friends, who secretly collected chickens, geese, and vegetables, which were exchanged for the prisoners.

In 1814 the family moved from Kettle Cove into the village, on North Street, now known as the Wheaton house. They lived there until 1845, when Nabby died and the home was broken up, her husband going to live with his children. He died at the Manns in Methuen, where he had lived several years.

Nabby must have been a very attractive woman to have a man of twenty-one fall in love with her when she was thirty, and especially when she had four children dependant on her. Nabby was a devoted wife and mother, looking well after the affairs of her household, and beloved by all. She managed her two sets of children so well that there never was any trouble on account of their having different fathers. She led the retired life of so many women, of whom there is little to tell, but whose lives are spent for the good of others. She was much interested in the higher education of girls that was just coming into notice, and three or four of her daughters were sent away to seminaries.

Fifteen of her descendants attended the Ipswich Female Seminary.

Her Hooper children and their descendants were tall and thin, as was their father. Her Smith children and their descendants were stout, as was their father. Of course, there have been some exceptions to this general rule. She was only ill a few days with a sore throat, which might now be called diphtheria. She died at seventy-seven years of age, leaving a husband and eight children.

Joseph Hooper, Jr. Uncle Joseph always lived in Manchester. He was a man of sterling character, but a very grave and reserved man; very tall and thin. I remember seeing him when he was a very old man. During the war of 1812 he was captain of the Home Militia. Only once did the enemy make an attempt to land at Kettle Cove. When the alarm sounded, "The Enemy is landing," Uncle Joseph led his men in single file across the beach, to deceive them as to numbers; and they kept up the music of fife and drum.

Their one cannon was placed on an elevation where it could be readily seen. All this preparation deterred the enemy from landing, as they thought there was a large force to confront them, and the woods were full of Indians. He died at eighty, left a wife and two children. He married at twenty-seven and had four wives. He kept a store, built vessels, and was a surveyor.

Abigail Hooper Trask. When Aunt Trask was two days old she was carried from Kettle Cove to the church to be baptized, a distance of two miles. That it did not kill her is evidenced by her long life of ninety-six years. Probably at that time they thought an unbaptized infant would be forever lost. She first taught school, but "The Call of the Blood" brought her soon to keeping a store. She went to Gloucester to learn the trade of a milliner, so as to add that department to her general merchandise.

She married, when she was thirty-five, Capt. Richard Trask, (born July 13, 1788; died Aug. 5, 1846). She always lived in Manchester on Union Street, and as the house was very large she kept store in part of it and had one sister after another as her helper. Aunt Martha Lee lived just opposite. She was Grandmother Smith's sister, and was noted for her piety and good works.

Next Aunt Lee's house now stands the Public Library, but it was the Crafts' homestead for several generations. I remember Aunt Trask very well. She was a very commanding woman, very tall, very straight and slender, with

piercing eyes. She had a masculine mind and was the adviser of business men for years.

When homeopathy first came in fashion she at once adopted it, and doctored many people with her book and box of specifics. Before a town meeting the selectmen used to consult her about the articles for the town warrant, and on all matters of business. She wrote wills for people, and loaned money to build many houses in town. "Some Notabilities" says she was the oldest resident of the State at the time of her death. "In her prime there was probably not a person in town who excelled her in business capacity. She kept touch with the present in a remarkable manner, and maintained up to her last illness a regular correspondence. She was one of the chief women of Manchester, and one whom convention could not keep down." She lived thirty-nine years longer than her husband, and left one son.

Jacob Hooper married Betsey Hooper, Sept. 8, 1813; married Deliverance Hooper, Dec. 21, 1820. It was the custom in "ye olden time" to apprentice a lad to some trade, between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one. Jacob chose that of a hatter and furrier, so he went to the nearest city, Salem, to learn his trade. After his time was his own, he went to Marblehead and opened a store. While he lived there he was captain of the Home Militia. After the Aroostook County was opened he moved to Augusta, as that was the centre for the skins to be brought in from the country. After a few years his health failed, and as Grandmother Smith had just died, his relatives induced him to return to Manchester and take the vacant house. He lived only a short time, dying of consumption, as did so many Hoopers.

He was very religious, and wanted to be a minister, but his voice troubled him so much he decided he could never be a public speaker. "He was a man of prayer, constant in his attendance upon religious meetings and faithful in conversing upon spiritual things."

A lengthy obituary of him was written. He died when

fifty-five years old, leaving a wife and six children. Married at twenty-two.

Eleazer Hooper, married Ann Kennard Aug. 19, 1821. He was a very genial, pleasant man. He was taken prisoner with Grandfather Smith by a British man-of-war, and released by his friends giving fifty dollars' worth of fresh provisions. He was druggist and postmaster in East Cambridge. He died when only fifty-seven years old, leaving a wife and two children, having been married at twenty-eight.

Samuel Smith. He overheated his head melting lead for bullets in 1812 war, and injured his brain, causing an illness from which he suffered always, and caused his death after several years. He sold boots and shoes. He was much like his father, genial and amiable. He died at thirty-five, unmarried.

Clarissa Smith Caldwell, married Capt. Eben Caldwell. July 13, 1824; lived in Augusta, Salem, and Ipswich. When nineteen years of age, Aunt Clarissa attended Rev. Joseph Emerson's school for young ladies in Byfield, an unusual advantage in those days. When she was twenty-three, she married Eben Caldwell, a business man of Augusta, Me., and they took the long journey from Manchester in a chaise, as that was the only means of conveyance.

Later they moved to Salem, then to Ipswich, where they lived many years. He was born March 12, 1798; died April 17, 1864. About nine years after her marriage her husband became a sea captain, through the influence of Capt. Trask, and during his long absences she managed her family admirably. She lived to be eighty-four, left four children, and lived twenty years longer than her husband. She had the most queen-like manner of any woman I ever saw; always very erect and dignified, yet the most kindly in spirit. I remember her sweet face so well, in her white lace cap, strings tied under her chin, and soft puffs of hair over her temples.

Rachel Smith Strong married Dr. Simeon E. Strong, Mar. 28, 1833. They lived in Ipswich, Amherst, Heath, Gorham, Me., and North Andover. Aunt Rachel was the beauty of the family, with the bluest eyes and rosiest cheeks; and those bright colors she kept to the end. When she was four years old, she was sent away from a family dinner party for some little misdemeanor, and after dinner she was missing. They hunted everywhere, and feared the British had come ashore and stolen her, but she was finally found curled up in her trundle bed, sound asleep. She was married to Dr. Simeon E. Strong (born Aug. 24, 1804; died Dec. 7, 1868). She was a devoted wife and mother, a woman of most excellent judgment, whose life and interests were centered in her home, which she always made happy and attractive for all. She had an even tempered disposition, always looking upon the bright side of trials and cares, of which she had many. Her whole life was that of a consistent Christian woman. She was married at twenty-nine, and lived to be eighty-six. She left five children, and lived twenty-two years longer than her husband.

Eliza Smith Mann married John W. Mann, Sept. 29, 1825, and lived at Manchester and Methuen. Although she was baptized Elizabeth we always called her Aunt Eliza. She was a very calm, quiet woman, with a poetic nature. She was, like her sisters, blessed with a sunny Christian spirit, and was a woman of remarkable fortitude in all the trials of her long life. She could say at the end, "There has been more sunshine than shadow." Her wonderful memory has preserved to us many things of historic value as a family, which would otherwise have been forgotten. She remembered seeing her mother cry, as she gathered the few articles that could be carried away to the "Old Garden," when they feared the British would burn the houses,—not forgetting the family Bible. She was then six years old and had been quite ill. Her grandmother took her up from the bed and dressed her, to have her ready to be taken to the woods when the only conveyance came back. She remembered her Grandmother

Smith taking her to the window to see the Chesapeake and Shannon as they went down to their memorable fight. She remembered the close of the war, when the Gloucester stage went through the town. It was trimmed with green boughs and the men waved their hats, crying, "Peace! Peace!" as they rode along. She also remembered Aunt Molly Samples telling her about the Dark Day. It was so dark that a white table cloth laying on the grass near the house could not be seen from the window.

She married John W. Mann (born April 24, 1803; died Dec. 12, 1861). She was married at nineteen, and died at eighty-seven. She left three children, and lived thirty-two years longer than her husband.

Martha Lee Smith Porter, married Dr. Joshua Porter, May 6, 1835, and lived at North Brookfield.

My mother came next. She was quite a tom-boy when young. Girls in those days had no sleds, but she improvised one from a little chair. She would turn it over on the back, put little sister Jane on the bottom and sit on the edge of the seat herself. That chair is now at the Mann homestead, and the once rounded back is worn flat by such use. The children used to play on the beach a great deal. At one time she went in too far and was washed away, but a returning wave brought her back, so she could creep beyond the danger line.

She attended the Ipswich Female Seminary soon after Miss Grant and Miss Mary Lyon went there. After she was married, Mary Lyon started a school of the same kind in South Hadley, and mother invited her to come to North Brookfield to tell the ladies of the Maternal Society about it.

Later she collected money to furnish one of the rooms in the Seminary, and many years later sent her daughter there to school. She had a great gift in letter writing, and if she had not been so busy with her large family of children, and as a country doctor's wife, she might have been an author of note. People tell me, even now, of cherishing letters she

wrote long ago, containing such fine descriptions of nature or her experiences that they are well worth keeping.

She was a great force in church and home life, and extremely patriotic during the War of the Rebellion. All through her life she was a great reader, and would often cut out articles she liked, from papers and magazines. The last three years of her life she was not well, and occupied her time largely in knitting afghans or making scrapbooks, after she was tired reading. She left twenty-four scrapbooks, each one made with some object in view. One had articles pertaining to Manchester, her native place, another about noted divines with pictures of their churches, etc. She was much interested in genealogy, and used to tell so much about old times that I wish I could remember now.

She was married at twenty-six, left four children, and died at seventy-six, ten years after her husband.

Jane Burgess Smith Holm married Capt. Jacob P. Holm, Dec. 17, 1840, and lived in Manchester, Malden and Newton Centre.

Aunt Jane was the youngest of the family, and the one who traveled most. She also attended the Ipswich Female Seminary. She married Capt. J. P. Holm when she was twenty-eight years old. He was born April 30, 1816, and died Nov. 20, 1884. As she married a sea captain she had great responsibility much of the time, having charge of the finances as well as the management of the children; and she did it well.

She identified herself with many departments of church activity, and also the relief work for the soldiers during the Civil War. She accompanied her husband on one of his voyages to Russia, and again went with him on a pleasure trip to Europe. She spent several months in California when she was seventy-four, and later in Florida. In her later life, as housekeeping cares were laid aside, she was able to gratify her fondness for reading and study. An opportunity for this was afforded by the Chautauqua course of

reading, which covered four years and many subjects. She completed this course in 1890, receiving a diploma, then at the age of seventy-eight. After this her interests, while varied, centred especially in astronomy and history. She had always been an excellent letter writer, and was in frequent correspondence with her sisters and friends. Her fingers were seldom idle, and when not reading or writing she was usually busy with knitting, crocheting, sewing or embroidery. Much of this last work was from old German designs of real artistic merit, but when it was calling forth admiration from those who saw it she would repeatedly refer to her favorite books on astronomy or her carefully written history notes, as being the work which she considered more worth while. Of her keen, alert mind these interests speak. Of her strong religious faith, her serene old age was an illustration. At the ripe age of eighty-six she passed into the higher life, leaving two children. She lived fourteen years longer than her husband.

OUR ANCESTORS.

	Born	Died	Married
William Allen,	1602		
Samuel	Jan. 8, 1632	1700	
Jonathan	Sept. 4, 1684	Dec. 4, 1768	
David	May 25, 1711		
Elizabeth	Oct. 16, 1734	Mar.. 16, 1824	Samuel Samples, Eleazer Crafts
Griffin Crafts	1602	Oct. 4, 1689	Alice, mar. in Eng.
Samuel	Dec. 12, 1637	1691	Elizabeth Ballard
Benjamin	Oct. 23, 1683	1731	Abigail Harris
Benjamin	Dec. 13, 1706	1746	Mary Choate
Eleazer	July 31, 1743	Sept. 20, 1793	Elizabeth Allen Samples

Union of families when Elizabeth Allen Samples married Eleazer Crafts.

NABBY CRAFTS AND HER FAMILY

Children of Eleazer Crafts and Elizabeth Allen Samples, married Jan. 6, 1767.

	Born	Died	Married
Nabby	Nov. 12, 1767	Apr. 29, 1845	Joseph Hooper & Stephen Smith
Eleazer	Sept. 17, 1769	Oct. 4, 1807	Anne Woodbury
David	Oct. 5, 1771	Feb. 8, 1848	Priscilla Allen
Sarah	Sept. 8, 1773	Mar. 24, 1794	Aaron Allen
Walter	Aug. 21, 1776	Dec. 8, 1777	
Martha	Sept. 26, 1778	May 1, 1860	Capt. John Lee

Children of Nabby Crafts and Joseph Hooper, married May 17, 1785.

Joseph	Apr. 24, 1786	Aug. 31, 1866	Lucy Story, Mrs. Burgess, Mrs. Cheever, Mrs. Bingham
Abigail	Oct. 5, 1788	Mar. 3, 1885	Capt. Richard Trask
Jacob	Jan. 2, 1791	Mar. 8, 1846	Betsey Hooper, Deliverance Hooper
Eleazer	Feb. 21, 1793	Apr. 25, 1830	Ann Kennard

Children of Nabby Crafts and Stephen Smith, married Sept. 25, 1797.

Samuel	Feb. 11, 1799	May 27, 1834	
Clarissa	Sept. 14, 1801	Jan. 1, 1885	Capt. Eben Caldwell
Rachel	Sept. 7, 1804	Aug. 15, 1890	Dr. Simeon E. Strong
Elizabeth	Aug. 23, 1825	Feb. 28, 1893	John W. Mann
Martha Lee	Jan. 4, 1809	Dec. 8, 1884	Dr. Joshua Porter
Jane Burgess	Feb. 28, 1812	May 22, 1898	Capt. Jacob P. Holm

Children of Joseph Hooper and Lucy Story, married Nov. 25, 1813.

Charles Henry	Sept. 11, 1815	Sept. 13, 1815	
Eveline F.	Oct. 22, 1816	Dec. 4, 1877	Samuel Hooper Chas. Wilmonton
Lucy Story	Jan. 15, 1819	Apr. 29, 1826	
Abigail	July 7, 1821	Apr. 30, 1826	
Eliza Smith	June 2, 1824	May 15, 1826	
Joseph Story	Mar. 15, 1827	Jan. 17, 1877	Julia Ann Foster

Children of Abigail Hooper and Capt. Richard Trask, married Nov. 24, 1823.

Charles Hooper	Sept. 4, 1824	Dec. 11, 1905	Martha Ropes, Ellen G. Ropes

Children of Jacob and Deliverance Hooper, married Dec. 21, 1820.

	Born	Died	Married
Abby Crafts	Oct. 1, 1822	Apr. 29, 1849	Charles R. Story
Jacob Fiske	Dec. 1, 1824	Dec. 12, 1844	Drowned at sea in Capt. Caldwell's ship, Dorchester
Mary Kimball	Dec. 11, 1826	Jan. 1, 1832	
Hannah	Feb. 22, 1829	Mar. 27, 1852	
Mary Kimball	Jan. 2, 1832		John R. Kimball
Joseph Henry	June 16, 1834	May 29, 1889	Clarinda M. Lindsay
Edward Asa	Aug. 17, 1838		Ellen Maria Estes
Ellen	Apr. 16, 1840	July 10, 1867	James S. Kimball

Children of Eleazer Hooper and Ann Kennard, married Aug. 19, 1821.

George Kennard	Sept. 16, 1822	June 11, 1883	Ann M. Baxter Louisa R. Adams
Eleazer	Nov. 11, 1824	July 12, 1826	
Ann Elizabeth	Nov. 4, 1827	May 14, 1862	

Samuel Smith died unmarried.

Children of Clarissa Smith and Capt. Eben Caldwell, married July 13, 1824.

Albert Henry	June 12, 1826	June 20, 1893	Frances Augusta Hallett
Abby Hooper	Dec. 6, 1827	July 31, 1855	
Clara Ann	Mar. 18, 1829	Dec. 26, 1868	Rev. Reuben T. Robinson
Eben	Oct. 1, 1830	Apr. 17, 1833	
Ellen	Dec. 18, 1832		S. Brainard Pratt
Eben	June 6, 1836		Octavia G. Hallett
Mary Thurston	Jan. 27, 1840		

Children of Rachel Smith and Dr. Simeon E. Strong, married March 28, 1833.

Frederic William	Jan. 4, 1834	Aug. 17, 1907	Catherine B. West
Louisa Emerson	Aug. 16, 1835	June 21, 1900	Rev. George W. Sargent
Lucy Frances	Apr. 11, 1838	Feb 3, 1904	
Edward Trask	Feb. 10, 1840		Annie G. Hervey
Henry Sargent	Mar. 20, 1842	Mar. 11, 1864	Died in Navy
Frank Lee	Nov. 24, 1844		Mary L. Clement

Children of Elizabeth Smith and John W. Mann, married Sept. 29, 1825.

	Born	Died	Married
John William	Jan. 13, 1827	Apr. 3, 1845	
Samuel Smith	Apr. 8, 1828	May 1, 1860	Mary H. Graves
Eleazer Hooper	Mar. 25, 1831	Dec. 24, 1853	
Robert Cogswell	Aug. 9, 1833	Mar. 9, 1873	Emily M. Durant
David Crafts	Nov. 21, 1835		Abby S. Harriman
Charles Hooper Trask	Aug. 10, 1841	Oct. 1, 1906	
Eliza Eveline	May 2, 1843	Aug. 24, 1844	
Abby Smith	Apr. 15, 1845		

Children of Martha Lee Smith and Dr. Joshua Porter, married May 6, 1835.

Frederick William	May 12, 1836	Sept. 28, 1894	Addie Briggs and Susie E. Ryall
Sarah Snell	Nov. 20, 1837	July 31, 1839	
Sarah Louisa	May 1, 1840	Dec. 26, 1843	
Harriet Augusta	May 26, 1842	Sept. 3, 1858	
Charles Austin	Dec. 2, 1843		Melissa Denslow DeWitt, Mary E. DeWitt
Ernest	Aug. 14, 1846	Nov. 30, 1889	Jane E. Holm
Sarah Matenah Harris	Oct. 7, 1848		
Henry	Apr. 9, 1851	Apr. 9, 1851	

Children of Jane Burgess Smith and Capt. Jacob P. Holm, married Dec. 7. 1840.

Jane Eliza	June 7, 1842		Ernest Porter
Jacob Fiske	Dec. 20, 1845	Feb. 28, 1846	
Jacob Henry	Oct. 10, 1847	Sept. 4, 1848	
William Ropes	Oct. 7, 1849		
George Peterson	Aug. 10, 1852	Jan. 30, 1866	

DESCENDANTS OF NABBY CRAFTS 210.

LIVING 136.

	Whole Number of Children	Living Children
Joseph Hooper	6	4
Abigail Hooper Trask	15	12
Jacob Hooper	41	28
Eleazer Hooper	7	6
Samuel Smith	—	—
Clarissa Smith Caldwell	38	26
Rachel Smith Strong	32	25
Elizabeth Smith Mann	39	25
Martha Lee Smith Porter	16	7
Jane Burgess Smith Holm	6	3
	10	
	210	136