

6 Horatio Kempton & Lumber was burned night of Oct 1st 1856. The alarm was at 11 o'clock. At this time John Hillman - fell from a ladder striking his head in such a manner that he died the following evening at 9 o'clock. The thing that set fire to that lumber yard murdered him and he was one of the finest men in the world. I liked him; he was always so kind and pleasant to us. I as a boy carried milk to his house every morning for years. The incendiary who caused the death of such a man to useful and so universally beloved must have had a remorse like that described by Shakespeare - *Macbeth*. "Murder though it have no tongue, will speak with most miraculous organ."

Continued.
"I thought I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more! Macbeth!"

I took a Quiet Claim Deed of the Land where my house was built (corner of North and County Streets) (paid in full - 1892).

I kept this deed, thinking I might buy some more land and then have a division without a deed, as this property has been divided from generation to generation (for 243 years this year 1894). It came from the Indian Title in 1652 - Mr. Kempton had 1/32 part of the Indian purchase of this Township of Dartmouth. The title was from Wampanaguen and his son Wampanutta. See Ellis History of New Bedford. (This deed was carried to the Registry of Deeds 22nd of Mar 1894) - I now have it among my deeds.

"Just here we have a suggestion of the oppulent pleasure of reminiscences, which follow travel, as those of anticipation precede it, and those of realization attend it. Memory and Imagination as twin Enchanters, reconstruct the scenery of the past, and bear us to and fro with the ease and speed of thought. In his blindness at Fountains, Niebuhr used to sit quietly in his chair, while a serene smile would light up his venerable face. When asked the source of his pleasure, he would refer to his Oriental travels, which he was again producing before his still unclouded

mental vision - a sweet alleviation in hours of unwilling idleness. Mr. St. James times of deep thought, and pleasant contemplation. Oh! what glorious fields of beauty he was travelling over again.

Every man has as much right to kill himself as he has to live a useful life.

The closing part of the address of Mayor Hodgkins Mayor of Somerville to the City Council Jan 2nd 1893.

From this day you may be called upon to sacrifice personal & private inclinations and interests in order to promote the public good.

You are the servants of the City, and your business is to legislate for the best interests of this City. It will be no unusual event, if in the discharge of your highest trust, temptation in one form or another may assail you, and urge you from the stern paths of rectitude and public duty.

Resist I beseech you, every such inclination. Be true to your oath of obligation, to yourselves, and to the City you are to serve. Then, when you lay aside the cares, the responsibilities and onerous duties of your office, you will go forth from your City Hall able to look any man squarely in the face, respected, perhaps beloved, by your fellow citizens, and better, far better, than all else, with a conscience void of offense, toward God and man.

Somerville