

M. A. Safford. 1910-



# Memorial Exercises

held in Honor of

Abelaide Gilley Waldron

by the

Friday Afternoon Club

Farmington, New Hampshire

February twenty-fifth

Nineteen 'ten

Memorial to Adelaide Gilley Waldron

## Memorial to Adelaide Cilley Waldron

THE LIFE STORY OF MRS. ADELAIDE CILLEY WALDRON.

ANNIE EDGERLY THAYER.

On the twenty-third day of February, eighteen hundred forty-three, to the Rev. Daniel Plumer Cilley, a scholarly clergyman, and his wife, Adelaide Ayers (Haines) Cilley, a woman of remarkable mentality, a daughter was born, who, as poet, author, compiler and journalist, was destined to become not only one of the most distinguished women of New Hampshire, but whose name takes a leading rank as well in the notable list of versatile writers of New England.

Adelaide Cilley Waldron, using a favorite pathetic expression of her own, "began the sad habit of existence" in Manchester, and was the second child and elder daughter in a family of five children.

Her ancestors, famous in colonial history, were among the first settlers of this country, her great-grandfather Haines having been a lieutenant in the regiment commanded by her great-grandfather Cilley in the War of the Revolution.

She was, on the maternal side, a descendant of Councillor Robert Elliot, Major Charles Frost, the Sherburnes, and Sir William Pepperell, his niece, Sarah Pepperell, having been her great-great-grandmother.

Her grandmother Cilley was a sister to William Plumer of Epping, who was for four years governor of New Hampshire, and later engaged in literary pursuits. Her father was an own cousin to Hon.

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Jonathan Cilley, the congressman who was killed in eighteen hundred thirty-eight, in a duel, by William J. Graves of Kentucky, and also an own cousin to Joseph Longfellow Cilley of Exeter, whose son, Bradbury Longfellow Cilley, was for forty years the celebrated professor of ancient languages at Phillips-Exeter Academy, of whom Dean Briggs of Harvard, replying to the criticism that his methods were old-fashioned, said, "If that is so, I wish we had more old-fashioned teachers."

These illustrious ancestors numbered among their own many a brave patriot of heroic spirit who, with marvelous courage, marched forward to victory, achieving, by reason of this same undaunted courage, honor for America, and glory for the American flag, in the face of almost certain defeat: it was a grand inheritance, this splendid courage, and Adelaide Cilley Waldron possessed it in a marked degree.

In her early childhood the family removed to Boston, and here her education progressed rapidly with all the advantages to be derived from most excellent schools and private tutors.

Even as a child, she had a wonderful mind and a remarkable memory, and at eleven years of age was studying French, German, Latin and Greek, together with other subjects that were occupying children of her own age. Here also her musical instruction commenced, although she was already familiar with the rudiments, having learned the scale at so early an age she could never recall not having known it.

At this period of her life she was the close companion of a favorite



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elder brother, Clinton A. Cilley, then a law student of Harvard, who later won great success in his profession in North Carolina, and to this intimate association may possibly be traced in a degree her early manifestation of an inherent taste for literature, music and the foreign languages.

Mr. Cilley came with his family to Farmington in eighteen hundred fifty-eight, and was installed pastor of the Free Will Baptist Church. In this town Mr. and Mrs. Cilley spent the remainder of their lives with the exception of five years passed in North Carolina at the close of the Civil War.

In eighteen hundred sixty-one he was commissioned as Chaplain of the Eighth Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers. After his return from army service, although for a time his clerical duties were resumed, Mr. Cilley was finally compelled to resign his pastorate, owing to heart trouble, from which disease he died in eighteen hundred eighty-eight, Mrs. Cilley following him in eighteen hundred ninety-six.

From a fascinating child their daughter Adelaide had become a wonderfully beautiful woman of brilliant intellect and charming personality. Although she early evinced decided literary talent, it was not until she accompanied her parents to North Carolina that her first verses were composed and published in *Lippincott's Magazine*. Thenceforward she enjoyed an enviable reputation in the literary world, her poems, sketches, short stories and articles appearing frequently in *Harper's Magazine*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Youth's Companion*, the *Boston Transcript*, and in many other lead-

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ing magazines, newspapers and reviews during her lifetime. Her contributions to our local paper, the *Farmington News*, were a constant source of enjoyment to her many friends at home and abroad. That her literary abilities were widely recognized is proven by the fact that she was a valued member of the New England Woman's Press Association, and the New Hampshire Weekly Publishers' Association. She was also a charter member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, a state officer of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, first president, and later honorary president of this, the Farmington Friday Afternoon Club, secretary of the Old Home Week Association, a member of the Pascataqua Congregational Club, and the Club of the New Hampshire Daughters, member and clerk of the First Church, and a trustee of the Public Library. Fulfilling the promise of her childhood, she became an accomplished musician, and was organist at the First Church for many years until a fall, resulting in a bad fracture, occasioned a confinement of many months in her room. Her aunt, Miss Harriot P. Haines, a truly remarkable woman of fine intellectual endowments, became in her later years a member of the household.

In eighteen hundred sixty-two Mrs. Waldron was married to Dr. Nathaniel C. Parker, who died a few years later. In eighteen hundred seventy-one, on her return to the North, she was married to Judge John Waldron, and two daughters, Cecil and Elisabeth, or Lily as she was commonly called, perfected the happiness of this union, but little Lily died at the age of six years after a brief illness, and from this great and overwhelming sorrow Mrs. Waldron never

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fully recovered.

With every qualification for a successful public, club, and social life, she was never so happy as when in her own delightful home she was surrounded by those near and dear to her, and the gracious hospitality of this noble woman, whose very presence was an inspiration to all, will ever remain the brightest in the rosary of delightful memories of happy hours counted in the history of the Friday Afternoon Club.

Throughout her long illness, which extended into the second year, her faithful husband was ever by her side to care for her, and to do "the things that no one else could do quite so well," and in the last few months were granted her the tender and unremitting ministrations of her devoted daughter.

On the sixteenth of June, nineteen hundred nine, during the long twilight hour she, like a weary child, fell asleep, and thus realized the truth and beauty of the closing stanza of her poem written in long ago lenten days:

"The new Jerusalem I see,  
Whence every ill shall banished be;  
An angel's voice in triumph rings,  
And death is daunted as he sings  
Of victory."



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### HER RELATIONS WITH FAMOUS PEOPLE.

LOUISE M. T. PERKINS.

Mrs. Waldron's relations to famous people, both by kinship and co-operative literary work, were many.

Her kinship, though a bit remote, to the poet Longfellow points us to a direction whence may have come some of the talent shown in lines signed "A. C. W."

Though Portland claims the bard Longfellow, it is to a little house in one of New England's oldest parishes—Byfield—that we may look for the ancestral home. Grandpa and Grandma Longfellow, in their cottage on the hill by Parker River, were a couple to hold in great respect as I remember them in my own childhood. Our A. C. W. had many of their delicate ways and the clinging to the "old."

A newspaper clipping reveals these words in reference to Mrs. Waldron's verse—"like the sweet music of Longfellow." In our own little New Hampshire town, Mrs. Waldron was friendly with "Clara Augusta," of whom it is doubtful if any woman contributor to periodicals has received larger returns for her work, with the exceptions of those who own royalties on plays.

Mrs. Waldron for years contributed to the *Granite Monthly*, and this work threw her in with literary people not only within our state but outside. One of her co-laborers on this magazine wrote to me not long ere our townswoman's decease and inquired for her and

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spoke great words of praise. This man was George Bancroft Griffith, as well known a poet as New Hampshire possesses, and it is to one of his poems that Hezekiah Butterworth attributes his trips to South America and the literary products which followed. Mrs. Waldron wrote for the *Philadelphia Press*, and one of her articles in this was republished in the *Union Signal* and commented upon in highest praise by one of the nation's foremost temperance leaders, Frances E. Willard. For a long time Mrs. Waldron was connected with the *Concord Monitor*, of which Mr. George H. Moses, now United States Minister to Greece, was the editor. Mrs. Waldron stood in high esteem among members of the Press Association, a leader of which is Mrs. Daggett, of Newton, Mass.

A poem by Mrs. Waldron, on Queen Victoria at time of "Jubilee," caused comment of notables in Europe and even the queen herself ordered her secretary to send a note of thanks to the writer; also a gifted Englishwoman in America sent a letter to Farmington. At a meeting of Britons in Boston, the assemblage listened with bowed heads to the poem "Victoria," and it was printed in the *Boston Journal*. This shows A. C. W.'s affiliation with more people and papers. Even a share of fame in the names mingling to write a history of our Rebellion belongs to that of our departed friend. In the book compiled by Stephen G. Abbott, chaplain in regiment of New Hampshire Volunteers, she wrote the chapter on "The Women of New Hampshire in the Rebellion," which, to quote, "is as valuable a one as the book contains." She ends this chapter with loyal words, "Things of the noblest sort our own soil breeds," which she could

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prove by her own ties. Even her earlier writings were gathered with others to compose the book of "America's Younger Poets."

Another poem of witty vein is found in Kate Sanborn's book. The author of this book is daughter of the late Professor Sanborn of Dartmouth College and grandniece of Daniel Webster. This author and Mrs. Waldron were great friends.

Another friend, showing how Mrs. Waldron was thrown with college people, was the late President Cheney of Bates College, as sagacious a man as colleges boast of. For his college she wrote a baccalaureate hymn by special request.

In speaking one day of "Fly Rod," Mrs. Waldron told me of literary associations with her. "Fly Rod" is best known in Maine, but other parts of our country have read her magic words, and she is a woman who honors none unworthy.

"Let music swell the breeze, and ring from all the trees," etc., written by S. T. Smith, in 1832, was a verse found among Mrs. Waldron's possessions, in the handwriting of the author, dated 1888, which leads us to suppose this author and ours must have been fellow laborers with the pen, which has often the name of being mightier than the sword.

These I have mentioned are but a very few in the category of names one might repeat.

Let us all remember this, that one little woman dear to *our* hearts has won the heads and hearts of others afar and wide.

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MRS. WALDRON, THE WRITER.

MARY E. AVERY.

Men and women are such a combination of the traits of their ancestors that if we look back far enough, we can find the different elements that produce a notable character.

With Mrs. Waldron it is not necessary to trace a long line of ancestors, elements sufficient to produce a notable woman could be found in both father and mother; added to this rich inheritance of brain, the true nobility of birth, was an education through private tutors and the best schools in New England.

As a child she showed great fondness for reading and at an early age she gave evidence of ability as a writer. Her writings included: prose and verse, holiday books, hymns, stories for children, letters for leading daily papers, and historical works.

Perhaps among all of her writings nothing attracted greater attention than her life of Henry Wilson, and it is doubtful if any person who ever wrote his life, gave a better description of the early life of this great man than did Mrs. Waldron. The paper in which it was printed largely increased its circulation and letters came from near and afar, expressing admiration for the gifted writer. If you would know her faithful delineation of character and her painstaking investigation as a writer, read her "History of Farmington" and her "Life of Henry Wilson."



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For sixteen years she was a writer for her home paper, describing little events, every-day characters, their small joys and sorrows; she was the simple, candid interpreter of life and her own unpretending mode of living kept her in touch with the democratic side of life.

Through all of her writings you will find the golden thread of sympathy. She thought in the thorny intercourse of affairs, in the conflict of interests, it was easy to blend ambition with duty and was ready to accord to transgressors the benefit of extenuating circumstances.

For twenty-five years she was a contributor to the *Monitor* and *Statesman*. During that period what a gallery of figures she sketched and with what marvellous delicacy of touch her figures were drawn! Hon. William E. Chandler says: "Mrs. Adelaide Cilley Waldron's writings for the newspaper press at Concord were continued for more than a quarter of a century and read by me with delight. They were pleasing, attractive, and full of gentle and genial human interest. She is entitled to a high place in the list of New Hampshire authors."

When the pen had dropped from her weak fingers and they refused longer to hold it, she suggested a correspondent for one of New Hampshire's leading newspapers for which she had long been a writer, and received from the editor the following reply: "So many people know you personally and enjoyed your style of writing that the Farmington letter, while you sent it, was an attraction to a great many of our readers elsewhere than in Farmington; but it was your personality that made it so, and I do not feel that it would so continue to be with any other writer. We have now decided to drop the

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Farmington letter until you are able to take it up again. When the time comes that you feel that you can write again, understand that we shall be most happy to renew the Farmington letter again in our columns."

When told of her death that same editor replied: "I do not know how I can do without her; when I wanted information upon any subject I always went to her and she never failed me." She, who was so charitable of failure in others, never failed.

When news of her death had crossed the ocean and reached the American Legation in Athens, from our United States Minister to Greece, with whom she had been associated in literary work, came expressions of sympathy to the grief-stricken mourners in her home, with words expressing his own personal loss.

Of her relation to the Farmington Friday Afternoon Club, it is needless for me to speak. You all know how much she has given to us of her self and how proud we always were to claim her as a member of our club.

Wonderfully gifted woman, great of heart, great of mind! Where shall we find her like?

### VALENTINE.

ADELAIDE CILLEY WALDRON.

What will the morning bring to me,  
To make the sun more brightly shine  
And touch with fire the jeweled tree  
That sparkles o'er a world divine?  
Shall some sweet word of love from thee,  
For which my longing heart doth pine,  
Speed as a dove white-winged to me  
To crown the day, my Valentine?  
And as the round and radiant moon  
Upon our clasping hands shall shine,  
Wilt thou sigh, "Wedding bells may soon  
Ring Winter out, my Valentine?"

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MRS. WALDRON, THE FRIEND.

INEZ M. NOYES.

"If stores of dry and learned lore we gain,  
We keep them in the memory of the brain;  
Names, things and facts, whate'er we knowledge call,  
There is the common ledger for them all;  
And images on this cold surface traced,  
Make light impressions and are soon effaced.

"But we've a page more glowing and more bright,  
On which our friendship and our love to write.  
That these may never from the soul depart,  
We trust them to the memory of the heart.  
There is no dimming—no effacement here,  
Each new pulsation keeps the record clear.  
Warm, golden letters all the tablets fill,  
Nor lose their lustre till the heart stands still."

Thus aptly has Daniel Webster, in this little poem written so long ago, described our different methods of preserving dull facts and knowledge gained, and the words and deeds of friends still with us, and the precious memories of the dear ones who have passed from this life. I think each of you, with me, can draw from these tablets of our hearts' memories many recollections of the loving and friendly words and deeds of her whose memory we honor.

Her bright and gracious personality, together with an engaging disposition, made friendship with her an object to be desired, while her presence was an inspiration for one to put forth one's best efforts.

Many words of appreciation from former residents of Farmington have come to me in connection with this memorial service—of her quick sympathy in times of bereavement and trouble, expressed in loving acts and words of condolence, and of her equally ready



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response in the pleasant events of life, with hearty words of congratulation.

Many a high school graduate, struggling with a dry subject for an essay for whom the muse failed to respond, attest the inspiration received from Mrs. Waldron, and a satisfactory essay was the result of a short consultation with her.

Elderly people have spoken in feeling terms, of words written for the paper upon the decease of some dear relative or friend—a little thing in itself, perhaps, and yet meaning much to those afflicted.

From the association of many years in her newspaper work, when it was my privilege to set in type so many of her characteristic articles, I draw many pleasant recollections. In her visits to the office she seldom came without some little token that bespoke remembrance—sometimes a handful of favorite flowers from her garden, often a dainty confection of her own preparing, a little poem we had talked of, or a household recipe; whatever the gift, it was always accompanied with bright and cheering words that would lighten the busy hours of labor and make a dull day seem less long.

In the club work so many instances of her friendly deeds are inscribed on these tablets of our hearts, that her memory can never be effaced and in that brighter and higher life to which we all aspire, we trust to take up this friendship, which has seemed such a personal loss to all, and under happier conditions, enjoy more fully the bright presence of our friend.

“Friend after friend departs,  
Who hath not lost a friend?  
There is no union here of hearts  
That finds not here an end.”

BEACHMONT, MASS., February 4, 1910.



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MRS. WALDRON, THE MUSICIAN.

IDA M. PEARL.

If you accept Art it must be a part of your daily life. You will have it with you in your sorrow as in your joy. It shall be shared by gentle and simple, learned and unlearned, and be as a language all can understand.

Our friend accepted *music* as a part of *her* daily life. It was with her in sorrow and joy, and *shared* by gentle and simple, learned and unlearned, and in a language all could understand. Her career as a musician gave credit to herself and her profession. The greater part of her musical education was obtained during her school days in Boston, studying harmony and piano with some of our best instructors at that time. Throughout the whole of her busy life music was ever at the front, mingled with her varied duties. She always gave of her time and talent freely and wherever needed. She came among us a young girl, and what she accomplished for the education of the public and for the cause of music in our town during those years of service is not recorded in any written annals, and cannot be. It is a part of the history of Farmington and of the lives of her citizens which she enriched and made better, and purer, and happier, by inspiring them with an appreciation of the highest and best forms of music and by revealing to them the ineffable beauties of the art to

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which she devoted a part of her life with noble and unselfish purpose. Mrs. Waldron served as organist in the First Congregational Church until it was destroyed by fire, in the winter of 1876, and also in the present one, until 1896, when she was injured in a coach accident. She began teaching music about 1871, and until a year or two before her last illness that was a part of her daily duties, ever painstaking and conscientious in transmitting her knowledge and talent to others. As an accompanist, too much cannot be said in her praise. Accompaniment playing is in its highest sense replete with beautiful influence and helpfulness. It is a science, and upon it depends the work of singers and of several kinds of instrumentalists. It stands for something and the accompanist for somebody. To use a homely illustration, an accompanist is to the soloist what a dress is to the wearer; though the garment may look lovely alone in its richness and expression of taste, it is not a success until it conforms to the special requirements of the wearer. It must round out the awkward curves, and make more beautiful the graceful lines. It must sink into that of the more important one before the beauty of each in relation to one another can be enhanced. One who never has sung can hardly comprehend the inspiration and aid the player gives the soloist. Our friend gave of her very best always, whenever called upon, many times when it seemed almost an impossibility for her to leave her other duties.

Many beautiful poems were written and set to music by Mrs. Waldron. They were for those in sorrow and bereavement, in joy and gladness, written for our own townspeople as well as for the press.

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The hymn composed for her life-long friend, and our honored club member, Mrs. Fernald, on the death of her husband, and sung at the time by Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Kimball, Mrs. Putnam and Mr. Carleton, is very beautiful and comforting.

### HYMN.

BY ADELAIDE CILLEY WALDRON.

Father, sore afflicted, lonely,  
Trusting in Thy word,  
Consolation of Thee only,  
Can I ask, O Lord.

Through this day of pain and sorrow  
When but clouds I see,  
Of Thy strength O let me borrow;  
Be Thou near to me.

In my trouble Thou are grieved,  
Thou wilt share my pain;  
And because I am bereaved,  
Lord, with me remain. Amen.

### EASTER HYMN.

WRITTEN FOR MRS. IDA PEARL.

Bright tinted butterflies, fain would I know  
What life hath taught to you. Whisper it low.  
Soft comes the answer down, sweetest of things,  
That in our greatest need, God giveth wings.

The summer comes and goes, joyful birds take wing.  
Father, Thou guidest them to the land of spring,  
So I watch them in their flight, praying as I stand,  
Thou wilt guide *me* home at last to Thy fair summer land.

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A sonnet to Queen Victoria, entitled "Victoria the Good," brought its author a note of thanks from Buckingham palace, and also an appreciative letter from a gifted Englishwoman in America. At a recent meeting of Britons in Boston, the assemblage listened with bowed heads to its reading and gave as the toast of the evening, "Victoria the Good," and those present, through the chairman of the evening, desired to express their sincere thanks to its writer. So delicate and yet so fine a compliment is one to be deeply appreciated by any author.

### VICTORIA. MAY TWENTY-FOURTH.

In that great day when shall begin His reign  
Who set the stars in heavens, wide and free,  
And bade the mighty billows of the sea  
Responsive to their coursing wax and wane;  
When stilled from strivings perilous and vain  
The ancient empires of the earth shall be,  
And wait His justice all that company  
Upon whose brows the crown of Kings has lain—  
Then shall His countenance upon thee shine,  
O venerated Queen, and thou shalt hear  
A voice pronounce thy name in tones divine  
Whose music with delight shall thrill thy ear,  
Proclaiming thee of royal womanhood  
The flower and pride, Victoria the Good.

ADELAIDE CILLEY WALDRON.

Farmington, N. H.

"The charming poem, 'Boat Song,' by Mrs. A. C. Waldron, was originally printed in the *Morning Star*. Mrs. Waldron's verse is always exquisite and as delicious as a day in June. It has also that spiritual quality which is so much a part of what Longfellow wrote."

### BOAT SONG. BY ADELAIDE CILLEY WALDRON.

Do you swing with the tide little boat, little boat,  
On the crest of the wave do you sway;  
At the will of the wind do you float, do you float,  
Adrift on the ocean gray?  
"O I swing with the tide, as I ride, as I ride,  
On the murmuring waves of the sea;  
And I drift with the wind over waters wide,  
As it seemeth God's will for me."  
If the tempest awake, little bark, little bark,  
And the clouds be black in the sky,  
Do you tremble with fear, in the dark, in the dark,  
Because of the dangers nigh?  
"O neither the night nor the storm frighteth me  
As I lie in the cradling breast  
Of the deep-bosomed sea, for, whatever shall be,  
God permits it, and so that is best."  
Let me sail with you then, little boat, little boat,  
And mayhap we shall find a smooth strand,  
Where is anchorage safe, in a harbor remote,  
With the kingdom of joy at hand.  
Farmington, N. H., 1897.



