

The Harvard Road, "which has seemed to be the war-horse in town for the past year," had a hearing in town meeting on Monday last, upon an order from the County Commissioners to have the road constructed by the first of December next. It was learned after diligent inquiry that the town had, through their authorized agents, received this order three or four months since, or soon enough before March meeting to have presented the information to the citizens for their consideration, but it has been withheld by them to the present time, from motives best known to themselves. The friends of the road, believing the order had been missed by their agents, silently long enough thought it might with propriety attempt to be weaned, they therefore called by petition this meeting. Result—the selectmen to procure estimates and report at a future meeting; or, gaining strength but requiring a little longer nursing.

GONE HOME.—Doubtless some of the readers of your columns have seen therein the accounts of the one hundredth and first birth-day anniversary of Mrs. John Tenney, of Littleton.

She passed to the spirit land on Saturday, May 25, after an illness of about three weeks, at the age of one hundred and one years, ten months and sixteen days. Her funeral took place at the Orthodox church on Tuesday, 28th inst., at two o'clock, p. m., which was attended by the Rev. Mr. Morton and Cooley of this place, her remains were then followed to the Littleton depot, from whence they were taken to Temple, N. H., to be lain beside those of her husband who passed on before her, twenty years ago.

Though she will be missed and mourned by those who knew her best and loved her most, they can but feel that what is loss to them is indeed gain to her. She has long wished to go to her heavenly home, and to be with Jesus, but *hoped* she would be *will-ing* to wait God's appointed time. She remarked to her daughter a few days before her death, "I should think you would be happy to see me in my coffin." It was apparently a mystery to her why she was not called home sooner. She had, she thought, finished her work and was only waiting.

She leaves a large circle of relatives, (her descendants numbering the fifth generation,) who will long fondly cherish her memory.

The deceased, whose maiden name was Lucy Reed, was born July 9th, 1770, on the place now owned and occupied by Chas. W. Houghton; was married in 1793, to John Tenney, also a native of this town, and lived on the place now owned by Thomas Cote, until she became the mother of four children. She afterwards removed to Vermont. After remaining five years in that place, she removed with her family to New Ipswich, N. H., to administer to the wants of her then aged mother, there she remain-

ed till that loved mother passed away cheerfully and tenderly, administering to her every want:

Dearest mother thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
Angels gathered round thy bedside,
And thy parted lips did seal.

It was our privilege to visit Mrs. Tenney upon the anniversary of her one hundred and first birth-day. She retained her mental faculties remarkably, and related to us scenes and incidents which transpired in her youth, with a freshness and vigor of thought which seemed to make them almost realities of the present. How she remembered, in April, 1775, the ringing of the bells which aroused the yeomanry of the land to stay the tide of British aggression. How her father, Mr. Thomas Reed, hurried into the house for his gun and saddle, which hung behind the door, mounted his horse, and with a nervous good-by to mother and children, quickly sped away for Concord. How her elder brother sat upon the hearth melting bullets for the older ones to use in the defence of their country, and another went vigorously to work whittling out wooden swords, declaring that *he* would fight the British. She spoke also of the late war, of its wickedness, of the sacrifice of so many precious lives, made necessary for the maintenance of our beloved country intact. Of the custom of spinning and weaving in the family, all wearing household manufactures. She also talked of persons and families who lived in town in years gone by, and whose descendants are now upon the stage of active life. She seemed to reach out her thoughts and, with a grasp, bring down the history of the past, to our mental vision, with a vividness which made it exceedingly interesting to listen to her. Her mental faculties held out bright to within a few weeks of her death.

Her hundredth birth-day was celebrated by the gathering of her children, grand-children, great-grand-children, nephews and neices, to the number of sixty-five, at the house of her daughter, Mrs. Lucy T. Hoar, some of them coming quite a distance. She enjoyed the occasion exceedingly; rose in the morning, dressed herself, walked across the room without assistance, and entered into conversation with each one present.

She leaves six children living: Oliver, aged seventy-six years, Lucy T. Hoar, aged seventy-two, Asa, sixty-nine, John, sixty-five, Barnard, sixty-three, whose combined ages amount to 412 years. She has buried three children. One son who died at the age of twenty-one years, two daughters who died at the respective ages of sixty-six and seventy-three years; combined ages of children at the time of their decease, one hundred and sixty years. All but one of her children were present at the funeral. Remarkable longevity seems to be the type of the family, her brothers and sisters, most of them, living to what is commonly called a great age.