

song, music, and the dance, and in turn come earnest discussions and tearful memories. As Dr. Jacob S. Eaton, the brother of John Eaton, was wont to remark, "Perfect order and perfect freedom reign."

Sometimes large parties of friends arrive, lunch is served, toasts given, speeches made, side-splitting stories told, the old familiar songs are sung, and then perhaps visits to the spring, and music and dance and round and round of jollity.

On Sabbaths, in the days of Rev. Horace Eaton, D. D., came friends from the neighborhood, and sometimes from more distant villages, to hear his thoughtful, eloquent, and sometimes very touching discourses. One of these sermons, upon the text II Samuel 23: 15, "And David longed and said, 'O that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem which is by the gate,'" will never be forgotten by those who heard him. He dwelt upon the heart's yearning for the old scenes and hearthstones, and the beauty of children's restoring the old dwelling, and gathering as here in the home of their parents and their childhood.

It was the delight of the Eaton brothers and sisters to see how dear the old place was to their uncles, Dr. Jacob S. Eaton of Harvard, Mass., and of Rev. Dr. Horace Eaton of Palmyra, N. Y., and to their aunts, the sisters of their father, Mrs. Ruth K. Sherburne, Mrs. Sally Dresser, and Miss Lucretia K. Eaton. Here they found the fountain of youth, and revelled in the scenes of their childhood. Dr. Horace wandered over the fields and climbed the hills as one in a trance, possessed of a heavenly vision. Dr. Jacob and "Aunt Ruth" referred to it to the last with the enthusiasm and rapture of a Mohammedan saint to the Mecca of his joy. "A charm from the skies seemed to hallow them" here.

An instance of the gay humor of Dr. Jacob S. Eaton when here, even in his old age, must be perpetuated. At eighty-two years of age, he sat at the table with aunt Christina (Andrews) Callan, of Washington, D. C., then seventy years of age. As he met her at the breakfast table his first morning, taking her hand warmly and drawing her slightly and gently aside, he said to her with the grace of a cavalier, "Madam, I dreamed of you last night."

Among the most interesting incidents of the reunions at the Grange was the golden wedding of "Aunt and Uncle Sherburne," Sept. 6, 1875, of which a contemporary newspaper gave the following account :