

*Hiram Ladd Spencer.*

which in many cases is quite foreign to the lines. He himself once said :— "If my verses embodied nothing but words I would think they did not amount to much."

The following reminiscence is quoted from an article written by Mr. Spencer in November, 1908, which was published in the St. John Evening Times, and relates to his early boyhood :—

"About this time I began to think how I would employ myself in the years to come if I should chance to escape the fate of our neighbor and live to the great age of my grandfather when he died, for I was 'puny' and it had been decided that I would never be equal to the hardships of manual labor. I thought long and finally called in three boys of about my own age for consultation. They were Stephen Griswold, (he afterwards married Nancy and was happy,) Pliny Cheever and Newell Hooker. Cheever was "puny" like myself, was very quiet and had a great love for books. We talked long, earnestly and soberly. Hooker decided that he would go West, and he did so a few years later ; Griswold that he would stay on his father's farm, (he was an only son,) and he did so with Nancy for a partner ; and Cheever and I that we would write books, as we were good for nothing else.

"It was decided that we would get a large blank book which each of us should have in his possession a week at a time, during which he should write in it a story, essay or poem, and that once a month we would meet to read and criticise our various productions. Hooker and Griswold did not aspire to 'literary eminence,' but cooperated with Cheever and me for encouragement. Cheever was very ambitious and wrote what I thought fine stories, and verse hardly inferior to Byron's, but his health declined rapidly, and a year after we set out in