

what successful imitation, has given to us his interpretation of what he rightly calls: "The Anvil Chorus."

Our village possessed not a few of these smiters, or rather smoothers of iron, as the original word means. They were skilled workers, making with their own hands the horseshoe, the plowshare; also bolts, bands, chains, rings, hooks, plates, and skeins, in a word all irons needful for a well finished wagon; besides any useful article in iron or steel could be manufactured to order by this ingenious smith. Among the many who had shops in the village I will mention only one. The name of William Mars will be readily recalled by our oldest citizens. He would hardly answer to the portraiture as drawn by our poet Longfellow; and yet he was a veritable Village blacksmith. He was one of the first settlers in the village. His log shop was the first of its kind in the town. It was built on the northeast corner of First and Poplar streets. Mr. Mars was short, heavy set, brusque, honest and capable. In later life he always carried a walking stick, an emblem of authority, as he was elected to the office of marshal when the town was first incorporated in 1832. It is recorded that "Uncle Billy had a great contempt for writs, summonses and mayor's courts, and did the whole of that kind of business himself. He fined the man wherever he found him; and what was remarkable, there never was an appeal taken from his judgment."