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HISTORY OF BERLIN, CONNECTICUT

BY

CATHARINE M. NORTH

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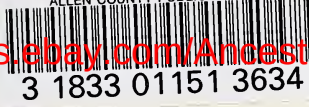
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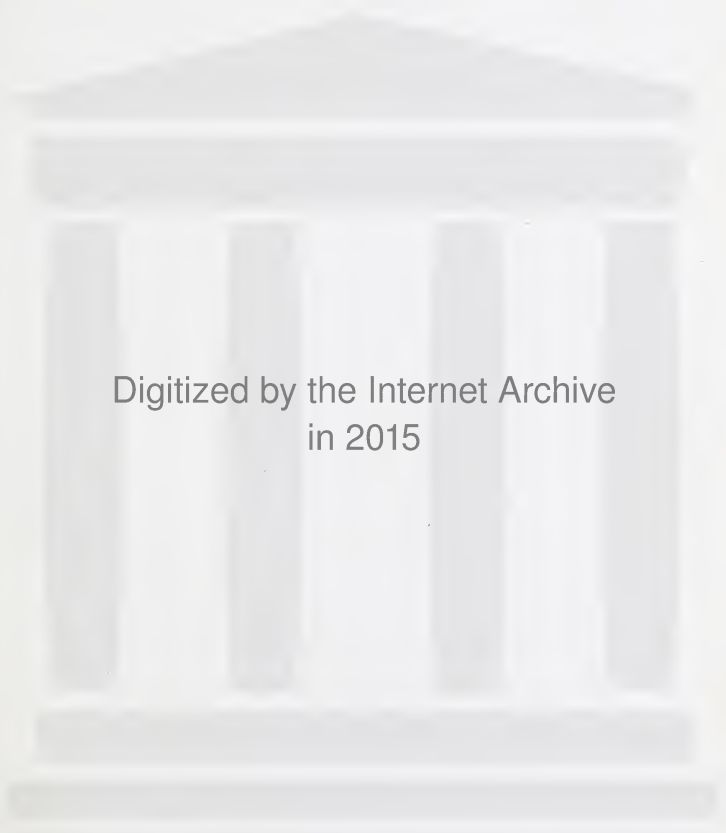
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Catherine M. North

HISTORY OF BERLIN ✓

CONNECTICUT

BY

CATHARINE M. NORTH

REARRANGED AND EDITED WITH FOREWORD

BY

ADOLPH BURNETT BENSON, Ph.D.

INSTRUCTOR IN

SHEFFIELD SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL OF YALE UNIVERSITY



NEW HAVEN

THE TUTTLE, MOREHOUSE & TAYLOR COMPANY

1916

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BY
ELIZABETH W. NORTH

1378400

TO

THE MANY DEAR BERLIN FRIENDS,
WHO WERE SO FAITHFUL IN THEIR FRIENDSHIP,
SO WARM, LOVING, AND TRUE IN THEIR AFFECTION,
THIS BOOK IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR'S SISTER,
ELIZABETH W. NORTH

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FOREWORD

Catharine Melinda North, daughter of Deacon Alfred North and Mary Olive Wilcox, was born March 1, 1840, and, with the exception of one year in girlhood, spent her whole life in Berlin, Conn. She was educated in the Curtis School in Hartford, studied in the Boston Conservatory, and taught music for a long time in her home town. "Following the example of her father, whom she so greatly loved and revered, she lived his daily prayer, 'filling up each day with duty and usefulness.'" She interested herself in every good cause, and especially in the work of the Second Congregational Church of Berlin of which she was a member. In the Sunday school, both as pupil and teacher; in the missionary work of the church; and more particularly in the church music, her coöperation was of the utmost importance. At one time she assisted the choir with her truly cultivated and musical contralto voice, and then for years, she led, as organist, the worship of the church. During the declining years of her father, Miss North assisted him in his duties as town clerk, and after his death she gave up her music and continued as agent for the fire insurance companies which he had represented. Her historical work falls in the last quarter of her life, and her notes seem to show that she was working on the history of East Berlin and Beckley Quarter, paying considerable attention to the Bowers family, when a stroke of apoplexy ended her work, July 8, 1914.

Miss North was a director in the Berlin Library Association and a member of the Emma Hart Willard chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. While organist of the Berlin church, she turned over the remuneration she received to the Library Association to be used as a fund. One of her former pupils characterized her as a "truly educated" woman, "fond of study," and whose influence was to teach others. In her research work, she often sat up until the "dawn o' day,"

pondering on historical problems, and it is thought that this may have reduced her physical vitality enough to shorten her career. She possessed, also, a considerable knowledge of botany and had a "genuine love for a flower." An intimate friend has paid the following tribute to the memory of Catharine North:

A long-time friend wishes to express her loving admiration of the character of Miss North, who recently entered into her heavenly rest. Her personality was strong, upright and most interesting; strong in the force of her mental gifts, and in her moral nature; upright in a most conscientious fidelity to all known duty; interesting because responsive to many interests. Her whole nature vibrated in many chords. Did one seek her for advice on any point, how quick she was with her helpfulness and spirit of service! Did one lead the talk to music, art, travel, history, genealogical research, or the deeper things of the spirit, how she brightened and enlarged the subject by her own original ways of looking at it! Who could ever tire of such a companion? When one thinks of the physical pain endured for several years past with the most heroic fortitude, one can but rejoice at the thought of the freed spirit reaching its highest development where all is light and love. We who were her friends are grateful for the companionship of these years, and are glad to believe what has been wisely said, that "Christians never meet for the last time."

S. C. C.

BERLIN, July 16, 1914.

The following chapters contain all of Miss North's work on the history of Berlin which is available for printing. Most of the notes, as is well known, appeared in the *Berlin News*, from November 9, 1905, to October 3, 1907, and many readers expressed the desire at the time that the articles might some day be printed in portable form. In the present volume two distinct papers have been added: one on "Daniel Wilcox, Pioneer Settler," which was read before a meeting of the D. A. R. of Berlin, and another on "The Dunbar Family," which was contributed by one of its members and was found among Miss North's correspondence. To my knowledge, neither one of these has ever appeared in print before. A few notes on Sergeant Beckley have been compiled by the editor from Miss North's papers and added to the first chapter.

A strong revival of interest in the history of Berlin was produced in September, 1905, when residents of the town decided to celebrate an Old Home Day. On this occasion, all interested were invited to participate, either in body or mind, and a small number, who were already engaged in some historical work on Berlin, accelerated their efforts, brought their material into tangible form, and presented it at this celebration, which took place in the Second Congregational Church of Berlin on the twentieth of the month.

At least three letters and papers were read, either wholly or in part, on that memorable Wednesday evening: a letter by Mrs. Jane Porter Hart Dodd of Cincinnati, which gave some "delightful reminiscences of early Berlin"; a paper by Miss Alice Norton on "Memories of Berlin's Earlier Schools;" and one by the Hon. F. L. Wilcox on "A Glimpse into the Industrial Life of Some of the Early Families of Berlin." The first two of these were printed immediately in the *Berlin News*, on September 28th and November 2nd, respectively. A revised version of Mr. Wilcox's paper began to appear the following week, and formed the beginning of the series which Miss North continued and expanded until it had assumed its present proportions (see note, page 168). For a time, Miss North and Mr. Wilcox worked together on the task of revision, but in all collaboration—to use Mr. Wilcox's own words—Miss North was the "real historian." All indebtedness to Mr. Wilcox, who kindly placed his own manuscript at the editor's disposal, is here gratefully acknowledged. Many facts and suggestions on Berlin's early industries may be traced to his paper.

Miss North was the historian of the Committee on Preparations for Old Home Day. In an editorial in the *Berlin News* for September 28, 1905, we find this testimony:

To Miss C. M. North, the *News*, and all who were connected with the committee, are much indebted for her part of the work in compiling the great list of names, and in their arrangement for publication. She was the historian of the committee, and her extended and accurate knowledge of the history of Berlin was a great assistance.

An examination of Miss North's historical legacy, both published and unpublished, reveals a contribution to the history of Berlin of no little importance. Above all, it shows true historical sense; that is, a conscientious research with an untiring effort to obtain historical truth. Any mistake in a published article (in the *Berlin News*) was always corrected and explained in a subsequent paper, and the last installment of the printed series, just before the publication of the *Berlin News* was discontinued, was devoted exclusively to corrections and additions. A study of Miss North's working tools or raw material discloses a surprisingly large variety and quantity of reliable sources. Records of interviews with the oldest residents in town; extracts from correspondence with former residents, who are no longer in Berlin; innumerable newspaper clippings, describing more recent events; hand-made maps of sections of the town, as it existed a hundred years ago, giving roads, houses, and waterways; and, finally, quotations from the official records of Farmington, Wethersfield, Hartford, Middletown, New Britain, and other places, connected in any way with the history of Berlin; all these are well represented among Catharine North's papers. Whenever necessary, of course, authorities outside of the state were consulted.

A word about the literary method of the author. Her style was interesting, decidedly unique, and she frequently punctuated the more sober matters of fact with personal comments or historical anecdotes. With respect to the mechanism of dealing with the historical material, there seems to have been no well-defined plan. As the author herself expresses it in the opening sentence of the paper on Daniel Wilcox, she took "the liberty of going backward, or forward or sideways at—pleasure." In so far as there was a definite plan, it was geographical. Miss North went from house to house, from street to street, giving the history of both present and former residents.

It has been one purpose of this compilation—and the wish of Miss North's friends—to preserve both the content and the style of the original. As far as possible, this has been done.

The task of the editor, therefore, has, for the most part, been a mechanical one. There has been no re-writing in any real sense; neither have any stylistic changes been made. It is hoped, however, that the numerous misprints of the original have been removed; the titles of the chapters have, necessarily, been simplified; and all errors corrected which Miss North herself designated as such. The most important change has been made in the mechanical arrangement of the material. As far as convenient, all data about the same family have been brought together under one heading. The arrangement of the first chapters is meant to have a chronological import; consequently, the earliest settlers of Berlin have been placed at the beginning to serve as an introduction to the rest. This rearrangement has necessitated a few textual changes at points of transition.

Since several historical facts were treated but briefly in the original, and it has seemed impracticable and unnecessary to give each topic a separate heading, several different matters have sometimes been introduced into the same chapter. The reader in some cases, therefore, will be agreeably surprised and will find more than he expected from the title. Whenever this occurs, and there seems to be a break in the continuity of thought, the mind of the reader, as in the original articles, will easily be able to bridge the gap and adjust himself to digressions and abrupt transitions. It should be borne in mind, also, that most of the articles were written ten years ago, and that the "now" of the text refers to conditions as they existed at that time.

A. B. B.

BERLIN, CONN., July, 1916.

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CHAPTER I.

The Earliest Settlers of the Town.—Jonathan Gilbert and His Family.—Captain Andrew Belcher.—Captain Seymour, Keeper of the Fort at Christian Lane.—John Goodrich and Family.—Sergeant Richard Beckley.

One of the early settlers of Hartford was Jonathan Gilbert, ancestor of our Christian Lane family of that name. He married January 29, 1645, Mary, daughter of John White, preaching elder in Thomas Hooker's church. After her death in 1650 he married, second, Mary, daughter of Hugh Wells. He had eleven children. He died December 10, 1682. Besides conducting a tavern and a warehouse in Hartford, Jonathan Gilbert was deputy collector of customs and marshal for the colony. He was also a member of Connecticut's first body of cavalry, formed in 1658, under Major John Mason.

For twenty-six years, from 1638 to 1665, the General Assembly of the Colony of Connecticut met twice a year, and with two exceptions, at Hartford. It consisted of two magistrates and three deputies from each town.

Dr. Horatio Gridley, in his manuscript history of Berlin, says that for a long time their sessions were held in a chamber of Mr. Gilbert's inn, where the members boarded.

In April, 1665, at the last session, before the Connecticut and New Haven Colonies united, there were six magistrates and twenty-five deputies present.

For his services, the General Court convened at Hartford, August 28, 1661, granted him a tract of three hundred and fifty acres of land, with the privilege of choosing it, "provided it be not prejudicial where he finds it to any plantation that now is or hereafter may be settled."

Gilbert's official duties had called him occasionally over the "principal path," leading to New Haven, so that he knew about

the rich meadows in the valley now traversed in Berlin by the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad, and it was here that he took up his grant. By other grants and by purchase he added to his possessions until in 1672 his title deeds covered a landed estate of more than a thousand acres.

The tract included Christian Lane and extended south to the present bounds of Meriden.

Captain Andrew Belcher, born January 1, 1647, was a rich merchant of Boston.

Professor David N. Camp tells us that he was engaged in trade with the Connecticut and New Haven colonies, that he owned several vessels employed in transportation and was the agent of Connecticut in purchasing "armes and ammunition" for the colony and was also employed by Massachusetts to carry provisions from Connecticut to Boston for the supply of the the army and the Massachusetts colony. That

He married July 1st, 1670, Sarah, daughter of Jonathan Gilbert, and had seven children, two sons and five daughters.

His youngest son, Jonathan, born in 1681, graduated at Harvard College in 1699, and soon after visited Europe, where he made the acquaintance of the princess Sophia (Dorothea, wife of King George I) and her son, afterward George II. He was governor of Massachusetts and New Hampshire from 1730 to 1741, and afterwards governor of New Jersey. He was instrumental in enlarging the Charter of Princeton College, of which he was patron and benefactor.

His son Jonathan, grandson of Captain Andrew Belcher, graduated at Harvard College, studied law in London, and was Lieutenant-Governor and Chief Justice of Nova Scotia.

Sir Edward Belcher, a grandson of the preceding, was a commander in the British navy, commanding the expedition which was in search of Sir John Franklin in 1852-54.

When on business at Hartford, Captain Belcher was in the habit of staying at the Gilbert tavern and here he found his wife, Sarah Gilbert.

Soon after his marriage he purchased of his father-in-law the greater part of his farm.

One of the deeds, as confirmed by court, reads in part as follows:

Att a Genall Assembly holden at Newhaven October the 14 1703,

Whereas, the Govenr and company of this her Magesties Colonie of Connecticutt in Genall court assembled at Hartford, Aug. the 28th, 1661, did give and grant unto Jonathan Gilbert of the said town of Hartford, inn holder, decd, three hundred and fifty acres of countrey land for a farm,

and whereas, the said Genall Assembly holden at Hartford, March the 13th, 166 $\frac{1}{2}$, and Octobr the 12th, 1665, did give and grant to Capt. Daniel Clerke of the town of Windzor three hundred acres of land for the same use,

to be taken up partly upon the branches of Mattabessett River, and partly upon the road from Wethersfield to Newhaven, at or near a place called Cold Spring on the west side of a ridge of mountainous land commonly called or known by the name of the Lamentation Hills,

all which appears on record; and the said Jonathan Gilbert did purchase of the said Daniel Clerke his said grant, by which grant and purchase the said Jonath Gilbert obtained to himself and his heirs a good and lawfull right and title to sixe hundred and fiftie acres of the said countrey land,

four hundred and seventy acres whereof was laid out to the said Jonathan Gilbert . . . at and nere the said place called the Cold Spring on the west side of the said Lamentation Hill; the said four hundred and seventie acres of land comprehending within it three pieces of meadowe, one called the south meadow, another the north meadow, and the third beaver meadow; and the said Jonathan Gilbert having purchased the native right of the said land, and of the land thereunto adjoining, amounting in the whole to the sume of one thousand acres and upwards of meadow and upland;

and whereas Capt. Andrew Belcher of the town of Boston in the province of the Massachusetts Bay in Newengland, merchant, hath by purchase gained to himselfe and his heirs forever all the estate, right and title that the heirs or assignes of the said Jonathan Gilbert had or might have in, or to the said four hundred and seventie acres of land, meadow and upland . . . This assembly considering that the said Andrew Beldrer hath expended a considerable estate upon the said land in building tennantable houses and settling tennants therein,

and other improvements which are like to be a public as well as a private benefitt, the said tennements being conveniently situate for the relief of travailers in their journeying from place to place,

for his incouragement to goe forward with his improvements doe see cause to grant his petition . . . provided always, neverthe-

less, that there shall be a country road or highway through the said farme or part thereof, as there shall be occasion.

At the same session of the court Captain John Hamlin petitioned for another grant of land for Captain Belcher:

Which land lyeth between sd Mr. Belcher's farme at Meriden and the mountain called Lamentation.

Captain Thomas Hart and Mr. Caleb Stanley jun, "were ordered to survey the tract and report both as to quantitie and qualitie."

At the next meeting of the General Assembly the committee reported.

We found that the said land petitioned for aforesaid doth contain about two hundred and eightie acres:

And as to the qualitie thereof by reason that the same is almost wholly consisting of steep rocky hills and very stony land we judge it to be very mean and of little value.

As early as 1664 this locality, as far north as New Britain, was known as "Merrideem."

Jonathan Gilbert's deed from Daniel Clark, dated April 22, 1664, is still in the possession of his Christian Lane descendants. It describes the 300 acres of land conveyed as "lying, situate, and laid out at a place called Moridam, where Mr. Jonathan Gilbert's farm is and bounded partly on the Mattabesick River where it may be allowed of the town of Farmington."

Later the whole of the present town of Berlin was known as "Great Swamp."

When the Misses Churchill were planning to come to Berlin to live, they were told in New Haven that there was a "great swamp" up here.

In 1660, when Charles II ascended the throne of England, all who had presided as judges, when the death warrant of his father, Charles I, was signed, were in danger of losing their heads. Ten of the regicides, as they were called, were executed. To escape the same fate, three of the guilty men fled to New England.

At first the "judges" were treated as distinguished guests, but when King Charles sent officers across the water for their arrest,

it was dangerous for minister, magistrate or commoner to befriend the fugitives. It is to be hoped, however, that those, who assisted them, will not be held accountable in the day of judgment, for all the lies they told the officers.

The regicides fled from one hiding place to another, as they were pursued. In 1661 they were secreted in a cave at West Rock, New Haven, since known as "Judges" cave.

Mr. Richard Sperry who lived about a mile west of the "Rock" used to leave food for them on a certain stump, where the men would go for it under cover of darkness. The mountain was full of wolves and wild cats and one night, when a panther appeared at the mouth of the cave, its blazing eyeballs and unearthly screams frightened them so that they abandoned that retreat.

The tradition is that in their wanderings they encamped, for several days, by the side of a river near what is now called West Meriden. The stream is still known as "Harbor Brook." Daniel Clark, secretary and clerk of the court, mentions "Pilgroomes Harbour," by which name the locality was known for more than a hundred years.

Mr. F. H. Cogswell of New Haven has written a very interesting story entitled "The Regicides." The book may be found in our public library.

Wallingford, set off from New Haven, was first settled in 1670.

Hartford and New Haven had then been settled about thirty-five years, and a road which had been made between the two towns was mentioned, in the deed of this land to Wallingford, as the "Old Road." It was the identical road now known as "Old Colony," as it runs through West Meriden.

The court confirmed the grant for the new village, provided it "doe not extend to the north any further than wh(ere) the old road to New Haven goeth over Pilgrimes Harbour."

Edward Higby was the first settler in Westfield Society (Middletown). His deed, given October 15, 1664, reads as follows:

I Seaukeet, Indian, (abiding in or about Hartford, on Conec't,) Sachem, owner . . . of a large tract of land in the woods toward New Haven att and about the land now in possession of Mr. Jonathan Gilbert, . . . doe sell unto Edward Higbey, one parcell of land . . . Hills, rocks, brooks, swamps, and all other appurtenances bounded . . . by marked trees, and by land of sayd Jonathan Gilbert and Pilgrim's Harbor Brook or River.

Another deed given in 1681, received for record at Hartford August 10, 1684, reads:

. . . that I, Adam Puit, Indian, now residing at Podunk, (Windsor) doe hereby mortgage all my land lyeing upon the Road toward New Haven, . . . next adjoining to Jonathan Gilbert's farme, . . . in breadth North and South five miles, . . . with all the swamps, Rivers and meadow Land lyeing within the said Bounds . . . to John Talcott of Hartford . . .

Adam Puit received in hand from the said "John Talcut" one parcel of "Trucking Cloaths" and stipulated that before the end of the year he should "receive foure coats more, as full satisfaction for the purchase thereof."

The next year, 1683, Mr. Talcott made over all this land to Wallingford, and so, while the original northern boundary of Wallingford was Pilgrim's Harbor, by this purchase in 1682, it was extended to the present south line of Berlin. When we hear that our Berlin grand sires married their wives down in Wallingford, we need not necessarily think that they went so very far away from home.

Some of our village people trace their ancestors to Ensign Nathaniel Royce of Wallingford, who received three separate grants of land at Dog's Misery, described as lying by the southern branch of Pilgrim's Harbor (brook) that being the name of the whole stream from its mouth up to the pond whence it flows.

In 1700, the daughter of Nathaniel Royce received, as her portion, three and a half acres at Dog's Misery. It had acquired this name because a part of the land was a miry jungle, so overgrown with a tangle of thorns and bushes, that when wild ani-

mals sought refuge therein, and the dogs followed, they stood no chance when their chase turned upon them.

September 16, 1707, "The towne chose Eliezer Peck, Joshua Culver, David Hall, a commetie to see that (dogs) misery hiway may not be pinsht of the twenty rods in any place from the town to miserie whare it was not laid out before the graint was of sd hiway."

Meriden was organized as a town in 1806, but the name was restricted to that territory from the time when, in 1725, the thirty-five families living at the north end of Wallingford, tired of going so far, over bad roads, to the center for their church privileges, formed themselves into a distinct Ecclesiastical Society.

When Captain Belcher received his grant, it was stipulated that he should build a fort with port holes, where he should keep arms and ammunition. This fort was built on the west side of the "old road," a mile and a half or so below the Norton farm, on what was afterwards known, for many years, as the Nelson Merriam place. (One winter, when Mr. Reddington taught in the Worthington Academy, the Merriam children drove up here to school, a sleigh full of them, every day.)

Mr. Perkins says the fort was built in 1664. Barber says it was erected between 1660 and 1667. Davis places the date between 1661 and 1667. Now if, as stated, Mr. Belcher was born in 1647, married 1670, and purchased his first tract of land, after that date, of his father-in-law, the deeds for which were confirmed 1673-4, is it probable that at the age of seventeen, or earlier, he was down in the Meriden woods, sixteen miles from anywhere, building a fort? Ten years later there was use for the fort, with its arms and ammunition.

Rumors were abroad that all the Indian tribes, in New England, were to unite in an effort to rid their country of the whites. King Philip, who hated the English, was going about, from chief to chief, stirring up their passions. He told them that unless they bestirred themselves they would be robbed of every foot of land that had come to them from their fathers; that they

would be crowded out from their hunting grounds; their forests would be cut down, and their people would be scattered like the leaves of autumn.

In 1675 the war broke out with fury, and brought desolation to many settlements, especially in Massachusetts. No attack was made on towns in Connecticut, but the settlers were in mortal fear, and many a stalwart soldier went out from his home to help fill the state's quota, who never returned. Supplies of food and clothing were sent to the army from every household. Taxes were enormous. Houses were fortified, and no man dared go to church, or into his field, or to set his foot outside his door, without a musket, with a pouch of bullets, and flask of powder, at his side.

In 1678, when King Philip's War closed, six hundred men, of our forces, had been killed, and six hundred houses had been burned. Every eleventh family was homeless, and every eleventh soldier had fallen by disease or the hand of the Red man. With his land, Mr. Belcher had permission to "keep tavern forever." He did not come himself, but sent some one to use the privilege. It is said that the first house was of logs, with iron shutters, the doors driven full of great spikes.

This building proved too small, and in 1690 a new, costly stone house was erected, so substantial, that it was still in use and famous in the times of the French and Revolutionary wars.

John Yale had a farm of five hundred acres lying on both sides of the road, north of the Belcher tavern, and Deacon Yale used to tell about the times when travelers staid at the "Half Way House," as it was called. He said the men, sometimes twenty teamsters at a time, would put their horses under shelter, but they never thought of going to bed themselves—there were only two beds in the house. They fiddled, sang, danced and drank until morning, every man with his gun within reach. One-half of the company staid outside, on guard, the first hours of the night, and then the others took their turn. Pickets were stationed all about, and over on the mountain, to watch against surprise from the Indians. To get their drink, they looked the wagons over until they found a cask of liquor, when

they knocked up a hoop, bored a hole with a gimlet, drew what they wanted, and then plugged the hole, and drove the hoop back in place.

About the year 1845 the foundations of the old tavern were ploughed up by Mr. Sidney Merriam. The magazine, where the powder was stored, was northwest of the house, and the hollow where it stood may still be seen. The place is now owned by Michaels, the Meriden baker.

North of the tavern was a blacksmith shop, the first in this part of the country.

We have spoken of an old stage road, now abandoned, that ran from Meriden up to Kensington. It is probable that Mr. Belcher laid out that road, at any rate he built a stone wall along its east side. This wall may be seen west of the railroad track, where it bounds the Norton farm, for about half a mile, and extends farther south into Meriden. It is four feet high, and four feet wide at its base. In places it has suffered from the hunters. It was once a great place for rabbits, and the dogs would stand with nose pointed at a hole, in the wall, until their masters came and tore away the stones to secure their prey.

Edward Augustus Kendall in his history, published 1809, writes of this wall as follows:

When the road between New Haven and Hartford was originally made, a Mr. Belcher, received a stipend from the government, on condition of his residing here, and keeping an inn, or, as it is called, a tavern. The Indians were at this time troublesome, and mention is made of a wall, built by Mr. Belcher, as if for purposes of defense.

In this way however it could be of no use; for it was of more than a mile in circuit, and formed of uncemented stones, raised only four feet high, like the walls at present common in the country. This wall however, had some extraordinary personages among its builders.

It is current in tradition, that fourteen or fifteen settlers came into Mr. Belcher's neighborhood, from the town of Farmington, of whom the whole band possessed unusual strength and stature. Two were of the name of Hart. Of these, one, whose son at the age of seventy years is still alive (1809), is said to have had bones so large, that an Indian, who, with others, was passing through the settlement, stopped and examined him with surprise. Mr. Hart and his fellow-giants were employed by Mr. Belcher on his wall.

A stone south of Albert Norton's barn marks the ancient southeast corner of Farmington.

On the old Colony road, about twenty rods south of the point where the turnpike branches off toward East Meriden, a great oak tree, on the west side, marks the division between Hartford and New Haven counties, and also the town line between Berlin and Meriden.

A barn about thirty rods south of the Norton house, sometimes used as a cider mill, used to stand on the north side of the hill, below Galpin's corner, where the foundations still remain. It was purchased before the Civil War and removed to its present location by Henry Norton.

Ebenezer Gilbert, son of Jonathan, married Hester Allyn, daughter of Captain Thomas Allyn of Windsor and Abigail, his wife, who was a daughter of John Warham, first minister at Windsor. On the Warham side the Gilbert family claim relationship with Rev. Jonathan Edwards, Aaron Burr, Timothy Dwight, Judge John Trumbull, General William Williams, signer of the Declaration of Independence, John Sherman, ex-President Woolsey, Rev. John Todd, Grace Greenwood, Rev. Horace Bushnell, Elizabeth Stewart Phelps, and others equally worthy of note.

Hester's grandmother Allyn was Margaret Wyatt, whose ancestry has been traced back through Richard Plantagenet, King John of England, Henry II; Matilda, daughter of William the Conqueror, and King Alfred the Great to Adam, seventy-six generations distant from Hester. What are you giving us? Honor bright! it says so in one of the genealogies, and to think the poor girl had to settle down in "this desolate corner of the wilderness"—a worse case than that of the Bolderos—but then her husband owned a farm of 300 acres, besides much other property, and he was the only "Mr." in the community excepting the minister.

Ebenezer Gilbert was received to the Christian Lane church by letter from Hartford in 1718-19. At a meeting of the society held January 7, 1716, "Insign" Isaac Norton was appointed to obtain a decent and fashionable "cushing" for the desk of our

meetinghouse. He seems not to have performed this duty, and at the annual meeting December 1, 1718, Mr. Ebenezer Gilbird was appointed to obtain a convenient "cushen" for our meeting-house desk.

At a meeting of the Society held November 17, 1717, "Insign" Isaac Norton, Sergeant Benjamin Judd, and Mr. Ebenezer Gilbird had been chosen a committee "to order the prudentials of a school in this Society and offer their advice about it at the next meeting."

The committee reported December 1, 1718:

This Society being so very scattering in distances & our ways so very difficult, for small children to pass to a general school in the Society great part of the year. We the Subscribers advice is, that this society be divided into 5 parts or "Squaddams," for the convenient schooling of the children . . . That the first part or squaddam be all the Inhabitants south of the river called "betses," "Honhius or Honehas" river, including Middletown neighbors with them. And the Inhabitants in Wethersfield bounds be another part or squaddam. And that all from "betses" River to the River called Gilbirds, Northward, to be another part—& that from Gilberds River Northward, till it includes Dea Judd & John Woodruff be another part & that the rest of the society North be another part & further that the money allowed by the country be divided to each "squaddam" according to the List of the Inhabitants within the limits thereof & the rest of the charges so arising shall be leaved on ye parents or Masters of ye children who are "taut."

Ebenezer Gilbert died in 1726. By his will, dated July 17, of that year, he bequeathed £300, to his dear wife Ester, together with the improvement during her natural life of one-half of his Eastermost dwelling-house, within the bounds of Farmington. To his daughter Sarah he gives £200, and to his sons, Moses, Jonathan and Ebenezer, he "bequeathes all my housing and lands in Farmington, Hartford and Symsbury . . . to be equally divided amongst them. Excepting my eldest son Moses shall have my said dwelling House in Farmington above & beyond his other Brothers parts."

The estate inventoried £4455 19s. 11d. of which "dear wife Ester" received £300, and half the dwelling-house! Included in the list of personal property were: a negro £100, a negro

woman £45, boy £100, child £30, total £275. The widow Gilbert died October 4, 1750. One item among specific bequests made in her will reads "I give my grandson Thomas Gilbert my son Moses son one Silver Spoon." The residue of her real and personal estate which inventoried £326 5s. 11d., she divided equally among her sons Moses, Jonathan and Ebenezer.

Moses Gilbert, baptized June 22, 1707, married Elizabeth Hooker. Their son Ebenezer, born January 15, 1741-2, married May 27, 1762, Mary Butrick. She was at one time a member of the Worthington church, but their house was opposite the John Ellis place, a short distance over the Berlin line in New Britain. Ebenezer Gilbert was killed in the Revolutionary army, February 15, 1776. Their son Sylvanus, born February 10, 1763, also died in the army.

Widow Mary Gilbert married second, November 19, 1778, another Revolutionary soldier, Lieut. Elisha Booth, with whom she moved to Hartland. After the death of Lieutenant Booth she returned in 1800, to the old Gilbert place, where she died March 30, 1831, aged eighty-six. She was buried in New Britain, where it is probable that the graves of the two Gilbert soldiers may be found.

Charles S. Ensign, counsellor at law, of Newton, Mass., a descendant of Seth Gilbert of Berlin, has in his possession the original 300-acre Gilbert deed. He is of the opinion that the red brick Gilbert house was built by Ebenezer about the year 1709, and that it was the house willed by him to his son Moses, or possibly that it was one of the taverns which Jonathan Gilbert was allowed by General Assembly to maintain between Hartford and Wallingford.

It is probable that the foundations are the same, but the present house was built by Hooker Gilbert, born June, 1751, son of Moses and Elizabeth (Hooker) Gilbert.

The brick was made on the farm, southwesterly from the house, and "Gilbird's River" now washes around into the pit from which the clay was dug. Some of the bricks, used for ornament, are very hard and black. They shine to-day as if enamelled. The process by which they were made is lost.

Without doubt those bricks were the first made in Berlin, and now the north part of the original Gilbert farm, and nearly all other farms in that region are full of clay pits, brickyards, kilns and Italians.

Hooker Gilbert married first, Candace Sage, who died May 15, 1805, aged fifty-one. He married second, Sarah Hooker. She died December 4, 1840, aged seventy-nine. He died two days later, December 6, 1840, aged eighty-nine.

Moses Gilbert, 2d, born March 17, 1793, son of Hooker Gilbert and Candace (Sage) his wife, married Renie Rebecca Steele. Her mother's name was Beccarena. Her father, William Steele, a noted fifer in the War of the Revolution, died March 28, 1825, aged sixty-eight.

A long indenture paper, dated August 17, 1839, shows that Moses Gilbert leased his farm on shares, for three years, from April 1, 1840, to Abner P. Welcome. Other papers show that he spent those years traveling in Virginia, selling clocks. Gilbert children of later generations remember that the garret of the old Gilbert house used to be full of clocks, which they were allowed to play with.

A pocket-book contains many notes given for clocks long since outlawed. Mr. Gilbert bought, December 27, 1843, of William Leftwick a tract of land in Braxton County, Va., containing 3,873 acres, which he paid for in bonds, horses, etc. As late as 1865 he was trying to negotiate a sale of that land for \$1,000, but it is said that it was sold for non-payment of taxes. When oil wells were discovered there an effort was made to redeem the property, but it was too late, and the Gilbert name does not appear in the list of "Oil Magnates."

A curious recipe was found with Mr. Gilbert's Virginia papers. Outside it reads:

Recpt for Curing Cansors. Jan. 18, 1831. tod by a mane frome Kentuckey & he had one & kured it By the same med son.

Inside it goes on:

January 8th, 1831. Recpt for Curing Cansors:

Take Six Galens of Strong lye & Bile it down to apint then takit of & stur it till it Becomes Cold then take the same quanetey

of salt stur it to gether till it Becomes a Save then a plie two plars-
ters twise in twenty fore ours & when the flesh Be Comes hard take
a rasar & shave it of till it Becomes smooth with the other skin &
when you think the Cansor Becomes ded then take the yelk of uneag
& Beswax & rosum & muten talur & simer them to gether and make
a save & a plie once more in twenty four ours till it dros it out
& if the roots Brake of then a plie the pastur a gen till it kill it.

Moses Gilbert, 2d, died August 30, 1882, aged eighty-nine.
Renea Rebecca, his wife, died February 28, 1862, aged sixty-
eight.

They had seven children. The eldest son, Moses, 3d, mar-
ried, in 1850, Lucelia Steele, daughter of Jefferson Steele. He
was a little man. The boys used to call him "Whiniky" Steele.
He was a drummer in the State Militia, and was very proud
when dressed in his regimentals. Mr. Bulkeley remembers
attending in October, 1843, the last great general training at
Hartford, when 5,200 men in arms assembled on the north
meadows, Colonel Richard M. Johnson, the reputed slayer of
Tecumseh, and ex-Vice President of the United States,
reviewed the troops and as the parade passed through Main
Street, little "Jef." Steele walked the whole distance, with his
hand resting on Colonel Johnson's carriage.

A small account book kept by Alfred North, 1830-1-2,
recently discovered, throws light upon the occupation of Jef-
ferson Steele. It appears that the young man, Alfred, traded
off a flute for a watch, giving three dollars to boot. Immedi-
ately began entries thus:

Jeferson Steel Cr.

By repairs upon my watch	75
By do do	67
By Watch Chrystal	20
Do	16
By cleaning Watch	50
By cleaning do	50
By mending mainspring to watch	20
June 1832 Albert Hulbert Cr.	
By Bulls Eye Watch, price agreed	7 00

The late William Gilbert, son of Moses, 2d, in company with his sons Edwin and Henry J., carried on an extensive business in market gardening. Henry J., who is a carpenter also, had a shop north of the brick house. The greenhouses were on the south side.

Mrs. Frank Bailey, a daughter of Moses Gilbert, 3d, still lives at the north end of Christian Lane. Mrs. Lucy Gilbert, widow of Edwin, who died in 1901, lives, with her daughters Cora and Florence, in the new house next south of the brick house, and these are all who remain to represent the family on the tract of land granted to Jonathan Gilbert in 1661.

Henry J. Gilbert was the last of the line to occupy the old homestead. The odor from the sewer beds, directly in front of the house, only seventy-five feet away, made it unbearable as a residence, and it was sold in January, 1906, to the city of New Britain. Now the place swarms with Italians, laborers from the brickyards—eight beds in the garret, they say. Henry Gilbert, when asked if he ever heard any Indian stories, said "No, only this": His grandfather Moses told him that one day, when he had been at work in his field, he found, on his return, an Indian in the house. He said he took a horsewhip and drove him away.

Thomas Gilbert, to whom his grandmother Hester willed one silver spoon, married a Mary North. They had a daughter Mary, born 1761, who was married to her cousin, Joseph Gilbert.

These three inscriptions in the Christian Lane cemetery, read between the lines, tell a pathetic story:

Joseph Gilbert died May 8th 1784 æ 26.

Miss Lydia only offspring of Mr. Joseph and Mrs. Mary Gilbert
d Oct 4th 1802 aged 19 yrs & 10 mos.

Mary wife of Mr. Joseph Gilbert died April 25th 1859 aged 98.

Joseph Gilbert's estate was insolvent and his land had to be sold to pay the debts. Mary, his widow, went to work, bought more land, had a cow and chickens, and kept up heart, for had she not a child to love and rear? Then "Miss Lydia" died and after that her mother, as they said, "took to cats." She owned a little house and barn over in the lots, northwest from the John

Goodrich place, where she lived, with only her animals for company. She had the Gilbert passion for land and added to her possessions until she owned forty-seven acres, or more, lying in sight of her home.

Deacon North carried his daughter there to see her one day. The house, as remembered, had three rooms. One on the south-east corner was used as a sort of entry way. West of that, the most comfortable room of the three was devoted to a lot of hens, right in the house.

"Aunt Molly," as every one called her, lived and slept in a room which extended across the north side. On her bed was a cat nursing a litter of kittens. Toward the last it was thought unsafe for Aunt Molly to stay alone and she was carried over to the brick house to end her days. There, her work of nearly a century done, she used to sit before the great fireplace and smoke her clay pipe, and doze and dream. What interesting stories she might have told for this history.

After Aunt Molly's eyesight failed, her greatest comfort was to repeat, from the Bible, chapter after chapter which she learned in childhood. One day when Doctor and Mrs. Brandegee called to see her she recited for them the whole of one of the longest chapters in John.

Jonathan Gilbert of Hartford, who by grant of General Assembly, in 1661, and by further purchases came into possession of a tract of land extending from "Wethersfield bounds to Wallingford," died in 1682, aged 64. His estate inventoried £2484 17s. 09d. His will, dated September 10, 1674, reads as follows:

I Jonathan Gilbert of Hartford do make my last Will & Testament. I give to my wife Mary Gilbert the use of homestead and Dutch Island, Land I bought of Mr. Callsey, Land exchanged with James Richard, pasture I bought of Andrew Warner, also my wood lott on the west side of Rocky Hill, tiil my son Samuel attain to 21 years of age, then to be surrendered to him, with certain reservations to her during life, then all these to Samuel and his heirs forever, he paying to his brother Ebenezer £30. I give to my son Jonathan Gilbert half the land at Haddam I bought of James Bates & Thomas Shaylor, or £20 in other estate, which is his portion with what he

had before given him. I give to Thomas Gilbert my House & House lott on the south side of the Rivulet. I give to my son Nathaniel Gilbert my farme at Meriden and £30 more. I give to my daughter Lydia Richison 20 Shillings. I give to my daughter Sarah Belcher 20 Shillings; to my daughter Hary Holden 20 Shillings; to my daughter Hester Gilbert £100; to Rachel Gilbert £100.

I give to my son Ebenezer Gilbert, all that 300 acres of Land I bought of Capt. Daniel Clarke in Farmington, also that purchase of Land I bought of Massecup, commonly called and known by the name of pagonchaumischaug; also £50. I desire my wife do remember Hannah Kelly & give her 20s, and more at her discretion if she prove obedient. I give to my grandchild, John Rossiter, £10; to my gr. child, Andrew Belcher, £5; to my gr. child, Jonathan Richeson £5. I make my wife sole Executrix, and desire Capt. John Allyn, my brother John Gilbert, and Sargt. Caleb Standly to be helpful to her, and that she satisfy them for their pains.

Witness: JOHN TALCOTT,
JOHN GILBERT,
JONATHAN GILBERT, L. S.

Mary (Wells) Gilbert, widow of Jonathan, died July 3, 1700. In her will, dated May 23, 1700, she describes herself as "I, Mary Gilbert of the Town of Hartford. . . . widow and innholder." The "inn," which was kept by Jonathan Gilbert and his wife, as early as 1661, is said to have stood on or near the site now occupied by the Hartford *Times*.

Gravestones to the memory of Jonathan Gilbert and Mary are in the Center churchyard at Hartford. Their eight children were Hester, Lydia, Rachel, Mary, Nathaniel, Ebenezer, Samuel and Sarah.

Nathaniel Gilbert is not mentioned in his mother's will. He died unmarried at Meriden.

There seems to have been some difficulty over the disposition of Mrs. Gilbert's wearing apparel. November 14, 1701, nearly a year and a half after her death, Capt. Caleb Standly and Lydia, his wife, testified in court under oath:

That we, being at divers times together with Mrs. Mary Gilbert in her last sickness, did hear her declare that it was her will that her two daughters that attended her in the time of her sickness,

viz., Lydia Chapman and Rachel Marshfield, after her death, should have all her wearing clothes divided between them, and that they should have them as they were appraised in the inventory, and be well paid for their attendance upon her. All which the sd. Mrs. Mary Gilbert declared to us.

Richard Seymour, keeper of the Fort at Christian Lane, was slighted recently and we must return to speak of him. Captain "Seamer" was the leader of the company of families who came from Farmington in 1686 to settle on the farms this side of "Blow Mountain," and he was granted by vote of the whole town the munificent sum of £1, as a gratuity for planting the new colony. It was a great shock to the little community when, in 1710, he was killed by the fall of a tree. There are many descendants of Richard Seymour who may be interested to have an account of the administration of his estate, as entered in the Probate records at Hartford, here given in full:

Seamore, Richard, Farmington, Invt £ 416-13-03 Taken 29 November, 1710, by Thomas Seamore, Thomas Hart and Thomas Curtis.

Court Record, Page 23-4 December 1710: Adms granted to Hannah Seamore, widow, and Samuel Seamore, son of sd. decd.

See File.

An agreement by the children and widow of Richard Seamore for dist. of ye sd. estates vgt.

To the widow, her thirds in the moveable estate and in lands; also a share in the lot called Bacholders, valued at £1-13-07. Bachelder was a Farmington name.

To Samuel Seamore, half of the homested with ye house on it, valued at £60; also his part in the land that lies on the west of Mr. Gilbert, being 12 acres, and valued at £35-03-00.

To Ebenezer Gilbert, land on the east side of Mr. Gilbert valued at £18-01-03.

To Hannah Seamore, out of the moveable estate, which is £32 10.

To Mercy Seamore, her part in the dist. out of the moveable estate, which is £32-10.

HANNAH (X) SEAMORE, LS
 SAMUEL SEAMORE, LS
 JONATHAN SEAMORE, LS
 EBENEZER SEAMORE, LS
 JOSEPH POMEROY, LS
 MERCY (X) SEAMORE, LS

Page 24, 1st January 1710-11: Hannah Seamore of Farmington, widow, and Samuel Seamore, Jonathan Seamore and Ebenezer Seamore, sons of the sd. deceased, and Mercy Seamore and Jonathan Pomeroy in behalf of Hannah his wife, daughters of sd. decd., appeared before this court and exhibited a writing under their hands and seals, made for the dist. or division of the greatest part of the estate of the sd. decd. amongst themselves. And each acknowledged the sd. writing or agreement to be their act and deed.

Wherefore this court allow and approve the sd. writing

See File: Paper attached to agreement; November 7th, 1712. Then reckoned with and received of Samuel Seymour ye whole of ye legacy yt was due to my wife from Father Seymour's estate I say received in full

PR. JOSEPH PUMRY

Hannah Seymour was a daughter of Matthew Woodruff of Farmington.

Hannah the widow did not long survive her husband. A statement recorded on page 193 of Early Connecticut Probate Records reads as follows:

Seamore, Hannah, Farmington, late wife of Richard Seamore.

Know all men by these presents: That we whose names are under-written do agree that for the third of our mother's state, decd. that the two sisters are to have all the moveables, and the three brothers are to have all the lands.

Signed 7 November, 1712.

SAMUEL SEAMORE, LS
 RICHARD SEAMORE, LS
 JONATHAN SEAMORE, LS
 JOSEPH POMEROY, LS
 GEORGE HUBBARD, LS

Witness { EBENEZER GILBERT
 { GERSHAM HOLLISTER

George Hubbard was the husband of Marcy Seymour, daughter of Captain Richard.

Richard Seymour, father of Captain Richard, came from Chelmsford, County Essex, England, in 1639. He was chimney viewer in Hartford in 1647, was in Norwalk with the early planters soon after 1650, and died 1655, leaving wife, Mercy, and four sons. Thomas, the eldest, remained in Norwalk, had

three sons and seven daughters. The mother, Mercy, married, second, Mr. John Steele of Farmington, where she brought her three boys, John, Zachary and Richard, who were under age and had been placed in her guardianship.

As Richard was made a freeman in Farmington in 1669, the inference is that he was seven when his mother was left a widow, that he was forty-eight when he came to Great Swamp, and seventy-two at the time of his death. From Richard's brother John, who married Mary Watson, and settled in Hartford, were descended Governor Horatio Seymour of New York, Judge Origen Seymour of Litchfield, Major Gen. Truman Seymour, U. S. A., and Rt. Rev. George F. Seymour of Springfield.

Samuel Seymour, son of Captain Richard, inherited the homestead. He married, May 10, 1706, Hannah North, daughter of Thomas North, Sr., of Farmington. Their daughter Hannah was the second wife of Allyn Goodrich. John Goodrich, son of Allyn, with his son John—"Uncle John"—and Uncle John's children, made six generations who abode on that spot.

Allyn Goodrich, son of John Goodrich and Rebecca Allyn his wife, of Wethersfield, born November 13, 1690, married December 29, 1709, Elizabeth, the second of seventeen children of Colonel David Goodrich of Wethersfield. She was eighteen and he nineteen when married. They came to "Little Farmington Village," where she died August 25, 1726, one week after the birth of her sixth child. He married, second, December 10, 1729, Hannah Seymour of Kensington, and they had two sons, John and Asahel. At a society meeting held December 6, 1738, Allyn Goodrich was granted 7s. 6d. for framing a bier to carry the dead. He died April 8, 1764.

John Goodrich, son of Allyn Goodrich and Hannah Seymour, born March 28, 1737, married April 7, 1757, Hannah Dewey, born March 9, 1740, daughter of Lieut. Daniel Dewey, son of Daniel.

The Deweys, who were active in the affairs of Great Swamp Society, lived within the present limits of New Britain, it is

said on the Enoch Kelsey place, southeasterly from the Martin Ellis corner. Vermont claims Admiral Dewey as one of her sons. A branch of the Dewey family moved from Connecticut to Berlin, Vt., in 1789.

Mrs. Orpha North Edwards, born in Berlin, Conn., in 1810, now living at Derby, Conn., is a granddaughter of Hannah (Dewey) Goodrich. She writes that she remembers an uncle David Dewey, who lived in Vermont, and that "they" go back five generations to a common ancestor with the Admiral.

John Goodrich and his wife lie in the Christian Lane cemetery. He died April 26, 1816, aged 79. She died September 15, 1812, aged 72. Their six children were Seth, Zenas, Hannah, Leonard, John, and Rebecca. Zenas married Lois, daughter of Pete Gapin. He was a blacksmith and learned, it is said, his trade from his father. Hannah was the wife of Asahel Root, and Rebecca, mother of Mrs. Edwards, was the wife of Lemuel North.

It was the fashion in early New England days to marry while young. John Goodrich was twenty-one and Hannah Dewey was only seventeen when she promised to "love, honor and obey" him.

Their dwelling house stood a little way in front and north of the old fort. Mrs. Edwards says the house was built by her great-grandfather Goodrich. The outside doors were double and were fastened at the top and again at the base. A loaded gun hung on the wall. The logs for the great fireplace were attached to a chain and dragged into the house by oxen.

Mrs. Edwards remembers hearing that some Indians had a wigwam out in the cow pasture, west of the house, where they made baskets on a large white stone. She saw the stone when a child and thinks it must be there now, as it was so large that fifty men could not have moved it. Every two weeks the Indians carried their baskets to Hartford, where they sold them and bought rum. They had a "high old time" as long as the rum lasted, and the squaw used to come over and stay with Mrs. Edwards' grandmother until they were sober again.

John Goodrich, Jr., born May 19, 1776, remained on the homestead. He married January 1, 1798, Ruth, daughter of

Jonathan Beckley of Beckley Quarter. Their children, six in number, were Darius, Nathan, Lydia, Mary, Hannah, and Martha.

"Uncle John Goodrich," as he was called, was a tinner by occupation, and his shop, where he busied himself to his last days, stood easterly from his house near the front fence. He was extremely fond of music. He was fifteen years old when, in 1791, the wonderful new organ was set up in the church, and he is said to have been the first to play it. He practiced at home on a painted key-board, and "made his own music," whatever that might mean.

John Goodrich, Jr., died May, 6, 1858, aged 82; Ruth Beckley, his wife, died January 16, 1849, aged 71.

Hannah Dewey, their daughter, born September 5, 1814, remained at home and cared faithfully for the old people as long as they lived. Afterward she was twice married, the second time to Aaron Dutton of Clairmont, N. H., where she died October 30, 1893.

Mr. Goodrich and his daughter, Miss Hannah, were always present at church services. On a chilly May Sunday, in church, he took a cold that resulted in his last sickness, pneumonia. She was fond of little children, and was always trying to induce them to come to Sunday school. Miss Root remembers how they used to bring her over to the village on Sunday, sitting between them in a little chair, which they had in the wagon.

The old Goodrich house was built early in the eighteenth century, probably by Allyn Goodrich. The style was like that of the Root house, at the south end of Christian Lane, except that the front rooms had only one window in front. It was set well back from the road, and great lilac bushes grew each side of the front door. The place was sold about 1870 to Noah Rawlings, father of W. J. Rawlings, New Britain's Chief of Police. The house had become so dilapidated as to be scarcely habitable, and Mr. Rawlings tore it down, much to the grief of Mrs. Dutton, who as long as she was able to do so, made a yearly pilgrimage to her old home, but after the new house was built she would never set her foot inside, except to go into the wood-



THE OLD BECKLEY MILL

house, which was all that remained of the ancient dwelling of her fathers. She always wanted to take away a bottle of water from the well, to use for bathing her head when it ached. Then she would get a boy to go down into the well and bring up for her a certain medicinal herb that grew on the stones.

That well, now over two hundred years old, dug by the first settlers, a few feet outside of the fort, still affords excellent water. It is said that when the well was dug the earth was thrown out, for a depth of sixteen feet, by hand, without rope or windlass, and that it caved in and buried a man up to his neck.

BECKLEY QUARTER AND THE BECKLEY MILL

(Notes discovered among Miss North's papers)

In October, 1668, The General Assembly at Hartford granted to Sergeant Richard Beckley "300 acres of land lying by Mattabesett half a mile wide on both sides of the River and to run up from New Haven path so far till it doth contain 300 acres."* In 1670, when the town of Wethersfield confirmed the grant, Mr. Beckley had already built a house and barn upon his farm. It is said that he lived here sixteen years before any other white person came.

A business wagon may be seen daily passing through our streets, bearing the sign "Ed. Slater, Beckley Mills." For a time these mills were conducted by Giles London. The one on the east side of the road has been used for grinding plaster and fertilizers.

Without doubt this water privilege was the first utilized in this vicinity. The old records at New Britain and Wethersfield show that the grist mill changed hands many times, with few exceptions

* This is undoubtedly the same piece of land which he is said to have purchased from the Indian Chief Tarramuggus, and the "grant" from the General Assembly at Hartford was merely an official confirmation of this purchase. Cf. the following: "Of the Indian Chief Tarramuggus he (Sergeant Beckley) purchased 300 acres of land lying on both sides of the Mattabesett river." See Emily S. Brandegee: *The Early History of Berlin, Connecticut*, an Historical Paper delivered before The Emma Hart Willard Chapter D. A. R., January 17, 1913 (printed privately), p. 1.

Sergeant Beckley was really the first settler in Berlin and "came from New Haven to Beckley Quarter, which was then a part of Wethersfield, in 1660." As we have seen, however, he did not obtain an official title to his land as early as Jonathan Gilbert.

passing from one member of the Beckley family to another. Four rooms on the southeast corner of the building were done off and plastered to be used by the miller and his family for a dwelling.

In 1752 Benjamin Beckley deeded to John Beckley "1/5 part of a Grist-Mill situate(d) on Beckley River with 1/2 of said River." In 1765 "1/4 part of one certain Grist Mill, known as Beckley Mill," in consideration of twenty pounds, was deeded by Daniel Andrews to David Webster, who conveyed the same to John Beckley the following year.

The property was described as being in Wethersfield near the dwelling of Benjamin Beckley and the date was given as "April 4th in the fifth year of our Sovereign Lord George the III and 6th King. Anno Domini 1765."

John Beckley died in 1776, leaving two sons, Asahel and John, besides a wife, Ruth, who seems to have married again, as, in 1793, Asahel transferred 1/9 of the Mill to Theodore Beckley, reserving that part which was to come to him after the death of his mother "Widow Ruth Presley" who occupied it as dower right during her natural life. John, the brother of Asahel, also sold his right to Theodore Beckley. In 1810 Asahel sold for 28 dollars the right described as being "1/8 part of the Mill Place" to Jesse Hart and Elias Beckley, Jr.

Nov. 13, 1806, the Selectmen of Berlin purchased from Oliver and Luman Beckley, Joseph Crofoot and Hannah, his wife, for the consideration of three pounds, sixteen shillings, the road leading to Beckley Mill, the same to be a highway forever.

Up in Beckley, in the rear of Cyrus Webster's house, was a tannery. The tan bark was ground in a stone mill and the two stones that were used are now the front step stones of the house. A mill opposite Beckley Mill was used for grinding plaster and bone for fertilizer. Prior to 1844 Elijah Smith had a shoemaker's shop at the base of the hill where the elder Siebert now lives. At the site of Beckley station Mr. Beckley once made tinnern's shears. Elias Beckley had a gun shop at the Lotan Porter place, northeast of his house, in the southwest corner, now the garden. He had also a blacksmith's shop. He built the house and made all the iron work, nails, latches, and hinges.

One day a stranger came around the corner at the instant they were testing a new gun. He received the charge and was instantly killed. Down the hill toward the Grist Mill there was a cider mill. One day Rufus Goodrich of Rocky Hill came along and stopped to refresh himself with cider. He said he had sold himself to the devil, and he said there would be thousands at his funeral. As he



THE BECKLEY TAVERN. (BUILT IN 1688)

went on his way, he invited all to be present. A few days afterward it was noticed that something was wrong in the barn of a neighbor. Swarms of flies were buzzing in and out. Investigation discovered the body of the poor man, wedged between two upright posts back of the hay-mow.

The Grist Mill on Beckley farm is said to be the second oldest in the colony. Mr. William Bulkeley said that the first tanners' tools were made in Beckley Quarter.

CHAPTER II.

The North Family, Its Ancestors, Descendants, Industries and Neighbors.—Simeon North, the First Official Pistol Maker in the United States.

In the year 1635, John North* at the age of twenty, sailed from London in the *Susan and Ellen* and landed at Boston. He

* Since the death of Miss North, it has been established that John North was a descendant of Robert North, who is known to have lived in England in 1471; and since Catharine M. North is a direct descendant of John North of Colonial fame, we obtain an interesting genealogical line as follows:

ANCESTRY OF MISS CATHARINE M. NORTH

(Contributed by Mrs. F. A. North)

	Born	Died
Robert North A. D. 1471		
Thomas North		
Roger North, Esq. Died 1495		
Roger North, Esq. ("A London citizen")		
Edward, 1st Lord North	about 1496	1564
Roger, 2nd Lord North	1530	1600
Sir John North	about 1551	1597
Dudley, 3rd Lord North	1581	1666
John North (America)	1615	1691
Thomas	1649	1712
Thomas, Jr.	1673	1725
Isaac	1703	1788
Jedediah	1734	1816
Simeon	1765	1852
Reuben	1786	1853
Alfred	1811	1894
Catharine M.	1840	1914

The maternal ancestry of Miss North may be given here also:

	Born	Died
John Wilcox, Sr., came from England	1636	1651
John Wilcox, 2nd, came from England	1636	1676
Israel	1656	1689
Samuel	1685	1727
Daniel	1715	1789
Samuel	1753	1832
Richard	1780	1839
Mary Olive Wilcox	1812	1882
Catharine M. North	1840	1914

came to Farmington, where land was entered to him in 1653. He was one of the eighty-four original proprietors among whom the unoccupied lands of the town were divided in 1672. His house-lot of three-quarters of an acre, purchased from John Steele, was near the north end of Farmington Street. It is now occupied by two houses, one recently owned by Sarah Shiels the other by Dorothy Palmer.

John North and his wife Hannah, daughter of Thomas Bird of Farmington, were members of the Farmington church. She joined in 1656. Of their six sons, Thomas, born 1649, was a soldier in the Indian wars and received a grant of land for his services. His son Thomas, born 1673, was one of the pioneer settlers in Great Swamp, where he owned much land, possibly a part of the grant made to his father.

By deed of date January 24, 1709, Thomas North, son of Thomas, conveyed to William Burnham two parcels of land, one of eighteen acres, and one of twenty-two acres, described as being in Great Swamp.

As shown by deed dated February 1, 1709, he sold land in Beech Swamp, Great Swamp, to Samuel Seamore, who had married his sister, Hannah North.

When the church in Christian Lane was formed, Thomas North was one of the "seven pillars," as the original members were called. He was described as a man of wealth and influence, but strange to say we have failed to find his dwelling place. Records give it as Kensington or Farmington, but now we know that he lived near the Seymour stockade, and not far from the church. He married, December 1, 1698, Martha, daughter of Isaac Roys of Wallingford.

It is estimated that their posterity number one-eighth of the Norths of this country. Their eight children were Martha, Isaac, Thomas, James, Sarah, Samuel, Joseph and Hannah.

Thomas North, Jr., died March 2, 1725, when his youngest child was three years old. James, who was ten when his father died, was the ancestor of the New Britain Norths. Further reference will be made to Isaac and his descendants when we come to the old houses where they lived.

Martha, eldest child of Thomas North, born June 30, 1700, was married August 6, 1719, to Daniel Beckley, grandson of Richard Beckley of Wethersfield, now Beckley Quarter. Their daughter, Martha, born October 27, 1720, was married August 4, 1742, to John Savage of Middletown, now East Berlin. Their daughter, Huldah, born March 25, 1752, became, in 1779, the second wife of Josiah Wilcox, and they reared a large family of children in the house occupied by the late Sherman Wilcox. Their descendants are scattered far and wide over this land.

Occasionally letters come from them seeking information relating to the genealogy of the family. Some want to know if they are eligible to the patriotic societies. Related to the Norths! Absurd! Never heard of such a thing! But here is the line back to Thomas and a soldier in the Indian wars, and we might as well take this occasion to say that there is sufficient evidence that Josiah Wilcox was a soldier in the War of the Revolution to satisfy the authorities at Washington.

Lois, another daughter of Daniel Beckley and his wife Martha North, was married November 15, 1753, to Pete Galpin. They had lived in an old house that stood on the site of the large house now owned by Luther S. Webster on Worthington Street, Berlin, and they had nine children, from whom not a soul remains to represent the family.

The mystery connected with an old well out in the lot, south of the Gilbert place, has been solved by the discovery of a mortgage deed signed by hand of Thomas Gilbert, April 17, 1794, by which he gives, as security for a debt to Sylvester Wells, his home lot and house where he lives, described as bounded north by Hooker Gilbert, east on highway, south on burying ground and Asahel Root. Thomas Gilbert married Mary North, granddaughter of Thomas North, and it is possible that this was the original North homestead.

Simeon North was a son of Jedediah North, who lived at the north end of Berlin village. He married in 1786, at the age of twenty-one, Lucy Savage, daughter of Jonathan Savage and

Elizabeth Ranney. We have seen that he bought, in 1795, one-ninth of a sawmill privilege, on Spruce Brook, and that, in 1796, he was living in the house he purchased of the heirs of David Sage.

By deed of date March 6, 1795, he bought from Eben and Isaac Dudley of Middletown, seventeen and one-half acres of land, with house and barn thereon, described as situated in Westfield; bounded east on the foot of the first ledge and Asahel Dudley's land, west on Capt. David Sage, and northerly on highway leading from Berlin to Middletown. The deed was executed before Amos Churchill, justice of the peace, and was witnessed by him and his wife, Lydia Churchill, who were the great-grandparents of the Misses Catharine and Sarah Churchill. Although the buildings conveyed by this deed were said to be in Westfield, they were on the top of the hill, on the south side, next east of Spruce Brook. Why the Norths did not occupy this place at once is not known. It was improved and a large addition was made to the house. Possibly the family took refuge at the Sage house while the plastering was left to dry.

On February 15, 1797, Daniel Willcox of Sandersfield, Mass., deeded to Jacob Wilcox, for the price of £12 10s. the sawmill standing on Spruce Brook, which was set to him in the distribution of the estate of his father, Daniel Willcox, deceased.

At a town meeting held in Berlin September 5, 1797, it was voted:—

On motion of Mr. Hosford that a committee to consist of Gen. Selah Hart, Amos Hosford Esq. and Col. Gad Stanley be appointed to repair as many of the bridges and abutments as were injured by the late flood, as they shall judge proper at the expense of the town.

Voted—That this committee is empowered to agree with the owners of a mill on Spruce brook to rebuild the bridge lately removed therefrom in such manner as shall answer for a mill-dam and a bridge.

On June 3, 1805, Jacob Wilcox sold to Simeon North, for twenty-four dollars, the Mill site of forty-eight rods and three links "where sd Norths blacksmith shop now stands."

The children of Simeon North and Lucy Savage, his wife, were Reuben, born 1786; James, born 1788; Alvan, born 1790;

Selah, born 1791; Elizabeth, born 1796; Lucetta, born 1799, Simeon, born 1802; Nancy, born 1804, all born in Berlin. Nancy died at the age of two years and three months, and the mother, Lucy, died February 24, 1811, in her forty-fifth year. They were laid in the burying ground east of the Roberts farm. A lease of that ground may be found on page 430½, volume 13, of Berlin Land Records, at New Britain. It reads as follows:

Know all men by these presents that we John Roberts and Eleazer Roberts both of Berlin, . . . for the consideration of Ten Dollars received to our full satisfaction of Col. Simeon North of Middletown in the County of Middlesex, have leased and try these presents do lease unto the said Simeon North and to his Heirs forever, for the sole purpose of a Burying Ground, the following Lot of Land lying in said Berlin, containing about four rods of ground, bounded North on highway, East, South and West on our own Land, being the same Ground which is enclosed and limited by a fence, and has been occupied heretofore for a Buryingplace—to have and to occupy the premises unto him and said Lesse & his heirs forever for the purpose of a Burying Ground only reserving to ourselves our heirs and Assigns the right of cutting & carrying away the Grass which shall grow thereon, in such a manner as to do no Injury to the monuments or Enclosure of the Premises.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set out hands & Seals this 4th day of January A. D. 1818,

DANIEL DUNBAR, Justice of the Peace.

Daniel Dunbar, John Roberts seal

Ephraim Crofoot Eleazer M. Roberts seal

This yard was used by all the neighborhood for many years. In the eighties the Norths were removed to Maple Cemetery. The Wards, Twitchells, and some others were removed also. The inscriptions on the stones which remain are as follows:

Benjamin Cheney, Died May 15th 1815 Æ 90.

Deborah Wife of Benjamin Cheney Died Nov. 3d, 1817 Æ 80.

(Both on one stone.)

Allen Son of Benjamin Cheney d. in New York Mar. 17, 1815 aged 40.

Infant son of Olcott and Maria Cheney.

Mary E Daughter of Olcott and Maria Cheney aged 10 mos.

Stephen Brewer died Sept. 23rd 1825 aged 23.

Harriet Deming died July 12th 1875 aged 79.

James F. son of David and Elizabeth Stevenson d March 18th 1847, aged 7 yrs.

James F. son of David and Elizabeth Stevenson died May 1st, 1848, aged 11 mos.

John Roberts died June 19th 1837, aged 92 yrs.

Sarah Merrills wife of John Roberts, died May 25th 1830 aged 82 yrs.

Mr. Samuel Guy died August 4, 1811 aged 34 yrs. 3 mos.

(Stephen Brewer worked for the Norths and boarded in their family. He died there of spotted fever, or "Berlin fever," as it was called. In the delirium of his sickness his screams were fearful to hear, and it required the strength of several men to hold him in bed.)

There were other burials here, but graves are unmarked.

Lilies of the valley, planted on the North graves, have spread all over the yard and out into the adjoining field. The spring after the Bensons came to the Hulbert place they saw a man, with a big market basket on his arm, tramping all around in the grass, picking the flowers. When they ordered him away he said he came there every year, all the way from Hartford, to gather those lilies of the valley to sell, and he thought they were mighty mean to object.

The magazine, *Outing*, for January, 1902, contains an article by John Paul Bocock, entitled "Collectors and Collections of Pistols," in which he speaks of Mr. W. A. Hatch of South Columbia, N. Y., who, in his work as a collector of odd pieces of china in remote farm houses, occasionally happened upon curious old pistols. He goes on to say: "In this way he was enabled a few years ago to secure such a unique trophy as a pair of flint lock duelling pistols made in the United States by the first American pistol maker, S. North of New Berlin, Connecticut, whose output since that day in 1813, when he got a contract from the United States Government for 500 horse pistols, has been dearly prized by all fanciers of American arms." In the same article Mr. Bocock shows a cut of four rare, early American horse pistols from his own collection, made, he says,

by the first official American pistol maker, S. North.* They were flint locks, dated 1813, 1818, 1821 and 1828, subsequently, with other flint lock arms in the government armories, altered by act of Congress to percussion lock.

By chance, an account book, kept by Reuben, the eldest son of Simeon North, has been preserved, and the entries, which began in 1808, throw much light on the business conducted in the factory at Spruce Brook.

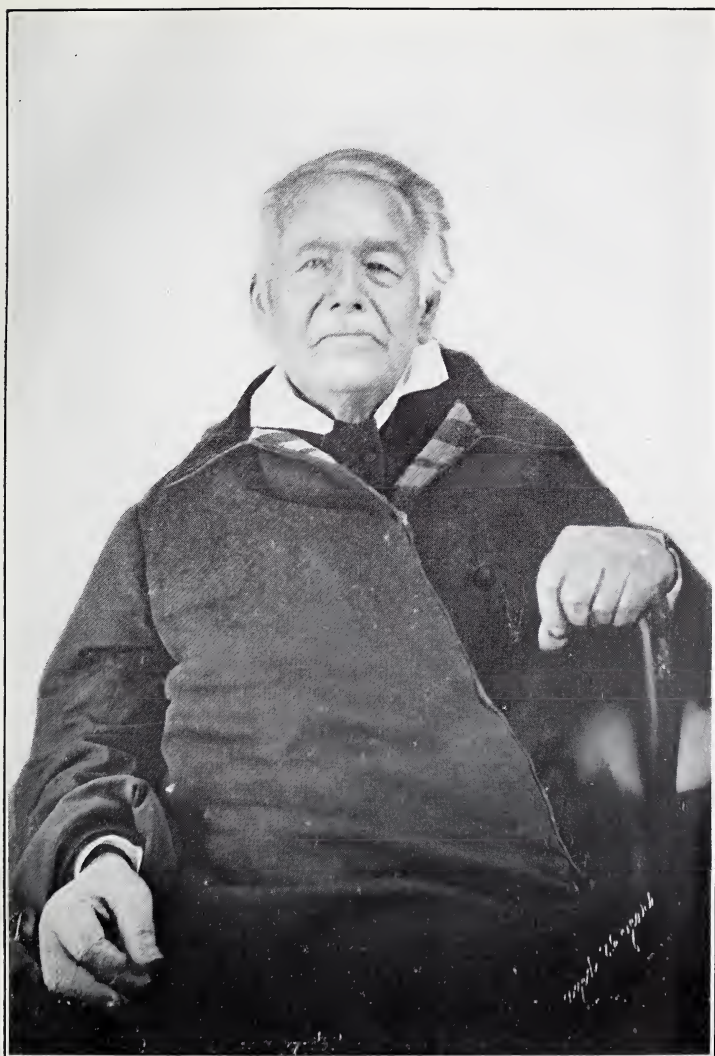
In that year, 1808, many scythes were made and sold, mostly one at a time, to farmers in Berlin, Meriden, Middletown, Chatham, and Glastonbury. Occasionally there was a turn by barter, as on July 11, "to one scythe delivered to a Gentleman from Middletown Upper Houses to cancel a debt of \$1.40 contracted for fish." The prices ran from seventy-five cents to \$1.67, according to size and quality. The charge for a scythe four feet long was \$1.50. One William H. Imlay, from whom the company purchased German steel at fifteen and one-half cents per pound—and blistered steel at sixteen cents, bought scythes by the wholesale. Twice ten and one-half dozen were delivered to him at \$1.00 each. Sea coal was fifty cents a bushel and charcoal cost \$7 per 100 bushels. Incidentally we learn that the workmen paid \$1.25 a week for board and counted out all meals when absent. Washing was included.

A milliner's bill, entered July 16, 1809, "for making Betsey and Lucetta's Bunnets" was sixty-two cents.

A copy of a letter in the book, dated 1808, signed by Simeon North, shows that he had at that time agreed to make a quantity of pistols for the United States Government, and that he had procured bonds for the completion of the contract to be sent on to the Secretary of the Navy.

Work on this contract began Wednesday, September 14, 1808, and in November of the following year Reuben credited himself

* Since these papers were written, there has appeared a full and authoritative treatment of Simeon North and his famous Spruce Brook industry. Cf. "Simeon North, First Official Pistol Maker of the United States," a memoir by S. N. D. North, LL.D., and Ralph H. North (Concord, N. H. The Rumford Press, 1913). This is a valuable contribution to the history of firearms in the U. S. and contains many beautiful cuts.



James L. Smith

\$432, for work he had done on 2,000 naval pistols. Special parts mentioned in his account were side pins, side hammers, sear hammers, hammer springs, sear springs, triggers, bridles, tumblers, cocks, and side straps or hooks.

In 1810-11 hammers were flying on the "second Job lot of 2,000 Naval Pistols," and the next year found the men busy on 2,000 horseman's pistols, and so we have evidence that at least 6,000 pistols were made in the Spruce Brook shop before the 1813 contract for 500 horse pistols referred to by John Paul Bocock.

When the War of 1812 came on, our government was unable to get arms fast enough to supply the troops. By a note in writing, for which Deacon Frederic North was given as authority, we learn that President Madison at this time visited the North factory in person and urged the company to increase their force.

As the water power there was already worked for all the machinery it could turn, a new factory was built by Simeon North at Staddle Hill, about a mile and a half southwest of Middletown center. Now, certain family historians have said that the son Reuben attempted to carry on the work in Berlin, but was unsuccessful. The truth was that the father who established the business, kept it, as was his right, in his own hands, and all finished arms bore his name, "S. North."

He removed to Middletown, but drove frequently out to Berlin where Reuben superintended the factory. Mrs. John North said he had the first carriage used in Berlin. It had a white top. In the old account book, names of twenty-eight men are found who came in 1813 to work for Reuben on the pistols. Of those names still remembered are Selah and Alvan North, Linas Hubbard, Abijah North, David North, Asahel and Jesse Root, Justus Buckley, John North, Ephraim Higby, and Selah Goodrich.

Most of the men lived with the North family and the price for board had now advanced to \$1.50 per week. Butter was entered on the journal at ten cents per pound, and beef, "100 cwt. at 6 cts per lb." Wild pigeons made a fine stew, and they came

in great flocks. Mr. Bulkeley says they were so thick on their ledge that his father used to bring down six or eight at one shot.

Amos Kirby, who lived in what is now known as the Atwater place, peddled meat then. When he had a creature to kill he used first go around to see if he could get orders enough for the beef to save himself from loss.

Wages were low. Joseph Henderson "agreed to blow and strike awelding pistols at twelve dollars a month."

"Selah Goodrich came to work three months at six dollars per month and three months after at eight dollars per month."

This was in the days of apprentices. Many of the workmen after their trade was learned set up shops of their own.

In that year, 1813, besides the work on pistols, 2,000 spurs, 2,000 burrs for spurs, 2,000 back pieces for spurs and 2,000 straps for spurs were forged and turned in the Spruce Brook shop.

At the close of the war, Simeon North was commissioned by the State of Connecticut to make two pairs of gold mounted pistols to be presented as a testimonial for their services to Captain Isaac Hull of the Frigate *Constitution* and Commodore McDonough who captured, on Lake Champlain, the English squadron under Commodore Downie.

Mr. North had so much pride in the making of those pistols that he sent to England and brought over Peter Ashton a skilled artisan, who superintended the work.

Commodore McDonough's daughter, wife of Henry G. Hubbard of Middletown, had her father's pistols. After much thought as to their disposal she decided to give them to the Hartford Athenaeum and they were deposited there some twenty years ago.

Who can tell us what became of Captain Hull's pistols?

Nathan Starr, whose sword factory was at Staddle Hill on the same stream as that of Simeon North, made for Captain Hull a beautifully engraved gold mounted sword, presented to him by the State with the pistols.

It would seem an easy matter, when so many pistols were made in Berlin before 1813, to pick one up in any old garret,

but they have disappeared, and it is next to impossible to find one on sale in antique collections. Alfred M. North, great-great-grandson of Simeon, recently came across one of the early makes in Philadelphia. Money, however, would not buy it, as the pistol was carried in the War of 1812 by the great-grandfather of the owner.

Later on the Norths made at Middletown and Berlin many guns, rifles, carbines and muskets with bayonets to fit.

Deacon Frederick North was authority for the statement that in 1781, when his grandfather Simeon was sixteen years old, he shouldered his gun and marched to Saybrook to enlist in the War of the Revolution, but when he reached his destination negotiations for peace were pending and he was not mustered into the service. He was Lieutenant Colonel of the Connecticut Sixth Regiment 1811-13 and was always known afterward by his title.

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It is said that Colonel North would never employ a man who was intemperate or immoral in anyway, and that no one ever worked for him who did not love him. His business with the government called him often to Washington and on his return he would go around the shop and shake hands with every man. Once while in Washington he attended a reception given by Dolly Madison and he was greatly impressed by her beauty and affability.

When Lafayette made his last visit to America, in 1824, he was taken to the Staddle Hill pistol factory, as one of the sights of Middletown. In preparation for the event the workmen had their machines brightly polished, and in clean white aprons all stood in silence, backs to their machines. Instantly, as Lafayette entered the doorway, the power was started and the men whirled about to their benches and went on with the din and clatter of their work.

Lucy Savage, the first wife of Simeon North, died February 24, 1811, aged 45 years. He married, second, in 1812, Lydia, daughter of Rev. Enoch Huntington of Middletown. When he brought Miss Huntington out to Berlin to see her prospective home he had added several rooms to this house, purchased in

1796 from the Dudleys, and was about to build another addition, but she begged him not to do so. She said it would be work enough for one woman to keep the house broom clean as it was.

Doubtless she was pleased when Mr. North bought, March 11, 1812, her father's place on the west side of High Street, in Middletown, where they spent the remainder of their lives.

There was only one house on the east side of High Street then, that of Nathan Starr. Mr. North owned land on that side which he sold with the proviso that during his life no building should be placed there to intercept his view of the Connecticut River, south as far as the Narrows.

The second wife died in 1840, and Colonel North died August 25, 1852, aged 87 years. Their graves are at Indian Hill Cemetery, Middletown.

The old Huntington house was removed and the site is now occupied by the residence of the President of Wesleyan University. A street called Willis Street has been cut through north of the house.

The pistol factory at Staddle Hill is now used by the Rock Fall Woolen Company.

The children of Simeon North and his first wife, Lucy Savage, daughter of Jonathan Savage and Elizabeth (Ranney) Savage, were Reuben, James, Alvan, Selah, Elizabeth, Lucetta, Simeon, and Nancy.

James, born September 16, 1788, was sent one day for grain to a gristmill in Westfield. He returned with the announcement that he had seen down there the prettiest girl he ever saw in all his life. It was a case of love at first sight. He waited until she was eighteen, and then, on October 24, 1810, he and Mary Dowd, daughter of Richard Dowd, were united in marriage. They "lighted their hearthfire and set up their family altar" in a part of the old Spruce Brook house, but afterward followed the father to Middletown. They purchased a large, pleasant house, built by Oliver Wetmore, out at Staddle Hill—a sightly place, where they lived to celebrate on October 24, 1860, the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding day.

Fifteen children came to bless their home, thirteen of whom were living at the time of the golden wedding, and eleven were present on that occasion. James North died in 1865 and his wife, Mary, died in 1866. The names of their children were Henry, Lucy Ann, James, Mary, Norman, Harriet, Susan, Seth, Elizabeth, Richard (died in childhood), Frances, Richard, Luther, and Franklin. An infant son who lived only ten days made up the fifteen. The dates of their births ranged from October 11, 1811, to March 24, 1835. There were no twins. Lucy Ann was married to James L. Wright, and her sister Elizabeth was the wife of William S. Wright. Their husbands were brothers, both Congregational ministers.

Aunt Mary was a lovely woman all her days. Sometimes she was tired and discouraged with so many little ones clinging to her skirts, and then Uncle James would come around with the carriage and take her away for a long drive, until her nerves were rested again.

They kept open house and entertained many visitors. How did they ever manage to feed so large a family? Well, for one thing they made apple pies without peeling the apples.

Alvan North married and had ten children. His son Ralph, born at Berlin, in 1814, studied law at Middletown and found his way to Natchez, where he became Judge and Chancellor of the 12th District of Mississippi. He died there in 1883. His daughter Florence was sent to Miss Porter's school in Farmington about the year 1854. After awhile she wrote home that she wished all the slaves could be freed.

Her mother then said that if Florence must live at the South it would be better to educate her there, and she was taken back to Natchez, where she was married.

The seed, however, sown at Farmington, had taken root and when the Rebellion broke she was loyal to the Union. Her husband was not permitted to continue his business, but she, by virtue of being a woman, contrived somehow to carry it on, and supported her family during those trying years.

Other children of Alvan North were Willis, Walter, Jane, Emily, Horace, Mary Ann, Alvan, and Dwight.

Selah North, born at Berlin, November 29, 1791, was killed by lightning August 13, 1850, while standing in his own doorway at Stow, Ohio. He had thirteen children. The names of eleven were Nancy, Egbert, Julia, George, John, Philip, Charles, Sarah, Newel, Charlotte, and Betsey.

Simeon North, Jr., the youngest son of this family, born September 7, 1802, prepared for college partly in the old Berlin Academy. He graduated from Yale, with honors and as valedictorian, in 1825, and from New Haven Divinity School in 1828. A fellow student with the Rev. Joseph Whittlesey, he always spoke of him with respect and affection.

While acting as tutor in Yale two years, 1828-9, calls to settle in the ministry came to him from Fairfield and Greenwich in this state. In 1829 he accepted the chair of ancient languages at Hamilton College. After ten years service as professor he was elected fifth president of the college. This office he held until 1857. He married, in 1833, Frances Harriet Hubbard, daughter of Dr. Thomas Hubbard, Professor of Surgery in Yale. Their only child, a beautiful boy, born in 1842, died in 1851.

Dr. Simeon North died February 9, 1884. His connection with Hamilton as professor, president, and trustee covered a period of fifty-five years.

Elizabeth North, born October 5, 1796, died of consumption March 25, 1831. She always entertained the boys who visited at "Grandfather's," and they thought Aunt Betsey very nice. Her beautifully wrought needle work has been exhibited at the Berlin fair.

One evening as the family sat around the fireplace burning corn cobs, her father said he would give five dollars to any one who would light a candle from a cob; Betsey said she wanted that money; she knew what to do with it, she would buy for herself some winter flannels, and she persevered until the candle caught the flame.

Lucetta North, born April 7, 1799, was the sister "Martha." It was she who kept the wheels of housekeeping in order, and she had not so much time to make herself agreeable to the children as had Aunt Betsey. She remained at home unmarried

and cared for her father in his old age. She died January 24, 1863, at the house of her brother James, in Staddle Hill.

Lydia Huntington North, a daughter and only child of the second marriage, born in Middletown, March 26, 1814, was married March 2, 1836, to Rev. Dwight M. Seward of Durham.

He was ordained and installed February 3, 1836, at a salary of \$750, over the Congregational Church of New Britain. Toward the close of his ministry there was much agitation over the question of dividing the church, and on that account he thought it wise to resign his charge. He was dismissed June 15, 1842, and on the 5th of July, 1842, "The South Congregational Church in New Britain" was organized. Of its members 119 came from the mother church; 207 remained and their next minister was called at a salary of \$600.

Gloomy prophets predicted dire disaster for both churches. The First Church now numbers 827 and the South Church has enrolled on its catalogue 1,111 members.

Mr. Seward was installed over the church in West Hartford, January 14, 1845, and dismissed December 18, 1850. Other churches which he served were at Yonkers, N. Y., where he remained twenty-five years, and at Portland, Me.

Dr. and Mrs. Seward spent their declining years at South Norwalk, where they celebrated their golden wedding in 1886. Mrs. Seward died there April 1, 1896. Dr. Seward retained much of his youthful vigor and continued to preach occasionally up to his ninetieth year. He died in January, 1901.

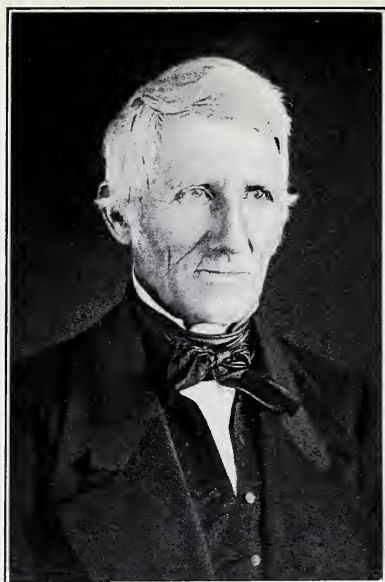
Two children survive them, William F. Seward, editor of the Binghamton *Republican*, and Lydia E., wife of W. H. Gleason, whose son, Arthur Gleason, is managing editor of *Country Life*. Dr. Seward, in his address given at the golden wedding at Staddle Hill, said he feared that some branches of the family were deteriorating. For, he went on to say, "a few weeks ago I saw huge placards of a big show under the auspices of one Levi J. North, which seemed to be made up of ponies, circusdancers, banjos, and comic songs. Boys bearing the same honorable name were among the performers. I suppose the showman must be related to us, but I was careful not to inquire, I felt indignant

that the venerable name of our 'Uncle Levi' should be thus dishonored. This is almost the first stain which I have seen on the family escutcheon." Now, curiously, a newspaper cutting without date falls from an envelope, and we read as follows:

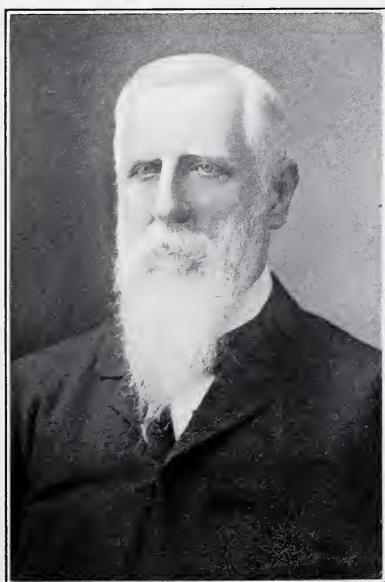
Levi J. North, the famous old circus rider, died on Monday, at his Brooklyn home. He was born on Long Island in June 1814. As a boy he was so infatuated with a traveling circus that stopped in Brooklyn that he ran away and joined the company—becoming, before he was thirty, the most perfect horseback performer in the world—exhibiting himself before the crowned heads of Europe, as well as in all parts of his native country. Last Thursday he attended the funeral of his old time associate Frank Pastor (brother of Tony) and while standing at the open grave he turned to a little group of white haired veterans of the ring close to his elbow and said "Another one gone, boys. Who'll be the next?" On Tuesday night the same group gathered at Dent's chop house (a Brooklyn restaurant which North had been accustomed to visit) to arrange for their attendance at the funeral of North himself. He had fatally caught cold at Pastor's funeral.

Reuben North, the eldest son of Simeon North, born December 11, 1786, remained on the Berlin homestead. By deed of date March 30, 1814, his father, for the consideration of \$5,600 conveyed to him his farm of sixty-six acres, with all buildings thereon. This did not include the shop, and the privilege was reserved of flowing for benefit of the factory, and digging stone from the quarry in the Pond Lot, so called. By the way, the stone for the foundations of the Worthington Academy was given by Reuben North from that Pond Lot quarry, south of the bridge.

By a second deed, dated March 22, 1826, Simeon North conveyed to his son Reuben one acre of land "at a place called Spruce Brook," with the shop and other buildings thereon, together with all the mill privileges thereto belonging. The price paid was \$300. This water power was used to run a sawmill before and after the time, in 1795, when Abraham Sage sold one-ninth of his right in the mill to Simeon North. The logs were pushed in on a tramway from the east side.



R. North



Francis North



Alfred North

Reuben North married, January 9, 1811, Lynda, daughter of Josiah and Huldah (Savage) Wilcox, who lived at what, in recent years, has been known as the Sherman Wilcox place. Their sons were Alfred, born October 3, 1811, and Samuel, born March 11, 1814. Lynda, the mother, died March 18, 1816, and an infant, Lynda Wilcox, the only daughter in this family, born March 17, too frail to survive, was laid in her mother's arms. Deacon Alfred North* was five years old at the time and he remembered that one of the neighbors lifted him up to look in the casket. He never forgot his mother and he fancied that his

* (Copied from papers of Catharine M. North)

Alfred North, eldest of the seven sons of Reuben North, was born Oct. 3, 1811. His education was obtained in the public and private schools of the neighborhood and in the old Berlin Academy. In early manhood he assisted his father on the farm and in the factory, and taught in the public schools of his native town and in Ohio.

In 1840 he started in business as a merchant in Litchfield. The next year, however, he returned to Berlin where he conducted a general store until 1886. He was a licensed pharmacist.

In 1844, six years before New Britain was set off from Berlin, he was chosen Town Clerk and Treasurer. For over forty years he was annually reelected to this office, until, in 1886, he resigned on account of failing eyesight.

Although a Whig and then a Republican, he received the votes of all parties, and for many years no other candidate was nominated for the office. He was also School Treasurer.

He was a member of the State Legislature in 1849 and in 1855.

As Recorder he received many mortgages held out of town, and he determined to have a savings bank established in Berlin. Through S. C. Wilcox, then representing the town in the Legislature, he obtained a charter and, although he met with much discouragement, he persevered until the bank was incorporated, June 19, 1873. Deacon North was elected first president and held the office for twenty years. When he attended the meeting of July, 1893, and resigned his position, the deposits amounted to 200,000 dollars.

In 1829, at the age of eighteen, he joined the 2nd Congregational Church of Berlin, under Rev. Samuel Goodrich. At the age of twenty, 1831, he was elected deacon. For twenty years he was superintendent of the Sunday School and was Clerk and Treasurer of the Worthington Eccl. Society, also of the Church, for 40 years. He died Jan. 14, 1894.

All his life Alfred North was characterized by a kind and generous disposition. He was the general counsellor and adviser of the town and people of all classes came to him in their troubles and perplexities. He

own daughter was like her. Referring to her name, one record gives it as Belinda and a grand-daughter had to endure Melinda, but she herself always signed it Lynda, and she marked her linen the same way.

Reuben North married, May 2, 1817, Huldah Wilcox, a sister of his first wife. Their children were Reuben, Jr., born March 13, 1818; Edward, born March 9, 1820; Simeon, born February 10, 1822; Frederic, born March 14, 1824, and Josiah Wilcox, the seventh son, born February 10, 1827. Huldah was so much afraid that people might accuse her of being partial that she was better to Lynda's boys than to her own. Some of the neighbors did not like her as well as they did Lynda, who was kind to everybody. They thought Huldah rather high feeling. She said, "Samuel, if you can't go in the best society there is in Berlin, don't go in any." The workmen used to sit at evening around a huge fireplace in the kitchen, and the boys

abhorred a quarrel, above all, a family quarrel, and he always strove to bring about a peaceful settlement in such a case.

He married May 8, 1834, Mary Olive Wilcox, b. Aug. 7, 1812. Her parents were Richard Wilcox of East Berlin, a descendant of John Wilcox (Willecks), orig. propr. of Hartford, and Olive [Porter] Wilcox, a descendant of John Porter, settler of Windsor. She died May 31st, 1882.

CHILDREN:

- I. FRANCIS AUGUSTUS, b. June 4, 1835, assisted his father in the store and studied music under Dr. Barnett, organist of the Center Church, Hartford. In 1858 he accepted a position with Andre & Company of Philadelphia, Publishers and Importers of sheet music. Eventually he purchased the business, but later sold to the Ditsons and started the Lester Piano Manufacturing Company. He died Sept. 9, 1904.

He married at Philadelphia, Oct. 10, 1867, Elizabeth W. Moorhead. Their two sons, Alfred M., b. Feb. 20, 1872, and Robert L., b. Nov. 19, 1873, educated in the schools of Philadelphia and at Princeton University, began business together in Philadelphia as manufacturers. Robert died Jan. 12, 1901, at age of 27.

(It appears that Alfred Moorhead North, who resides in Germantown, Philadelphia, is the only living descendant of Deacon Alfred North. He is the founder of The American Metal Works, of which he is treasurer, and of the Cheltenham Electric Company of Philadelphia.—Editor.)

- II. CATHARINE M. (1840-1914). See Foreword.

loved to steal out there to hear them tell their stories, but this was not allowed, they were called back and kept with their father and mother in the "middle room." The large circle of cousins delighted in visiting at Uncle Reuben's. They said Aunt Huldah always put her best foot foremost, and truly she did make an attractive home there. To her it was, as she said, the "Garden of Eden."

Besides the Middletown *Sentinel*, for secular news, and the *Puritan and Recorder* and *Evangelical Magazine* for Sunday reading, the Boston *Cultivator*, with its weekly budget of advice for better ways of managing farm work, brought also word of the latest improved fruits and flowers for the garden.

A large, square plat of ground, southeast from the house, was guarded from dogs, cats, and chickens by a close picket fence. Here stately sun flowers, flaunting princess feather, and great, red poppies elbowed corn and beans. Along the fence were currant bushes, and prickly gooseberries, and thorny raspberries, with beds of strawberries and asparagus. From the corners tansy, motherwort, sage, catnip, and trailing hops, cut and dried for winter, eased many a pain. Aromatic fennel, dill, and caraway furnished meeting seed fresh from June to October, and dry from October to June again. Did you ever feel around, under the tufts of the pew cushions in the old church, with your little fingers for stray fennel seeds?

In the center of the garden was a great, spreading pear tree, that bore bushels of fruit, small, sour, puckery, and hard at the core; but the sauce! After the boys married their wives had to "do up" a large stone jar full of those pears every year.

In the southwest corner a tall tacamahac or balsam-poplar scattered sweet, sticky buds to be made into healing salve. Up the balsam climbed a scarlet trumpet creeper, grown from a root given to Huldah by her sister Hepsy when she lived at the Dr. Brandegee place. Mulberry and cherry trees rivaled the honeysuckle for the attention of the birds and gay flowers—bee-balm, marigolds, butter-and-eggs, four-o'clocks, flowering almond, dahlias, portulaca, flower-de-luce, 'stertions and everything that anybody else grew, were found in this garden.

One winter's day Wallace, the hired man, who had never seen a dahlia root, brought all the tubers up from the cellar and boiled them for his dinner.

West of the house was the apple orchard. There was one tree called the "bitter sweet," m! m! drawn from the brick oven, at supper time, those apples were like nectar. Handy, at the foot of the cellar stairs, was a sleigh body, yellow striped with black, that might have come out of the ark, and almost as big, filled with apples for winter use, and every time the cellar door was opened up came a whiff of fragrance from those apples.

All along the fences were peach trees, pears, cherries, and plums. Peaches were so abundant that they were fed to the swine.

As the sun nears the western hills, let us follow the lane-way south of the house. First, on the left hand, are the bee hives. Go softly here, those bees are vicious; once they came out and stung an innocent child. She ran screaming back to the house to her grandmother, who sent Josiah down the hill to get some mud, from a puddle in the road, for a plaster. In the lane, on the west side, we take out a fence rail and step over into the field to test the watermelons.

On the other side we halt to see how the walnuts are coming on. Two famous, great trees stand here in the open meadow. The shells, from one, chock full of buttery meat, are so thin that the children crack them with their teeth.

Now, at the end, we let down the bars and call "Co, co." Soon, from distant, shady corners of the great pasture, come the cows, eager for milking time. There was no patent separator for the cream of this dairy, but if you had once tasted the butter that "came" in that old barrel churn, it would make your mouth water to-day to think of it. Dr. Gridley always wanted Mrs. Reuben North's butter as long as she had it to spare.

And the cheese,—for this, a big tub full of sweet milk was required, and so Mrs. North and Mrs. Normand Wilcox, across the way, took turns about and put their milkings together. In the long shed room, in the southeast corner, was the cheese press, and up in the southwest chamber, on shelves, row upon row of

cheeses were placed to ripen—turned every day and rubbed with butter, until, sweet, mellow, and nutty, they would, to use Edward North's expression, almost set one longing to be mites.

Sunday mornings the house was vocal with song. The father led the choir in church and the boys all helped. Alfred sang bass, and Samuel carried the tenor. Reuben played the violin; one he kept for that service, a sort of sacred fiddle, which he would never allow anyone to use for dancing tunes. Josiah played the flute so acceptably that the church gave him one with silver keys. He also studied the piano with the first Mrs. Joseph Whittlesey, and under her instruction he played the old church organ. The mother boasted that she fitted out twenty-one from her home, every Sunday for church.

The young people, who had to walk, struck into the woods west of the Ward place and followed a well-beaten path, across lots, that came out by Colonel Bulkeley's ledge. In summer time, to keep their nicely blacked shoes clean, they carried them, with their stockings, in their hands until they reached the village.

Reuben North was one of the first in town to take a stand for temperance, but when haying time came the men would not work without some liquid refreshment stronger than ginger and molasses stirred with water, and Alfred was sent up street with a jug for New England rum.

Reuben North, Jr., in his dairy under date February 27, 1838, writes:

Attended a temperance meeting at the chapel. . . . Mr. Cary (principal of Academy) thought it was worse to drink cider than to drink brandy. Dr. Gridley thought we drank too much of everything. Mr.—(a clergyman) thought a man had a right to drink a little wine or cider at his own discretion.

An incident helps us to a date relating to the work in the old pistol factory. The Rev. James McDonald was settled here from April 1, 1835, to November 27, 1837. One day as he drove over the bridge by the shop he called out "Making guns to kill people with!" "No," replied Mr. North, with indigna-

tion, "I am making guns to save life!" Possibly this remark of the minister's set the sons to thinking that the business was not a proper one for Christians. They seemed to be prejudiced against it, and not one of them, so far as is known, kept any memento of the place more belligerent than a pair of tongs or a tuning fork.

The size of the factory is unknown but it had two stories above the basement and was entered from the street. Work was discontinued there in the winter of 1842-3. As has been said, "It is strange how fast a building goes to decay when out of touch with humanity."

Twelve years or so later Deacon Alfred North went into the shop one day and, upstairs, a beam on which he stepped, broke and he fell to the lower story astride another beam, which fortunately held and saved him from being dashed upon the rocks below. The factory was still standing in the winter of 1856-7 and George S. North, a grandson, went all over it. When his grandmother knew what the boy had done she was frightened and told him never to go in there again. Then he stood on the bridge and threw stones at the windows, and that hurt her feelings. Many tools and scraps of iron were lying all about at that time. Soon afterwards a flood came and carried off dam, shop and all. The pond was a favorite swimming place for boys, and in winter the young people of the village liked to go there to skate, for the reason that they could warm themselves by the shop fires.

Back in 1826 Reuben North had paid for his farm and was prosperous, when a friend, for whom he had given his name as security for a large amount, failed in business. Compelled to face the obligation he covered his property with mortgages, and from that time on, with broken health, it was a struggle to pay interest money and make ends meet. However, "he did the best he could for his boys." Edward and Josiah were educated at Hamilton College, and the others had what advantages were afforded by the district schools and the Worthington Academy.

Reuben North died April 4, 1853, aged sixty-seven years. Huldah, his wife, remained on the homestead for awhile, but it

was lonely for her there, and she went to live with a favorite niece, Mrs. Emily North McKay, in East Berlin, where she died September 11, 1865, aged seventy-six years. At her grave on the hill, Rev. Wilder Smith, who conducted the service, spoke these words:

In bringing this aged mother to this place, we have brought her past the home of her birth, past the home she entered as a bride, and from the home of her old age, and have laid her down in this, her last resting place, no more to be disturbed until the morning of the Resurrection.

Of the seven sons in this family Alfred, the eldest, died January 14, 1894, at the age of eighty-two years.

Samuel, social, cheerful and large hearted, died April 30, 1878, at the age of sixty-four years, in Middle Haddam where, for fourteen years, he was deacon of the Congregational church.

Reuben, who was a very religious young man, was a favorite with the young people for his musical ability and pleasant manners. He died of consumption November 22, 1844.

Edward North, now affectionately known as "Old Greek,"* united with the Second Congregational Church of Berlin in 1831, at the age of eleven years. He fitted for college partly under Ariel Parish at the Worthington Academy, and graduated from Hamilton, as valedictorian, in 1841. Two years later he was elected Professor of Ancient Languages in Hamilton, and when, in 1901, he resigned the chair of "Greek and Greek Literature," he had covered a term of fifty-seven years in the service of the college. He died at his home on College Hill, September 13, 1903, aged eighty-three years. His son, Dr. S. N. D. North, also a graduate of Hamilton, class of 1869, is well known as Director of the Census, and as head of the "North Tariff Commission," recently sent abroad by President Roosevelt for a conference with the German Tariff Commission.

Gladys North, a daughter of S. N. D. North, is a member of the "Olive Mead Quartette."

* Cf. "Old Greek: An Old Time Professor in an Old Fashioned College." By S. N. D. North. New York, 1905.

Simeon North, the fifth son, died as the result of an accident, January 20, 1842, at the age of twenty years. He went one winter day upon Lamentation to help bring home some firewood. On the way down the mountain the sled slipped and overturned, so that he was caught and crushed under the weight of the load.

Frederic North, once leader of the choir, and superintendent of the Sunday school, and many years deacon of the Second Congregational Church, in Berlin, died September 17, 1897, aged seventy-three years.

Josiah Wilcox North graduated from Hamilton College in 1848, and from Yale Divinity School in 1852. He went West as a Home Missionary and held pastorates at Geneseo and Como, Ill. His health failed and he was obliged to abandon his profession. He died December 13, 1882, in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

Josiah was never punished when a child, for the reason that he never did anything that merited punishment. His mother said the only thing he was set about was that he would have a clean collar every day.

NOTE. An incident is here given to show Dr. Edward North's tact in dealing with his young men. One morning, as he entered his class room, he saw upon the black board, a very clever caricature of himself, drawn by an artist student. He looked at it a moment, then turned and said "Young gentlemen, will you please rub that out; one is enough."

The question has been asked how, in the days when no sturdy handmaidens came from across the seas to knock at our doors, work was done in families like the Norths. In this particular household, homeless girls were sometimes taken, or bound until of age, and trained in all the mysteries of domestic science, until fitted to conduct homes of their own—and they were all married.

A document, written in 1812, shows that the selectmen of Berlin indentured to Reuben North, a poor child, whose parents did not provide for her, under these conditions:

She was pledged to "obey all his lawful commands" and "to serve him faithfully until she arrive at the age of eighteen

years." He in turn agreed to provide her with "sufficient meat, drink washing lodging Cloathing and Phisick," and at the end of the time "to give her two good suits of Cloaths one suitable for every day wear the other for Holy days."

It was a rule in old times for a girl to have a pillow case full of stockings in readiness for her marriage. Mrs. North told one of her young women that for every pair of stockings she would knit for herself, she would furnish the yarn and knit another pair to put with them. The girl replied, "My Bible tells me to take no thought for the morrow."

Sometimes it was a sister, or a cousin who lent a helping hand; one, the eldest of the family of eight daughters, came in her youth, and staid on year after year, honored as the mother's trusted assistant, until she was well past forty. Then a widower hailed from New York State, in search of a wife to care for himself; his four daughters—one bedridden; his three sons—one crazy, and his twenty cows. Some one expatiated to him upon the virtues of Aunt Patience and it was a sorry day for the "tribe of Reuben"—that August 5, 1833, when he carried her away as his bride. Her wages, carefully treasured for a rainy day, went to pay off a mortgage on the farm "out there," and her husband was grateful to be free from debt. She worked like a slave, but the family all loved her, and she did not die an "old maid."

She is recorded on earth as having "no children."

Widow Landers used to come from Middletown Upper Houses to nurse in time of sickness. She took snuff and used a colored handkerchief; and there was an "Aunt Mattie Savage" who came for long visits. She was harmlessly deranged, and at night she would place by the side of her bed a row of chairs. She said the "Bill Witches" came in the night and sat in them.

Young women who had learned the tailor's trade came by the week with patterns and shears and goose and made up clothing for the men and boys. One girl, who sometimes worked for a man tailor, laughed in her sleeve at an evening party, when she heard a young man say that he would never wear a coat made by a woman. She sewed every stitch of the coat he had on his back at the time.

In the long, east shed-room of the North house was a remarkable washing machine, invented, 1808-10, by Reuben North. It was a cumbersome affair, with heavy pounders in a round bottom box. A pulley tackle passed outside to which, on Monday mornings, a horse was attached and made to do the great washings. When the boys grew up they hated the sight of this machine and without regard to the feelings of their father, they managed to get it out to the barn. A duplicate of this washer was to be made for Benjamin Wilcox in 1810.

The large back extension of the old North house was torn away in the fifties, and the place has changed ownership several times. Of the garden not a vestige remains. The great shagbarks in the meadow, while still in vigor, fell victims to the steam sawmill in 1885. Trees grown from a handful of the thin shelled nuts, planted by Edward North on his grounds at Clinton, have been in bearing many years. Even the fireplace brasses and front door latch with the fine brass knocker disappeared. Strange to say this knocker has recently been found down in Guilford, Conn., and an effort has been made to obtain it for the collection of antiques to be exhibited at Jamestown.

The farm is now occupied by John Hanson and his family from Sweden.

By deed of December 10, 1807, Simeon North "for love and affection" conveyed to his son Reuben the place next east of his own dwelling house, described as "containing one rood of land . . . with the dwelling house thereon standing, that is now occupied by Simeon Strickland." "The above land and house is to be estimated at \$150 toward said Reuben's portion." No previous deed of this house can be found and the inference is that it was built by S. North to be used by tenants.

Leverett Moss occupied the place for a number of years. Afterward somebody lived there whose companions were foxhounds and chicken thieves. One night in a drunken brawl he shot and nearly killed a man. For this crime he served a term in the state prison. Then Minot Piper, father of six boys,

purchased the property and repaired the house. The premises are now owned by Wm. E. S. Turner.

Orrin C. Clark of East Berlin, a grandson of Simeon Strickland, gives the following account of him :

Born in Glastonbury, March 25th, 1755, he enlisted in the Revolutionary war—marched from East Hartford—served six months as private under Captain Rowley, Colonel Waterbury and General Gates, and one year as private under Captain Miles and Colonel Canfield. He built galleys at Gainsborough, was in the battles of Ticonderoga and Skeinesborough and was discharged at Ticonderoga.

He returned to Glastonbury and later removed to Middletown. In 1834 he moved to the Ward house (next west of Spruce Brook), and died there June 25, 1836, at the age of eighty-one years and three months. After his death, his wife, Mary Strickland, and her daughter, Ruth Strickland Clark, moved to the old King house, the second west of the Ward place. Mary Strickland died there October 29, 1839, aged eighty-eight years and five months. She was buried beside her husband in the hill cemetery across the way.

Simeon Strickland was employed in the North pistol factory in 1811, as shown by credit given him for work. His name appears in the "Connecticut Men of the Revolution," as a pensioner in 1832.

Daniel Clark, the husband of Ruth Strickland Clark, died in Philadelphia, February 23, 1831, and she came back to Berlin with her children. In her old age she lived with her daughter, Mrs. Mary Ann Richardson. She died in the John Lee house, west of the village hotel, June 14, 1885, aged ninety-three years. Her grave is in Maple Cemetery.

Speaking of the loss of memory, Mrs. Clark said she never forgot when told that anyone was sick or in trouble. Born in 1792, at Glastonbury, she was quite young when the family came to Berlin. She remembered the first wife of Simeon North very well, and the little Lucy, whose short life of two years and three months ended in 1806. When Lucy was two years old her mother had a severe illness and she was taken over to stay with the Stricklands. Mrs. Clark said she was a "cute

little thing" and they became very fond of her. When Mrs. North was recovering Lucy was taken back home and her mother cried because the baby clung to Mrs. Strickland and refused to go to her.

Housekeepers of the present day, whose tables are supplied all winter with fruits and vegetables, canned at home, or brought fresh from the South, can hardly realize the longing for green food that came over some of the old people before their garden sauce was ready for use.

Dandelion leaves, plantain, dock, mustard, shepherd's purse, and milkweed, boiled with a generous piece of salt pork, made an appetizing dinner, and besides all those herbs were "good for the blood." In the last winter of Mrs. Clark's life she told a neighbor that she prayed to live until spring so that she might have a dish of greens. With the first April showers the neighbor was seen out in her yard, a tin dipper in one hand and a knife in the other, stooping here and there. When asked what she was about, she replied "I am answering Grandma Clark's prayer."

A boy who was bound out ran away in the fall. In answer to the question why he had left his place he said, "They kept me on grass all summer and I was afraid they would feed me on hay all winter."

The house next east of that occupied, in 1807, by Simeon Strickland, is supposed to have been built by Elisha Cheney. It was occupied in 1830-32 by John North whose wife was Harriet Cheney. Their two younger daughters, Sarah and Elizabeth, were born there. The place came into the possession of Elishama Brandegee and was purchased by William Dyer, who, in 1855, sold it with two acres of land for \$350, to Harriet Deming, who made a home for her sister, Mrs. Emily Wright, and for her brother, Lewis Deming. They were all short of stature, so that they were known as "The Lilliputians." Simple, honest and industrious they managed to make a living. Mrs. Wright went out washing. She would never slight her work but would keep at her tubs from early morning until eight or nine o'clock at night and all for fifty cents

a day. She carried her own sustenance in a tin pail and was never known to eat a mouthful at the tables of those for whom she labored. She had a perfect horror of the poorhouse and declared that she would never be taken there alive. One summer she lived with her husband, Trout Wright, in Kensington, under a shanty of boards that they set up, with their stove outside. She said "I tell my husband that we are like the Saviour. We have no place to lay our heads." She always wore a short dress above her ankles and walked with a funny little dog trot. Sometimes the boys, to scare her, would fire off a gun, and she would drop in the road as if dead.

One morning when she came up to Mrs. William Riley's to work she was full of indignation, because as she climbed into the wagon and sat on the high seat, humped over to keep her balance, her feet dangling, some boys called out "toad on a harrer." She said, "I gave 'em as good as they sent, I told 'em they showed their broughtage up." The family came from Wethersfield and Mrs. Wright used to say that George Washington was a friend of her father's, and that he used to consult with him.

Dwight E. Bowers remembers that the sisters used to make an excellent salve, of which one of the ingredients was obtained from frogs, and boys were paid in salve for all the frogs they brought in. They suspected afterward that the sisters had an Epicurean taste for frogs' legs.

The house, besides its human occupants, was filled with cats and hens. Mrs. Wright said the chickens always came out to greet her on her return from work—first the rooster and then the hens, all in a row, followed.

Lewis, the brother, was very pious. He had little, twitching, black eyes. He said he had a wife when he was young, but she stepped on a rolling cob and fell and hurt herself so that she died. He was often seen in the fields collecting medicinal plants, which he sold to the herb doctors. He used to carry great bundles of them to Hartford, and he also supplied the saloons there with fresh peppermint for the making of mint juleps. He would come to the door and, in a faint, piping voice, explain that he could not speak loud because he had the liver complaint.

Harriet died July 12, 1875, at the age of seventy-nine years, and was buried in the graveyard on the hill. Lewis then had to go to the town house. He used to come up to Dr. Brandegees to have his hair cut. The house was purchased by Alfred Lloyd Bowers and has been vacant for many years.

CHAPTER III.

The Hart Families of Lower Lane, Their Ancestors, Descendants, and Dwelling Places.—Abby Pattison and Her Ancestor Edward Pattison, the First Manufacturer of Tin-ware in America.—Emma Hart Willard and Her Work.

By "Mac" and "O" you'll surely know
True Irishmen, they say,
But if they lack both O and Mac,
No Irishmen are they.

"Mac" means son, "O" means grandson.

The Hart family originated in Ireland. Through various transitions from Airt, O'h-Airt, O'Hairt, O'Harte, and Harte comes the Americanized name of Hart.

John O'Hart of Dublin, Fellow of the Royal Historical and Archæological Association of Ireland, published, in 1877, a wonderfully complete genealogy of the O'Harts which bears this title

IRISH PEDIGREES
OR
THE ORIGIN AND STEM
OF
THE IRISH NATION.

This work, which represents the research of a lifetime, carries the O'Hart pedigree, family by family, name by name, back through 114 sole monarchs of Ireland, and through long lines of kings and queens of Scotland and England, back to the Garden of Eden. Alexandrina Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, comes in this family in the 136th generation from Adam. Milesius, the last of the pre-historic invaders of Ireland, was the progenitor of those 114 Irish monarchs and of the royal families mentioned. He married Scota, a daughter of Pharaoh Neetoni-

bus, King of Egypt. Milesius was contemporary with King Solomon, and it makes us feel like giving the latter the endearing title of "Uncle Sol" when we read that his Egyptian wife is supposed to have been a sister of Scota.

King Cormac Mac Art, called Ulfhada, on account of his long beard, was the 115th monarch of Ireland. He excelled all his race in wisdom, learning and goodness. Prior to the year 560, the kings of Ireland had their royal residence on the beautiful hill of Tara, twenty-one miles northwest of Dublin. The story of King Cormac Mac Art and his life at Tara in the third century reads like that of Solomon and his household as related in I Kings 4. He had always one thousand one hundred and fifty persons in constant attendance at his "Great Hall" which was 300 feet long, thirty cubits high and fifty cubits in breadth, with fourteen doors. His service of plate, in daily use, consisted of 150 pieces—flagons and drinking cups of gold, silver and precious stones, besides dishes, all of pure gold and silver. King Cormac ordained that ten choice persons should attend him and never be absent from him. These were:

1. A nobleman to be his companion.
2. A judge to explain the laws.
3. An antiquary to preserve the genealogies of the nobility.
4. A Druid or magician to offer sacrifice and presage good or bad omens.
5. A poet to praise or dispraise every one according to his actions.
6. A physician to administer physic to the king and queen and to the rest of the royal family.
7. A musician to compose music, and to sing in the king's presence.
- 8, 9, 10. Three stewards to govern the house and the servants.

With the exception that since the Christian faith was adopted the Druid or magician was changed to a prelate of the church, this custom was followed without change by all the succeeding kings down to the sixtieth from Cormac. The ancient records of Ireland at Tara were brought to complete accuracy during the reign of Cormac. Of several learned treatises written by King Cormac, one, "Kingly Government," is still extant.

In his actions and judgment Cormac was so upright that seven years before his death God revealed to him the light of his faith, and thenceforward he refused to worship the idol gods of the Druids, whereupon they caused his destruction by the "ministry of damned spirits, choking him as he sat at dinner, eating of salmon, some say by a bone of the fish sticking in his throat, A. D. 266, after a reign of forty years."

St. Rodanus, in anger, because his brother was held a prisoner by King Dermot, laid a curse on Tara and it was forsaken as a royal residence in the sixth century. In 975 Tara was described as a desert overgrown with weeds and grass. Some earthen ramparts and mounds are now all that remain of its ancient magnificence.

The Harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.

So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er;
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night
Its tale of ruin tells.

Thus freedom now so seldom wakes
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks
To show that still she lives.

"That still she lives," was shown in 1843, when Daniel O'Connell, greatest of Irish patriots, held monster political meetings in every corner of Ireland. There was never a mob, and, thanks to Father Mathew, there was no crime or drunkenness at those meetings. The greatest rally of all was on August 15, 1843, at Tara, when the attendance was estimated at three-quarters of a million. Of the limited editions of *The Stem of*

the Irish Nation, a few copies were placed in the libraries of large cities in America. A complimentary copy was sent to the Librarian of Congress, and another is in the Philadelphia Library. The latter may be taken out by a deposit of ten dollars.

Mrs. F. A. North, some years since, wrote to Mr. O'Hart of Dublin, author of the *Stem*, and asked him if he could tell her how Stephen Hart of Farmington was connected with the O'Harts of Ireland. In reply he said:

I am satisfied that your ancestor was descended from Stephen Hart of Westmill, Hertfordshire, England, who is the first of the name recorded as living in that country, and I believe that said Stephen Harte was a descendant of Lochlaan O'Hart . . .

Mrs. North is referred by Mr. O'Hart to the "Irish Pedigrees" for further information. The work of a genealogist brings him a scanty livelihood. Mr. O'Hart confided to Mrs. North an account of his straightened circumstances. He says:

In 1889 Providence was pleased to take from me in the fortieth year of his age and unmarried, my good and only son, who up to his death affectionately allowed me £100 (sterling) annually out of his income as chartered Public Accountant in Dublin, and in 1894 died my cherished friend, the late George W. Childs of Philadelphia, Pa., who on the death of my son did benevolently grant me a munificent annuity . . . but as the good Mr. Childs did not mention in his will his generous intentions toward me (and my dear wife if she survived me) his estate has refused the annuity to me.

(Mr. Childs had promised to continue the annuity during the life of Mr. O'Hart.)

The letter goes on to say "These two deaths have in my present old age left me and my dear wife in very straightened circumstances" A paper enclosed gave a list of subscribers to a testimonial to Mr. O'Hart. The donations as there mentioned amounted to £43, "in recognition of his invaluable services in elucidating Irish and Anglo Irish Pedigrees and Ethnology."

We will now turn to Lower Lane, where, in ancient times, were four colonial houses, in a row, all occupied by Hart families, descendants of Deacon Stephen Hart of Farmington, born about 1605, at Braintree, in Essex County, England. Stephen Hart was at Cambridge, Mass., 1632; at Hartford,* with Rev. Thomas Hooker's company, in 1635, and was one of the eighty-four proprietors among whom Farmington lands were divided in 1672.

John Hart, the eldest of the three sons of Deacon Stephen Hart, lived near the center of the village of Farmington. One night, in 1666, the Indians set fire to his house, and all the family, with the exception of his eldest son John, who chanced to be away from home, at Nod (Avon), where he had gone to care for some creatures, were burned to death.

The public calamity was increased by the destruction of the town records, which were kept in the house.†

Captain John Hart, son of the John Hart and Sarah his wife, who were burned, married Mary, daughter of Deacon Isaac Moore of Farmington. They had five sons and two daughters.

Lieutenant Samuel Hart, fourth son of Captain John Hart, born 1692, was a resident of Great Swamp in 1723, when he carried two bushels of wheat, valued at eleven shillings, to Mr. Burnham, the minister, as his tax for the support of the church at Christian Lane.

He married, December 25, 1723, Mary Hooker, daughter of John Hooker, Esq., of Farmington. John Hooker was registrar, and you should see his beautiful handwriting, as it appears on the deeds of his time.

* Tradition says, "The town of Hartford was named from a ford discovered by Deacon Stephen Hart and used in crossing the Connecticut river at a low stage of water—Hart's ford."

† It is a pleasure to say that the early church records of Farmington which were said to have been burned in the house of John Hart, were discovered in Hartford in the winter of 1841-2. The book, its pages closely written, is about five and a half inches in length by four in width. It is to be hoped that a certain volume of Worthington church records, borrowed some twenty-five years since, and never returned, may have escaped the waste paper man, and that it may yet be discovered.

The home of Samuel and Mary Hooker Hart was west of Isaac Norton's on the northwest corner, now owned by Deacon Leonard C. Hubbard.

Samuel Hart, Sr., died September 30, 1751, aged fifty-nine, leaving three daughters and one son. The second daughter, Mary, became the wife of the eminent physician, Joseph Wells of Wethersfield.

The plan had been to give to the son Samuel, who was a boy of "good parts," a liberal education, but he was only thirteen when his father died, and his mother could not make up her mind to send him away from home.

He devoted himself to the care of the family and inherited his father's farm. He was connected with the local train band of which he became the captain. His father, Samuel, had held the office of lieutenant.

Samuel Hart, born January 21, 1738, married, October 10, 1757, Rebecca Norton, a girl of eighteen, daughter of Charles Norton. They had seven children, and then Rebecca died, July 28, 1769, in her thirty-first year. Captain Hart married, second, October 4, 1770, Lydia, daughter of Captain John Hinsdale, who lived up on the "Street." Lydia was twenty-three when she took charge of Samuel Hart's little flock, and she had ten children of her own. The names of Rebecca's children were:

1. Rebecca, born January 30, 1760, married William Cook of Danbury.
2. Samuel, born May 17, 1761, married, April 8, 1791, Mary Wilcox, daughter of Stephen Wilcox.
3. Charlotte, born October 17, 1762, married December 2, 1784, Orrin Lee.
4. Asahel, born May 6, 1764, married, September 23, 1790, Abigail Cowles.
5. Anna, born February 16, 1766, died of consumption, March 25, 1784, aged 18 years.
6. Jesse, born January 3, 1768, married, November 28, 1792, Lucy Beckley.
7. James, born March 5, 1769, died April 12, 1770-1.

The children of the second marriage were:

8. Mary, born September 23, 1771, married ——— John Lee.
9. John, born January 23, 1773, died September 13, 1816, aged 44 years.
10. James, born Dec. 26, 1774, died December 25, 1796, aged 22 years, at Staunton, Del.
11. Theodore, born August 30, 1776, died November 1, 1815, at Petersburg, Va., aged 39 years.
12. Lydia, born September 18, 1778, married Elisha Treat.
13. Betsy, born September 21, 1781, died ———, aged 11 years.
14. Huldah, born July 12, 1783, died January 31, 1784.
15. Nancy, born March 8, 1785, married Joshua Simmons.
16. Emma, born February 23, 1787, married, 1812, John Willard, M.D.
17. Almira, born July 13, 1793, married, October 5, 1817, Simeon Lincoln; second, John Phelps.

Ten of these children lived to marry and have families. A notable assemblage, indeed, their descendants would make, if they could be brought together for an "Old Home Day" at Berlin.

Captain Samuel Hart was the first clerk and treasurer of the Second Congregational Church of Berlin, in 1775. His views in regard to the final salvation of mankind differed from those of his brethren in the church, and he withdrew from their fellowship in 1807.

It was said of Mr. Hart that while his thoughts were strong and clear, he was unwilling to speak in public until he had committed them to paper—in writing. He was a lover of books, and at evening it was said that he would gather his large family about the open fireside, and read to them, from the best English authors, Young, Locke, Thomson, Milton, and others of his favorites. There was at that time a village library from which he might have drawn his books.

An old account book kept by David Webster, Esq., of Berlin, contains the following entries:

Dec. 1784. Worthington Library company, Dr. to Chesterfield's Letters, 2 vol. a 24 agreed with committee. Feb. 25th, 1783, Cr. by cash rec'd of Peat Galpin, part for books.

"Peat" Galpin lived in an old house that stood on the site of the large Edwards house now owned by Luther S. Webster. The inside cellar door of that house was Pete Galpin's front door.

The graves of Lieut. Samuel Hart and his wife, Mary (Hooker) "Heart," and of Captain Samuel Hart, with his wives, "Rebekah Heart" and Lydia (Hinsdale) Hart, are in the South Cemetery at Worthington. The inscription on Lydia Hart's stone reads as follows:

In memory of Mrs. Lydia Hart, Relict of Capt. Samuel Hart, who died Jan. 18th, 1831, *Æ* 84. Her generous self devotion in the various relations of Daughter, Sister, Wife & Mother, are best known to those who best knew her, but that hope of Salvation which made her life cheerful and her death serene, was in the mercy of God through a Savior.

We have heard that once on a time a certain D. A. R. Chapter was rent asunder because they could not agree on the spelling of this name Hart or Heart. In the old deeds it is given first one way and then another, by members of the same family, and even for the same individual.

Jesse Hart, born 1768, married 1792, was a cabinet maker. Before he kept the hotel, at Boston Corners, he lived in the brick house, now owned by Leon LeClair. It is probable that he built that house. His first wife, Lucy Beckley, died in 1814, and, in 1822, he married, second, Mindwell Porter, daughter of Samuel Porter. Mr. Hart died in 1827, aged fifty-nine. Mrs. Hart survived him forty-eight years, and died July 6, 1875, aged ninety-one. It had been the custom, whenever there was a death in the community, to toll the church bell. Mrs. Hart's daughter, Mrs. Jane Hart Dodd of Cincinnati, said she could not hear the bell toll for her mother, and that was the first case remembered when the right was omitted.

Aunt Mindwell, as she was familiarly known, will always be remembered, by those who knew her, for her quaint speeches. She lived, in her latter years, with her two sisters, Mrs. Almira Barnes, and Mrs. Sophia Camp, in the house now owned by

Mrs. Hopkins. The "Sisters" were noted for their hospitality. They were always ready to open their house for missionary meetings, and prayer meetings, for the sewing society and to entertain guests.

Lydia Hart, fifth child of Samuel Hart and Lydia Hinsdale Hart, married Elisha Treat of Middletown. They were the grandparents of the Misses Emily and Adeline Wilcox of Westfield Society, Middletown.

It is known that Mrs. Emma Hart Willard, in her poem "Bride Stealing," written in 1840, took the utmost pains to make the story historically correct. She said she had no idea, when she began it, of the difficulty she would have in collecting the facts.

Of the Harts she says:

And thither hied, in friendly part,
Norton's next neighbor, Ensign Hart,
Whose comely spouse was, when he took her,
The modest maiden, Mary Hooker,
They walked with firm and even mien
Their little Sammy led between.

The genealogical books, copying from old church records, tell us that all these children of Lieut. Samuel Hart, and of his son Captain Samuel, were born in Kensington, or possibly in Farmington, and that is true.

Miss Abby Pattison used to point out a stone, set near her house, which marked the old boundary line between Farmington and Middletown.

The first Ministerial Society, formed October, 1705, in Great Swamp parish, or "ffarmington village," as it was sometimes called, received the name of the Second Society of Farmington.

In May, 1722, its name was changed, by General Assembly, to Kensington.

The Act, as recorded, reads thus:

Resolved by this Assembly that the 2d Society of Farmington, with what of Wethersfield & Middletown is by this Assembly annexed thereto, shall for the future be called and known by the name of Kensington. Passed by both Houses 1722.

Until the final division of the church, in 1772, nearly all of what now constitutes the town of Berlin was, ecclesiastically speaking, Kensington.

The Samuel Hart dwelling house stood a little way north of the present house, on the corner. Some of the timbers from the old house are a part of Leonard Hubbard's wood-house. The well, south of the house, is the same that was used by the Harts. After Mr. Hubbard purchased the place, Mrs. Willard and her sister, Mrs. Phelps, called there and asked for a glass of water from the well of which they drank in childhood. Mrs. Willard left with Mrs. Hubbard, a framed engraving of herself, with the request that it might always remain in the house.

A gravestone at the Bridge Cemetery in Worthington bears the following inscription:

Thomas Hart,
Died Sept. 21, 1832,
Aged 78 years,
The youngest brother of John,
Elihu, Jonathan & Ebenezer,
sons of Ebenezer Hart, who died 1795,
Which was the son of Ebenezer Hart who died 1773
Which was the son of Thomas Hart who died 1771
Which was the son of Thomas Hart who died —
Which was the son of Stephen Hart,
Who arrived in America &
settled in Berlin, 1635.

According to reliable records the family history as given on that stone, is incorrect. Deacon Stephen Hart, the progenitor of the New Britain and Berlin Harts, came to Hartford with Mr. Hooker in 1635. He was a leader in the settlement of Farmington in 1640, and he died there in 1682-3 aged seventy-seven years. He never lived in Berlin, although in his will he mentions his land in "Great Swamp."

Thomas Hart, son of Stephen, born 1644, captain of the Farmington train band, thirteen times chosen deputy; four times speaker of General Court; chairman of committees to

protect the natives from "illegal trading" of lands with the whites; "to draw a Bill to prevent disorders in Retailers of strong drinke and excessive drinking" and "to prepare a Bill to put in execution the reform Lawes" was a man of wealth and influence. It is said that he owned 3,000 acres of land which was divided among his children.

"Worshipful Captain Thomas Hart," as he was called, died August 27, 1726, in his eighty-third year, and was buried with military honors.

The Hart homestead in Farmington was opposite the meeting house.

A clause in Captain Thomas Hart's will reads as follows:

I give my two sons, Thomas Hart and Hezekiah Hart, all my right in lands that have fallen to me within ye limits of ye Great Swamp Society.

This son Thomas was the Deacon Thomas who lived on the corner west of the Driving Park, and whose "home lot" was taken as a site for the second meeting house. He was a member, with his wife, of the Christian Lane church, in 1712, and was chosen deacon, after probation, 1719. He was Clerk and Recorder for the Ecclesiastical Society; six times a member of General Assembly, for the town of Farmington; chairman of memorialists and petitioners, justice of the peace, and was described as the most influential man in Kensington. His son, Deacon Ebenezer Hart, inherited the place, which is now known as Mott's Corner, and married widow Elizabeth Lawrence. They had five sons:

Ebenezer J., born at Kensington, July 29, 1742, removed to New Hampshire, where he died in 1796, aged fifty-four years. He was the grandfather of Jonathan T. Hart, the manufacturer of Kensington.

Jonathan, born at Kensington in 1744, was a graduate of Yale in 1768. He was in the public service from 1775 to 1791, and was slain by the Indians, November 4, 1791, at St. Clair's defeat. He held the military rank of major.

Elihu, born March 4, 1751, was the unfortunate one of the family. He removed to New York State, where he failed in business. He was imprisoned for debt, and died in the jail at Coxsackie, N. Y.

Doctor John Hart, born at Kensington, March 11, 1753, graduated from Yale in 1776, and soon after entered the army as surgeon. He died October 3, 1798, aged forty-five years.

Thomas Hart, born 1754, whose faulty inscription suggested this account, was the fifth and youngest son of Deacon Ebenezer Hart, and his wife, Elizabeth Lawrence. He never married, but remained on the corner homestead, and adopted a daughter of his brother Ebenezer, Lydia Hart, to whom he gave the property.

In 1834, the second year after her uncle Thomas died, Lydia Hart was married, at the age of fifty-four, to Theron Hart of New Britain, and they lived on the place until her death in 1850.

Captain Thomas Hart, father of Deacon Thomas, was also a maker of reeds, for use in weaving. In his will, dated July 24, 1721, is the following clause:

I give unto my son Howkins Hart all my reed making tools, great table and joynt tools, which he has already in his possession.

Deacon Thomas Hart's wife, Mary (Thompson), died October, 1763, aged eighty-three years. Lieut. Isaac Norton, father of Tabatha of "Stolen Bride" fame, died January 10, 1763, in his eighty-fourth year.

At the beginning of the next year, January 11, 1764, Deacon Thomas Hart, aged eighty-four, and Elizabeth, widow of Isaac Norton, aged seventy-nine, were united in marriage, by the Rev. Samuel Clark. She died March 28, 1771, and was buried beside her first husband in the South Cemetery, at Worthington.

Deacon Thomas Hart died January 29, 1773, aged ninety-three years, lacking three months. By his will, made 1760, Deacon Hart gave to his grandson, Elijah Hart of New Britain, all the tools of whatsoever name he used in making reeds for weaving by looms; also all the cane he might have at his decease.

Hezekiah Hart, fourth son of Captain Thomas Hart of Farmington, born 1684, was assigned a "pue" in the Christian Lane church, in 1716-17. His father, in his will, dated 1721, gave him all his lands in Great Swamp. He married, in 1710, Martha, daughter of Benjamin Beckley of Beckley Quarter. They had nine children, of whom Zerviah, born December 16, 1728, was married, December 19, 1761, to David Webster, Esq., as his second wife.

Hepzibah, born April 16, 1732, was married January 18, 1753, to Isaac North, son of Deacon Isaac North.

Mrs. Hart died September 7, 1752, and Mr. Hart died on the 29th day of the same month. Their tombstones are in the South Cemetery at Berlin.

They have many descendants who would like to know exactly where they lived. It is probable that their home was on Hart Street, in one of the houses long since torn down.

Zachariah Hart, fifth son of Hezekiah Hart and his wife, Martha Beckley, born January 5, 1733-34, married, March 23, 1758, Abigail, daughter of Joseph Beckley. She died July 12, 1765, aged twenty-eight years, when he married second, June, 1766, Sarah Parsons.

There were in all eleven children, of whom Sarah, born 1770, was married to Shubael Pattison. She used to say that when she was two years old, her father, Zachariah Hart, built the house now owned by heirs of the late James B. Reed. This house, now a hundred and thirty-four years old, was built of fine selected timber, and will outlast many a modern structure. The inscription on the tombstone of Mr. and Mrs. Hart, in the Bridge Cemetery, reads as follows:

In memory of Mr. Zechariah Hart who died Dec. 26th, 1811, in the 78th year of his age.

In memory of Mrs. Sarah Hart, relict of Mr. Zechariah Hart, who died Jan. 26th, 1813, in the 80th year of her age.

From cruel death no age is free,
Nor sex, nor birth, nor blood you see,
Tho' we were old, our time has come
And you must follow to the tomb.

The Zachariah Hart house now stands alone at the north end of Hart Street. From that point a new road was extended, in 1865, straight north until it joins "Berlin Road," half way between the village and the depot, while the old "highway" turns directly east and runs up to the old church.

Not far from the corner, on the north side of the east road, there stood, until a few years since, a house known as the Jarvis-Tuttle place. The southwestern view, from this site, is one of surprising beauty. The house was the home of Ebenezer Hart, born November 27, 1722, eldest son of Isaac Hart.

In 1741 Ebenezer Hart was one of a committee to receive funds from sale of "western lands" that may be divided to that part of this society that dwell in the bounds of Farmington; "to be loaned out by said committee"; "always disposing of the interest thereof for the support of a lawful school in this society."

The name of Ebenezer Hart's wife was Martha. They had four children when he died, November 17, 1753, in his thirty-first year.

Abel Hart, their eldest son, who married Mary Galpin, sister of Deacon Daniel Galpin, had one son and ten daughters. They removed to New York State. Without this Abel Hart family, if we include that of Hezekiah Hart, we may count, by name, sixty Hart children, born on this one street, and there were others, whose names are lost to us.

Captain Isaac Hart, son of Captain John Hart of Farmington, was baptized November 27, 1686. He came, with his brother, Lieut. Samuel Hart, to Great Swamp, where, in 1713, he was collector for the Ecclesiastical Society. In 1715 he was appointed surveyor. In 1720 he was credited with one and a half bushels of corn at 5s. 9d. on the rate bill for support of the minister. Money was scarce in those days, and men paid their church taxes in grain, or firewood, or with whatever they could spare from their farms.

Isaac Hart married, November 24, 1721, Elizabeth Whaples. Their names appear in a list of members of the Christian Lane

church made up, in 1756, by the newly-settled minister, the Rev. Samuel Clark. Captain Isaac Hart was deacon of the church. He died January 27, 1770, aged eighty-four. His widow, Elizabeth (Whaples), died November 14, 1777. They were the grandparents of Luther Pattison, father of Miss Abby Pattison, and the old house, so dear to her, to which she clung to the last, habituating herself to the increasing slant of the floors, was the same to which Isaac Hart brought his bride.

A writer in "Old Houses of Connecticut" describes this house, with its overhang, and goes on to say:

The house is said to have been built by Isaac Hart in 1721. This we cannot believe. Isaac may have added the lean-to, but the house is of a type which belongs to a time before his day. If it is not so late as this, it cannot, on the other hand be earlier than 1670. The house probably belonged to some settler, attracted to the neighborhood by the presence of Richard Beckley, and was built in the decade which began with 1680.

It was related of Isaac Hart that one day, when at work in his meadow over west, he saw a bear coming toward him. With only a pitchfork for a weapon, he mounted his horse, set chase for the bear, and killed it.

Miss Pattison was born in 1811. When she was young, Indians used to come straggling along, and stop to beg for feed, and a night's lodging. Her mother, who was always kind to the poor, used to prepare a bed for their comfort, out in the barn, and sometimes Abby was sent, alone, with the Indians, to the barn to make up the bed. She said she was not at all afraid of them. One day an old Indian and his squaw came there. The squaw took a Bible and pretended to read its pages devoutly. Her husband said, aside, "She can't read a word."

About the year 1815 a number of lively young people of Berlin, attracted by the doctrines and zeal of the Methodist Church, formed a "Class," with a leader, and had preaching services occasionally. Their first meeting was held in the south front room of Luther Pattison's house. Miss Pattison said that when they asked her father's permission to come there, he answered, "I guess they won't hurt the old house."

Miss Pattison's father had promised her that she should go to Mrs. Willard's school at Troy, but her mother became an invalid, and thenceforth her life was one of self-sacrifice and devotion to the needs of others. One instance will serve to show the kindness of her heart. A man who had lived with the family many years, paid a small sum for his board, until his money was gone. Aunt Abby, whose own income was probably less than a hundred dollars a year, said she could not send the old man to the poor-house, and she gave him a home free for the rest of his life.

In her latter days Miss Pattison lived quite alone. One cold night she thought her pet kitten would suffer out of doors, and before retiring she carried it to a chamber. As she turned to go down the crooked stairway, her foot slipped and she fell. Her body was so bruised and broken that she could not survive the shock. She died March 10, 1897, aged eighty-six. Up to that time she was active and had retained all her faculties. With her bright mind, if she could have had the advantages of Troy, as was said, "what a lady she might have been."

After Aunt Abby's death the "old house" was vacant. Nothing now remains of it but the great chimney foundations, ten feet or so square. One Sunday afternoon, it was August 2, 1903, flames were discovered leaping out from the windows, and its end had come. A boy candidate for the Reform School out of "pure cussedness" had set a match to a pile of hay stored in one of the rooms. Speaking of the age of the house Miss Pattison said she could count it back 180 years, that was more than nine years ago, and would take it to 1717, four years before Isaac Hart was married.

A hundred years ago, around on Lower Lane, as it turns eastward, there was an old, forsaken dwelling house. Mysterious lights were seen there at midnight, and the story went abroad that the place was haunted. Emma Hart was not to be scared by ghosts, or anything else. One dark, rainy night she and a young friend disguised themselves, and started out to investigate. Sure enough there were lights in the house. When



THE PATTISON HOUSE
(Built before 1721)

the two girls crept cautiously up to a window and looked in they saw—a company of men playing cards.

In the first half of the eighteenth century, a Mr. Edward Pattison, who, to escape religious and political persecution, had fled from Scotland to the north of Ireland, planned to emigrate, with his family, to America, but he was taken sick, and died, before he could accomplish his desire. In accordance with his parting advice, his eldest son, Edward, came over to see what the country was like, and then returned for his brothers and sisters, William and Noah, Anna and Jennie.

It was said of Edward that he came from Boston to Berlin, with only eighteen cents in his pocket. Is it not probable that he had the same disposition seen in his great-granddaughter, Miss Abigail Pattison, and that he had given all he could possibly spare to his younger brothers and sisters?

It would seem that William Pattison came to Berlin with Edward. He was in this vicinity in 1747, and was a member of Great Swamp Society.

In 1754 he was in New Britain and was one of the school committee in 1758-9. He was active in society affairs, and was an original member of the First Church, formed in New Britain, April 19, 1758. He had a blacksmith shop next his house, on East Street, and was rated as one of the wealthiest men, at that time, in the parish.

In 1759 he sold, for £300, his homestead of twenty-six acres of land, extending from East Street to Wethersfield line, with buildings thereon, to Dr. John Smalley, who lived there nearly thirty years.

William Pattison and his wife, Sarah (Dunham), were received, April 11, 1762, by letter from New Britain church to the Christian Lane church.

Another William Patterson* came to America from Ireland, and settled in Baltimore. By his great business talent he became one of the richest men in Maryland. His daughter Elizabeth, born February 6, 1785, was possessed of remarkable beauty and wit.

* A variant spelling for *Pattison*. See below.

In 1803, Jerome Bonaparte visited this country and met Miss Patterson at the autumn races at Baltimore. It was a case of love at first sight. They were married Christmas eve of that year.

On July 7, 1805, a son, named for his father, was born to them at Camberwell, England. Jerome professed to be very fond of his wife, but Napoleon Bonaparte had other plans for his brother and caused the marriage to be annulled.

Madame Bonaparte spent much time abroad, but returned to Baltimore, where her last days were spent in a quiet boarding house. She died April 4, 1879, aged ninety-four.

Their son, Jerome, married November 30, 1820, Miss Susan May Williams of Baltimore. Their son, Charles Jerome Bonaparte, grand nephew of Napoleon Bonaparte, is now (1905) Secretary of the Navy, U. S.

It would be interesting to know the connection between the William Pattison of Berlin and the William Patterson of Baltimore, both of Scotch descent, and both from the north of Ireland.

Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte, in answer to a letter of inquiry, states that he has not been able to trace his Patterson ancestry. He said, however, that he did not think the two families could be related for the reason that in Baltimore, the name was spelled "Patterson" whereas his correspondent spelled it "Pattison." If Mr. Bonaparte should consult the Berlin records he would find Pattison, Patterson, and Paterson. Edward's branch of the family have preferred the "Pattison" spelling.

Edward Pattison's sister Anna came to Berlin and was married to Amos Galpin. They were the great-grandparents of Henry N. Galpin. Noah and Jennie Pattison went South and all trace of them has been lost.

Edward made his home on Hart Street. A well in the lot south of Miss Abigail Pattison's is all that now remains to mark the site of this dwelling place. He was a tinsmith by trade and his shop stood opposite his house on the north corner of the property now owned by the heirs of the late William F. Brown.

Here, about the year 1740, Edward Pattison established the manufacture of tinware—the first made in America. At first the ware was a luxury, and a great curiosity. At Tabitha Norton's wedding the guests exclaimed:

“Oh what's that lordly dish so rare,
That glitters forth in splendor's glare?
Tell us, Miss Norton, is it silver?
Is it from China, or Brazil, or—?”
Thus all together on they ran.
Quoth the good dame, “'Tis a Tin Pan—
The first made in the colony;
The maker Patterson's just by—
From Ireland, in the last ship o'er—
You all can buy, for he'll make more.”

Mr. Pattison began the sale of his tinware by carrying it from house to house in baskets suspended from the back of a horse. The tinplate was imported from England and during the Revolutionary War the business in this country was suspended.

Young men employed by Mr. Pattison set up shops for themselves and after the war peddlers were sent all over the South and West with wagons loaded inside and out with bright tin pans, kettles, etc., made in Berlin.

Edward Pattison was married November 28, 1751, to Elizabeth (Betsey) Hills. They had six children, Edward, Shubael, Lucretia, Lois, Elizabeth, and Rhoda. Mrs. Pattison had large, brilliant, black eyes, that have been transmitted to some of her descendants, to the present day. Mr. and Mrs. Pattison have tombstones in the South Cemetery at Berlin. Their inscriptions read as follows:

In memory of Mr. Edward Pattison who departed this life Dec. 22d, A. D. 1787, in the 57th year of his age.

In memory of Mrs. Elizabeth, relict of Mr. Edward Pattison, who died Nov. 6th, 1804, Æt 72.

Mr. Pattison's age, as here given, would make him only ten years old in 1740, and doubtless there was a mistake. Miss

Ruth Galpin has a record of her great-great-grandmother, Anna Pattison, which shows that she was born in 1724, and was married to Amos Galpin, November 5, 1745. She was sixteen in 1840 when her brother Edward was said to have settled in Berlin.

Edward Pattison's sons, Edward and Shubael, continued their father's business. By deed of date February 6, 1786, Mr. Pattison, for the consideration of £30, conveyed to Shubael a tract of land, which, judging from the description, must have been the same that was sold by heirs of Shubael Pattison to William F. Brown about the year 1848.

In 1787, Shubael married Sarah, the seventeen-year-old daughter of Zachariah Hart, his father's second-door neighbor on the north, and it is supposed that he built, at that time, for the reception of his bride, the large white house now occupied by the Browns. He also built a large, new shop on the south corner of his lot, where he made great quantities of tinware, which he carried in wagons to Canada, where he sold it in exchange for furs.

It is said that John Jacob Astor was his companion on some of those Canadian trips. The business was very profitable. Mr. Pattison brought his furs home to Berlin and employed girls who came from Newington and all about to make them up into muffs and other articles in his shop on the corner.

There is a springy feel under the feet as one walks through this street. A few years since, when Elmer E. Austin planted a row of apple trees along the side of the road, by his premises, he found tin chips buried there the whole distance, and some of the trees died because the roots could not penetrate to the under soil.

In the fall of 1828, Shubael Pattison went to New York City on business, where he was taken suddenly ill with congestion of the lungs, on a Friday afternoon. A letter sent to Berlin was received the next Tuesday night. Two of Mr. Pattison's sons-in-law, who started the next morning to go to him arrived Thursday. Think of that "slow coach." Mr. Pattison died the next day, November 8, 1828, aged sixty-four. He was brought back



EMMA HART WILLARD
(From a painting by Robert Bolling Brandegee)

to Berlin, and his funeral, attended in the church on Monday, "was calculated to be the largest funeral ever held in the town."

Shubael Pattison and his wife, Sarah Hart, had ten children: Harriet, wife of the merchant, Orin Beckley, ancestors of Mrs. Caroline B. Sheppard of New York City; Chloe, wife of the merchant, Elisha Peck; Lucy, wife of Frederic Hinsdale, merchant; Julia, wife of Lyman Dunbar; Sarah, married first to Michael Stocking, second to the Rev. Theron Osborn; Lois M., married first to Calvin Winchell, second, February 26, 1830, to Dr. Caleb H. Austin.

Shubael Pattison's shop was moved about 1830 over to the Captain Samuel Hart corner and was made into the dwelling house now owned by Leonard C. Hubbard.

Should a resident of Worthington Street tell a man who lives on Hart Street that "it is damp there," he will reply, "My cellar is dryer than yours. If it were filled to-night with water, it would all disappear before morning." There is a porous, sandy subsoil all along that highway, which acts as natural drainage.

It has been said that a pupil of Miss Porter's school at Farmington may be known by the way she enters a room. Sixty or seventy years ago there was a class of young ladies in Berlin, of superior qualities of mind, and of distinctive bearing, the latter the result of a course of training at Troy Seminary, under Mrs. Emma Hart Willard,* who seemed to have the faculty to impart to her pupils somewhat of her own dignity of manner.

Mrs. Willard was anxious that all the girls in her large circle of relatives should have a chance to obtain an education, and she invited them to come to Troy, at her own expense. Twelve

* It is well known that Mrs. Willard was educated at the old Berlin Academy. Cf. "Memories of Berlin's Earlier Schools," an historical address, delivered by Miss Alice Norton at the Old Home Day exercises, in the Congregational Church, Berlin, Sept. 20th, 1905. (Berlin News, Nov. 2, 1905.) This address gives an account of Mrs. Willard's experiences in the academy.

or more of her nieces and grandnieces, who lived in Berlin village, with a few others, in whom she became interested, accepted her generous offer. Among these were three daughters and three granddaughters of her brother Jesse Hart; Julia and Sarah Hart, daughters of Freedom Hart; Sarah and Susan Hinsdale, daughters of Frederick Hinsdale; Harriet Hart, daughter of George Hart; Jane and Laura Barnes, daughters of Blakeslee Barnes, and Frances Durand.

Mrs. Emily Galpin Bacon, mother of Attorney C. E. Bacon of Middletown, was born in the house that stood across the way from the Dr. Brandegees place. She has never forgotten how she longed to go to Troy with the rest of the girls. Her father was dead, Mrs. Willard did not know of her desire, and she could not go.

Most of these Berlin girls were fitted for teachers in schools, or for governesses. Some went South, whence not all returned single; others remained as assistants in the seminary.

Harriet Hart, who afterwards married Nathaniel Dickinson, taught in two of the Kensington schools, and in the Center district of Worthington, and in New York State.

Susan Hinsdale, whose parents lived in the Captain Samuel Hart place, had a select school in the Evelyn Peck shop, across the way from her home, which was attended by children from "up street."

An old woman used to go to the "Seminary" with a basket on her arm, filled with candy and cakes, which she sold to the girls, in exchange for their cast-off clothing, and it was said that Jane Barnes ate so much candy that she ruined her health. She died September 1, 1834, at the age of eighteen. When her mother went for her, to bring her home, she begged to be taken to Niagara, that she might see the Falls before she died, and her request was granted.

Jane Porter Hart, now Mrs. William Dodd of Cincinnati, taught music and drawing at the seminary.

Miss Emily Treat Wilcox, now of Westfield, a granddaughter of Mrs. Willard's sister Lydia, was educated at Troy Seminary

which she afterward conducted for a number of years, as a day school.

Miss Catherine R. Churchill, whose early home was in New York City, was sent "away to school" to Troy. Miss Sarah Churchill remembers seeing Mrs. Willard at a party in New York, given by the Scudders, as she sat, like a queen, with her turban on her head, surrounded by a group of scientific men, like Davies, the mathematician, while the young people looked on from a distance.

Sometime during the ministry of the Rev. Wilder Smith, 1862-1866, Mrs. Willard visited the sisters, Mrs. Mindwell Hart and Mrs. Sophia Camp, who lived opposite the academy. Mr. and Mrs. Smith were invited to meet Mrs. Willard at tea. Mr. Smith, on his way home, remarked, "What eyes; she looks right through you."

The popularity of Mrs. Willard's school was so great that pupils came to her from all parts of the United States, from Canada, and even from the West Indies. In 1838, she resigned her charge to her son, John Willard, and his wife, in order that she might travel abroad, and have more time to give to her literary labors. She died in Troy, April 15, 1870, aged eighty-three years.

Almira Hart, known as Mrs. Phelps, was the seventeenth child of Captain Samuel Hart. Born in 1793, she was six years younger than her sister, Mrs. Willard, who for three years was her teacher, in the schools of Berlin.

The Rev. W. W. Woodworth, writing of her says:

At the age of nineteen she taught a school in her father's house, and not long after took charge of an academy at Sandy Hill, New York. In 1817 she was married to Simeon Lincoln, of New Britain, then editor of a literary paper, published in Hartford. He died in 1823, and in 1831 she was married to the Hon. John Phelps, of Vermont, an eminent jurist and statesman . . . In 1841 she was invited by the Bishop of Maryland and the trustees of the Patapsco Institute, to "found a Church school for girls." Here she continued fifteen years, doing, as her sister says, "her great and crowning educational work." Her husband died in 1849. She died in Baltimore

in 1884, at the age of 91. She published many books for students in the various departments of natural science, the best known of which is her work on botany, published in 1829, while she was vice-principal of the Troy Seminary.

Before the publication of Mrs. Lincoln's "Lectures on Botany," the science had been little studied in schools. Her work of about 500 pages met a quick demand and in a little more than three years nearly 10,000 copies had been sold. It gave a comfortable income to Mrs. Lincoln, and made her publishers rich. For many years it was a standard text book on the subject of botany in colleges and high schools throughout the country. It was written in an attractive style, the unavoidable scientific terms, which so often discourage a pupil, were interspersed with interesting remarks relative to the history and uses of plants, with occasional quotations from the poets. For instance under class "Pentrandia" we read:

The garden violet, *viola tri-color*, has a variety of common names, as pansy, hearts-ease, etc. Pansy is a corruption of the French *pensée*, a thought; thus Shakespeare, in the character of Ophelia, says:

There's rosemary—that's for remembrance,
And these are pansies—
That's for thought.

In 1833, Mrs. Lincoln, then Mrs. Phelps, published a small botany for children. In spite of its long, hard words, such as "helminthology" and "infundibuliformis," the "Botany for Beginners" found a ready field. In six months the first edition was exhausted and the second sold as quickly. In 1847 a third edition, revised and improved with "many useful remarks interspersed throughout the work," was introduced in the common schools.

One of the sweetest memories of a lifelong resident of this village is of a Saturday afternoon (school kept Saturday morning then), nigh on to sixty years ago, over on the "Ledge," back of the old Bosworth place, sitting on a mossy bank, where the wind flowers grew, and partridge berries, and fragrant pipsis-

sewa. There, teacher gathered about her knee, her class of little girls, who had begun to study the new botany, and taught them to name the parts of the flowers, which they held in their hands. One of that class placed a mark in the index of her book, against all the flowers she learned to know. There are 126 marks there, thanks to Mrs. Lincoln Phelps and to "Teacher."

Mrs. Willard and Mrs. Phelps both retained a lifelong interest in their native town. Both expressed a desire that the street on which they were born could be called "Hart Street."

CHAPTER IV.

Daniel Wilcox, Pioneer Settler of Savage Hill, Northwest Division of Middletown, and His Family.

In treating this subject I shall take the liberty of going backward, or forward or sideways at my pleasure.

Daniel Wilcox was fourth in descent from John Wilcox, original proprietor of Hartford, 1639. The name of John's wife was Mary, and their home was on a part of what is now Bushnell Park. Their children were John, Sarah, and Ann. Sarah was married to John Bidwell of Hartford. Ann, born about 1616, married John Hall and settled in Middletown.

John Wilcox, Sr., was chosen surveyor of lands 1643, 1644, and Townsman or Selectman 1650. The office of Selectman in early times was one of honor, and it carried much responsibility.

John Wilcox's life in this new country was short. He died October 1, 1651. Our knowledge of his circumstances must come mostly from his will dated July 24, 1651.

Charles J. Hoadly, formerly State Librarian, told me that John Wilcox's will was the first probated in the colony. He had a new house and an old house, so called. He had horses, cows, oxen, swine, fowls, bees, fields of grain, of hemp, and of flax. He had silver and wamppeage and a pew, a man servant and a maid servant.

Besides other provisions for his wife Mary, he gives her the old house to live in, with the use of his furniture and half the fruit of his two orchards. She is to have the pew, a colt and the use of a horse for two years with bridle and pannell to ride to Windsor, to Wethersfield, to Hartford or to the Sermon.

We cannot connect John Wilcox with the English Wilcoxes; neither do we know the family name of his wife, Mary. It is my theory that she had a clearing out time when she moved from

the new house after John's death and that like some neat housekeepers of the present day she destroyed all the family records.

The wife of one of my uncles, in a spasm of housecleaning, threw into the fire their family tree, prepared at considerable expense by a professional genealogist.

Charles N. Camp, genealogist of New Haven, is authority for the statement that John Wilcox, Senior, served in the Pequot War. (See Colonial Year Book, page 811.)

It is probable that John Wilcox was buried in the Center Church burying yard at Hartford where stands a granite shaft on which his name appears with those of a hundred founders of the Town inscribed thereon.

Mary survived her husband seventeen years and died in 1668. In her will, dated October 4, 1666, about two years before her death, she gives to "Cosin" Sara Long two pewter platters, and to daughter "An" Haul forty shillings and "my best feather pillow." All the rest of her estate after payment of debts and her comly funeral expenses she gives to son-in-law John Bidwell.

Toward the last on account of weakness she had been unable to occupy the "old house" and orchards, and according to a provision of her husband's will her son John was ordered by Court to pay her six pounds a year. She did not mention son John in her will. It would have been natural that she should have gone to spend her last days with daughter Sarah Bidwell (variously spelled Biddle, Bidoll) who lived in Hartford, the other children being away at Middletown, and possibly there was undue influence, as they, who are disinherited, say.

John Wilcox, 2d, eldest child of John, Senior, and his wife Mary, born in England, came to America with his father. He received a grant of land at Middletown before 1653, but instead of settling there at once, he went to Dorchester, was there in 1654, whereupon the General Court passed a vote to compel him to occupy his land or to find a substitute. He returned to Middletown and purchased the homesteads of Joseph Smith and Matthias Treat. These he sold, and purchased elsewhere

before November 1, 1665. He married September 17, 1646, five years before his father died, Sarah, eldest daughter of William Wadsworth of Hartford. Of this marriage, one child, Sarah, was born, October 3, 1648. Sarah, the mother, died that same year, probably when little Sarah was born. From the dates given she could not have died earlier than October 3, 1648-9, and the next January (January 18, 1649-50) John married, second, Katharine Stoughton, daughter of Thomas Stoughton of Windsor (Thomas Stoughton, called "The Ancient," built the stone fort still standing at Windsor, page 742, "Upper Houses," Charles Collard Adams), but then there was the motherless little one and so we will excuse his haste. Katharine took such good care of Sarah Wadsworth's baby that she thrived and grew to womanhood and became the wife of David Ensign, who was an original member of the first church of West Hartford, 1713. Katharine, however, did not succeed as well with her own children. According to Charles Collard Adams, John, Thomas and Mary, her first three children, died young; only Israel, born June 19, 1656, and Samuel, born November 9, 1658, came to maturity.

Katharine Stoughton, the mother, died, and John married, third, Widow Mary Farnsworth, alias Long of Dorchester, meaning that her first husband's name was Long. There were no Wilcox children of this marriage. Mary (Long) Farnsworth Wilcox died 1671, before September 7. In her will, dated May 3, 1671, she mentions her son Joseph Long and his wife Sarah, and her son Samuel Farnsworth, not then of age. Mary Farnsworth was a dressy body. She gives to Mary Wilcox her white "wascoat" and her red darning coat. To her daughter-in-law Sarah she gives a feather bed and boulder "already in her house at Hartford" and her "cloath wascoat with the great silver lace and a petty coate likewise."

John was now well along in years, but although thrice bereaved he was not utterly discouraged. He soon began to look about and before the end of the year he took to himself as wife Esther Cornwall, daughter of William Cornwall of Middletown, a girl just out of her teens, two years younger than his

daughter Sarah Ensign. Esther has three ways of spelling her name, besides Esther it is recorded as Hester and Easter—an uncommonly pretty name—the latter—for a girl.

Three children were born to John Wilcox and Esther Cornwall, Ephraim, Esther and Mary. After five years of wedded life with Esther, John Wilcox died, May 24, 1676. Esther survived him fifty-seven years. She married, second, John Stow of Middletown and died May, 1733, aged eighty-three years.

Where, pray tell, would have been the Wilcox families of Westfield, Middletown and of Meriden, had it not been for this marriage of John Wilcox with Esther Cornwall. Nearly all of them come from their son Ephraim.

I was interested in looking up these families to find that Mr. Arthur Boardman, Treasurer of the Cromwell Dime Savings Bank, Town Clerk, Town Treasurer, Deacon, Trustee, member and liberal supporter of the Baptist Church of Cromwell, traces back to this same Ephraim, son of Esther Cornwall and John Wilcox, Jr.

Israel Wilcox, son of John Wilcox, Jr., and his second wife, Katharine Stoughton, born June 19, 1656, married March 28, 1678, Sarah Savage, daughter of Sergeant John Savage and Elizabeth D'Aubin, his wife, of Middletown.

In less than twelve years after their marriage Israel died, December 20, 1789, aged thirty-three years. His wife, Sarah, then thirty-one years old, was left with five young children, whose names were Israel, John, Samuel, Thomas and Sarah. Israel, just coming of the age of ten years, and Sarah, the baby, seven weeks old. Sarah, the mother, lived a widow thirty-four years, and died February 8, 1824. Her five children signed an agreement for the settlement of her estate in which they referred to her as "our honored mother."

Sarah, the daughter, signed the document as Sarah Riley, followed by Jonathan Riley. (See page 544, vol. 11, History of Wethersfield.)

Josiah Willcox, brother of Daniel, settled out Avon way. Mrs. Aspinwall comes from both Daniel and Josiah.

Samuel, third son of Israel Wilcox and Sarah Savage, his wife, born September 26, 1695, married March 3, 1714, Hannah Sage, daughter of John Sage and Hannah Starr, his wife, born December 21, 1694.

Their children were Daniel (announced as the subject of this sketch), born December 31, 1715, Josiah, Hannah, Rachel and Elizabeth. Samuel, the father, died January 19, 1727, aged forty-one years. In his will he gave to his dearly beloved wife the use of all his improved lands and of his house and barn during her widowhood, but in case she should marry before Daniel, now fourteen, should come to the age of twenty-one then she was to have only one-half of the property specified, and Daniel was to have the other half. Hannah was only thirty-two when left a widow. Probably she found the care of the farm and the stock and the buildings, not to speak of the children, too great a burden and that she felt the need of someone to help her. At any rate it was not long before she was married to Malechi Lewis and he was installed on the place. Daniel now set up his claim, as by the terms of his father's will, to one-half of the property, "in order that he might improve it." Whether it was the fault of Malechi or Hannah we are not informed, but Daniel had to go to law for his rights. The year he came to his majority he appeared before the Court of Probate, held at Hartford, March 22, 1737, and laid his case before that body.

He declared that his mother had hitherto refused or neglected to divide with him, although often requested. Whereupon the Court appointed Messrs. Jabes Hamlin, Thomas Johnson and Samuel Shephard to distribute the estate according to the will, giving notice to the said Hannah Lewis and her husband, Malechi Lewis, first, of the time they shall proceed on the service aforesaid.

From Cromwell Graveyard

Here

Lieth the

Body of

Samuell Willcocks

who departed this

life January the

19, 1728, in the 43d

year of his age.

Here lies Interred

the Body of Mrs.

Hannah Lewis

formerly Relict

of Mr. Samuel

Willcox but

died wife of

Mr. Malachi

Lewis on Jan

ye 22, 1750

In the 56 yr of her age.

Somehow when these young widows, even when they are our own grandmothers, marry and go out from the family they seem lost to us, but we do not want to drop grandmother "Hannah Sage," alias "Lewis." It is through her that we trace back to Dr. Thomas Starr, who was a surgeon of the Colonial forces in the war with the Pequots. He received his appointment May 17, 1637. (Col. War Year Book, page 1 or 17.)

In 1785 the North West Division of Middletown (so called) was set off to form a part of the town of Berlin, incorporated that year.

We do not know exactly when Daniel Wilcox settled on Savage Hill. The lots laid out to the original proprietors were long narrow strips of land that came all the way over to Stoney Swamp and it is probable that Daniel inherited from his father, Samuel, land in North West Division. He began to buy

land there in 1735, when he was twenty years old, pieces bounded partly on his own land. There was a story that when he left home, to come through an unbroken wilderness and take up his abode in the Third Division, prayers were offered in the log-cabin meeting house in Upper Houses, for his safety. If this story is true, he must have come as early as 1735. A new meeting house, not of logs, was built in Upper Houses in 1735. He purchased here and there a few acres at a time until he had a fine farm one mile square in extent.

His house, a large, brown, frame building, stood on the west side of the way on Savage Hill next north of what is now called Bowers corner, and opposite the barn of Elmer Dyer. It was torn down before my remembrance. At one time it was used as a schoolhouse, and once a woman lived there who made very fine linen. Large fields of flax were grown, and the flax, at maturity, was left for months to decay on the ground.

Daniel Wilcox, born 1715, Dec. 31st, died July 29, 1789.

Married March 16, 1738

Sarah White, born April 22, 1716, died June 28, 1807.

Sarah White was a descendant of John White, who sailed from London in the ship *Lion*, June 22, 1632; arrived at Boston September 16; settled first in Cambridge; sold land there before 1636; was an original proprietor at Hartford, 1639. His house, on what is now Governor Street, stood where the shadow of the Charter Oak fell upon it at sunset. He was a preaching Elder in Thomas Hooker's church.

Nathaniel White, born about 1629, came from England with his father, John White, when five years old. He was one of the original proprietors of Middletown, 1650-51, where he held a high position. In 1659 he was elected to the Great General Court, and from 1661 to 1710 he was chosen a member of the Colonial Legislature eighty-five times. He was eighty-two years old when last elected. Legislators were at that day chosen twice a year. Nathaniel White was Captain of the first "Train Band" of Middletown. This record would make his descendants eligible to the Society of Colonial Dames.

In his will, probated October 1, 1711, Nathaniel White gave one-quarter part of his share of the undivided lands for the benefit of the public schools of Middletown forever. In 1741 the land was sold and the proceeds invested. When Cromwell was set off from Middletown in 1851, it received its share of the fund. In 1902, when the fine new public schoolhouse of Cromwell was opened, by unanimous vote it was named "The Nathaniel White Public School."

To Daniel Wilcox and his wife, Sarah White, were born thirteen children, seven sons and six daughters.

<i>Sons</i>	<i>Daughters</i>
Daniel	Lois
David	Sarah
Stephen	Hepzibah
Josiah	Huldah
Samuel	Olive
Isaac	Patience
Jacob	

Sarah, the mother, became very stout as she advanced in years, so that she was not active. She apologized to her children, saying, "I do not work, but I save your father a great deal by my good management." Many of her descendants seem to have inherited her physique.

In the spring of 1762 England, then engaged in war with Spain, sent an armament against the Spanish West Indies. Two Connecticut Colonial Regiments were ordered to join the expedition and assist in the attack against Havana.

David Wilcox, second of the sons of Daniel, then in his nineteenth year, enlisted March 17, 1762, in the 4th Company; Captain, John Patterson of the 1st Regiment; Col. Phineas Lyman of Suffield, Commander.

This 4th Company numbered, officers and men, ninety-eight. Ten never joined. Two deserted.

They arrived at Cuba June 17 where, in the intense heat, lacking water, they worked two months under unsufferable privations. Some of the soldiers dropped dead from thirst, heat,

and fatigue. In less than a month half the troops were dead or sick. Of the New England privates scarcely any returned.

Such as were not killed in the service were generally swept away by the great mortality that prevailed.

Of Captain John Patterson's Company twenty-nine died between September 5 and November 30. He himself died at Havana September 5, 1762, at fifty-four years, a victim of the yellow fever.

David Willcocks died at Havana October 1, 1762. His name appears on the payroll of the 1st Connecticut Regiment, 4th Company. Nathaniel Willcocks, his cousin, who enlisted the same day, and in the same Company with David, died November 17.

Major John Patterson, son of James of Wethersfield, held a Captain's Commission under King George III, and was the first deacon of the First Church of New Britain. On May 11, 1753, being called of God to assist his country and mindful as he expressed it of the dangers of martial life, he made his will in which he directed his wife Ruth (Bird) to give their son John a college education. John, the son, graduated from Yale in 1762. He removed to Binghamton, N. Y., was a lawyer, and was Brigadier-General in the Revolutionary War.

Havana surrendered August 13, 1762. In the treaty of Paris, signed February 10, 1763, Great Britain restored to Spain all its conquests in the West Indies in return for Florida—all that Spain owned on the Continent of North America southeast of the Mississippi. At the time of the English and French War, when the call of alarm came for the relief of Fort William Henry, on the north shore of Lake George, Daniel Wilcox, Sr., enlisted as corporal in the Company of Captain Josiah Lee of Farmington, 6th Connecticut Regiment. Daniel Wilcox, Jr., just come to the age of sixteen, with other lads, went along to lead pack horses and to bring back other horses. The Fort, after a gallant defense of six days, was compelled to surrender to the superior force of French and Indian troops, and Daniel Wilcox returned after a service of eight days. Daniel, the son, was credited with seven days.

Captain Josiah Lee was chosen deacon of the First Church of New Britain to take the place of Deacon Patterson, who died in 1762 at Havana.

The old story that Daniel Wilcox gave to each of his thirteen children a farm on which he built a house needs to be modified. We have seen that David died at Havana. Isaac, born August 14, 1755, enlisted in the Revolutionary War. He was taken sick at Boston and was brought home, where he died November 23, 1775, at the age of twenty years. His grave is in Maple Cemetery at Berlin.

Olive, born October 16, 1751, died November 1, 1771, the day she was to have been married to a Mr. Hart of New Britain.

Daniel Wilcox, Jr., born November 17, 1741.

Married September 22, 1763, at the age of 22 years, Susannah Porter of East Hartford.

Children: Nathaniel, born August 10, 1764.

Susannah, born May 1, 1766, married Richard Beckley.

David, born December 6, 1768.

Susannah, the wife, died November 13th, 1769, in the 28th year of her age. Grave in Maple Cemetery.

Daniel, Jr., married 2d November 7, 1771, Mercy Gibson.

Children: Joseph, born August 4, 1772, died February 26, 1773.

Daniel, 3d, born October 26, 1774.

Daniel Willcocks, Jr., received to Church September 2, 1764.

Four months after Daniel, Jr., married, his father gave him six acres of land, deed dated January 10, 1764, on which to build a house, bounded north by his own land (Daniel, Sr.'s), east on highway, south on highway now known as Bower's Corner. Daniel Wilcox enlisted in the Revolutionary Army and died at Roxbury April 10, 1776.

On page 440, New England Register for 1900, appears the following communication from Daniel W. Fowler of Chicago:

I send you copies of two letters written by Daniel Wilcox, Jr., from Middletown, Conn., who was at the defence of Boston in the years 1775 and 6, and who died in the latter year, and was, it is

stated, buried in the old cemetery in Roxbury. I have seen the pocketbook, which he had in his possession at his death, so it was claimed, and I have now one piece of Continental money, which says it is good for five Spanish Milled dollars, which was found in that purse at the time of his decease.

The Middletown North Society, which had the ordering of school affairs, voted November 7, 1748, that a school should be kept the whole year—ten months in the Society's schoolhouse, and two months in the Northwest Quarter at the house of John Savage.

These letters of Daniel, written from Roxbury, of which I have copies, show him to be a loyal soldier, thoughtful of his comrades; a loving son, husband and father; but the spelling and the grammar!! However, what could be expected in the wilderness with school only two months in the year. He held the office of sergeant. The name of Daniel Wilcox, Jr., does not appear in Connecticut Men of the Revolution.

After the death of Daniel Willcocks, his widow, Mercy Gibson, married John (?) Parsons and removed to Landersfield, Berkshire County, Mass., with three Wilcox children.

At the time of the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the Worthington church, the Rev. E. G. Beckwith, then of Waterbury, gave an address, vaguely remembered after thirty-seven years as very interesting. No copy of it can now be found. Mr. Beckwith comes from one of the Wilcox sons, taken by Mercy Gibson Wilcox Parsons to Landersfield.

His grandfather on his mother's side was a Daniel Wilcox, grandson of the Revolutionary soldier and the fourth in direct line to bear the name. It was Mr. Beckwith who told about prayers being offered in the log cabin meeting house at Middletown for Daniel's safety in the wilderness.

Mr. Beckwith later went to Hawaii. Miss Ruth Galpin having occasion to write to him there asked if he had a copy of that historical paper. He replied May 9, 1897, that he thought it was not a paper at all, but a bit of an off-hand talk—that he had no such paper in his possession and never had published any. He said his Revolutionary ancestor was with the army

that invested General Gage at Boston and died at Roxbury during the siege. He said he had a copy of a letter written by him while there, one of several that were in his grandfather Daniel's possession in his boyhood.

Miss Galpin thinks she has seen a notice of Mr. Beckwith's death in the *Congregationalist*.

While in Berlin Mr. Beckwith gave Deacon Alfred North an account of the Massachusetts branch of the family, which should have been written in black and white. Trusted to memory, it is now lost.

The Rev. William Henry Willcox of Malden, Mass., and Rev. G. B. Willcox of Chicago Theological Seminary came from this same Wilcox stock.

W. H. Willcox was a trustee of Wellesley College. It is said that he influenced Mrs. Stone to give the money to build Stone Hall at Wellesley, and also to give large sums to other educational institutions. Mrs. Stone endowed a professorship of Natural Science at Hamilton College on condition that her niece's husband, Professor A. P. Kelsey, should be the first incumbent. Mrs. Kelsey was glad to have her aunt endow that professorship, but she was bitter toward Mr. Wilcox because she felt he had such strong influence over Mrs. Stone and got her to will so much of her money to institutions. Mrs. Kelsey and her sister were Mrs. Stone's heirs, and of course they wanted all they could get. (L. D. N. Reed.)

Miss Gertrude M. Willcox, daughter of Prof. G. B. Willcox of Chicago, went out as a missionary to Kobe, Japan, in 1898. In *Life and Light* of November, 1899, page 528, is a letter written by Mrs. Dr. Davis to Mrs. G. B. Willcox giving a description of the interesting wedding of Miss Willcox to Mr. Weakley of the Methodist Mission.

(Letter in *Life and Light*, Feb. 3, 1899.)

July 14, 1899.

WEDDING OF MISS GERTRUDE WILLCOX, BY MRS. DR. DAVIS.

The storm had cleared the atmosphere and cooled it a little, too, and everything outwardly went off just as it should. To the music

of the organ out on the lawn the procession came down the steps from the "home building," led by the two ushers. Three tiny little girls followed, hand in hand, and then eight more girls in couples.

They went slowly and without a mistake to the right place. Of course they were all dressed in white, with blue ribbons and sashes of nearly the same shade, and they carried bouquets of white daisies and small chrysanthemums.

They were so fresh and dainty and pretty.

Then last came your daughter dressed in the pretty, old fashioned gown which her mother had worn so long ago. I looked at her for you, and wished I might have changed places for awhile. On her shoulder was a tiny bunch of forget-me-nots, pinned on with a daisy pin, showing through her veil. That was fastened with orange blossoms. She carried a bunch of roses and maiden hair ferns. Mr. Weakley and Mr. Davis stood waiting for her, and four gentlemen stood in front of the bridal couple. The United States Consul, Mr. Demaree, Mr. Curtis, who married them and Mr. Davis. Mr. Demaree read. Mr. Davis led in prayer. All were touched when he said he would offer Professor Willcox's prayer. The bridal couple were moved by it, and theirs were not the only eyes that were wet with tears at this prayer from over the sea. Then Mr. Curtis went through the service and pronounced them husband and wife. From beginning to end it was impressive and beautiful.

Rev. W. C. Wilcox went out to Umgoti, Natal, with his wife Ida in 1881. No mention is made of him after 1909.

In the settlement of the estate of Daniel Wilcox, Jr., one-half the house was set to the widow and the place was transferred from time to time subject to the rights of Mercy Parsons.

Daniel's brother Jacob bought out the heirs, and in 1797 the property was sold to the Crofoot family. Written on the chimney piece of the house may be seen to-day "Samuel and Mary Crofoot 17-7—" the third figure illegible.

By deed of date January 22, 1822, Jacob Wilcox having again an interest in the place gave a quit claim to William Bowers, and now for ninety years that corner has been occupied by Captain William Bowers and his descendants. In early days it was a public house, the road leading over those hills being the New Haven and Hartford postroad before the Hartford and New Haven turnpike was opened.

Lois Wilcox, eldest of the six daughters of Daniel Wilcox, born June 14, 1738, died August 18, 1805. Married September 14, 1756, Solomon⁴ Sage, born 1737 (Captain David,³ John,² David¹).

CHILDREN (Copied from Middletown Town Record):

Grace, born 1757.	{ Mindwell, born 1767.
Solomon, born 1759.	{ Oliver, born 1767.
Hozea, born 1761.	Lois, born 1771.
{ Mabel, born 1763.	Joseph or Joshua, born 1772.
{ Calvin, born 1763.	Isaac, born 1775.
Hozea, died in Army,	Luther, born 1778.
West Point.	

We do not find from town records that Daniel Wilcox made gifts of houses or lands to any of his daughters. Solomon Sage, Sr., was a large land holder in his own right.

Lois Wilcox and Solomon Sage were taken into the communion of the Kensington church May 29, 1768.

The distinction of this family seems to lie in their large households. Captain Oliver Sage, son of Solomon and Lois Sage, had sixteen children, eleven sons and five daughters. There were three pairs of twins. So far as known not a soul remains in this vicinity to represent this branch of the Sage family.

Jacob Wilcox, youngest son of Daniel and Sarah Wilcox, born in Berlin, June 21, 1758, died at the house of his daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Porter, in Beckley Quarter, November 3, 1841, aged eighty-three years, four months and thirteen days.

He married, June 7, 1780, Rachel Porter, born in East Hartford, July 5, 1758; died March 15, 1847, at the house of her son Norris in New Haven, age eighty-eight years, eight months and ten days, both buried in East Berlin.

1. Alvin, born 1773, died August 17, 1870.
2. Norman.
3. Orrin.
4. Cyprrian, born September 22, 1795; died Ithaca, N. Y., February 24, 1875.

5. Norris, married March 3, 1822, Harriet Hart, daughter of Jesse.
6. Jacob.
7. Albert.
8. Betsey.
9. Lucetta.

Jacob Wilcox and Rachel Porter married June 7, 1780.

Norris Wilcox, fifth of the seven sons of Jacob Wilcox, married Harriet Hart, second daughter of Jesse Hart, brother of Emma Hart Willard. He kept the hotel at Boston Corners, so called, on Berem Street, for a time; was postmaster, with office in Freedom Hart's comb shop, and removed to New Haven, where he became United States Collector of that port. His son William was a professor of mathematics in the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Norris Wilcox was a large, portly, handsome man, and his daughter Katharine was a woman of remarkable beauty of person and character. She married a Smith and lived in Philadelphia. Her daughter, Jessie Wilcox Smith, is the well-known illustrator of magazines.

John Henry Wilcox, Mus.D., 1827-1875, of Boston, grandson of Jacob Willcox, son of Jacob Willcox, Jr., and Catharine Shellman, his wife, of Savannah, Ga., was considered the finest organist in the country. When new organs were to be dedicated it was thought that no one could show them off quite as well as he. Once he was called to assist in the dedication services of a fine new organ in a Philadelphia church where there was a large chorus choir, which he could not make sing to his liking, and his sarcastic remarks were not soon forgotten.

We have in our church hymn book two tunes written by John William Willcox, "Faban and Jesu," p. 10; "Boni Pastor," p. 452.

Jacob Willcox, Sr., was very deaf in his old age. Elisha Cheney, his nephew by marriage, lived on the southwest corner opposite the Bowers place. Uncle Jacob would go over to the Cheney house and ask to have brother Cheney come outside, he wanted to have some privacy with him. They would go out into the road and then Jacob would shout loud enough to

be heard half a mile. The Cheney girls thought it great fun to hear him.

Uncle Jacob, "Jeckup," so pronounced in his day, raised a lot of turkeys and Mr. Cheney tried to raise grain. When he complained that the turkeys destroyed his grain, Uncle Jacob would say: "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," and that was all the satisfaction he would give. Jacob Wilcox's place was sold by his son Norris to William Dyer of Woodbridge, forty-four acres with buildings, price \$4,500. (Vol. 15, page 373, New Britain Records.)

Wallace Wilcox, son of Alvin, eldest son of Jacob Wilcox, was a teacher and a very successful head of a boys' school in Stamford for years.

Cyprian P. Wilcox, son of Cyprian, son of Jacob, was a professor of modern languages, and had, before the war, a school for languages at Geneva, Switzerland. Later he came home and was in the University of Georgia till his death.

Hepzibah Wilcox, fifth child, third daughter, of Daniel Wilcox and Sarah White, his wife, born January 31, 1745, died February 19, 1821; married September 23, 1763, David Beckley, born February 17, 1742, died November 19, 1798.

CHILDREN

David, born March 31, 1765.

Silas, born September 28, 1766.

Caroline.

Joseph.

Hepzibah.

Luther.

Joseph, born November 12, 1775.

David (1), Lt. Joseph (2), Nathaniel (3), Sgt. Richard (4).

David Beckley and his wife Hepzibah Wilcox set up house-keeping in the old red Beckley house built by the father of David, Lt. Joseph Beckley. (No need for Daniel Wilcox to give Hepzibah a house.)

Lt. Joseph Beckley, born 1695, grandson of Richard, the settler, married October 23, 1723, Mary Judd (deceased of John North of Far) who was the mother of his seventeen children. She died April 16, 1750, aged forty-eight years.

I read somewhere the latter statement, but cannot now give the reference and have not the date. This Joseph Beckley received permission to build his house on condition that he would keep a public house. He was licensed as a taverner, 1733, 34, 42.

Dr. Horatio Gridley in his history stated that a public house was kept there by the descendants of Richard Beckley for seventy-eight years in succession and that it was the first inn between Hartford and New Haven.

Inn-keepers of those days were of the best and most respected families; they often held positions of trust as town officers.

Miss Abigail Pattison told me that Hepzibah Wilcox was renowned for her goodness and kindness of heart. She adopted a son of Dr. Austin, who died when quite young. On his gravestone in Maple Cemetery is inscribed "Our Little Lamb."

One day in war time a company of soldiers, almost starved, came along and stopped at the Beckley tavern. Hepzibah had a cow killed as quickly as possible and gave them a hearty dinner. It was her son Silas Beckley who strained himself carrying water from a spring for the horses of a company of soldiers, so that he was an invalid the rest of his life. "Silas Beckley died October 1, 1823, after a distressing sickness of forty-three years, age 57 years." (Inscription at Beckley.)

The eldest son of David and Hepzibah Beckley, David Beckley, Jr., born March 31, 1765, and his wife, Eunice Williams, born 1759, were grandparents of Mr. William Bulkley.

There was great excitement when about the time of the Battle of Bunker Hill, General Washington and his Staff put up at the Beckley House over night. It was said that Eunice Williams helped to set the table for their supper.

George Washington must have traveled with a large supply of elm tree switches, and we like to believe the story that the great elm tree directly in front of the house was planted by

him at the time of this visit. The tree stands, but the house was torn down by Dick Beckley, the last in town to bear the name.

David Beckley and Hepzibah, his wife, joined the Kensington church May 5, 1764.

Luther Beckley, born October 11, 1778, died January 1, 1841; son of David and Hepzibah; married, 1803, Sally Flagg, daughter of Solomon Flagg. They lived in one half of the old tavern, where their seventeen children were born. He was appointed town clerk and they came down street to live in the old Riley house opposite the present Mechanics Hall. Toward the end of his life he lay in bed while his wife worked hard to support the family by taking boarders. Grandparents of the first wife of Charles Risley (Mrs. Orpha Edward's story).

Patience Wilcox, thirteenth and youngest child of Daniel and Sarah White Wilcox, born January 4, 1760, died September 21, 1810, aged fifty-one; married Eli Barnes; died June 18, 1815, aged 61.

The Barnes family came from Long Island with other refugees in war time, when the British took possession of the Island. They fled in such haste that the Barneses brought along, unbaked, a batch of bread that had been set to rise.

One child, Jemima, was born to Patience Wilcox and Eli Barnes. She married Samuel Kelsey, brother of Stephen Wilcox's wife, Mary.

Ezekiel Kelsey, father of Samuel, lived at the North end of Hubbard Street in East Berlin near the foot of Gravel Hill, where remains of the cellar may be seen. He had five or more children; two married in East Hartford. Elizabeth was the wife of landlord Amos Kirby. She used to play the violin for dancing parties.

Miss Isadore Kelsey said that her great-grandfather, Capt. Eli Barnes, built the house which she occupies on the east corner of Main Street (formerly called East Street), where the Middletown road passes east toward the mill, and that her grandmother Jemima was ten years old at that time. They

lived at first in the house of Patience's brother Daniel, who died in the army. Miss Kelsey said her grandmother Jemima would have been 127 years old if living in 1906. This, as I reckon it, would make her born in 1779.

The Barneses kept a public house, with bar, and a ballroom in the south chamber. The land on which the house was built was a part of the mile-square farm owned by Daniel Wilcox.

When Patience died, on February 29, 1836, her brother Jacob, who settled her estate, sold her silver teaspoons to Allen Flagg, who gave them to his two daughters.

Miss Ida Wilcox is a great-great-granddaughter of Patience Wilcox and she would like to see those spoons.

Miss Kelsey said that when her grandmother Jemima was a little girl the family went into Upper Houses to attend church. From 1703 to 1790 East Berlin belonged to Upper Houses Ecclesiastical Society and were obliged to pay church taxes there.

(See Vol. 1, page 230, Private Laws of Connecticut, Resolve of May, 1790, annexing a part of Upper Houses in Middletown to Worthington Society in Berlin.)

Resolved by this Assembly that all that part of the second or Upper Houses lying in the Town of said Berlin, excepting the farm or lot of land on which said Israel Wilcox now lives is hereby annexed to and from henceforth shall be and remain a part of the said Society of Worthington. Provided always that nothing in this resolve contained, shall be construed to prevent the second or Upper Houses Society from collecting at such society rates or taxes as are now laid or due from said petitioners, or from any other person liable to pay such taxes.

The East Berlin Mill was built in 1771 by David Sage, Jr., Daniel Wilcox, Jr., and Josiah Wilcox, on land of Daniel Wilcox, Sr.

It was at first built as a carding mill and for spinning cotton and woolen yarn which was put out to women of the neighborhood to be woven into blankets and men's cloth. Deacon Frederic North remembered taking wool there to be spun into yarn.



"GRANDMA HULDAH"
Mrs. Reuben North



BIRTHPLACE OF LYNDA AND HULDAH WILCOX IN EAST BERLIN
House built by Josiah Wilcox about 1779

Josiah Wilcox, eighth child of Daniel and Sarah White Wilcox, born March 31, 1750, died September, 1835. Married, first, Elizabeth Treat, from Gen. Treat; married, second, 1779, Huldah Savage, daughter of John; married, third, Naomi Kirby, died 1837.

By deed of date February 14, 1775, Daniel Wilcox for paternal love and affection gave to his son Josiah six acres of land with house and barn thereon, bounded east on highway, south on Israel Wilcox's land, "west on my own land."

His house stands at the south end of Main Street, east of Berlin, on the west side of the way south of the Mildrum house, just north of the stream of water which crosses the road there. Large quantities of cider brandy were made by Josiah Wilcox. On the east side of the road was a cider mill where apples were crushed by a large wheel run by horse power which went round and round in a trough. The distillery was in a lot, south of the house, where the foundations may still be seen. Later the cider mill on the east side was abandoned and another was built south of the distillery. Deacon Alfred North preserved for a long time a large record book of sales of cider brandy made by his grandfather. A while since I destroyed the book, thinking the business was almost disreputable.

Samuel Wilcox, son of Josiah, built the brick house, now owned by Fred M. North in East Berlin. He married Rhoda North and removed to Ohio, where his descendants have prospered. Occasionally a letter comes from them asking for information of their Connecticut ancestors.

Robert Wilcox, who married the "Sweet Singer of Michigan," is a descendant of Josiah Wilcox.

Olive Wilcox, daughter of Josiah, married in 1800 James Booth of New Britain and was mother of Horace Booth. Shortly before Mr. Booth died I called to see him. He told me that his mother had a string of gold beads. One day a pedlar, who went by the name of Squeaking Lease, came to the house and told Olive that the beads needed something done to them by a jeweler. She allowed him to take the string away, and that was the last she ever saw of her beads.

Four of our D. A. R. members come from Josiah Wilcox.

Stephen Wilcox, sixth son of Daniel and Sarah Wilcox, born October 19, 1746, died December 22, 1843, aged ninety-seven years. He married January 31, 1771 (?), Mary Kelsey (daughter of Ezekiel Kelsey), who died October 22, 1836, aged eighty-seven years.

Mrs. Emma Penfield Botsford, whose husband was a descendant of Stephen Wilcox, said there used to be in the family an obituary of him, which began: "An Old Revolutionary Soldier Gone." Daniel Wilcox in 1777 deeded to his son Stephen Wilcox, of Middletown, for love and affection, six acres of land with house and barn thereon.

Stephen Wilcox and his wife were received to the communion of the Worthington Congregational Church by letter from Upper Houses.

Stephen Wilcox, son of Stephen, built the brick house standing on the corner where the Stoney Swamp road turns to go up Savage Hill.

The two sons of Stephen Wilcox, Jr., went to Springfield about 1822 where they set up the first stove and tin store in that vicinity. They had the Wilcox gift of making money and prospered in business.

The house built by Stephen Wilcox, Sr., is now the pleasant home of the Misses Carrie and Hattie Mildrum.

Samuel Hart, brother of Mrs. Emma Hart Willard, married Mary Wilcox, daughter of Stephen Wilcox and his wife, Mary Kelsey, and four of our Daughters of the American Revolution members claim Mary Wilcox Hart as a grandmother. Mrs. Cowles has her silver teaspoons.

Mrs. Cowles has a cousin in this same generation from Stephen Wilcox, Miss Harriet Lyman, a fine musician, who has worked out a musical staff, so that the notes are alike on the bass and treble clefs. If adopted it will save no end of trouble for children learning to read music.

We all know Mr. Arthur Upson, a Christian lawyer of New Britain, a descendant of Stephen Wilcox. Mr. Upson has a cousin in the same line, a brother of Miss Harriet Lyman, the

musician, Hon. Edward S. Lyman, who is one of the most prominent lawyers in central Alabama, employed as corporation lawyer for the L. & W. R. R. C., Judge of the County Court, ex-mayor of his city, and has been a member of the State Legislature.

Samuel Wilcox, tenth child of Daniel and Sarah Wilcox, born September 12, 1753, died March 12, 1832, married May 28, 1778, Phoebe Dowd. (Ancestors of Mr. Frank Wilcox.)

Their house was moved a few rods south of its original site, where it was owned and occupied many years by the family of Willys Dowd. Mrs. Dowd was a very efficient woman, and she brought up a large family of fine sons and daughters. She said that when her children were old enough to go to church, she took every one of them out into the lobby and took her slipper to them.

Huldah Wilcox, seventh child of Daniel and Sarah Wilcox, born May 24, 1748, married Jeremiah Bacon of Westfield, and we do not know anything about her life except that Mr. Frank Starr says her first husband died and that she married, second, Joseph Porter.

Sarah Wilcox, second child of Daniel and Sarah Wilcox, born December 31, 1739, married Jedediah North.

Their house, at the north end of Berlin Street, was moved back from under the two large maple trees, and turned into a barn for Golden Ridge Creamery.

When they first set up housekeeping there the wolves used to come down from the ledge and carry off the pigs so that they had to be shut up in the barn over night for safety.

Sarah Wilcox and Jedediah North had eight children. Sarah, the mother, died at age thirty-six, when her last child was born.

Levi, the second son, enlisted in the Revolutionary War at the age of sixteen. He was taken prisoner by the British and on shipboard was compelled to fight against his own countrymen. His story was that the blood ran ankle deep on

deck. In prison he was fed on rice, and he never wanted to see rice again. He was set at making tools and repairing weapons, and at the close of the war, by advice of an English soldier who befriended him, he sent in to the British government a bill for skilled services. The bill was allowed and he received \$1,200, with which he built his house in East Berlin. He married his cousin, Rachel White, and they had twelve children, all of whom lived to the age of sixty-six or over.

It would take too much time to tell of the ministers, missionaries, doctors, college professors, and teachers, who have descended from Sarah Wilcox.

CHAPTER V.

The Porter Family.—Edmund Kidder, the Centenarian.—The Lee Family.

Joseph Porter, Jr., born in 1702, son of Joseph and Hannah (Buell) Porter of Hartford, grandson of John and Mary (Stanley) Porter, and great-grandson of John Porter,* settler, in 1639, at Windsor, married, in 1733, Joanna Dodd of Hartford. They came to Great Swamp, where he was active in church affairs. In 1733, when a vote of twelve pence a pound

* Mrs. F. A. North of Germantown, Pa., has contributed the following information about the Porter families in America. Some of the data was obtained originally from Miss Catharine North's papers, especially the part about the first American John Porter and his twelve children. Incidentally, Miss North herself was a direct descendant of Samuel Porter, the fifth child of John Porter of Windsor. It may not be out of place to introduce this information here:

John Porter, born between 1590 and 1595 in Wraxhall, Parish of Kenilworth, Warwickshire, England, embarked at London, with his family, for America, arriving at Dorchester, Mass., May 30, 1630. He died 1648 at Windsor. His wife Rose died 1648 or 1649. There were twelve children: John, b. 1618; Thomas, b. 1620; Sarah, 1622; Anna, 1624; Samuel, 1626; Rebecca, 1628; Mary, 1630; Rose, 1632; Joseph, 1634; Nathaniel, 1638; James, 1640; and Hannah, 1642.

(Joseph Porter, who came to Great Swamp, was a descendant of the eldest son of the first John Porter.)

Samuel Porter married, in 1659, Hannah Stanley, daughter of Thomas Stanley.

Hezekiah Porter, b. 1665, their son, married Hannah Cowles.

Timothy Porter, their son, married Hannah Goodwin.

Aaron Porter, their son, married Rhoda Sage.

Isaac Porter, b. 1755, their son, married Hepzibah North.

Olive Porter, 1782, married Richard Wilcox.

Mary Olive Wilcox, 1812, married Alfred North.

Catharine M. North, 1840.

Among the descendants of Samuel Porter and Hannah Stanley were Israel Putnam, Clarence Steadman, U. S. Grant, Grover Cleveland, Thomas W. Higginson, and John Brown.

was laid for building a new meeting house, he was appointed to collect the tax.

Mr. Burnham was in ill health for a long time before his death, and the people began early to look about for candidates to preach "on probation" with view of settlement.

In 1742 Joseph Porter went to Stratford and brought up a Mr. Judson, who assisted Mr. Burnham and boarded with the Porters. The society voted £7. 16s. as compensation to Mr. Porter for his journey to Stratford, and for entertaining Mr. Judson, and his horse.

Mr. Burnham rallied so that he continued to preach until near his last days. From 1750 for more than six years the church was without a settled minister.

Mr. Samuel Clark of "Elizabeth town" was installed as the successor of Mr. Burnham, July 14, 1756. When the society was divided he chose to go with the Kensington parish and remained with that church until his death, November 6, 1775.

The records of the church, as placed in the hands of Mr. Clark at the time of his settlement, were in his words "very imperfect and broken." A little girl said, "Papa, I have cleaned out your pocket book for you, I burned up all those old dirty papers, and put back just the clean ones." Her father nearly fainted. Those old papers were his family records that never could be replaced. Mr. Burnham's statistics, if he kept them, have never been found, possibly some neat housekeeper threw them into the fire. Mr. Clark proceeded at once to make a list of "Such as were members when I came."

In this list of 1756 were the names of Joseph Porter and his wife Hannah (Joanna ?). Their son Samuel Porter, born June 1, 1750, married June 14, 1779, Mindwell Griswold, of Windsor. She died in 1810 and he married, second, 1812, widow Elizabeth Percival, mother of the poet, James G. Percival. Mrs. Percival had another son, Oswin. At his death, about 1870, the family was extinct. A bureau full of his mother's personal belongings was sold at public auction from the house next south of the old Worthington church.

Among the articles were an immense green silk bonnet with a great, black lace, embroidered veil and fine hand-woven linen sheets. A beautiful bead handbag was struck off to a pack peddler who chanced along. Colonel William Bulkeley was the auctioneer.

William Bulkeley, Jr., bought a chest with its contents. In it, besides a lot of old books, was a piece of metal, black as iron, which proved to be a masonic jewel, of silver, worn as a watch charm. In size it is two and one-quarter inches long, one and three-quarter inches wide. Around the edge in front is a motto, with number and name of owner, as follows:

AMOR HONOR ET JUSTITIA A. M. 5791, JAMES PERCIVAL JUNR.

On the back appears the motto:

IN THE LORD IS ALL OUR TRUST.

Under skull and cross bones is a coffin, on which are the words "Memento Mori." Both sides are covered with masonic emblems exquisitely engraved.

Dr. James Percival, father of James G., was Worshipful Master of Harmony Lodge, 1797-1801, which then met in Berlin.

Rev. J. T. Pettee, of Meriden, who has examined this jewel, says that the number, 5791, corresponds with 1791 of the Christian era, and it shows that Dr. Percival wore the badge sixteen years before his death, January 21, 1807.

In the course of time the Burnham parsonage and farm came into possession of Samuel Porter. Of the eleven children born there, to him and his wife, Mindwell, nine lived to maturity. Their names were Samuel, Nathaniel, Mindwell, Almira, Laura, Norman, Joanna, Chloe and Sophia.

Samuel, born November 22, 1780, settled in Philadelphia. Three of the sisters, Mindwell, second wife of Jesse Hart, Almira, wife of Blakeslee Barnes, and Sophia, who was married late in life to Joseph Camp of Newington, left in widow-

hood, joined forces and kept house at the Squire Daniel Dunbar place, on Worthington Street.

Joanna was married to John Ariadne Hart, botanist and physician. He practiced in Berlin for awhile before his removal to Natchez, where he died of yellow fever October 23, 1822, aged thirty-two years.

Sophia, born February 19, 1797, went to Natchez with her sister, and afterwards taught school in Philadelphia. She used to say that while there she took lessons on the piano, and had learned to play "Robin Adair," when, somehow, it happened that she got married and that ended it. She died at Newington, October 21, 1891, at the age of ninety-four. In her latter years she did not know the faces of her lifelong neighbors, but to the last she could make a beautiful prayer.

Norman Porter, born December 12, 1789, married in 1823, Abby Galpin, daughter of Col. Joseph Galpin, half sister of Mrs. Seth Deming, and a lovely woman she was. Their wedding journey was to Lexington, Ky., the first part of the way by stage, then over the mountains they had to ride on the backs of mules. When the time came for them to return they rode all the way on horseback.

Mr. Porter, in his business as merchant at Lexington, gained what was considered, in his day, a small fortune.

The town records at New Britain show that in 1824-5 Norman Porter bought out the right of the other heirs in his father's estate. The deeds were signed by Mindwell Hart and Jesse Hart, Chloe Peck and Everard Peck, and Almira Barnes, all of Berlin; by Samuel Porter of Philadelphia, Joanna Hart and Sophia Porter of Natchez, and by Norman Porter of Lexington.

A life interest in the place was reserved for the father, Samuel, who died January 22, 1838, aged eighty-eight years. Then Norman, who had come back to his native town, planned to built a new house, finer than any to be seen in this region. He decided to use the homestead site, and wished to tear down the old house, but his sisters, who loved the place, begged him to move it off, and to please them he consented. The way was

narrow and the house was wide. It stuck fast in the road and remained there several weeks. Finally, however, it was landed on the new site, opposite the Berlin town house, where it stands to this day. The work of removal cost more than the house was worth when settled, except for the sentiment.

The sisters used to like to go and look over the rooms, filled with dear associations, but there came a day—the time of Mrs. Camp's last visit there, when, as she stepped over the threshold of the east sitting room door, she turned and said to her companion: "Let us go away, it does not look like home here now."

Mrs. Emily (Galpin) Bacon, a niece of Mrs. Norman Porter, remembers that once, when she visited her aunt in the old house, Sophia Porter (Mrs. Camp) led her up into one of the chambers to see the silk worms she was raising. As she fed them their supper of mulberry leaves they made as much noise as a horse champing. In one corner of the room Mrs. Camp showed her how she reeled the silk from the cocoons.

This house was photographed in the nick of time. Soon afterward a carpenter, in want of a job, persuaded the owner to let him cut off the west half. He said there would be lumber enough in it to build another house. It was said that the lumber was of no use when razed, but the proportions of the old parsonage were ruined.

Mrs. Frank D. Jamison, a great-granddaughter of Samuel Porter, after reading the account of the removal of the Burnham-Porter house, recalled this story:

The carpenter, when consulted in regard to drawing the house away, advised against it, saying that the building was so old that it would not "pay."

"Can you move it?" asked Mr. Porter.

"Yes," replied the carpenter, "I can move it." "Then move it!" said Mr. Porter, "It is none of your business whether it will pay or not."

Mrs. Jamison's mother, Mrs. Jane Porter Hart Dodd, who, after the death of her father, Jesse Hart, lived with her widowed mother at her grandfather's, remembers that attached to the main house was a long line of back buildings that seemed

interminable to the child. Besides the place piled with many cords of wood for winter fires, there was a room used as a dairy, and another was filled, in autumn, with vegetables and fragrant apples.

Town Clerk William Bulkeley was at the raising of Norman Porter's grand new house. A thunder shower came up that afternoon, and he, with all the other boys, ran into the barn for protection.

Mr. Porter was a fine looking man, erect of carriage, and gentlemanly in bearing; quick of step, energetic and full of business; always doing something, or going somewhere. It is said that he went to Hartford nearly every day. His farm, which he adored, was cultivated for pleasure, not for profit. Here were found all the new fruits and flowers—and labor-saving inventions. Japonicas bloomed in the windows, tulips, lilies and strange new shrubs bordered the walks. Grapes, Isabellas and Catawbas, climbed over arbors; Bartlett pears and Seckels grew in the garden, a delicious revelation to the neighbors, who were welcome to take grafts. Children, who had never seen strawberries growing except in the fields, heard with wonder that over at Mr. Norman Porter's there were beds of cultivated strawberries which bore so full that they were left to decay on the vines. Mrs. Dodd has told us of the consternation created when Uncle Norman cooked and ate the fruit of the tomato he brought home from Kentucky.

South of the house was a hot-bed, filled in the spring with "green things growing."

There was a patent gate at the driveway, west of the house, that opened and closed automatically by a series of levers underneath, as the horses stepped upon and off the platform, that slanted down to the ground on either side.

When Mr. Porter heard that Daniel Buck of Windsor had a wonderful new breed of cows from Island of Alderney, he took his neighbor, Cyrus Root, and drove up to see the cows and the butter. Not long afterward a herd of twenty or thirty of those Alderneys were grazing in the pastures on the Porter farm.

The large horse barn, east of the house, was burned after the place came into the possession of Richard Murray.

The field south of the Christian Lane school house, called the Lee lot, came into the possession of Mr. Porter, and when he was about sixty years old he planted it full of apple trees. When asked why, at his time of life, he should set out apple trees, he replied, "I expect to live to send fruit from this orchard to Queen Victoria." He did live to gather a bountiful harvest of apples from what came to be known as the "prize orchard of the state."

The trees were started in this way. Seeds from common apples were planted and cultivated. In the fall of the second year the saplings were pulled and stored in the cellar, where, during the winter, they were grafted. In five years from seed the trees were in bearing.

Cyrus Root, Jr., who is the authority for this description, gives a list of the variety of apples, all grown on the Lee lot. It includes the Baldwin, Peck's Pleasant, Roxbury Russet, Hubbardston's Nonesuch, Belden, Sweet, Yellow Bell-flower, Gravenstein, Sweet Russet, and Rhode Island Greening. There were also Porter and spice apples there. Mrs. Webber used to dry the spice apples on shares.

In after years it was sad to see that orchard browned, as by fire, from the ravages of canker worms.

Mr. Porter was fond of children. He even allowed them to swing on that patent gate. One day a little girl who lived in that neighborhood started to walk over to Upson's store in Kensington, on an errand for her mother. She lost her money in the road, and began to cry. Presently Mr. Porter met her and asked her why she cried. Then he took money from his own pocket, gave it to her, and sent her on her way, gratefully happy.

On Sunday the Porter horses always knew that they were to stop and add to their load any woman or child walking toward the village church.

In his zeal for town and village improvement, Mr. Porter sometimes gave offense by urging people beyond their inclina-

tions. One day as he came up the street he stopped to speak with a housewife out in her yard, and said: "You ought to have a fountain here." She straightened herself up with hauteur and said, "Can't you make a few more suggestions, Mr. Porter?"

In 1849, when subscriptions were solicited for the new church in Worthington, the name of Norman Porter was placed on the paper for \$1,000. In 1852, when the recently-built spire was found so defective as to be in danger of falling to the ground, he subscribed \$125 toward repairs. Again, in 1855, after the great revival, under Mr. Love, when galleries were added to the church, he gave \$200. On these subscription papers may be seen the name of Captain Norman Peck, who matched Mr. Porter by giving \$1,000 for the new church in 1849, \$125 for repair of spire, in 1852, and \$200, for galleries in 1855. Samuel C. Wilcox, who contributed \$300 in 1849, gave \$100 in 1852, and \$200 in 1855.

Norman Porter died January 20, 1863, aged seventy-three years, as recorded on his white marble monument in the Bridge cemetery.

Norman Porter, Jr., only child of his parents, born in Kentucky, was in sympathy with southern life and, in the autumn of 1863, as soon as he could settle up the family affairs after his father's death, he removed to San José, California. His wife, Hannah, was the eldest of three daughters of Captain Peck. Their children, born in Berlin, were Mary, Arthur, Margaret and Evangeline. Two daughters, Anna and Elizabeth, were born in San José.

Arthur has been successful in the business of silver mining in Nevada.

After the recent earthquake the family felt unsettled. They said the only safe place they could think of was Berlin.

The mother of Norman Porter, Jr., was born in 1796. She went with her son to spend her declining years in San José, and died there at the age of ninety-six.

We do not know the history of the little brown house opposite the Porter place. James Richardson, a shoemaker, lived there many years.

In 1786, Isaac North, Jr., for the consideration of £22, deeded six acres of land to his son, Abel. This land lies on the north side of the road coming toward the village from Christian Lane, and the house, with brick basement, thereon standing, long known as the Pollard place, was built by Abel North, whose wife was Sarah Wilcox. She used to bake most excellent shortcakes on a slanting board, before the open fire.

The place next east of Abel North's, now used as a town home, was occupied early in the last century by Blakeslee Barnes, who married Almira Porter, one of the daughters of Samuel Porter.

Mr. Barnes had unusual natural business faculty, and in his occupation as a tinner, conducted, with a number of apprentices, in a shop near his home, he was quite prosperous. Denied the advantages of schools in boyhood, he studied, after he began business, to make up his lack of book knowledge.

Leonard Pattison learned his trade of Mr. Barnes and then went to Lexington to work for Norman Porter.

After a while Mr. Barnes moved up on to the street where he died, August 1, 1823, aged forty-two years. It is supposed that he built the house which he occupied, and which was afterward purchased and remodeled by Captain Peck, now owned by Daniel Webster.

The town of Berlin bought the Town farm, with buildings thereon, November 7, 1833, of Seth Deming, described by him as "the place where I now live." In the cellar, fastened firmly into the wall, are two iron rings, once used to secure charges of the town who were violently insane. There was a fine brass knocker on the front door of the house, and Mrs. Laura (Barnes) Willard, who was born there in 1808, obtained it from the Selectmen in exchange for a modern bell.

We have been reminded that one of the tenants of the Burnham-Porter house, after its removal, was Edmund Kidder, a useful, honest, steady, sober man, who died there February 23, 1885, aged one hundred years, six months and six days. He was one of the oldest Free Masons in the country, but was

unable to attend their meetings in his old age. He voted for Jefferson in 1804.

Born in Fairfield, Conn., in 1784, his father died when he was eleven years old, and at the age of thirteen he shipped on board a merchantman for the East Indies. He made a three-years' cruise and sailed around the world. Later he took up the trade of stone mason. He worked at various odd tasks in the neighborhood up to his last summer and could swing an axe as well as a man of sixty. He was fond of reading, and was always pleased to receive copies of the *Sailor's Magazine*.

A bachelor up to the age of fifty-seven, he then married, in 1841, Lydia Fielding Johnson, widow of Shadrack Johnson, of Hartford, twenty-five years his junior, and they had three children. Mrs. Henry Moore, whose first husband was Darius Richardson, was a daughter of Mrs. Kidder's first marriage. The only father she ever knew was her mother's second husband.

Edmund Kidder was buried at the south side of the family lot in Maple Cemetery. Next north is the grave of Mrs. Kidder, who died October 26, 1888, aged seventy-nine. These two graves are unmarked. Next north of the father and mother lies a daughter, whose stone bears the following inscription:

Elizabeth T. Lamb, Daughter of E. R. and L. F. Kidder, Born Jan. 17, 1842 Died July 22d 1861.

Opposite the town house, on what is now a barren field surrounding the Porter farmhouse, as it came to be called, there stood, within the memory of some now living, a grove of walnut trees. Farther south, near the Middletown turnpike, were many grand old trees of walnut, chestnut, and oak, spared from the ancient forest, so dense were they as to hide the prospect from one road to the other. Here, village picnics were held.

One year, Clark Talbott attempted to run the old tavern as a temperance house. To help eke out expenses he served a Fourth of July dinner, spread on tables in the shade of those trees. The tickets were sold for seventy-five cents each, and the people in their desire to assist the temperance landlord, all went forth to dine with him on the occasion.

One Sunday school picnic on that ground is especially remembered, in the time of Mr. Love, when Miss Mary Talcott, a successful Sunday school teacher, was active in trying to make everybody have a good time. One of the boys, now in Washington, D. C., recalls his first experience with ice cream that day, and a girl, now gray-haired, wishes she could have another piece of the delectable sponge cake made by Mrs. Florence Brandegee. Her receipt called for ten eggs, their weight in sugar, the weight of six eggs in flour, juice and grated rind of one lemon, and a saltspoonful of salt. As for the rest it depended on the skill in mixing and baking.

At that time, on the south side of the turnpike, opposite the Porter grove, were acres of land covered with trees and undergrowth, known as Captain Peck's woods. Another piece of woodland, west of the Abel North house, which until quite recently remained uncut, was very attractive to the lover of wild flowers.

Almira Barnes, daughter of "Blakslee Barns," was married to Thomas G. Fletcher, a lawyer of New York City. They had two sons, Frank H., born 1831, married Helen Clapp; and Charles S., born 1833. Mrs. Fletcher died in 1835. A deed on record at New Britain shows that she came to the age of twenty-one November 15, 1833, and in that year Esquire Dunbar sold for her, buildings and land that came to her from her father's estate. The property conveyed consisted in part of a lot, once owned by Samuel Porter, situated southwesterly from Riverside or Bridge Cemetery, with barn, "Cider-mill house" and "Still house" thereon.

A clump of trees, on a rise of ground, by a bend in the stream, about fifteen rods south of the road, marks the site of the distillery. Aunt Mindwell Hart said it was a wonder that they were not all drunkards, with so much cider brandy around. It is not known that any of the family ever were drunkards. Norman Porter was a strong temperance man, and so outspoken as to gain the ill will of men of different views. One day, as he drove up to the post office, at Mr. Galpin's store, a young rowdy stepped up to him, with a horsewhip, and gave him a

thrashing. Mr. Porter was an old man then, and the act was severely condemned by the community.

Captain Peck bought Mrs. Fletcher's property and the "still" was turned into a dwelling house. Peter Mullen lived there and worked for the captain. His wife, with an abundance of water running close by her kitchen door, took in washing.

A boy who lived there came to the district school, his head alive with pediculus capitis. Colonies of the pest soon swarmed. Teacher and pupil shared alike in the invasion, and careful mothers cried "Mercy on us" when they found what their boys and girls brought home from school. Kerosene was not then on the market, and one poor woman sent to a neighbor to ask the loan of her fine tooth comb. She said she wanted to use it to comb the lice from her children's heads.

This still house was sold to E. S. Kirby, who moved it over near the railroad station, where it was used as a liquor saloon.

In the deed of conveyance from Mrs. Fletcher in 1833, the "Point house" was included. It was described as occupied by Samuel Durand. A part of this house which still stands nearest the point, east of the cemetery, was made from Blakeslee Barnes's tinshop, moved from the north side of his house up on the "Street." The names "blue house," "blue house cemetery" and "blue house bridge"—the north bridge—were given because, as before stated, the house was once painted blue. This dwelling house was remodelled by John Staveley.

A short distance farther east brings us to another point of land. The deeds of this place show that it was purchased November 6, 1832, by Cyrus Root, from Samuel A. Hamlin, and that on the same day he sold it to Horace Sheldon for the price of \$400. The house was then there but not the brick shop, which was built by Sheldon who was a blacksmith and shod stage horses. On April 2, 1835, he sold out for \$1,200 to Benjamin R. Fanning, who was also a blacksmith. In the Riverside cemetery, on a little stone is the following inscription:

Clarence Lee, only child of Benj. R. Fanning and Charlotte Fanning, d. May 28th, 1854, aged 3 yrs. 4 mos.

How many hopes lie blasted here.

Mr. Fanning had an unusually bright mind, but the loss of this little son embittered his soul and he could never rise above the blow. His wife, a refined, gentle, home body, died September 2, 1885, aged seventy-four years. Mr. Fanning married again and removed to Portland, where he died February 6, 1892, aged eighty-one years.

The Fanning place is now the home of Alonzo Sweet and his wife, Alice Wilson [Dillings] Sweet. The large open field opposite, on the south side of the way, was owned, a hundred years ago, by Pete Galpin, who was seventy-seven years old in 1808. On November 7 of that year he sold, to Amos and Elisha Edwards, for \$100, sixty-five rods off from the east end of that lot. It was bounded south by Jesse Hart, which shows that Mr. Hart then owned the hotel property.

Amos and Elisha Edwards were brothers of Josiah Edwards, who kept the store on the northwest corner at the top of this hill. They built a house, barn and shop, on their land, and then, September 23, 1816, sold the property to John Lee, 2d, son of Captain James Lee of Bristol. He was born May 28, 1766, and married at the age of twenty-two, Abigail Gerome. The children began to come the next year, and seventeen years later, thirteen had been born to them. Unfortunately, the last six died young, and the mother followed them to a "land of rest." In 1809, the father married, second, widow Charlotte (Dorr) Neff. She brought to his home at least one child of her first marriage, Delia Neff, who became the wife of Nelson Atwood (grandparents of Clarence Atwood).

The names of the Lee children were: Jephtha, John, Henry, Juba, Abigail, Edward, Aurilla, Jerome, Ebenezer, Lucy, Lucy, Polly, and William. Then, after the second marriage, three more children, Edmund, Charlotte, and Sally, came to bless the Lee household.

Charlotte was the wife of Benjamin Fanning; her brother, Edmund Francis Lee, married Melvina Allen, "daughter of Thomas G. Addison, a descendant of Joseph Addison, Prime Minister of England and author of the Spectator. He was a civil engineer of some note at Louisville, Ky.," where he

died July 15, 1857. Edward Gaylord Lee died at Janesville, Wis., in 1862. He had four sons and one grandson in the Civil War. John Lee, the father, his two sons, Jephtha and Henry, and William Palmiter, the husband of his daughter, Aurilla, were all in the War of 1812.

John Lee came to Berlin from Burlington in 1816. He was a blacksmith, and shod stage horses in his shop, which stood east of the house. He died August 18, 1844, at the age of seventy-eight years. His wife, Charlotte, died September 3, 1836, aged sixty-four years. Their graves are at Riverside. The Lee place is now owned by Dr. R. E. Ensign.

At a town meeting held in December, 1785, it was voted "That the Parish of Worthington may erect a Pound in sd Parish at their own expense, in such place as shall be most convenient."

Where the first pound was situated we do not know, but within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, it was east of John Lee's blacksmith shop. It was about fifty by thirty-six feet in size, and was surrounded by a strong high fence. When animals were inside, a row of boys sat on the top rail of that fence. James Richardson had six sheep that lived on the highway, and whenever a neighbor's gate chanced to be left open, in rushed that flock to trample and destroy the garden. One day, when the hayward was half seas over, he came across those sheep and drove them to pound. That ended the nuisance.

Once a large flock of sheep owned by a butcher were impounded there. The owner refused to reclaim them and one morning the sheep all lay on the ground with their throats neatly cut, as if by butcher. If animals were not redeemed within a certain time they were sold by the town.

Daniel Galpin, constable, sold at auction, July 23, 1802, six sheep that had been impounded. They were struck off to the highest bidder for \$4.78.

When creatures fed on the commons it was customary to mark them, and to have the mark recorded. Some of those marks, taken from the early records, are as follows:

Elishama Brandeggee Jr. Ear Mark is a hole in Each Ear and a Bobtail. Recorded May 21st, 1811.

Roger Riley's Ear Marke is half crop under the Right Ear and also a Bole'd tail. Recorded March 22, 1800.

Samuel Wilcox Mark is a half penny underside the right ear, a slit between the head & the half penny & Crop of the left ear. Recorded Nov. 21st, 1792.

Until within a few years a front fence was an expensive necessity. The iron fence, removed not long since from the front of the village church, was intended to last forever. The bill for this fence, dated April 6, 1853, sent to Norman Porter and committte, was for \$378.00.

The pound, which was a part of the hotel property, was sold, May 26, 1883, by Landlord Henry Gwatkins, to Alfred North, for \$100 cash, and with this lift, Mr. Gwatkins took his wife on a trip back to their old home in England.

The small dwelling house, of which the pound is now the south yard, was built about 1880 by Albert Holt to rent as a market.

A description has already been given of the Edwards carriage factory that stood opposite the John Lee place. The tinnerns' business, now conducted on that site by Homer F. Damon, was established by James B. Carpenter and S. C. Wilcox, and afterwards continued by Lorenzo Lamb, now of Hartford.

This hill, known for over forty years as "Deacon North's Hill," was formerly a quagmire when the frost was coming out of the ground.

Mrs. Almira Barnes died March 29, 1858, while away on a visit. She was brought home, and, as the procession attempted to come up the hill, the carriages stuck fast in the deep mud. Soon after this Deacon North took from the town a year's contract for repair of roads. He dug a trench, three feet wide and three feet deep, in the center of this hill, from the top down to the tinshop, and filled the space solid with stones. Another springy place that he made firm was over east of William Bulkeley's. He spent more than he received for his year's contract.

CHAPTER VI.

The Root Family.—The “Lee House” and its Occupants.

John Root, one of the early settlers in Farmington, was the ancestor of the Christian Lane families of that name. His will, dated April 21, 1684, reads as follows:

I, John Roote, sen. of the town of Farmington do make this my last will & Testament: I give to my wife Mary Roote a constant comfortable maintenance to be paid to her by my Executors during her widowhood and £20. But in Case she marry again, I give her £20 more, and then the Constant maintenance to cease. I doe solemnly charge my sons Joseph & Caleb, as long as the care of their Mother shall be incumbent upon them to carry very dutifull and tenderly toward her & see from time to time that she want nothing for her comfortable support, and I hope that the Overseers of this my will will have an eye to this care. To each of my sons which are already married, 20 shillings; & to my gr children 5 shillings. I give to my daughter Mary, the wife of Isaac Brunson £15. I do confirm to my son Steven Roote the 20 acres of land which I engaged upon his marriage with his Wife that now is.

I give to my son Joseph both my Looms with all the Tackling. To my sons Caleb & Joseph I give the remainder of my Estate. . . .

Stephen Root, son of John, and father of the John who came to Great Swamp, was called the “Giant of Farmington.” He was well built and of herculean strength and powers. In height he was six feet and six inches. He was one of the greatest racers of his day and was never outrun except by an Indian. He was in the Narragansett war and was in the fight when the fort was destroyed. He carried a sword and a huge musket, now held as priceless family treasures.

In his will, dated October 16, 1716, Stephen Root gave to his son, John Root, “a pair of brown steers,” all his “wearing clothes,” and “half his husbandry tools.” John, born at Farmington, 1685, was already hard at work clearing up a farm

in Great Swamp. The ground was covered with bushes and wild grapevines, and those brown steers had a plenty of exercise.

John Root was strongly built, with broad shoulders and large hands, but he was not so tall by eight inches as his father, Stephen, and those wearing clothes would make over nicely for him. Besides clothes were clothes in the days when women carded, spun, and wove the material, and cut and made every garment that went on to the backs of the family.

John Root married July 10, 1716, Margaret, daughter of Col. John Strong of Farmington. Their house, which is still standing on the west side of the way at the south end of Christian Lane, unchanged as built in 1712, is a rare model of the homes in which our ancestors dwelt two hundred years ago. The barn was built in 1706.

Are not these two buildings the oldest in town?

Dwight Root and his sisters, the Misses Elizabeth and Hannah Root, children of the late Timothy Root, are the last of five successive generations who have lived on this farm. The family have in their possession the deeds by which the once extensive farm was acquired by John Root. One given by Ebenezer Gilbert is dated June 4, 1708.

The oldest deed of all is signed by Samuel Oxuis (his mark). Sounds like an Indian name. The land is described in three parcels "known as the widow Oxuis her land," witnessed before Thomas Hart, Justice.

Attached to the deed is a paper signed by mark E of Elizabeth, mother of Samuel Oxuis, by which she gives her well beloved son power of attorney to sell her land.

John Root was never sick in his life until three days before his death, when he had lung fever. He and his wife were buried in the Christian Lane cemetery. Their inscriptions read as follows:

Mr. John Root, d. Nov. 16th, 1764, aged 80.

Margaret, wife of John Root d. Apr. 20th, 1751, aged 60.

Their son, John Root, married May 26, 1762, Anna, daughter of Dr. Joseph and Elizabeth Hollister Steele. He was six

feet two inches in height, with large shoulders, and was remarkable for strength and agility. Foot races were very popular in his day and he was one of the greatest runners Berlin ever produced. He ran a race with John Judd, with a log chain wound around his body, and defeated him. He died November 8, 1781, aged fifty-eight, after a sickness of sixty days of lung fever.

Asahel Root, born February 11, 1766, son of John Root and Elizabeth Steele Root, married Hannah Goodrich, sister of "Uncle" John Goodrich. Asahel Root died August 2, 1818, aged fifty-two. Hannah, his wife, died in 1847, aged seventy-seven. Their eight children were: Jesse, Asahel, Amos, Cyrus, Samuel, Timothy, Rebecca, and Hannah, all born in the Root house, still standing.

Jesse, who was a school teacher, lived with his brother Timothy, on the homestead, and died unmarried, January 22, 1852, aged sixty-two. He was the genealogist of the family, and to him we are indebted for many of the facts given in this account.

The inscription on the gravestone of Asahel Root, Jr., in the Christian Lane burying ground reads as follows:

Asahel Root died at Farmington Aug. 7th, 1833 aged 40; interred here. His father Asahel, his grandfather John & his great-grandfather, John Root, rest near this spot.

The widow of Asahel Root, Jr., was married, second, to Deacon Cyprian Goodrich of Kensington.

Amos Root went to New York State as a school teacher, and married there, in 1830, Orpha Stanton. They came to Berlin and lived for a time in the old Elishama Brandegee house. Afterward their home was in Meriden. They had thirteen children, nine sons and four daughters. Of the sons, Joseph, Reuben, Timothy, and Cyrus were soldiers in the Civil War.

Benjamin, the youngest son, has held for many years a place of responsibility in the Bridgeport post office.

Mrs. Amos Root died in Meriden in 1896, aged eighty-nine.

Cyrus Root, who married, in 1829, Delia A. Stocking of Blue Hills, purchased the Oswin Stanley place, over on the road leading from the Root farm to the railroad station. The house, on the south side of the way, its roof with the long back slant called a "lean-to" or "linter," still stands. The great farm barn opposite the house was destroyed by fire a few years since. Besides the care of his farm, Mr. Root owned a blacksmith shop, east of the barn, where horses and cattle of the neighborhood were shod.

A daughter, Leontine, born to Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Root, died in 1853, at the age of nineteen. She was buried up in their lot, easterly from the house, where her broken-hearted mother could see the grave from her sitting room window.

The cousins remember Aunt Delia Ann as sitting by that window, crying.

Cyrus Root died October 2, 1879, aged eighty-one years. As the farm was then to go out of the family, he was carried to Blue Hills for burial, and Leontine was taken there also.

Cyrus Root, son of Cyrus, the only surviving child, is in the Department of the Interior, at Washington. His mother died in his home at High Ridge, Md., February 12, 1897, aged eighty-seven years and four months.

Samuel, son of Asahel and Hannah (Goodrich) Root, was an East India merchant and died on a vessel at sea. Two of his sons, Samuel and William Root, are in business in Buffalo, N. Y.

Timothy Root, who remained on the homestead, married Eliza Wilcox of Canton, Conn. He was paralyzed by a fall from a tree, and remained an invalid for several years, until his death, January 10, 1864, at the age of fifty-four.

He and his daughter Eliza, who died of consumption in December, 1873, at the age of twenty-one, were buried in the lot at the side of Leontine Root, but when that land was sold they were removed to Christian Lane cemetery.

As has been stated elsewhere, Rebecca Root was the second wife of Samuel Durand. In giving the names of the children

of Mr. Durand and his first wife, Eloisa (Lewis), that of Mrs. Jennette A. Durand Cox was omitted.

Asahel Root, Sr., had an elder brother John, and when he married Mary Gilbert, daughter of Ebenezer and Mary (Buttrick) Gilbert, a new house was built for them next north of the old place. Their children were Lois, Sarah, Harriet, John, George, Mary, and Amanda.

The women of this family as well as the men were tall, and of a commanding presence. Asahel was six feet two inches in height. One father of six sons, all measuring six feet, used to speak of his thirty-six feet of (Root) boys.

The inscriptions on the stones of John and Mary (Gilbert) Root, in the Christian Lane burying ground, read as follows:

Mr. John Root b. Apr. 4, 1764, d. Aug. 27, 1827 aged 63. [After two years' illness of consumption].

Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr. John Root, d Sept. 18th, 1823, aged 54.

John, son of John and Mary (Gilbert) Root, married Mary Brown and remained on his father's place until 1840, when he removed with his family to Hanover, a little way south of Buffalo, N. Y. It is said that his son, John, born in Berlin, 1838, was the sixth John Root in succession. He became a lawyer, in practice in Buffalo, where he died of consumption, unmarried.

Elihu Root, Secretary of State, is a descendant of the first John Root, of Farmington.

After 1840, the John Root house was occupied by Daniel Tuller, a Second Adventist preacher, so many years that it came to be known as the Tuller place.

Mrs. Tuller, who was a fine woman, helped to meet the family expenses by teaching school in her home district, at first, it is said, in a school house that stood on the west side of the road, southerly from the Edward Deming house. One night, after the school was dismissed, a teacher, not Mrs. Tuller, deposited on the entry floor a pile of cold ashes. The next morning nothing remained of the building but a pile of hot ashes.

Mrs. Tuller taught as late as in the fifties in the new school house on the corner south of Lardner Deming's, and her pupils, to this day, speak of her with affection.

The Tullers had a son, Baxter, who won the admiration of the school girls by standing on his head. They were very sorry for him because his father, a stern man, used to shut him up in a barrel when he was naughty.

When the Tullers moved away, Edward Deming bought their place. It was rented to Elder Joseph Morse when his son Joseph, who now lives in East Berlin, was six months old.

Stephen Belden, Joseph North, John Y. Wilcox, and others lived there. When Cyrus Root, Jr., was first married, he rented the place and it was made quite attractive with large windows, a porch and fresh paint.

Luke Foiren was the next owner of whom we have record. He lost his health, and his brother-in-law, August Splettstoesz, came into possession of the property. Soon after that the house was burned and a new one was built in its place.

While Mr. Tuller was in Berlin, he used to hold services in the houses of the neighborhood. Mrs. Cornelia Deming Stowe remembers that he came to her father's house, and that he hung pictures and charts all around the walls to use in illustrating his subject.

By careful study of the prophecies, the Adventists demonstrated that the world was to come to an end in 1843. The month and day were set, some say it was April 23, others give October as the time.

Deacon Charles Webster remembers that when he was a lad, a camp meeting was held, a good three-quarters of a mile away from his father's house and they at home could hear the singing across the hills—words as well as tune—so lusty were the voices. One favorite shouting piece, as well as can be recalled, ran this way:

We'll all go up in a chariot of fire;

I long to sing Hosanna,—

The devil's mad and I am glad;

I long to sing Hosanna.

In 1843

I long to sing Hosanna.

Cyrus Webster, father of Charles, went over to the camp to hear one of the sermons, in which the preacher declared that as sure as the Bible was true the world would come to an end in 1843.

That year a brilliant comet with an enormous tail, 200,000,000 miles in length, appeared in the sky. It came within 32,000 miles of the sun, and a slight change in its course would have caused a collision.

The Adventists believed that the comet was sent to destroy the earth by fire, but that the righteous would be caught up into heaven.

One of the signs of the times had been the wonderful display of shooting stars of November 13, 1833. Now, in 1843, lights were seen flickering in graveyards and yellow streaks crossed the tombstones. As the time drew near, great excitement prevailed, even among unbelievers. Timid women were frightened nearly out of their senses, and children, who listened to the conversation of their elders, feared to step outside the door after dark.

The story is told of one man who thought he could go up as did Elijah. He mounted a pine tree in his yard and in sight of a crowd, threw up his arms—and came to the ground with many a bruise.

Miss Fannie Robbins remembers that in Wethersfield, when the appointed day came, their next door neighbor, a very excitable man, came out of his house holding in his hands a family Bible, which he continued to read as he paced back and forth in his driveway.

A member of this sect, an estimable lady, who lived in Christian Lane, was the widow of a man who, previous to 1840, was a prosperous merchant in a nearby city. He became a convert to the new doctrine, sold out his business, and invited his "time brethren" to come and share his home, which they did until his means were exhausted. Then, reduced to poverty and still on earth in the flesh, he had to go to work. He bought and sold rags, took smallpox, and died in an attic.

A lady who lives in the village of Berlin relates this incident of her childhood. She was invited, with a company of little

girls, to a candy pull. While they were having their fun the father of their young hostess, an Adventist, came into the room and reproved them for their hilarity. He said they ought to be singing hymns.

Children had to suffer persecution for their parents' belief. A boy and girl kept at home from school, to be ready for the eventful day, were confronted on their return by caricatures on the blackboard which represented their ascension, and the girl was teased to wear her robe to school. What wonder that she was deeply hurt and that she cried!

Stephen Belden, when a little fellow, heard his father and mother talk of the great change at hand. One day the child went into a blacksmith shop and said, "Did you know that the world was coming to an end?" The only reply was a stunning oath from the blacksmith.

The year 1843 passed, and a new calculation set the time for the Advent forward to October 22, 1844. Other dates have been made. Not many years since, a lad in this town when told that on a certain day the end would come, let himself down into a well to escape the general doom.

Antoinette Root, or Nettie as she was called, the youngest of the four daughters of Timothy Root, was a skillful organist. She played the large cabinet organ in the Worthington Congregational Church for some years, and then accepted a position as organist at the Baptist church in New Britain. She was married to Waldo Curtis and went to Winsted, Conn., where she still lives, a widow, with one daughter, Maud, who was recently married.

Christian Lane road, as at first laid out, ran east of the old church and of the Seth Deming house. Later, its course was changed.

Vol. II of Berlin Land Records contains the following petition:

To the Inhabitants of the Town of Berlin to be convened in Town meeting on Monday the 11th of Instant April (1814) the petition of the Subscribers. Inhabitants of the town of Berlin humbly Shusith (?) that the road leading from John Root to Capt. Seth Deming Is very crooked and lyeth across ground Extreemly Bad to

pass for a Considerable part of the year and that an alteration might be made with but very little expence to the town that would be very Beneficial for the Inhabitants to get their Children to School and for a Considerable number of the Inhabitants to go to and from meeting as well as to the adjoining town, the Subscribers therefore pray said town to direct their Selectmen to open a road from near Said roots dwelling house In Worthington to Capt. Seth Deming's Dwelling house and compensate for the same by Exchanging of any publick Lands in Said School district or any other way they shall adjudge best for said Town.

(Signed) Samuel Porter, Seth Deming, Thomas Gilbert, Moses Gilbert, Thomas Booth, Asahel Blin, Joseph Wright, Aziel Belden, Norman Porter, John Goodrich, Jr., Abel North, Hezekiah Stanley, Thomas Hart 2.

The Root family have some traditions of the Indians.

The red man was fond of the white man's cider, and often, when the door was opened in response to a soft knock, an Indian would appear and say in a low voice, "Got any cider?" The people used to give them a little because, if offended, the Indians would stand off and run full tilt at the door and try to break it in. Those doors were double planked, double barred, and sometimes driven full of spikes. Dwight Root remembers hearing that once a company of Indians came along and asked his grandfather Asahel for some cider. He told them they could have it if they would not fight. They promised not to, drank the cider and went away quietly, but fell to fighting before they were out of sight of the house.

It was a common occurrence to see an Indian peeking around the corner of the Root barn.

Cyrus Root, Jr., now of Washington, D. C., gives by letter the following incidents: "About that Indian story. As I heard it, there were in Connecticut two tribes who were at enmity. One of these Indians was helping my ancestor, I think it was my great-grandfather, John Root, with his annual spring cleaning of the barn yard, when he saw in the distance one of his foes approaching. Instantly he dropped down in the filth of the yard and told the man to cover him up with the litter. No sooner was this done than the other Indian came to the

yard and asked if they had seen a man of such a tribe, mentioning the name, pass by. He was answered in the negative, for he had not 'passed by.'

During my father's boyhood days, the early days of the nineteenth century, Indians frequently came to his father's house begging for cider. Window shades and blinds were little used in those days. My father related to me that one night his parents were away and he was left at home to care for the younger children. They were sitting in darkness because they were afraid to have a light. Suddenly a man with a dusky face appeared at the window and said: 'I see you, you are at home.' Happily, the Indian turned and went away, much to my father's relief.

People were careful not to offend the Indians, for with their long memories and revengeful dispositions, one never knew when the blow might fall."

Mr. Root in his letter gives other reminiscences of interest as related to him by his father, Cyrus Root.

Referring to the Rev. Mr. Johns he says: "He was a Welshman and an exceedingly arbitrary man. In those days everyone was expected to attend divine service, and no ordinary excuse would answer for absence from 'meeting.' He was accustomed to go among his parishioners and scold them for not 'going to meeting.' A clergyman's word was accepted without protest. It would never do to have any back talk with a minister of the gospel.

Children meeting the Rev. Johns on the highway had to stop; the girls to make a low courtesy, and the boys to remove the hat and reverently bow. He considered himself too dignified to return the salutation, but woe be to the boy or girl who failed to give him the proper salutation. The offense was duly reported to the parents and an application of the rod would follow. Sometimes boys, rather than meet him, would make a circuit through the fields."

Mr. Root brings to mind an incident of the sixties, which illustrates the strong character of Josiah Robbins, father of Miss Fannie Robbins.

It was the first Monday in April, and Mr. Robbins was driving over to Kensington to cast his vote for State officers who were then, and up to 1876, elected in the spring. Near where the driving park now is, he overtook an old man plodding along with a cane through the mud, which in those days was knee-deep in places. Mr. Robbins halted and asked the man to ride. The conversation turned at once to politics and the passenger began to rant about Lincoln. Mr. Robbins stopped his horse and said: "Mr. ———, get right out of my carriage, I will not carry to the polls a man who talks as you have done about so good a man as Abraham Lincoln."

Opposite the Timothy Root house, on the east side of the way, was a "Lee house," long since gone to decay, and the piece of land next south of the schoolhouse, on this street, was known as the "Lee lot."

John Lee, emigrant, settler in Farmington, married in 1658, Mary, daughter of Stephen Hart of Farmington. John Lee and Stephen Hart both owned land in Great Swamp, and Stephen Lee, son of John, with his nephew Jonathan Lee, came over this side of the mountain to improve the property.

Captain Stephen Lee married October 1, 1690, Elizabeth Royce of Wallingford, and they had ten children. His name stands first after the minister as one of the seven male members, and Elizabeth was one of the three women who were organized into the Christian Lane church December 10, 1712.

Stephen Lee was captain of the militia, and was one of the most influential men in the society.

His inscription in the Christian Lane cemetery reads as follows:

Stephen Lee, one of ye first settlers of ye society and church of Christ in Kensington, etc. d. June 7, 1753, in the 87th year of his age,

Elizabeth, his wife, died May 3, 1760.

Jonathan Lee, son of John, grandson of John the emigrant, received from his father a tract of land in Great Swamp,

which was known as "the Island" for the reason that it was higher than the surrounding land. He was chosen rate-maker and lister of the parish in 1714, and was made deacon of the church. In 1716 he was seated in the "3d pue" of the meeting house. By trade he was a blacksmith. He married June 4, 1713, Mary Root. Their six children were named Mary, Elizabeth, Lucy, Ruth, John, and Eunice.

The gravestones of Jonathan Lee and Mary, his wife, in the Christian Lane cemetery, bear the following inscriptions:

Deacon Jonathan Lee, b. Mar. 20, 1686, d. Jan. 16th, 1758.

Mary Root, widow of Dea. Jonathan Lee d. Sep. 14th, 1764.

Ensign John Lee, only son of Jonathan and Mary Root Lee, born April 20, 1725, married May 7, 1752, Sarah Cole. They were members of the first Kensington church, of which he was one of the deacons. They came into the Worthington church at the time of its organization in 1775, and he was chosen a member of the church committee, May 1, 1776. Deacon John Lee died January 21, 1796, aged seventy. Sarah, his wife, died April 5, 1800, at the age of seventy. Their graves are in the Bridge Cemetery. Three of their sons, Jonathan, Orrin, and Samuel, were soldiers in the Revolutionary War.

Jonathan, born October 3, 1755, died in the service.

Orrin, born October 13, 1757, was a drummer. By occupation he was a blacksmith. He married December 2, 1784, Charlotte, daughter of Captain Samuel Hart, sister of Mrs. Emma Hart Willard. He represented the town of Berlin in the State legislature in 1805. It is said that he removed to Granby, Conn.

Samuel was taken prisoner and confined in one of the prison ships in New York Harbor, where he was so nearly starved that when he had the good fortune to catch a rat, he declared it to be the sweetest meat he ever tasted.

Lieutenant John, the youngest son of Deacon John Lee, married November 6, 1789, Mary Hart, another sister of Mrs. Willard. They lived in Blue Hills, Kensington. Their daughter Lucy was the wife of Albert Norton.

On the way through Christian Lane one place was not mentioned. Down the street that now ends at the river, east of the schoolhouse, on the south side of the way, there stands a house now occupied by George H. Ripple, which was built by Linsley Austin. He bought the lot for twenty-five dollars, March 3, 1846, from Cyrus Root, who stipulated in the deed that if Mr. Austin should wish to sell, he, Mr. Root, should have an opportunity to take the place at a fair price.

George Austin, brother of Linsley, lived there afterward, and John Hudson Webber, whose first wife, Laura Lucretia, was a sister of the Austins, owned the place for five years previous to 1858.

The Mattabesett at that point, in summer time, was about twenty feet wide, and two or three feet deep.

John H. Webber, Jr., who was three years old when the family moved there, relates the following thrilling incident: One day his sister, Mary, started to go across the lots to visit Uncle George, who then lived up on the Hartford turnpike. As she was going over the water on the plank that served as a footbridge, a furious woodchuck came out of his hole in the bank and chased her. The child was terribly frightened and ran screaming back to the house. Her father, with an old-fashioned pitchfork, came to her rescue, ran it through the animal, pinned him to the ground, and told Mary to go on her way.

CHAPTER VII.

The Deming Family.—John Deming, the Settler.

There were other families in Christian Lane, to whom we must now turn.

The Demings were early on that ground. John Deming, settler at Wethersfield, in 1635, was a prominent and influential man. He married about 1637, Honor Treat, daughter of Richard Treat, brother of Governor Robert Treat.

Their ten children were: John (Sergeant), Jonathan (Sergeant), Samuel, David, Ebenezer, Rachel, Frances, Mary, Hannah, and Sarah.

John Deming, by his will, proven November 21, 1705, gives to his son Jonathan his fifty-acre lot at the west side of the bounds.

Sergeant Jonathan Deming, born 1639, married first, November 21, 1660, Sarah Graves, who died June 5, 1668, the day of the birth of her fourth child.

The baby, a girl, was named "Comfort." She became the wife of Nathaniel Beckley, son of Richard, of Beckley Quarter, and they—Comfort and Nathaniel Beckley—were the ancestors of many Berlin families.

Jonathan Deming married second, December 25, 1673, Elizabeth Gilbert, and they had eight children. The names of the twelve were: Jonathan; Sarah, married Jonathan Riley, uncle of Squire Roger Riley; Mary, married Joseph Smith; Comfort, married Nathaniel Beckley. By second marriage: Elusia, shortened to "Luce," married John Edwards; Elizabeth, married Richard Beckley, grandson of Richard the settler; Thomas, Charles, Benjamin, Jacob, Mary, and Anna.

Sergeant Jonathan Deming's home lot of one and one-half acres was on Broad Street, Wethersfield. He died January 8, 1699-1700. Elizabeth, his wife, died September 3, 1714.

According to Wethersfield land records, Thomas Morton bought of Jacob Deming, March 12, 1712-13, a tract of land at Rocky Hill "formerly Jonathan Deming's (father of Jacob, and who had removed back to Far)." We are coming near home now. According to Stiles, Jacob Deming (Jonathan, John), born December 20, 1689, married November 3, 1709, Dinah (daughter of Josiah) Churchill, who died October 3, 1751, aged sixty-nine.

In the Christian Lane burying ground is this inscription:

Mrs. Dinah wife of Mr. Jacob Deming, died Oct. 3, 1751, Æ 69.

When the meeting house at Great Swamp was seated, in 1716-17, Jacob Deming was given a place in the second seat, along with Samuel Peeke, Steven Cellsey, and Caleb Couls.

At a meeting of the Society of Kensington December 7, 1730, Jacob Deming was appointed one of "a committee to order the prudentials for a school for this Society for the year ensuing."

On the minister's rate bill for 1720, Jacob Deming received credit for "1½ bush corn & 1½ pt a 1s. 2½d."

There was another Jacob Deming—Ensign Jacob, born 1713, who, with his wife, Lucy, joined the Worthington church in 1775. This Jacob died July 29, 1791, aged seventy-seven years. His wife, Lucy, died March 7, 1802, aged eighty-one. Their graves are in the Beckley cemetery. The births of two of the children of the first Jacob and his wife, Dinah, are recorded in Wethersfield; that of their son Moses, born September 8, 1720, is recorded at Farmington.

Moses Deming and his wife, Sarah (Cole), were members in 1756 of the first church of Kensington and they joined the Worthington church February, 1775.

Sarah (Cole) Deming died December 25, 1802, aged eighty-four. "Mr. Moses Deming, died January 16, 1795, aged seventy-four years and four months." Their graves are in Christian Lane.

Of the children of Moses Deming and Sarah Cole, his wife: Seth, born 1749, married Hannah Gilbert; Sarah, born 1753, was the second wife of Lieutenant Roger Riley; Anna, born

1755, was the second wife of Landlord Elijah Loveland; Lardner, born 1765, married first, Mary (daughter Solomon) Dunham, who died February 5, 1815, aged forty-six. He married second, Sarah Griswold (Williams), who died October 29, 1852, aged seventy-three years. Their graves are in the Bridge Cemetery at Worthington.

There were two other sons, Moses and John.

Land records show that Moses Deming, Sr., deeded land in Christian Lane to his son Moses, January 4, 1792; to his son Seth, 1784-1792, and to his son Lardner, 1789, 1792, and 1794.

(Thus far, this Deming line, with the help of Miss Julia Roys and Miss Ruth Galpin, has been constructed from many sources, a little here and a little there, without the help of a local family history. We believe it to be correct.)

Moses Deming, son of Jacob, conveyed in 1789, to his son, Moses, Jr., thirty-six acres of land with dwelling house thereon, bounded east on Samuel North, west and south on highway, north on Charles Nott, reserving to himself use and improvement of north lot which was his father's.

We do not know anything more of this Moses Deming, Jr. From the description of the property conveyed to him it is inferred to be that long known as the Edward Deming corner, where the meeting house formerly stood, and it is probable that Seth Deming, grandfather of Edward A., came into possession of his brother's place.

Right here is a good opportunity to say that the memorial tablet placed near this corner, which has been credited to the Berlin chapter, D. A. R., was the gift of members of the Ruth Hart chapter of Meriden, Conn.

A statement has been made that Roger Riley, elected town clerk in 1798, continued in office, with the exception of one year, until 1814. It has been found that the last year of Squire Riley's service was in 1816, and that in the meantime, Sylvester Wells and Seth Deming served, each one year.

The town meeting reports for 1804 were signed by Seth Deming, Town Clerk. It may be of interest to know what were some of the exciting questions discussed at those early town

meetings. Roads were uppermost, then came the use of the "commons."

At a meeting held January 25, 1803, it was voted:

1st, that the town will do something in restraining Creatures from running at large in the Highway. Voted, that all horses and mules shall be Restrained from running on the Highways at large.

Voted 2nd, The selectmen with Ezra Scovell, James North Esq., and Jedediah Sage, are appointed a committee whose duty it shall be to designate the poor people that shall have liberty to have one cow Each in the Highway.

Voted, further that every man who is not a voter in any of our meetings But pays taxes and does Military duty shall have liberty to have one Cow go at large on the Highway in the day time only.

Voted, that all horn cattle shall be restrained from running at Large in the Highway Excepting the Cow Belonging to the poor people and them to be designated by the aforesaid committee who are appointed for that purpose.

Again February 25, 1803:

Voted that all Hog kind may go at large in the Highway through the year they being well yoked and a good ring in their nose.

(Editor Beale:—Would it not be a good idea to revive this law to apply to some of the drivers of automobiles on our modern highways?)

Voted: that sheep shall not run at large on the Highways without a keeper.

Voted: that geese shall be restrained from going In the Highway without some person to take care of, and keep them out of mischief.

Voted: that all creatures running at large & which are hereby prohibited shall be subject to a penalty or fine as follows:

For all horse kind and for Horn Cattle. Each one dollar. And for Sheep one shilling pr head. And for Geese Nine pence pr head.

Thirteen haywards were appointed at this time, and the town clerk was directed to "put the doings of the meeting into some publick newspaper." Another meeting was held April 18, 1803, "For purpose of making By Laws for restraining Horses, Mules, Cattle, Swine, Sheep, & Geese, or any of them from going at Large."

This first stringent effort at village improvement seems not to have met with approval. The next year, April 9, 1804, it was voted: "that Laws md April 18, 1803 for purpose of restraining Horses, Mules, Cattle, Swine, sheep & Geese from going at Large on the commons of this Town be repealed and be no longer in force.

'Test SETH DEMING Town Clerk'

In Vol. 1, page 514, of the old Berlin Town Records appears the following entry:

Seth Deming was born May 21st, 1748. Hannah Gilbert daughter of Mr. Ebenr Gilbert of Middletown was born April 7th, 1758; was married together 11th of June 1777.

Children:

Hannah born 31 March 1778.

Seth born 28 March 1781.

Fenn Wadsworth born 13 January 1783.

Demas born 22 March 1787.

Sophia born 10 February 1793.

Capt. Seth Deming died March 11, 1827, aged 79.

Hannah widow of Capt. Seth Deming died Feb. 9, 1838 aged 79.

Sophia dau. of Capt. Seth and Hannah Deming died July 31st 1826 aged 32.

They were buried opposite the Christian Lane cemetery in a lot on the Deming farm. The graves were enclosed by a high brick wall, which was afterward replaced by Demas Deming with an iron fence.

Sophia Galpin, born September 4, 1783, was a daughter of Deacon Joseph Galpin, who lived opposite the house now known as the Doctor Brandegees place. Sophia was gifted, gay, fond of music and dancing, and withal very beautiful in person. Although her father was a deacon, the young girl managed to attend balls, where she found many admirers. When she was fourteen, Seth Deming, ten years her senior, made up his mind that he must have her for his wife, and for fear that he might lose her if he waited until she grew to womanhood before speaking, he obtained her promise then, and the two were

betrothed. Soon afterward a young lawyer met Sophia and fell desperately in love with her, but as she was bound to another, she refused to accept the attentions of her new admirer. The despair of the poor fellow, in consequence, was so great that he lost his reason and died in an insane asylum. Seth Deming and Sophia Galpin were married January 29, 1804.

Their children were Seth, Edward, Cornelia M., Julia, Albert, and Catharine. Mrs. Deming played the organ in the old church before her marriage and for a year or so afterward. She was a sweet singer and as they say, her children took after her. As they grew up there were five of them at one time in the church choir.

The daughter Catharine died of scarlet fever at the age of twenty-one. Albert was for a time a member of the firm of Plumb & Deming at the store recently conducted by Henry N. Galpin. Afterward he removed to Wisconsin. He had ten children.

Cornelia M. Deming, second wife of Lyman Dunbar, lived in Buffalo.

Julia married and went to Canada. Edward A. Deming went to La Harpe, Ill., bought a prairie farm, built a log house, married, and had five children. As he prospered he built a frame house, the first in the town, which is now a large city.

After the death of Seth Deming, Sr., his son Seth lived on the old place at the corner, where the first meeting house once stood. After the sons and daughters had all left them, Mr. and Mrs. Deming rented the farm for a year and went west to make a long visit. Mr. Deming spent a year with Edward at La Harpe, while Mrs. Deming stayed with her daughter in Buffalo.

A stone in the Bridge Cemetery at Worthington bears the following inscription:

The grave of Sophia wife of Seth Deming, d. Feb. 23d, 1876, aged 92 years. Also in memory of Seth Deming, aged 65 years, and Bruce, his grandson and son of Albert Deming, aged 9 years. Drowned in Lake Erie, August 12, 1845.

Mr. Deming, when he started to come home from the west, had with him two children of his son Albert, Ambrose, aged nine, and Catharine, aged twelve, who were coming east to be educated.

On the night of August 12, 1845, they were on Lake Erie, bound for Buffalo, where they were to stop for Mrs. Deming. Toward morning their boat began to race with another, which ran into them and cut a large hole in the men's cabin. Every passenger in that cabin was drowned. The women were saved. Catharine was taken from a window in her nightdress.

After the death of his father, Edward Deming sold his farm and made arrangements to come back east in the spring of 1846, to care for his mother in the Christian Lane home.

During the winter preceding, a terrible sickness prevailed about La Harpe and when Mr. Deming started on his way he carried in his arms a little wailing sick boy, James, while Cornelia clung to his side. These were all that were left of the family. Cornelia, now Mrs. Stowe, has a vivid remembrance of that long journey, of the canal boats and of the sympathy expressed for them. Little James refused to leave his father, but the women used to take care of Cornelia. The children were dressed all in black, even to black pantalets. That New England air would save the life of the sick child proved a vain hope. He died in two weeks after they reached Berlin.

Edward Augustus Deming married second, January 10, 1850, Miss Betsey M. Morse of Litchfield, Conn. They had four children, a daughter and then twins, a boy and girl, died in infancy. The fourth, Edward, now lives in Hartford.

Mr. Deming disposed of the homestead in 1862 to Rush B. Whitmore, who was the first husband of his daughter Cornelia. Their two sons, Arthur P. and Norman A. Whitmore, made five generations who dwelt under the same roof.

The Demings obeyed the Horace Greeley injunction, "Go West, young man. Arthur P. Whitmore is engaged in gold and silver mining at Denver, Colo., and is the owner of several

claims. His brother, Norman A. Whitmore, is a railroad man in Nevada.

Mr. Deming came to the village and bought the house now the parsonage, where his wife died November 19, 1886. Then, after the second marriage of his daughter, he broke up and spent his declining days with his two children. He died at the home of Mrs. Stowe in Cromwell, June 15, 1896, in his ninety-second year. Mr. Whitmore worked the Deming farm eight years and then sold to Luke Foiren. Now, after passing through the hands of several owners, it has shared the fate of other places in the vicinity and is a part of the New Britain sewerage system. The house is filled with Italians. Mrs. Stowe remembers that when she was a little girl her grandmother Sophia used to send her with pies and cakes over to Aunt Molly Gilbert's. Cornelia would stop for her friend Adeline Gilbert to go with her, and they would stay half a day with Aunt Molly, who seemed to like to have them there. She was bent double and her hair was white as snow. She kept a great axe beside the door for defense in case she was molested at night. Her cow was stabled close to the house, and the hens sat on the table with her where she ate. When Cornelia came home she would give her some fresh eggs tied up in a rag. Mrs. Stowe remembers too that her grandmother used to send her over to the town house with delicacies for a worthy sick man there.

Still another memory is of an old forsaken house east of the Demings, across the river, back of two great maple trees, where children played, and where tramps slept at night. That house was torn down sixty years ago. Grandma Deming always called it the "Steele place." Can any one tell us if that was the home of Dr. Joseph Steele, on whose land the meeting house was built?

Dr. Steele had a son Ebenezer, who was a Revolutionary soldier. He married August 10, 1749, Sarah (daughter of David) Sage.

According to Andrews, "She was the mother of thirteen children, from eight of whom, at the time of her death, March

16, 1823, had descended seventy grandchildren, one hundred and seventy-one great-grandchildren, and twenty-four great-great-grandchildren, making then in all, 278." Ebenezer Steele and his wife lived in this vicinity until after their children were born, when they moved to New Britain. Both lived to the age of ninety-four.

Sixty years ago, diagonally across the way, south from the Steele place, there were foundations of another old house, all overgrown with cinnamon roses, tiger lilies, bell flowers, and "Bouncing Bets."

Grandma Deming said the house was burned. Some woman lived there who loved flowers. Who was she?

Further research has thrown more light on the Deming family. Seth Deming, Sr., whose grave is in the small enclosure opposite the Christian Lane cemetery, was a soldier in the War of the Revolution, and was promoted from the rank of lieutenant to that of captain in the 5th Regiment, Light Horse Cavalry.

By a deed drawn in 1784, Moses Deming gave to his son Seth, land in Worthington Parish, "bounded east on Wethersfield line, south and west on Highway to extend so far north from the south highway as to make twelve acres, together with the dwelling house he lives in, and the barn thereon standing, which lands I judge to be worth £108 lawful money." This disposes of the theory that Seth bought out his brother Moses, whom we must place over in Beckley Quarter. This Moses died in Whitestown, N. Y., in 1809.

The inventory of his estate included the following item: One sixty-fifth part of Berlin Academy, appraised at \$10.

In 1790 Moses Deming, Sr., deeded another tract of fourteen acres, to his son Seth, described as being land that he, Moses, bought of the committee appointed to sell highways and common lands.

Hannah, daughter of Moses Deming, was the wife of Abijah Porter, a Revolutionary soldier. She died in 1829, aged sixty-nine. He married second, Sarah Hubbard, widow of Hart Hulbert. They lived in Beckley Quarter on the cross street

next north of Beckley station. The house which stood on the north side of the way was burned about the year 1845.

The Jacob Deming mentioned, with his wife Lucy, was a brother of Moses, son of Jacob. Lucy was the daughter of Hezekiah Hart.

Shortly before the death of Jacob Deming, Jr., July 29, 1791, he deeded land to Israel Deming, as expressed: "In consideration of the love, esteem and affection I have and do bear to my cousin Israel Deming."

This Israel Deming was the great-grandfather of Deacon Francis Deming of Worthington village. Mr. Deming's line runs back through Israel, Abraham, Daniel, and Thomas, to Jonathan and John of Wethersfield.

Demas Deming, youngest son of Capt. Seth Deming, born March 22, 1787, was a soldier in the War of 1812, with the rank of lieutenant, stationed at New London. He afterward went into business in Baltimore with General Ripley, father of the Confederate general of that name.

In 1822 he went to Terre Haute, Indiana, where at that time there were only a few log cabins. Now, his son Demas is president of the First National Bank of the city of over 36,000 inhabitants. Demas Deming was so fortunate in his investments and business that he became what was uncommon in his day, a millionaire. Every summer he brought his wife, with four children and two servants, back to Christian Lane to spend a few weeks in the home of his birth. He died at Terre Haute, March 3, 1865.

Fenn Wadsworth, born January 13, 1783, second son of Seth Deming, Sr., and his wife, Hannah Gilbert, served in the War of 1812. He married Sally Loveland. He was a physician.

Moses Deming, in 1792, "for parental regard and affection," deeded to his son Lardner "a tract of land containing twenty acres more or less, bounded south on highway; east on Isaac and Abel North; west on my own land; north on Charles Nott . . . which said piece of land I estimate to be worth £117, lawful money." The father reserved for his lifetime the use of wood and feed on said land.

Mr. Deming was now three-score and ten years old and he seemed to be settling his own estate. We are trying to find the house where he lived.

In 1791 the committee for exchanging highways order "Mr. Mosés Deming to open the highway leading from sd Deming's to Seth North's, and that sd Deming be allowed a year to open and fence sd highway."

The road east from Seth Deming's must be much older than this, to allow time for houses built thereon to have fallen into decay. As long ago as 1716, the town of Wethersfield ordered a highway through Great Swamp village. The road that runs east around the little schoolhouse, now ends at the Mattabesett beyond the house of George H. Ripple, but years ago it extended on easterly across the lots until it came out on the highway near the old Isaac North house, now owned by Aaron M. Bell. When Moses Deming was ordered to open this road nothing was said about bridges. Teams forded the river and foot passengers crossed on logs or waded as they chose.

The Lardner Deming house stood next north of the schoolhouse. In 1814, Mr. Deming borrowed \$400 of Edmond Boldero and secured the debt by a mortgage deed on his place, described as "bounded North on Seth Deming, East on my own land and partly on Chas Nott, South on highway, West on highway with dwelling house and other buildings thereon. Being the Homestead where I now live."

In 1804 Lardner Deming was appointed collector of the State tax, an office of great responsibility. He married first, April 5, 1787, Mary Dunham, and they had six or seven children. William Riley, the eldest son, married Eunice Strong, daughter of Priest Nathan Fenn. They removed to New Lyme, Ohio. Their son, John Deming, invented the celebrated Deming pump. A daughter of Lardner and Mary Deming was married to William Crane of Augusta, Ga. Their descendants are still living in that city.

Jane Augusta Deming, youngest daughter of Lardner Deming and his second wife, Sarah Griswold (Williams), married Mr. Ketcham of Birmingham, Ala.; she died there in 1882. A daughter, Mrs. Margaret Ketcham Ward, and her family, are

residents of Birmingham at the present time. George Griswold Deming, own brother of Mrs. Ketcham, went south with her and died a few years since at Rome, Ga.

Mrs. Lardner Deming had a daughter, Nancy Williams, by her first marriage, who became the wife of Deacon Cyprian Goodrich of Kensington. Their two sons, William and Henry Goodrich, live in Philadelphia. Lardner Deming died December 6, 1855, aged ninety. His farm, with the old red house, was sold to Albert Belden of Rocky Hill, a Second Adventist.

Mr. Belden, in the belief that the world was coming to an end in 1843, had disposed of his property, almost giving it away, and now that the calculation had failed he had to start anew. His children had not been sent to school, for the reason that they would have no use for an education, but they felt the loss of it keenly as they came to maturity. Mr. Belden tore the old house down, after a few years, and built anew on the same site. In 1895 the property had changed owners, and the house was burned to the ground. Still another built there is now occupied by an estimable Swedish family, Wall by name.

Years ago, a young lady who lived at this Lardner Deming place was ill a long time. She declared that her head was turned half way around and no one could convince her to the contrary. Finally a new physician was called, who, when told of her trouble, said: "Anybody can see that, but I can set it right." He twisted her head about this way and that and then said "Now it is straight," and she said it was.

By permission, the following extracts are given from letters written by Mrs. Margaret Dunbar Stuart of New York City:

It is a delight to me after all these years to recall our neighbor Col. Galpin.

Joseph Galpin was a colonel in the Revolutionary War and bore his erect military carriage at the age of eighty. He was a man of great personal dignity, of comfortable property and a large pension.

Mrs. Seth Deming, his daughter, was a very beautiful woman even in extreme old age. Her daughter Cornelia was married to

my father's brother, Lyman Dunbar. I called upon her in Buffalo after she was eighty years old.

Of the family, Mrs. Stuart writes that:

They were the perfection of neat and perfect housekeeping. Col. Galpin's clock was always right. He had not a sun dial but he had noon marks, and four o'clock marks of the sun shadows by which he regulated his timepiece. I was often sent there to get the exact time to set our own clock by. This was before the days of matches. I have known my mother toward tea-kettle time, summer afternoons, to send there for a live hickory coal to light our kitchen fire.

Deacon Daniel Galpin was brother to Col. Joseph Galpin and lived next door to Parson Goodrich, my grandfather. He was of a more ardent temperament than Col. Galpin. He spoke in prayer meetings, and was a warm abolitionist.

In a wing of his house was a shop where he whittled logs into pumps. Also his daughter Mary utilized this shop for her dame school.

One day there was a sudden noise and my brother, a little boy saying his letters, was greatly pleased to find the Deacon had fallen over his pump log.

At one time Deacon Galpin put up a sign on his pump shop, "Anti-Slavery Books for sale here."

This subjected him to some persecution and it was torn down by the roughs of the village.

Colonel Joseph Galpin died December 26, 1840, aged eighty-six. Deacon Daniel Galpin died July 9, 1844, aged eighty-eight.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Dunbar Family.

(Article found among Miss North's papers, written by
Inglis Stuart.)

The Dunbar family, of Berlin (or of Worthington as it was first designated), traces its descent as follows:—

Robert Dunbar,¹ born 1630, settled at Hingham, Mass., 1657, and died there October 5, 1693.

John Dunbar,² born Hingham, Mass., December 1, 1657, date of death not ascertained—presumably New Haven, Conn.

John Dunbar,³ born 1690, died Wallingford, Conn., May 13, 1746.

John Dunbar,⁴ born Wallingford, Conn., September 28, 1724, died there October 24, 1786.

Aaron Dunbar,⁵ born Wallingford, Conn., January 13, 1748, died Plymouth, Conn., date not ascertained.

Daniel Dunbar,⁶ born Plymouth, Conn., March 28, 1774.

Daniel Dunbar came to Worthington about 1800 and died there (when it bore the present name Berlin) December 28, 1841. He is the one identified with the early history of Berlin, where all his children were born.

Edward Ely Dunbar,⁷ eldest son of Daniel Dunbar.⁶

Frederick Dunbar,⁷ second son.

Daniel Dunbar, Jr.,⁷ third son.

Margaret Elizabeth Dunbar,⁷ daughter of Daniel Dunbar.⁶

Edward Mauran Dunbar,⁸ son of Edward Ely Dunbar.⁷

Edward McVey Dunbar,⁹ son of Edward Mauran Dunbar.⁸

Margaret Elizabeth Dunbar married Homer H. Stuart; children:—

Katharine Dunbar Stuart,⁸ married John Godfrey Dunscomb;

Homer Hine Stuart, Jr.,⁸ married Margaret Beckwith Kenny;

Inglis Stuart.⁸

Katharine S. Dunscomb's children, viz.:—Margaret S. Dunscomb,⁹ Cecil Dunscomb,⁹ John Carol Dunscomb,⁹ and Godfroi Dunscomb.⁹

Homer Hine Stuart, Jr.,⁸ has one child, viz.:—Homer Howland Stuart.⁹

The foregoing is the descent as it stands July 20, 1910.

Referring now to the individuals alluded to in the foregoing chain:—

While the name indicates Lowland Scotch extraction, it is not, so far as I am aware, known where Robert¹ was born. His wife's name was Rose (surname not known). She came with Robert¹ and died October 5, 1693, at Hingham, Mass. Few details of them have survived. They appear to have been substantial, respectable individuals in the Hingham Settlement.

John Dunbar² has left few traces. I think Mrs. E. McCurdy Salisbury, in her Lyme, Conn., Memorials, traces his descendants in her monograph of the Diodati family. John Dunbar² married Mattithiah Aldridge of Boston, Mass. She was the daughter of George (and Catharine) Aldridge (see History of Mendon, Mass.) and was born July 10, 1656, married July 4, 1679, and died 1699 (at New Haven?). The date and place of the death of John Dunbar² has not been ascertained with certainty, but is presumed to have been at New Haven, Conn., and to have occurred before the decease of Mattithiah.

John Dunbar³ has left scarcely more than his name. He married Elizabeth Fenn (born April 29, 1692, daughter of Edward Fenn and Mary Thorp) June 14, 1716 (see Town Records of Wallingford, Conn., Vol. 2, page 783). John Dunbar³ died May 13, 1746. His wife died November 2, 1751.

John Dunbar⁴ (references to him will be found in History of Plymouth, Conn., by Senator Atwater, who is one of his descendants) was a soldier of the Revolutionary War, and, with the exception of his son Moses, all of his sons served with him in the same regiment. He married Temperance Hall (born April 16, 1727, daughter of Jonathan Hall and Dinah Andrews), November 8, 1743 (see Town Records Wallingford,

Conn., Vol. 1, page 546), and died October 24, 1786. His wife died in May, 1770.

Aaron Dunbar⁵ is also referred to in the Atwater History. The date of his death is not at hand, but as he lived in Plymouth, Conn., it presumably can be obtained from there. He was a man of very fine appearance in his later years, despite the fact that he was totally blind. He married Mary Potter March 26, 1773. She died July 18, 1827.

Daniel Dunbar graduated in the Class of 1794, Yale, and was a Phi Beta Kappa man. For a time he was an instructor in Williams College, Williamstown, Mass. He then went to Litchfield, Conn., and studied law. While at Litchfield he roomed at the same house with Frederick Wolcott and Samuel Whittelsey, and it is a notable fact that the three comrades married three sisters. Frederick Wolcott married Sarah Worthington Goodrich, Samuel Whittelsey married Abigail Goodrich, while Daniel Dunbar married Katharine Chauncey Goodrich. These were three of the daughters of Rev. Samuel Goodrich and Elizabeth Ely. Daniel Dunbar⁶ married Katharine Chauncey Goodrich at Berlin, September 12, 1817. She was born at Ridgefield, Conn., December 4, 1791, and died at Berlin, Conn., October 15, 1873. (See Goodrich Family, also Chauncey Memorials.)

Daniel Dunbar was usually called Squire Dunbar. He built and lived in a house nearly opposite the Congregational church. He had a good practice as a lawyer and was greatly beloved. He represented the town in the legislature, but was averse to public office. He was especially painstaking in looking after the affairs of the poor and unfortunate, and it was with difficulty that he could be induced to send in his bills. He settled the estate of Captain Newell, and the heirs were so pleased with his management that they presented him, as a token of esteem, with a pair of tall silver candlesticks and a beautiful silver tray containing an inkwell and a sander for blotting. He was a portly, ruddy-faced man, with blue eyes and white hair, and full of fun and geniality. He suffered a stroke of paralysis some months before his death, which left him helpless, but it

was a curious fact that during this period of incapacity he used to read his Hebrew Bible without difficulty. The shock was brought on by family misfortune. His son Edward, who had engaged in business in Boston, was involved, while abroad, by the poor judgment of a partner, and Daniel Dunbar insisted on coming to the rescue although not in any wise liable. This took a great part of his property, but it enabled Edward to meet the firm obligations. Then the sudden death of his son Daniel was a great grief. Both these misfortunes took place close together.

Edward Ely Dunbar was named after an uncle on the maternal side, who lived at Goshen, N. Y. In early life Edward went to Boston and entered the establishment of Abbott Lawrence. His business qualifications soon were apparent and he was sent to England to buy goods. On his return he formed a partnership,—Dunbar & Motley,—and the firm's prospects were good, but, as stated, his partner did not use sound judgment and Edward returned from another voyage to find the firm badly involved. After this he went to New York and became a partner of Lewis and Arthur Tappan. Here he recouped himself, but had a disagreement with his partners and about 1845 withdrew. After the close of the Mexican War he traveled in Mexico and returned from there in 1848. In November of that year, he started for California and crossed the Isthmus of Panama, arriving at San Francisco in January, 1849. He amassed a fortune there in a short time. He opened the first mint and the gold coins of Dunbar & Company were widely known and to-day bring enormous prices at coin sales. He came east about 1852, and, after a brief season of leisure, organized with Col. Sam Colt of Hartford, Conn., a corporation entitled "The Sonora Exploration Co." He undertook the leadership of the expedition and led it through what is now Southern Arizona and the State of Sonora in Mexico. There was great hardship and it laid the foundation of the disease from which he died—consumption. Once they were out of water and came near perishing. In a valley a tiny spring was discovered and he took his station with a teaspoon and doled

out the water to each man in turn, not taking a drop himself until they had all had a supply. He was bitten by a rattlesnake and only the prompt drinking of a quantity of whiskey pulled him through. They discovered exceedingly rich silver ore ledges on the site of what many years later was known as Tombstone, but the hostility of the Apaches and the long route to the coast rendered it impracticable to work the mines. Returning to New York he resided on a fine estate near Sailors' Snug Harbor, overlooking the Bay. In 1859 he married, at Providence, R. I., Mrs. Sophia Sterry Dunbar. She was the widow of Henry Dunbar of Baltimore. The relationship was remote. Mrs. Dunbar had two children: Henry Jr., who died at Panama in 1883, and Sophia, who married Henry D. Hill of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Edward Mauran Dunbar was born at Staten Island, N. Y., in 1860. About the date the war broke out, Mr. Dunbar organized the Continental Bank Note Company. His health, however, was giving way and he was obliged to travel. In hope of finding benefit in the tropics, he went to South America, but the journey was too late and he died at Montevideo, February, 1870, and he was buried on the Isle of Flores. He was a man of wonderful executive ability, but his imperious temper, which could brook no contradiction, stood in the way of success. He pointed out the road to fortune which other and less gifted men followed to the goal. He wrote "Eldorado," an account of Sutter's discovery of gold in California, and was president of the Traveler's Club of New York.

Frederick Dunbar went early to New York and with James M. Brown and Frederick Seaver formed the firm of Brown, Seaver & Dunbar, which lasted several years. Mr. Brown withdrew to enter the banking firm of Brown Bros. & Co., which exists to-day. Mr. Dunbar then went to California where he arrived October, 1849. He was very successful and was rated as a very wealthy man, and had made all his preparations to return when a disastrous fire occurred and all his capital was swept away. The blow was so stunning that his reason was upset and he was unable to engage thereafter in business. He died, never having married, in July, 1892.

Daniel Dunbar, Jr., was a youth of fine promise, a diligent and attentive scholar, and a very neat letter writer. He was not very strong, and in the fall of 1838 he was sent to St. Mary's River, Fla., where his cousin, Asaph Dunbar, was operating a saw mill. He stayed until spring. He died of appendicitis on May 28, 1839. Here is an anecdote. That forenoon his little sister was left in the room with him for a few moments. The sunlight, falling through the leafage of the crabapple tree, flecked the counterpane with light and shade as the breeze gently stirred the boughs. Daniel's eyes rested on the rippling shadows. He knew that he was dying and he said, "This is a beautiful world. In a few moments I shall have fathomed the deep mystery." Just then others entered and the little sister crept away. Daniel died that afternoon.

CHAPTER IX.

Church History of Berlin.—Early History of the “New Ecclesiastical Society.”—The Divisions of the Society.—History of Christian Lane Cemetery.—The Rev. William Burnham and his Family.—History of South Cemetery.—Incidents in the History of the Worthington Church.—Deacon Amos Hosford.

The story of the first settlement in Christian Lane in 1686, on land bequeathed to Ebenezer Gilbert, and of the Seymour Stockade, built of stakes, set sixteen feet high, with a fort within, and cabins for the settlers, who gathered there at night for mutual protection from the dreaded Indians, is familiar to us all, and we have been told that in 1705 permission was granted the fourteen families of Great Swamp village to have a minister and a meeting house of their own.

The new Ecclesiastical Society, which comprised parts of Farmington, Wethersfield, and Middletown, was formed in 1705, but seven years passed before the meeting house was ready. December 10, 1712, a church of ten members was organized, and on the same day the Rev. William Burnham was ordained and settled as its minister. Mr. Burnham was then twenty-eight years of age. He was the son of William Burnham of Wethersfield, was graduated from Harvard in 1702, and had already preached for the new society three years.

The “7 pillars” of the church were: Mr. Burnham, Stephen Lee, Thomas Hart, Anthony Judd, Samuel Seymour, Thomas North, and Caleb Cowles. These, with the wives of Stephen Lee, Thomas Hart, and Samuel Seymour, were the original ten members of the Christian Lane church.

Anthony Judd was the first deacon, confirmed and ordained by a solemn service, after a two-years’ term of probation.

Soon after the church was formed, it was agreed “that the members should hold conference meetings on the first days of

every Month in the year, to begin about 2 hours before sunset at the Meeting house, and sd meeting shall begin with prayer by one of the Brethren, who shall propose a Text of Scripture, and a question or questions, on the same, in writing, then to be discoursed on, by his next brother, by House row, by word or by writing, if sd Brother shall see cause. And the Pastor of the Church, and the sd brother from whom an answer is expected at any Meeting, shall at the same meeting lay down the Text of Scripture, and the question or the questions thereon arising to be discoursed on at the next meeting, to his next neighbor successively, till every brother in the Church has taken his turn, then he shall begin again who first proposed the question, and so on successively."

It was also agreed that "none should be present at sd. conference, but those in full communion, but by liberty from the church."

It was taken for granted that the women, if present at those conference meetings, "kept silence."

Two years later, January 11, 1714, the society voted "To build a pulpit and seats in number and form as followeth, to say, two pues on each side of the pulpit, and three long seats on each side of the brode alley to be left from the pulpit to the east door of said meeting house, leaving convenient allies toward ye north and south dores." "The said pulpit and pues to be built batten fashen."

The work was not completed until 1716, when the "decent and fashionable cushing" was ordered for the new desk.

This little church, with four short pews and six long seats, soon proved inadequate for the growing congregation, and, in 1720, a contract was made with Richard Austin and Moses Bull, of Hartford, to put in galleries: They to receive in payment, "£31 in Bills of credit . . . or else in good Mercha[ndise], Wheat, rye, or Indian Corn, at the price the Merchants generally in Hartford or Wethersfield will accept the said sorts of grain in way of payment of debt due to them." The contractors agreed to "put and trim decently 4 pillars to be set under the beams of said galleries . . . the said committee providing suitable pieces of timber hewed square."

The galleries, with four seats in each side gallery and eight seats in the front gallery, were to be "finished workmanlike — after the manner of the work in the Galleries in Farmington Meeting-house."

The heartburnings caused when the meeting house was seated according to "age, list, and whatever makes a man honorable," have not been recorded. At the annual meeting: "7 Dec. 1724, it was voted & agreed that Thos Hart & Saml Bronson, jun. should oversee ye Youth on ye Sabbaths in the time of exercise, to Restrain them from unreverent behaviors therein, for the year ensuing." Not long after the new galleries were completed the house was again found too small. Families who had come into the Society and settled miles away from Christian Lane also complained that they were "under great difficulty to attend the public worship of God by reason of the length and badness of travel especially at some seasons of the year."

A vote of the Society was taken January 26, 1729, to build a new meeting house over on Seagt. John Norton's lot. The vote stood forty-two in the affirmative and thirty-six in the negative. This new location was near the Milo Hotchkiss place, more than a mile southwest from the old house. The troubles that followed have been told by the Rev. W. W. Woodworth in these words:

The seeds of forty years of strife were in that vote. Serious difficulties arose respecting the location. Recourse was had in the most solemn manner to the lot to decide the question. An advisory council was called to decide what the lot did not settle. The council advised that the site indicated by the lot was the place pointed out by Providence to build the meeting house upon; but the people would not build it there. The General Assembly of the colony was next appealed to. In May, 1732, that body appointed a committee to repair to the parish, view the circumstances, and fix the place for building the meeting-house.

The committee fulfilled their trust and "pitched down a stake in Deacon Thomas Hart's home lot." The society would take no measures for building there, and in October, 1732, the General court "ordered, directed, and empowered the constable

of the town of Farmington to assess and gather of the inhabitants of Kensington ninepence on the pound of the polls and ratable estate on said society, and deliver it to the treasurer of the colony; who was ordered, on receipt thereof; to pay out the same to Captain John Marsh, Capt. Thomas Seymour, and Mr. John Church, all of Hartford, who were appointed and empowered to be a committee, or any two of them, to erect and finish a meeting-house, at the place aforesaid, for the society aforesaid." Kensington Society at that time comprised nearly all of the present town of Berlin, and a part of New Britain.

This Hartford committee "speedily and effectually" did their work. They erected a house, "60 feet in length and 45 in breadth, containing in the whole about 1500 persons." This house, built "about one rod south of an apple tree, partly dead," in Deacon Hart's home lot, was on the north side of the highway leading from the Town house to the railroad station, not far from the corner, west of the dwelling house of the late Cyrus Root.

Oak timbers from the first church building were used in a cow-house on the Gilbert place.

The Berlin chapter, D. A. R., secured one of these timbers, which they have had made into picture frames. The more worm-eaten holes, the choicer the frame.

The first division of the ancient Society of Kensington came in 1754, when, at the May session of the General Assembly, it was enacted "that there be another Ecclesiastical Society Erected & Made . . . within ye bounds of Farmington . . . & shall be "known by the name of New Briton."

The question of this division had been agitated since 1739, when the inhabitants of the north part of the parish petitioned "for liberty of four months to meet at some convenient place for the ease of our travel to attend the public worship of God."

When the New Britain church was formed, April 19, 1758, fifty of its sixty-eight members were received from the Kensing-

ton church. One hundred and seventy-four remained with the mother church.

That meeting house, built so "speedily" by the Hartford committee, seems not to have been appreciated. According to the Colonial records, Thomas Hart and others, inhabitants of the Society of Kensington, sent a memorial to the General Assembly of 1764,

Representing that the meeting house in said Society for many years last past has been decaying and for want of proper & seasonable repairs is becoming very indecent and not fit and comfortable for the purpose of public worship, and that the different sentiments of the inhabitants of sd Society are such that they cannot by vote agree to repair sd house or build another.

A committee was sent by the assembly to "view the circumstances," but the people could not agree, except to make the house comfortable for another year. A vote had previously been taken "to shingle the fore ruff" and to repair the windows.

Three years later, in 1767, Selah Hart and others of the society of Kensington sent a second memorial to the assembly,

Representing that the meeting house is become ruinous, unsafe, indecent & uncomfortable to meet in for public worship, and that a place in sd society for building a new meeting house hath been ascertained and that no vote or agreement of sd society can be obtained either for repairing sd old meeting house or for building a new one at sd place, whereby the attendance of the inhabitants of sd society on public worship is rendered uncomfortable, and will probably be impeded without the interposition of the assembly.

The feeling in regard to the meeting house may be inferred from an action taken by the society January 11, 1770, when it was voted,

That Messrs. Elisha Savage, Amos Peck, Elias Beckley, Capt. David Sage, Ezekiall Kelsey and others, twelve in all, be a committee to oppose any persons that may pull down, destroy, or carry away, any part or appendage belonging to our meeting house Any boards, shingles, glass, window-frames or other thing or matter whatsoever without due order of the society to prosecute to final judgment any such person or

persons that hath, may or shall hereafter pull down, destroy, break, or carry away any part of said meeting house

This was carried by a majority of twenty out of one hundred and sixty-one votes cast.

All along there had been an undercurrent of feeling that another division was inevitable. This feeling came to a head when, in June, 1771, one hundred and thirty-seven men signed a paper, by which they agreed to submit the whole matter to arbitration. Colonel John Worthington of Springfield, Colonel Oliver Partridge of Hartford, and Mr. Eldad Taylor of Westfield, in the Province of Massachusetts, who were appointed to the task, came, studied the situation, accepted it, drew the dividing line, and set stakes for two new meeting houses. On May 6, 1772, as appears by the Colonial record, the society, by their agent, sent a memorial to the assembly,

Showing to this Assembly that it is best and absolutely necessary for the mutual peace & real happiness as well as from the limits, situation, extent & wealth and other respects that sd society should be divided into 2 distinct ecclesiastical societies by a north & south line, which they have a long time laboured to effect; and sd south soc'y having now mutually agreed that the most reasonable line of division will be in the following manner and form; to wit:

Beginning at the South line of the sd Soc'y at the place where the river cld Belcher's river crosses the sd line, thence extending northerly by sd river until it comes to the 4-rod hiway until it comes to the south side of Selah Hart Esq'r land, thence east on the line of sd Hart's land to the same river again, thence northerly a direct course (leaving sd Hart's now land on the west if any of it should happen to fall east of sd course) to a point on the highway 10 feet east of Deacon Ebenezer Harts dwelling house from thence north to the north line of sd society, to include however the whole of sd Deacon Hart's farm on which he now dwells in sd west society.

The West Society kept the name, the minister, the church records and the communion service; the East Society in gratitude to Colonel Worthington for his wise counsel, adopted his name.

This division line, as it comes in from the south, crosses the road half-way between John Norton's house and his millpond;

thence it follows north on a road, now seldom traveled, until it comes to the General Selah Hart farm, now owned by heirs of the late Mrs. Jacob C. Bauer.

To divide farms would make confusion in paying church taxes; Mr. Hart had particularly requested that all his land might be in Kensington, and so here the line turns directly east until it comes nearly over to Lower Lane.

At the point where Blue Hills brook and Belcher brook unite, the line turns again and goes directly north to a large stone, set as a mark, about half a mile northwest of the old Seymour fort, where it meets the New Britain south line. This New Britain line was extended, in 1754, from Shuttle Meadow Lake, east until it crossed Christian Lane, about one-eighth of a mile north of the Fort, and was terminated a short distance east of Christian Lane. The division line between the two societies runs near Mott's corner, ten feet east of Mott's east door.

The hall now owned by the Agricultural Society stands in Worthington; the cattle sheds are in Kensington, the line is about half way between the hall and sheds.

The early settlers around the fort at Christian Lane carried their dead back to Farmington or to Hartford, but Captain Seymour, according to tradition, had given a plot of ground for a burying yard and was himself the first to be laid there. Whatever his intentions were, it is evident that the society had not received a title to the land. The actual deed was given November 1, 1718, by the Rev. William Burnham, who,

for the regard he had for the public welfare of the parish at Great Swamp in the southeast part of Farmington & in consideration of the society releasing him from 20s, he promised to encourage the building the Meeting house, he gave, sold, conveyed & set over to Thos. Hart & Thos. North a committee of said society a piece of land containing by estimation half an Acre, more or less, in length 10 rods & in breadth 8 rods.

It is part of the same lot that originally was James Bird's, and which I purchased of Sam'l Semer, and it is understood that it is for the use of said Society, for a possession, for a Burying ground forever—said society is to maintain a good fence at their own cost, and I am not to be taxed for any part of the expense of a division fence as the law in other cases provides, and further until such divi-

sion fence is made, the said society are not to feed the ground or any way use it except to bury their dead. Said land is situate on a knowl of up land lying a little to the North of a stream called "Gilbird's River," and abutteth east on the highway that passeth North from the Meeting House and butts North on land of Nath'l Not, West & South on my own land.

Signed Wm. Burnham.

Stephen Lee }
Ebenezer Gilbert } Wit.

This cemetery, the oldest in Berlin or New Britain, is situated on the west side of the road, about one-half mile south of the Seymour place, the distance divided by the brick Gilbert house. Most of the stones placed at the graves in this yard previous to 1730, if stones there were, have disappeared; one hundred and thirty-eight remain (including those of more recent date), the oldest dated 1726. The inscriptions show that twenty-four persons who lived on this street, or near it, lived to an average age of over eighty-four. In the decade including 1741-1751, forty burials are recorded on stones; of these, an unusual number of young persons, in 1741-2-3, would indicate some fatal epidemic at that time. Those who have recorded these inscriptions have found the lettering on the footstones often more legible than that on the headstones, and in doubtful cases the matter was cleared by turning to the footstone. The headstones nearly all face the rising sun, and it is possible that the eastern storms have worn away the marks of the chisel.

In 1737 it was "voted and agreed that Elisha Goodrich may take within his own enclosure the burying yard of this society, for five years, provided the said Elisha Goodrich clear and keep the said yard from brush and keep swine from rooting the same."

Now, what about that "good fence?"

Mr. Alfred Andrews in 1867 made the following statement:

This time honored cemetery had been sadly neglected for many years previous to 1845, when by the enterprise and liberality of Mr. John Ellis, some few subscriptions were obtained from individuals, and an appropriation of \$30, from the parish of Worthington, in which it is located, and a neat white fence, erected on sunk stones,

with iron braces, at a cost of \$160, an undue proportion of which expense was paid by himself.

John Ellis was the father of Martin Ellis. He lived in the large old-fashioned house next east of the "Martin Ellis corner," so called. The foundation stones of his work done on the cemetery fence sixty years ago remain, but the broken slats lying flat on the ground remind one of the old adage that "what is everybody's business is nobody's."

On the east side of the road, at the top of the hill south of the railroad, and about a quarter of a mile south of the cemetery, may be seen a stone, recently placed there by the Ruth Hart chapter, D. A. R., of Meriden, to mark the site of Berlin's first meeting house. The land on which it stood was leased from Dr. Joseph Steele, and "peter blin," of Wethersfield, was the carpenter. The building was occupied in 1712, without pulpit, "pues" or galleries, but with a debt of £60 to Peter Blinn.

The Rev. William Burnham, born July 17, 1684, was a son of William and Elizabeth [Loomis] Burnham of Wethersfield. His grandfather, born 1617, of Hertfordshire, England, who came to Hartford about 1647, was a lawyer of good education and ability. Shortly before his death, in 1688, he made a will, by which he gave his house and home lot to his unmarried daughter, Rebecca. His wife, Ann, was made executrix and the will was given to her to keep.

Two years later Rebecca was married to William Mann, who complained that the will had not been exhibited in court, and that he, the said Mann, was like to be dispossessed of what his father gave his wife.

The marshal served the complaint on Ann and summoned her to appear in court with the will. This account is given for the sake of the following quaint reply sent by Mrs. Burnham:

24 June 1690.

Honred Sor, Mr. Ayllin: Thes ffew Lines are to Lett you understand my Ssorrowffull condishon. I have bene weke and Lame a

long time, and Now did begin to be som what beter be ffor my son Will man did make so much trobell by ye authority in Sending up ye Marshall, and by Souerving Warnts on all my Children, by which mens greved me very much. as I have declared to ye marshall when he was at my house.

Thear ffor my earnest desir is that you would Not Let any thing goe fforward in a way off Setling my estate whillst I can Spak with you my Sellffe, and then I hop I shall do it to all my Childrens' Satisfaxsion.

Ye writin which my son Will man took, I know not what was in it, for I never heard it read. My son Will man asked me to see ye writing. I told him he mit. So when he had it he took it and put it in his pocit with out my Leveffe.

off an X Burnham.

William Burnham, Jr., married May 18, 1704, at the age of twenty, Hannah, daughter of Capt. Samuel Wolcott and Judith [Appleton], his wife, of Wethersfield. They were living in Great Swamp in 1709.

On consideration that Mr. Burnham should remain with the church as its minister nine years, the Town of Farmington voted, December 23, 1707, to give him fifty acres of land in three parcels "to be taken up in our sequestered lands not prejudicing highways or former grants."

The grant was laid out to him "in ye Great Swamp upon the plains beyond ye boggy meadow Southward & lyeth in length 8 score rods. Butting east on ye highway 160 rods; West on common land, North & South on common land 50 rods."

In regard to common lands, as the unappropriated land was called, settlers gave the town so much trouble by putting out fences to take in more than belonged to them that encroaching committees were appointed. At the town meeting held January 2, 1793, it was voted that "the committee for the Parish of Worthington enquire into the encroachments on Christian Lane and remove the same."

One of the conditions of Mr. Burnham's settlement, as drawn by his own hand, was that "the house begun by 2d Society be finished in the manner and to the degree that is ordinary in this country for such sort of houses, that is to say the two Loer

rooms, at or before the last day of March that shall be in the year 1710, the remainder within twelve months after, I only finding glass and nails."

Further reference will be made to this house, which stood on the site of the Norman Porter place.

Mr. Burnham was a faithful pastor and a sound preacher. On election day, May 10, 1722, he preached before the General Assembly at Hartford. His sermon, entitled "God's Prudence in placing men in their Respective Stations & Conditions asserted and shewed," was published "by order of Authority," 1722.

Mr. Burnham served the church until his death, September 23, 1750, in the thirty-eighth year of his ministry. His wife, Hannah, died March 16, 1747, and he married second, Widow Buckingham, who died soon after their marriage.

By his will, drawn July 15, 1748, witnessed by John Root, John Root, Jr., and Eunice Root, Mr. Burnham divided his real estate equally between his three sons. He mentions his Spanish-Indian woman Maria, and provides that she shall have a comfortable support during life, in sickness and in health, at the expense of all his children.

"Concerning my Mulatto Boy James," he says, "my will is that according to my wife's desire my daughter Abigail may have liberty to take him at the price he shall be valued at."

Of the nine children born to the Rev. William Burnham and his wife Hannah, Captain William, born April 5, 1705, married Ruth, daughter of the "rich Isaac Norton," sister of Tabatha, the "Stolen Bride." Their home was next west of his father's, which must have been the Cyrus Root place. It is supposed that he built that house. When he died, at the age of forty-one, his estate inventoried £8,426 10s. 11d., a large amount for his times.

In his will he mentions besides his wife, his only son, Elisha (aged nineteen years), and two daughters, Sarah (aged fifteen years) and Ruth, "the youngest."

Hannah, eldest daughter of Rev. William Burnham, born November 18, 1708, became the wife of Rev. Jeremiah Curtiss of Southington.

Abigail, born September 14, 1713, was the wife of Lieut. Robert Wells of Newington.

Josiah, born September 28, 1716, married another Ruth Norton, daughter of John Norton and Ann Thompson, his wife.

Mary, born September 7, 1721, was married to John Judd of New Britain. She was said to be very beautiful and highly accomplished.

Appleton, born April 28, 1724, married Mary Wolcott of Litchfield.

Lucy was married to Jacob Root of Hebron.

Some years since, George Dudley Seymour of New Haven, a patent office lawyer, a descendant of Abigail Burnham Wells, came to Berlin to visit and photograph the ancestral home and the graves in the old cemetery. The Burnham inscriptions there read as follows:

Sarah daughter of Rev. Wm. Burnham, died Nov. 23rd, 1726, aged 8 years.

Capt. Wm. Burnham, d. Mch 12, 1748-9,* aged 44 years.

Mrs. Hannah Burnham, wife of Rev. Wm. Burnham, died Mch 17, 1747-8,* aged 64.

Mrs. Ruth Burnham, wife of Mr. Josiah Burnham, d. June 28, 1762, aged 39.

Here lies interred the body of the Rev. William Burnham, Senior, first pastor of the Church of Christ in Kensington, who having served his generation according to the will of God, fell on sleep September the 23d, 1750, in the sixty-sixth year of his age and the thirty-eighth of his ministry.

Mrs Ruth Burnham, relict of Capt. Wm. Burnham, d. June 28, 1786, aged 76.

The Brandegee family had originally a private burying ground in their home yard. Jacob Brandegee of New York, a brother of Dr. Brandegee's father, did not like to see the graves so near the house, therefore he bought a piece of land east of the old south burying ground and east of the strip owned by Mrs. Zenas Richardson, and had the bodies removed to that place.

* Note the curious inscription. The last figure seems to be the correct one. Capt. Burnham, for instance, was born in 1705.

In 1841 he deeded that tract of land to the Worthington Ecclesiastical Society, reserving forever a certain part for his own relatives.

In 1853 Colonel Bulkeley, Philip Norton, and Henry Sage, a committee appointed for the purpose, purchased of Mrs. Richardson, for thirty dollars, that intermediate strip owned by her. Thus the old and new parts were joined and a continuous cemetery was made.

The oldest inscription discovered in the west part, first used, is that of Isaac Peck, who died October 2, 1748, aged forty-two years. In May, 1888, the grounds were extended on the south side by purchase from Walter S. Hart. On April 3, 1903, the cemetery formerly known as the South Cemetery was legally incorporated under the name of The Maple Cemetery (Inc.), Berlin, Conn., and the Worthington Ecclesiastical Society deeded to said association all its rights in the grounds. The amount of its capital stock is five thousand dollars, divided into two hundred shares of the par value of twenty-five dollars each. One share entitles the holder to one vote and to one lot. It was the intention at first to sell the shares at ten dollars each, but when the committee went before the court, they were told that they could not be incorporated unless they charged twenty-five dollars per share. Bryan H. Atwater is secretary and treasurer of the association.

There was a Zalmuna Atwood, whose wife, Sarah Mygatt, joined the Worthington Congregational Church in 1828. She died in 1835, aged sixty-four. Zalmuna died in 1836, aged sixty-four.

When Walter S. Hart built his house next south of the Maple Cemetery he tore down another old colonial house that stood close to the street, where the well in front of the Hart house may be seen.

Mrs. Harriet Hart Dickinson remembers that an Atwood family lived in that house. There were several children, and it is probable that Zalmuna was the name of their father. The children were capable and bright. Jamison, who was a carpenter, built the Universalist Church. Nelson, the grandfather

of Clarence Atwood, who was also a house builder, moved to New Haven about 1848. Millicent was the wife of Samuel Pattison and Sarah was the wife of Isaac Dobson.

In the forties the house was occupied by Jefferson Steele and his family.

Sally Atwood united with the Worthington Congregational Church early in life. The reason that her name does not appear in the catalogue of members is shown by the following account taken from an old record book:

In March, 1822, when she was nineteen years old, she asked for a letter of dismissal and recommendation to the "Methodist Episcopal church of this place."

The reasons she set forth, six in number, for this step, covered a closely written page of foolscap paper, which was read in church. She said she could not believe with this church in the doctrine of foreordination of eternal election or reprobation.

Reason 3d reads:

I cannot believe with this church that it is possible for men once regenerated and born again to backslide so as to fail of the grace of God.

In number six she says:

When these doctrines are preached, that preaching darkens my mind instead of giving me light, and I am constrained to believe it my duty to walk in the light instead of walking where that darkness of mysteriousness is thrown over my mind

(Signed) S Atwood

Deacon Daniel Galpin and John Goodrich were appointed a committee "to confer with said Sally Atwood and endeavor to enlighten her mind and convince her of her error."

The next Sunday the committee reported that they had attended to the duty assigned them and had labored "to convince her that the views she entertained of the doctrines of the gospel were erroneous and unscriptural," and that "as she

was young she had better study them more carefully," but that "she still professes to have the same views, and to be conscientious in her belief formed upon a careful perusal of the bible and earnest prayer to God."

Imagine a girl of nineteen in this age going through such an ordeal!

Record states that "Sally Atwood joined the Methodist church the same Sabbath and is no longer a member of the 3d church of Worthington in Berlin" (the 2d Congregational church of Worthington at that time was called the 3d church).

Sally's troubles were not at end when in the fold of her chosen church.

She was a stylish young woman and liked pretty clothes. One Sunday she went to meeting with a new bonnet on her head and on the bonnet a bow of ribbon. Woe the day! Sally was disciplined for her audacity.

This story reminds me of another: A modest young lady came from East Berlin one Sunday to attend the Methodist church. She had inside of her cottage bonnet, each side of her face, a spray of delicate pink flowers. The preacher fastened his gaze upon her and spoke of the sin of "outward adorning" until he brought a color to her cheeks deeper than that of the flowers she wore.

In a manuscript copy of the list of members of the Worthington Congregational Church, dated 1812, is this curious entry:

Edmond Boldero and Utica-ann his wife

Mr. Boldero was admited to pertake occationly being under the disopline of this church but not to vote being a piscopalin

In the same list of church members made in 1812 appears the name of John Tryon, with this note attached, "a piscopalin in principal but allowed to pertake occationly & to be under the watch of the church but not to vote."

It is said that men are especially interested in the religious experiences and the quarrels of their predecessors. A hint of both is given in a letter discovered by Miss Ruth Galpin, in an old record book.

This letter, which relates to a neighbor of Mr. Johns, was laid before the pastor at a meeting of the Worthington church, held December 11, 1807.

It reads as follows:

Rev'd Sir

Our obligations as Christians concerned for the honor of the Redeemer and the good of souls constrains us to perform a very painful service by preferring a heavy charge against a member of our church

It appears from evidence altogether satisfactory that ——— has not only given himself up to the government of the most anti-christian passions but allowed himself without even the least provocation to use language most dreadfully profane; he has dared impiously to utter the sacred name of the Divine being, calling on God to damn his fellow creatures, and particularly the pastor of the church of which we are members

Such language uttered by a person accustomed to converse with people of decent manners, is truly shameful as well as criminal; uttered by a professor of the Gospel, it shocks the mind; but when we consider that the accused is an aged man, language fails us when we would fully express the feelings of our hearts

He seems to have descended to the lowest step in the climax of depravity, when a sense of duty and Christian love induced us to converse with him either personally or by delegation concerning his unworthy conduct, so far was he from confessing his sin that he gave the most unequivocal proof of being a slave to the most unchristian temper

Aaron Porter	} Church's Committee
Peat Galpin	
Amos Hosford	
Roger Riley	
Jedediah Sage	
Daniel Galpin	
Selah Savage	
Samuel Porter	

The accused person having refused to appear in vindication of himself but caused a scandalous paper to be exhibited which considerably aggravated the first offense and the charge against him having been proved by two respectable and credible witnesses in its full extent, he was unanimously excommunicated as guilty of impiety profanity and breach of covenant.

In 1830 charges brought by William Savage against another member from whom the church withdrew, were

FIRST: that he had never attended communion since the day he joined the church and that he seldom attended public worship with the church.

SECOND: that he had violated the fourth commandment It was stated on this count that "he had been in the habit of wandering in the fields on the Lord's day—cracking butternuts and gathering walnuts."

THIRD: that he has been guilty of falsehood.

S. Durand and Dr. Gridley were appointed to labor with the accused. This committee reported at an adjourned meeting that the member "acknowledged his guilt in all the charges," "but had nothing to ask of the church but only that they would cast him out."

Under date of August, 1828, a record is found of a complaint by Deacon Daniel Galpin against Nancy Norton, a member of the church, for "withdrawing from the watch and communion of the church in an irregular manner."

"It appears that the said Nancy Norton had joined herself to the communion of the Methodists and said in doing this she had acted from superior light which she had obtained as it respected the darkness of the gospel."

A committee of the church labored with her, but in vain. They reported: "She has acted conscientiously on what she has done, and she will not be reclaimed."

Over a hundred years ago Zadoc Sage lived on the east side of the road near Captain Sage's, and farther south, next beyond the brook, set well back on a hill, may still be seen the home of Deacon Amos Hosford, who died in 1822 in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

At a meeting of the church in the parish of Worthington, held August 4, 1803, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved That Amos Hosford, one of the Deacons of the Church having presented the Church with a complete Set of plated vessels

for the administration of the Lord's Supper to become forever the exclusive property of the Communicants as a body and their successors they do accept and determine to use it for the sole purpose designed by the Donor

Resolved That the existing members of the church return their cordial thanks to their kind Benefactor for his very liberal and handsome present, which they consider as an evidence both of his Christian love to them and his concern for the divine honour

N. B. The just mentioned set of sacramental vessels consists of the following Articles, four flagons, three platters and six cups.

N. B. The tablecloths for sacramental service were also given and the trunk containing the whole furniture.

Moreover Amos Hosford said that it is his Will, the vessels may NEVER BE DIVIDED though there should be a division of the Church and Society hereafter.

'Test, EVAN JOHNS.

To give the foregoing Resolutions all the Authenticity and confirmation of which they are capable so as that the property of the above named plated vessels may be fully and clearly vested in the undivided Body of communicants at Worthington and their successors forever, I hereto annex my name this fourth day of August one thousand eight hundred and three

AMOS HOSFORD.

At a town meeting held May 4, 1798, it was voted "that Amos Hosford and Gad Stanley Esq. be appointed agents to oppose the road from Hartford to New Haven in the place or places where the same has been laid in Berlin, by a Committee appointed by the Gen'l Assembly."

Again, October 15, 1798, it was recorded that "Amos Hosford was appointed Agent, aforesaid, unless the expenses arising on the same shall be defrayed by a company formed for that purpose, and such alterations shall be made in the places where the aforesaid road is laid as will better accommodate this town and the Public."

Besides being a man of affairs, Deacon Hosford was very religious. It was said that he observed the fast days appointed by the governor, strictly as a time of fasting, meditation, and prayer. He would go to meeting and then shut himself in his room, and was seen no more for the remainder of the day.

CHAPTER X.

The Early Industries of Berlin.—The Houses of Berlin Street and Their Occupants.*

When we study the early industries of Berlin, we find that it was distinctively a "Yankee" town, and on looking here for that "Yankee" ingenuity that made the six small states of New England the nucleus of the developed prosperity of the whole country, we are astonished at the way in which the sons and daughters of every household adopted some trade or profession, which they practiced under the family roof or in a small shop within the dooryard. In the earlier days all manufactured goods were brought in slow sailing vessels from across the sea, mostly from England, and sold at high prices. Our forefathers' wants were few yet their dollars fewer, and with unbounded energy and ability they soon set to work to make what they had neither the means nor the desire to buy. No drones were allowed. Laziness was a disgrace and a crime. Each member of the community turned his hand to some art of practical

* A considerable portion of this chapter is based on a paper, read by Mr. Frank L. Wilcox at the Old Home Day celebration in the Second Congregational Church, Berlin, Sept. 20, 1905, and may be said to be a revision and enlargement of his paper. The work of Mr. Wilcox is most noticeable in the beginning—his specialty was the industries of Berlin—and a number of pages were written by him. The material presented in this chapter constituted the beginning of the historical articles on Berlin, as they appeared in the *Berlin News*, and it is desirable that it should all be reproduced here for the sake of greater completeness. With the permission of Mr. Wilcox, therefore, his own contribution is reprinted along with Miss North's. The reasons for not making this part the first chapter in the book have been stated in the foreword. The introductory paragraphs on the early industries of Berlin, written by Mr. Wilcox, may be given here:

When a few years ago Miss Catharine M. North and I began a study of the good people who lived in the early homes of Berlin in Worthington Society, we were impressed with the fact that nearly every house had sheltered a master mechanic with his apprentices and journeymen, and



J. L. Wiley



utility, first for domestic necessity or convenience, next for barter with his neighbor; then as money became more plenty to sell in his own and adjoining settlements.

In the course of time certain manufacturers, of superior executive ability, increased their forces until they were able to undersell less fortunate makers.

Journeyman could earn higher wages in a factory than at an independent bench and forsook their old masters.

It was no longer profitable for each family and community to make what they could buy cheaply in the stores.

The constantly increasing tendency was to concentrate trade in the larger towns, while leading men and skilled artisans banded themselves together in factory centers.

Finally, on the principle that "In union there is strength," by the inevitable "law of the survival of the fittest," and as the usual consequence of competition, ancient Berlin shared the fate of all small towns in New England. Her many and varied industries were slowly but surely closed.

One result of these changed conditions of which we have been speaking has been to destroy a type of our country life that seemed ideal. The head of the family—and there were families in those days—was like a patriarch, ruling his household with

there seemed no better way to interest this assembly of former residents of Berlin who have returned for Old Home Day, than to present to you the material gathered regarding the homes and activities of your ancestors and their neighbors.

For much valuable information received especial acknowledgements were due Miss Abby Pattison, Wm. A. Riley, Dea. Frederic North, James B. Carpenter, Wm. M. Fowler, Mrs. Caroline Porter Jones, Mrs. Leonard Hubbard, Erastus North and William Bulkeley. We would also render thanks at this time to all others who have so kindly assisted in bringing to memory the pictures of olden days in Berlin, long buried under the dust of modern strife.

While no trouble has been spared to make each statement accurate, authorities have in some cases disagreed, and should errors be discovered, the indulgence of this audience is asked by the writer who would be grateful for corrections, or for further items of interest relating to our subject. I have not undertaken to say anything regarding the parish of Kensington, for the reason that some resident of that part of the town would know his field better than I, and again a description of Kensington would make a delightful subject for some future Old Home day.

dignity, revered by his children, his apprentices and his hired servants. One of Berlin's "Fore-elders," at whose table more than a score of persons were fed daily, was quoted as saying that "As God was to the human race, so was the relation of the father to his family." Alas! the tribe has gone never to return.

While we regret that so little of the former enterprise remained for the development of its native town, still we feel honored that its talents have been absorbed in the prosperity of adjoining places. In many cities now famous for sheet metal work we can trace the skill of the workmen back to the original industry in Berlin.

Our town had its full share of "wooden nutmeg" fame, for its enterprising manufacturers sent out by foot, by panniers on horseback, and by wagons, the goods made within its borders.

By water from Middletown and New Haven to the southern states was the route taken by our early "drummers." The great West was then awaiting its time of development.

The chief manufacturing enterprises of the town were in its tin shops, blacksmith and shoemakers' shops. The shoes were worn by the busy people and were shipped to distant markets.

The blacksmiths were manufacturing metal workers, who made by hand, with blows of the hammer upon the anvil, every thing of iron and steel that was used, from nails, hinges, and latches for their houses, and tuning forks with which to pitch their psalm tunes, to shovels, hoes, scythes, and plows for the farm, while the tin manufacturers of Berlin commanded the trade of the country.

The author of "Dwight's Travels" tells us that after the war with Great Britain, in 1815, "10,000 boxes of tinned plate was manufactured into culinary vessels in the Town of Berlin, in one year." It was a grave question to know what to do with the scrap tin. Piles of it are even now, occasionally, turned up by the plow, and the road leading from the hotel west, and from Brandegee's hill towards East Berlin is filled with the waste pieces of tin so that a team driven swiftly over the roads to-day will bring forth a resonant silvery ring.

It is interesting to learn that Charles Parker desired to locate his plant here on the corner opposite the post office. Had he done so the great works of the Charles Parker company in Meriden might have been in Berlin, and Berlin a city to-day instead of a country village surrounded by cities which had hardly a name when Berlin was well known and prosperous.

At another time the Meriden Britannia Company thought seriously of combining with the tin shop now operated by Mr. Damon, and locating here as one business enterprise. We hear other similar stories. Why so many local factories were closed and so few outside factories could establish a footing here it is difficult to say; but this we know that the original layout of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad passed along the west side of the "Golden Ridge," providing for a depot on the corner in Lower Lane near Mr. Arnold's. But the farmers were unwilling to sell their land and cut up their farms; while the residents of "The Street" fought the plan on account of the smoke, noise, and danger from fire, and to life and limb, so that the survey was changed and the road passed two miles to the west. The arguments that drove away the steam cars were undoubtedly used to repel manufacturing industries.

An idea of the way our forefathers transacted their business can be gained from the following, as given by one of our oldest residents:

When ships arrived at New Haven or Middletown, the merchandise for Berlin and towns beyond were loaded onto two-, four- or six-horse teams, as it was a common thing to see twenty or twenty-five of these heavily-loaded teams coming into Berlin like a long caravan. The night was generally spent at the taverns. The horses were stabled, but there was not room under the sheds for the wagons so they were left in the road and often lined the street on both sides for a quarter of a mile.

Many of us remember the dust-colored, canvas-topped, innocent looking wagons that quietly passed through Berlin in strings of a dozen or more, carrying gunpowder from Hazardville to the seaboard, and we also remember the town ordinance that

they should not be left at the hotel or on the streets but should be stationed on the town hall green, under guard; also we can recall the words of command from our fathers, and the tender admonitions of our mothers, to keep away from the wagons. Under these circumstances how attractive the wagons were! Each mother's son answered for his own obedience.

In addition to Yankee ingenuity and enterprise the many streams with their water power have made New England the manufacturing center of this continent. Nearly all of the industries of Berlin that are in operation to-day are located on our streams, viz., the Mill river in Kensington, Belcher brook, west of Golden Ridge, Spruce brook, between Worthington street and East Berlin, and the Mattabessett in Beckley Quarter and in East Berlin. There were, however, formerly a great many factories and shops in Berlin without water privileges. The power was "horse-power" pure and simple. I offer this as a brief description of a horse-power that was in practical, daily operation in many places in Berlin one hundred years ago:

A large wheel of, say, thirty feet in diameter, lay flat upon the ground moving around a shaft in the center, that was made fast and stationary. A trough about four feet wide ran all around the rim of the wheel; a horse traveled in this trough,—walked or trotted. As he was tied to a post he could not leave the spot, but as he traveled he kept pushing the trough (and attached wheel) from under him. Now we have the wheel in motion, and to transmit power was only a question of mechanics. Generally the transmission was accomplished by friction. Thin iron plates were fastened under the trough; below the trough, and immediately below the horse, was located an iron pulley with shaft; the face of the pulley was the width of the iron plates, and was in contact with them. The weight of the horse in this trough made this contact close. As the wheel was moved by the horse, the friction turned the pulley; the pulley turned the shaft. To the shaft was fastened another pulley of the proper size, on which ran a belt which turned the machinery in the shops.

Perhaps I cannot better note the early importance of Berlin than to say that Edward Augustus Kendall, Esq., devotes thir-

teen pages to it in his book of "Travels through the Northern Parts of the United States, in the Years 1807 and 1808," and then, to quote the closing paragraph of his chapter on Berlin:

Berlin has become a place of some notoriety, partly on account of a tin manufactory which has been established here. Its founder was one Patterson, a native of Ireland; and though it soon fell into many hands, it was long confined to Berlin. At present, however, the number of its tin manufacturers is increasing, many having scattered themselves through the towns below, and others having emigrated to the southward. One of those in Berlin employs sixty hands during the summer season. In the winter he removes to Philadelphia for the extension of his trade. The mode in which the wares are disposed of is that of peddling and barter. They are carried inside and outside of small wagons, of a peculiar and uniform construction, on journeys of great length, and are to be met with in all directions. From Philadelphia they cross the Allegheny mountains, and are probably seen on the Mississippi. They go into Canada and vend their wares in Montreal and Quebec.

Dr. Dwight, in his "Travels," after commenting upon the methods used by Berlin manufacturers in disposing of their products, says:

They went with their wares to every part of the United States.

I have seen them in 1797 on the peninsula of Cape Cod, and in the neighborhood of Lake Erie, distant from each other more than six hundred miles.

They make their way to Detroit, four hundred miles further—to Canada and Kentucky, and if I mistake not to New Orleans and St Louis.

Some idea of the industries of Berlin street, East Berlin, and Beckley Quarter may be obtained from the following table, which comprises only such as are mentioned in this paper and the list is not yet complete:

Academies	2
Ball-rooms	4
Bandbox factories	2
Blacksmiths	9
Blind trimmings	1
Book binderies	2
Brooms	2

Cabinet making	4
Carpenter shops	2
Carpets and rugs	1
Carding mill	1
Chair seating	1
Cider mills	6
Cider brandy distilleries	3
Clock factories	2
Clock and compass jewels	1
Cotton factory	1
Cooper	1
Combs	1
Carriages and wagons	9
Corrugated shingles	1
Drug stores	3
Dry goods	3
Foot stoves	2
Fur goods	1
General merchandise	4
German silver spoons	1
Grist mills	4
Groceries	3
Guns	1
Hat factory	1
Hoe, rake and chisel factory	1
Horse market	1
Iron bridges and buildings	1
Japanning	1
Law offices	2
Milliner and dressmaker shops	3
Mulberry groves, silk worms	2
Nails, cut	1
Ox yokes and wooden pumps	1
Peat factory	1
Percussion caps	1
Pistols	1
Plaster mill	1
Saddler and harness shops	3
Saloons	3
Saw mills	1
Schools—private	3
Screws	1
Scythes	2
Shoemakers	12

Slaughters	3
Spectacles and jewelry	1
Stone and marble cutting	4
Stamped copper and tin ware	1
Stove factory	1
Taverns and saloons	9
Tailors	3
Tin shops	12
Tinners' tools	6
Town pumps	2
Whipping post	1
Tan-bark mills	2
Tanneries	6
Thread, cotton and silk factory	2
Undertaker	1
Watch and compass jewels	1
Wood turning	2
Yarn	1

The memory of nearly all of us goes back to the time when the grocery and apothecary store, on the northwest corner of Main street and Berlin station road, was kept by Deacon Alfred North, and where from 1844 to 1886 he was consulted by the town, not only in his capacity of town clerk and treasurer, but as the trusted counselor and good friend of all.

For many years previous to 1844 this stand was occupied by Josiah Edwards, Jr., who was assisted by one and another of his five sons, whose names were Lewis, Edward B., Alfred, Henry, and Elisha.

At this store could be found groceries, dress goods—calico, merino, and silk—violin strings, jew's-harps, jewelry, crockery, drugs and medicines, and a little of almost everything needed for family use those days. Here also seventy years ago "The Hartford Courant" was left for distribution in the neighborhood.

It was said that the father of Mr. Edwards, who lived in the south part of the town, gave him \$6,000 with which to start in business, and that the whole amount was lost through the ras-

cality of his partner. The stairway and north part of the store were added at a later date, and were finished off for a tenement.

The large double house north of the store, now owned by Luther S. Webster, was built in 1828, for two sons of Mr. Edwards—Edward B. and Henry, both of whom were engaged to be married.

One day Henry drove to Hartford for a load of lumber to be used in the new house. On his way home, coming down a steep hill, he was thrown from the wagon in such a way that the wheels passed over his body, and he was killed. He had been an active member of the Second Congregational Sunday School and was remembered as a remarkably fine young man.

The Edwards homestead, which formerly stood near the north side of the store, was moved, about 1862, north of the large house, and is now occupied by Miss Harriet L. Edwards, daughter of Edward B. Edwards.

West of the Edwards house, at a distance of about 150 feet, was a large carriage factory. The business, which was started by Josiah Edwards, was continued by his son, Edward B., who had an extensive trade in the south, especially in Augusta, Ga., and in Wilmington, N. C. The factory was burned in 1844, was rebuilt, and is now the main part of Mr. Damon's tin shop. Lewis Edwards, who learned the trade of book-binding, built the house next north of the old church, now owned by James W. Woodruff, and had a shop in his south yard.

One Sunday noon a workman went into the bindery to wash and dress. On going out he left a cigar stump on a pile of papers which caught fire, and destroyed the building.

An old letter, relating the circumstance, states that when the fire broke out, Priest Goodrich was preaching his afternoon sermon. He saw the flames and "with his knee buckles on," came down the pulpit stairs, with both hands upraised, and exclaimed: "The church is on fire!" The bindery was rebuilt, but soon after—about 1834—Mr. Edwards moved to Norwich, Conn., where, with his brother Elisha, he carried on the business for many years. The new shop built by Lewis Edwards was moved onto Hart street and made into a dwelling house for Leonard Pattison.

In the highway, south of the Edwards store, where the hay scales are now, was once the Town whipping post. The last man whipped there was Charles Stocker, a colored man, who lived on Caesar's Hill, and whose father gave the name to the hill. The crime was petty theft. Mr. William A. Riley remembered seeing him whipped, and he said "How he did holler."

There is a legend that Charles Stocker's feet were so large that he always had to hang them outside of the wagon when he rode, because there was not room enough for them within. This is the man who pumped the organ in the old meeting house for so many years, and received for his services one pair of shoes each year. That both facts are recorded goes to show that the church was very liberal in its appreciation of organ blowing.

In early times this end of the town was known as "Boston Corners." In 1796 Benjamin Galpin was licensed to keep a tavern on the southwest corner, which was then the regular stopping place for post-riders. After the Hartford and New Haven turnpike was completed in 1800, the Boston and New York stages changed horses at this same tavern.

In 1813 Jesse Hart, a cabinet maker, who lived in the brick house on Willard street now owned by Mr. LeClair, purchased the tavern at Boston corners and became its landlord. Mr. Hart was appointed postmaster and the office was kept in his house not only for all of this town but for surrounding places. Until 1825 New Britain people came to Berlin for their letters, weekly newspapers, and express parcels.

Where the hotel shed now stands there was a store, when the place was sold to Mr. Hart. The next year, his son George, who was a sheriff, placed overhead in that store for safe keeping, a lot of household goods that had been attached for debt. At night a fire broke out. A fresh coat of paint had just been put on the building and the flames ran over it like wild-fire. In the morning nothing remained of the store, barns or tavern, but ashes. George Hart, who was the first husband of Mrs. Col. Bulkeley, and the father of Mrs. Harriet Dickinson, died in 1825, at the age of thirty. It was said that he caught his

death cold going out at midnight to wait for the mail. Jesse Hart rebuilt, but died in 1827 and was succeeded by his son-in-law, Norris Wilcox, who afterwards went to New Haven, where he was appointed United States Marshal and collector of that port.

In 1839 a Portuguese slave trader touched at Cuba and disposed of a cargo of negroes. The planter who bought them wished to take them to a distant port, and forced them, while still in irons, onto another vessel. The blacks under their chief, whose name was Cinque, mutinied and killed all but one of the crew, whose life was saved in order that he might manage the vessel, and he was ordered to steer for Africa. In the daytime he directed his course due east, but when night came and the negroes slept, he turned about and headed for the United States.

In the course of a few months they brought up on the coast of Long Island, and Deputy Norris Wilcox, in whose charge they were placed, locked them in the New Haven jail to await the action of United States courts. They were considered a great curiosity, and people flocked to the sight, as to a circus. Colonel Bulkeley and his wife went down from Berlin to see them. The colonel gave a silver quarter to Cinque, who showed his gratitude by turning a double somersault backwards.

After two or three years of controversy it was decided to take the entire company back to Africa, but meanwhile some benevolent individuals wished to Christianize the heathen brought to their doors, and a car load of them was brought by Norris Wilcox to Berlin station, whence they were taken in sleighs to Farmington. Mr. William Bulkeley remembers, as a child, going to the old depot to see these Africans.

When the Black Prince and his company, who had been placed under bonds for mutiny, reached Farmington, they were housed in barracks that were built for them, near the cemetery.

After a spasm of terror at the thought of having a lot of savages—and for aught they knew, cannibals—at large in their midst, the good people of Farmington, judging from old

accounts, gave their dark-skinned visitors the freedom of the town.

So kind and faithful did they prove, that mothers trusted them with the care of their little children. Grabbo, Phillie, Fuli, Famie, and Foone, are some of the names remembered by those who knew them. While confined in jail at New Haven, some Divinity School students had labored hard, and with some success, to teach them to read and write.

Again at Farmington, they were sent to school in a room over the present post office. In the village cemetery may be seen a simple marble stone with this inscription:

FOONE

A native African who was drowned while bathing in the center Basin Aug 1841. He was one of the Company of Slaves, under Cinque, on board the Schooner *Amisted*, who asserted their rights and took possession of the vessel, after having put the Captain, Mate, and others to death, sparing their masters Ruez and Montez.

Miss Porter's laundry was afterwards built over the Center Basin. It was thought that Foone committed suicide, as he was very homesick, and the day before had said, "Foone going to see his mother."

The late John T. Norton, whose home is now owned by Mr. Newton Barney, had befriended the negroes, and his son, Charles L. Norton, who remembered the incident, relates that as the family sat on the porch at evening, a dark figure strode up the path, went straight to his father, and said in broken accents, "We—want—you—Grabbo he daid," and sped away, the big tears rolling down his cheeks.

In 1842, the thirty-six survivors were taken back to Mendi, on the west coast of Africa, near Liberia. Teachers and funds were provided and thus the Mendi mission was formed.

In 1834, Roswell C. Hart followed Norris Wilcox as landlord of the Berlin hotel.

In 1842, James B. Whaples purchased the property, and with the help of his efficient wife, and daughters, made it a very

popular place of resort, especially in winter, for sleighing parties.

The writer has often heard old residents of Southington, New Britain, and Meriden laugh as they recalled the suppers, dances, and good times they had enjoyed at Blinn Whaples' tavern, in Berlin, when they were young. A large sign swung, creaking in the breeze, from a crane extending over the street, from the ridgepole of the horse shed; and below the sign was a well, with a large wooden pump, and a long horse trough. This place was the hay market for the surrounding country, and here also were brought horses for sale and exchange.

The great barns and sheds bear silent witness to the traffic in horses and other business that was carried on at this corner. One large barn that stood on the west side has been torn down.

At the time of the Revolution, one stage left Hartford each Monday morning for Boston, and one for New York. They reached their destination Wednesday night and started to return next morning, arriving at Hartford Saturday evening.

In 1802 a daily stage left Boston at 10 A. M., which reached Hartford at evening of the following day, and noon of the next day it was in New York.

Passengers had to be ready at the regular stopping places along the line, at whatever hour of the day or night the stage might be due. Hartford people had to take it at three o'clock in the morning.

When the time between New York and Philadelphia was reduced from three to two days, the coaches were called "Flying machines."

At the close of the Revolutionary War, the treaty of peace with Great Britain was signed at Versailles, January 20, 1783. The news reached Berlin and Hartford March 23, nine weeks later, by way of Philadelphia. After 1831 there were two stages each way and the horses were changed at Berlin. When nearing the town, the driver of the stage sounded his bugle as

a warning to the landlord not to keep his hungry passengers waiting for dinner. As the coach, crowded inside with travelers, its top piled high with trunks, drawn by four horses, rolled through the village, everybody in the houses ran to the windows, and it is said that the wife of Dr. Hand used to stand in her front doorway and make courtesies to the passengers.

The property next south of the hotel was owned by Joseph Booth, who built the front part of the house in 1800. The large ell was added later. In the corner of the lot, on the north side of the house, Mr. Booth had a shop for making hats. These hats were made of wool or skins. The boys of the neighborhood earned many an honest dollar by catching mink and muskrats and selling the skins to Mr. Booth, to be worked up into hats. The old gentleman was very deaf and always carried an ear trumpet. He was a good trader and invariably understood the price at about half that mentioned by the boys, and then would never settle on any basis except according to hearing.

Just north of Mr. Booth's hat factory was a small building occupied by Alfred Wood for the manufacture of spectacles and jewelry.

In 1844 Deacon Alfred North leased and joined the hat and spectacle factories and started business in them as a country merchant. A few months later he moved to the old store on the corner previously mentioned and these buildings were used for making cigars.

On August 1, 1800, George Hubbard, who built the house now the home of the Misses Churchill, deeded for the consideration of \$82.50 a piece of land to "The Worthington Academy Company" and their heirs, bounded as follows: "West on country road, north on Daniel Galpin's land, easterly and southerly on land of George Hubbard Grantor." The deed was made to Amos Horsford, Roger Riley, Giles Curtis, Samuel Porter, Jesse Peck, Joseph Galpin, and their associates—"the Academy Company," who proceeded to build on this ground opposite the tavern, Berlin's first academy.

For some reason, the project was not sustained, and the property was sold to James Guernsey, who had a harness and saddler's shop on the premises. The south upper floor, which was still used for private schools, singing schools, and other public meetings, was known as Guernsey's Hall. George Dunham and Caroline Guernsey are names recalled of teachers who had private schools in this hall. About 1831, Mr. Guernsey sold out to Lysis Lamb, who added to the north side of the house a large shop, where he made tin ware, and gave employment to a number of men.

Mr. Lamb was succeeded by James B. Carpenter, who remodeled the house. The shop was moved up on the hill north of the Lyman Nott place and is now the main part of George Austin's dwelling house.

Following south, the next place was owned for many years by Dr. Horatio Gridley, who was a skillful physician. Dr. Gridley's next door neighbor on the south was Daniel Dunbar, Esq., who practised law in Berlin from 1804 to 1841. His office stood in the north front corner of the yard.

The Dunbar place, now owned by Mrs. Harriet Hopkins, was occupied in 1848 by one McCartney, who enlarged the office for a grocery store and liquor saloon. The town at this time was tremendously excited over the temperance campaign, and the influence of this saloon was considered particularly bad. The wholesale liquor dealers of Hartford sympathized with their patrons and urged them on to deeds of violence. It was then no uncommon sight to see drunken men reeling on the streets, and women who ventured from home after dark, without protection, were subject to insult. One officer, who had attempted to do his duty, found his cow poisoned, and another good citizen after attending an evening meeting discovered that his harness had been cut into small pieces. Acts of villainy far exceeding these will be described later.

The addition built by McCartney was moved onto Willard street by John Graham, who used it as a wood-turning shop, operated by a wheel in the cellar run by horse power. Later it was made into a dwelling house and is still used as a residence.



THE OLD WORTHINGTON ACADEMY IN 1916
(Built in 1883)

Squire Dunbar's office, after his death in 1841, was put to various uses, before it was taken for McCartney's barroom. Colonel Bulkeley made it his office when he was town clerk, and the Millerites held their meetings there while they were preparing to ascend the skies. At last it was moved and attached to the rear of Mrs. Hopkins' house, where it still remains.

A new generation having arisen since the first academy was abandoned, a second joint stock company was formed under the name of "The Worthington Academical Company." The first annual meeting of the company was called at six o'clock, February 7, 1831, at "Woodbridge's Hotell," and officers were appointed as follows:

Daniel Dunbar, Esq., president.

Josiah Edwards, secretary.

Horatio Gridley, treasurer.

DIRECTORS.

Elishama Brandege, jr., Daniel Dunbar, Horatio Gridley, Josiah Edwards, Allen Beckley, William Savage, Joseph Booth, jr., James Guernsey, Reuben North.

Their constitution read in part as follows:

Art. 7th. When the sum of 700 dollars shall be raised, the Directors are authorized to purchase of Mrs. Almira Barnes & her children a convenient plot of ground, on the corner of their lot, a little south of the dwelling House of Jacob Booth, and forthwith to erect a Building thereon for an Academy, the lower room to be occupied for an academy school & the Upper Room for Religious Conferences, Lectures & Singing schools & for Public Exhibitions of the Academy, also for Society meetings, school society meetings, & a Library room when necessary.

Art. 8th. And provided the Presbyterian Church in Worthington will subscribe the sum of 125 dollars to be applied toward finishing the Upper Room, arching it and finishing the stairways, said room shall be subject to their use and control so long as they continue to keep it in repair.

The land was purchased from the widow of Blakeslee Barnes for \$250.00. Three hundred and eleven shares of stock were taken by residents of the town at \$5.00 per share, and the work of building was started at once.

In 1835, the school had become so popular that to accommodate its pupils, numbering between one and two hundred, the entire building was required, and the Academy Company bought out the rights of the Ecclesiastical Society, who built a chapel directly across the street. This chapel, a one-story unpainted building, was also used for singing schools and lectures.

Next south of the chapel was a fine old colonial house, known as the Joseph Galpin place. It was noted for the beauty of its front entrance, with a double door, the frame ornamented by carvings.

In 1856, the Rev. Asahel C. Washburn, who came here from Suffield, tore down the Galpin house to make room for his modern home. At the same time he bought the chapel with the land on which it stood and moved the building back and attached it to his barns.

In the rear of his barns, Mr. Washburn ran a steam grist-mill and a large sign over the street entrance announced the business carried on. The place was sold to Deacon Increase Clapp, who moved to California in 1876. Shortly before this time the house, while occupied by a tenant, was burned.

The large house next south of the Joseph Galpin place, which is now owned by Marcus E. Jacobs, was built by Blakeslee Barnes, who carried on business as a tinner in a shop situated in his yard. Mr. Barnes died in 1823 and after some years Captain Norman Peck purchased the property. The shop was moved down onto the triangle made by the division of the roads on the way to the station from Berlin street, and was called Captain Peck's farmhouse. About this time Captain Peck was in need of a man to work on his place. He went to New York and returned with an Irishman—the only one



THE SECOND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF BERLIN
(The clock was presented to the church by Catherine M. North in memory of her father)

employed at that time in Berlin. Mrs. Emily Galpin Bacon, now eighty-eight years old, born in the house opposite the academy, remembers that when she was a child she used to see a Patrick McGuire at work on that same Captain Peck place when it was occupied by the Barnes family. Patrick had a daughter, who grew up to be a stylish young woman. She had a talent for drawing, which she taught in classes in Hartford.

Deacon Alfred North remembered when there was only one Irishman in the whole town and he lived in New Britain.

One day a son of Erin, who had taken up his abode in Berlin, presented himself before the registrars to be made a voter. In order to show that he could read, he carried his prayerbook and, as he was reading along glibly, the town clerk, whose suspicion was aroused, stepped back of him and saw that the book was upside down.

Hiram Mygatt, who was an ornamental carriage painter, married Anna Booth, daughter of Joseph Booth. They lived in a large, pleasant house directly opposite the new Congregational church. Mr. Mygatt had a shop at the back of the premises where tin was japanned and baked. When Mr. Mygatt died, in 1831, James Guernsey came to this place from the north end of the village. The harness shop built by Mr. Guernsey in the old academy yard was quite a traveler. It was moved west of the hotel, then to the northeast corner of the yard where the new Congregational church now stands, then across south of the Mygatt house, where it was used by Mr. Guernsey for the making and repair of harnesses and saddles until he gave up business when it was taken down to Hart street and made into a dwelling house. Finally, one Fourth of July, some boys celebrating set it on fire and it was destroyed.

Helen Guernsey had a shop in her father's house for millinery and dressmaking.

James Guernsey, Jr., the only son of Mr. Guernsey, went to California with a number of his acquaintances, in search of gold, and there went through the experience common to those days. When the time came for him to return, instead of going around the Horn, he crossed the Isthmus, in the sum-

mer of 1852, caught the Panama fever, and died in one week after reaching home. The event caused much excitement in the neighborhood and one man ran through the street crying at the top of his voice, "James Guernsey is dead, James Guernsey is dead." He was heard plainly as far as Colonel Bulkeley's.

Following Mr. Guernsey, the place was occupied a number of years by Norman Porter, Jr., who, in 1863, moved to San José, Cal.; then by the family of Ansel Talcott, and lastly by S. C. Twitchell. One night, in the fall of 1876, the house caught fire from a defective flue and was burned to the ground with most of its contents.

The two houses standing next south of the new academy were built by Elishama Brandegee, the father of Dr. Elishama Brandegee. The one nearest the academy, long the home of Dr. Brandegee and his family, was designed for the teacher and was occupied by Ariel Parish. The other, now the parsonage of the Second Congregational Church, strange to relate, was built to be used as a parsonage by the Rev. James McDonald, who was settled here 1835-1837.

The name and reputation of Dr. Brandegee, the trusted and beloved physician of nearly every family in town, is too well known to need any extended notice.

The place next north of the new Congregational church was owned by Capt. Nathaniel Cornwell, who carried on business as a tailor, in a shop attached to the south side of his house. The property was purchased by the Rev. Joseph Whittlesey, pastor of the Second Congregational Church, 1838-1841, who, after resigning his charge conducted a school in his home.

Close to the street, on the lot where the church now stands, was the home of Deacon Daniel Galpin, and over by the south fence was the shop where he made wooden pumps and ox-yokes. His daughters, Hetty and Mary, to whose memory Mrs. Dodd has paid graceful tribute, had a school in the north front chamber of the house. Deacon Galpin was a Revolutionary soldier and he had also the honor of being the first red-hot abolitionist in the town of Berlin. He died in 1844, aged eighty-eight. In 1850, this Galpin place was taken as the site



ELISHAMA BRANDEGEE, M. D.
(From a painting by Robert Bolling Brandegee)



of the new church and the old house was moved by John L. Dowd, around south of the residence of the late W. A. Riley. It is now owned by Mrs. William Pierce. If you care to see Deacon Galpin's front door step, go down the walk south of the church to the eastern entrance, leading to the basement.

Phineas Squires, the maternal grandfather of William A. Riley, was a man of wealth and prominence. He built or remodeled the house next south of Daniel Galpin's, now owned by Miss Julia Hovey.

The property was purchased by the Rev. Samuel Goodrich, who was the third pastor of the Second Congregational Church, 1811-1833. He was the father of a distinguished family.

His son, the Rev. Charles A. Goodrich, was the author of a History of the United States that was used many years as a text book in the schools of the country.

Another son, Samuel G. Goodrich, known as "Peter Parley," edited a magazine and wrote many tales for young people.

He also wrote a "Child's History of the Western Hemisphere" which, with its pictures, was a delight to the children in our schools fifty years ago.

Mr. Goodrich was ably assisted in his work by Hawthorne.

A daughter, Mrs. Abigail Goodrich Whittlesey, edited "The Mothers' Magazine," so highly prized by the families of her generation.

The Rev. Charles A. Goodrich, who was a public-spirited citizen, continued to live on his father's place until 1847, when he removed to Hartford, where he died in 1862. Mr. Goodrich had a comfortable study in his south yard where he could be quiet while working on his books. That building is now attached to the rear of Mrs. William A. Riley's house.

The Rev. Samuel Goodrich, who found the Worthington church in a very low condition, was deeply loved and revered by his people. The children thought, as one who remembers him expressed it, that he was a "Jesus Christ man" and that he came straight from God. When this lady was an infant she was very ill, and Mr. Goodrich was called to pray for her. She recovered, and as he watched the child growing up to

womanhood, he would lay his hand on her head and say, "Spared monument."

The attractive colonial house situated opposite the Goodrich place was built by Priest Nathan Fenn, who was the first minister settled over Worthington parish. He was ordained 1780 and died 1799. The inscription on his tombstone reads as follows:

In his pastoral office he was faithful; in the duties of piety constant; in every relation kind and affectionate; and to all men hospitable and benevolent.

Jesse Eddy, who succeeded Mr. Fenn as owner of the property, had a large tin shop that stretched across the south yard, where many men were employed.

This shop was burned and rebuilt. Mr. Eddy was assisted in his business by his sons, George and Frederic.

One Sunday, a warm day in summer, George went with a companion to East Berlin and went in bathing at the factory pond. The water was unusually high, after a heavy rain, and George was drawn by an undercurrent over the dam and was drowned. Fifty men turned out to search for his body but it was not until after the water subsided that it was found caught in a tree.

Mr. James B. Carpenter purchased the Eddy shop and moved it down west of Deacon North's store, where it forms the residence part of Mr. Damon's place.

Nathaniel James married the daughter of Jesse Eddy, and, after that, the family used the house as a summer residence only, while their winters were spent in New York City.

Afterwards, the Rev. Seth Bliss owned the property for several years. It is now the residence of Charles S. Webster.

The house next south of the Eddy place was once the home of Dr. Austin, and in 1823 the noted singing teacher, Elam Ives, with his wife, boarded with the family. Timothy Butler, who lived in the next house, was a great hunter and a lover of dogs.

One Sunday, about 1847, he, with Peleg Chapman, went over on the West Mountain in search of a fox. Mr. Butler's dog had

run the animal to his den under a large rock, and was digging the earth away with all his might, when Chapman crawled under to help him. Suddenly he cried out, "Call off your dog, Tim, the rock is falling." It was too late for dog or man, and Chapman was crushed to death. Word was brought to the village at noon and every able-bodied man and boy rode or walked to Kensington to help lift the rock. The women and children who made up the audience in the old church that afternoon never forgot the solemn sermon preached by Mr. Woodworth.

The Universalist church that formerly stood on the site now occupied by the hall of the Order of United Mechanics was a well proportioned building, with long windows and a cupola, similar to that on the Academy.

It was built in 1831, and when the society disbanded, it was purchased by the Methodists, who in turn disbanded and sold the building to the Mechanics.

The house just south of this property was the home, until 1848, of Dr. Sylvester Bulkeley, the father of Mrs. John Brandegee.

Afterwards, the place was occupied by Mrs. Justus Bulkeley, "Aunt Ruth" as she was generally called, and her family of bright, pleasant daughters.

Francis Chambers, Esq., assistant clerk for many years of the Supreme Court of Hartford county, had an office here, and took for his wife, Mrs. Bulkeley's daughter Mary.

Back of the Bulkeley house was a famous mulberry grove.

Adjoining the Bulkeley place were extensive sheds and barns used by John H. Webber, Jr., as a livery stable, and as a starting place for stage and 'bus for Berlin depot.

At noon of Easter Sunday, 1896, a dense cloud of smoke was seen rolling up the lane way north of the Universalist church. A barn at the rear owned by Mr. Riley had been set on fire—it was supposed by boys smoking cigarettes.

The church bell rang frantically. Everybody seized a water pail and rushed to the scene, but the flames only laughed at their feeble efforts and ran on to devour, not only all the buildings at the Bulkeley place and the Warrens' barn, but the

good church edifice, and the whole village seemed doomed to destruction, when an engine driven at breakneck speed arrived from New Britain.

Across the street from the Universalist church was the original Riley homestead, occupied by Roger Riley, Esq., who, after acting as Justice of the Peace for many years, was in 1798 elected town clerk. With the exception of one year, he held the office until 1816. He was universally respected and was the man of his time to whom everybody went for advice. He was a saddler by trade, making use of the West Indies as his market.

His shop was north of his house and the leather for his saddles was tanned in a vat at the rear of the Universalist church.

His dwelling house, which stood within about three feet of the sidewalk, was also a hotel with a ballroom. The barns and sheds were on the east side of the street. It is said that General Washington stopped at this place and patted the heads of his twin boys, Moses and Aaron. Moses was the father of the late William A. Riley.

The shop was afterwards used by a milliner, and as a shoe-maker's shop by Joseph Savage.

The Rileys owned large tracts of land on both sides of the road, and their front yard extended south nearly to the corner. There is a well near the corner, which was used in connection with a cider mill in operation at that point. The well of the old Riley house is in the cellar of the house now owned by Mrs. William Pierce.

According to the grand list of 1790, Roger Riley was then the wealthiest man in Worthington parish; his taxable property was rated at \$425.44. Roger Riley, Esq., was a superior penman, and it is a pleasure to-day, after the test of a hundred years, to read the Town records, written in his firm, round hand.

Mr. Riley died in 1822, at the age of eighty-five, forty-six years after the Declaration of Independence, when he showed his patriotism by enlisting in the War of the Revolution.

Miss Abby Pattison remembered seeing him, in his last years as he stood in his front door way, "A little old man."

After the death of Squire Riley, the premises were rented, until the house became so rickety that no families except those

objectionable to the neighbors, would live in it. Finally, at a time when it was vacant, the boys of the village decided to take its destiny into their own hands. Night after night they assembled, with axes and saws, and worked away inside at the timbers, until all were severed from the foundation.

One of their number, now a law-abiding and highly respected citizen of the town, stood sentinel outside, to give alarm by a whistle, whenever he heard footsteps approaching.

When all was in readiness, ropes were attached, and with a long pull, and a strong pull, the old house, whose walls might have told many an interesting tale of colonial days, was laid a wreck on the ground.

On the corner, south of the Riley property, Frederic Hinsdale put up a large building, which he used as a bookstore and a bookbindery. A Bible bought at this place in 1824, by Alfred North, then a lad, is still among the attic treasures of his family.

Mr. Hinsdale died in 1831, at the age of thirty-six. He left an interesting family of children, whose names were, Frederic, Hezekiah, Sarah, Susan, and Julia. They lived in the brick house now owned by Leon LeClair. Jesse Hart, before assuming the position of landlord, at "Boston Corners," in 1813, lived at this place, and here conducted his business as cabinet maker. He made coffins for \$2.50 each, as shown by the old town records.

At the store, after Mr. Hinsdale, came William and George Loveland, who carried a stock of general merchandise. The Loveland brothers were succeeded by Cowles & Durand, who afterwards went to Kensington, and kept a store near the old depot, where they failed in 1846.

At the corner here, Cowles & Durand were followed by Isaac Dobson, who made tin ware. Mr. Dobson also lived in the brick house and, like Mr. Hinsdale, died young—1847, age forty-three. He had two sons and four pretty daughters: Francis, Joseph, Sarah, Julia, Caroline, and Minerva.

Consumption made sad havoc among the young people of those days. Among its victims were all the children of Frederick Hinsdale, except Sarah, who was the wife of Jacob

Brandegee, and all the Dobsons but Francis, who, at last accounts, was living in Boston.

In 1848 John Graham took possession of the property on the corner, and carried on an extensive business, making carriages and wagons. At the time of his death, in 1855, Mr. Graham employed thirty men, and was turning off wagons at the rate of one a day. They were drawn in long strings to Middletown in summer, and to New Haven in winter, to be shipped south by water. Mr. Graham's account books show that some of his largest customers were the following: J. P. Stow & Co., Catawba, Ala.; G. Taylor & Brother, Kensington, N. C.; Robertson & Pettibone, Sparta, Ala.; Wood & Sage, Cross Roads, Jackson County, Miss.; J. Delooche, Macon, Ga.; Wymans & Damon, Augusta, Ga.; J. B. Jacques, North Carolina; also parties in Arkansas and Louisiana.

The running part of a wagon made by John Graham soon after he came to the village, is still in daily use by Albert Pollard, and the wheels, with not a rattling spoke, seem good for another fifty years.

Linus Cornwell succeeded Mr. Graham in the carriage-making business, and later, while occupied as a grocery, the building was burned.

Captain John "Hinsdil" lived near this corner and had a blacksmith shop in his dooryard. He died in 1793, aged eighty-six. His daughter, Lydia, was the mother of Mrs. Willard and Mrs. Phelps.

Near the crosswalk, at the parting of the ways, as Willard street joins Worthington street, may be seen a little triangle. At this point, under the gravel, is a large flat stone and below the stone is a well, a hundred feet deep. Sixty years ago, over this well was a wooden platform, about ten feet square. From the platform, to the water, extended a log of wood, through which a hole was bored to admit a plunger, which was worked by a wooden handle, six or eight feet in length.

This was a town pump, free to all, where the weary traveler could slake his thirst without trespassing on private property.

When this pump was in working order woe to the unlucky urchin who offended his playfellows. A sousing of his head brought him quickly to repentance.

(Additional notes supplementing the preceding paragraphs of this chapter, and contributed at a later date.)

The Captain Peck farmhouse was once painted blue, and was known as the "Blue house." The burying ground, west of the house, received the name of "Blue house cemetery," and the bridge over the stream, on the north side, was called "Blue house bridge."

I am unable to lay my hand on the statement at this time, but I have read, somewhere, that Priest Nathan Fenn was a chaplain in the Revolutionary War.

The name of the man who was crushed by the rock on West mountain was Lafayette Chapman. Peleg Chapman was his father. They lived in a little one-story house, in the south district, on the corner, southwest of William Luby's, now vacant, where the old country road turns west, on to the Kensington four-rod highway. Mr. Chapman had nineteen children. His son George was an obstinate "Chap" and was often whipped terribly by the teachers in the south school, but he did not appear to mind his punishment in the least.

The reference to the Universalist church reminded me of an incident connected with the raising of the building. It was on one Friday afternoon, when the Congregationalists had their preparatory lecture in the old meeting house. The frame of the new church was about ready to go up, when some one said, "Let's wait until the d——d blue skins come along," and so they waited. At the right moment they put forth a mighty effort, but not an inch would the timbers budge, until the "blue skins" were out of sight.

On the east side of the street, opposite the town pump, at what is known as the Albert Warren place, Asabel Hart, a

brother of Jesse Hart, had a tailor shop. He died in 1821, aged fifty-seven years. His son, Freedom Hart, inherited the homestead, and used the tailor shop for the manufacture of combs.

A man who once owned this property took offence at his neighbor, who lived in the Dr. Bulkeley house, and to spite him, he moved the shop from the south yard, around on the north side, close to the division line, so as to shut off all the sunlight from this neighbor.

When Mr. Hart gave up his business, the shop was changed into a tenement, and later was moved to the hill north of the Eben Woodruff house. Its site is now occupied by the Berlin Free Library.

Within the memory of the writer, the children of the village were allowed to romp in Mr. Warren's attic, where were stored quantities of old bone combs, made by Freedom Hart, like those that encircled the heads of our grandmothers, and towered high above their hair.

Sixty years ago there was a little shop south of the Freedom Hart house, where the Loveland brothers made foot-stoves—an industry that has now passed out of existence.

The little iron pan, within its frame of tin and wood, was filled with hard walnut coals, and covered with ashes, which held their heat a long time, and the stove was a great comfort on Sunday, as passed along, from one to another, in the pews of the fireless meeting-house.

From the time as far back as the memory of the oldest living person goes, a prosperous store has been conducted at the stand south of the Freedom Hart place, which for many years has borne the sign of Henry N. Galpin.

Names obtained of those who have been at the head of the business here are as follows: Orrin Beckley, about 1810; Samuel Porter (died 1838, aged eighty-eight); Horace Steele & Dr. David Carpenter; Plumb & Deming, 1835; Benjamin Wilcox; S. C. Wilcox; Galpin & Loveland; Henry N. Galpin; Strickland Bros., and lastly E. E. Honjss. This store formerly carried a line of everything that the community might need,

including drugs. Physicians' prescriptions were compounded here until, by mutual agreement, H. N. Galpin surrendered his drug department to Alfred North, who, in exchange, gave up the sale of his drygoods to Mr. Galpin.

It is worthy of note that in all the years that Mr. Galpin and Deacon North were fellow merchants, there was never the least rivalry or unpleasant feeling between them.

Mr. Galpin was a public-spirited citizen, ready at all times to respond liberally to every good cause. He was also a man of sterling integrity, as one, who knew him well, said, she would not fear to trust him with the last cent she owned.

In the store long known as that of Henry N. Galpin, Samuel C. Wilcox, who preceded Mr. Galpin, conducted business, in connection with a store in Wilmington, N. C., and goods were peddled through the south by teams. Communication between the two points was by sailing vessels, from New Haven to Wilmington.

The list, in succession, of Berlin's postmasters, so far as known, is as follows: Samuel Porter, died 1818; Jesse Hart, died 1827; Norris Wilcox, removed to New Haven; James M. Plumb, removed to New York; Edward Wilcox; Jacob S. Brandegee; Edward Wilcox; Henry N. Galpin; Sherlock C. Hall; Walter D. Atwater; Henry N. Galpin; Henry L. Porter; Albert B. Goodrich; Seth D. Strickland; Henry L. Porter.

Samuel Porter, who heads the list, was one of the early occupants of the Galpin store, and, for the greater part of a hundred years, the post office was kept in this same place. Samuel C. Wilcox has said that, as a boy, it was his duty to wait for the eleven o'clock night stage, to receive and to transfer the mail bags. In order to be awake, he sat on the stoop, where he would be aroused by the toot of the horn, which was always blown as the stage rattled down the hill by the south cemetery. Later he took the bag in at his bedroom window.

At first, the mail was carried in a two-horse, homely, black, gypsy-like wagon. A quick exchange of horses was effected at the various posts, and no passengers were allowed to ride

with the mail. The mail express' was carried on horseback. Without stopping, the messenger would leap from his jaded horse to one freshly saddled, and was away, like the wind, to the next station.

Between New Haven and Hartford, the regular places for exchanging horses were Wallingford, Meriden, Berlin, and Newington.

The Hartford and New Haven railroad received its charter in 1835, and in 1838 was completed from New Haven to Meriden. In 1839, trains were running to Hartford. In 1844, the road had been extended to Springfield, but it was not until 1848 that it was possible for Berlin people to go to New York by railroad. As late as 1842, daily mail stages passed through Worthington street on their way between Hartford and New Haven. And then the glory of the old tavern, which it had enjoyed for nearly seventy years, departed.

J. B. Whaples was the first mail carrier from Berlin depot, after the railroad was completed. At ten o'clock at night he would deliver the mail bag to the postmaster, who slept with it until morning.

Thus far there has been no mention of a fire that occurred once on "Galpin corner." One day Mr. William Bulkeley was at work with his horse, on the ledge, when looking toward the village, he saw a little blaze coming out from the back of Mr. Galpin's barn. He quickly unhitched his horse, mounted its back, and started full tilt for the street, yelling "Fire."

When he reached the store he jumped into another man's wagon, and drove down to the hotel for some ancient fire hooks that were then kept there under the horse shed. Mr. Galpin's barn was connected with the store by a long open building.

The hooks were attached to this building, in order to tear it away, but the ropes were so tender with age, that they broke, and the hooks were useless. The flames spread until the store was destroyed, and the ell of the house, then occupied by Samuel C. Wilcox, caught fire. The men, in their determination to save as much as possible, tore off the doors of the house, took out all the windows, removed the stairway balustrade,

pulled out the posts of the veranda, and even tried to tear away the mantels.

Of course, the dwelling was not habitable in that condition, and arrangements were made for the family to go at once to the Major Curtis house, which stood on what is now the front lawn of Major Frank L. Wilcox, and was occupied then by Noah C. Smith and his family.

Mrs. Samuel C. Wilcox was a very nice housekeeper and was very sensitive, withal. She was deeply mortified, as she went out on the street, and discovered her furniture, the contents of her closets, the family wearing apparel, and all the rest of her belongings, strewn from the starting place along the banks the entire distance to the Curtis house.

It is difficult, at this late day, to get dates, but a witness of this fire remembers that it was in the fall after Fort Sumter was fired upon.

Mr. Galpin replaced the old frame store building by one of brick, which was extended a few feet north of the old line.

The property opposite Galpin's store, now the home of the Misses Julia, Sarah, and Hattie Roys, daughters of the late Franklin Roys, was long known as the Elijah Loveland place. The house was once used by Mr. Loveland as a hotel. According to George H. Sage, whose history of the "Inns of Berlin" was published in the *Berlin News* of May 30, 1895, Mr. Loveland received his taverner's license in 1797, and discontinued the business in 1812. There was a large addition on the north side of the house, with a ballroom on the second floor, which was often a scene of festivity.

When Priest Goodrich was here, there was a revival in his church. It was before the chapel was built, and the extra meetings were held in Loveland's ballroom. One cold night, when the place was crowded, the air became so close that suddenly every tallow candle went out, and all was in darkness. Mr. Goodrich, who feared that the people would attempt to

go down the stairs and be injured, said in a commanding voice: "Keep still!" "Everybody keep still!" The people obeyed him and remained quietly in their seats until fresh air was admitted and the candles were again lighted.

Elijah Loveland died in 1826, at the age of eighty-one. His son George, who inherited the homestead, had five sons and three daughters: William, George, Elijah, John, Henry, Sarah, Lois, and Maria. Henry, who remained at home, remodeled the old house and tore down the north part, that in later days had been used as a tenement.

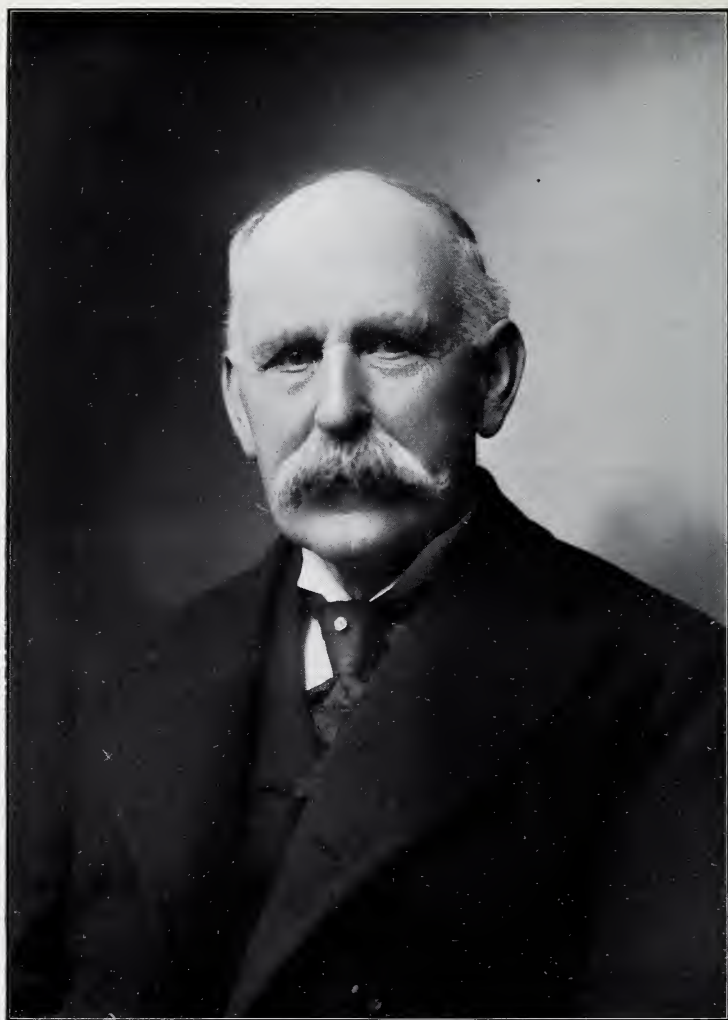
Mrs. C. B. Root, a tailoress, had for a time a shop in the lower rooms. The ballroom was used in the fifties by the Misses Pease and Stone, as a millinery and dressmaking establishment.

The bar of the tavern was in the south front room and the money was kept in a corner cupboard in the next room back. When this cupboard was removed, Mr. Loveland found beneath it handfuls of sixpences and ninepences, that had slipped through the cracks.

East from Mr. Galpin's, halfway down the hill, on the north side, was once a building, used for private schools, for religious meetings by the Methodists, and by the Universalists, and for other purposes.

At the foot of the hill, on the south side, on the spot where Mr. Shumway's greenhouse now stands, the Booths had a tannery, during the first half of the last century. There were eight or ten vats inside and outside the building. Water was conducted into the vats from a spring in the lot now owned by Mr. Gwatkins. The tan bark was ground by horse power. The boys used to think it great fun to sit over the big wheel and drive the horse, to keep him going. Cowhides and calfskins were tanned in the vats, to be made into boots and shoes. Men's jackets and breeches were also made from the leather. The inventory of Daniel Wilcox of East Berlin, who died in 1789, has in the list, "Best leather breeches," "Second best leather breeches."

Mr. Bulkeley remembers seeing cowhides strung on the fences, both sides of the road, from his father's, all the way to the



William Ingham

footbridge over the stream, in the valley below. The Booths also did considerable business in wool pulling. Mr. Booth would go to the surrounding places where sheep were killed, and bring home the pelts, by the wagon load. The skins were placed in vats with lime until the wool was loosened. Then they were spread on slanting boards and stripped by hand. The skins were packed still wet into hogsheads and sent away to be used for book covers and bindings.

In hot weather the school children who had to pass the tannery used to hold their noses, and the young men who worked on the skins had to use a great deal of perfumery in order to make themselves agreeable to the girls whom they visited at evening.

The wool was spread on large platforms to dry in the lot opposite the tannery.

In later years, Almeron Bacon used the old tannery building for a marble- and granite-cutting yard. Mr. Bacon did off a part of the building for a tenement. In the lot southeast of the tannery was a distillery.

The barn in the field across the way, that was burned in the fire of 1895, was built of timbers from the old Roger Riley house, and was used as a slaughter, conducted by Robert McCrum and George Patterson.

Going east from the tannery, on the crest of the hill, at the left hand, stands a factory bearing the name of "Justus and William Bulkeley," who in 1823 started here in the business of making tinnern's tools. Horse power was used at first and ten men were employed. The tools were forged in this shop, and then were taken to what is known as Risley's saw mill, to be ground and polished.

Justus Bulkeley, who lived in the house east of the shop, died in 1844. His brother William continued the business and, in 1850, put an engine into the factory.

Colonel Bulkeley purchased his place in 1823 of Blakeslee Barnes, or of his estate. At that time the shop, and the house which is a part of that now occupied by the Rev. E. E. Nourse, stood on the south side of the road, between the Bulkeley house and barn, and had been used by Mr. Barnes for the manufacture of tinware. Mr. Bulkeley was a genial man, full of fun, and

a good neighbor—one of the kind who would go out of his way to do a favor. In his day, whenever there was an auction in town, Colonel Bulkeley was called upon to conduct the sale. By his ready wit he made much fun for the people, as he led up to the final "Going, going, gone."

The Sixth Connecticut Regiment was organized in 1739. Mr. Bulkeley was colonel of that regiment, 1834-1836, and thus received his title. Colonel Bulkeley died in 1878, aged eighty-one.

The Justus Bulkeley place was bought by Deacon Joseph Savage, who died there in 1857, aged sixty-three.

Deacon Savage was remembered for his pleasant disposition, and for his sweet tenor voice, with which he led the singing in the evening meetings. He used to start the tunes by aid of a long pitch pipe, and later he would hum the scale up and down to get the right key.

The row of beautiful maple trees along the north side of the street in front of his property, was planted by Deacon Savage.

Mr. Noah Smith, who occupied the place in his later years, also planted many trees and vines on the premises.

The large trees in front of the Bulkeley house, and down the hills toward the village, were planted by Colonel Bulkeley.

At the beginning of the last century, when Elijah Loveland was keeping tavern, his next door neighbor, on the south, was John Dunham, a tinner, who carried on his business in a shop standing in his north yard.

The Dunham house was burned. It was said that in her fright at the time of the fire, Mrs. Dunham shut herself into a closet. Her daughter Maria, who seized a heavy table and carried it across the street, remained, in consequence, an invalid all her life. The house was rebuilt and later was owned by Timothy Boardman, a skillful tailor, who employed, as apprentices, a number of young men and women.

Mr. Boardman, who was an excellent citizen, removed to Middletown in 1856. His shop, which stood on the north side of his premises, close to the Loveland line, is now a part of the house of W. H. Shumway, the florist, situated at the foot

of the hill going toward Colonel Bulkeley's. In 1864 the Rev. Daniel Francis, who succeeded Mr. Boardman, sold the property to Mr. Josiah Robbins of Wethersfield, and it is still occupied by his daughter, Miss Frances C. Robbins.

"Jacob Brandigee," the progenitor of all the Brandegee family in Connecticut, was born at Nine Partners, N. Y. At the age of thirteen he came to Newington.

The Newington records state that "Jacob Brandigat" married October 11, 1753, Abigail Dunham. The family bible says he was twenty-two and Abigail sixteen when married. Jacob Brandegee owned the covenant at New Britain, July 27, 1755. He was a weaver by trade. He was also engaged in the West India trade and sent out vessels from Rocky Hill.

In 1762 he bought a tract of land at Christian Lane, in "Great Swamp," as all this section was called for twenty years after the first white settlers came. There was a house already on the land, and Mr. Brandegee set up a store, first near the home of the late Moses Gilbert, and afterwards opposite the Norman Porter house.

He died at sea, on his passage from Guadaloupe to Connecticut, March, 1765, aged thirty-six, as recorded on the tombstone erected to his memory in the South Cemetery in Worthington. We are told that a stone was erected to his memory in the Christian Lane burying ground, where some of his children were buried. All the Brandegee stones were afterward removed to the family yard in Berlin Street.

Jacob Brandegee's monument, now in the "Maple Cemetery," the name under which the south burying ground was incorporated April 3, 1903, was placed there in 1834, by his grandson Jacob. His son Jacob died at Cape Francois, January, 1786, aged twenty-one years.

Jacob Brandegee's widow, Abigail (Dunham), married, second, Rev. Edward Eells of Upper Houses, Middletown. She died January 25, 1825, at the age of eighty-six, and was buried in Cromwell, but her inscription was cut with that of her first husband on the monument in Maple Cemetery, Berlin.

Jacob Brandegee had at Rocky Hill a little negro boy from Guinea, whom he had picked up on one of his voyages. Quam, as he was called, became very homesick. He said he wanted to see his mother, and begged to go back to Guinea. The Rocky Hill boys laughed at him. There was a keg of powder in the attic of the house, and one day the boys told Quam that if he would go up and sit on that keg and strike fire, he would go to Guinea, and would see his mother. Soon afterward Quam was missed.

Mrs. Brandegee,—remember she was only a slip of a girl, just past sixteen—went up the attic stairs, and there sat the boy, as directed, in the act of striking a flint. Mrs. Brandegee ran for her life and escaped, but poor Quam!

The roof of the house was blown off, and the child's mangled body was found in the garden. It was buried there where it had fallen. When the Connecticut Valley railroad was built in 1871 it passed through this garden, and the workmen cast out, with their shovels, the skeleton of Quam.

Elishama Brandegee, Sr., the oldest of the six children of Jacob, was born in 1754. He married Widow Lucy (Plumb) Weston in 1778, and came over to Worthington Street, where he settled on the property known as the "Mulberry Orchard" south of the John Dunham place. He also acquired considerable land on the opposite side of the way.

The Middletown and Berlin turnpike road, which was opened in 1810, passed down the eastern hillside, south of the Galpin place, through land owned by the Brandegee family.

Elishama Brandegee was a Revolutionary soldier. Afterward he followed the calling of his father, and sailed the seas as a merchant. His business was chiefly with the West Indies. He managed his own vessels and was always known as "Captain Brandegee." He died in 1832. The house in which he lived, situated on the west side of the street near the south boundary of his premises, is barely recalled by our oldest residents. A tall evergreen tree, recently removed, stood in the front yard and was for many years a landmark.

Among the historical articles exhibited by Mrs. R. M. Griswold at the Berlin Fair of September, 1905, was a set of liquor bottles from the brig *Minerva*, which sailed from the river ports of Connecticut to Spain and the West Indies, previous to 1775.

During the time when our country was weakened from its struggle for freedom, French privateers captured many American vessels, one of which was the *Minerva*, owned in part by Capt. Elishama Brandegee.

The United States had been unable to keep all the agreements of its treaty with France, made in 1778, and the two nations settled their difficulties by making one grievance offset another.

Bills of indemnity, called "French Spoliation Claims," have been before our government for over a hundred years, but the heirs of Captain Brandegee have yet to receive their first penny on account of the loss of the good brig *Minerva*.

In the days when the generation now come to the front was filled with youth and enthusiasm, whenever funds were needed for an extra church expense, or for unusual charitable objects, a festival, with tableaux and charades, was in order. In 1871, a carpet that had borne the impress of the feet of many a saint in its time of service, on the floor of the Congregational church, since its dedication, was in tatters. The young people of the society volunteered to raise money for a new carpet, and gave a well-planned and popular entertainment in the old town hall, on the evenings of January 3 and 5, 1872. The gross receipts for the two evenings were \$384.

This seeming digression from our subject was suggested by the fact that at such times, while every attic in the village was ransacked (this was before the advent of rummage sales) for calashes, bell-crowned hats, swallow-tailed coats and all manner of old-fashioned garments, to be used in making up picturesque costumes for the occasion, the loan of a certain red silk gown was always desired.

This gown was a purely domestic production, the work of the hands of Mrs. Lucy Brandegee. She reared the silk-worms,

which she fed with leaves from the mulberry trees that surrounded her home. She spun and dyed the thread and wove the fabric, with the intention it was said of presenting the dress to Mrs. Martha Washington. Somehow it missed its destination and was worn by Mrs. Brandegee.

It is still in a good state of preservation, but is so highly valued that it would be presumptuous to attempt to borrow it to be used in the hasty scramble of dressing for a tableau or charade.

Emma Hart began her career as a teacher at the age of seventeen, in a schoolhouse which stood in that mulberry orchard, on the Brandegee place. It was in the year 1804.

In the History of New Britain, by Prof. D. N. Camp, is an account of Miss Hart's first day's experience with her pupils, given in her own words, as follows:

I began my work by trying to discover the several capacities and degrees of advancement of the children, so as to arrange them into classes; but they having been under my predecessor, accustomed to the greatest license, would, at their own option, go to the street door to look at a passing carriage, or stepping onto a bench in the rear, dash out of a window and take a lively turn in the mulberry grove. Talking did no good. Reasoning and pathetic appeals were unavailing.

At noon, I explained this first great perplexity of my teacher life to my friend, Mrs. Peck, who decidedly advised sound and summary chastisement.

"I cannot," I replied, "I never struck a child in my life."

"It is," she said, "the only way and you must."

I left her for the afternoon school with a heavy heart, still hoping I might find some way of avoiding what I could not deliberately resolve to do.

I found the school a scene of uproar and confusion which I vainly endeavored to quell. Just then Jesse Peck, my friend's little son, entered with a bundle of nice rods. As he laid them on the table before me, my courage rose, and in the temporary silence which ensued I laid down a few laws, the breaking of which would be followed with immediate chastisement.

For a few minutes the children were silent, but they had been used to threatening, and soon, a boy rose from his seat, and as he was stepping to the door, I took one of the sticks and gave him a

moderate flogging; then with a grip upon his arm which made him feel that I was in earnest, put him into his seat.

She then exhorted the children to be good, etc., but informed them that she must and would have their obedience.

But she says:

The children still lacked faith in my words, and I spent most of the afternoon in alternate whippings and exhortations, the former always increasing in intensity, until at last, the children submitted, and this was the last of corporal punishment in that school.

Elishama Brandegee, Sr., had three sons and two daughters: Jacob, John, Elishama, Lucy, and Sally Milnor. Lucy was the wife of Major Giles Curtis; Jacob settled in New York; John went to New London; Elishama remained on the homestead at Berlin; Sally Milnor died at the age of sixteen.

As a man, Elishama Brandegee, Jr., was upright, kind, genial, full of public spirit, and a leader in many important enterprises of his day. According to the family tradition, he planted, at the age of twelve, on his father's premises, the two rows of stately maples that still remains a monument of the work of his boyhood. After the Middletown turnpike road opened in 1810, he planted the trees on the south side of the way from the top of the hill down to the tannery.

In 1811 he married Emily Stocking of Middletown Upper Houses. The next year he built, on the north side of the old homestead, the fine large house, now owned by W. S. Brandegee. The exact time is not known when he built the great rambling store, once so famous, that occupied the corner opposite his dwelling, but it was in full swing in 1811, with Elishama Brandegee, Jr., as proprietor.

At this store was carried the largest stock of dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, drugs, etc., to be found between Hartford and New Haven. It was also the wholesale depot for dealers in surrounding towns. The people came here from Meriden and New Britain, and from all about, for miles away, to do their trading. Farmers' wives brought their butter and eggs to this store, where they could exchange them for

finery—butter at twelve cents a pound and eggs eight cents a dozen.

Twice a year Mr. Brandegee journeyed by stage to New York to replenish his stock. His business there was mostly done on Pearl Street. The merchandise came by water to Middletown, and was brought out to Berlin by teams of horses or oxen. The stock comprised many articles not to be found in country stores of this day. Labels on the drawers are recalled, as SILKS, SATINS, LACES, FINE SHAWLS, etc. In one drawer might be found dainty, colored kid slippers.

Our grandmothers loved gay attire. Mrs. Lucy Curtis used to speak of wearing a pink satin dress on a steamboat excursion down the Connecticut river.

It will give an idea of the part Mr. Brandegee bore in the interests of the town to say that when the new academy was built, he took two hundred of the three hundred and eleven shares subscribed at five dollars per share.

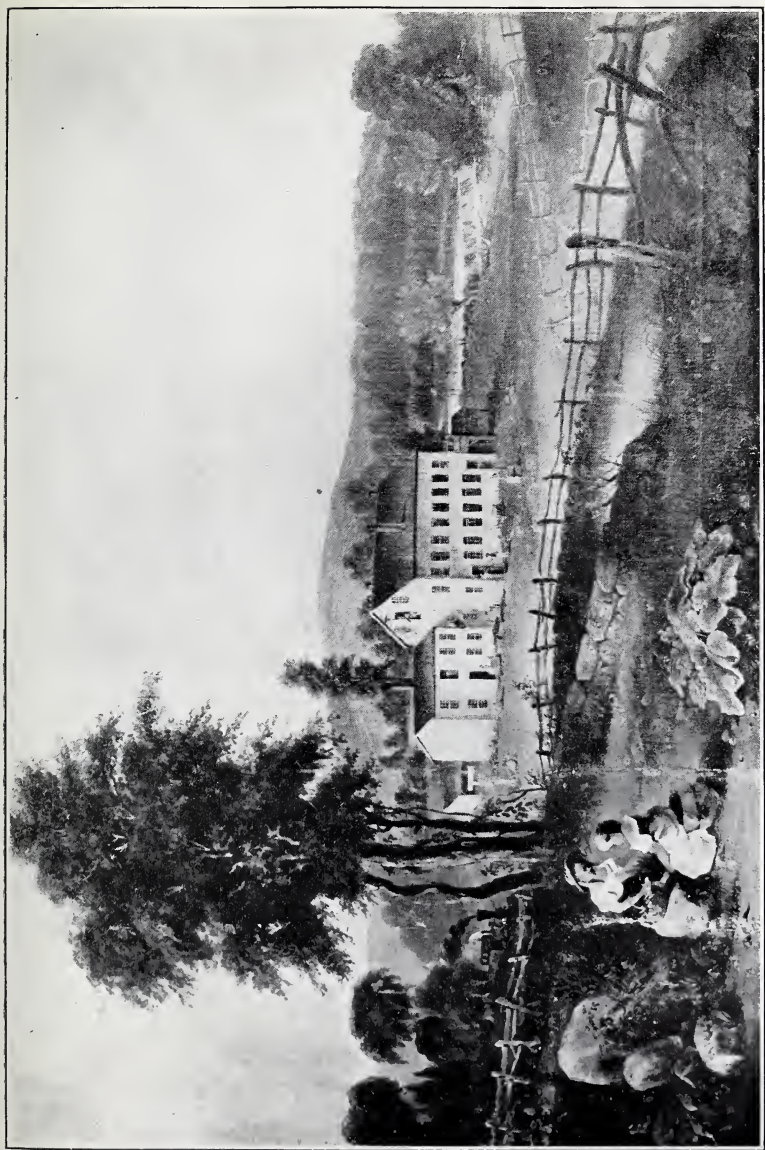
On April 9, 1854, Mr. Brandegee was one of a hundred and thirty persons propounded for admission to the Second Congregational Church. The next day he died quite suddenly, while sitting in his chair.

The children of Elishama Brandegee, Jr., were: Jacob, Dr. Elishama, Camillus, Marius, John, Henry, Sarah (Mrs. Barney), and Julia. John, who assisted his father in the store, kept up the business until 1856. Afterward, for a short time, Mr. Wilcox of Meriden used the building for the manufacture of hoop skirts and employed a large number of girls.

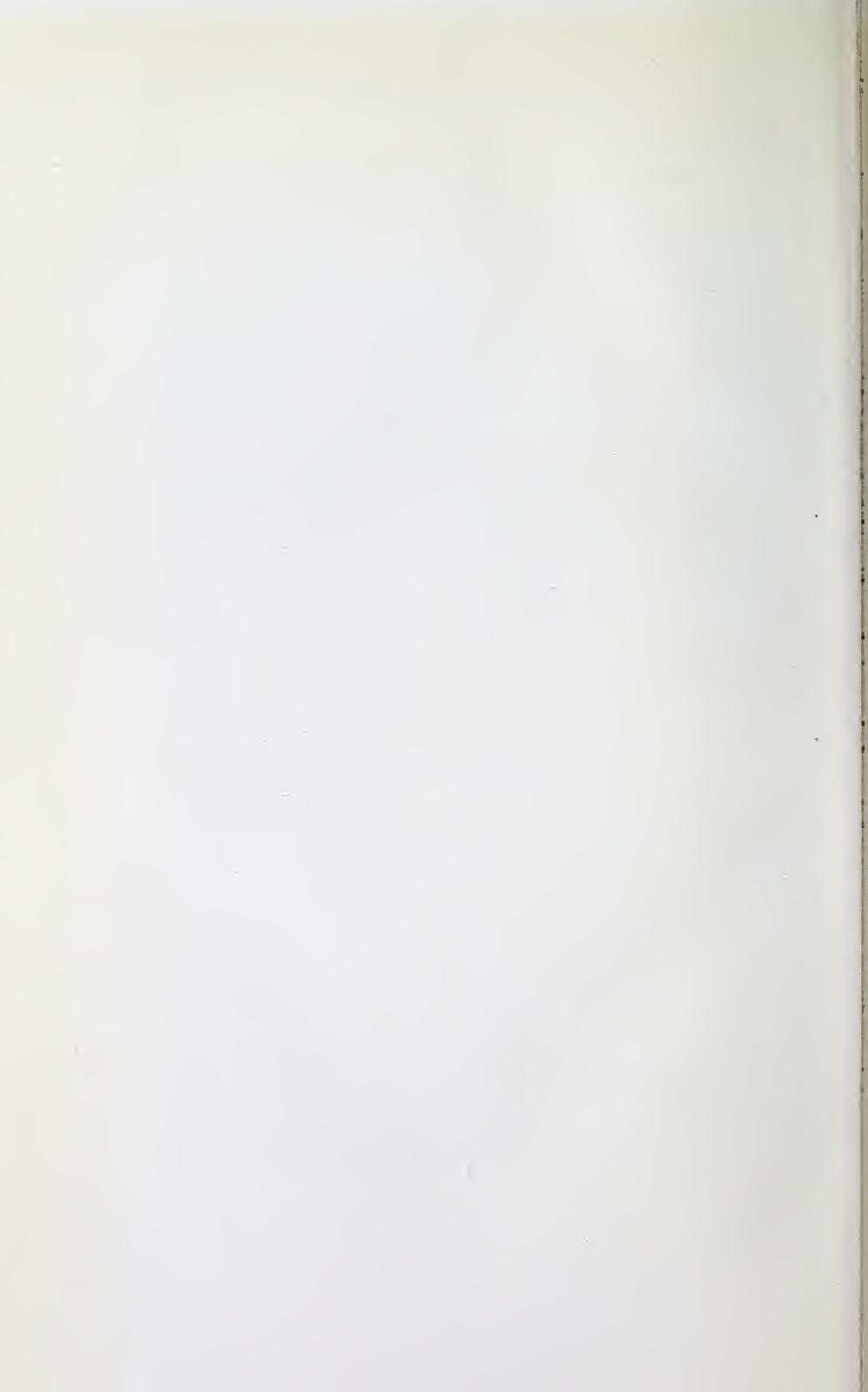
Then for a long while the old store lay idle and the boys and girls of the village played hide and seek in the bins that were formerly used to hold sugar and other commodities.

At last the huge old pile was torn down by William Sage. One small building, made from the lumber, stands opposite the house of C. M. Jarvis. It was once used by Mr. Sage as a stone cutter's shop. The door of that shop was one of the side front doors of the store.

James H. Bunce, the well-known and prosperous dry goods merchant of Middletown, began his mercantile career as clerk



THE BRANDEGEE THREAD FACTORY IN EAST BERLIN (LATER THE PROPERTY OF ROYS & WILCOX CO.)
(From a painting by Durant)



for John Brandegee, and there are persons now living in Berlin who recall his polite and accommodating ways.

At the close of the War of 1812, our country was burdened with a debt of a hundred million dollars, and business generally was paralyzed for want of money. The amounts attached to names in the following list, made in 1817, of the men who were at that time engaged in business in Berlin, will show one method taken to relieve the situation:

LIST OF ASSESSMENTS FOR 1817

MERCHANTS		SADDLER	
Elish Brandegee	\$ 80	James Guernsey	10
Pattison & Peck	80		
ATTORNEYS		HATTERS	
Daniel Dunbar	120	Joseph Booth	20
PHYSICIANS		CABINET MAKERS	
David Carpinter	40	Abijah Flagg	10
Wm M Hand	40		
TAVERNERS		BOOK BINDERS	
Amos Kirby	25	Elisha Cheney	\$40
Jesse Hart	30	Levi North	10
BLACKSMITHS		Jedediah North	20
Reuben North	40	John Lee	10
Andrew Norton	10	Lyman Latham	10
TINNERS		Elias Beckley	10
Benjamin Wilcox	25	Allen Beckley	10
John Dunham	60		
Samuel Pattison	30	SHOEMAKERS TANNERS	
John Hubbard	15	Zenas Richardson	10
WAGON MAKERS		Abijah Porter	10
Freman Howard	25	Seth Savage	10
Salmon Warner	10	Elijah Stanley	25
CARPENTERS		Elijah Smith	15
Urbane Kelsey	10	Horrace Steel	15
Asahel Kelsey	10		
JOINERS		TAILORS	
Ch'ncey Shipman	15	Nath'n'l Cornwel	10
MASONS		DISTILLERS	
Jabez Dickinson	15	Samuel Porter	10
Daniel Rice	15	Lyman Wilcox	25
		CARDING MACHINES	
		Jos R Wilcox	10
		Lyman Wilcox	10

GRIST MILLS			
Jos R Wilcox	45	Loren Percival	12
Lyman Wilcox	45	Blakeslee Barnes, (was a	
Phineas Squires	15	tinner, no amount at-	
Moses Riley	15	tached to his name.)	
Guernsey Bates	30		
CLOTHIERS		TINNERS	
Samuel Norton	12	Jesse Eddy	20

LIST OF CHAISES AND ASSESSMENTS

Adam Rittenhouse	\$15	David Webster	\$15
E & A Edwards	15	Seth Deming	15
Amos Hosford	20	Lardner Deming	15
Erastus Sage	30	Samuel Porter	20
Erastus Sage	15	Wid Hep Beckley	15
Edmond Boldero	30	Shubael Pattison	15
Horace Steel 2	20	Eleazur Roberts	15
" "	20	Reuben North	15
E Brandegee Jr	30	Ch'n'cy Shipman	15
Elisha Peck	30	Elisha Cheney	15
Roger Riley	20	Jacob Willcox	15
Freman Howard	20	Benjamin Willcox	20
" "	15	Samuel Willcox	15
Lyman Latham	15	Josiah Willcox	15
" "	15	Lyman Willcox	15
Daniel Galpin	20	Solomon Norton	15
David Carpinter	15	Samuel Whiteley	15
" "	15	Blakeslee Barnes	50
Joseph Both	15	John Dunham	40
Caleb Galpin	15	Daniel Dunbar	20
David Dickinson	40	Giles Curtise	20
Nath'l Dickinson	20		

At a meeting of the Listers of the Town of Berlin, convened at Jesse Hart's inn, 13th of Oct, 1817, voted that the persons above named be assessed the sums affixed their names

NOAH W STANLEY
LEVI WELLES, Jr
FRANCIS HART
ASHBEL HOOKER
WILLIAM STOCKING
JAMES GUERNSEY
REUBEN NORTH

In 1817 Horace Steele, Elishama Brandegee's next door neighbor on the south, was engaged in the business of book-binding. Afterwards he made bandboxes, which he carried to Hartford to sell to the milliners.

Mr. Steele's children were Eliza (mother of the Rev. Andrew T. Pratt, missionary in Turkey), Caroline (Mrs. Joseph Booth), Mary, Jane, Lucy Ann (Mrs. Lorenzo Lamb), and William.

Their home, a large colonial house set well back from the street, was, in its day, socially a center of attraction, filled as it was with bright, merry young people. The old house was torn down by William Steele and the house which he built on its site is now owned by Walter Gwatkin.

In 1801 the Rev. Evan Johns and Mr. Edmund Boldero, with their wives, who were sisters, came to America from England. The pulpit of the Second Congregational Church of Berlin had been without a settled minister since the death of Mr. Goodrich in 1799. Mr. Johns was called to be his successor and was installed June 9, 1802. He was a man of good ability, but he had a high temper, so poorly controlled that he and his people were kept in turmoil until, to the relief of both, he was dismissed February 13, 1811.

He chose as the text of his last sermon, the words "The Devil is the father of liars, and ye are the children of your father." He went on to say, "You are all liars, and the truth is not in you." One good brother, in righteous indignation, rose in his seat to go up and pitch Mr. Johns out of the pulpit, and was hardly restrained from his purpose. Mr. Johns desired to preach one more Sunday in order that he might finish what he had to say, but he was not allowed to enter the pulpit.

The two English families, Johns and Boldero, lived together, in the house lately owned by S. F. Raymond, situated next south of the Horace Steele place. Mr. Johns had one son, Thomas, who, for fear of contamination, was not allowed to go to school, or to play with other children. When Tommy was out in his yard, the little boys of the neighborhood would go

and peek at him through the pickets. Then Mrs. Johns would appear and say, "Tommy, come away. I do not wish you to speak to those children." It was said that as soon as Tommy came to his majority he plunged into all manner of dissipation and went speedily to "the bad."

The Bolderos remained after the dismissal of Mr. Johns until the death of Mr. Boldero in 1839. Then Mrs. Boldero boarded in the family of Charles A. Goodrich until her death in 1842.

The inscriptions on their tombstones in the East Berlin cemetery read as follows:

Edmund Boldero Esq. Youngest son of Rev. John Boldero, late rector of Ampton, Suffolk, England. Born Anno Domini 1767.

Emigrated to America 1801. Died at Berlin Aug. 3 1839 Æ 72.

Eutychia Ann Boldero, Relict of the late Edmund Boldero, Esq. and youngest daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Harmer, D.D. Born at Hattisfield, Suffolk, England, Sept. 25th, 1760. Died at Berlin March 27, 1842, Æ 81.

The Bolderos left some property in charge of Mr. Goodrich, who turned it into money, and sent it, by the hand of his son Samuel, over to England, where he delivered it into the hands of the heirs, two interesting old ladies, who lived, if remembered rightly, at Bury St. Edmunds.

There was a mystery about the Bolderos that was buried with them. Some said Mr. Boldero had offended the king and that he came to America to avoid arrest. They lived a secluded life and kept their house locked. Whenever anyone came there, a door would be opened a crack, or a chamber window might be raised, to inquire what the errand was. The children of that generation used to think it great fun on Thanksgiving day to dress up and go from house to house making calls. A party of them once stopped at the Bolderos and knocked at the door. Mrs. Boldero opened a window and asked what they wanted. They answered: "It is Thanksgiving day and we have come to call upon you." She replied: "Every day, with me, is Thanksgiving, and you'd better run right along."

When Mr. and Mrs. Boldero left England they supposed they were coming to a wilderness and they brought chest upon chest of clothing, all made up, sufficient to last a lifetime. Mrs. Boldero used to wear to church a pink silk petticoat and a blue silk long shawl. After the service they would wait until all the congregation had gone out, when Mrs. Boldero would say, "My dear, I think we may venture now." Then she would lift her skirt daintily, take her husband's arm, and step down the aisle. They always walked about the yard arm in arm. There were two or three young ladies in the village to whom Mrs. Boldero took a fancy and these favored few were occasionally invited to take a cup of tea with her. The Boldero house was afterward occupied by Sherlock C. Hall, who about 1852 was postmaster. The office was kept in the south front room of the dwelling.

In 1857 Deacon Edward Wilcox sold his property in East Berlin to Daniel M. Rogers and purchased the Boldero place, where he died in 1862. His wife, who was Harriet M. Dowd, died in 1865, and their daughter, Harriet Newell, died in 1893. Deacon Wilcox and his wife and daughter were all devoted to the interests of the church of which they were members, and were eminently useful there and in the community at large.

Deacon S. F. Raymond, who inherited the Wilcox place from his cousin Miss Harriet N. Wilcox, died January 19, 1905, greatly lamented by his many friends.

The name of Edward Wilcox brings to mind a work in which he was greatly interested. In 1857 a manual of the Second Congregational Church of Berlin was published, which represented many weeks of patient research and labor by the Rev. William DeLoss Love, Deacon Benjamin Savage, Deacon Edward Wilcox, and Deacon Alfred North. It is remembered that every meeting of that committee was opened by prayer..

The book contains, besides thirty-four pages of historical memoranda and other matter, a chronological index of every member of the church, from its organization in 1775 up to 1857. Dates of deaths and ages are given and at the end is an alphabetical index.

Mayor Giles Curtiss, who was a Revolutionary soldier, lived next south of the Bolderos. He died in 1842, aged eighty-nine.

The Curtiss house, which stood near the sidewalk, was very well built, with fine mouldings about the ceilings. The property was purchased by Samuel C. Wilcox about 1861, and when he built his new house back on the hill, the old house was taken down by Chauncey Griswold, removed to Meriden and set up again, on Britannia Street, where it is still in use as a tenement house.

On what is now the lawn of the Wilcox place, between the Curtiss house and the great button ball tree, there was once a grocery store kept by a Mr. Latimer.

The Methodist church, situated directly opposite Horace Steele's driveway, was built in 1830. At that time there was no building on that side of the way between it and the Brandegee store.

In 1871 the Methodist society bought the Universalist church and their own building was sold to Eben Woodruff, who moved it down on to his place north of the town hall, to be used as a tobacco barn. It is said that the church fell to pieces as the first load of tobacco crossed its threshold.

The house on the corner south of the Methodist church, now occupied by Bryan H. Atwater and his sister, Miss Mary Atwater, is one of the oldest in Berlin.

Some years since, when the house was repainted, the date 1769 was discovered on the brick work of the chimney, about half-way between the roof and the top of the chimney. It was built to be used as a tavern with a public hall and ballroom on the second floor.

Miss Abby Pattison used to say to her mother, Abigail Miller, attended a ball at Fuller's tavern in 1789. It was that same year when Washington, on his return by stage from Bunker Hill to New York, escorted, as recorded in his diary, by Major Jackson, Mr. Lear and six servants, "breakfasted at Worthington at the house of one Fuller."

Amos Kirby assumed the proprietorship of Fuller's tavern about the year 1814, and lived on the place until his death in

1846 at the age of seventy-one. During the latter part of his years he carried on the business of a butcher and peddled meat about the town.

A barn formerly stood close to the street north of the Kirby house. There was no fence in front of the house or barn. A roof extended from this barn over the street and underneath were scales for weighing hay. High up under the roof was a large wheel with a shaft that extended the width of the building. Two great ropes, with strong hooks at the end, were wound around the wheel and were connected to a small wheel with a crank and windlass in a room at one side, on the ground.

The carts then in use had but two wheels. They were drawn into the building, the ropes were let down, and the hooks were caught into the cart wheels. Then by turning the crank of the windlass the load was raised to the shaft at the top of the building. Two hooks from the scale balance were secured to the wheels, then the ropes were thrown off and by movable weights, like those used on steelyards, the load was weighed.

On the corner south of the Kirby house there was formerly a building used as a liquor saloon.

The following letter, written by Mr. Atwater and addressed to Mr. F. L. Wilcox, gives further information of interest concerning the ancient tavern:*

December 31st, 1904.

Hon. F. L. Wilcox:

DEAR SIR: In response to your request I have outlined below a few points concerning the Masonic chart which is in my house on Berlin street and which may be of interest to you at this time. The house, as you know, was built in 1769, and some twenty years ago upon removing the paper from the east room upstairs we discovered painted upon the plastering of the east side of the room the chart referred to. Although not a Mason myself I am told that this shows various degrees from the Lodge to the Commandery. Two brazen pillars surmounted by the arch and keystone of the chapter are conspicuous in the center, and from the keystone hangs, suspended by a ribbon, the letter G, while in the foreground are represented three persons clothed in royal robes, one under the center of the arch and

* See also *The Hartford Courant* for June 21, 1914.

one at each pillar. Surrounding the arch and columns are represented numerous Masonic symbols, the Templar star with its nine points and passion cross entwined with a serpent; cross, pens with three crowns representing three kings; the ark and dove, the Jewish tabernacle and many others. The wonder is that this chart should have been so completely lost to memory these last sixty or seventy years. Good authorities suppose it to have belonged to Harmony Lodge, No. 20, of New Britain, which formerly held their meetings there. This lodge was first located in Berlin under the name of Berlin Lodge, No. 20, and was organized in 1791, two years after the grand lodge of Connecticut was established. The house was a tavern and relay house of the Boston and New York line of stage coaches.

The room in which is now the chart spoken of was first a part of the dance room of the tavern, running across the house from east to west. It afterwards changed hands and was converted into the Masonic lodge room spoken of and the house with its surroundings was known for many years as the Kirby place, which bears an additional historic interest as it is mentioned in the diary of George Washington which diary is now in the possession of Mr. James F. Joy of Detroit, Michigan, and in which he writes under date of Tuesday, November 10th, 1789, as follows:

"Left Hartford about seven o'clock and took the middle road (instead of the one through Middletown which I went) breakfasted at Worthington, in the township of Berlin, at the house of one Fuller, bated at Smith's on the plain of Wallingford, thirteen from Fuller's which is the distance Fuller's is from Hartford and got into New Haven which is thirteen miles more, about half an hour before sundown. At this place I met Mr Geary in the stage from New York and he gave me the first certain account of the health of Mrs. Washington."

A gentleman of Hartford, prominent in the Order, states that from 1797 to 1800 the lodge had Dr. James G. Percival for master. He was the father of James G. Percival, Jr., the poet, linguist and geologist. A more complete description of the early history of Harmony Lodge was given by the late Hon. Robert J. Vance in his Centennial address, before that order in 1891 and which is shown on the records of the above lodge in New Britain. Trusting this information will be of interest to you, I remain

Yours truly,

BRYAN H. ATWATER.

When Amos Kirby was landlord of the Fuller tavern, he and his guests were within easy call of a physician. Dr. William M. Hand lived across the street, in the house now owned by Mrs. B. K. Field. He had an office in the south yard, near the well. This little office building was moved up north, onto the Levi Deming farm, and clever, old black Lindy, sister of Charles Stocker, lived in it for a time. Afterwards it was moved up to Twenty Rod, where it was burned.

A medical treatise, entitled, "The House Surgeon and Physician," published in 1818, was highly valued in our old families. It was always called "Dr. Hand's Book," although his name did not appear in it. A much-thumbed copy, formerly owned by Mr. Reuben North, shows that it was well studied. One day, Mrs. North had the misfortune, in yawning, to dislocate her jaw. She was unable to close her mouth or to speak a word, and she was two miles from a physician. She found in "Dr. Hand" the directions for treatment in case of "Dislocation of the Lower Jaw," which read as follows:

Set the patient on a low stool, so that an assistant may hold the head firm by pressing it against his breast. The operator is then to thrust his thumbs (being first secured by wrapping them in leather or linen cloth, so that they may not slip,) as far back into the patient's mouth as he can, while his fingers are applied to the jaw externally. After he has got firm hold of the jaw, he is to press it firmly downward and backwards, by which means the elapsd heads of the jaw may be easily pushed into the former sockets.

Mrs. North carried the book to her husband and pointed to the directions, which he followed and made a successful operation. A tribute to a discreet wife. Some wives would have been allowed to remain speechless—at least until a doctor could be called.

Dr. Hand was succeeded by Dr. Josiah M. Ward.

William Bulkeley remembers hearing that Dr. Hand, or Dr. Ward, he is not sure which,* was called down to Westfield to visit a sick person, who lived opposite the church. He found his patient so dangerously ill that he decided to remain

* It appears later that it must have been Dr. Ward.

all night. To pass away the time he went out and sat on the stone steps of the church, where he took a cold that caused his death.

Dr. Josiah M. Ward and Son.

One of the first names placed on the list prepared of those to be invited to Berlin's Old Home Day celebration, last September, was that of Alexander M. Ward, son of the faithful family physician, Josiah M. Ward.

Your correspondent* had the pleasure last week of a morning's visit with Mr. Ward, at his home in New Haven.

So far as known, Mr. Ward has the distinction of being the next oldest living person born in Berlin. He will celebrate his ninetieth birthday next year (1907), and the doctor tells him that he is good for a hundred.

Mr. Ward is in possession of all his faculties and in a race would distance most men twenty years his junior. He said I might tell you that, with the exception of a little rheumatism in one arm and shoulder, he had not felt a pain or an ache for thirteen years. He attributes the good time he is now having to an experience of his boyhood. He was sick and it was feared that he was going into consumption.

Captain Norman Peck, who was a brother of Mrs. Ward, used to carry cargoes of American goods to Scotland, and then on his return he would bring a load of Scotchmen over to this country. One day when he called to say "Good bye" to his sister, he saw young Alexander, as he lay in his mother's bed. The captain said: "Give me that boy and I will cure him. I will take him to Scotland and bring him home well."

The mother gave her consent, and asked what clothing she should provide—he had not a stitch of wool about him unless it might be a pair of trousers. His uncle said, "Do not get anything, I will see that he has an outfit when we reach New York." And so his mother wrapped a great camlet cloak with a cape about her child, and off he was carried in that rig.

* That is, Miss North.

The first night in New York the boy was put onto the ship, where sloops, filled with rocks, were coming alongside. The rocks were for ballast, and were thrown on deck. Alexander, just out of his mother's bed, was set to throwing them down into the hold. The next he knew they had weighed anchor, and were off for Charleston, where they were to take on a cargo of cotton. He said, "Where are my clothes?" "I declare," said the captain, "I forgot all about them. Well, we'll get some in Scotland." One of the seamen gave him a vest, that came well down over his body, and finally another gave him a woolen jumper, so that he was made fairly comfortable.

At Charleston, the vessel was laden to its fullest capacity with bales of cotton. One bale was left out in a certain spot to make a place where Alec and another boy could sleep, but there was not room for both there at the same time, unless they lay spoon fashion.

On the return voyage, as the vessel neared New York harbor, and the city was in full view, Alexander said to himself, "I have not done a single smart thing that I can tell the boys at home about. At that moment his eye caught sight of his country's flag floating from the royal mast. The very thing! Up aloft he climbed, shinned the flag pole, sat on the truck and folded his arms, the ship under full sail. He said, "It makes me shiver to-day to think of it."

Can you see the rugged sailor boy, who, a few days later, skipped up the bank, across the way from Kirby's tavern, clasped his arms around the neck of Mrs. Ward and called her "mother?" No camlet cloak for him now! He tipped the scales at a hundred and sixty-five. What life more noble, more self-sacrificing than that of a country doctor? He, his wife and his children hold a place in the hearts of the people, equaled only by that of a faithful minister and his family. It would be a pity should the names and good deeds of our Berlin physicians be forgotten.

In 1825, the spotted fever, which for several years was prevalent in New England, raged in Berlin so that it came to be called "the Berlin fever." One story was that the disease

was brought from the South, by one of the young men who had been there peddling goods. The day after his return he played a game of ball with the Berlin boys, and the next day he was dead of the fever. Others said it was caused by the clogging of Spruce Brook. At that time Mr. Josiah Wilcox, who for many years manufactured tanners' tools at North Greenwich, Conn., was an apprentice with J. & E. North at East Berlin. Shortly before his death, in 1883, he passed over Stoney Swamp road, on his way to East Berlin, and noticed that the meadows were overflowed. He said, "If your people do not clean out the bed of that stream, you will have sickness here," and then he went on to tell of that fearful typhus epidemic, which he said was caused by stagnant water on those flats.

Dr. Josiah M. Ward was then in his prime, and he had sixty cases of the typhoid on his hands. Day and night he rode and visited his patients until he was so exhausted that he would sleep anywhere, even on horseback. Parson Graves and his family in Westfield were all down with the fever, and it was while in attendance there that Dr. Ward fell asleep on the steps of the church opposite the house. He awoke in a chill—the precursor of the fever, from which in his worn condition he could not rally. He died August 25, 1823, at the age of forty-three. Mrs. Ward and three of their children took the fever. One morning the clock struck eight and the children did not come down to breakfast. Diadema, a half sister, went to the chamber and said, "It is late, you must get up." She lifted the little Samuel, four years old, and carried him down the stairs, in her arms. On the way he spat on the floor, and Diadema reproved him. The children were never allowed to do such a thing as that in the house.

In was the beginning of the sickness. In twenty-four hours the child was dead. Mary was sick two days and died. Laura's fever ran two or three weeks and she recovered. The mother was restored to health after a second attack of the disease.

During the epidemic many heads of families were stricken. Among the victims were Blakeslee Barnes, the first Mrs. Free-

dom Hart, and the wife of Colonel Richard Wilcox. The patients would call for "water, water!" but not a drop was allowed them.

William Bulkeley remembers hearing that the "Street" was strewed with tan bark in order to deaden the sound of the wagon wheels, and that the hearse was not put up in its place at all so steady was it in use.

Mr. Ward said that when his father knew that he could not live he called his wife to sit beside him and gave her directions about their business affairs.

It was not customary in the schools of Mrs. Ward's generation to teach arithmetic to the girls. Dr. Ward advised her to go to some good arithmetician and learn to keep accounts. Diadema Ward attended school in Hartford and taught there out on the hill. She learned to paint in oils, and had classes in painting.

In August, 1839, Louis Daguerre first made known the details of the process discovered by him of producing permanent pictures by the action of light on a sensitive surface. Morse, the American electrician, discoverer of the magnetic telegraph, was also an artist. While abroad he heard of Daguerre's invention, visited him, and learned the process, which on his return to New York, he imparted to a class of young men. Diadema Ward read accounts, in the New York papers, of the interest excited in the new, lovely, soft pictures. She wrote to her brother Alexander about it and said she thought the business might be a good one for him. He took her advice, went to New York, saw Mr. Morse, joined that class and was one of the first six in America who learned to take daguerrotypes. He ordered a machine, brought it to Berlin, set it up at home in the south chamber over the kitchen and practiced on his mother. She did not like to sit for him and would make up faces, but he still has a fine likeness of her, made at that time. William Sage made cases for the pictures.

Mr. Ward had an uncle, who lived in Newburg, N. Y. This uncle wrote to him that no one there had seen the new pictures, and if he would come there he would have all the business he

could attend to. Accordingly he went to Newburg where he was rushed with work. His plates, made in Waterbury, were heavy and not very sensitive. He spoiled so many that he had to sit up all night scouring and cleaning them. After a while he returned to Berlin and hired a room for a studio in the house north of the old church. He took one picture there for which he received five dollars.

For success, it was necessary to sit perfectly still for five minutes, at least it seemed five minutes, without as much as winking. The head was secured by an instrument resembling a pair of tongs, and children were scared almost to death when placed in the chair. Even their parents wore an expression so serious, so funereal as to seem ludicrous to this generation. Materials were costly and Mr. Ward found that his receipts were not sufficient to cover expenses. In 1844 he went to the West Indies. There in Barbadoes he sold his machine. He said he showed the purchaser how to use it, but never heard what success he had.

Mr. Ward had much interesting information to give relating to the days of his boyhood.

The wife of Landlord Kirby was an Atwood. She was well educated and was a violinist. She used to play for all the dances at her hotel.

Allen North, who lived on the Jarvis corner, used to come out every summer night, after his work was done, and sit on the bank and play his violin. The boy Alexander would go out to listen and he said he thought it was lovely music. Mrs. Ward sold the doctor's office for just what it cost to build an arbor over the well, that was in it.

The Bolderos made a friend of young Alexander and employed him to bring in wood, etc. Mr. Boldero always kept a supply of half cents on hand so that he might make exact change. Mr. Ward said he often cited Mrs. Boldero to the young ladies of his acquaintance, as an example of the proper way of lifting a dress skirt. He said when they had to cross a muddy street, they would catch up one side, and let the other side drag in the dirt. When Mrs. Boldero started for church

she laid one hand in her husband's arm; with the other she reached back to the center of her skirt and gave it a little twist; then she would lift it in such a way that it escaped the ground entirely. That was London style.

When Mr. Boldero died, a worthy neighbor, who had lived within a stone's throw nigh on to forty years, ventured to attend the funeral. Mrs. Boldero noticed her, and said, "Who is that woman?" When told, she said, "I do not know her; it annoys me to have her here."

Mr. Ward remembers the flourishing debating society formed in connection with Worthington Academy. He spoke especially of Edward Dunbar, born in Berlin, a son of Esquire Daniel Dunbar, who lived in the house now owned by Mrs. Hopkins. Edward Dunbar showed his intellect by his powerful arguments in the meetings of that debating club. He went to New York, where he became a bank note engraver, then he published a commercial paper, and was the originator of Bradstreet's Commercial Rating Agency.

In 1802, Abel Hollister, George Hubbard, Jesse Heart, and Leonard Sage were appointed a committee to "Sell the Brick School House and Land adjoining Belonging to ye old South west District, in Berlin, Worthington."

A deed, dated June 10, 1802, shows that the said committee, for the consideration of two hundred dollars, conveyed the property to Jonathan Sage. Roger Riley and Elisha Cheney witnessed the deed. This schoolhouse stood close on the corner, south of the Dr. Hand place, on property now owned by C. M. Jarvis. The building was fitted up for a tenement.

Miss Julia Brandegee remembers that once upon a time a woman lived there who had a daughter called "Crazy Lois," and that the children used to take a bee line from the south school to see "Crazy Lois," who would come to the door and scare and chase them.

Another well-remembered tenant was Trout Wright, who was a typical, old time, bloated drunkard, and his wife was

a good second, but she was industrious and earned a living by going out washing at fifty cents a day. She used to carry a bottle of "tea" in her bag, to keep up her strength. Trout gained his nickname in this way: He was fond of fishing, and one day when he had caught a fine trout, he was heard to say, "Trout, you are Captain Trout's trout now." He used to say that a pint of rum would go farther in his family than a dollar's worth of flour.

The couple were clever and peaceful when sober, but they quarrelled with each other when they were having sprees. He would get her down and beat her until he was tired. Then he would wait and say "Enough! 'nough! say 'nough and I'll stop!" If she refused to speak he would go on beating her again until she cried "Enough."

At these times the boys delighted to tease them by such tricks as throwing dead kittens in at the window. They would retaliate by throwing hot water at the boys, and Trout would rush out brandishing an axe, with threats to kill them. They were not at all afraid of him he was so weak and tottlish.

Poor Trout! At last he had delirium tremens. He was seen in the Brandegee orchard trying to run up the trees to escape the devil, who he said was after him. He went over to East Berlin to get away from his tormentor. It was a Sunday. He went into the factory of F. Roys and B. Savage to hide, and squeezed himself back of a boiler where, after church, he was discovered by his screams. Mr. Roys pulled him out and told him to go home, get into a feather bed, and nothing would hurt him.

The old schoolhouse was used at one time by the father of Philip North as a stoncutter's shop,* and when, about twenty-five years ago, John Thompson built the house that Mr. Jarvis recently moved farther west, he pulled the building down.

Mr. William Sage and his family lived in the Dr. Ward place quite a number of years. Miss Hattie Sage says she is sure that her mother told her that Mr. Johns built the house. Mrs. Johns fell down the chamber stairs and was so severely injured that she died. Her inscription on her tombstone in the East Berlin cemetery reads as follows:

* See pp. 223-224.

JOHNS In memory of Sophia, second daughter of the Rev'd Thomas Harmer, author of *Observations on divers passages of Scripture*, illustrating them by travels in the East, and wife of Rev'd Evans Johns, minister of this parish. She landed at New York on the 12th of May 1801 and died in consequence of a fatal fall on the 28th of August 1808.

When Miss Sage was a little girl she lost a kitten under the attic roof and in her efforts to rescue it, she drew out a diary, dated Hartford, January 1, 1811. It was the journal of a school boy and was ended January 13. The name "Johns" is on the cover, but the first name is obliterated. It is supposed to have been written by Thomas Johns. The language is good for a boy, and shows that his speech had not been corrupted by association with country school children.

He speaks often of Dr. Bacon, with whom he evidently boarded, and of watering, feeding, and riding the doctor's horse. A few extracts from the journal may be of interest:

Jan 1st Was made to stay some time after school

Jan 2nd Walked about the streets and looked at some boys

Jan 3rd Bought a roll of candy went to school and had a scuffle read Don Quixote

Jan 4th In came Father, so I walked about a mile and had a chat with him ate my supper read a little in Don Quixote then wrote my Journal then cut some bread and cheese after the Doctor came home and I talked with him first on diet and then on the difference between English and Latin grammar

Saturday Jan 5th Got up into the Dove-House went and rode on sleds rode back and forth in the streets all the afternoon threw snow at the boys read a chapter in the Bible, then attended prayers

Jan 7th Studied a lesson in Virgil which we construed and passed

Jan 8th School being done I came home got three apples and ate them

Saturday Jan 12th Went to school in the afternoon took some recreation slid down hill with the boys

Sunday Jan 13th Got up this morning late went to meeting twice then spent the night in study Amen and Amen

Mr. Bulkeley says that Allen North, the father of Philip North, lived in the old corner, near the south schoolhouse, but

that he was not a stonecutter, it was Almeron Bacon who had a marble yard at that place.

The mention of Crazy Lois brought to mind other stories about her. When the school children passed her house she used to go to the front door and say, "Pretty little children, pretty little children!" Then, as she clasped her hands and they scampered away, she would repeat, "See the little birds fly, see the little birds fly."

Miss Julia Roys, who formerly lived in East Berlin, remembers that when a little girl she came up to visit Harriet Bulkeley, and that she was taken to see Lois as one of the sights of the village. They looked in at the door of a room, where Lois was in bed, with a large pitcher filled with clover blossoms and daisies near her side.

After the mother died there was no one to care for Lois, and she was taken to the town farm. Toward the end of her life she had a severe illness. Her reason, that had been shattered in youth, was now perfectly restored, but all the years from childhood to old age were a blank. Dr. Brandegee attended her in that sickness, and one day he noticed that she looked intently at her hands. When he asked her what was the matter with them, she replied, "Why, they look like an old woman's hands."

Going on south from the Maple Cemetery we come to the Sage farm. There was once a cigar factory in the south part of the house belonging to this estate. Across the road in the apple orchard the Burt brothers manufactured percussion caps, but the industry came to a sudden end one day in an explosion which damaged the premises and killed one boy, the son of Philip North. This factory is still a portion of Atwater's cider mill.

At a town meeting held April 10, 1796, it was voted "that the Selectmen of Berlin lay out the proposed road a little north of Capt. David Sage's dwelling house, westerly to the road near where Israel Fuller now lives."

Follow this road a short distance and on the north side you will come to a house now owned by the florist and carpenter A. A. Welden. This place was for many years the home of the Piper family. Luther Piper, Sr., and his son Luther, were coopers. Besides making large quantities of barrels for cement manufactured by the Moores, of Kensington, they supplied all the community with hogsheads, water barrels and cider barrels, barrels for pounding clothes, pork and soap barrels.

Speaking of soap brings to mind an industry once practiced by every family, of which the following description has been given by an old lady: "Ashes, bones, and refuse fat were carefully hoarded through the year. In the spring a large hogshead, set on a low platform, was filled with ashes, over which water was poured. The lye thus formed was collected in pails from holes bored through the lower part of the hogshead. A large iron or brass kettle was filled with the soap grease, and set over a fire, sometimes kindled in the yard. The strong lye was poured into the kettle and the whole mass was boiled until the soap 'came,' which was known when it 'spun aprons' from a stick lifted from the kettle." One family in town, noted for slackness, threw away all their ashes until spring came and the soap barrel was empty. Then they burned all the wood they could pile on the fireplace, day and night, for the sake of the ashes.

That this industry was not so innocent as may appear, is shown by the records of burial in the Beckley Quarter Cemetery, one of which reads as follows:

In memory of Sally North, daughter of Joseph and Rhoda North, who died July 16, 1818 æ 27 Killed instantly by the fall of a hogshead of ashes.

Hot soap was no mean weapon in the hands of a woman.

Miss Fannie Robbins tells a story of her grandmother who, when she was twelve years old, was left at home alone one day to keep the house and to watch a kettle of soap that was boiling over a fire in the back yard. On the table in the kitchen was a baking of bread just out of the brick oven. A company of men,

straggling along the road, stopped and went prowling about the premises. Miss Robbins thinks she was told that they were Indians, but her sister thought they were British soldiers. Whichever they were, one of the men stepped into the kitchen and helped himself to a loaf of bread; then another followed and took a loaf; as a third started forward, the brave girl, with her heart in her mouth, spoke up, and said, "My mistress will not like it to have you take her bread, she wants it for her children, and if you take another loaf I will throw a piggin of hot soap on you." And off they went. (A piggin was a wooden pail with one stave left higher than the rest for a handle.)

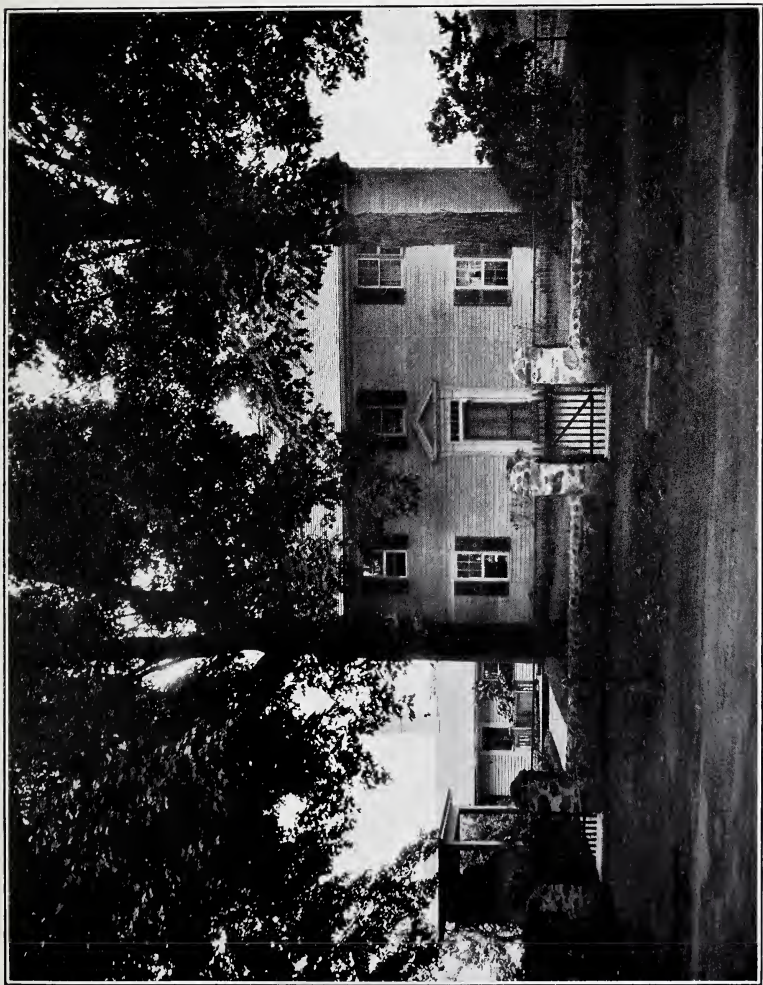
Mr. George H. Sage has kindly given the following account of his ancestral home and its occupants:

BERLIN, CONN., Jan. 29th, 1906.

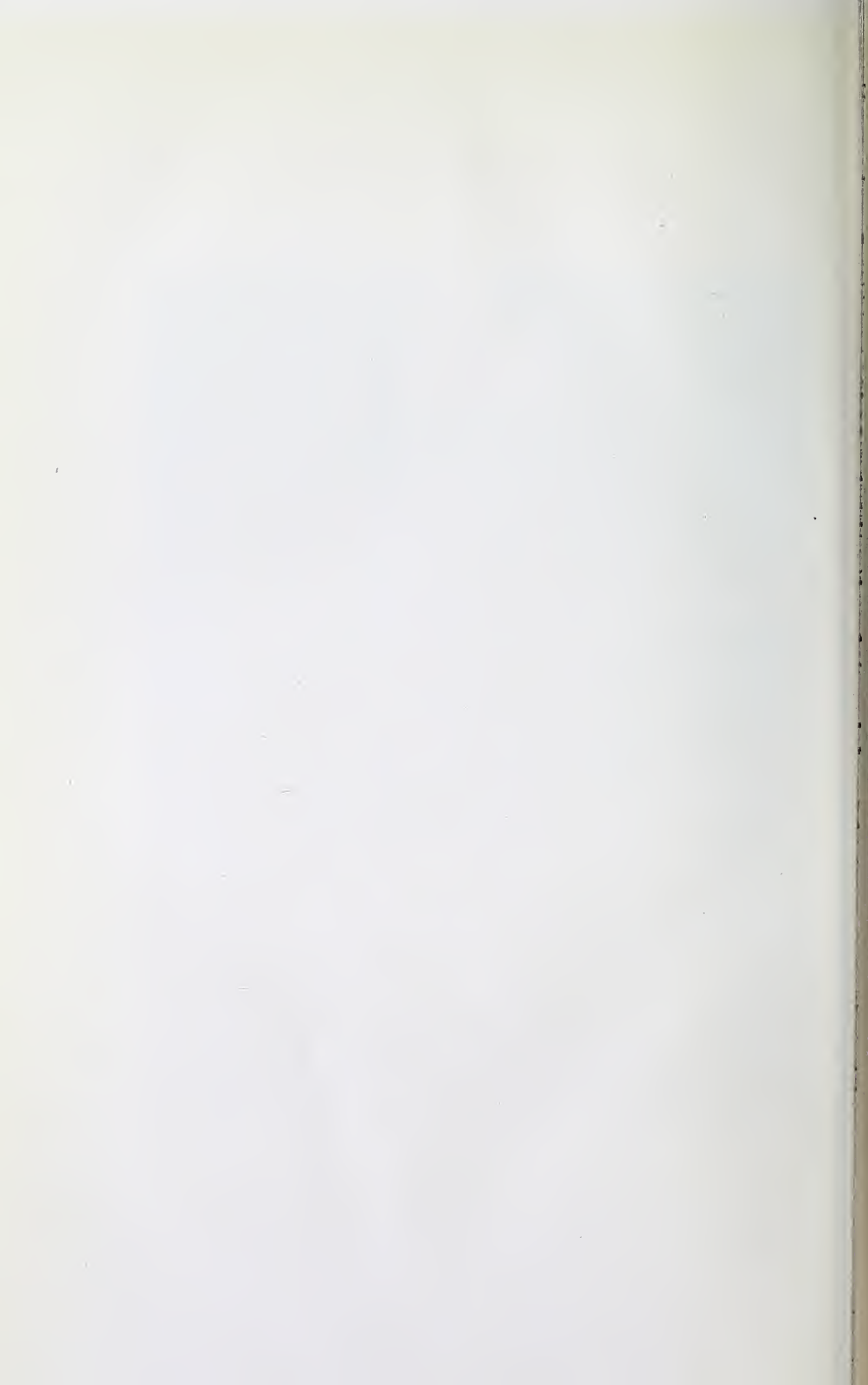
My dear Miss North: It is a pleasure to reply to your request for a history of our farm house. The Sage house was built about the year 1720 by Captain David Sage, (son of John and grandson of David who settled in Middletown in 1652,) who, with his twin brother Benjamin, came to Berlin from Middletown. It might be well to add here that Benjamin's house built at the same time, stood below David's and just south of the Clark place. Benjamin Sage married Mary Allen of Berlin, and died in 1734; his house has long since disappeared.

Captain David married Bathsheba Judd of Berlin and they had four sons and four daughters. One son, Deacon Jedediah, married Sarah Marcy of Berlin and remained on the present Sage farm. Another son, Zadoch, lived almost directly across the road from Benjamin, and the old well is now near the site of the house, a few rods north of where the brick schoolhouse stood. As time went by the Sage house was filled with the deacon's four sons and three daughters, so Captain David moved into the house built by his brother Benjamin and was ninety-three years old when the road was built west toward Mr. Welden's. I believe Jedediah was deacon of the Second Congregational church for twenty-seven years. He died in 1826 aged eighty-nine years.

Colonel Erastus, his son, married Elinor Dickenson of Berlin and succeeded to the farm where ten children were born to them, my



THE SAGE HOMESTEAD
(Built about 1720 by Capt. David Sage)



father, Henry, being the one who stayed at home. I have my grandfather's papers among which is his appointment by the General Assembly to be Colonel of the 4th Regiment of cavalry in the militia and signed by Oliver Wolcott Esq., as governor, and dated the 31st day of May 1819.

The property has been in the family about 186 years, and for five generations. The house has been added to from time to time, but the original has been well preserved with its huge stone chimney, four fireplaces, brick ovens, and the hewn white oak timbers forming the framework are as solid today as when they were raised almost two hundred years ago.

Yours sincerely,

GEO. H. SAGE.

It will be remembered that, when a few years since Mr. George H. Sage purchased the property on which he built his new house, there stood on the lot, close to the street, embowered in lilac bushes, a large, old, dilapidated, brown house. Zenas Richardson and Vashti Norton were married in 1807 and that house was their home. Zenas was a shoemaker and in his business he employed quite a number of apprentices.

The Richardsons lost a little son in 1810. His inscription reads thus:

In memory of Orenzo, Son of Zenas & Vashti Richardson who died April 6th 1810 aged 8 days.

In the morning it looked promising,

In the evening it lay withering.

Queer names! Other sons who came to the Richardsons were Andrew, Darius, and Nelson.

Zebulun Richardson lived in this neighborhood; was he the father of Zenas?

When the Hartford and New Haven turnpike was laid out in 1800 the town voted to make the road four rods wide in front of Zebulun Richardson's by taking one rod off from his front yard.

The Nortons were large landholders and Vashti inherited from her father, Andrew Norton, a piece of ground that

extended across the east side of the old part of the south cemetery which adjoined her house lot.

As we retrace our steps southward let us learn more about the old places. When Zenas Richardson gave up shoemaking, his shop on the Geo. H. Sage place was used for the manufacture of tinware. If we stop at William Moore's, opposite the old Atwood place, now Bert Hart's, and dig into his bank we shall turn out quantities of tin chips. Mr. Moore's house was once a tinshop conducted by Fred Squires. Mr. Squires went to Rhode Island, before 1835, and the story is that he was one of the leaders there in Governor Dorr's rebellion.

Russell Clark came to Berlin in 1828 and purchased the farm south of the Sage homestead. His children were: Hope S., John, Luther, Sarah C., and Rozilla. Hope was a pupil at Worthington Academy, when Mr. Parish was principal. At the age of seventeen she taught the south district school. Her sister Sarah, twelve years old, attended the school and was made to mind. Hope was married when eighteen and went to New York to live. She married, second, the Rev. S. H. Beale. They live at Camden, Me. Mr. Beale is ninety years old.

Sarah C. Clark was married to the Rev. Nathan Coleman. During the Civil War they taught at the south—at Norfolk, Va., in 1864, and near Petersburg in 1865. Mr. Coleman taught at one time in the Worthington Academy. He was an enthusiastic naturalist and never tired of talking with his pupils about flowers and insects, of which he made an extensive collection. Mrs. Coleman lives with her sister, Mrs. Beale, in Maine. Russell Clark died January 14, 1855, aged sixty-three years. His inscription reads: "Help Lord for the godly man ceaseth, for the faithful fail from among the children of men."

Elbert J. Clark was not a son of Russell. He came from Westfield, married Rozilla Clark, and succeeded her father in charge of the farm. He died December 3, 1887, aged seventy-eight, and the property is now owned by Charles M. Jarvis.

At a meeting of the inhabitants of the Town of Berlin held April 22, 1805, liberty was granted the southwest district in

Worthington to erect a schoolhouse on the old road a little south of Zadoc Sage's dwelling house, near a stake set for said house, and the selectmen were "impowered" to set off a suitable yard to accommodate said schoolhouse.

This site was on the east side of the way, just north of the little stream that crosses the road where the horses love to drink. It is not known how the children had been accommodated since the sale of their brick schoolhouse on the Jarvis corner, in 1802.

The new schoolhouse was a frame building. Some time about 1835 it was sold to Luther Piper, who moved it over to his place and used it for a cooper's shop. It was replaced by a brick building which was burned about fifteen years ago.

At that same town meeting of April 22, 1805, the selectmen were "Impowered" to dispose of the old road leading by Esq. Hosford's, beginning a little south of Zadoc Sage's, near the stake set to build a schoolhouse. This old road extended to a road that ran easterly and westerly by Mr. Edwards' barn.

Mr. E. I. Clark says that when Mr. Henry Sage had charge of the town roads, he used to tell him about a road that once ran across the lots back of Deacon Hosford's and came out a few rods east of Mr. Clark's house. Its course could be traced at that time. On the corner next south of the schoolhouse lived Samuel Bishop, who was a house painter. There were many large old cherry trees in his yard and people from far and near used to go to gather fruit from those trees. Mr. Bishop died in 1856, aged ninety-one. The old house was torn down long since, and the new schoolhouse stands on the place.

Samuel Bishop, Jr., lived on the corner opposite his father and made shoes, which he sold in New York. He employed ten or twelve workmen, and in winter carried the shoes to market in his sleigh. Mr. E. I. Clark says that one morning, when the sleighing was particularly fine, Mr. Bishop started early with his load, and drove the entire distance, reaching New York at evening of the same day.

On the same side of the highway, farther south, we come to the house once owned by Walter Edwards, the father of Miss

Martha Edwards, a well-known visitor in town. Mr. Edwards kept a dozen young men busy in his shoe factory at that place. The property is now owned by Henry Hollister.

Jedediah Norton, grandfather of the late Henry Norton and of his brother Philip Norton, came to Berlin from Wallingford. He married in 1764 Achsah Norton, sister of Tabitha, heroine of "The Stolen Bride."

Going toward Meriden, the road beyond the Walter Edwards place divides for a distance of about three-quarters of a mile. Keep to the right of the little cemetery in the triangle, on past the house built by Deacon Edward C. Hall, and just before the ways unite we come to the Henry Norton farm. This was the home of Jedediah Norton and Achsah, his wife. They began their married life in a small house a little south of the present fine, large residence, the ell part of which, it is believed, was built by Jedediah.* It was said that while on a visit to some city, Mr. Norton heard an organ, which so delighted him that he determined to have one in his own church at Berlin.

At a meeting of the Worthington Church, held November 1, 1791, it was

Voted that the thanks of this society be given to our friend Mr. Jedediah Norton for so distinguished a mark of his good will in giving us an elegant organ and erecting it in the meeting house at his own expense, and we do hereby appoint Solomon Dunham and Amos Hosford, a committee in behalf of this society to present this our thanks to said Mr. Norton, and liberty is hereby granted to the prudential committee to affix the said organ in the front gallery of our meeting house.

The dedication of the organ was announced in the *Hartford Courant* thus:

ORGAN.

The public are hereby notified that Mr. Josiah Leavitt of Boston, organ builder hath lately been employed to construct an ORGAN for Worthington parish, which is completed and set up in the Meeting-house. The Organ will be opened by said Leavitt on Thursday

* Cf. next page.

the 8th of November instant, at which time a sermon will be preached on the occasion, and Music will be performed.

After the exercises there will be a collection for the benefit of said builder.

 The exercise will begin at 1 o'clock P. M.

Worthington, Nov. 1, 1792.

Mr. Norton did not long enjoy the sweet music of his gift. He died in 1794, aged eighty-two. Unfortunately the "front gallery" proved to be in that part of the meeting house which was destroyed by fire in 1848, and the organ was ruined beyond repair.

Directly east of the Nortons, across the point made by the coming together of the two roads, lived Abraham Wright, Revolutionary soldier and tavern keeper. According to Mr. George Sage his house was opened to the public for four years from 1797, and again for two years from 1814. Mr. Wright died in 1825, aged eighty-seven.

The main part of the large Norton house was built by the late Henry Norton after his marriage, May 22, 1825. The ell of the house was built—not by Jedediah Norton—but by his son Samuel. In the orchard opposite this house there was once a tin-shop.

Jonathan Edwards, who lived on the road which was closed, over west of the Edward Hall place, had a son, Joseph, who settled on a farm in Meriden. Joseph had a pretty daughter, Phebe, who was married to Samuel Norton, June 22, 1789. They had ten children. He used to say that it was as easy to save money and get rich with ten children as with only one.

When he was courting his wife he told her she need never put her hands into hot water, or do any work, that he had money enough to hire help. One day afterwards, when surrounded by her little family, she reminded him of what he had said about putting her hands into hot water. In his droll way he answered: "Well, you need not do it, you can cool the water."

Her granddaughters remember that in her old age her hands were as soft and white as those of a child. She boasted that in all her married life she had never once been obliged to lift the

dinner pot from the crane—some one was always ready to do it for her. One of those old iron kettles filled with pot luck for such a household as hers was no light weight.

Samuel Norton was a Revolutionary soldier. He died October 27, 1832, aged seventy-three. Phebe, his wife, died August 13, 1854, aged eighty-four.

George Norton, son of Samuel and Phebe, died in 1829, at the age of twenty, while a student at the Vermont Academy of Medicine.

Josiah Norton, son of Jedediah and Achsah Norton, was a graduate of Yale, class of 1768. He went to Vermont, where he had a large family which was located in Castleton and its vicinity. Old deeds and memoranda in the family show that they were interested in a township in Vermont named Norton, which may have attracted him there for settlement. His mother, Achsah Norton, after the death of her husband, Jedediah Norton, in 1794, went to Vermont. Her gravestone at Castleton bears this inscription:

Erected to the memory of the widow Achsah Norton, who died Aug. 8th, 1805, aged 84 years.

Fourscore revolving suns had past,
When Christ, my Saviour, called me home at last.

CHAPTER XI.

Trout Streams of Berlin.—The Peach Orchard.

Over northwest of Belcher's tavern springs a stream of water called Belcher's brook. This stream runs northerly, nearly parallel with the "Old road," into Old Fly and out again—farther north winding about a little, so that the railroad crosses it twice; thence onward—always in sight of the dwelling houses—across Norton Street, west of Lower Lane, on through the pasture where Aunt Abby Pattison's cows used to drink, and where the herons stand on one leg, in meditation, wondering where Aunt Abby and her house and her cows have gone. Still onward the stream runs to a point west, and midward, of the Lower Lane extension, where it takes a turn about, and goes south a little way as if to take a parting look at itself; then it winds toward the north again; turns eastward, runs under the "South bridge," and about four hundred feet farther, into the lot recently sold by Francis Deming. Here the big Mattabessett, just in from under the "North bridge," makes a swoop southerly, opens its mouth, and takes in the little Belcher brook, at the finish of its four-mile race.

The springs from which Blue Hills brook has its source in Kensington are on the Norris Peck farm now owned by his son, Langdon J. Peck.

Running north, this stream crosses the road, east of Blue Hills schoolhouse corner. Dr. Brandegee, when driving over this road, used always to let his horse stop and drink. He said horses would drink there, whether they were thirsty or not, the water was so sweet.

East of the stream, on the north side of that road, was once a large white house, for many years the dwelling of Deacon Asaph Smith and his wife, who was known familiarly as "Aunt Abby Smith." On account of some dissatisfaction at home they used to come over this side to church. The white-topped carriage,

in which they drove on Sundays, is still remembered. That was back in the forties. After the death of her husband in 1865, Mrs. Smith purchased the house on Berlin Street now owned by Mrs. Wm. B. Pierce.

By economy she accumulated a considerable property, which caused her much anxious thought, as to its disposition. She made so many wills that she learned to draw her own. Once she bequeathed several hundred dollars to the Worthington Ecclesiastical Society, but when she detected what she considered a growing tendency to extravagance in dress of the church members and in the conduct of church affairs she revoked that bequest. She used to say that she never in all her life had a dress that cost over fifty cents a yard. She kept her place as neat as a pin, by the labor of her own hands. The village school children were greatly amused when they saw her, seated in a rocking chair, painting her front fence.

Blue Hills brook keeps on its way, northeasterly, through Kensington, until near the home of the Misses Bauer; there it turns due east, crosses the road, bounds the north side of a pasture owned by heirs of the late James B. Reed, and joins Belcher brook at a point about four hundred feet southwesterly from the Lower Lane bridges.

Any boy within a radius of a mile will direct you to the famous "Swimming hole" a short distance away, in the Mattabessett. You will see the boy, a dozen of him, the first hot day next summer, on his way there, with a towel, and perchance a piece of soap, bulging his pocket, and you may hear his screams of laughter, as you pass along the road by the Bridge Cemetery.

A short distance east of the springs, at the head of Blue Hills brook, on the same Norris Peck farm, are other springs—the source of a third stream, called "Crooked Brook." This stream goes northeasterly through Kensington and crosses the Parish line south of "Norton's Pond" so called, where it furnished power for the saw mill that was burned in the fall of 1905. Thence the current is swift, eastward, to a point back of the Samuel Durand farm, now owned by Huber Bushnell. There it joins Belcher brook.

In Mr. Thomas's lot on a few rods farther north is a pool called "Silver Hole," where the children love to bathe in summer time. Many years ago this pool was a favorite resort of Sylvia Norton, and it was named for her, "Sylvia Hole."

The water of Crooked brook, like that of Blue Hills brook, is singularly pure and sweet. There is nothing finer in this part of the country. Its fall is rapid, and it would seem to be a simple question of mechanical engineering to bring that water to Worthington Street.

Section 2527 of the Connecticut statutes, 1884, reads as follows:

The sum of three thousand dollars is hereby appropriated for the artificial propagation of fish in the waters of this State.

The Legislature of 1905 appropriated, for the two years ending September 30, 1907, eight thousand dollars, for propagation of game and fish, with the additional sum of three thousand dollars for care and repair of state fish hatcheries, and all property of the state connected with the propagation of fish. Any one wishing to stock a brook or a pond with fish can obtain the young fry by application to the State Fish Commissioner.

Blue Hills brook and Crooked brook are natural trout streams, but the stock is kept up and improved by yearly additions of young trout from the state hatcheries.

The Indians could catch fish Sunday or any other day of the week, wherever they pleased, but we have not that privilege, and a breakfast of trout, caught from one of these streams, might prove an expensive luxury.

Section one of Chapter 199 of the public acts of 1903, as amended by Legislature May 20, 1905, reads as follows:

Every person who shall throw down or leave open any bars, gate, or fence upon the land of another without permission of the owner, occupant, or person in charge thereof for the purpose of hunting, trapping, fishing, or taking or destroying the nests or eggs of birds, or bee hunting, or gathering nuts, fruits, or berries . . . shall be fined not more than fifty dollars or imprisoned not more than thirty days, or both.

The possession by any person while trespassing upon the land of another, of a gun, dog, ferret, or fish rod shall be deemed *prima facie* evidence of his intention of hunting or fishing thereon.

Section two of the same act provides that:

The owner, occupant or person in charge of the land or such person as he may command to assist him may arrest any person who violates any of the provisions of the preceding section and forthwith take him before some proper prosecuting officer who shall proceed to try such person.

William H. Gibney is the special protective officer for Berlin, appointed by the fish and game warden of Hartford county.

At a distance of a mile or so west of Earl Cooley's, the road, which leads to Kensington, is crossed by Crooked brook, there about a mile away from its head springs.

In April, 1895, a company of business men, known as "The Kensington Fish and Game Club," whose office is at Hartford, purchased a tract of land bordering this stream.

Now, by additional purchase through Mr. John Norton, their agent at Berlin, they own most of the way on both sides of the brook, for the length of a mile, extending north from the Kensington road, and besides this, they have leased land for half a mile farther down the stream.

As one good result of this ownership, the banks of Crooked brook will not be despoiled by the wood-cutter, and while notices everywhere warn trespassers, we may feast our eyes on the mosses, the maiden hair ferns, and—well—only a poet could fittingly describe the beauties of Crooked brook and its "sylvan slopes."

Turning eastward from the brook we rise a hill and come up onto the plains of Berlin, once covered with rattle boxes, now the property of the Connecticut Valley Orchard Company. This company was formed May 14, 1884, under the late John B. Smith as organizer and president. Mr. Smith, with his usual foresight, saw the possibilities of that sandy, barren plain, and by his advice the company purchased two hundred and forty-three acres there, to be used as a fruit orchard. For quick returns peaches were at first the main dependence.

Now, if you care to count the trees, you will find 3,000 apples, 10,000 peaches, 1,000 plums, 500 pears, and 250 cherries. Of grapes there are 1,000 vines. Truly the desert has been made to blossom as the rose.

The life of a fruit grower is one of eternal vigilance. Yellows made no end of trouble with the peaches. A blight came over the quinces, and now the fight is on with the San José scale, with possibly the Gypsy and Brown Tail moth later.

In 1905 this property was transferred to J. T. Molumphy, who is now president, manager and chief stockholder of the business.

A walk across the fields north of the peach orchard brings us to "Cranberry Marsh" curiously set, like a great basin, on that high ground, little lower than the sandy plain above. Hills are on every side. There is no inlet, no outlet to the marsh. Near the western bank is a little lake of clear water, said to be fathomless. Who knows but here is the "lost crater." All about the marsh is a dense thicket, where high bush huckleberries grow. Cranberry vines creep everywhere over the mossy bogs. From pools, here and there, a greedy pitcher plant lifts its rosette of cups. Women, in their craze for this queer side-saddle flower, have been known to follow from bog to bog, all the way across the marsh, but this is a dangerous undertaking. A mis-step might swamp one to the neck, and worse.

Should you visit this interesting place, as the children say, "keep your eyes peeled" for snakes—blacksnakes, rattlesnakes, and red adders. Great place for snakes! and there are lots of hornets' nests there, too.

CHAPTER XII.

Belcher Brook and its Industries.—The History of Risley's Mill.—James Lamb's Stove Factory.—The Blair Factory.

As we drive eastward from the peach orchard, down one hill and up another, so steep that we shall want to get out of the carriage and walk, to spare the horse, we come to the farm long known as the Hollister Risley place, now the home of Sidney Roby and his family. Here Miss Helen Roby will be pleased to show you her studio adorned with many water color paintings. That Miss Roby is a lover of the sea is proved by her charming coast scenes, chiefly from Gloucester and the Bay of Massachusetts. These pictures, the wharfs, the rocks, and the quaint homes of the fishermen, with their boats at anchor or wave-borne, all show the artist and her superior skill as a draftsman. Miss Roby spent three years abroad in study, under Harry Thompson at Paris, and with Theresa Hegg at Nice.

As a painter of flowers, Miss Roby has few equals in this country. While in Paris she was told that it would be useless for her to offer any of her work to the Salon without influential support. She made the attempt, however, and a large bunch of chrysanthemums which she sent was accepted solely on its merit, and placed in the exhibit—a great honor for a young American girl.

At the corners from Mr. Cooley's, the turnpike leads north-easterly past the places once owned by C. J. Griswold and G. R. Aspinwall, the former a bricklayer and mason, the latter a house carpenter.

From the same starting point another road runs north to Risley's pond, so called, on Belcher brook. A dam here, across the stream, gives a good water power that has been utilized many years.

A deed of date January 25, 1790, shows that, at that time, William Kilbourn of Worthington Parish, for the consideration

of £147 16s., sold to Lucius Cook of Wallingford, 120 rods of ground, "bounded West & North on Wait Smith, East & South on Josiah Norton, together with my dwelling house, shop and Dye House thereon standing. And also my Tools which I improve to carry on the clothiers Business, viz. Dye Kettles, Screw, Shiers & prep plate etc. together with every other article which I improve in the works." "And also my Fulling Mill standing by a Grist Mill now owned by Hezekiah Sage and William Tryon."

From the description given in this deed, the conclusion is that the property conveyed was that of this south mill on Belcher brook.

When Mr. Kilbourn started his business, or when Lucius Cook sold it, we cannot say, but we do know that later Nathan Elton made satinet there, and that he was a dyer and fuller of cloth. Satinet is a coarse material used for men's wear, made with a cotton warp and woolen filling. A part of the building was used as a saw mill when Mr. Elton was there.

The property came into the possession of Elishama Brandegee, merchant, who, about the year 1830, sold it to the firm of Justus & William Bulkeley, who used the water power for polishing their tinner's tools. Then, when Mr. Brandegee wished to start his son Jacob in the business of making German silver spoons, the Bulkeleys fitted a room in that factory with machinery for the purpose. For some reason Mr. Brandegee was unable to carry out his plan, and the Bulkeleys made the spoons, but used the J. S. Brandegee stamp. In a little while they had twenty men at work on the spoons. Made of the best German silver, they were quite durable, and many of them may be found in the kitchens of to-day. The objection to them was that they had a coppery taste and were readily attacked by salt, so as to form verdigris, and it was too much trouble to keep them bright. William Sage worked on these spoons when he was married in 1840, and his daughter, Miss Hattie Sage, has still a number of the sets that he made for his wife when they went to housekeeping. Some are marked "J. S. Brandegee," others bear the stamp "H. Kenca & Co."

Henry Kenea was an uncle of Mrs. Henry Sage.

When the Bulkeleys repaired the shop one of the extensions fell, and Ralph Sage had a leg broken, that kept him on his back for a long time.

Besides the German silver spoons, the Bulkeleys made, for R. K. Clark of New York, large quantities of brass spoons, silver plated. The goods were stamped out at the mill, and brought up to the factory opposite Colonel Bulkeley's, where they were boiled in a silver solution.

The sheets of metal, German silver and brass, were purchased in Waterbury of John D. Johnson, whose wife was Sarah Loveland, daughter of Landlord Elijah Loveland. The scraps were too valuable to be used as filling for holes in the highway; they were taken back to Mr. Johnson to be remelted, and Mr. Bulkeley remembers riding with his father on a wagon load of those scraps over to Waterbury. They drove home by way of New Haven.

The Bulkeleys had all the work they wanted to do with their tinnerns' tools, and so they gave up the making of spoons to Ralph Sage and Henry Durand.

Mr. Sage invented a diving machine, in which he went down into the depths of the pond. He survived the experiment.

In 1844, Justus Bulkeley died, and Lyman Wilcox, who married his daughter Maria, and who had learned his trade of the Bulkeleys, bought the old mill with its appurtenances. He built a dwelling house, still standing, southeasterly from the mill, and had established a good business in tinnerns' tools, when he died March 10, 1855, aged thirty-six. His wife survived him less than four years. They left three little children. Lyman, the oldest, a soldier in the War of the Rebellion, prisoner at Andersonville and Florence, died May 29, 1875. His wife and two children now live at Anaheim, Cal.

The second son, Robert M. Wilcox, long connected with the Meriden Britannia Company, used to manifest his interest in the boys of his native town by his annual gift of a silver cup and medal, "The Bulkeley Prize Cup," to the one who won in the foot race at our agricultural fair. Mrs. Wilcox is the well-known poetess, Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Harriet, the youngest of the three, the wife of Leander Bunce, now lives in New Britain.

Deacon Selah Galpin of Westfield, the father of Miss Sarah Galpin, bought the mill and factory property of the estate of Lyman Wilcox, for his son Charles, who made a patent four-tined barnyard fork. Reuben Beckley made steelyards in a part of the factory.

The Galpins ground corn and feed. Lemuel W. Elton, who lived west of the pond, was a miller. Mr. Elton had a son, Levi, who played the organ in church very acceptably. One of his neighbors said of him, that "he was a fine musicianer." He taught music, and had a large class of pupils around about Berlin.

Deacon Galpin sold out to William H. Risley, who removed the machinery and partitions in the shop, and put in a new grist mill. He also built a long addition for a saw mill. A machine for sawing shingles, which he set up in the mill, seems to have been little used. Now the property is in the hands of E. E. Austin, who runs a saw mill, grist mill and cider mill. He has also an ice house, near by, which he fills with ice of fine quality, cut from the pond, for his own use, and for sale.

At a distance of about a quarter of a mile north of Risley's pond another dam was laid across Belcher brook, another pond was formed, and another factory built; by whom we shall never know. The story is that he was an infidel and that no industry started here ever prospered. Certain it is that the place has been the scene of much unprofitable business.

James Lamb, founder of the Lamb family in Berlin, was born in Middletown in 1777. He learned the tinner's trade of Shubael Pattison and invented a cooking stove.

Early in the last century Colonel Bulkeley worked on the Lamb stoves, at what was known later as the Blair factory. This stove, the first cooking stove used by our ancestors, was made on much the same principle as those of the present day, and it was the first, patented in this country, in which the heat passed around the oven. A stove was in use before this, but it was a simple box affair.

In those days, of course, there was no place near Berlin where castings could be made, and Mr. Lamb went to New York, where he remained, while working up his invention, from about 1813 to 1818, when he took out his patent. In 1818 his son Lockwood was born in the house next east of the Blair factory. Mr. Lamb seems to have purchased this place before he went to New York.

A deed, on record at New Britain, shows that in 1800, Oliver Hills sold land to James Lamb, bounded east on Jonah Norton, south on highway, with house thereon. Mr. Lamb sold his place in 1823 to Samuel Edwards of Philadelphia.

In 1822 he had moved over to the Colonel Bulkeley house, where his daughter Louisa was born.

The new cooking stove was square and upright, with brass urns on the corners, which were kept shining bright by good housewives. The lettering on the front was a great curiosity, and many a child learned his a. b. c's from the Lamb stove.

The fire was high up, over the oven, and when the new stove took the place of the open-hearth fire, old men complained that there was no place to warm their feet. Reuben North made a high platform, placed his chair thereon, and mounted himself on a level with the fire. The oven was a good baker, equal to any in use to-day.

Miss Fannie Robbins tells this story of her father: "One morning he arose early, made a fire in his new Lamb stove, and closed the oven door. Presently he heard a pitiful mewing, as of a cat in distress. He searched everywhere until at last he opened the oven door and out jumped the cat." This story brings to mind another, nothing to do with stoves: One morning before daybreak, there was a fearful noise in the dining room of the Robbins house, as of someone breaking up all of the furniture and crockery. Mr. Robbins did not dare to go in and meet the intruder, single handed, but as soon as it was light enough to see, he, with the hired man, each armed with a club, ventured cautiously to open the door. Instead of a raving maniac, there was only the cat, her head fast in a milk pitcher,

which she was slamming about in her frantic efforts to free herself."

That the Lambs were fond of alliteration is shown by the names they gave their children: Lysis, Lesbia, Lewis, Leverett, (Huldah), Loomis, Lockwood, Louisa, and Lorenzo. Huldah was named for Mr. Lamb's first wife.

Of the nine children, two are still living, in Hartford, Mrs. James B. Carpenter (Louisa) and Lorenzo. Not a representative of the family remains in Berlin.

The father, James Lamb, died February 9, 1833, aged fifty-six.

If Mr. Lamb had known the worth of his invention and had held on to his patent, he and his family might have been immensely rich.

It is impossible to find dates for all the industries which were carried on at Blair's, by help of the water power from Belcher's brook.

After James Lamb's time, meal, from corn ground in the grist mill, was dried for export to the West Indies. The kiln, in which the meal was baked, stood north of the pond, at a safe distance from other buildings. At the saw mill, trunks of great trees, from our primitive forests, were made into lumber for home use, and also for export. Yarn, spun here, by machinery, from cotton and wool, was given out to families to be woven into cloth on hand looms.

After the Bulkeleys sold the Risley mill to Lyman Wilcox, they ground their tinnerns' tools and made rotary shears for cutting sheet metal in circles at Blair's factory.

Isaac Farnham, the father of Mrs. William Sage, and his brother, who were coopers, made tubs for Mr. Brandegee, in a shop under the dam, at the north end of the pond.

The Farnhams lived in the house next east of the factory. The ell of this house and the barn were of hewn timbers, as if made from some ancient building, probably on the place, as mentioned in the deed, when James Lamb bought it, in 1800. The main part of the house was large and fine, built

of sawed timbers. It looked like the work of Elishama Brandegee. Families who lived here boarded the factory people until it came to be known as the boarding house.

Lucy Farnham was a remarkably pretty girl, with a lovely pink and white complexion. It will help us to a date for some of these industries, to know that she joined the Worthington church in 1837.

Elishama Brandegee, who owned the property about this time, fitted up the factory with machinery for making sewing silk and cotton thread. The industry, which was carried on in East Berlin at the same time, gave employment to forty girls, under the brothers Nicholas and James Douglass as foremen. Both had families. James lived in the Deacon Horsford place.

Much of the thread was sold in penny skeins, but a part of it was wound on spools; about the first attempt at spooling thread in this country. It was dyed all colors, on the premises, by Charley Bauer, who went to Hartford and set up a wine store on Market Street. He used to go over to Germany to buy his wines.

Plucart, who came after Bauer, lived in the second house east of the factory. Word came to him from his home in Prussia that a large fortune had fallen to him there. He was greatly elated, and when he started off for his native land, to take possession of his inheritance, he promised to come back and make Ralph Sage and all of his other Berlin friends rich. He never returned.

William Bevans, who succeeded Douglass as foreman of the thread mill, lived in the house now occupied by F. H. Shaw. The boys used to call him "Old Campfire" because of the way he pronounced the word.

His son William learned the wagon maker's trade of John Graham. Then he went, with others of his family, to New York, where he became a doctor.

Names remembered of other Bevans children are Sarah and Frances. The Rev. R. McGonegal, who preached here in the Methodist church, married Frances. Their young daughter, Althea, who died in New York City of consumption in 1867,

begged that she might be buried in the country under a tree. She and her two little brothers, who had died previously, were brought to Berlin and laid between two maple trees in the South Cemetery, where the McGonegal monument may be seen.

In 1850 Charles Blair came to Berlin from Collinsville and established a business for the manufacture of steel rakes, plantation hoes, axes, chisels and carpenters' draw shaves. His name, which has been used by anticipation, was at that time first given to this north pond and factory on Belcher brook. The property was deeded on October 14, 1850, by Elishama Brandegee, to a joint stock company, incorporated under the name of the Blair Manufacturing Company. The capital stock, mostly subscribed by the business men of Berlin, was \$20,000, which seemed unlimited in those days. \$15,625 were paid in.

Elishama Brandegee headed the list of subscribers with a hundred shares. Norman Porter held sixty shares, Norton and Arnold sixty. Other subscribers were: Timothy Boardman, S. C. Wilcox, Elisha M. Hall, Henry Norton, Norris Peck, E. A. Deming, Benjamin R. Fanning, Norman Porter, Jr., Joseph Alston Wilcox, Charles Blair, Shubael Risley, Joseph Whittlesey, Philip Norton, and Erastus J. Bassett. Doubtless there were names, not at hand, that should be added to this list. Norman Porter was president of the company, Timothy Boardman secretary. Samuel C. Wilcox was one of the directors.

For a time great things were expected from the new enterprise, but the water-power, especially in summer time, was insufficient to carry the heavy machinery. In order to store the water and to increase the power, a second dam was built south of the bridge, which flooded the land back as far as Risley's. A vain hope. The company struggled on, losing money, until the spring of 1856, when an assignment was made for the benefit of the creditors.

The only incident reported from Blair's was the bursting of a grindstone five feet in diameter, which flew through the side of the factory and out into the lot a hundred feet away. No loss of life.

Mr. Blair, who, with his estimable family, had lived in the Dr. Gridley house, returned to Collinsville, where for many years he filled the position of superintendent of the extensive factories of the Collins Axe Company.

After the assignment the interest of a majority of the stockholders was taken by Philip Norton and E. J. Bassett. The tools in process of manufacture were completed, and, with the movable personal property, were sold at auction, by Colonel Bulkeley. Several days were required to complete the sale. Finally, after all outside business was finished, the title to the property was vested in Philip Norton, who sold to Frank Hart, brother of Walter Hart, a wood turner. Then Edward A. Deming bought the factory and set Burt Brothers up in business, as wood turners. They made a combination ladder and chair, upholstered. One of those chairs is still in use on the porch at the house of the late Albert G. Warren. Mr. Bulkeley has one of the Blair plantation hoes now, in his barn. It is too broad for New England soil. Besides the tools mentioned, pickaxes were made at Blair's, and pikes for John Brown, whose "soul goes marching on." Last of all the Burt Brothers, or some one else, ran a cider mill on the premises. Then the old factory stood idle for a time. One of the additions was sold to George C. Austin, the carpenter, who tore it down and used the lumber in his new house up on the hill north of the village, but the principal building remained. Naughty boys broke in the windows and did other damage. Some were arrested, convicted and fined.

One evening in the fall of 1885, Mr. Deming, who then lived in the house now occupied as a parsonage, looked out from a window and saw a great light in the south. He mounted his horse and galloped away to see where the fire was. Yes, it was the Blair factory, all in flames, and not a cent of insurance.

The premium was high, and when the policy expired, he declined to renew. He said he had paid out money all his life for insurance, and had never received anything in return, and he would take his chances on the factory. Moral?

Since that time, the two houses that stood east of the factory—the good boarding house and the Plucart house—have been destroyed by fire.

Old Charley, the horse that Mr. Deming rode to the fire, was worthy of mention. He was raised from a colt, over on the Deming farm in Christian Lane, and lived to the age of thirty-six. He never served his master a mean trick. Mr. Deming's daughter, Mrs. Stowe, thinks that Charlie's mother, "Old Kate," was also raised by her father, and that she lived to be thirty.

Mr. Deming died suddenly, June 15, 1896, in his ninety-second year. Only two or three days before his death he drove his horse from Cromwell to Hartford and back. One of his last requests was that Charley should be shot and buried with his hide and shoes on. Mrs. Stowe thought it was a dreadful thing to do, to kill so good a horse, so fat and nice.

Before Mr. Blair's time, the road running west from the Hosford place terminated at the factory, and there was closed by bars. A narrow laneway extended thence, west to the Kensington road, and was used by farmers who wished to carry grist to and from the mill. It is said that Mr. Blair paid Elton \$350 for a strip of land along one side of the laneway to widen it, so that teams might pass and have room to turn around.

The house next west of the factory, now owned by William Luby, was the home of Nathan Elton the clothier, and of his son, Lemuel W. Elton, the miller.

The north half of this house was the shoe shop of Samuel Bishop, drawn here from the east yard of the E. I. Clark place, at Bishop's corners. A little farther along, the road, as it comes from the south, turns a sharp corner toward Kensington. Long ago there was a square here with a road on all sides of it. A house was moved up the south road on its way to Kensington, and was left on this square over night.

Peleg Chapman, the man with nineteen children, was in search of a home. He bought that house on wheels, left it on the square of land where it stood, and lived in it many years. Then it was occupied by a family of evil repute. One night the neighbors formed themselves into a law and order league, and tore the house down, over the heads of its inmates.

CHAPTER XIII.

Lower Lane.—Isaac Norton and his Descendants.—Norton's Saw Mill.—The Great Flood of 1797.

As we go eastward from the Blair factory, the first left-hand corner turns onto Hart Street, or "Lower Lane." We are told that this road once extended farther south, half a mile or so, to a point north of the Edward Hall place, where it came out on the Hartford and New Haven turnpike. In early times this Lower Lane road was the main street, the highway of this part of the town. In 1786 Elnathan Norton and Roger Riley, for the consideration of thirteen pounds, sold two acres and eighty-five rods of land to the town of Berlin for a "Highway," described as "bounded East on country road, West on Highway, North partly on said Eluathan Norton's land, partly on sd Roger Riley and partly on land lately sold to Samuel Hart, Junr., South partly on land of sd Eluathan Norton, and partly on Elijah Loveland's land," and "is to run Easterly and Westerly in parallel line with the road that runs east and west between sd Norton's and Samuel Harts dwelling house, to be improved forever as an open road only." "Said piece of ground is 135 rods in length East and West, and 3 rods in width."

This road is the one that extends from Jarvis corner to Hart Street. The brothers, Darius and Nelson Richardson, lived in the large, square-roofed house near the west end of this street. Their father, Zenas, had a shoe shop, east of the house; their mother was Vashti Norton; her father, Andrew Norton, used to grind tan bark in the lot opposite the house, where the remains of several dams and one of the old mill stones may be seen to-day.

The ponds are dry now, but back in the fields are springs, which, a hundred years ago, fed a brook of sufficient power to turn Andrew Norton's mill wheels.

Mrs. Arnold, the mother of Mrs. Leonard Hubbard, used to say that when they came to Berlin, in 1838, that stream ran through their lots, and on north, under the little bridge, west of Benjamin Fanning's blacksmith shop, to the Mattabessett.

Besides the Richardson house, there was one other built on this street soon after it was opened in 1786. It stands on the north side, near the east end, a very attractive old place. Three generations of the Wood family lived here. Father, son, and grandson bore the name of Charles.

In the early fifties Tom Thumb was exhibited in Berlin and everybody went to see him, down in the old church. Tom's showman asked to have some little girl from the audience placed upon the platform beside him, and when a little miss was brought from the back of the church, people whispered "that's little Rosa Wood; isn't she pretty?" And she was, pretty as a picture, with her great brown eyes and dark curling hair. Rosa was the daughter of Charles Wood, 2d. She was married at sixteen to Oliver Bacon and died soon after her marriage. Her schoolmates still speak of her remarkable beauty.

Nelson Richardson married Hepsy Dickinson, one of the five daughters of Russel Dickinson, who lived in the house on the west side of Hart Street, nearest the Blair factory road now known as the Shaw place. Mr. Dickinson was a tinner.

The house on the corner northeasterly from the Shaws, formerly owned by Ansel and George Thomas, is now occupied by Edgar M. Carter, the plumber.

The next house north of the Shaw's on the same side was the home of Elijah Stanley, who for many years made fine, well-fitting shoes. He had a number of apprentices. Elijah Stanley died in 1857, aged sixty-five. The Stanley place is now owned by C. O. Hanford, who has made extensive improvements in the dwelling house.

Hiram Francis and his family lived in a large white house next north of the Stanley place. They moved to Meriden about the year 1870, and soon after that the house, while occupied by John Hannon, was burned. It was replaced by the

house recently occupied by E. S. Burnham, now owned by George B. Carter.

Still going north we pass, on the left hand, the farm long known as the Samuel Durand place. Mr. Durand and his wife Eloisa (Lewis) came to Berlin from Cheshire. They joined the Worthington church in 1827. At first they lived in what was known as the "blue house" next east of the Bridge Cemetery. Mrs. Durand died in 1832, leaving children whose names were: Frederick L., Henry S., Andrew, John, Sarah, Frances, and Mrs. Jennette A. Durand Cox. She joined the Second Congregational Church of Berlin in 1831 and was dismissed in 1837. Mr. Durand married, in 1834, for his second wife, Rebecca Root, sister of Cyrus and Timothy Root. Their children were: Almira H., Louisa R., Jane E., Hannah, Loyal R., and William.

Mrs. Rebecca Durand died at Milwaukee, September, 1896, aged ninety-five.

Frederick Durand was a lawyer and settled in Rochester, N. Y.

Henry was first a merchant at Meriden, at Berlin and at Kensington. Afterward he went to Racine, Wis., and became a noted fire insurance adjuster.

Andrew went south and was living there during the Civil War.

John, a railroad man, lived in Rochester, N. Y.

Loyal went west and was in the fire insurance business, as is also his brother William. Loyal died soon after the Chicago fire, overtaxed, it was said, by the strain of work incident thereto.

Samuel Durand died December 4, 1871. Then the farm was purchased by Huber Bushnell, and Mrs. Durand, with her daughters Louisa and Jane, went to Milwaukee to live with William.

Almira and Hannah (Mrs. Gould) live in Rochester, N. Y.

Frances (Mrs. Miller) lives in Iowa City, Iowa.

Jules, a colored man, and his wife Flora, who worked for Mr. Durand, lived in a little house that stood a short distance south

of the Durand house. Jules used to blow the church organ after Charles Stocker died. He was a big man. The school children were afraid of him, and used to run and hide when they saw him coming along the road.

Now prepare to take off your hats to the men, and women, too, who dwelt around the corners to which we approach. In 1705 the men of Great Swamp, who, with their wives and children,—babies in arms, muskets in front, muskets in the rear, had been obliged to tramp eight miles through the forests to Farmington village, for their Sunday privileges, decided that they must have a church nearer their homes.

The town gave consent, and a petition dated October 11, 1705, sent to the General Assembly, was granted for the people on this side of "Blow mountain" to "set up in this desolate corner of the wilderness" for themselves.

Isaac Norton was one of the signers of that petition. He was described as a rich merchant, pious and useful. He bore the titles of Ensign and Lieutenant. He and Elizabeth Galpin of Stafford, Conn., were married in 1707. They were members of Christian Lane church in 1712.

Their dwelling was here on the northeast of the four corners, to which we have come—not the present corner house, that is modern,—but farther east.

The children of Isaac and Elizabeth Norton were; Elizabeth, b. 1708, married Jonathan Edwards of Middletown [near Edward Hall's]; Charles, b. 1710; Ruth, b. 1711, m. William, son of Rev. William Burnham of Kensington; Isaac, b. 1713, m. Sarah Seymour; Abigail, b. 1716, m. Luke Hitchcock of Springfield; Tabitha, b. 1718, m. 1740 Colonel Isaac Lee; Achsah, b. 1721, m. Jedediah Norton of Guilford [it was he who gave the church organ in 1791]; Josiah, b. 1726; Elnathan, ninth child, b. 1729, m. first, Rachel Woodruff, second, Sybel Goodrich.

Solomon Norton, son of Elnathan, inherited the Isaac Norton place. From him it went to his son, Elisha Norton.

The late James C. Arnold came to Berlin from "down the River," about 1838. He purchased from Elisha Norton his

great-grandfather's house, with a part of the lands adjoining. The house, which then had a double-hipped roof, was remodeled by Mr. Arnold beyond recognition, but the foundations and frame, with a part of the ell, remain, and the floors are the very same that on that July evening of 1740, trembled under the dancing feet of the guests, "Beckleys and Buckleys, Norths and Roots, Gilberts and Porters," at Tabitha's wedding. For Tabitha, the heroine of Mrs. Willard's "Bride Stealing," was the daughter of this "rich Isaac Norton."

Isaac Lee, the bridegroom of "twenty-three," "grave and sedate," "of giant mould," was commissioned Captain of the Thirteenth Company of Train Bands in the Sixth Regiment in this colony, in May, 1767. The same year he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fifteenth Regiment, and in March, 1775, Colonel of the same regiment.

Lieutenant Isaac Norton died January 10, 1763, in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

Elnathan, his youngest son, born 1729, lived on the southwest corner, diagonally opposite his father's house. In 1756 he and his wife, Rachel (Woodruff) were enrolled as members of the Christian Lane church. They had three sons and three daughters.

Elnathan Norton was a large landholder. It is said that he owned down south as far as Edward Hall's, over west as far as Norton's saw mill, and east up to the "Street." We can hardly go amiss of his name on the old deeds of this locality. Elnathan Norton died July 30, 1801, aged seventy-two.

Solomon Norton, born 1760, son of Elnathan, lived in his grandfather Isaac Norton's house. He had three sons: Linus, Isaac, and Elisha. Linus lived in Beckley Quarter.

Isaac, born 1788, lived on the southwest corner, after his grandfather, Elnathan, and built a new house, still standing there. He married Milly, daughter of Asaph and Eunice (French) Goodrich, his next-door neighbor, on the south. A deed of January 7, 1796, shows that at that time Elnathan Norton sold to Asaph Goodrich a piece of land bounded as

follows: east on highway, south on Roger Riley, north and west on his own land.

Asaph Goodrich, born 1767, married Eunice French, daughter of Daniel French, and he, Daniel French, made, over on the site of Norton's saw mill, the first cut nails in the country. The dam was built by George Hubbard. Mr. French died in 1784, aged thirty-eight, and the business was taken to Middletown.

Deacon Selah Goodrich, grandson of Mr. French, was the authority for the foregoing statement.

Asaph Goodrich was a tinner. He used the front room of his house, built next south of Elnathan Norton's, for a shop. His specialty was foot-stoves, which, with various articles of tinware, were displayed in his front windows.

Mrs. Goodrich was a faithful attendant on church services. One Sunday, as she walked down the north side of the hill, on her way home, she saw some kind of a plant growing in the lot, that she wanted, and so she bent over between the rails and picked until she had a handful. As she gathered the flowers she moved along to a place where the rails were so near together that when she tried to remove her head it stuck fast. There she hung, and there she would have died had she not been discovered by a neighbor coming along the road.

Of three children born to Isaac and Milly Norton, Henry was the only one who lived to maturity. He married Gertrude, daughter of the Rev. Asahel C. Washburn. In 1869, with father and mother Washburn, and mother Norton, they moved to Syracuse, where Henry was engaged in the fire insurance business.

The family met with severe financial losses, and to cap the climax, Henry died, leaving five little children. Gertrude, his wife, was a student of Mt. Holyoke, and had taught in the schools of Berlin. She rose to the situation, started a kindergarten, and by her indomitable energy succeeded in giving a good education to her two sons and three daughters. The boys went to Cornell, and are now employed in smelters, Wads-

worth at Murray, Salt Lake, Utah, and Alfred at East Helena, Mont. Of the daughters, Nellie is a stenographer, Lena is a school teacher and a violinist. Gertrude also is a school teacher.

Formerly it was a custom of the churches to appoint individuals to go about from house to house to solicit contributions for benevolent objects. Mrs. Isaac Norton would wear a straw bonnet to church all winter, but she always welcomed a collector for foreign missions with a gift of five dollars.

Over west of Isaac Norton's, a family by the name of Miller lived in a small house that was burned. The Millers, husband and wife, were drunkards. In their sprees, she would scold him, and he would abuse her. Once, when she ran out of doors and yelled "murder!" the neighbors, who went to her rescue, found him in the house, rocking the baby, as nice and pleasant as could be. One day, while Mrs. Miller was at work for Mrs. Norton, as she saw her husband going by the house, she put her head out of a window and said some hateful things to him, whereupon he picked up a brickbat, threw it full drive at her, and smashed in all her front teeth.

The Millers had a daughter, Amelia, who was quite a pretty girl. This was in the forties.

Elisha Norton, son of Solomon, married Laura Belden, April 28, 1830. They had two sons, Horace and James, and five daughters, Amelia, Harriet, Emily, Julia, and Ellen. They lived, at first, on the old Isaac Norton homestead. Then Mr. Norton sold that place to James C. Arnold and built a new house on the southeast corner, now owned by the Hall brothers.

One of the industries of the early settlers was the clearing up of land. When Mr. Arnold purchased his place the lot opposite the house was a tangle of wild grape vines, and it was a hard task to root them out. People used to come from a distance to gather grapes from those vines. Mr. Norton and Mr. Arnold, both carpenters, carried on business together under the firm name of Norton & Arnold. They built the present Congregational church, in the village, which was afterward altered by putting in side galleries and a lower ceiling. The steeple was also strengthened by a new one built outside of and

higher than the old one. Mr. Arnold built the Lyman Nott house, the Washburn house, the Fowler house, and in 1850, the old Berlin depot. Mr. Norton's joiner shop still stands, east of the house where he lived. Mr. Arnold moved his shop, which was east of that, across to the north side of the road and made it into a dwelling house; then he bought a shop from some place, up on the street (where?) and moved it down onto the site of the first one—where it still remains.

About the year 1857 Mr. Norton removed to Racine, Wis. It was said, there, that Elisha Norton had the handsomest family of daughters in Racine.

It used to be required of voters that they should own a certain amount of real estate. A citizen of Berlin, anxious that his son should vote, deeded to him a piece of land on the south side of this street, with the understanding that the son should convey the property back to him after he had voted, but the young man concluded to keep it, and built himself a house there. The house and the people are all gone now.

Near this place lives John Hudson Webber, now in his ninety-fourth year, who for many years made shoes in a shop attached to the rear of his dwelling.

Over in the lot back of Mr. Webber's, once stood a slaughter, used by many butchers. At times the south winds wafted from that spot were enough to make a horse break into a run. The house recently remodeled by George S. Schofield was occupied about the year 1840 by a brick mason whose name was Noble. He disappeared, and his family were in great distress of mind. A German doctor here, who professed to have magic sight, said that the missing man had been murdered and that his body was secreted up on Newington mountain. A wagon load of men from the village—it was a Sunday—went up there, but found no trace of him. A few mornings after that William Bulkeley, on his way down to the south district school, met Noble, in the road, coming this way. The boy ran home, as fast as his feet would carry him, to tell his father that Mr. Noble was not dead—he had come home. The man had been off on a "drunk."

The house now owned by Henry L. Porter was occupied in the forties, and later, by Marvin Lee, who used the basement as a shoe shop, the entrance to which was by a door cut through the brickwork. This doorway was afterwards closed, but its outlines are still in evidence. The Lees had two gentle, fair-haired daughters, Caroline and Mary. The family moved away to New York State, and Anson Porter succeeded Mr. Lee in the shoemaking business.

We do not know when this street was opened but Aunt Abby Pattison always spoke of it as "the new road." The Isaac Norton house and the brick house, now owned by Leon LeClair, are the only really old houses built upon it and both are so near the main streets that they might have been placed there before this road was cut through by the town, and then in old times a laneway was possible. A comparatively modern house, that stood west of Mr. Arnold's, on the corner now owned by E. E. Austin, which was burned some twenty years since, was said to have been built by Evelyn Peck, a stone cutter, who had a marble yard connected with his house by a woodshed. This place was occupied for many years by the Henry Deming family. Silas Hurlburt, who married Elizabeth Deming, had a stove store on the premises.

In August, 1797, Berlin was nearly drowned out by a flood. A tremendous quantity of water fell from the skies—some called it a cloudburst.

At a town meeting, held April 9, 1798, Captain James North, Amos Hosford, and Selah Hart were appointed a committee to examine respecting the damage done by the late flood, and determine how much shall be paid to each parish out of the town treasury to make good such damage. At the same meeting it was voted that "the town will be of the expense of building and repairing the wood part of Beckley's and Kirby's bridges, and that the several societies shall be at the expense of the other work and bridges in each parish."

May 4, 1798, committees were appointed for Kensington parish and for New Britain to make good the damage done by the late flood. Nearly or quite all the bridges in town had been swept away and according to Deacon Selah Goodrich, who was then a well-grown lad, every milldam but the one at Norton's sawmill was carried off.

Here at the "corners," Andrew Norton's pond broke away, and washed nearly up to the houses. Great gullies were made on the hillside that may be seen to-day.

If Norton's milldam withstood the flood of 1797, its time came later. Mr. Bulkeley remembers that it went off when he was a boy. It was rebuilt by Philip Norton, who, in 1849, built the mill and put in machinery for sawing lumber from logs carried there by farmers of the vicinity.

In 1860, John Norton, son of Philip, was doing a prosperous business at the mill making carriage lumber from fine trees which he selected and bought for the purpose wherever he could find them.

John Graham used the ground floor for turning spokes for his wagon wheels. This mill was burned December, 1905. No insurance.

West of the pond, and also farther east, on the north side, over in the Brown's pasture, are clay pits and traces of brick kilns that were in use fifty years ago or so.

The clay was ground by a wheel with one horse power, then poured into wooden moulds, and slipped out onto boards to dry—all by hand work.

Back of Norton's mill, up in the cliff, in a sort of natural cave, enlarged by hacking, lived Sam Smith, known as an outlaw, a robber, and a horse stealer. It was said also that he stole sheep and threw their bones into the pond.

A house that stood next west of the mill was occupied by Abraham Stephens, who had a large family of children. They had a carriage and an old horse, with which they took much pleasure in driving about the country. One day, when Mr. Stephens was at work in a field, and his women folks were all out riding, the house took fire and was destroyed.

CHAPTER XIV.

Disposal of Highway Property.—The Building of the New Haven Railroad.—The Train Wreck at Peat Swamp.

In our early days much of the business brought before voters related to roads. At a town meeting held in Farmington December 27, 1784, the year before Berlin was set off by herself, a vote was taken to sell the highways unnecessary for travel. A committee was appointed to locate such highways, and after three months' notice to individuals, for redress, to sell such highways to adjoining proprietors or to others, the avails to be and remain a perpetual fund for the support of schools in the several societies.

At a town meeting held in Berlin April 11, 1814, it was "Voted that the several Societies of Worthington have the 'privilege' of the Interest of all monies arising from the sale of highways, within the limits of said Society in the same manner as the other Societies in the town of Berlin have to Improve the Interest of such monies in their Several School Societies, the principal of such money to be Subject to the Same rules and Regulations as in the other parishes."

According to the report of the town treasurer, Berlin has on deposit, held in trust for the benefit of schools in the Society of Worthington, a fund to the amount of \$2,186.71, which accrued from the sale of highways. When the town was first settled, some of the roads were laid out twenty rods wide and even forty rods in certain places, an advantage in muddy weather. When one track was badly poached, another and another could be chosen.

In the year 1786, after it was voted to sell highways, over seventy deeds were given by the town to individuals who purchased land adjoining their own property. At first twenty-rod highways sold for nine shillings, ten pence, the length bordering on owner's land.

Jonathan Edwards, one of the first settlers in the south part of Berlin, died in 1776, aged seventy-two. Miss Harriet Edwards, his great-great-granddaughter, says she used to hear that he lived on a road which was abandoned, over west of Edward Hall's place, and that the ruins of the house could still be seen there in the woods. Jonathan Edwards was succeeded by his son Josiah, Sr.

On May 30, 1786, a committee appointed by the town deeded to Josiah Edwards, for the consideration of fourteen pounds lawful money, "a part of the country road (so called) running westward from said Edwards' dwelling house butting west on the four rod highway so called and contains about two acres and eighty rods of land." "Four rod highway" ran around into Kensington.

Mr. Yale of Meriden used to say that once on a time there was a road west of the peat swamp, and that stages ran over that road. It butted on Hicks Street in Meriden and came out a little west of the Norris Dunham place in Kensington. There is still one house on that road near its Kensington termination, and the road is yet kept open as far as that house by the town.

At a town meeting held December 4, 1797, it was "voted that the selectmen be authorized to sell a highway east of the country road lying between the lands of Jedediah Norton and Josiah Edwards, and that they offer to Jedediah Norton that part lying on his lands which if he will purchase at what they shall judge its value they are to sell to him, otherwise they will sell the same at auction." Turnpikes were owned by corporations or by individuals, whose revenue consisted of fees exacted from those who used the roads, and toll gates were placed at a distance of ten miles apart.

Certain travelers, as those going to a funeral or to church, or to a training, were passed free, as were persons who lived near the gate when going about their ordinary business. All others had to pay toll according to a schedule of rates—twenty-five cents for a stage or a two-horse carriage; six and a quarter cents—fo'pence—for a one-horse wagon, and one cent for a single animal when driven. Lovers who visited their sweet-

hearts and remained until the small hours of the night would escape payment of toll on their way home. The gate would then be wide open.

About a third of a mile below the Abram Wright tavern was a curious toll-house; the lower rooms were divided by the width of the pike, so that teams could go through. The second story extended across over the road and made a shelter for the gate, gate-man and for travelers while fumbling for change.

A family by the name of Bassett lived there, and the children came up to the south district school. One of the sons, Erastus J., became a valued adjuster for the *Ætna* Fire Insurance Company. His house in Hartford is now owned by George H. Sage. Another son, Edwin, was an aeronaut. His mother worried so much whenever he made an ascension that he finally promised her he would never go up again, and he kept his word.

The gate was abolished in 1855.

As we go to Meriden on the steam cars, we see at the left, near the southern boundary of Berlin's town line, a large pond, with buildings bearing the sign "Hartford Ice Company." The basin of that pond is a peat swamp, some twenty-five acres in extent. A laneway which starts from the highway just south of the Henry Norton house, leads westerly and southerly, a distance of about three-quarters of a mile, to this same swamp, which was once included in Jedediah Norton's farm and was called "Old Fly."

A map of Berlin, dated 1867, shows on the east side of the track a building with the words "Etna Peat Co." On the west side is a "Boarding house." The Etna Peat Company was formed for the purpose of making the decayed sphagnum into bricks to be used for fuel. A factory which was put up was fitted with a steam engine and other expensive machinery for crushing and moulding the turf. A canal was cut across the swamp for drainage and to make a water way for an immense scow which carried a dredger for hauling up the sods. At first the bricks were dried in the open air, afterwards they were kiln dried. Some said the peat was not the right kind, and was good for nothing to burn. Whether it was that, or the

cheaper transportation of coal, is not clear, but after two or three companies had experimented and sold out, the scheme was pronounced a dead failure, and it only represented a small fortune lost. The persons who alone profited from the venture were the farmers who sold the land and turned their wood lots into money.

Mr. Albert Warren bought the scow, and broke it up for the sake of the lumber. One long stick of yellow pine went into the foundation of his barn, its mate, he sold to the town of Berlin, and it is still in use, as a foot bridge, across the stream at Beckley's mill.

The Hartford and New Haven railroad was opened to travel in 1839. Some years later a second track was laid. One night the laborers employed on this second track left, standing beside "Old Fly," a train of cars loaded with gravel, their tools piled on top. When the men returned to their work the next morning, they saw an island out in the pond that had arisen in their absence, while tools, gravel cars and track had disappeared—had gone down into the depths of the marsh, and there they remain to this day. The workmen must have needed an extra bracer that morning to raise their spirits. Phineas Case remembers that when the railroad was building, the women used to come over to that saloon on the corner north of his house with pitchers, pails and jugs to be filled with whiskey.

The story of a second accident at the same place, as gathered here and there from persons who had scarcely thought of it for years, is as follows: On the afternoon of April 6, 1880, just after a heavily loaded freight train had passed the peat factory boarding house, Mr. and Mrs. Kelsey, who lived there, were startled by a thundering great noise. Eight rods or so of the railroad track with its embankment had slumped again.

Night was coming on, the Boston express was nearly due, and another train would soon come from the south. Mr. Kelsey went to look out for the New York train. Mrs. Kelsey ran into the house, lighted a lantern, took off her red flannel petti-

coat and started up the road toward the north waving her danger signals. Glory was the only reward she ever received.

As the engine approached, she screeched at the top of her voice and the train was stopped its own length away from the yawning chasm. It is said that when the trainmen asked what the matter was they were told that the peat bog had gone to h——.

The story goes on to say that there were four millionaires among the passengers on that train—that much praise was given the brave woman who had saved their lives—but that no reward whatever was given to her.

The next day a long procession of wagons and carriages filled with men, women and children might have been seen going through Berlin Street toward the peat swamp and half of Meriden was there.

The boys collected fence rails which they threw into the water west of the track, the rails sank out of sight and then bobbed up again. The telegraph poles had settled so that only the tops were left.

Supt. E. H. Davison and the directors of the road walked about and discussed the situation, while the crowd looked on. The advice of the directors was to remove the track far enough west to avoid the marsh, but the superintendent said he would make a solid bed for the road where it was first laid if it took the whole of Yalesville. A small boy gazed at him in awe as he gave his orders, like a potentate, and thought he must be a very great man.

Mr. Luby says that a caisson of heavy planks, laid flat, one over another, was built and thousands of loads of sand were brought up from the banks owned by the company in Yalesville. As fast as the sand was dumped, water was poured on to make it as hard as possible. After the work was completed a man was kept at the place to watch the road every day for a year, and it will always be under careful inspection.

A certain clever fellow, who was set to guard the embankment, had his one failing, and it came to the ears of the company that he sometimes neglected his watch. He was severely reprimanded and threatened with loss of his position. He was

so scared that he became a disciple of Father Murphy, and was ever after a sober man. He wore a blue ribbon conspicuously pinned on his coat, and when he met an old friend and was asked how he was getting along, he would say, "Firstrate, sir, I am a blue ribbon man now, sir."

The depth of the morass at its center is unknown. Mr. Luby says he has seen a whole coil of telegraph wire unwound and dropped there until it settled by its own weight, without reaching a foundation.

The story of the disaster at the Peat Swamp as given recently in the *Berlin* history, started quite a discussion among those who were taken by their parents to see the show. Charles Warren and one of his schoolmates were sure they saw one car tilting half over the track, and that another was down in the mud—that trunks, soaking full of water, were fished up from the depths, and that when the question was asked who was responsible for the damage the reply was "Oh, the company will have to make it good." Others said "'twas no such a thing—that there was no car on the track when it caved in."

To settle the controversy Miss Ruth Galpin went to the office of the *Hartford Courant* and copied from the file of 1880 their account of the catastrophe [pronounced "cat-a-strop-he," by a little girl in our fifth district school].

Mrs. Walter Gwatkin kindly obtained from the *Hartford Times* their version of the accident. The two accounts are here given:

OWL TRAIN WRECKED.

NINE CARS IN A HEAP AT BERLIN, AND NOBODY HURT—WONDERFUL
ESCAPE FROM A CURIOUS ACCIDENT—THE COAST ALL
CLEAR NOW.

(From the *Hartford Courant*.)

The midnight train for New York which left here about two o'clock yesterday morning met with an accident only less remarkable than the escape of all the passengers from the peril that it involved. The track all fell out from under the train, the whole train of nine cars

was brought to a sudden stop and its cars scattered right and left and yet no one on the train was hurt. It occurred just below the ice-house of the artificial pond below Berlin. On both sides of the track there is a peat bog. When the double track was laid a train of gravel cars was left standing there one night and the next morning had all disappeared—been swallowed up. The down train passed at three o'clock. It consisted of two express cars, a passenger coach and three sleepers. The engine was Planet—the engineer Bradford. He suddenly felt a remarkable swaying as if everything had fallen out from under. He applied the air-brakes. The engine crossed but the tender was derailed. The track held together although the foundation was gone. The first express car landed on the up track. The second express car containing the messenger twice turned over and landed on its side in the pond. The mail car fell across the up track with one end in the pond. The baggage car landed on up track. The three sleepers staid on the track. The passengers did not even wake up. Mr. Allen of this city did not know of any trouble until waking he saw by daylight the peat bog where he expected to see New York City. The up train was stopped at Meriden. The loss was between \$2,500 and \$3,000.

(From the *Hartford Times*.)

The passenger train bound south on N. Y. N. H. railroad that left this city 2.07 a. m. today met with a serious disaster when about two miles this side of Meriden. At the point where the accident occurred an artificial pond belonging to the Hartford Ice Co. lies on both sides of the track. For some days past the company has had workmen employed in drawing off the water in the pond in order to clean it out, as has been the custom each year since it was constructed. In consequence of this drawing off the water, the roadbed, which at this point is in the neighborhood of thirty feet wide, was undermined for a distance of seventy-five or more feet. The train consisted of an engine and tender, a postal car, two express cars, the ordinary coacher and three sleepers. The number of passengers on the train is not definitely known. The postal car was thrown at right angle across the track, one end lies buried hard in the sandy bottom of the pond. Every car in the train also we believe was thrown from the tracks and the wreck is a bad one, covering as it does both tracks and preventing the passage of trains in both directions, and requiring as it will, owing to the fact that the water is on each side, most if not the whole of the day to clear it away.

Passengers and baggage are transferred around the wreck with such dispatch however that the passengers from the south due here by the 9.44 a. m. arrived only about half hour late. It is reported to be impossible to lay a temporary track around the wreck and in consequence the delay is greater than it would otherwise be.

Knowledge of the accident reached Hartford at about four o'clock, and Division Supt. Davison, Mr. Packard and other under officials of the road, soon had a wrecking train made up that took down a number of workmen to assist in cleaning away the debris. Other workmen also went down on the half-past six and eight o'clock trains and with these, sent from Meriden, formed a large force that is now at work in reopening travel on the line. (Later account.)

A visit to the scene of the wrecked train disclosed a worse situation than the first reports gave and it shows too in a splendid way the unequaled efficiency and promptitude of the work that is done in such cases by the men and wrecking appliances of the N. Y., N. H. & H. road. Superintendent Davison had gone down long before daylight with a wrecking car and 100 men with jackscrews, etc., from this city, and Vice President Reed came up from New Haven with a work car, and a large force of station men with jackscrews and other appliances and the work that has been done is surprising even to those familiar with the expeditious ways of the Consolidated road in such cases. The distinctive feature of this case which separates it from all ordinary smashups, and from other cases of wrecks which can be, and are removed entirely in a couple of hours are first, the locality which is a spot between two sheets of water, that touch the road bed on either side and then give no room for working, and second, the way in which the wreck lay. It was all smashed up and lying across both tracks while one, the east track, had sunk four feet below the level of the other track. Two cars were deep in the mud, another was lying across the tracks, and all the rest were smashed more or less and lying in confusion in all directions. To all ordinary view it seemed at daylight as if the situation could not be corrected in three days. In reality it was made so the train could pass in five hours from the time the whole force had got fairly to work. The train from the south came by that spot at 1.52 p. m. on the west track without even stopping. The practical mechanical judgment and energy of Mr. Reed and his very capable lieutenant Supt. Davison were never shown to better effect. Mr. George Cutting a Meriden builder after visiting the scene declared that the damage must be \$10,000 to the rolling stock alone. This may be a liberal estimate but it includes only a part of the whole damage. Both tracks will be clear at sundown and all restored to place.

Recent installments of the Berlin History gave accounts somewhat conflicting of the railroad accident at Peat Swamp, said to have occurred April 6, 1880. The Mr. and Mrs. Kelsey to whom reference was made as flagging the trains, lived for seventeen years in the boarding house west of the pond. The first account was copied by the *Meriden Journal*, of the same week, and thus came to the notice of Mrs. Kelsey, who now lives with her second husband on Curtis Street, Meriden. Her version of the trouble at the swamp shows that it is not always safe to tell another man that his testimony is not true, because it does not agree with yours. He may be thinking of one story, and you of another, both true. Mrs. Kelsey says that on the night of April 6, 1880, the track settled two or three feet and at that time the midnight Washington Express, or "Owl train," was derailed. The baggage car went down the bank, and the postal car lay across the track, while the sleepers remained on the rails; all as described by the reporters. After that a watchman was kept there night and day.

On the night of June 3 following, as the same express was due, just after a heavy freight train had passed along, suddenly, without warning, the embankment settled out of sight, for a length of about a hundred and seventy-five feet. Mr. and Mrs. Kelsey were aroused by the great noise and went out to see what had happened. They were met by the watchman, who said "The peat bog has gone to h——." His lantern had been put out, and he was so dazed that he could not relight it.

Mrs. Kelsey ran back into the house, took her own lantern, caught her child's* red flannel petticoat from the clothes line, started up the north track, and stopped the train, its length away from the yawning chasm, and thus a terrible disaster was averted. Mr. Kelsey and the watchman went south and warned the New York express.

It was at this time, June 3, that the telegraph poles sank their entire length into the water. No cars were thrown out of place. The trains stopped on either side of the breach and passengers walked over to make connections.

* See pp. 261-2. There seems to be some discrepancy about the ownership of the petticoat. However, this is not of great importance.

Six months afterwards the railroad company sent Mrs. Kelsey a check for fifty dollars. As for the millionaires aboard the train, she excused them, for the reason that they knew nothing about her. The affair was kept as quiet as possible.

Mr. William Beckley of Torrington has contributed the following bit of history about Peat Swamp:

TORRINGTON, March 31st, 1906.

To the Editor of THE BERLIN NEWS.

DEAR SIR: I have been very much interested in the History of Berlin as given in the paper.

An item about Peat Swamp that has not been mentioned is this: that in the latter part of the eighteenth and the early part of the nineteenth century, there was, a short distance below where the railroad crosses a swamp, a carding mill for the carding and making into rolls for spinning the wool and flax raised by the neighboring farmers. The swamp at that time was an open pond as now. What caused the growth of vegetable matter upon it during that comparatively short period?

Yours truly, WILLIAM BECKLEY.

CHAPTER XV.

Mt. Lamentation.

The following story tells why Mount Lamentation was so named. It was written before the year 1833, as told to his children, by the Rev. Charles A. Goodrich, who for many years lived in the house now owned by Miss Julia Hovey:

“When I was telling you of the mountains of Connecticut, I mentioned one, as belonging to the Middletown range, by the name of Mount Lamentation. This mountain is situated in the town of Berlin, to the east of the fine turnpike which leads from New Haven to Hartford. The view of the mountain from this road is beautiful, and even grand. It rises like a steep precipice to a considerable height, and forms a sublime contrast to the rich meadows, which extend to a considerable distance from its base.

The name Lamentation was given to the mountain many years since, from the circumstance that a gentleman was once lost in the thick forest which crowns its top.

The name of this gentleman was Chester. He was one of the pious men who first settled the town of Wethersfield, about which I shall soon tell you. The event happened about nine years after the town was settled.

At some distance south of Wethersfield, there was an unenclosed ground, since called the Mill Lot. To this ground, Mr. Chester went one day, for some purpose, but I cannot tell you what it was. It was a cloudy afternoon, and he was alone. Having completed his business, he set out to return. The country on all sides was a wilderness. Scarcely a foot-path led back to the settlement. He took the direction, however, which he supposed would lead him home, and, for a time, went on without anxiety.

After walking some distance, he began to wonder that he did not come in sight of cultivated land. But still he was scarcely

troubled, as it occurred to him that he might have gone much farther into the forest than he originally intended. He therefore quickened his step, expecting soon to emerge from the woods.

In this, however, he found himself disappointed. The farther he walked, the thicker the forest trees seemed to grow. A wild and fearful gloom, by this time, was settling around him. Night came on apace, and, for the first time, the painfulness of his situation came over his mind.

He had mistaken his way, and he was now convinced of it. He stopped, and asked himself, what he should do? He looked around, but he had no means of ascertaining the points of the compass. The sun had been obscured all day. That had now gone down; and not a solitary star glittered on the traveller to direct his course.

He could no longer tell the direction which he had come; of course he could not retrace his steps to the spot from which he had started. In this anxious moment, he scarcely knew what course to take. Having decided, however, he pushed forward, still in hopes of reaching home before the setting in of full darkness should render it impossible. For a time, he hastened his flight by running. But the dangers thickened too fast around him to admit of this speed. Trees and rocks were scarcely visible. Against some he struck, and over others he fell.

Injured as he was, he still went forward. But now he proceeded with redoubled caution, since a single step might plunge him from some precipice into an abyss below. It added to the horrors of his situation, that the wolves and panthers, which inhabited the forest, were stealing abroad from their lurking places, in quest of prey. At times he could hear their yells; and, though at a distance, they sounded like the appalling war-whoop of the savage.

Mr. Chester was a man of courage. He partook of that firmness and daring which characterized the first settlers. This was a fortunate trait in their character, since they were liable to encounter dangers unknown to older countries. Mr. Chester

was also a man of piety. He believed in God, and well did he know that his providence could protect him; or, if in the gloomy recesses of the forest he must die, God could take him to his glory.

Trust in God, my children (said Mr. Goodrich), is a source of comfort, in the saddest hour which afflicts the heart of man. It imparts light in darkness, and inspires with courage, in the midst of a thousand dangers. This pious pilgrim now fell upon his knees, and commended himself to an Almighty Protector. He prayed for composure—for direction—for deliverance. He supplicated for submission to the Divine will.

When he rose, he knew that God was there. Still his heart was full. Whose heart would not have been full? He thought of home; of a tender anxious wife; of her helpless weeping children. He was a kind and tender husband, a fond and affectionate father. His thoughts gave life to all the sensibilities of his soul; his bosom heaved with unutterable anguish, when he felt that he might see his family no more.

Roused, however, by his feelings, he determined to make another effort to reach home that night. He now changed his course, and changed again, and again, and with increased caution proceeded on his way. All effort, however, was in vain. No opening disclosed itself to his weary step, and no glimmering light fell upon his moistened eye.

In this state he continued to wander, he scarcely knew whither, nor how long. At length, overcome with anxiety and fatigue, he sunk upon the earth, concluding to wait till day. At the same time, he determined not to sleep; but had he determined otherwise, it would have been to no purpose, for sleep approached him not.

Before the day dawned, however, he forgot his cares a few minutes. Protected by Providence, he awoke, but judge what must have been his gratitude to God. He had stopped the preceding evening—he had laid himself down on the very verge of a frightful precipice. A few steps more, and he would have slept the sleep of death.

The morning, which brings joy to most, brought little to him. A dark cloud still hung on the sky, and a thick mist obscured almost every object around him. He knew not where he was, and what was still more painful, he knew not what direction to take.

As he rose from the earth, he found his limbs stiff from exposure to the damps of the night. A faintness came over him for want of food. He descried some berries on a neighboring bush, and drank some water from a neighboring rill.

The day preceding he had pursued a course which he supposed to be north and east, though it was afterwards proved to be a direction exactly opposite. The day continued dark and gloomy. His exertions were now such as he could make; but they were far less vigorous than they had been the day before, for he was fainter from the loss of strength and courage.

Again night approached. A deathlike sickness settled upon his head. The darkness and the solitude appalled his weakened mind. He sank upon the earth and commended himself to God in prayer. A kind Providence enabled him to sleep, and protected him from the dangers which surrounded him. The howlings of the wild beasts occasionally broke upon his slumbers, but if they approached him they were not permitted to touch him.

Another morning found him still in the land of the living; but hope had now nearly fled. It was still dark and cloudy. His exhaustion of body had affected his mind, and he scarcely knew what he was, or whither he would go.

He perceived, however, that he was ascending an elevated tract of country, which he conjectured to be the base of a mountain. Up this ascent he dragged his way, faintly hoping that from its top he might overlook the settlement at Wethersfield.

But the impressions of what took place that day were too faint ever to be distinctly recalled. He only recollected that he reached the top—he looked abroad—but he could discover nothing but a wild waste of woods, extending as far as the eye

could reach. At the prospect, his heart sickened to its core, and hope took her flight.

We will now go back, my children (said Mr. Goodrich), to the home of Mr. Chester. His wife had expected his return at an early hour of the afternoon on which he left her. It was unusual for him to be absent after sundown. As that time had arrived, she began to feel anxious that he did not make his appearance.

Her solicitude increased as the evening advanced. The hour of family prayer came. The large family bible was brought out and laid in its usual place. Every moment it was expected he would come. But he came not. At length, after waiting long—after listening many a time to hear the sound of his approaching step—she sent her family to bed, while she watched still longer for his arrival. The morning at length dawned, but he had not arrived.

The news of his strange absence was now spread through the village. No one had seen him or heard of him. Several of the inhabitants started in search of him. They were abroad all day, but no trace and no tidings could they discover of him. It was now settled that some serious disaster had befallen him.

I cannot stop to tell you of the cruel suspense of the family; nor of the agitated state of the village, on the setting in of this second night. A thousand conjectures floated through different minds—and many ill bodings respecting him went the village round.

The next day, at an early hour, preparations were made for a more extended search. Nearly all the men of the settlement were summoned, and after settling their plan, they started in different directions, on the intended search. They took with them drums and firearms, to assist in guiding his course, should he fortunately come within the sound of them.

This day, however, passed away like the other. Most of the men came back at evening, to communicate their failure to the now agonized family and friends. A small party, however, had wandered so far to the south during the day, that they concluded to encamp out for the night.

The following day, this party renewed their search. They continued to pursue a southerly course. Occasionally they fired their guns; they halloed; they called his name; they sounded their drum.

At length, the sound of the drum broke upon the bewildered man's ear. He stopped; he listened. He went on. Again he paused. His brain was confused. His mind was disordered. Still he had sufficient understanding left to think; and a thought now glanced over his mind, that his friends might be in search for him, and he dragged himself towards the coming sounds.

He thought these sounds increased. He was sure they did. He heard his name sounded at a distance. The sound came through the forest like the voice of mercy. He could no longer advance. He stood like a marble monument. A few minutes brought the party within his view. They also saw him. A thrill of joy he felt play round his heart, and, as they approached to welcome him to their bosom, his mind seemed to recover its tone. Tears of joy burst from his eyes; and an exclamation of gratitude ascended from his lips to the great Author of his deliverance.

The joy of his neighbors was scarcely exceeded by his own. They conducted him home, a distance of thirteen miles, which he had wandered. The place where he was found was this mountain in Berlin; and well afterwards was it called Mount Lamentation.

I cannot describe to you, my children (said Mr. Goodrich), the joy which thrilled through the hearts of his family—which spread through the village, as the party made their appearance, with the object of their toilsome search. I dare say the story was long remembered by both old and young, and was improved by the pious pilgrims, in a religious way. It would lead them to reflect upon the lost and wandering state of mankind, in respect to their creator. Let us (said Mr. Goodrich) improve it in a similar manner. We are lost, my children; we are wandering, in a darker, and still more dreary wilderness. But there is One, who is appointed 'to seek and save the lost.'

Happy will it be for us, if we be found of Him, and are restored to the family in Heaven above, who will welcome our restoration with songs of joy, such as angels sing."

In the ancient burying ground at Wethersfield may be seen a table monument which bears the following inscription:

Here lyes the body of Leonard Chester Armiger late of the town of Blaby and several other Lordships in Leicestershire, deceased in Wethersfield Anno Domini 1648 oetatis 39.

Strange figures, rudely cut on the stone, doubtless an armorial device, have been supposed by some to represent the hobgoblins that appeared to Mr. Chester when lost in the forest of Mt. Lamentation.

According to Historian Stiles, Mr. Chester built a grist mill at Wethersfield in 1637, and tradition says that he was in search of a suitable site for this mill when he lost his bearings, and wandered for three days, while his anxious neighbors, armed with drums, muskets, tin pans, tin pails and brass kettles, with anything and everything that could make a noise, searched for him.*

Some fine morning, should you join one of the processions of college boys who come to Berlin village by trolley, and head for the south, they will lead you on a tramp of three miles down past the old tollgate site and a little farther on the turnpike,

* A part of this chapter, dealing with the origin of the name of Mount Lamentation, called forth a criticism by Chas. H. Hollister, now deceased. In a letter to the *Berlin News*, dated March 7th, 1906, he writes: "The article [by the Rev. Charles A. Goodrich] makes Mr. Chester out to be 'a derved fool.' In coming from Wethersfield to Mount Lamentation, he had to cross the creek at Rocky Hill, and again before he reached Mount Lamentation he would have to cross the Mattabessett River. In that early time he must have had to swim or wade, and being a thorough woodsman, why did he not follow the creek or river until he reached the Connecticut and then back to Wethersfield?"

No doubt it was Miss North's intention to let the reader determine the historical value of Mr. Goodrich's tale, and reproduced it as such.

beyond the point where Old Colony Road branches off toward West Meriden, until in the distance appear three small houses, on the west side of the road. When within about sixty rods of the first house you will turn into a field and go eastward until you reach a projecting cliff at the base of Mount Lamentation.

This is the goal.

In the spring of 1887 Mr. William M. Davis of Harvard, who in 1877 began a careful geological survey of Connecticut, discovered at this place a very curious formation, which was pronounced to be of true volcanic origin.

At first it was called "Connecticut's Extinct Volcano," but Professor Davis submitted, as more appropriate, the name "Ash bed," which was adopted, and the locality is now known in the geological world as "The Meriden Ash Bed."

The deposit which, in general, is of a greenish gray color, shows a depth of about thirty feet. It consists of pitchstone, vitrified sand, angular fragments of trap and other materials, with bombs of dense trap, wrapped in rings of glass, rounded and flattened, interspersed at irregular intervals, all cemented together and technically called breccia.

What remains of the bed extends for an unknown distance under Lamentation, and thus has been protected. If, as is supposed, the original deposit covered an area of several square miles, it was long since worn away by erosion.

Lands composed of disintegrated trap are remarkable for fertility.

The theory at first advanced, after the discovery of the bed, was that the ashes and bombs were thrown there from above, from a central crater some distance away, spoken of, by a writer in the Connecticut Magazine for January, 1905, as a "mammoth volcano, a magnificent belcher, with tremendous force underneath, whose mouth vomited fire, ashes and melted rock." As one remarked, "When the eruption was going on, there must have been a great scurrying of the old reptiles, whose tracks were found on the sandstone beds at various points in the valley."

Diligent and repeated search failed to reveal the exact locality of the possible grand central crater. If lost, it may be under the mountain.

The suggestion of a scientist from a neighboring town that it might be in the peat swamp, was scouted by other wise men.

The crater, if ever found, will be as a pipe or neck of lava, not as a cone. When it was announced that an extinct volcano had been discovered at Mount Lamentation, great interest was excited among geologists, and the "ash bed" was visited by hundreds of persons from Meriden, New Britain, and Middletown, by classes from the colleges and schools, with their teachers, until a well-worn path was trodden from the road to the bluff. The Meriden Scientific Association, not content with a surface view, laid the rock open in places by the use of dynamite.

Ten years later Professor Davis wrote: "I have taken parties there every summer since then and I hope to do my share toward beating down that path for many years to come.

For several seasons this district was taken as one of the training grounds in field study, for the Harvard Summer School of Geology. Harvard, Yale, and Wesleyan students, with their professors, once united on an excursion to this locality. They left their trains at Meriden and walked along the turnpike to Lamentation, which they explored to the point where it terminates, over near East Berlin. There, Spruce Brook cuts a trench, and shows how the trap rock passes to the covering of sandstone. At the end of the day the company took trains for their homes from East Berlin station.

The truth must now be told, though it should conflict with the most interesting details of this description, even though it may destroy the picture in our imagination of fire balls shooting from "Old Fly" across the heavens to Lamentation. Scientists have, with reason, modified their views as to the origin of the breccia bed. Still it remains a fact that once on a time there were great "goings on" in this region. We are told that an arm of the sea came up from the south into Berlin,

that rivers ran swiftly from an elevation of from 150 to 200 feet above sea level, and that a lake covered all of Middletown, Cromwell, and Berlin.

Some years since, when a well was dug on the Risley place, now owned by Mr. Roby, a bed of shells was unearthed.

Where there are rivers, or lakes, there will be sand and mud, and so here, layer after layer of sandstone was formed under water.

While the earth was cooling off outside, and the heat underneath was still sufficient to melt all known substances, there came a tremendous explosion of imprisoned steam, from the underground reservoir. At the same time a stream of molten trap was cast up through the sandstone. As the fluid rock spread, like a vast sheet, over the cold, wet surface, the lower part formed a thin, solid, glassy layer. Before the upper part had time to cool, another explosion of steam, with more melted rock, followed, which shattered the hardened layer of trap into fragments and forced them throughout the red hot mass above where they remained without melting again.

The whole sheet of trap was afterwards lifted, tilted to the east, and broken apart, so that what now appears as the face, is the broken edge, and this is the latest theory of the formation of the "Meriden Ash Bed." It all happened ages ago—millions of years we are told, but its history written so plainly, by the hand of the Almighty, on this cliff lies an open page, so that, not "he who runs," but he who studies may read.

We must not linger too long at the "ash bed." Mount Lamentation is a great sheet of trap and there are other interesting localities. On our way back to the trolley we shall wish to visit a mud volcano about half a mile farther north high up on the mountain, over in Berlin.

The "ash bed" is not in the least like a bank of coal ashes, and neither has the "mud volcano" the look of a mud hole. Professor B. K. Emerson of Amherst describes it thus:

"The place is on the same trap ridge and may be found by going north from the last locality along the Berlin turnpike to the point where a road comes in from the southwest.

Opposite this road a wood road runs east to the ridge, and going a few rods north one comes to a fine point of view of the lake to the west, where beacon fires have been built. Directly beneath in the bluff is a rock shelter, and the southern wall of this is the south wall of the throat to be described. The explosive force of the steam at the base of the trap sheet has formed the same brecciated agglomerate as before, but has here forced its way through the whole thickness of the trap sheet in a throat three rods wide and flowed out on the surface as a submarine mud volcano . . . The walls of the throat are clearly exposed. At the lowest point visible the trap is rudely columnar and compact. . . . This is plainly the undisturbed surface of a normal lava flow.

The mass that rises in the throat and spreads over the lava sheet has all the peculiarities of the breccia farther south.

It contains the rounded, bomb-like trap blocks, isolated blocks of indurated white sandstone containing blebs of pitchstone and rounded by abrasion, blocks of scoriaceous red sandstone, also containing pitchstone and fragments of jet black, fine-grained basal trap, often full of the long steam tubes which are usually found at the bottom of the trap, together with various other trap varieties. The whole is cemented by glass. . . .

It rises over the lips of the throat and flows southward. . . . The breccia can be followed north about thirty rods. I traced it south about forty rods. It is doubtless continuous with the two thin layers of tuff in the sandstone above the trap east of the ash bed."

"Altogether a very instructive locality," say the scientists, and classes under their direction, obtain, from one day's visit at Mount Lamentation, a clearer idea of conditions, far back, when the mighty forces of flood, fire and steam were at work giving shape to the earth's crust, than from many months' study of books.

Professor William North Rice of Wesleyan University is about to publish a work descriptive of the rocks and cliffs of this region, and those who wish to know more of the subject may do well to consult that publication.

On Mount Lamentation is a famous soft rock, its length of about forty feet covered from end to end with inscriptions—carved with jackknives—names of generation after generation of Berlin boys and girls who thus immortalized themselves.

The outside of the rock seems to have hardened in recent years, but the inside is still quite soft. The best way to approach it is to take the mountain road at the Jarvis farm, and follow the path southerly about a mile.

The rock is on the very top of the ridge, about half-way between the E. C. Hall house and the old Abram Wright place and can be seen from the turnpike.

One day two village lads, Charley Sage and Charley Warren, went up to cut their names on the rock. Charley Sage's father was a stonecutter; to save his jackknife and make a better job he carried along his father's mallet and chisel. When the chisel broke, he looked at it sadly and remarked, "I don't know what my father will say to me now."

On the southern slope of the mountain, back of Martin Dunham's, a stone marks the point where three counties meet, Middletown, New Haven, and Hartford.

Saturday, November 3, 1906, fifty-eight professors of geology and their pupils from Wellesley, Holyoke, and Smith colleges (ladies first), and from Harvard, Yale, and Wesleyan universities, came down at Spruce Brook, from the mountain, which they had followed all the way up from Meriden. They called on the Benson family, and one of its members carried some of the company over to the Berlin station. The work of the day had been quite satisfactory to the geologists, and many new places were discovered which showed volcanic action.

The most envied of the party, however, was the one who found a topaz, as large as a silver quarter. This souvenir is to be cut, to bring out its luster. The topaz is a valued gem, found usually in primitive rocks.

CHAPTER XVI.

The South District: The Roberts Farm; David Sage, Alfred Ward, and Their Children; the Stantack Road.

The course of our history will now lead eastward from Bishop's corner in the South district. The statement, in an early chapter, that "The Bishop house was long since torn down and the new schoolhouse now stands on the place," called forth a response by letter, from Charles H. Aspinwall, in which he says:

The new school house in the South district stands several hundred feet north of the site of the old Bishop house.

The old black heart cherry tree nearest the road which runs east and west, stood in the angle formed by the main part of the house and the ell. The well was located in this ell part.

I can just remember Samuel Bishop, Sr's daughter, Betsey, who lived in the house alone for a time. She was a kindly, gentle, old lady who must have loved children, for my impression of her is very pleasant. After a time she moved away, and the old house was occupied by several tenants until it gradually became uninhabitable. I remember roaming through this empty house many times when a boy. It was a low, rambling old place, with many small rooms, nearly all on the ground floor.

Betsey Bishop spent her last years in Springfield, where she owned half of a pretty house. A favorite nephew owned the other half, and she lived happily until after his death. She left a sum of money for the care of her family burying lot, at Maple Cemetery, in Berlin, where she desired to be laid beside her father and mother, but her wish was not regarded.

Miss Bishop's mother, Elizabeth [Galpin], born about 1767, was the daughter of Benjamin Galpin, who kept the old tavern at Boston Corners. Elizabeth Galpin's sister, Roxy, was the second wife of Selah Savage, and the mother of Mrs. Franklin Roys. The two sisters used to sing songs that they learned from the dancing parties at the tavern.

The large elm tree on the north bank in front of the Loveland house, now occupied by the Roys sisters, was set out in 1784 by Samuel Bishop. He told Mr. Galpin that, when he was nineteen, he went over on the ledge, dug up that tree, and brought it over to the village on his back. At the same time he planted, on the south front bank, a buttonball, which grew to an immense size. It was a target for lightning once too many times, and shortly before 1870, it was split so that a large limb fell over against the house, and for safety the old giant was cut down.

Samuel Bishop died September 27, 1856, aged ninety-one years. His wife died December 25, 1840, at the age of seventy-three.

Since Erastus North's day, women have complained that they could not find anyone to put scions into their fruit trees. Mrs. Bishop grafted her trees successfully with her own hands.

Over the hills, easterly and southerly, around Bishop's curve, at the head of the road, as it runs east and west, may be seen the house of Martin Dunham, built about 1850, by his brother, Solomon Dunham. The farm next east was long owned by the Roberts family. John Roberts died in 1837, aged ninety-two years. His wife, Sarah (Merrills), died in 1830, aged eighty-two years. They were members of the Worthington Congregational church previous to 1812.

There were twelve children in this family, whose names were: Sarah, Electa, Eleazer, Samuel, Harry, William, Mary, Maria, John, Emeline, Lucetta, and Julia. Besides the large house, now standing, there was a smaller house farther east, which was occupied by the son John, father of Walter Roberts of New Britain.

John Roberts and his father were blacksmiths. Their shop was on the north side of the way easterly from the dwellings.

This story is told of John. He made a pair of tongs and set the rivet so tightly that he could not open them. Men in those days wore cloaks, and Roberts, with his tongs hidden under his cloak, came up to Lotan Beekley, the village blacksmith. After standing around awhile he remarked, casually, that he knew a man who made a pair of tongs and he couldn't

open them when finished. "Why didn't you tell the d—— fool to heat 'em again," said Mr. Beckley. Roberts returned to his shop, put his tongs into the fire and opened them easily.

The Roberts farm was purchased in 1844 by S. C. Twitchell. It is now owned by C. M. Jarvis, who is showing what can be done with an abandoned New England farm.

Next east of the Roberts blacksmith shop was an old house, known as the King place. Benjamin King was here in 1802. Widow King was the last wife of Seth Savage, Sr.

The King house was occupied by tenants until shortly after 1850, when it was torn down. There were two front rooms and a large kitchen at the rear. William Luby says that when he was eight years old his father rented that house. His mother was dead; there were four Luby children; and an aunt, who came to keep house for them, brought her four children, so that they had lively times.

There was no floor or ceiling over the kitchen and the children used to jump from the front chambers down onto the kitchen floor. One day, when left alone, they threw a bed down and jumped onto that, and they "caught it" when the old folks came home.

The farm house next east of the King place, now (in 1906) the home of the Benson family, was formerly owned by Albert "Hulbert," so spelled in 1824. Robert Hurlbert of this town was a son, by adoption, of Mr. and Mrs. Hulbert. They had no children of their own.

The road known as "Old Stantack," two miles in length, which starts opposite the Hulbert house, is sometimes followed by boys of an exploring turn of mind to its termination, on the Middletown and Meriden road, near Bradley and Hubbard's reservoir.

Spruce Brook starts in Middletown, a mile or so south of the Berlin town line, and, as it runs northward, crosses Stantack, a short distance south of the Hulbert house. At that point a dam was laid and a sawmill was built. In 1798, Roswell Woodruff leased, for seventy years, to Elisha Savage, that water

privilege, with his mill and mill house thereon, described as being east of the dwelling house of said Woodruff. From this statement it would appear that Roswell Woodruff lived on the west side of Stantack road, but no one now living can tell us anything about the Woodruffs.

At the expiration of the seventy years lease not much remained of the property to revert to Woodruff heirs. A scattered pile of stones, a shaft and a broken water wheel now lie across the stream to mark the site of the old mill.

Elisha Savage was the grandfather of Mrs. Roys and she remembered that when a child she was often sent from her home on Savage hill with hot dinners for the men who worked at the mill all day.

In 1805, John Roberts, Jr., claimed Stantack road as his private property, and petitioned the town for permission to enclose the land.

Fifty years ago, the bank east of the Savage sawmill was covered with elegant mountain laurel, and not far away grew the pretty, though noxious, lambkill. The same young girl who exclaimed over the laurel blooms, discovered a bed of luscious wild strawberries extending up the mountain slope. Her liking for strawberries overcame her fear of snakes until a monstrous reptile leaped from the bushes and thrashed along her pathway.

Ask the Benson boys to tell of their experience with rattlesnakes, red adders, and black snakes. A rattler of unusual size was caught alive in their yard a year ago.

Deacon North, whose boyhood days were spent in these fields, used to tell this story: "A great black snake found by the boys was cut apart, and, by actual count, forty-two little snakes ran out of the body of the old one and around in again, at its mouth."

Reference has been made to the Stantack Road. According to a report found on page 403, vol. 22, of Middletown Land Records, that road was laid out December 12, 1780, by a committee appointed for the task by the town of Middletown. As

surveyed it was four rods wide, and was bounded on either side by stubs of trees; a "Black Oak Staddle" here, a "bunch of Maples," or a "Walnut Staddle" there, and so on throughout its length.

On the north side of the way, next east of the Albert Hulbert farm, may be seen an ancient house known to the last two generations as the "Ward place." The Sages once owned land all the way from Connecticut river over to Berlin Street, and this Ward place seems to have been the home of David Sage, Jr., great-grandson of David Sage, the Welch emigrant who came to Middletown in 1652.

David Sage and Lois Harris, his wife, had fourteen children, seven sons and seven daughters, born between the years 1754 and 1775. Their names were: Abraham, David, Harris, David and Jonathan (twins), Seth, David, Lois, Ann, Mehitabel, Ann, Bathsheba, Ruth, and Lois.

The father, David, died in 1779. On the stone at his grave in Maple Cemetery, we read this inscription:

Under this stone doth lie the Body of Mr. David Sage, jun'r.
Killed instantly by a fall from a horse on the 25th of Feby A. D.
1779. In the 47th Year of his Age—

And all those little children! What wonder that three years later Lois, their mother, gave up the ghost, and died, as she did, at the age of forty-eight years.

The children held onto their home until 1795, when, as shown by a deed dated June 10, of that year, Abraham Sage, the eldest son, conveyed to Simeon North, his right in the house and barn, with the five-acre home lot bounded east on Spruce Brook, and one-ninth of the sawmill. This deed included thirteen acres of land besides the house lot.

By another deed, of date August 29, 1798, Lois Sage, the youngest child, and Bathsheba Bulkeley, her sister, sold for £24 to said North, one-third of the dwelling house and barn, "being the same distributed to Lois and Bathsheba from their father's estate," and "now occupied by sd. North." Then on May 6,

1799, their brother David sold to North his share of the house, being one-sixth part thereof and eight acres of land.

Mr. North seems to have bought out the Sage heirs for the sake of the land. He sold the part of their house and barn that he had from Abraham, in 1795, to David Woodruff, the next year, for £195, but he kept the land, all except the five acres that have always gone with the house lot.

David Woodruff deeded the place to Shubael Pattison November 19, 1812, described by Woodruff as the place where I now live. With house, barn, shop and twenty acres of land, this time, the price paid was \$1,130. This is the first mention found of a shop there.

Elisha Cheney came into possession of the property and sold it, November 4, 1822, to his son Olcott for \$850, reserving to S. North his mill right.

Olcott Cheney sold April 10, 1824, for \$1,000, to Ebenezer Post.

There were five Post children: Eliza, Harriet, Solomon, Ralph, and Ebenezer. Mr. Post died, and his widow, Laura Post, sold to Alfred Ward, September 9, 1837, for \$333, encumbered by her dower rights.

Mrs. Post became the third wife of Horace Steele, whose house was on the site now occupied by Walter Gwatkins. She had there in the front yard a famous garden filled with old-fashioned flowers, and herbs, and vegetables of every sort. She delighted to cut nosegays for the school children. "Scarlet London pride," yellow lilies, sweetwilliams, columbine, "spider wort," "none so pretty," valerian and violets, with striped grass for green—what if they were not arranged artistically, as to color and shape, the giver is remembered to this day for her gay, sweet flowers. Another plant, popularly called "yellow myrtle," which Mrs. Steele cultivated, was considered quite choice by the women of her day. They would break off slips to give to their friends, with the assurance that they would "live," and they still live.

Between the Hulberts and the Wards there was a piece of land thickly wooded, with much undergrowth. After Mrs. Post married again and came up to the village to live, she used to

go back to her old home and go all over those woods. She knew where every flower and plant grew.

Alfred Ward was a blacksmith who understood his business well. The shop, where he shod horses and cattle driven from far and near, stood near the street west of his house. There was never a saloon or store in this part of the town, and when their day's work was done, the men of the neighborhood used to gather at the blacksmith shop to discuss politics and town affairs, and to exchange bits of gossip.

Alfred Ward and Maria Van Orden, his wife, had ten children. Walter died in 1851, aged ten years. It is said of him that "he was a good boy." Leverett, Martha, Mary, Olive, Plumah, Elizabeth (twins), and Ellen lived to maturity.

In the lot west of the Savage sawmill, near where Roswell Woodruff's house must have stood, is a never-failing spring of fine water. Leverett Ward thought it would lighten the labor of his mother if the water from that spring could be conducted to her kitchen. He obtained permission to take the water, and dug a trench for a pipe, below frost line across two roads, and down the hill into the house. Now, for nearly forty years that water has been drawn from a faucet over the sink in the Ward house. Once, however, there was trouble, when a gang of Italians, sent to cut wood on the mountain, came down and washed their soiled clothing in the spring.

Mr. Ward died June 4, 1880, aged seventy-seven years. His wife died November 29, 1896, aged ninety-two years and four months.

Mrs. Plumah Skinner, now the only survivor of the ten children, mother of Elmore Skinner, superintendent of the Berlin Town Farm, came to the homestead to care for her mother in her last days. She repaired the house so that it is good for another century. A grand old maple tree, in the front yard, whose heart had furnished a home for many generations of squirrels, was blown over a few years since. In its fall some of the branches struck against the house and caused considerable damage. When water was carried to the house from the

spring above, a branch pipe supplied a fountain in the shape of a goose, under the maple tree.

Mrs. Skinner moved the blacksmith shop around to the rear of the house and used it for a summer kitchen.

Mrs. Ward cut a fine, new, white, front tooth, one of a third set, late in life. Even then she was not so fortunate as the old lady who said she had two teeth left and she thanked the Lord they were opposite. The Ward place is now owned and occupied by C. J. Thompson.

CHAPTER XVII.

Benjamin Cheney, Pioneer Clock Manufacturer.

At the Jamestown Exposition of 1907 was seen a clock loaned by Mrs. Frank Cheney, Jr., of Manchester. This clock, supposed to be the oldest in the state, was made by Benjamin Cheney, Jr., born in East Hartford, September 8, 1725.

The Cheneys lived in the eastern part of East Hartford, set off in 1823 under the name of Manchester. Timothy Cheney, born 1731, brother of Benjamin, and a clockmaker also, was the ancestor of the Manchester Cheneys, of silk manufacturing fame.

There was another brother, Silas, whose granddaughter, Mary Youngs, was fitted for a teacher. It is said that when on her way to take a school in North Carolina, she met, in New York, Horace Greeley, who afterward went south and secured her as his bride.

Benjamin Cheney and his wife, Deborah (Olcott), came to Berlin and spent their declining years with their son Elisha, who was baptized in East Hartford (Manchester), January 11, 1770. On a single stone in the graveyard east of the Jarvis farm are these inscriptions:

Benjamin Cheney, Died May 15th 1815 Æ 90.

Deborah wife of Benjamin Cheney Died Nov. 3d, 1817 Æ 80.*

Another stone bears this inscription:

Allen Son of Benjamin Cheney d. in New York Mar. 17, 1815 aged 40.

Word of the death of Allen Cheney was sent to the family and Elisha went down to New York only to find that his brother had been buried. His trunk had been broken open and rifled of its contents; his gold watch was gone and his money also.

The ancestry of this branch of the family is traced back, through Elisha, Benjamin, Benjamin, Peter, Peter, to John of

* See Chapter II, page 30.

Newbury, Mass. It seems that before John decided to make a permanent home in Newbury he was for a time a parishioner of the Rev. John Eliot, who made the following entry on his church record:

John Cheny he came into the Land in the yeare 1635, he brought 4 children, Mary, Martha, John, Daniel, Sarah 5t child was borne in the last month of the same year 1635, cald February, he removed from or church to Newbury the end of the next suer 1636, Martha Cheney the wife of John Cheny.

Now, there was another Cheney family in Mr. Eliot's church—that of William Cheney. It is not known exactly how he was related to John. In his will, drawn just before his death in 1667, at the age of sixty-four years, he provides with tender forethought for the comfort of his "deare & afflicted wife Margaret." Six years later this curious record was placed on the Roxbury church book:

1673, 24, 3 m. Margaret Cheany widow having been long bound by Satan under a melancholick distemper, (above 10 or 11 yeares) wch made her wholly neglect her calling and live mopishly, this day gave thanks to God for loosing her chain, & confessing & bewailing her sinful yielding to temptation.

And so Margaret had recovered from a long attack of nervous prostration.

Elisha Cheney probably came to Berlin as early as 1793, when he was married to Olive, sister of Simeon North, daughter of Jedediah and Sarah (Wilcox) North. They lived for a time on Berlin Street in the house known as Fuller's tavern, now owned by the Atwater family.

In 1804, when Emma Hart had her first school in the Brandegee Mulberry grove, she made her home in stormy weather with the Cheney's. Children were set at work early in those days and it fell to the lot of ten-year-old Clarissa to clear up Miss Hart's room.

Elisha Cheney bought the old brick schoolhouse on the Jarvis corner and it is supposed that he made clocks there. At first all the cogs were whittled out with a pen knife. The hand

carvings on those early clocks are beautiful. In 1801 Mr. Cheney bought, for the sake of the water power, a tract of land on Spruce Brook, north of the pistol factory and there in a little shop he turned pinions and wheels by machinery. Long afterwards children at play along the stream used to find those little clock wheels.

By deed of date March 21, 1811, Reuben Woodruff conveyed to Elisha Cheney eleven acres of land "bounded North partly on highway—East on highway, South on land of Hosea Goodrich, West on land of Simeon North, containing all the land I bought of John Roberts, 2d, with Dwelling & Barn thereon standing."

This will be recognized from the description, as the property at the top of the hill, south of Bowers Corners. The house, painted red, was of one story and additions were built on it as the family increased in size, until it had more corners than any other house in town. The shop stood opposite the house on the southeast corner, which was then in the town of Middletown so that the clocks made there have on the label "Middletown."

Besides clocks, Mr. Cheney made by hand, screws for the North pistols, and gunlocks. Benjamin Cheney busied himself in the shop until he became enfeebled in body and mind. Toward the last he had to use two canes. He would start up from his chair and say "This will not do, I must not idle my time away here." With his staves he would manage to go out of the door and take a few steps across the yard toward the shop, when down he would fall, helpless, onto the ground, where he had to lie until helped up and back into the house. It was considered a necessity of life in his day for old people to take a certain amount of stimulant every day, and Elisha used to mix and give to his father each morning the proper quantity. A few minutes later Benjamin would call out "Elisha, where's Elisha? He's forgotten to give me my toddy."

The wife, Deborah, was extravagantly fond of tea so that she kept her teapot on the hearth all day long. The family thought it not good for her nerves to take so much strong tea

and her supply was limited. Then she made a drink of herbs until the end of the week, when she put her entire allowance of gunpowder into the teapot and brewed a cup quite to her taste.

The children of Elisha and Olive (North) Cheney were: Clarissa, born February 5, 1794; Olcott, born May 27, 1795; Polly, born December 11, 1796; Harriet, born December 23, 1798; Orry, born February 5, 1804; Olive, born February 5, 1804, and Benjamin, born August 11, 1808.

Clarissa was married February 19, 1818, to Deacon Joseph Savage. Their children were: Harriet Newell, wife of Noah C. Smith, Eliott, and Joseph. Mrs. Savage, her life filled with kind, useful deeds, died November 25, 1874, aged eighty-one years.

Olcott, who worked with his father, leased the business in 1826. He finally bought it out and carried it on for a number of years in his own name, which appears in all the clocks of later make, on the label which reads thus:

Improved Clock. Made and Sold by Olcott Cheney, Middletown. Warranted if well used.

These clocks were excellent timekeepers, and in families where they have been "well used," they are in good running order to-day.

Olcott Cheney lived in the house at the foot of the hill east of his father's, afterward known as the Barnet Doolittle place, now owned by Gustaf J. Lund. The Cheney's were Methodists; their daughter Polly was a great singer and was very helpful as a leader of hymns in the meetings. She and Roxy Deming, who lived near by on Savage Hill, used to have fine times singing together, and their voices were often heard away over on "East Street." Polly's hair curled naturally and fell in pretty ringlets around her ears. This attracted the attention of the Elders in her church and she was made a subject of discipline. Polly was wide awake and full of fun, but she had been converted and wanted to be good. She said she did not care anything about the curls; she wore them because that was the easiest way to dress her hair; she supposed she could comb it straight

back and so she put it all up in a twist, and then could sing her "title clear to mansions in the skies." She was married October 8, 1826, to Richard Cowles of Southington, Conn., and Lima, N. Y. She died December 3, 1839, aged forty-three years.

Harriet Cheney was married October 13, 1819, to John North, son of Abel and Sarah (Wilcox) North. Of their ten children, eight lived to maturity. Their names were: Orrin Lyman, Elisha Cheney (died 1844, aged twenty-two years), Isaac, Harriet Maria, Olive Cheney, Sarah Ann, and Elizabeth Jane. A daughter, Louisa, aged three years, and a son, William H., aged one year, died only twelve days apart in September, 1839, while the family lived in the Deacon Hosford place.

Mrs. North died May 2, 1889, in the ninety-second year of her age. Her descendants are more numerous than those of any other branch of Elisha Cheney's family.

Orry Cheney was a school teacher. A paper of date "Berlin, April 16th, 1822," reads as follows:

The Inhabitants of the South East District of Worthington School Society are hereby respectfully informed that Orry Cheney proposes to commence a school the 1st Monday in May next at the house of Mr. John North's in which will be taught Reading Writing Geography E Grammer and Needle work. Terms of Tuition for those who study Grammer and Geography \$1.50 pr quarter, for those who attend only to reading and spelling 75 cents. We the Subscribers do hereby agree to send on the above terms the number of Schollars affixed to our respective names.

In the \$1.50 column are these names: Reuben North, 2; Jedediah North, 1; Jemima Kelsey, 1; Allen Flag, 1; Harriet Wilcox, 1. Two daughters of Levi North, Marilla and Julia, are in the list.

At 75 cents per quarter, R. North sends 1, Lyman Wilcox 3 and Normand Wilcox 2. This was three years after the marriage of John North, and his daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Piper, thinks that he lived at that time in the Olcott Cheney house under the hill.

Orry was married to Walter W. Warner. They had five daughters and one son. Orry had a sweet, gentle disposition. The late Mrs. Eben Woodruff lived with her for a while in Wethersfield and thought everything of her.

Olive, twin sister of Orry and youngest of the five daughters of Elisha Cheney, became the wife of Norris Wilcox, uncle of Francis C. Wilcox, who formerly lived in the house on Berlin Street now occupied as a parsonage. She died at Harmony, Wis., in 1895, aged ninety-one years. Olive was so much like Orry that to distinguish the sisters a blue ribbon was kept tied on "Olly's" arm.

Benjamin worked with his father and brother at clock making. He married first, Adelia Blinn; second, Rebecca G. Noggle. He had five sons and two daughters.

Elisha Cheney was anxious to have his daughters brought up to be sober-minded women and he frowned on anything like levity. Clarissa said she often held her hand over her mouth and ran back of the house out of sight when she had to laugh.

Mrs. Cheney was a kind, motherly woman, who did all in her power to make everyone happy. She kept open house and her latch string was always out for the Methodist ministers, who made their headquarters there, and were free to remain as long as they pleased. Visitors were impressed by the exquisite neatness of the housekeeping. The kitchen floor was scoured so white that one need not fear to eat from off it.

About the year 1835, Mr. and Mrs. Cheney with their daughters, except Harriet, and their families, removed to Lima, N. Y. After a while they decided to go on to Roscoe, Ill.—all but the Savages. Clarissa had seen enough of pioneer life and set down her foot that she would return to Connecticut. This was a disappointment to the others. There were no schools where they were going and they had depended on Harriet Savage to teach their children.

Letters written east from Illinois by the Cheneyes tell of hardships on the journey, and in starting life in the new country, and of the deer, wolves and other wild beasts that came around their log cabin. By day, to keep these animals

from stalking into the house, a blanket was hung across the doorway.

In the cemetery at Roscoe, Ill., are these inscriptions:

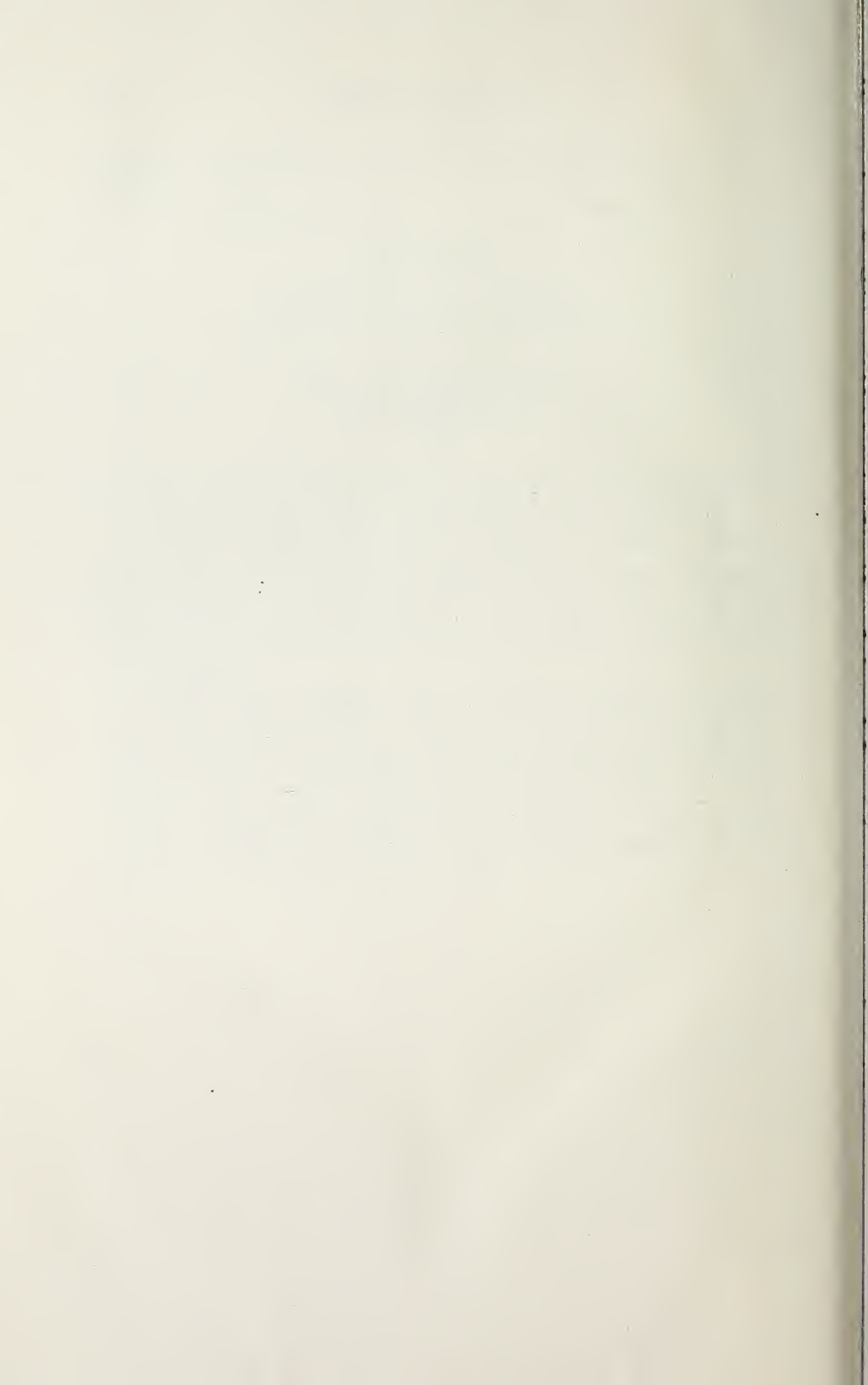
Elisha Cheney
died July 2d, 1847, æ 78 years
Sweet is the sleep our father takes
Till in Christ Jesus he awakes.

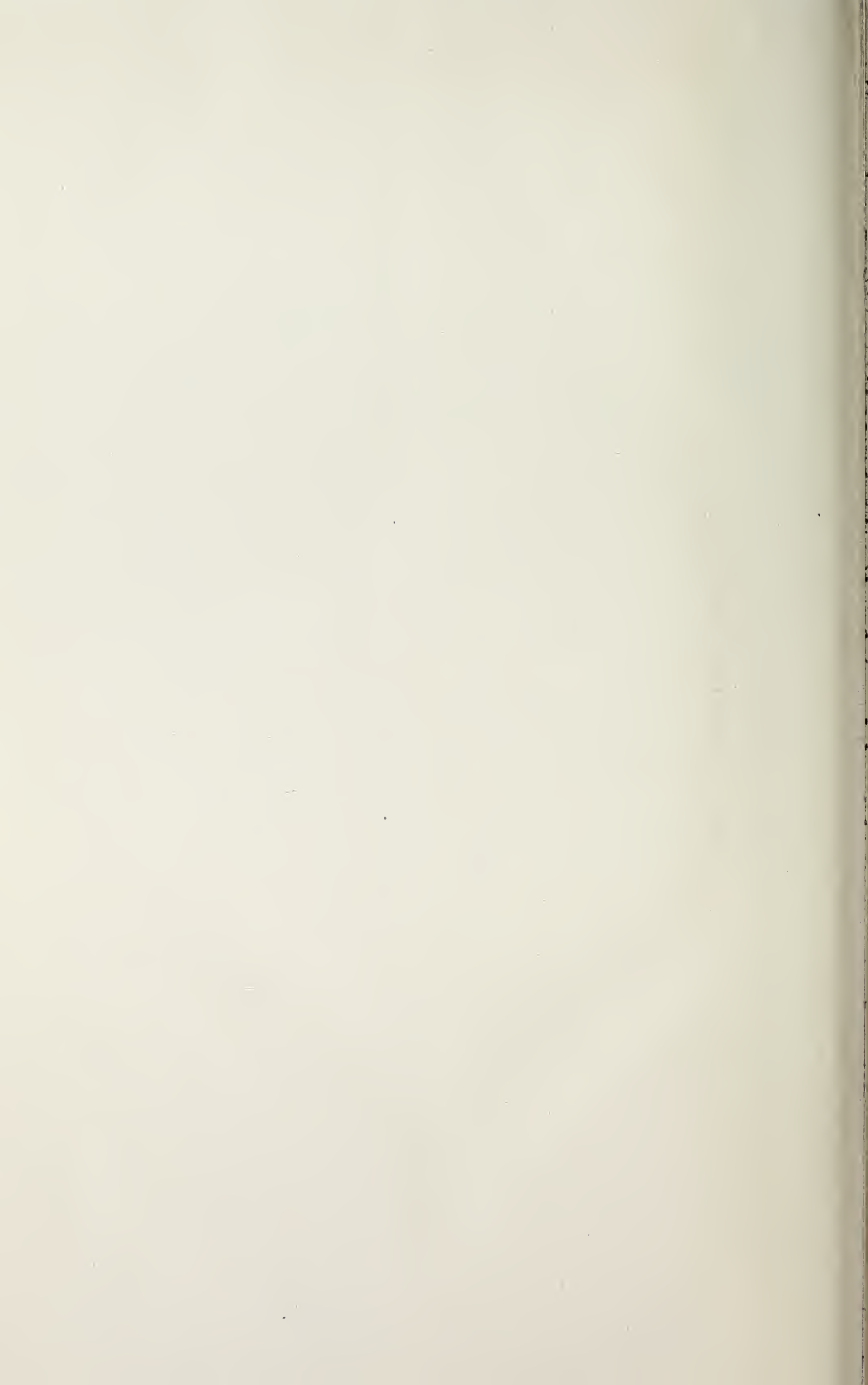
Olive, wife of Elisha Cheney
Died March 6th, 1849
æ 77.

Olcott and Benjamin Cheney went west, also, and settled in Beloit, Wis., where they prospered and lived many years.

Benjamin, while on his way to visit his mother in 1849, stopped over night at a house where, as he afterward learned, there had been a case of smallpox. He did not take it, but the contagion was carried to his mother, in his clothes, and she died of the disease.

Clarissa, Mrs. Savage, was only fifteen months old when her brother Olcott was born. She was so lively that her mother, when busy, used to place her underneath a certain large rocking chair, and then she said she knew where to find her. As Mrs. Cheney was preparing to go west she said "Clarissy" was brought up under that chair and she thought she ought to have it for her own and it was given to her.





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