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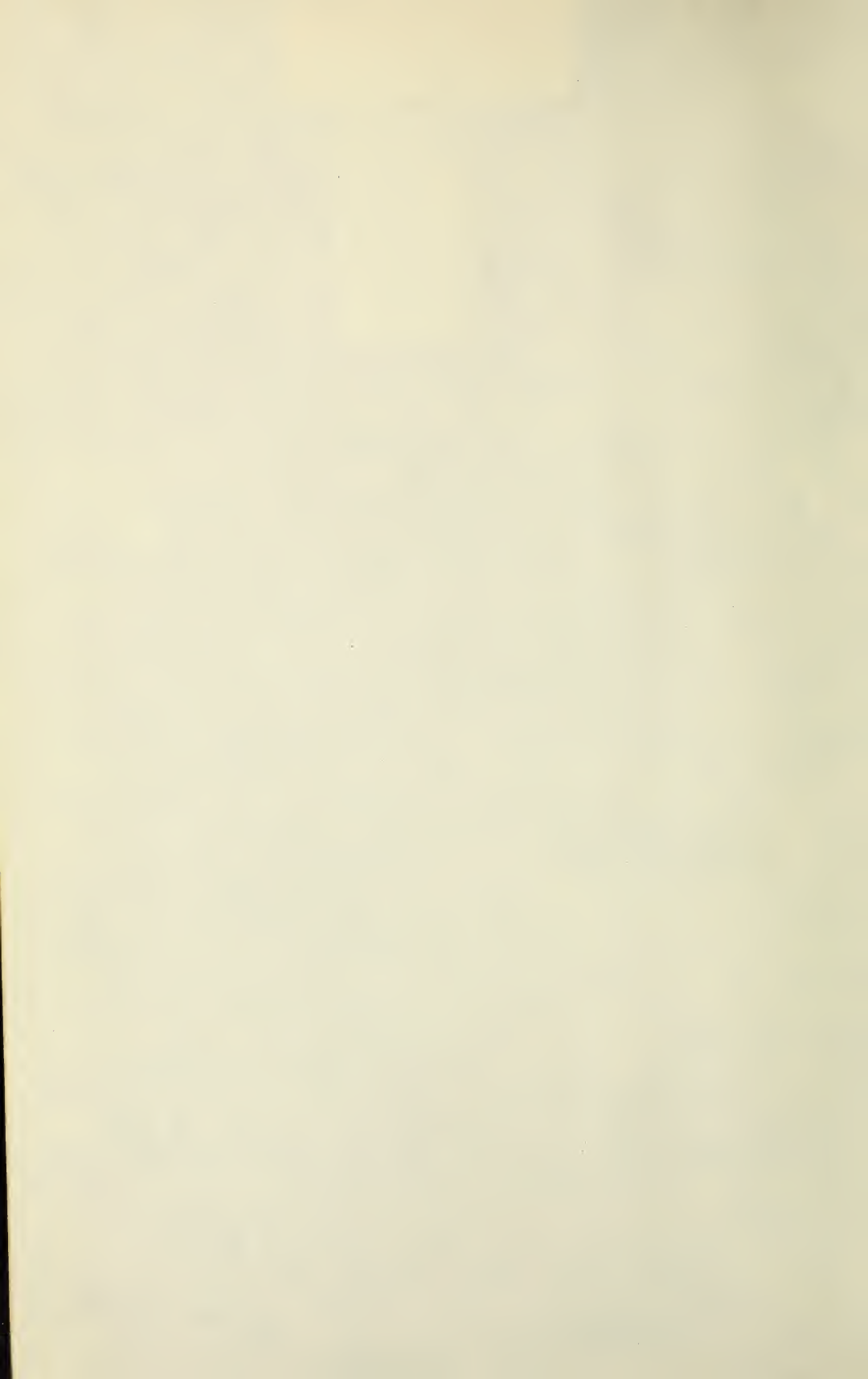
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# The Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company

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On the 1st of March, 1904, The Connecticut Mutual reached a stage in its history very interesting to its management and its members and one which is unique in the history of American Life Insurance.

On that date, but little more than fifty-eight years from its organization, it had received from its members in premiums the sum of \$228,376,268 and had returned to them or their beneficiaries \$228,724,073, or \$347,805 more than it had received from them.

The Connecticut Mutual is the first American Life Insurance Company to return to its members one hundred per cent. of its receipts from them. And it holds besides \$65,000,000 of assets, with surplus of over \$4,600,000 to protect over 70,000 policy-holders insured for over \$166,000,000.

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**O**f Men who  
Blazed the  
Path for a  
Civilization

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# THE CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE

Edited by Francis Trevelyan Miller

NUMBER III

VOLUME VIII

An Illustrated Magazine devoted to Connecticut in its various phases of History, Literature, Genealogy, Science, Art, Genius and Industry. Published in four books to the annual volume. Following is a list of contents in this edition, lavishly illustrated and ably written. Issued from press MARCH 15, 1904.

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# THE CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE

Corporation Under Presidency of George V. Smith

NUMBER III

VOLUME VIII

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VOLUME VIII

The

NUMBER 3

# CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE

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EDITED BY FRANCIS TREVELYAN MILLER

# The Pequot Chieftain's Farewell



THE Great Spirit who has left the print of His foot upon the rocks of the Narrhaganset has frowned upon our race. There did I find the White Man many moons ago, faint and ready to die. I gave him food and took him to my wigwam; he gave me firewater in return. I drank and became a fool. Hunting ground after hunting ground passes from me. I said my white brothers are few; they want land; there is more than my people need—let them have it. But, lo! they increased like a swarm of bees. The mountain, valley and river's brink teemed with them; the graves of the great Sagamores felt their plough-irons. The Great Spirit turned from His children. To-day they are mighty; my people are few and weak. Our white brothers cannot spare them a corner of their possessions. Our homes hereafter must be in the land of strangers. Let us quick be gone. I have spoken.

FROM A BOOK OF OLD TALES



# The Passing of the Red Man

By

Herbert Randall



CROSS the globe, from east to west he goes—  
The white-man, armed with his relentless will;  
The ocean's wrath, the desert's heat he knows  
But as incentives, bidding him fulfil  
The destiny of conquest, which for him  
Was meted out ere yet the world began,

The consciousness of which knows not defeat,  
And only names as king, "the man who can."  
From ashes of his camp-fire ever rise  
The bulwarks of a state, whose laws, once laid,  
Ensure to each the liberty of all,  
Their happiness pursuing unafraid.  
But what of them—the aborigines—  
Who claim as theirs the soil for which he strives?  
The weaker, dark-skinned foes who fall,  
As on the pale-faced column drives?  
Down, down they go! and might doth seem the right;  
But from the field of carnage upward springs  
That brother-love of man for fellow-man,  
Which everywhere an age of progress brings.

## THE PASSING OF THE RED MAN



DESCENDANTS of that little Pilgrim band  
Who cleared this home-land soil beneath  
our feet—  
Ye sons and daughters proud to be the heirs  
Of lives heroic, with great deeds replete,  
I bring to you the song we owe to him  
Who fell, the conquered, in uneven fight—  
The Red-man, who once loved as we this land  
And called it his by undisputed right.

## THE PASSING OF THE RED MAN



LUMBROUS autumn dreamed and shimmered  
On the shores of Umpame Bay;  
And the fields were all a-murmur,  
As our autumn fields to-day.  
Massasoyet called his warriors  
To the Dance and Harvest-feast;

All the night with light was golden

When the moon came up the east.

'Twas a night of praise to Kiehtan;

All the trouble-gods were still;

Though the bloody trophies flourished,

All betokened peace, good will.

'Round the fires where wreathed the incense

Of the sacred uppowock,

Silently, in solemn conclave,

Sat the grim expectant flock.

Then he 'rose—the chief of battles!

Moulded like a Titan he;

Grave, determined, unrelenting,

Built to fight with destiny.

He was robed in wondrous garments,

Ponderous, with shining things,

Gold nor purple, yet his glory

Vied with that of orient kings.

## THE PASSING OF THE RED MAN

ARMS upraised, he broke the stillness,  
Moved as by an inward fire;  
Deeds triumphal he recounted,  
Deeds of vengeance, dark and dire.  
With his nostrils wide extended,  
Deaths of comrades he portrayed;  
As a great storm wracks the forest,  
So his warriors bent and swayed.  
Then, with piercing eyes uplifted  
To the harvest-moon, he said—  
Father of the Wampanoags,  
Of the living and the dead,  
Of the wilderness and waters,  
And the moon of falling leaves,  
Keesuckquand and Kautantowwit,  
Of the honck and harvest-sheaves—  
Hear the sachim, Massasoyet—  
Him who wears the eagle-wing;  
Thou didst clothe the naked branches  
With the leaves in early spring;  
Thou didst quell the god of thunder  
When the bloom was on the bough;  
Stayed the anger of the whirlwind  
By Thy mighty arm, and now  
Earth is teeming with Thy bounty.



## THE PASSING OF THE RED MAN

THOU hast whispered to the sea,  
Bidding it yield up its treasures;  
Thou hast set the rivers free  
From the vales of Winnetuxet  
To the hills 'neath Shawmut skies;  
From the shores of Coonemosset,  
Far as where wunnaquit lies.  
From the glades of Pokanoket  
To the borders of the snow,  
Thou hast, by the dews of morning,  
Nursed the corn and uppowoe.  
Thou hast spoken to Yotaanit—  
He, the Red-man's god of flame,  
He the stone and flint hath quickened,  
Atauskawa Thy name!  
'Tis Thy finger guides the lightning;  
'Twas Thy wisdom forged its birth;  
When from Norland flies Sunnadin,  
On his raven wings to earth,  
When he whips the waves to whiteness,  
And the dolphins plunge in glee,  
"Ne-top-ki-ki-ta!" Thou sayest—  
"Hearken, hearken, unto me!"  
Thou didst plant the cowaw-esuck,  
When for us the world was born;  
Thou didst make the ounce and ausup,  
Bade the kou-kont bring us corn.

## THE PASSING OF THE RED MAN

'T'WAS Thy hand that fringed the waters  
With these wampum gems we wear;  
Poised the sea-gull and the gos-hawk  
On the bosom of the air.  
Thou didst free the ko-ko-ko-ho,  
And the whip-poor-will to sing  
In the dusk-fields spread above us;  
Thou didst charm the eagle's wing.  
Father of the wequinneauquat,  
Sokenun and sochepo;  
Of the god-land—Sowininin,  
Where the souls of good-men go—  
Thou hast hung the star Mishannock,  
And Paukunnawwaw in space,  
'Mong the flying clouds, and lit them  
With the brightness of Thy face—  
This, the home-land of the Red-man,  
He has pitched his bivouac here,  
'Mong the shack-nuts and the wood-gail,  
With the rattlesnake and deer.  
Hear the voice of Massasoyet—  
Him who wears the eagle wing,  
Give his gallant waskeeneesuck  
Strength the arrow's bow to spring—  
He has forced the Pawkunnawkutts  
From Nemasket and Nauset;

## THE PASSING OF THE RED MAN

MET the Tarrantine, 'Hanada;  
Wept for Nanepashemet!  
He has driven Wittawamet  
From the ponds of Wininquag;  
Marked him with the battle-talon  
Of the wompsacuckquauog!  
Father, Spirit of Nacommo,  
We are hid from Thee in shame  
Be not angry, for we love Thee,  
Atauskawa Thy name!  
Atauskawa, the Mighty!  
Leave us not alone, we pray;  
Speak Thou to the Manitto-wock—  
Them Thy Sachim-mauog-and say,  
“Massasoyet seeks their favor,  
With the pipe-of-peace, to-night,  
In the name of golden-waters,  
And the calm Munnannock's light.”  
Atauskawa, Great Spirit  
Of the moon of falling leaves,  
When the growing dark above us,  
With the grieving night-wind weaves  
'Round our sleep the robe to hide us.  
And to hush these earthly sounds,

## THE PASSING OF THE RED MAN

LEAD us safely, as Thy children,  
To the Happy Hunting Grounds.  
Now the chieftain, Massasoyet,  
Sternly utters his commands;  
Wearied then, as after battle,  
Hides his face in both his hands;  
While the weirdly painted figures,  
Swinging to the tom-tom dins,  
Seem like banished ghosts of Hades,  
As the Harvest-Dance begins.  
Faster! faster! wilder! wilder!  
Staggering, they blindly wheel  
To the crazy incantations  
Of their naked midnight reel.  
Dust, and blood-stained, dumb with frenzy,  
Dropping, dropping, one and one,  
So the lurid phantoms vanish,  
And the Harvest-Dance is done.

## THE PASSING OF THE RED MAN



OW, along the wide Atlantic,  
Winter blows his frigid breath;  
Oak and pine-tree chant a requiem  
Of oblivion and death.  
Morning kindles in the grayness;  
Gilds the breakers, edge to edge;

Burnishes the Saquish Headlands,  
Pulpit Rock and Minot's Ledge.  
When, behold! a fateful object!  
On the mist a phantom lies,  
Melancholy and disabled,  
Shuddering against the skies.  
'Tis the Pilgrim-ship—the Mayflower,  
Rocking in the ocean brash,  
Seeking refuge in a haven  
Safe from stormy Neptune's lash.  
Massasoyet, in his wigwam  
Knowing neither want nor care,  
(Less, perchance, he may have grumbled  
At the fashion of his hair,)  
Busy with his beads and arrows,  
Hums a low-keyed battle-song,  
Which the kettle on the embers,  
Like a gittern wafts along.



## THE PASSING OF THE RED MAN

NOW he dons his traps and gorgets  
Puts the mystic wing in place,  
Slings his bow across his shoulders,  
Oils the crimson on his face.  
Brave and eager as Achilles;  
Swift as Mercury to run;  
Powerful as Agamemnon,  
Forth he goes to meet the sun.  
Hark! the cracking of a musket!  
On the frosty air it dies;  
Like a thunder-bolt engendered  
From the overburdened skies,  
On the ear of Massasoyet  
Fell the doom-foreboding sound;  
When he saw the flash behind it,  
Saw the smoke rise from the ground,  
Saw the pale-face glaring at him,  
Through the branches of a bole,  
Glaring like a hungry vulture,  
Sent to prey upon his soul,  
Gathered in his eyes the wonder,  
Something stirred him yet unknown,  
Stood he like the ghost of Phineus,  
'Fore the Gorgon, turned to stone.

## THE PASSING OF THE RED MAN

“Mehtukmechakick !” he whispered,  
Underneath his bated breath,  
“Mehtuk-mech-a-kick! who made you,  
With those cold blue lips of death?  
Mauchauhomwock hath sent you,  
They, the terrible, the pale.  
Wahonowin! wahonowin!  
Death is on the Red-man’s trail!”



ALL is changed; a deepening shadow  
Greys the wide horizon’s rim ;  
“The Great Spirit hath forgotten!”  
Vain the warrior’s call to him!  
As the psalm-book and the musket,  
Clutched within the White-man’s hand,

Slowly forge their trail of conquest  
Through the helpless Red-man’s land.  
Night by night the tragic language  
Burns its message on the sky—  
“Terror, death and desolation!”  
As the signal-arrows fly.  
As in might of sword and sandal  
Theseus wrestled but to slay,  
So the chariot of triumph  
Onward, onward, makes its way.

## THE PASSING OF THE RED MAN



ANQUISHED! hushed the sounds of warfare!

In their stead the plaintive strain  
Of the pine-tree through the forest,  
Sobbing for its lover, slain.  
Night by night we hear the music  
Of the sea along the shore,

Like a sleepless mourner, sighing,

“Never, never, nevermore.”

But, behold! what beauty riseth  
From the ashes of those years!

O, the great transfiguration,

Born of sacrifice and tears!

’Fore the ringing axe, the monarchs

Of the solemn forests die;

And the night-bird leaves his temple

To the blue-wake of the sky;

Through the clearing in the cedars,

Hurrying commerce spreads her wings;

Back the great door of the future

On its golden-hinges swings;

Driven from his mountain eyry,

Lo! the eagle now we see,

Fate-ordained, to guard a nation’s

Shrine of sacred Liberty.

Breaks the busy hum of progress,

Lo! the song of loom and wheel,

Joyous as the shower and sunshine,

Mingling with the clicking reel.



## THE PASSING OF THE RED MAN

SWEETER than the lute of Orpheus  
When he waked the woods at dawn,  
Comes the tinkle of the school-bell,  
And the children's laugh at morn.  
Now we hear a milk-maid singing  
Down the meadow's blooming way;  
Hear the scythe and sickle ringing,  
Heralding the break of day.  
As the ploughshare turns the furrow,  
Deep it buries underneath,  
Knife and hatchet, lance and spear-point,  
Glistening like a serpent's teeth.  
Far away a tumbling mill-wheel,  
Wreathed in rainbows, wakes the streams,  
Saying, "come ye forth to labor,  
From your leafy home of dreams!"  
Where the wilderness was thickest,  
And the wild-cat used to rove,  
Lo! we hear a church-bell calling,  
Calling, calling, "God is Love!"

## THE PASSING OF THE RED MAN

THIS the land of milk and honey,  
And its aisles with thyme are sweet;  
E'en its rocks are veined with silver;  
Garlands grow beneath our feet.  
But the foot-print of the Red-man  
Is about us everywhere,  
Though no sculptured marble tells us  
That he slumbers here or there.  
Dead! and not a flag to flutter!  
Wreath nor mourner, flower nor pall;  
Nothing but eternal silence;  
Dust to dust, and that is all!  
Let us then, in due remembrance,  
As a recompense for debt,  
Twine the arbutus above him,  
Lest a busy world forget.  
Freshly gathered from the hillsides  
Of his loved New England wood,  
May it be the bond, the token,  
Of immortal brotherhood!  
Let it be the gift of friendship,  
All his frailties we forgive,  
E'en as One forgives our frailties  
Who hath taught us how to live.

### GLOSSARY

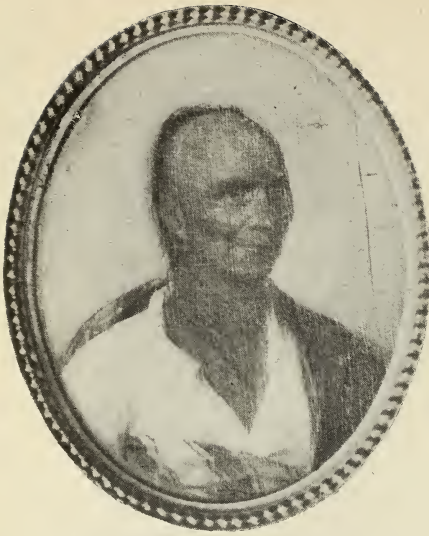
asup—raccoon. Atauskawa—Lord. cowawesuck—white-pine. honck—goose. koukont—crow. Kiehtan—God. kokokohe—owl. Keesuckquand—sun. Kautankowwit—Great South-west god. Mishannock—morning-star. Manittowock—The gods. Munnannock—moon. Mehtukmechakick—Fabled man-eaters. Mauchauhomwock—the dead. Nocommo—Harvest-feast. Nemasket—Middleboro'. Netopkikita—Harken unto me. Paukunawwaw—The constellation of the Great Bear. Sunnadin—The North-wind. sachim-maoug—kings. sokenun—rain. sochepo—snow. Sowininin—The South-west. uppowock—tobacco. Umpame—Plymouth. uppowee—tobacco. Winiquag—Carver. Wunnauquit—The Evening-star. wasceenesuck—youths. wequinneauquat—fair weather. wampsaencka-quauog—eagle. Wahnowin—a lamentation. Winnetuxet—Plympton. Yotaanit—The fire-god.

Read by the author at the  
"Old Home Week" celebration  
at Carver (formerly a part of  
Plymouth), Mass., July 29, 1903.

<http://stores.ebay.com/Ancestry-Found>



**T**he First American



GOOD PETER—A CHIEF OF THE SIX  
NATIONS, 1792



YOUNG SACHEM—CHIEF OF THE SIX  
NATIONS, 1792

From paintings by Trumbull in the Yale School of Fine Arts

## THE LAST LIVE CHAPTER IN EARLY AMERICAN HISTORY

THE last live chapter of the red man in American history is to be read by millions of pale faces at the Universal Exposition. Eagle-plumed and war-painted chieftains, who have inch by inch disputed the pathway of the pioneer, will be assembled there for the solemn pageant of a dying race. From a precipitous bluff overlooking the World's Fair, one time part of the Land of the Manitou, remnants of the tribes will gaze over the peaceful triumphs of the Fair God and his chosen people.

With the stern realization that he has been conquered, the savage is being fast fused by marriage and custom into a dominant race, so that this meeting of warriors becomes probably the last opportunity for the

world to behold the primitive Indian. Justice and magnanimity have prompted the Indian Bureau of the government to spend \$75,000 in depicting the real life of the first American.

Still smouldering fires in the fierce eyes of Geronimo will flash upon his conquerors. Prisoner of war on parole, the most famous of Apaches, who defied for years the army of the United States, will acknowledge himself to his visitors as a member of the Methodist church. The cold disdain of Joseph, septugenarian chief of the Nez Perces, still reveals the iron will, before which even the victor bows with respect.

Not one in this roll-call of the red race will answer for the redoubted chiefs and nobler vanquished types.

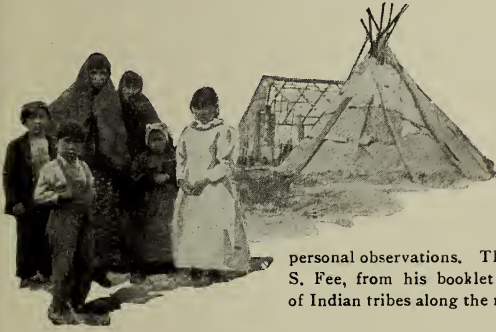


# THE FIRST AMERICAN; THE INDIAN

DRIVEN BACK BY CIVILIZATION — HIS HOMELAND COMMON  
LAND FOR PEOPLES OF THE EARTH — FRONT DOOR OF  
UNITED STATES WIDE OPEN, BUT FRANCHISE DENIED FIRST  
SETTLERS OF CONTINENT — INDIAN PROBLEM OF TODAY

BY

SARA THOMSON KINNEY



personal observations. The illustrations in the article are by courtesy of Charles S. Fee, from his booklet entitled "Wonderland," which treats entertainingly of Indian tribes along the route of the Northern Pacific Railway.—EDITOR

As president of the Connecticut Indian Association for more than twenty years, and as a practical investigator from time to time of reservation life in the far West, the author of this article has had unusual opportunities for a careful study of the Indian problem. In an executive capacity she has done much towards securing legislative action for their improvement, and has been given hearings on the subject in Washington. Mrs. Kinney has been a leader in the movement to better the conditions of the few remaining red men, and writes from practical experience and

THE request for a magazine article briefly outlining the past, present, and (probable) future status of the Indian race in this country, and the attitude of the United States government towards this people, somewhat parallels that of the society woman who was seated at dinner next to the philosopher, and turning to him between two courses, said, with an arch smile: "They tell me that you have evolved a new theory of the universe. Please give it to me in two words."

Although no new theory has been evolved, at least five or six words may be necessary in order to state in the briefest possible manner that by

the thoughtful people of this country the attitude of our government toward the North American Indian is held responsible for the century of dishonor which has been such a blot upon the good name of this fair land. Until within a few years the status of the red man was, and most naturally so, about as bad as it could be.

The present attitude of our government toward the Indian is more reasonable, and therefore far more satisfactory than it was in years gone by, and, of course, his condition has correspondingly improved and is more hopeful of good results.

As for his future,—so largely does it depend upon politics that even



though endowed with the heavenly gift of prophecy, one might well hesitate to exercise it in connection with the future of the red race in this country. There seems, however, to be no good and valid reason for assuming that this race is not wholly capable of intellectual and moral development, and quite able, with proper training, to take and to hold its rightful place in our body politic. To be sure, the lack of proper political training, or the absence of decent morals or a fair amount of intellect is not regarded as a bar to the admission into this same body politic of members of our own or of other races. The Goddess of Liberty sits up aloft on her Bedloe's Island pedestal, and beckons to all creation across the sea. The front door of the United States is wide open; the freedom of the country and the gift of suffrage is thrust upon all comers save the Chinese,—and the original land owners of the North American continent. At best, consistency is a rare jewel, and if it can anywhere be discovered in connection with our past dealings with Indians, it is certain to be found marred with almost unbelievable flaws.

The Indian problem of today, even, is not one of absorbing interest to the average citizen of the United States. From different standpoints certain classes of people are interested in the question. To ethnologists the Indian

is a "type" to be studied. That he is, or is not, a soulless being is a mooted question, the belief in the affirmative depending largely on the religious training of the individual ethnologist. But the size and shape of the skull which is dug out of prehistoric mounds is of almost as great importance to the ethnologist as it was to the Indian who once owned it, and broadly speaking, the scientist's interest in the Indian is usually confined to his own, or similar collections of (very literal) "numb-skulls."

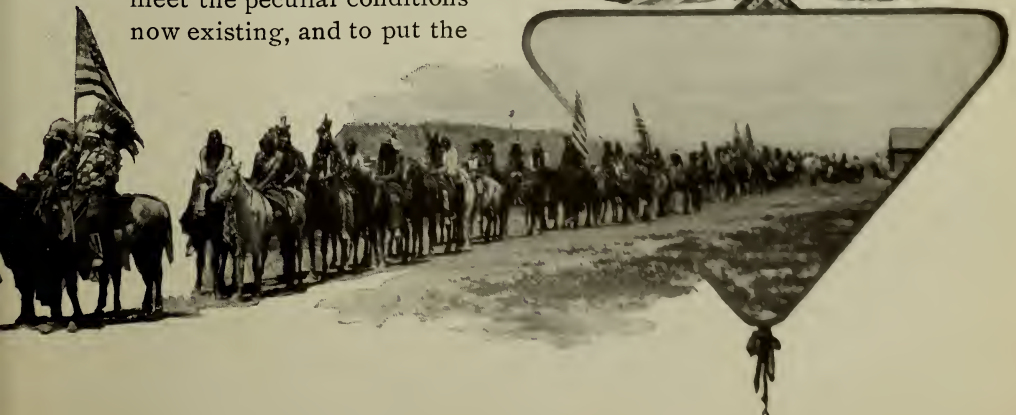
The politician has no particular use for "Lo! the poor Indian!" If there were ten million "Lo's" in the United States, their votes would be worth something, and the question of their civilization and education would become paramount in certain quarters where it is now ignored. A total of (approximately) 265,000 Indians,—men, women, and children,—cannot, of course, make any material difference in the complexion of the country's politics, and this very apparent fact leads to the shoo-fly attitude toward them of the average politician. The persons who are brought more closely in contact with Indians than perhaps is possible for any other class,—and who are therefore in a position to do much toward the making or marring of the race,—are the men who hold official relations with them, the men who deal with them business-wise,—who handle their funds, who play the leech and suck the life blood from their victims. But all officials are not of this pernicious class,—very far from it in fact. Nevertheless, there are, or have been, enough of them to create a *system*, and it is a system which smothers the

ambition, mars the morals, and kills the self-respect of all who come under its influence,—red and white alike. Until the Indian Bureau can be lifted bodily out of politics, or be dispensed with altogether, there can be little hope of a radical betterment in the condition of the Indian race. The Indian Bureau itself is a victim of the corrupt system to which reference is made, for it is practically helpless to right wrongs so long as bad appointments may be made in payment of political debts. Some years ago, during a conversation on this subject with the then President of the United States, an interesting comment on the situation was made by him to the writer of this paper. Without attempting to quote *verbatim*, what he said was practically as follows: "When I first assumed this office I regarded the so-called Indian question as a mere bagatelle. I knew of no good reason for its existence, and it seemed to me quite possible to sweep it wholly out of sight within three months' time. I have been in office a year, and the more I study the problem the more complicated it seems. There are wheels within wheels,—and still more wheels. I do not know which is the first, best, and wisest step to take in order to meet the peculiar conditions now existing, and to put the

whole business on a different and better footing."

This inability to grasp the key to the situation and give it the right kind of a twist in its lock, is lamentably true of many presidents and most laymen. So-called "practical politics" control the situation. There is but one remedy for that, and not many men are, as yet, willing to apply it.

Meanwhile, as for many years past, certain other classes than those to which reference has been made, will continue to quietly carry on the kind of work which they have good reason to believe is wisest and best for them to pursue. Missionaries will do this,—the men and women who believe that the Indian has a soul which the Infinite Lover of Souls desires for His own; the teacher, who believes that the Indian should be taught to take his place, as a man among men; the philanthropist, who believes that human nature is very much the same the world over, but that human opportunity is not the same to all, and that the Indian should be given his chance. The political economist also puts in a plea for the Indian when he states his belief that there is plenty of good material





Ho-to-ah Wo'-ko-mas



in the race, and that in the interest of political economy it should not be allowed to run to waste, but should be utilized for the good of his own community in particular, and for that of the country in general. The virtues and vices of our own race are extremely well duplicated by similar characteristics in Indians. Indians love and hate much as we do; they are noble and they are ignoble; so are we. Indians are selfish and they are generous; so are we. They are clever and they are stupid; so are we. They have sterling virtues and loathsome vices; the same is true of the white race. Indians have their own code of morality,—their own religious beliefs, and their own distinctive social usages. They are very superstitious, and so are we. How many of us are without a pet superstition, associated say with Friday, or with thirteen at table, looking at the moon over the left shoulder, the breaking of a mirror, and so on? How many men in Connecticut are carrying a horse chestnut in their pockets as a preventive against rheumatism? It is not so very many years ago that our neighbors in Massachusetts and Rhode Island were hanging men, women, and even little children, for witches. One of the most scholarly men known to the writer, a former well-known citizen and clergyman of Hartford, believed in the existence of ghosts.

It is a matter of only eight or ten hundred years ago since our ances-

tors in old England painted their bodies blue, wore the skins of animals for clothing, lived upon roots, nuts, and berries, and worshipped idols. We have passed out of that initial period and have come to be a fairly civilized race,—though judging from the atrocities one finds recorded in the daily papers, it is safe to conclude that savagery still exists in our midst, and that our race, civilized though it fancies itself, has not wholly purged itself of aboriginal brutality. Considering what we think ourselves to be and what we really are, it might be well to add to our litany: "From self-righteousness and all big-headedness, Good Lord deliver us!"

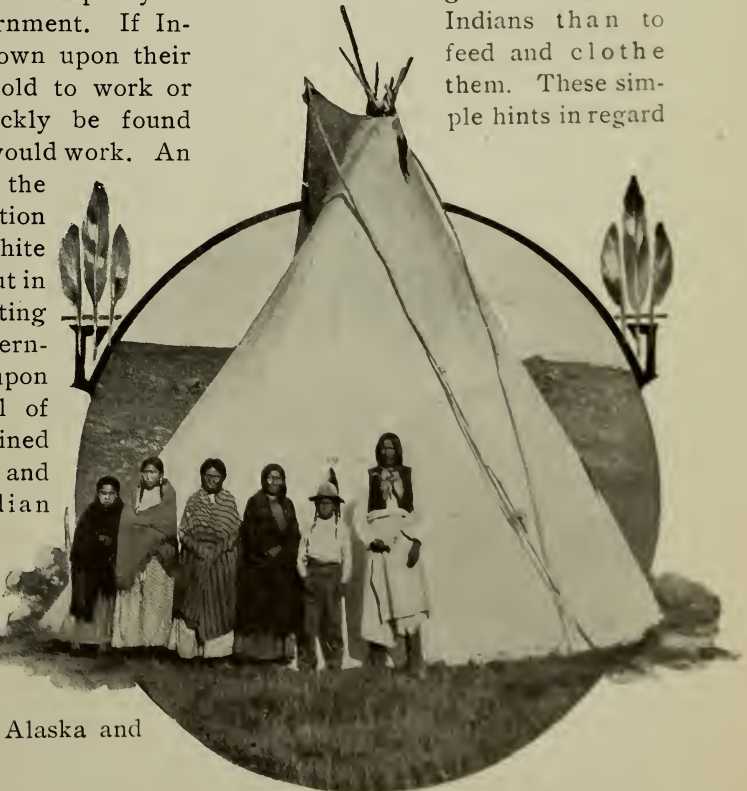
It is said that Indians are lazy. One need not hesitate to admit that under existing circumstances, this charge is partially true. But it may well be believed that under the same circumstances that exist in most of the tribes,—the white race would be equally lazy. Do we know of many persons who would work if they were not obliged to do so? If some one should offer to feed and clothe the people of the State of Connecticut, how long would it be before shops would close and business cease? If a man's ambition cannot be so stimulated that he will strive valiantly to make the most and best of himself, he will not be a helpful citizen,—nor, a particularly good Christian. One of the greatest difficulties in connection with the so-called Indian problem, is to be found in his lack of ambition. He has ambitions of his own, which make him a more or less valuable member of society in his own community, but it is not the



white man's brand of ambition, and counts for but little among the civilizing conditions which we must necessarily force upon the poor fellow. The government feeds and clothes him. He has no incentive to work. If he works he is not allowed to go off the reservation and seek a market for his hay, corn, or vegetables. If he wishes to sell he must go to the post trader and exchange his hay, etc., for such goods as the trader may choose to give him. Why then, should he work? As a rule he finds it pleasanter to stay at home and gamble, race horses, and occasionally steal them,—and in time he becomes the lazy, shiftless creature an Indian is generally credited with being. But when this is so, it is not always wholly his own fault,—it is largely due to a mistaken policy on the part of the government. If Indians were to be thrown upon their own resources and told to work or starve, it would quickly be found that they could and would work. An Indian does not like the sensation of starvation a bit better than his white neighbor likes it. But in spite of the emasculating system which our government has forced upon these people, not all of them have been ruined by it. Go to Arizona and watch "lazy" Indian women as they toil in the hot sun day after day, cutting grass for hay with ordinary case knives.

Go to California and Alaska and

see them making the most beautiful baskets in the world,—baskets that fetch from five to fifteen hundred dollars each. Go to New Mexico and study the art of blanket weaving as carried on by the Navajo Indians,—examine the silver work, the pottery, the exquisite lace made by Indians, and be convinced by these examples that what has been accomplished on a small scale and without the stimulus of competitive markets, may easily be so encouraged as to develop into large and lucrative businesses, giving employment and support to such Indians as are not disposed to agricultural pursuits. If in addition to the industrial training given in many of their schools, our government would promote and develop the native industries, it would be a far greater service to Indians than to feed and clothe them. These simple hints in regard



to the possible future welfare of the red race may well be supplemented by the suggestion that even if the question of self-support should be solved in a common sense way, there is still another and more important side of the Indian question to be considered. It concerns the moral status, the homes, and the family life of this people; and it is a much more difficult problem to work out than the one which concerns their ability to supply for themselves necessary food and clothing.

The difficulties in this connection which have confronted workers in past years have been largely due to two causes: First, the fact that so many Indians live within a Mormon environment, and of course they can see no reason why they should not follow the example of white men and take to themselves as many "wives" as they please. And, in the second place: In the native order of society the home, as we understand it, cannot exist. The word *Home* conveys to us the picture of one roof sheltering father and mother and their children, secure in the sharing and inheritance of the property resulting from the toil of the family. In the Indian tribe the band or village into which a person is born, and to which he consequently belongs, has the prior right or claim to control the individual, and to appropriate his property after death. By the law of tribal organization the father and mother must belong to different bands or villages (but few tribes within the territory of the United States are an exception to this law); the children, consequently, cannot inherit from both parents, but must share with

the group of relatives on the father's or the mother's side, whichever one, according to the custom of the individual tribe, carries the right of inheritance. This peculiar kinship organization constitutes the true "tribal relation," and this can only be broken by giving to the members of the tribe individual ownership of land and homes and extending over these lands and homes our laws of property and legal descent. Wherever this has been done by allotting land in severalty, the grip of the "tribal relation" has been loosened and the way opened for the founding of the family and upbuilding of the home.

After these first lines are laid down, much will still remain to be done to educate the people in the new order of living, and in the ideas of the solidarity of the family and its property.

While not forgetting that politics are at the bottom of nearly all the evils in the system which controls Indian affairs, it is only fair and right to admit that sincere efforts have often been made by certain Indian Commissioners and other officials to better the conditions among these wards of the nation. These conditions are vastly better in many tribes than they were a few years ago.

A majority of our Indians are already self-supporting, and doubtless practically all of them will be so within the next half century. But if they are to be not only self-supporting, but self-respecting and helpful citizens, special emphasis should at this time be placed upon the need of teaching them by precept and by practice, the real necessity and value of law, and the real meaning and beauty of pure homes and a wholesome family life.



Ho-tay Oh-kahs

The day is not far away when tribal relations will be broken up for all time. It is not difficult to believe that this progressive step will be followed by at least a reasonable comprehension of the principles of good citizenship. But even then, the Indian must not be left wholly to himself, for since it is true of our own race, and of every other race on this planet, so, in his behalf, religious and educational work must, like Tennyson's brook, "go on forever."

Francis A. Walker, late U. S. Commissioner of Indian Affairs, has epitomized the subject as follows :

"The corner-stone of our Indian policy should be the recognition by the government, and by the people, that we owe the Indian, not endowments and lands only, but also forbearance, patience, care, and instruction. Savage as he is by no fault of his own, and stripped at once of savage independence and savage competence by our act for our advantages, we have made ourselves responsible before God and the world for his rescue from destruction, and his elevation to social and industrial manhood, at whatever expense and whatever inconvenience."

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"AND OUR FOREFATHERS' SONGS ARE THE SONGS THAT WE SING; AND THE DEEDS BY OUR FATHERS AND GRANDFATHERS DONE ARE DONE BY THE SON OF THE SON OF THE SON"



## The Happy Hunting Ground



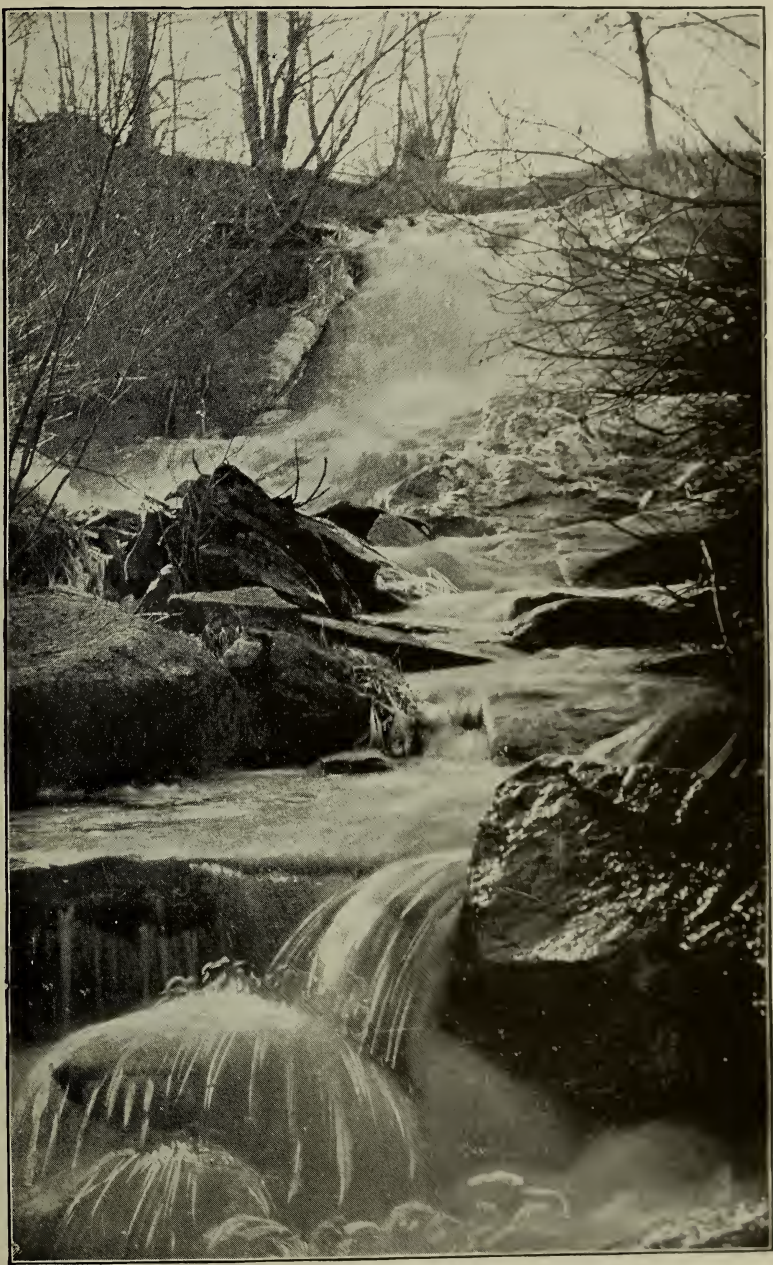
CONNECTICUT presented no such appearance as it exhibits now when it was inhabited by the Pequot, the Quinnipiac, the Tunxis, and the Hammonasset. A continuous forest overspread nearly the whole landscape, adorning the hills with its verdure, darkening the valleys with its deep shadow, and bending solemnly over the margins of the rivers. No thickets choked up the way through these endless woodlands, for the underbrush was swept away every year by fires kindled for this purpose by the inhabitants. Paths led through them here and there; not paths of iron such as those over which the steam-horse now flies, but winding footways along which the wild beast and the wild man alike traveled in single file. The roots of the smaller kinds of herb-age were destroyed by the annual conflagrations; and a coarse and long grass waved in the salt meadows, along the low banks of the rivers, and wherever the ground was not thickly over-shaded with trees.

The forests were filled with animals; some of them beasts of

prey, others suitable for food, others valuable on account of their furs. Flocks of wild turkeys roamed through the woods; herons fished in the marshes or along the banks of the rivers; quails, partridges, and singing birds abounded, both in the forests and open country; and at certain times of the year, the pigeons collected in such numbers that their flight seemed to obscure the light of the sun. The ponds, creeks, and rivers swarmed with waterfowl, and various kinds of shellfish were found in profusion along the shores of the sound. The waters seemed everywhere alive with fish; and every spring great numbers of shad and lamprey eels ascended the rivers, furnishing a seasonable supply to the natives when their provisions were exhausted by the long and severe winter. Such was the appearance and condition of Connecticut when it first became known to Europeans; and such were its capacities for supporting a people who depended almost wholly for subsistence upon fishing and the chase.

—JOHN W. DEFOREST

The illustrations are from the booklet entitled "Summer Homes," by permission of the publishers, the Central New England Railroad. Starting from Hartford and continuing along its line are some of the most beautiful retreats in America, which during the summer months are visited by thousands of lovers of majestic nature.



THIS, THE RED MAN'S LAUGHING WATER—BUTTERMILK FALLS, NORFOLK





THE RUNNING BROOK WAS AN INDIAN GOD





Photo by W. Massey

THEN CIVILIZATION MADE THRIFTY THE FIELDS



THE HAND OF THE WHITE MAN DESPOILS HIS HUNTING GROUND—VIEW NEAR TWIN LAKES IN SALISBURY



686549



HERON FISHED ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVERS — SCENE ON THE FARMINGTON

Photo by K. T. Sheldon



PATHS LED THROUGH THE FOREST, THAT ARE NOW PATHS OF IRON



He was born in the heart of the forest oak ;  
Learned life with his face to the sod.  
He answered the wail of the wilderness trail ;  
Blazed the path,—and returned to his God.

# The Aborigine

A SERIES OF ARTICLES BY DISTINGUISHED  
AUTHORITIES, PRESENTING THE CHARAC-  
TERISTICS OF THE FIRST AMERICANS

## THE DWELLERS; A STUDY OF A GREAT RACE

THEY SPOKE A HUNDRED LANGUAGES AND WORSHIPPED  
A THOUSAND GODS—SEPARATED INTO TRIBES, AND CON-  
TINUALLY ENGAGED IN GUERRILLA WARFARE—DISCUSSION

BY

JOEL N. ENO, A. M.

THE origin of the American Indians, being recorded only in their remains and their present conditions and characteristics, is a matter to be determined only by logical research. The most probable and widely accepted theory is an Asiatic origin. The geographical relations, the ethnological, the religious and the linguistic characteristics, favor this conclusion, and seem to dispose definitely of the occasional assumption that the Indians are the lost tribes of Israel; especially when we consider that those tribes were carried captive far inland into one of the most unlikely places for reaching a distant continent beyond broad oceans, even had they been seafarers, which the Israelites were not; and when we consider again how many centuries lat-

er elapsed before even the most adventurous seamen of Europe touched these American shores.

As to the religious phase of the question, the God of the Israelites was a judge and a king; in their broadest thought, the Creator and Ruler over all the earth and also the heavens; their religion outwardly was largely sacrifices and purifications. With little exception, the Indian religion of North America was shamanism, animism or invocation of the ghosts or spirits (which the Indians fancied belong not only to men but to animals and things, such as rocks, and to the sun and moon,) by dancing, chanting and sorcery. Says Parkman, "belief in the existence of one almighty, self-existent being, the Great Spirit, Lord of heaven and



earth, was so vague and dubious as scarcely to deserve the name." The white man has in a great measure read into the expression "the Great Spirit," his own ideas.

The permanent and characteristic physical features of the Indian, his breadth of face, size, muscular development and absence of beard, are markedly dissimilar from the Hebrew type; and the structure of his language separates him as widely from the Hebrew as from European languages, with the inflectional system of both; formal and regular changes or additions to express grammatical relations. In Indian languages several independent words are combined, temporarily or otherwise to express a combination of ideas in one compound; for example, Eskimo, in Algonquin means "eater of raw flesh" (or fish); Winnepeseogue, "lake-among-mountains;" and one of the Indian chiefs in our own times bore a long Indian name meaning in English "Young-Man-afraid-of-his-horses."

The language of the northern Mongolians, Manchins, and Japanese have a similar synthetic structure; thus from Japanese *Ko*, a baby, and *neko*, a cat, we have the compound *koneko*, kitten; from *toko*, eastern, and *kio*, capital, comes *Tokio*, eastern capital. It is believed that, as the Japanese islands are volcanic in origin, some of the chain northeastward have sunk, and even now from the beginning of the Alentian chain, passage may be made by small craft from island to island till Alaska is reached.

The division of the Indians into distinct tribes, together with the mode of language—structure, results in multitudes of new and often somewhat mutilated or disguised combinations or compounds, growing into a great number of apparently almost distinct languages as to vocabulary; yet several great related groups have been discovered by close research and comparison. First, the Algonquian, in an irregular obtuse triangle, whose base stretches from Mason and Dixon's line to Buffins' bay, thence one side crosses Hudson's bay, southwestward to the Rocky mountains, north of the United States boundary; and from the Rocky mountains the third runs southeastward through northern Tennessee. Nearly all British America west and northwest from the second side of the Algonquian triangle is Athabascan. The Arctic coast is inhabited by Eskimos.

Like an island in the east part of the Algonquian tract is the North Iroquoian group in the St. Lawrence valley and surrounding lakes Erie and Ontario, thence southeast including the State of New York, western Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio. In central Virginia, western North and South Carolina was the South Iroquoian group. East of this is a Sivuan group. In Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi is the Muskogean or Creek tract. In the Florida peninsula is the Timonanan group. Between the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi, south to Arkansas, is another Sivuan group; south of them the Caddoan. The

Shoshonean is the chief group in the United States west of the Rocky Mountains. The Iroquois were first in cranial and general mental capacity. Most of the tribes east of the Mississippi had some agriculture though rude; raising chiefly Indian corn, beans and squashes.

The Indians of Mexico were more advanced in the arts of civilization than the foregoing, especially in architecture. Some have supposed the moundbuilders an offshoot from the Mexican border, or Gulf-State Indians, who built mounds.

The lack of steel and iron tools for cutting wood or for digging, and especially of ploughs or cattle or horses to draw loads, necessarily made both building and farming very difficult. That the Indians were largely dependent on hunting and even more on fishing, limited the population, and the size of the tribes. Parkman estimates the war strength of all New England at 8,000, about the year 1600. The largest tribe in Connecticut was not on the rich farming lands of the Connecticut valley, but in the rocky New London county, abounding in shore and river fish. These Indians, called Pequots were, it appears, of the same Mohegan stock as those who under Uncas lived between them and the Connecticut, and Trumbull says, all this stock were originally settled near Albany, New York, till driven out by the Mohawks; and that they probably have their name from Pequottoog, "destroyers," given by neighboring tribes. The Wongunk tribe held

from Haddam to Windsor, sometimes called Sequins from their sachem Squin or Sowheag, who sold to the English, Pyquang (Wethersfield) and Mattabesic (Middletown). One of the river sagamores had gone to Massachusetts in 1631 and offered land to Massachusetts and Plymouth for a defensive alliance against the dreaded Pequots. The Suckiang tribe (sucki-ankee, black earth) sold Hartford meadows to the English, 1635-36. The Tunxis or Farmington Indians were a branch of this tribe. The Nipmucks of Massachusetts held the northeast of Connecticut. The chief part of the tribe adopted Christianity brought by John Eliot, and were known as "the praying Indians."

The separation of the Indian race into small tribes, led not only to great differences in language (estimated at over one hundred) but to strangership, fear, suspicion and quarrels between tribes, and guerilla warfare, which, aided by famine and exposure to severe winters and by occasional epidemics, which proved the saying "A sick Indian is a dead Indian," thinned their numbers, perhaps quite equal to the natural increase,—before the white man came and left large strips of uninhabited and disputed land between tribes. Their case was not enviable, though they had not the white man's burden of labor and the demands of society and fashion. They had no literature, though youth had its romance, and age its store of adventure, stories and legends.

## FROM BARBARISM TO CHRISTIANITY

CARRYING THE TIDINGS TO THE SAVAGES—FOR-  
AGING PARTIES LOADED WITH PRIMERS, BIBLES  
AND IMPLEMENTS OF AGRICULTURE—THE  
ORGANIZATION OF PRAYING TOWNS DESCRIBED

BY

ELLEN D. LARNED

**A**N old wigwam was the site of the beginning of a remarkable work of civilization and its outgrowth, "the praying town," is possibly one of the most unique forms of community known in the early days. There were years when people were gathered together, not as political bodies, but for spiritual welfare. When the members of the newly constructed North Society of Killingly, Connecticut, met in September, 1728, to arrange for building a meeting-house, the site selected was on what is now Thompson Common "near where was an old wigwam": That ruined wigwam on Thompson Hill was the memorial of early missionary movements; of Nipmuck Indians gathered into order by communities and carrying forward the forms of civilization and christianity. And this remarkable work had been accomplished by Indians, trained by John Eliot at Nalick—"that seminary of Virtue and Piety." They took with them "Bibles, spectacles and primers," together with tools and implements of agriculture, and by

their efforts seven "new praying towns" were gathered in the wilderness. Three of these towns, Myanexet, Quinnetisset, Wabbequasset,—were within Connecticut territory, then held by Massachusetts. Wabbaquasset included present Woodstock and Pomfret. Quinnetisset covered all that is now Thompson.

Samson, son of the Indian Sachem, Petavit, labored in this region. The work accomplished by him, and the aspect of the country at that time are best seen through the eyes of Major Daniel Godkin, who in 1677, accompanied Mr. Eliot on an official tour through the "new praying towns." Other godly persons went with them on their journey and Indians joined them at the several stations where they held services, preaching in the Indian tongue.

Pursuing their way over the path "trod out" by the young missionaries they reached the settlement in Wabbasquasset in the southeast part of what is now Woodstock. Major Godkin reports it situated "in



a very rich soil as was manifested by the goodly crop of Indian corn then newly in-gathered, not less than forty bushels to an acre." A later visitor from Providence found there "a very good inland country, well watered with rivers and brooks, special good land, great quantities of special good corn and beans, and stately wigwams as I never saw the like." And all this had been accomplished through the tact and skill of the Indian Samson, worthy of the name. Here he dwelt among the flock he had gathered—thirty families, men, women and children. A wigwam sixty by twenty feet was the residence of the chief, who was inclined to religion, and had the Sunday services in his house. Here Mr. Eliot and his company were courteously received and entertained by the squaw in the absence of her husband.

"Divers of the principal people" hastened to the great wigwam, and spent a great part of the night in prayers, singing psalms and exhortations. One grim Indian sat mute for a great space, and then arose and spake. A messenger from Uncas, who challenged right to and dominion over this people of Wabbaquasset, he brought a warning word, "Uncas is not well pleased that the English should pass over Mohegan River to call his Indians to pray to God."

The fearful Wabbaquassets quailed at this lofty message but Mr. Eliot answered calmly—"That it was his work to call upon men everywhere to repent and embrace the Gospel

but that he did not meddle with civil rights or jurisdiction."

Godkin followed and with the authority befitting his office of magistrate, "declared to him and desired him to inform Uncas, that Wabbaquasset was within the jurisdiction of Massachusetts, and they do look upon themselves concerned to promote the good of all people within their limits, yet it was not intended to abridge the Indians Sachems of their just rights in respect of paying tribute or any other dues but to bring them to the good knowledge of God in Christ, and to suppress among them their sins of drunkenness, idolatry and powwowing. As for the English they had taken no tribute from them nor taxed them with anything of that kind."

The day following, September 16, 1674, was the most memorable in the annals of this section, the first of those "notable meetings" for which Woodstock, Connecticut, is famous. All the "Praying Indians" from far and wide, were present, and doubtless many who had never before attended a religious service. Public worship was held in the open air, Samson leading. He first read part of the 19th Psalm, which was sung by the assembly. Mr. Eliot preached in Indian from Matthew, vi, 23, praying before and after the sermon. Seventy families had been rescued from barbarism and endowed with ordinances of religion and civil government the next year.

# THE ABORIGINAL MEDIA FOR EXPRESSING ARTISTIC IMPULSES

POETIC INTERPRETATIONS OF NATURE AND  
APPRECIATION OF SYMMETRICAL BEAUTY  
SHOWN IN BASKETRY—THE ARTISAN INSTINCT

BY

NELTJE DE G. DOUBLEDAY

WHILE the North American Indians have not yet expressed themselves through the higher media of the fine arts, architecture, sculpture or painting, as we understand them, it would be a blind critic who did not discern in the handiwork of certain tribes a sense of the beautiful in form and color so strong, so original, as to be full of promise of ultimate high development.

As with all primitive peoples, the Indians' first aspirations after beauty found expression upon the simple household utensils and clothing made by the women of the family, while the men, of necessity, hunted and waged war. These women were artisans rather than artists in the strict sense, perhaps, but one craft, at least, that they brought to a perfection unequalled in the world—basketry—discloses beyond the mere beauty of form and design, so much deep religious symbolism, the only record we have of the spiritual life of the tribe, so many intimate, poetic interpretations of nature, that the student

is disposed to call this aboriginal work art of a high order.

Such a basket might have been woven to hold nothing more precious than grain; nevertheless it was symmetrical and beautiful as a Greek vase and elaborately decorated with mystic designs which could not but elevate the thoughts of the family who saw it daily. Or, it might have been a plaque for fruit, or a burden basket carried on a woman's back when gathering sticks for her fire or provisions for the family larder; or a dainty little covered treasure basket to conceal her few trinkets, or a baby's exquisitely woven cradle, or a wedding ceremonial basket, or a basket for the priests to use in their religious dances; or, perhaps it was only a cooking basket for these tightly woven utensils held water and hot stones tossed into it would soon make it boil; for whatever purpose a basket was to be used, its workmanship had to be faultless; its decoration suggestive and even poetic, and no design was used that was not charged with meaning. With what materials did



the artist-weaver work? With willow and grasses of many kinds; with root fibre, strips of bark, maidenhair fern stems, with feathers from the woodpecker, valley quail, bluebird and meadowlark, with wampun, or shell money, abalone and turquoise, with dyes whose primitive manufacture cost months of patient labor. A basket worthy to be a family heirloom might occupy a weaver's spare time for years in the making. Sometimes the strands she used would be so fine that to prevent them from snapping, she would work with her hands under water. There is one basket weaver still living whose veritable works of art, bring over a thousand dollars each, and the names of connoisseurs already on the waiting list, indicate that Dat-so-la-lee's deft fingers and soaring imagination will be kept busy until her death. Many of our museums, and European ones as well, have fine collections of American basketry.

When the primitive woman first smeared her cooking basket with clay, put it directly over the fire to hasten matters, and discovered on removing it that she had a basket plus an earthen ware dish, pottery was naturally evolved. At first the basketry forms and decorations were applied to pottery directly, but soon it was found that a far greater freedom in its dec-

oration was possible, for the exigencies of weaving demand that designs follow straight lines whereas curves became easily possible when pigment might be applied to a smooth surface. On baskets from the Southwest and Pacific coast, the Swastika and its variants, the so-called Greek meander or keg pattern, are found to this day as they were in Egypt and on the oldest basketry known among the ancients. On the soft tinted pottery of New Mexico and Arizona Pueblos one finds flowing scrolls, volutes and geometric curves interspersed with much free-hand painting—all symbolic. Thus in our own country we may still trace the first steps that the art of all lands has probably traveled.

Inasmuch as blanketry is a comparatively new Indian industry, sheep having been introduced by the Spaniards; and the exquisite bead work of the Plains Indians is a still more recent adaptation of European materials to primitive uses, we may count basketry and pottery as the only aboriginal media the Indian had for expressing her artistic impulses. But now, with many new means of interpreting the art feeling that is a characteristic of so many Indian tribes, we may confidently expect the educated Indians to make strong and original contributions to American art.

# THE INTERPRETATION OF LIFE INTO SONG

EMOTIONS DESCRIBED BY SOUND—INDIAN  
MUSIC AN EXPRESSION OF FEELING—NO  
ENUNCIATION TO DISCORD THE SPIRIT

BY

FLORENCE MAY ABBE

THERE is not a phase of Indian life which does not find expression in song. There are songs to nerve the warriors to deeds of heroism, to rob death of its terror, to speed the spirits to the land of the hereafter, and to give zest to their sports and games. The songs may, however, be divided into three classes; the Class Songs, the Social Songs, and the Individual Songs.

The Class Songs include those of the Sacred Pole, the tribal pipe songs, and any religious or ceremonial song. After the men return from the hunt a festival of thanksgiving is held, and the songs of the Sacred Pole are used. One is sung to call the people together, another at the anointing of the Pole, another while it is being painted, and still another during the dance. These songs are never used except at this ceremony and can only be begun then by some one holding the proper rank.

The Social Songs include those of the secret societies, dance, game and funeral songs. This class of songs is usually sung by companies of peo-

ple. Their societies correspond to our clubs; some have members from only one family, others are historical, and others, secret. In order to gain admission to the societies it is necessary to have a brave record, and to keep it. During the social gatherings the rules are very strict and their customs are closely adhered to.

Among the Omahas there is only one funeral song. Upon the death of a prominent person the young men of the tribe make two incisions on the left arm, and under the loop of flesh formed, put a willow twig. With the blood dripping from their arms, they march to the place where the body lies, singing a song of happiness. They believe the spirit of the dead person, as it leaves the body can hear the song, and that it will cheer him as he goes from his friends. The bleeding arms show their sympathy and love.

The Individual Songs include those of mystery, prayer, thanks, love and the war songs.

The song of thanks is sung in connection with a curious custom. If a person who has received a gift

be below the giver in social standing, he goes outside his lodge and in the presence of as many as possible, sings a song of thanks, telling the name of the giver, of his generosity, and of the appreciation with which the gift was received.

The war songs can be subdivided into four groups; those sung at the initiation of a war to arouse the spirit of the men, those sung when the warriors are in the field and danger is near, those chanted by the women in behalf of the men on the war path, and the songs of triumph at the return of the victors.

The instruments used by the Indians consist of drums, rattles and whistles. They have two sizes of drums, a small drum, the size and shape of a tamborine, which is beaten with a small reed or the fingers, and which can be heard for long distances—and a large drum. The latter are made from sections of trees, hollowed out, with skin stretched over the open ends. Sometimes they are partly filled with water to give different tones.

The rattles are made from gourds filled with fine or coarse gravel or pebbles, according to the tone desired. They also make them of wood, circular in shape, about one-half an inch thick, and covered with skin. They employ various other things to make them of; tortoise shells and hoofs of deer being commonly used. The whistles are made of clay and molded to resemble birds and animals. They emit a shrill, clear sound, something like that of escaping steam. The chief instrument is the flageolet, which is made

of wood, ornamented in different ways. It is very much like an open organ pipe. Over the opening is a narrow strip of metal over which the air is blown. The instrument is built by guess work and is only roughly accurate.

The Indians have no uniform key for starting a song, it being started on any note suitable to the singer's voice, usually on the highest tone that can be reached, as their singing is an expression of great excitement. Singing in the open air and in company with the drums, strains the voice and it loses its sweetness so that there is little beauty of tone in their singing—loudness seems to be the chief thing desired. Little attempt is made to swell or diminish a tone, although it is done in certain classes of songs. The Indian enjoys the effect produced by the vibration of the voice, and upon a prolonged note, gives a throbbing effect by slowly moving his hand back and forth from the mouth to break the flow of the breath and produce pulsations.

Few Indian songs have words, for the Indians think that words clearly sung and enunciated break the melody. Most of them, however, have syllables which are not parts or fragments of words, but sounds which easily lend themselves to singing. Rhythm is by far the best developed element in their music. The Indians have produced no long elaborate musical compositions because they have not gained the power of sustained musical effort.



# THE QUALITY OF LOYALTY IN CHARACTER

TREACHERY DEVELOPS ONLY WHEN  
CIVILIZATION CRUSHES—AMERICANS TO-  
DAY HESITATE AT PERSONAL SACRIFICE  
—THE STORY OF A TRUE INDIAN

BY

ALICE E. PINNEY

THERE is a quality in the Indian that receives insufficient recognition, and that is his loyalty to the white man when he comprehended the real meaning of civilization. He was a friend of progress as long as it did not ruthlessly destroy that which he believed to be his inherent right. Americans of to-day have this same characteristic; we give our assistance to a cause as long as it does not cause too great a personal sacrifice.

There are many instances in which this loyalty may be illustrated but I will recall a single story, which the weight of historical evidence upholds.

In the spring of 1675 the white settlers of southern New England lived in constant fear of being attacked by the Indians. King Philip who had been peaceably inclined, was incited by some of the younger warriors of his tribe to make several attacks on the smaller settlements of the colonists and now that they had started on the war-path, there was no means of appeasing them.

The larger towns or settlements of

Hartford, Windsor and Springfield considered themselves tolerably well fortified against the Indians for during the Pequot War in 1637, the inhabitants had taken precautionary measures and built palisadoes of strong high stakes or posts set close together and strengthened inside, while on the outside a wide ditch was dug and dirt banked against it.

Each family was allotted a small strip of land within the palisado for a garden, and the general council ordered all to convey their cattle and remaining store of corn and hay into the garrisons and not to go abroad singly or unarmed; for strange Indians had been seen lurking about.

It was at the garrison in Windsor, Connecticut, twilight was shutting down over the hills, and night was covering the Great River with its misty shroud when Toto, the young grandson of Nassacowan, (the chief of the Poquonoc Indians), stood at the gate of the palisado and inquired for the white chief.

This news he brought: Early in the morning as he stood on the low range of hills which gradually rises

from the western bank of the Connecticut, gazing off toward the sunrise, above the cloud of mist hovering over the Weaxskashuck, (The Great Marsh), far up on the hills surrounding old Shenipsit (Lake Snipsic) he had seen the smoke of a camp-fire. He crossed over the river in his canoe, landing a few miles above on the farther shore, and then moved cautiously eastward until he came to a fresh trail, which the many braves with all their caution had been unable to obliterate. Indian instinct taught him that it was the trail of enemies, and following along the trail he at length drew near a mighty body of King Philip's warriors. Exercising much Indian strategem he had succeeded in getting near enough the camp to learn that their destination was Springfield, which they were going to attack at sunrise the following morning, and he recognized some of the Springfield Indians among them.

"We must warn Springfield," exclaimed Captain Newberry. "Which one of you will undertake the journey?"

"White man send me. Me pale face's friend," replied Toto, the red man.

Captain Newberry plainly understood that it would be almost impossible for an Englishman to reach the Springfield garrison alive; and a company must be started up the west side of the river to warn Major Treat of Westfield and urge him to go to the relief of Major Pynchon. If the Indians were successful in destroying Springfield, Westfield

would doubtless share the same fate.

A half hour later Toto was speeding along toward the doomed garrison as fast as his strong sinewy limbs could carry him. A small force of volunteers on horseback were also traveling toward Westfield. Night was not far advanced when he drew near the Indian encampment which was only a mile distant from Springfield. The longest part of the journey was over, but the last two miles were the most difficult. Toto was weary with his long running and was obliged to move slowly. He must either pass between the camp and the river or made a wide detour around them. He took the shortest way and crept cautiously along in the shadow of the bushes which grew on the bank of the river, stepping so carefully that not a twig cracked beneath his feet. He was soon rapping at the gate of the Springfield palisado. It needed but one blow from his tomahawk to bring the guard to the gate and Major Pynchon was instantly aroused.

Toto having fulfilled his mission after partaking of some refreshment, started on his homeward journey. The Indian camp was already astir, and his only way of passing unnoticed was to take to the river which he did, floating down with the current until past the camp, when he resumed his journey along the bank. Chilled by the water he hurried along, reaching Windsor before daybreak, and at the time of the attack he lay stretched on a bear-skin sound asleep within the palisado.



## FOSTERING THE HABIT OF INDUSTRY

THE ANGLICIZED INDIAN IS DILIGENT AT HIS  
LABOR—BECOMES BRAVE IN WAR AND TRUE  
TO DUTY—IN HIS NATURE IS AN ELEMENT  
OF PHILOSOPHICAL HUMOR—REMINISCENCES

BY

T. S. GOLD

**T**RADITIONS are few and unreliable of the early times. Abundance of arrowheads designate the favorite places for encampment that have faded away before civilization.

The Indians were adept in making splint brooms and other articles of wood for household and farm, and were allowed by a sort of pre-emption title to good splint timber wherever they could find it, a practice not relinquished by those who follow the same craft to-day. A story is preserved of a squaw securing splints on the land of an old farmer who charged her with theft, and ordered her off. Raising her hatchet she replied: "My grandpa's land—you go way, or I will make daylight shine through you." Her argument was final and she was thereafter allowed her basket timber wherever she desired.

Tom Warrups was a noted character in French and Indian wars, but written history and tradition show that he was often a subject of discipline. Ensign Ebenezer Dibble of Cornwall, Connecticut, kept a

diary in the French war, and there is this entry: "June, the 21st day, A. D., 1762, General Tom had 200 strip for stealing; he made no noise." Like many of his race he was addicted to intoxication and in the army he was sentenced for that offense to a ride on the wooden horse in front of the regiment. While being thus transported on the shoulders of his comrades, Lieut. Tanner asked him "if he did not feel ashamed to be presented to the regiment in that way?" "Yes," said Tom, "I am ashamed to think that our Lieutenant must go on foot while a poor old Indian can ride."

Capt. Jeffers on meeting him one morning said, "Why, Tom, I was in hopes you were dead." "Why," replied the Indian, "you want the widow?" He was a gray-haired old Indian, highly respected as a brave soldier, a genial companion; the type of man who fought and bled for his country.

There were two families of Indians in my home town of Cornwall in the early part of the last century, of mixed blood, civilized and edu-

cated in the common schools, and church members in good standing. They were Scatacooks.

Jerry Conell or Cogswell was a cooper. He had several children, Nathan, the only one who remained in town, was a member of North Cornwall church and sexton, for many years. He was a good farm hand, but especially in demand as a wall layer. I never saw any better stone walls in durability and finish, than the work of Nathan. He married a white woman and had two sons, both soldiers, but the eldest, William H., is worthy of record. He was tall and stout built, a natural athlete, trained in farm work and country sports. As a growing boy, after a day's work from "sun to sun" he often took a run across the hills for training as a runner. Prizes were then offered for foot races at all our country fairs. He always won, so that when it was known he was entered there was no other competitors. He enlisted as private in Fifth Regiment, Connecticut Veterans, June 22, 1861; promoted second lieutenant, Co. B, Second Regiment C. V. Heavy artillery, in battles of Peaked Mountain, Winchester, Cedar Mountain and Cold Harbor, and died in hospital from wounds received in battle. A suitable monument of red sandstone erected by free offering from fellow-townsmen marks his grave in North Cornwall cemetery. On the march where men were falling from fatigue, he would seize an armful of guns and carry them for miles in relief of

weaker men. In camp he was the life of the company. His stories around the camp fire relieved many a weary hour. He had all the qualities of a good soldier—courage, physical ability and endurance, temperance, reliability, skill in the care and use of arms, quick of thought and action, which only failed him when in an emergency he attempted to capture a squad who captured him.

I said to Col. Wessells, who commanded his regiment: "Bill was one of a thousand as a soldier." He replied, "You might well say, one of ten thousand." May the memory of such men be always held in honor, and future generations not be wanting in such defenders of our flag, the emblem of national power and liberty.

Rufus Bunker, with his wife, Rosey, lived on the Sharon and Goshen turnpike near the top of the hill named after him. He was a tall, well built Indian and had quite a family of children. They were all good workers. Bunker bought a rough farm of fifty acres, cleared it, fenced the fields with stone walls and built a comfortable frame house. He once said to my father, "Dr. Gold, when I get this all cleared up, I am going to the top of the hill, sit down and look at it," and he accomplished it as the nature of the land would allow.

My father met him on the road near a large spring, in the early days of temperance reform. "Doctor," he said, "I am going to join the cold water society." So saying, he knelt

down and quenched his thirst in a copious draught. Bunker had a son about my own age, and passing there one day I was caught in a cold North Cornwall rain storm without a "great coat," the name in those days for the outer garment, and I stopped and borrowed one belonging to my Indian friend, young Bunker. Rosey, his mother, never forgot this incident, that I was not too proud to wear an Indian's coat, and it laid the foundation for mutual esteem. I never lacked a supply of baskets and she always went home carrying in returning pork, beef or other household necessities to her full satisfaction.

In moral character and physical skill and ability these people were above the average of white men of similar station. The Scatacooks lived mostly in Kent, Connecticut, and on the borders of New York State. In 1740, the Moravian missionaries arrived among them and established a successful mission,—first missionary, John Martin Mack, a German. The result was a large number became Christians, industrious and thrifty and though they had their troubles the mission was maintained for fifty years. Lands were set apart for them and laws made for their protection by the State of Connecticut. By emigration and other causes their number is now much reduced.

In an answer to a letter to Martin B. Lane, agent, I have received reply to questions about their present condition:

"In reply to your letter at hand

I would say they have about three hundred (300) acres of land, five dwelling houses, five thousand dollars in cash. Between thirty and forty persons now living on the reservation, one hundred and ten in all scattered over the state. I am allowed to use the income for the care of the oldest ones. I am appointed yearly by the court, also called by the court to settle itemized account at same time. One of the Cogswell descendants resides on the reservation. None of the Bunkers in existence as I know of. There is only one full blooded Scagtacook now living. The last full blooded squaw died one year ago, aged 94 years."

I have had farm laborers from this reservation and have found none more efficient and skillful, agreeable and instructive companions. My wife in her childhood visited friends on Fuller Mountain in Kent, and remembers as a pleasant incident calling on an Indian family, Ned and Patty, though his correct name was Abraham, where neatness and order reigned in doors and out, and testified to comfortable living.

Cornwall never suffered from an Indian evil, but one of her families, Nathaniel Carter's, who emigrated to the valley of Wyoming, shared in the Wyoming massacre. His daughter, Elizabeth, nine years old, was captured and taken to Canada. The story of the horrors and sufferings was related by her to my father on her deathbed at the age of 80. This story, more thrilling than fiction, has a place in history.



## THE LAST OF THE NIANTICS

MERCY ANN NONESUCH BORN IN WIGWAM, TODAY A QUEEN WITHOUT A REALM—LAST REPRESENTATIVE OF A NOBLE TRIBE—INTERVIEWED IN HER COMFORTABLE CONNECTICUT HOME

BY

MRS. CHARLES H. SMITH

THE last representative of the "Extinct" tribe of Niantic Indians is an aged woman living in Mohegan, Connecticut, a queen without a realm, and not one single subject of her self-same blood, her half brother, her nieces and nephews, and even her own children and grandchildren named with other tribes and races.

Mercy Ann Nonesuch was born in a wigwam on the Indian Reservation at Niantic, Connecticut, February 13, 1822, the daughter of Joshua and Mercy (Sobuck) Nonesuch.

Her father, Joshua Nonesuch, having died December, 1821, her mother was left a widow with her three children; so at the early age of seven years Mercy Ann was bound out to Mrs. Ethelinda (Caulkins) Griswold, (widow of Thomas Griswold), living at Giant's Neck, a woman of rare grace, culture and refinement, and little Mercy Ann was taught all the arts and intricacies of housekeeping and the woman, who now has passed her three score and ten, speaks with pleasure of the useful lessons and pleasant home of those early years.

In 1840, at the age of eighteen, after her term of service had expired, she went to Lyme and worked out, first in the family of Mrs. C. C. Griswold, and afterwards in the family of Mrs. Christopher Champlin, where she remained until her marriage with Henry Mathews of the Mohegan tribe, March 30, 1846.

Her husband was a most excellent man and very much respected by the entire community; a fine workman at his trade, that of a stone mason, and the owner of his ample farm, and it was with commendable pride she showed her comfortable home, an end-frame house of moderate size, comfortably furnished, scrupulously neat, New England thrift everywhere evident. She said, "here I have lived since my marriage, my children were all born here, and while I have always worked hard, my life and home have been pleasant." A parlor organ burdened with singing books testified that she had an inherent love of music. The windows filled with palms, coleas, cape jessamine, cactus and other plants were silent witnesses of her love for the beautiful



in form and color. Two large Bibles and a likeness of their almost canonized Occum occupied conspicuous places on the parlor table plainly indicating her love for her church and her pride in the history of one of the greatest of their own preachers. Her personal appearance is strikingly Indian, coupled with a peaceful expression and manner, the outcome of the softening influences of civilization.

When nineteen years of age, in 1841, she united with the Baptist church in East Lyme and was a faithful and consistent member. She is now a member of the Mohegan church, and for years, Mr. Mathews filled acceptably the office of deacon. Her four children, three married daughters, and one son, are filling well their positions in life, a credit and honor to the home training of their Indian mother, and are no longer Niantics or Mohegans, but citizens of the commonwealth.

She could have no share or part in the income from the bank stock or the lands known as the Indian Reservation at Niantic as she had married out of the tribe, but if left a widow she could return with her children and claim her portion. When questioned with regard to the declaring the tribe extinct in 1871, she replied sadly and thoughtfully, "They may declare me extinct, that does not make me extinct."

It was with diffidence she talked of the past, and only by careful questioning could she be induced to tell her recollections. Still clinging to the old Indian

custom of rank, when asked from which parent she claimed her title of queen, a prompt and almost haughty reply, "from my Mother." As the half civilized and uncivilized races trace their pedigree through the mother instead of the father, consequently when the Niantic tribe was converted to Christianity the family pedigrees became confusing and perplexing.

A request for her photograph was at first denied, but when it was represented to her that, humble though she was, she would soon be considered a very important person, and that all the romance of hundreds of years would gather around her name, as the last of the once friendly tribe of Niantics, she reluctantly consented, and when told that it would be deposited in the Connecticut Historical Society at Hartford, that her tribe and name might never be forgotten, a flush colored her cheeks, tears started to her eyes, a peculiar faraway expression suddenly suffered her whole face, and with a pathetic tone she exclaimed "Oh, I am so glad if some one wants to remember us."

As wigwam and hut with their dusky occupants have vanished from our sight, and though only one of the tribe is remaining, whose remarkable trait was its unswerving friendship and fidelity to the pale faces, let the town and the river which bears their name be a perpetual memorial to their race, more enduring than mounded grave or crumbling stone.

# THE BROADENING INFLUENCES IN AMERICAN EDUCATION

CONNECTICUT HAS FIRST SCHOOL FOR SCIENTIFIC STUDY FOUNDED IN AMERICA—INTRODUCES STUDY OF SANSKRIT—ORGANIZES FIRST SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS IN CONNECTION WITH UNIVERSITY EDUCATION IN THE WORLD—TRACES EVOLUTION OF HORSE THROUGH FOSSILS AND IS COMMENDED BY HUXLEY AND DARWIN

BY

CHARLES H. SMITH, LL.D.

Larned Professor of American History at Yale University

Professor Smith, who has recently gained much commendation by his logical conclusions in relation to the Panama controversy, has built upon the foundation laid in his article in the last issue of this magazine entitled "The Early Struggles in American Education," and now presents a phase in educational history which proves the important part Connecticut has taken in the development and encouragement of learning in this country. In statements of historical fact this recognized authority pays tribute to Connecticut's achievements in the world of education. In connection with this line of thought it should be remembered that it was a Connecticut man, Henry Barnard, who was the first commissioner of education appointed by the government of the United States. In Volume IV, No. 2 of The Connecticut Magazine, Frederick Calvin Norton writes ably of this distinguished pioneer in the diffusion of education. Some years ago Bernard C. Steiner, A.M. (Yale), contributed to the Bureau of Education a treatise entitled "The History of Education in Connecticut." It is through the courtesy of Hon. W. T. Harris, present Commissioner of Education, that the illustrations used in Dr. Steiner's book are reproduced in the following article, the plates being loaned for this purpose by the Department of Interior at Washington—EDITOR

THE building of a great educational institution is much like the building of a prosperous business establishment; it must be under the management of men of judgment and executive ability. In this Yale has been exceedingly fortunate.

The improvement of the college and the development of the university, which I outlined in my last article, continued under President Woolsey. He introduced new studies in senior year, making that one of the most interesting and valuable years of the course. He also tried to raise the scholarship of the whole college by establishing biennial examinations, and these continued for many years a con-

spicuous feature of the Yale system. It was expected that they would induce more careful and persistent study throughout the college course, on the theory that only permanent acquirements could stand the test of such examinations. They were a characteristic expression of President Woolsey's thoroughness, and his intense dislike of slipshod work.

President Woolsey's term witnessed the completion of the first stone building on the college square, the library. This, now known as the Old Library, remains, with its graceful ivy-clad pinnacles, a beautiful building, and it is a source of regret that it must some day be taken down to make room for the extension of the new Chitten-



OSBORNE HALL—YALE UNIVERSITY

den Library. Other buildings which went up during his term were Alumni Hall, Street Art Building, Farnam Hall, and Durfee Hall. The last three buildings were much the largest gifts which the college had yet received from individual donors.

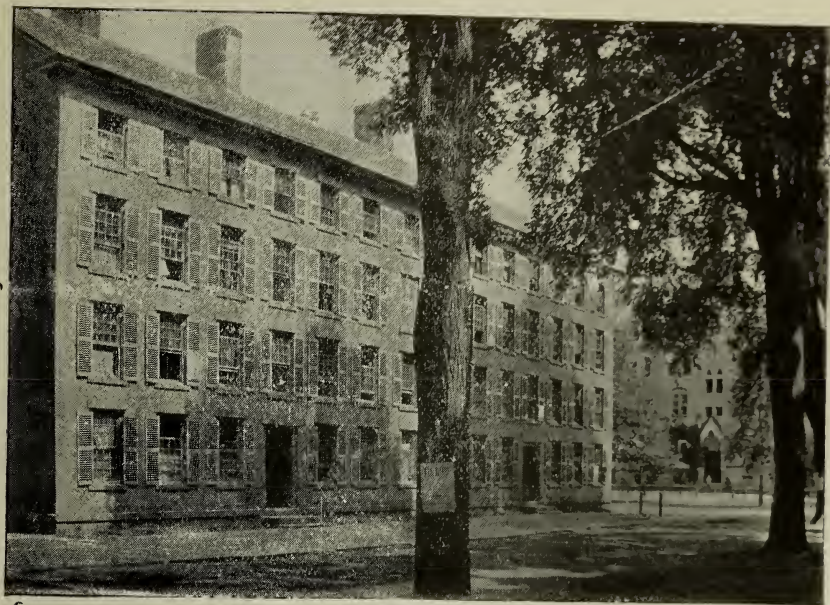
A chief distinction of President Woolsey's administration was the place accorded in it to scientific, graduate, and art education.

The initial impulse to modern scientific education was given by the elder Silliman, who admitted advanced students to his laboratory, and, in connection with his son, started a private school for original research. In 1846 this was taken under the care of the Yale corporation, who in 1852 conferred the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy on its successful students, and also started a school of engineering.

In 1854 these schools were united as the "Yale Scientific School." This in 1861 was named the "Sheffield Scientific School," in honor of Joseph E. Sheffield, who gave its first building. While he furnished needed funds, other far-sighted and gifted men planned for the future and labored unselfishly for the highest interests of the school. Among these were James D. Dana and William D. Whitney, "two of the men who during the past century have shed upon Yale its greatest lustre."

The Sheffield School was the first one for special scientific study founded in America. On the occasion of President Woolsey's death, its establishment was referred to as probably "the most important educational movement of the century in America." It came in answer to a new popular





FAMOUS OLD NORTH COLLEGE—YALE UNIVERSITY

demand for technical instruction, especially in chemistry, which the classical colleges did not consider it a part of their mission to give. The period was one in which new methods of communication by ocean steam navi-



ART SCHOOL, AND RECTOR PIERSON'S STATUE—YALE UNIVERSITY





OLD LIBRARY—YALE UNIVERSITY

gation and electric telegraph were enlarging the field of business enterprise, and awakening new ambitions. Chemistry applied to the arts was in its infancy, and its coming triumphs in revolutionizing existing industries, and establishing new ones, were beginning to be seen. There was consequently an eager demand for the "New Learning," and the Scientific School at Yale was a pioneer in the effort to meet this demand.

The work of the Sheffield School in the interest of better farming is especially worthy of note. One of the two chairs of instruction first established in it was of agricultural chemistry, and "this was the earliest establishment in any college in the land of a professorship of agricultural chemistry, or of agriculture in any special sense." To this chair was ap-

pointed John P. Norton, who became "the most eminent authority in this country on matters pertaining to agricultural chemistry." President Gilman, in an address at the semi-centennial of the Sheffield School, traced to influence emanating from him the passage of the Morrill Act providing for Agricultural colleges in the several states. This act was passed in 1862, and Connecticut received by its provisions \$135,000. This sum was too small to start a new college with, and indeed there was no occasion for doing that. The Sheffield Scientific School, already partly equipped for the work, was admirably fitted to carry out the purpose of Congress in the most effective and economical manner. Moreover, its selection as the recipient of the Congressional aid would be an appropriate recognition

of the pioneer work it had already done in the interest of better agricultural education. Accordingly the Legislature wisely granted the interest of the fund to the school on certain conditions which were faithfully complied with for thirty years. At the close of that period in 1893, owing to additional legislation by Congress, Connecticut was receiving a much larger income for agricultural education than had been originally contemplated. The amount had now become so large a "plum" that the temptation to make a raid upon it was irresistible. Accordingly the Legislature broke the contract with the Sheffield School, and established a State Agricultural College. This was done, ostensibly, for the benefit of farmers.

During the period above mentioned, in addition to the instruction furnished

according to agreement, an important service to agriculture was rendered by Professor Johnson of the Sheffield School. President Gilman speaks of this as follows: "Early in the seventies he began to advocate the establishment of experimental stations, and in due time had the satisfaction of seeing them established throughout the Union, while he became director of that in Connecticut. This achievement alone reflects great distinction on the Sheffield School. If it had done nothing but make and uphold this idea, its cost would have been repaid."

The buildings of the Sheffield School, five in number, are on Prospect Street and Hillhouse Avenue. They are devoted entirely to the work of the school, for which they are well equipped. The lack of dormitories is



BATTELL CHAPEL—YALE UNIVERSITY





COURT-HOUSE AND CITY HALL, YALE LAW SCHOOL

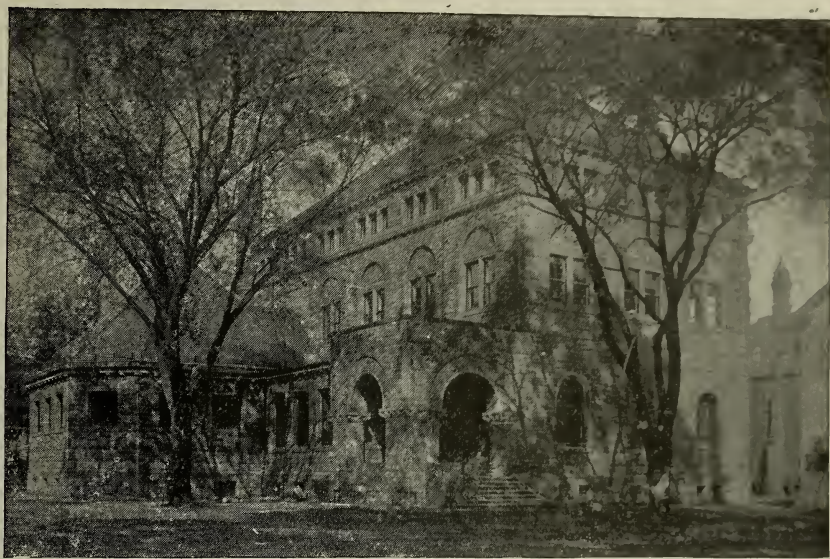
supplied in part by chapter houses owned by secret societies. Some of these houses, and others owned by societies in the academical department, are costly structures and are notable contributions to the architectural beauties of New Haven.

The Graduate School was one of slow growth, and its organization was effected by successive steps at somewhat wide intervals. Beginning with 1826, the names of "resident graduates" pursuing non-professional studies were entered in the college catalogue. In 1841 an important step was taken in the appointment of Edward E. Salisbury as professor of Arabic and Sanscrit. This was the first recognition in this country of the importance of Sanscrit in the study of language, and, so far as demand for instruction went, was in advance of the time. For eight years no students presented themselves, then two came.

They were William D. Whitney and James Hadley.

In 1847 a department of philosophy and the arts was organized which for a few years included without discrimination what were afterward separately the Sheffield School and the Graduate School. In 1861 the degree of Doctor of Philosophy was conferred. Yale was the first institution in the United States to confer this degree on the basis of at least two years resident graduate work, and a thesis giving evidence of high attainment. This gave a notable impulse to the cause of advanced scholarship in the United States.

In 1872 the Graduate School was given a definite organization by the appointment of an Executive Committee to have charge of its interests, and in 1892 its organization was completed by the appointment of Professor Arthur T. Hadley as Dean. At

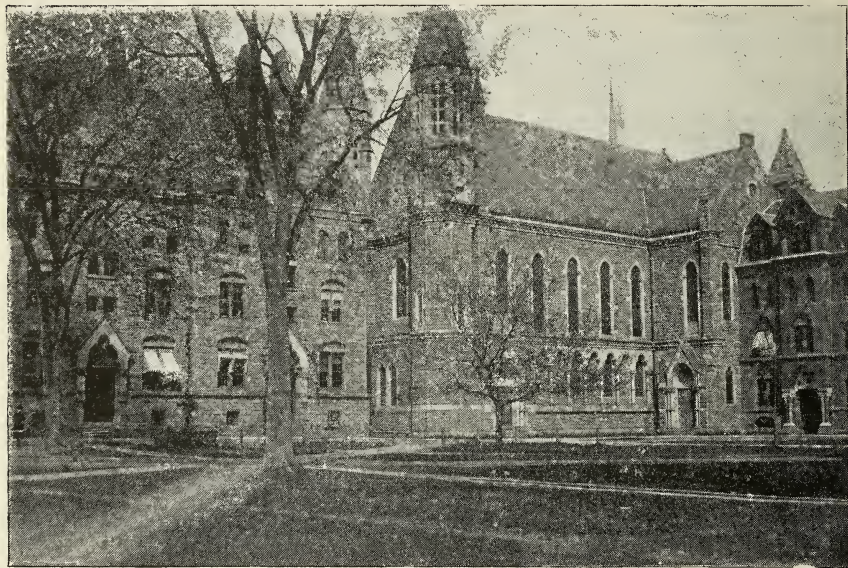


CHITTENDEN LIBRARY—YALE UNIVERSITY



KENT AND SLOANE LABORATORIES—YALE UNIVERSITY





INTERIOR OF QUADRANGLE—YALE UNIVERSITY

the same time a step of much significance was taken in the opening of the school to the graduates of women's colleges who were invited to come here and study for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. This practical recognition of the needs of women, and of their right to participate in the advantages of the more highly specialized courses to be found only at the larger universities, was accorded to them in New England first at Yale.

For forty years, until his death in 1894, Professor William D. Whitney was identified with the work of graduate instruction at Yale. His appointment and retention were both due to Professor Salisbury, who gave up to him a part of his own work, and later endowed a chair for him. In 1869 President Eliot invited him to Harvard, but he remained at Yale, and made it a center of philological study

for the country. Of his work here, Dr. Ward of the Independent has said: "What Harvard did for the science of life in America through Agassiz, Yale did for Indo-European philology through Whitney."

Yale's interest in art is inseparably connected with the name of John Trumbull, the historical painter of the Revolution. His paintings to the number of fifty, including the well-known "Declaration of Independence," and "Washington on the eve of the Battle of Princeton," became the property of the college in 1831. A building was at once put up for their reception. This building, long known as the Treasury Building, is now torn down.

"The founding of the Trumbull Gallery at Yale College deserves to be commemorated as the earliest step taken in this country expressly for the



DURFEE COLLEGE AND ALUMNI HALL—YALE UNIVERSITY

introduction of the study of the Fine Arts into our higher seats of learning." As Yale was the first, so it was long "the only institution of learning in the country to establish an art collection." Its cultivation of art for a number of years was confined to the exhibition of pictures, a work of no small value to the community. But in 1858 attention was turned to the importance and the possibility of introducing art instruction and training as a part of the university work. A course of art lectures was given in Alumni Hall, and much interest was awakened by them, but no further important step could be taken because of lack of funds, until 1864. In that year, Mr. Augustus R. Street, a citizen of New Haven, generously offered to erect and present to the university a building devoted not only to the display of art collections, but also to the giving of art instruction.

With the building assured, the Yale School of the Fine Arts was organized. Its object was to promote the appreciation and cultivation of art in the community, and more particularly to bring the refining and elevating influence of art culture to bear upon college students during the formative period of their academic life. It was the latter aim, introducing as it did a new feature into our college education, which gave the movement a special significance, and a peculiar interest to Yale men. Professor Weir has said of it, "This was a new feature in the general scheme of education which Yale College had the credit of successfully inaugurating in this country"; and Professor Hoppin has added, "This was the first art school connected with a university in America, and we might say, technically speaking, in the world."

The new Art Building was com-



pleted in 1866. The Trumbull collection was removed to it, and others have been added until its capacity has been taxed to the utmost. Among the most notable of these additions are the Jarves collection illustrating the rise of christian art in Western Europe, and a series of oak carvings about three hundred years old, which belong to the best period of Belgian carving. In its relations to the community, the school has done much for the spread of an intelligent appreciation of art matters, and for the gratification of persons of cultivated tastes. Regular courses of lectures are delivered yearly by the art professors and others which are open to the public and are well attended.

The first important collection of minerals owned by the college was the Gibbs collection, purchased in 1825 for \$20,000. In order to raise this sum, a public meeting was held in New Haven to which the people were invited by hand-bills distributed throughout the city. Stirring speeches were made by prominent citizens, one of whom shrewdly intimated that if New Haven let such an opportunity slip, the collection might go to Trinity College at Hartford, whose people "were always prompt and liberal in cases where their own interest were concerned." On this, as on so many other occasions, New Haven people stood by the college, and the needed funds were secured. The collection thus obtained remained for many years the most important one in the possession of the college.

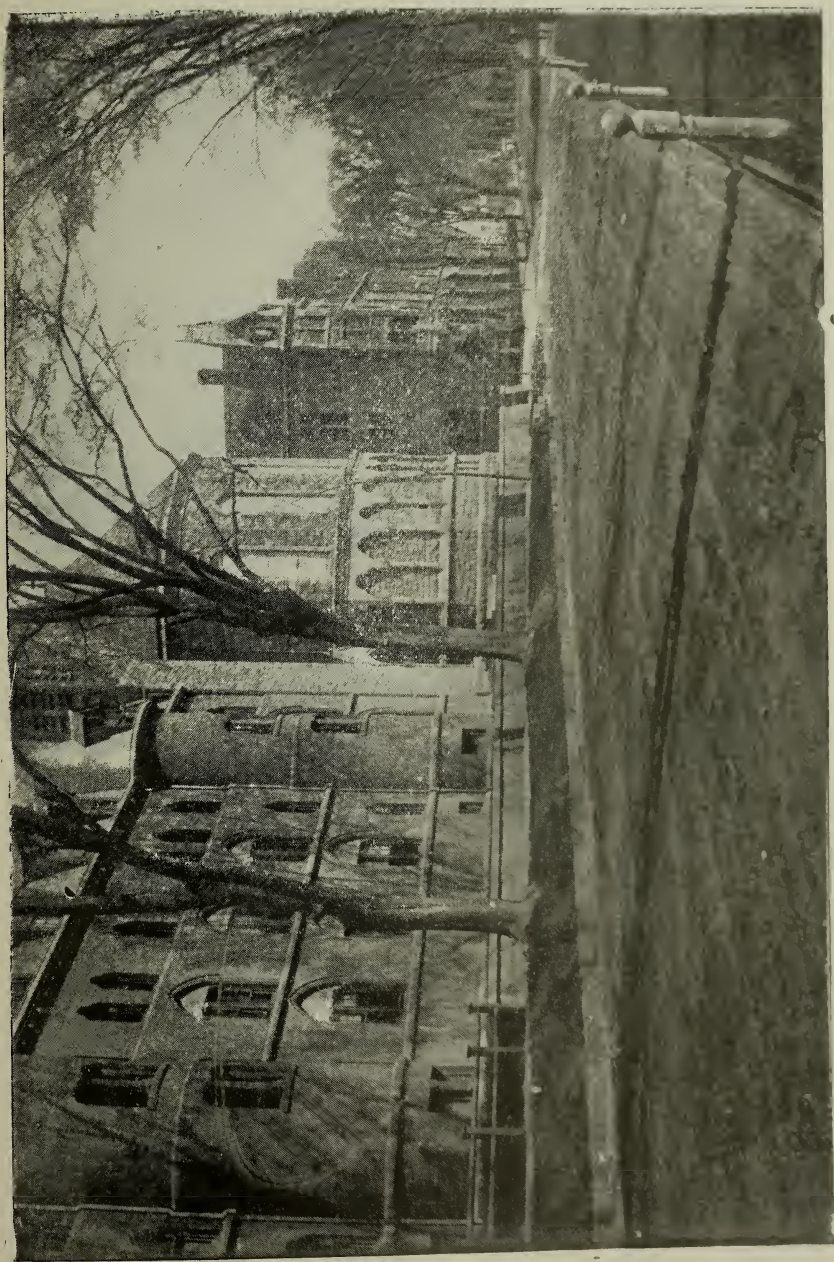
In 1866 Mr. George Peabody founded the Museum of Natural History, but his donation was allowed to accumulate at interest until 1874. A

large building was then erected, but it is now much too small for the collections which fill its cases, and are stored in large quantities in its cellars. A large part of this material was collected by Professor Marsh, who in 1870 and following years organized several "Yale Scientific Expeditions," and led them in the exploration of little known regions beyond the Missouri River. The expedition of 1871 alone collected 15,000 specimens, representing an outlay of \$40,000. In 1898, a short time before his death, he presented all his collections to the university, thus by a single act of great generosity crowning his labors of thirty years for the advancement of science at Yale.

In the Peabody Museum may be seen the famous series of fossils by which Professor Marsh traced the evolution of the horse. These especially interested Professor Huxley, who is reported to have said that he knew of nothing in extent and scientific importance at all comparable with Professor Marsh's collection of fossils. Darwin is also said to have expressed a strong desire to come to this country for the sole purpose of seeing this collection. Here also may be seen one of the largest collections of meteorites in the country, containing specimens aggregating three thousand pounds in weight, and representing more than two hundred distinct falls. One of the meteorites weighs about three-fourths of a ton, and is one of the three or four largest masses ever placed in a scientific museum.

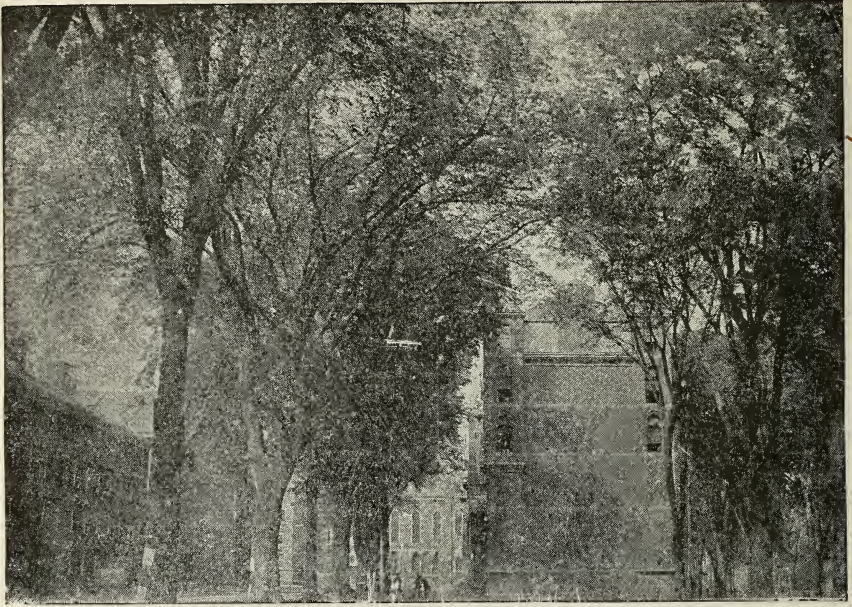
The Winchester Observatory Foundation for Astronomical and Physical Research was established in 1871, and a building for it went up in 1882. Its



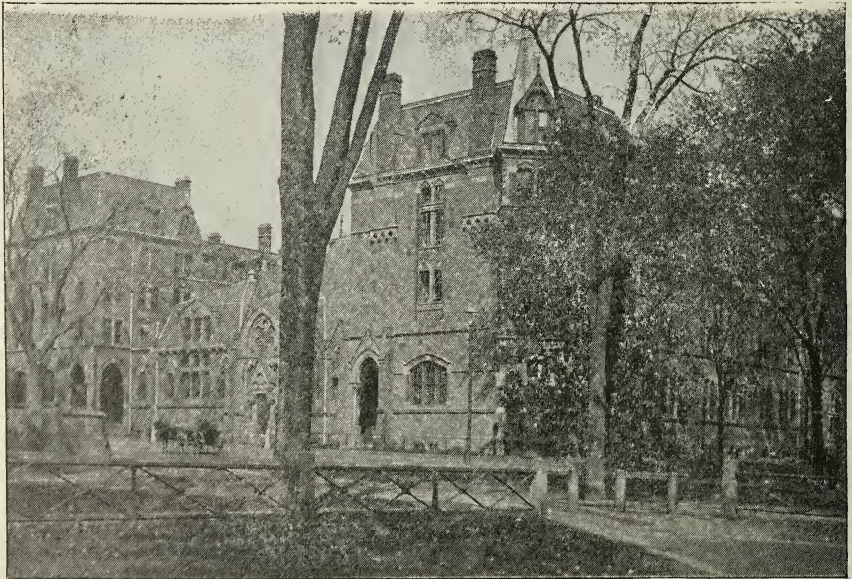


COLLEGE STREET—YALE UNIVERSITY





LAWRENCE HALL AND CAMPUS ELMS—YALE UNIVERSITY



EAST DIVINITY, MARQUAND CHAPEL, BACON LIBRARY, AND WEST DIVINITY—  
YALE UNIVERSITY





SOUTH SHEFFIELD HALL,—YALE UNIVERSITY



NORTH SHEFFIELD HALL,—YALE UNIVERSITY





TREASURY BUILDING, DURFEE COLLEGE—YALE UNIVERSITY

early work consisted partly in verifying thermometers. In the course of six years twenty thousand thermometers were tested, a large part of which were such as are used by physicians. At first great errors were found in many of these, and the correcting of them was an important service to the public, for one result was a decided improvement in the clinical thermometers of American make.

Another part of its work consisted in furnishing time to subscribers in the city and throughout the state. In 1881 the Legislature of Connecticut adopted New York City time as the standard in the state, "and authorized a contract with the college for furnishing the exact time, each day, the same to be transmitted to every railroad station within the state." The action of Connecticut in thus adopting a standard of time for the state preceded by eight years the introduction

of standard time by the railroads, and its establishment of a time service was "the first instance of the kind in this country."

The Observatory possesses a notable instrument in its heliometer, a cut and description of which are given under the title "Micrometer" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Several series of important astronomical measurements have been carried on with it.

The Museum and Observatory buildings went up, and work in them commenced, during the term of President Porter, who followed President Woolsey in 1871. Other buildings which appeared in President Porter's time were the beautiful Battell Chapel, with its twin spires and chime of bells for sounding the quarter hours, the Sloane Physical Laboratory, Lawrence Hall for occupation of students, and Dwight Hall for religious purposes.



DWIGHT HALL,—YALE UNIVERSITY

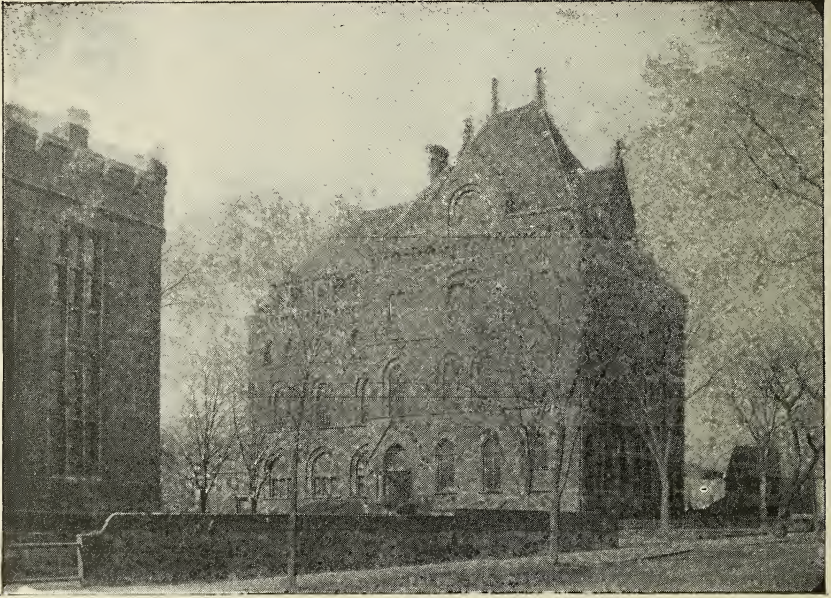
Important features of President Porter's administration were a moderate introduction of elective studies in the college course, and a marked increase in student organized activities, particularly in the line of athletics. A daily paper was also started, and found substantial support among the students of the several schools and departments. It is safe to say that before President Porter's time such a paper could not have existed, owing to a lack of common interest. The students of different departments knew little about each other, and cared less. But in the seventies they began to act together in various ways, and the university, which had long been an accomplished fact, began to be conscious of its own existence.

President Porter's term was the beginning of a new epoch in the history of Yale, in which it took on a new character, and put forth new energies.

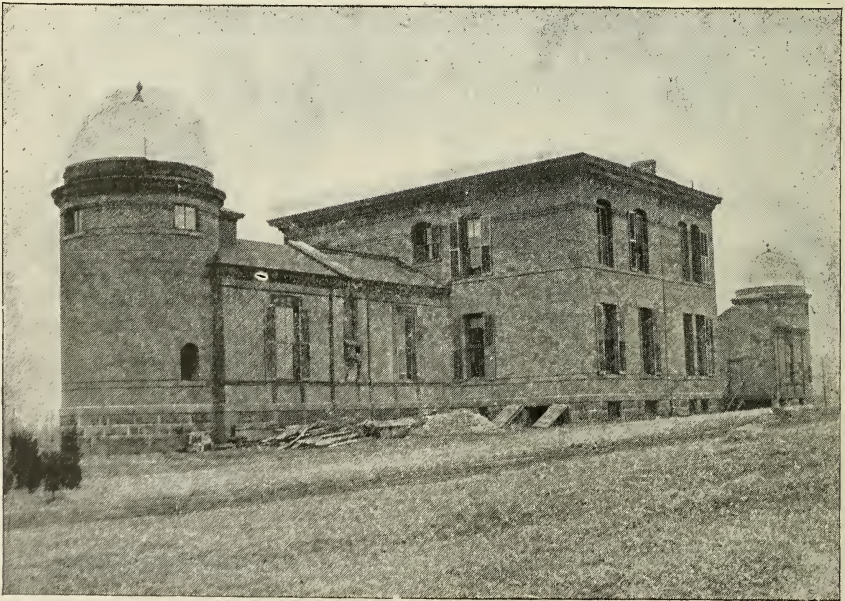
These were destined to a great development under the guiding hand of President Dwight, whose term of office, following President Porter's, comprised thirteen years, in several ways the most remarkable of any in the history of Yale.

President Dwight was chosen in 1886. All his predecessors had been primarily heads of the college, giving their time and strength to its interests, and serving as chief instructors to the senior class. The relation was well expressed at President Woolsey's inauguration when President Day said, "The college is the appropriate sphere of the president's activity, though as a member of the board of trustees he may have a nominal relation to the professional departments." This nominal relation President Dwight made a real one by giving his time and interest impartially to the several departments, attending their faculty





PEABODY MUSEUM—YALE UNIVERSITY



WINCHESTER OBSERVATORY—YALE UNIVERSITY



meetings, and acquainting himself thoroughly with their work and needs. To do this more effectively, he gave up entirely the work of teaching, thus making his office purely an executive one, equally related to all parts of the university. A gratifying result of his efforts to co-ordinate the departments has been a sentiment of common interest pervading the whole institution, which is shown in the better acquaintance of the faculties with each other, and a spirit of mutual helpfulness among the various bodies of students. This thorough carrying out of the university idea marks the accomplishment of the plans which the elder Dwight had formed a century earlier. It was a happy circumstance that the complete realization of his hopes came in the administration of his grandson.

The growth in numbers and gain in equipment during President Dwight's term were very striking. The Academical Department more than doubled, becoming larger than the whole university was at the beginning of his term; the Sheffield School doubled, becoming larger than the college was at any time during its first hundred and fifty years; the Divinity School substantially held its own; the Medical School multiplied five fold; the Law School nearly three fold; the Graduate School four fold; and the body of instructors more than doubled. One department was added, that of Music. The organization of this school is as noteworthy as was that of the Art School in President Woolsey's time. It marks with increased emphasis the wider appreciation of culture at the university when beauty of form and color and sound are all considered worthy of study

for their own sake, and given places of equal honor by the side of the more severely disciplinary and utilitarian studies. In connection with the school a symphony orchestra has been organized which gives each winter a series of concerts. This is a valuable adjunct to the school, and at the same time furnishes much pleasure to lovers of music in New Haven.

Another expression of Yale's desire to extend her usefulness, especially to the people of the state with which she is so intimately connected, was the establishment of lecture courses for teachers of public and private schools in Connecticut.

The liberalizing of the college course, commenced under President Porter, was continued under President Dwight, in whose term all the studies of junior and senior years save one were made elective, and some choice of courses was allowed to sophomores. Under President Hadley still further advance has been made, for the studies of all the years after freshman are now elective, with certain restrictions which aim to hold the student to a definite plan in his choice of studies.

To the general public, probably no feature of President Dwight's term was more striking than the erection of stately edifices which made Yale's equipment in this respect unsurpassed by that of any other university in the land. Among the notable buildings were Osborne Hall, Kent Chemical Laboratory, the Gymnasium, and Welch, Winchester, Vanderbilt, White, Pierson, and Phelps Halls. In all fifteen new buildings were erected, and two more were acquired. This number was just equal to the whole number of public buildings in the pos-

session of the college from its foundation in 1701 to the close of the Civil War in 1865. As new buildings went up, old ones came down, until only four of the twelve standing on the college square in 1840 remained, namely South Middle, Lyceum, North, and Treasury. These were permitted to stand a few years longer, but all are now being removed except South Middle. That will probably stand as a relic of the past until a majority of graduates are willing to have it taken down. For the present, sentiment is strong for its preservation.

President Hadley succeeded President Dwight in 1899, so that to him has fallen the honor of leading Yale out of the old century into the new. Already important steps in advance have been taken. The changes in the curriculum have been mentioned. A School of Forestry has been established which it is hoped will be of

great public benefit. All indications are that the president keeps steadily in mind that public service is the true goal of the university, consistently with his frequent utterances since his inauguration. He thus fulfills the purpose of the founders, and perpetuates the spirit of the faithful men who have preceded him.

It should not be forgotten that in so far as Yale to-day is Christian in its principles, broad in its culture, mindful of its duty to both church and state, it is so by virtue of the character which those devoted men sought to impress upon it. It is a fitting and a graceful act in the generous donors of Woodbridge Hall, one of the most beautiful of Yale's new buildings, to engrave around its frieze the names of Noyes, Chauncey, Buckingham, Pierson, Mather, Andrew, Woodbridge, Pierpont, Russell, Webb, the founders of Yale.

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WE ARE CITIZENS AS WELL AS WAGE EARNERS,  
SHARING IN THE MAKING OF OUR INSTITUTIONS,  
IN THE GOVERNMENT OF OURSELVES AND OUR  
FELLOWMEN—TO FIT OURSELVES TO BE CITIZENS  
OF A GROWING COMMONWEALTH WE MUST READ  
HISTORY—THE NEW PROBLEMS ONLY INCREASE  
THE NECESSITY OF KNOWING WHAT OTHERS  
HAVE DONE—THE LARGER THE WORLD IN WHICH  
WE LIVE, THE GREATER THE DEMANDS IT PLACES  
UPON US

ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY,  
President of Yale University

# IN THE COURTS OF THE KINGS

GRANTS OF LAND TO THE INDIANS AND DECLARATIONS  
OF FRAUD BEFORE THE THRONE—VITAL PRINCIPLES OF  
LAW INVOLVED IN CONNECTICUT CLAIMS—CONCLUSION  
OF EXTENSIVE INVESTIGATIONS OF COLONIAL AGENTS

BY

ELLEN BESSIE ATWATER

Fellow in History University of Chicago

THE story of the boundary disputes, and the early days when America was a vast wilderness, is one of the most romantic recitals in history. The "sea to sea" grants led to a long conflict with Pennsylvania as to western claims. This matter, as far as it concerned the agency, came before the Assembly first in 1755,<sup>237</sup> when a petition was received from the Susquehanna Company, which in 1754 had bought lands of the Six Nations and now asked that the Assembly allow them a distinct colony, if the king would consent. The Assembly agreed to this, and in 1763 the Wyoming Settlement began. The company employed Colonel Eliphalet Dyer as their agent in England<sup>238</sup> from 1761 to 1765, when John Gardiner of the Inner Temple, London, seems to have served for a short time. Later, in 1765 and in 1768, Dyer was again appointed,<sup>240</sup> although in the latter case they attempted to get William Samuel John-

son to serve with the consent of Connecticut.<sup>241</sup> Finding that Pennsylvania was not disposed to admit their claims, the Assembly, in May, 1771,<sup>242</sup> submitted their case to Thurlow, Wedderburn, Jackson, and Dunning,<sup>243</sup> "gentlemen as learned and famous in the law department as any at that day in England." Upon their giving a favorable opinion<sup>244</sup> the colony decided to assert their claim.<sup>245</sup> The whole matter was still in dispute<sup>246</sup> when the Revolution relieved England from further responsibility and ended the work of the last agent, Thomas Life.

On the whole, it would seem that the larger and more complicated parts of these transactions as to boundaries were carried on in America, either by the colonies independently of England, or by commissions under British control, and that even when cases were carried to England the agents did not figure as prominently as in the charter controversy, probably because these

<sup>237</sup> Trumbull, Connecticut, II, 470.

<sup>238</sup> Pennsylvania Archives, 2nd Series, XVIII, 37, 52, 54.

<sup>240</sup> The same, 54, 57.

<sup>241</sup> The same, 57. In October, 1776, he seems to have been appointed agent for Connecticut in the Mohegan Case, Conn. Col. Rec. XII, 301.

<sup>243</sup> Commission authorized, Connecticut Colonial Records XIII, 437 (For date 1776 see Trumbull, Connecticut, II, 472).

<sup>242</sup> Thurlow, Attorney-General, Wedderburn (Alex.), King's solicitor-general, Dunning (L.) later Lord Ashburton. Stuart, Life of Trumbull, 132.

<sup>244</sup> Questions and Answers, Trumbull, Connecticut, II, 472.

<sup>245</sup> The same, II, 473.

<sup>246</sup> (January 1774, March 1775) Connecticut Colonial Records XIV, 217 and 219, and Stuart, Life of Trumbull, 135. But see note 4 above, page 13.



were disputes between the colonies rather than between the English government and a colony.

One of the most famous cases with which the Connecticut agents were connected was that of the Mohegan lands. This originated in the grants of the Indians and their agents of 1640 and 1660.<sup>247</sup> It involved about eight hundred square miles of land in New London, Windham and Tolland Counties, which Connecticut held on the grounds of purchase, conquest, agreements, and long occupation.<sup>248</sup> The Indians were apparently mere tools in the hands of the John Mason party, which made much of the fancied wrongs of their protégés, asserting that these had been deprived of their valuable lands by fraud. Dudley's court of commissioners on an *ex parte* hearing in August, 1705, gave a decision satisfactory to the Mason party.<sup>249</sup> Although this was just at the time of the great excitement over the charter, the Assembly gathered the evidence, and sent it to Sir Henry Ashurst,<sup>250</sup> who appealed from the decision of this court to the queen in council. He was so far successful that a commission of review was appointed which decided for the colony. The case came up again during Dummer's agency, and once more when Wilks was agent, when it was the subject of hundreds of letters that passed between the agents and Governor Talcott.<sup>251</sup> Long series of documents were prepared with great care, supervised at London by the

agent and his counsel, while in the colony committees of the Assembly and lawyers made use of every scrap of evidence that could be procured. Still another commission was appointed in the days of Palmer, and the appeal from their decision was brought before the Lords Commissioners for Plantations in 1766. Here the final battle was fought out by Richard Jackson, the regular agent, and William Samuel Johnson,<sup>252</sup> the special agent whom the colony sent to England for the purpose, and the case ended triumphantly for the colony January 11, 1771,<sup>253</sup> after nearly seventy years of litigation, and more than a century after the original grant.

According to its charter, Connecticut was not required to transmit its laws to England for the king's approval, although the usual clause was inserted requiring that its laws be not repugnant to the laws of England. Early in Queen Anne's reign, however, when every effort was being made against the colony, the Quakers in England petitioned her Majesty for the disallowance of the Connecticut law against their sect.<sup>254</sup> Sir Henry Ashurst, the agent, having but little evidence at hand, petitioned the Lords of Trade and Plantations in behalf of the colony, asking that time might be given for the colony to be heard, and setting forth the fact that the law was made fifty years before and was obsolete.<sup>255</sup> He also made much of the

<sup>247</sup> March 4, 1660. Original entry, Connecticut Colonial Records I, 359.

<sup>248</sup> Stuart, *Life of Trumbull*, 137.

<sup>249</sup> August 23, 1705, Trumbull, Connecticut, I, 421. (Costs, 573 pounds. The same, 424).

<sup>250</sup> The same, I, 425-426.

<sup>251</sup> Connecticut Historical Society Collections, V, passim.

<sup>252</sup> October 1766 appointed; 1771 returned; Connecticut Colonial Records XII, 501 (Note). At the same time Dyer was appointed agent for this same case, but there seems to be no evidence as to what

he did. Connecticut Col. Rec. XII, 301.

<sup>253</sup> (October 1771), Thomas Life was paid 448 pounds for his services as solicitor. Connecticut Colonial Records XIII, 516. For decision, see Beardsley's, William Samuel Johnson.

<sup>254</sup> Account based on Trumbull, Connecticut, I, 420 and following. Law, October 1656, Connecticut Colonial Records, I, 283, amended October 1658, the same, I, 324.

<sup>255</sup> (February 2 1705) Letter of Ashurst, Hinman, Letters, to the Governors, etc., 326.

number of charges that, for the last three or four years, had been brought by disaffected persons against a colony that had enjoyed uninterrupted peace for many years. Nevertheless, the queen in council declared the act null and void without giving the colony a hearing. At the time, apparently neither Ashurst nor the people of Connecticut questioned the legality of the action, but in 1732 Sir Philip York and Mr. Talbot held it to have been illegal.<sup>256</sup>

A much more vital case of similar principle was that of the intestacy law.<sup>257</sup> This law, an outgrowth of customs resulting from the peculiar conditions of the new country, was passed in 1699.<sup>258</sup> Although arousing some opposition when it was first discussed and passed, it had been in force many years apparently without question when the case of Winthrop vs. Lechmere was appealed to England. John Winthrop (grandson of John Winthrop Junior, and nephew of Fitz John) demanded that his sister, Mrs. Lechmere, give up the share of their father's real estate that had been given her under the colonial law on the ground that by English law he would inherit all the real estate. The colony had no share in the case and the defence was lamely conducted.<sup>259</sup> The decision by Order in Council, February 15, 1728, annulled the Connecticut intestate law on the ground that it was repugnant to the laws of England. This decision caused great excitement in Connecticut as a large amount of

property held under this law was thus brought into dispute. It was at this crisis in October, 1728, that Jonathan Belcher was appointed to assist Dummer, and one thousand pounds sterling was granted to carry on the case.<sup>260</sup> The situation was gloomy, with the charter in doubt, Massachusetts in disgrace, and now this important law called in question, which seemed to involve the whole legislative independence of the colony. The whole matter was presented by the agents before the king in council, then considered by the crown lawyers, and the Board of Trade. The conclusions reached by these methods in the "representations" of 1730 and 1773 favored the confirmation and continuation of the principle of this particular law, but further threatened the independence of the colony by recommendations of a supplementary charter or parliamentary action as to the powers and legislation of the colony. But no decisive step as to these matters was taken on the British side for several years, in spite of the great anxiety in Connecticut. Then in 1737 the similar case of Phillips vs. Savage of Massachusetts was decided in favor of the law. At once it was felt that although the laws of the two colonies were not on the same footing, there might be some chance to have Connecticut's law upheld.<sup>261</sup> The agent, Wilks, was told to consult the best counsel and to learn what could be done.<sup>262</sup> After nearly a year's correspondence it was decided that an entirely new case was neces-

<sup>256</sup> Chambers, *History of the Revolt of the American Colonies*, I. 341.

<sup>257</sup> Accounts based on Conn. Intestacy Law, Yale Review, 1894; Hazeltine, *Appeals from Colonial Courts*, Amer. Hist. Ass'n. Reports 1894, 301-316; Trumbull, Conn. II. 53 and following; Conn. Col. Rec. VII. 125, 191 and 192; and Mass. Hist. Soc. Collections, 5th Series, VIII. 571.

<sup>258</sup> Connecticut Colonial Records, IV. 307.

<sup>259</sup> Cf. Letter of Wilkes November 27, 1740, Connecticut Historical Society Collections, V. 327.

<sup>260</sup> July 1728. 150 pounds Sterling, Connecticut Colonial Records, VII. 192. October 1728. 1000 pounds Sterling, the same, VII. 218.

<sup>261</sup> July 30, 1737, Letter of Talcott to Wilks, Connecticut Historical Society Collections, V. 135.

<sup>262</sup> July 1739, the same, V. 135.

sary.<sup>263</sup> The case of *Clark vs. Tonsey* was accordingly appealed and the agent was urged to spare neither money nor pains in supporting the law.<sup>264</sup> Just after the death of Wilks, in the agency of Palmer (1742), the case was decided in favor of the colonial law.

The issue of paper money in Connecticut involved her in the efforts made by the English government against this popular colonial method of meeting financial difficulties. The first issue of paper money in the colony (8,000 pounds or less) resulted from the Canadian expedition of 1709.<sup>265</sup> By 1725<sup>266</sup> it has already been shown that the depreciation was very serious, in spite of assertions to the contrary. Parliament attempted to deal with the evil by bills that should supplement the act of the sixth of Queen Anne as to foreign coin in the plantations.<sup>267</sup> Connecticut made great efforts to explain all its financial operations<sup>268</sup> and to show that all its omissions were not only well guarded but necessary.<sup>269</sup> The efforts of Wilks seem to have proved unavailing,<sup>270</sup> but in 1749 Palmer produced some effect in regard to a bill that really threatened the power of the Assembly by the veto power it gave to the governor.<sup>271</sup> The strongest point in the defence of the issue of the bills was the extraordinary expenses connected with the French wars. In op-

posing the bills the home government especially protested against their being made legal tender.<sup>272</sup> It cannot be said that this part of the agents' efforts appears at present very brilliant or creditable as shown in the correspondence and the documents, but it only reflects the low standard of financial and business principles prevalent in the colonies at the time.

The largest financial operations of the agency were those connected with the efforts to obtain from England the repayment of the money expended in carrying on the French wars. In May, 1746, the Assembly authorized Palmer to appeal to the king in council, to parliament, or to other officers, to obtain relief for the colony from the burdens caused by the expedition against Cape Breton and by the garrisoning of Louisburg.<sup>273</sup> Even earlier than this, in August, 1745, Thomas Fitch had been appointed a special agent for the purpose, but refused to go, although the colony then was greatly in debt.<sup>274</sup> In 1756 Trumbull was appointed special joint agent to act with Partridge in soliciting the reimbursement of the expenses of the expedition against Crown Point.<sup>275</sup> He declined to go, for personal reasons, but Partridge seems to have secured some money.<sup>276</sup> In 1758 Trumbull was again appointed and again declined.<sup>277</sup> Jared Ingersoll then undertook the task.<sup>278</sup> In 1759 seven

<sup>263</sup> November 1740, the same, V. 327.

<sup>264</sup> April 1740, the same, V. 243.

<sup>265</sup> Trumbull, Connecticut, I. 435.

<sup>266</sup> See page above. Cf. Discourse Concerning the Currency of the British Plantations, (Boston, 1540) p. 13.

<sup>267</sup> 6 Anne, Cap. 30.

<sup>268</sup> Cf. Discourse Concerning the Currency of the British Plant., 13. A full report of the emissions is given in a letter of Gov. Talcott, January 12, 1739-40. Conn. Hist. Soc. Col. V. 208.

<sup>269</sup> (August 1740) Conn. Hist. Soc. Coll. V. 281.

<sup>270</sup> (May and November 1740) the same, V. 239 and 312.

<sup>271</sup> (May 1749) Connecticut Colonial Records, IX. 433.

<sup>272</sup> Trumbull, Connecticut, II. 50.

<sup>273</sup> May 1746, Connecticut Colonial Records, IX. 217.

<sup>274</sup> (October 1745), the same, IX. 185.

<sup>275</sup> March 1756, the same, X. 484.

<sup>276</sup> 1756 Parliament granted to colonies 150,000 pounds, Trumbull, Connecticut, II. 372. Stuart, Life of Trumbull, 52. (October 1756), Connecticut Colonial Records, X. 566.

<sup>277</sup> (March 1758) the same, XI, 108 (Note).

<sup>278</sup> (May 1758) the same, XI, 128.



chests of money were sent over, amounting to more than seven thousand pounds.<sup>279</sup> After the death of Partridge, Ingersoll carried on the effort alone, the money spent for the relief of Fort William Henry being at the first the subject of petition,<sup>280</sup> and later that for the Canadian expedition of 1758.<sup>281</sup> Richard Jackson was then appointed agent.<sup>282</sup> He and Ingersoll were authorized to send home seventeen thousand pounds of the money granted, and to keep the remainder in London.<sup>283</sup> From 1763 Jackson continued the work alone and did a large banking business for the colony.<sup>284</sup> Although these efforts covered so long a period, the agents would seem to have been unexpectedly successful in obtaining these funds, were it not for the assertion of Mr. Trumbull<sup>285</sup> that Connecticut, from 1755 to 1762, spent 400,000 pounds more than Parliament granted her.

In this connection it is to be remembered that most of the tardy assistance that England gave to her colonies against the persistent and often barbarous attacks on their frontiers made by the Indians backed by their French allies was due to the success of the agents in appeals to the king and to parliament. Largely to the agents also must be credited the arousing of England to such part as it actually took in the long series of French and Indian wars. Connecticut agents had their full share in these great achievements, but it is difficult

to separate their work from that of their companions.

In the last great joint effort of the agents, however, the Connecticut agents were too conspicuous to lose credit for their share. The limits of this paper do not permit an attempt to rehearse the story of the Stamp Act—nor even to give an account of the agents' part in the agitation against the bill, but a few points may be noted.

The steadiest and most persistent opponent of the Stamp Act seems to have been Richard Jackson, member of parliament and secretary of Grenville,<sup>286</sup> who served as agent not only for Connecticut, but also for Pennsylvania and Massachusetts for a time.<sup>287</sup> The act was certainly not opposed very vigorously at first by the other colonial agents—Knox of Georgia even defended it, and Jasper Mauduit promised "cheerful submission."<sup>288</sup> The postponement for one year was gained by the efforts of Thomas Penn, William Allen (Chief Justice of Pennsylvania), and Richard Jackson.<sup>289</sup> The famous remonstrance of February 2, 1765, before Grenville, was made by Franklin, Ingersoll, Jackson and Garth.<sup>290</sup> It was Jackson who, in this interview, pointed out the danger that, when the crown should have a civil list and support for a standing army from their money independent of their assemblies, the assemblies would soon cease to be called together. In Jackson's speech against

<sup>279</sup> (March 1759) the same, XI. 237.  
<sup>280</sup> (May 1759) the same, XI. 257, 258. Stuart, *Life of Trum.* 55.

<sup>281</sup> (October 1759) the same, XI. 345.

<sup>282</sup> March 1760, the same, XI. 358.

<sup>283</sup> October 1760, the same, XI. 438, Cf. 358.

<sup>284</sup> October 1763, the same, XII. 135, 102, Cf. XI. 574.

<sup>285</sup> Trumbull, *Connecticut*, II. 455 (Reference to pamphlet by Gov. Fitch, 'Reasons offered in behalf of Connecticut against the internal taxation of the Colonies,' (New Haven, 1764).

<sup>286</sup> Cf. Bancroft, *History of the United States*, III. 39 and 70.

<sup>287</sup> Dismissed by Massachusetts 1766, Bancroft, III. 235.

<sup>288</sup> Ingersoll's Letters Relating to the Stamp Act. (New Haven, 1766), 26. Cf. Bancroft, III, 105, Barry, *Massachusetts*, II. 281.

<sup>289</sup> Bancroft, *History of the United States*, III. 70.

<sup>290</sup> Ingersoll, *Letters Relating to the Stamp Act*, 17-18 (Cf. Bancroft, III. 96).

the bill in the House of Commons he spoke boldly in favor of American representation in that house in case parliament was not willing to set bounds to the exercise of its power, as "the universal, unlimited legislature of the British Dominions."<sup>291</sup> He seems to have been universally recognized as the best informed of Englishmen in political life on the American situation,<sup>292</sup> and to have used all his influence in their favor, keeping his interest even during the war—being for this reason appointed one of the commissioners to negotiate peace.<sup>293</sup> At the time of the Stamp Act, however, his efforts proved unavailing. Those of his colleague and intimate friend, Jared Ingersoll, were more fruitful—at least if Ingersoll's own account of the case is reliable. When the first warning came in the agent's letter, May, 1764, that stamp duties were proposed, a committee was appointed in Connecticut to draw up a formal statement protesting against its taxation.<sup>294</sup> Ingersoll was one of this committee. Afterwards, when he was in England on his own business and had been asked to serve as agent, he had the honor (as he asserts<sup>295</sup>) of being often with "the Minister and Secretary of War," together with Mr. Franklin and other gentlemen, and was able to assist in getting the Stamp Act moderated, and the time of its taking effect put off. In regard to this, he says:<sup>296</sup>

"There was no Article of Duty added or enhanced after I saw it; but several were taken out, particularly

Notes of Hand, Marriage Licenses, Registration of Vessels which stood at Ten Shillings, and Judges Salaries."

He had written Governor Fitch, February 11, 1765:<sup>297</sup>

"The Point of the Authority of Parliament to impose such a Tax, I found on my arrival here, was so fully and universally yielded that there was not the least hopes of making any Impression in that Way."

Perhaps no incident in colonial history emphasizes so much the difference in the usual point of view of the colonies and the home government as that of Ingersoll's acceptance of the position of stamp distributor and his treatment upon his return to the colony. His ability to see the British side of the question, his failure to realize how far the sentiment of the colonists had gone and his utter bewilderment<sup>298</sup> when his good deeds were all forgotten and he was received only as an enemy and a traitor, show something of the conditions and associates that affected the ideas of an American agent of this period. It is then no surprise to learn that William Samuel Johnson, although no Tory, stood aloof from the war.

The same tendencies that brought the colonists nearer together in the years preceding the war made the work of their agents and friends abroad more united, and it is accordingly very difficult to separate any particular efforts, as those of the Connecticut agents. As far as the great questions of those days were concerned, the efforts of Johnson and

<sup>291</sup> Bancroft, III, 99, cf. for Jackson's views Ingersoll, Letters, etc., 41 (Note), 43.

<sup>292</sup> Letter of "T. W." (one joint Secretaries of the Treasury), Ingersoll's Letters, etc., 1.

<sup>293</sup> Bigelow, Franklin, III, 172.

<sup>294</sup> Ingersoll, Letters Relating to the Stamp Act, 2.

<sup>295</sup> The same, o.

<sup>296</sup> Ingersoll, Letters Relating to the Stamp Act, 2.

<sup>297</sup> The same, II.

<sup>298</sup> Cf. Ingersoll's Letters Relating to the Stamp Act, especially prefatory notes and 61; Bancroft, History of United States, III, 139-141; Beardsley, William Samuel Johnson, 31.

Jackson (ending in 1770) and those of Thomas Life—if he really had any part in such questions—were apparently largely through private conversation and personal influence.<sup>299</sup> Public efforts came to be useless and practically forbidden through the action of the British Government. Is it too much to say that the high-handed treatment of the agents and their consequent retirement and withdrawal<sup>300</sup> was one of the great elements in the outbreak of the Revolutionary War?

Aside from all these great interests, naturally a host of lesser matters demanded the attention of the agents. Many of these may never have been reported, but among those mentioned in the records may be named the question of the ports<sup>301</sup>—at times vital but not as important as in less agricultural colonies, of the embargo,<sup>302</sup> the sugar duty,<sup>303</sup> the bounty on timber,<sup>304</sup> and the quartering of troops in private houses.<sup>305</sup>

In addition to these strictly official tasks, two important undertakings were aided by the agents, of which one is now only a matter of history, while the other has proved so great that its humble beginnings are forgotten.

It is difficult for us to realize how much attention the early colonists, and the English at home also, gave to the question of Indian education. The agency was connected with this under-

taking mainly through the organized efforts of the English Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. With this society the agency came in contact in two ways. The elder Ashurst was a leading spirit in the Society,<sup>306</sup> and the agency of his son was evidently the result of the connection with America and the interest in it thus developed—an interest, by the way, which the family kept for several generations.<sup>307</sup> On the other hand, Jeremiah Dummer during his agency was very active in arousing interest in England in Indian education.<sup>308</sup>

It is with Dummer's name also that we must connect the other great educational movement aided by the agents, for in a sense Dummer was the one who by his timely aid saved and firmly established the college now known as Yale College.<sup>309</sup> The details of his work seem insignificant, now, but far otherwise in those days. In 1714 Dummer gathered together for the college, in England, eight hundred books.<sup>310</sup> Great men presented their writings: Newton his *Principia*, Sir Richard Steele "all the *Tatlers* and *Spectators*, being eleven volumes in royal paper, neatly bound and gilt," and Reverend Matthew Henry his sermons, not to mention others of less note.<sup>311</sup> It was Dummer who sought out Yale (who was born in New Haven) and persuaded him to give a

<sup>299</sup> (a) Yet Jackson spoke against Townshend Act, Bancroft, *History of United States*, III, 251.

(b) "Hillsborough interview," Bancroft, III, 268, 271.

<sup>300</sup> Ingersoll, *Letters Relating to the Stamp Act*, 22; Bancroft, III, 103, 251, 252. Cf. Speech of Edmund Burke, Hansard, Vol. 17, 1182.

<sup>301</sup> (March 9, 1715, Ashurst) Connecticut Colonial Records V. 199 (1712, 1713, 1716, Dummer) the same, V. 355, 415, 571.

<sup>302</sup> (1740 Wilks), Connecticut Historical Soc. Coll., V. 342.

<sup>303</sup> (1764, Jackson) Connecticut Colonial Records, XII, 240.

<sup>304</sup> (1764-1765, Ingersoll) (*Ingersoll's Letters*, etc., 1.

<sup>305</sup> The same.

<sup>306</sup> Massachusetts Hist. Soc. Coll., 5th Series, VI, 267 (Note).

<sup>307</sup> Connecticut Historical Society Collections, V. Index.

<sup>308</sup> The same, V. 382, 399, 400, 412.

<sup>309</sup> Kingsley, Yale College, I. Cf. Trumbull, Connecticut, II, 23, 30.

<sup>310</sup> Kingsley, Yale College, I. 37.

<sup>311</sup> The same.



small donation of books (forty in all) to this collection. In 1717 Yale sent 300 more, and in 1718 goods to the value of 200 pounds, besides the king's picture and arms. This led to the giving to the little college, at Commencement, September, 1718, the name "Yale."<sup>312</sup> It had been Yale's intention to give a sum to Oxford, but after Dummer's solicitations he decided to help the younger school, and so he made a will leaving the college 500 pounds.<sup>313</sup> He then decided that it would be better to send goods to that amount, but died in 1721 before the goods were finally sent. Owing to the fact that the will could not be probated, Yale College never profited by this legacy. Dummer himself gave the college 76 volumes, of which 20 were folios.<sup>314</sup> Later, when the chapel was built, at an original cost of about 700 pounds, mention is made of Richard Jackson's gift of 100 pounds toward its completion.<sup>315</sup> There is a reference in Ingersoll's correspondence to the gift to the college of a "Set

of the Ruins of Spalatro,"<sup>316</sup> of which the donor says:<sup>317</sup>

"At present, perhaps, they may not be much attended to, but some Genius for Architecture will hereafter be happy to find such Specimens of his Art, and a Publick Library should be a Depository of such Books, as are not usual in private Collections."

It may not be unfair to assume that these were not isolated examples of the interest taken by the agents in this college and that they improved their exceptional opportunities to bring home what they could of the culture of Europe to the college that was to be so vital an element in colonial life.

In summing up the work of the agents, it is clear that the agency was one of the greatest factors in making Connecticut the sturdy, independent little state that was so large a factor in the Revolutionary War and in the formation of the Union. The colony owed its liberties, and its very existence, to the coöperation of these energetic loyal *friends at court*.

<sup>312</sup> The same, I. 45.

<sup>313</sup> Kingsley, Yale College, I. 51.

<sup>314</sup> Kingsley, Yale College, I. 45.

<sup>315</sup> Trumbull, Connecticut, II, 334.

<sup>316</sup> Spalatro.

<sup>317</sup> "T. W.", "member of Parliament," "one of joint secretaries of the treasury," Ingersoll, Letters, etc. I.

# THE SONG OF THE SHIP

THE TALE OF THE ROVING LIFE OF THE SEA  
TOLD IN FOUR PARTS AND HERE CONCLUDED

BY

LOUIS RANSOM

The peculiarities of Artist Ransom's verse are the peculiarities of the man. He is a scholar of the old school and believes in setting rather than following standards. It is this same daring originality that persuaded him to present for magazine publication a serial poem. The two preceding parts have caused considerable discussion and the work is now concluded with the same vitality that dominates the aged painter, who, although 75 years of age, states that he has two more figures of the Christ that will require his entire time until his hundredth birthday. I recall at the time of my first meeting with the eccentric artist his remarkable painting of the Vision of Abou Ben Adhem. The moonlight played over the face of the dreaming Adhem, and the angel writing in a book of gold was criticised because of its ugly features. When informed of this criticism the aged painter dropped his brush, his deep set eyes flashed in indignation, and he exclaimed, "Bah, they speak their own narrowness! The conception of the angel face differs in all races; every man pictures an angel in imagery according to his type of the most beautiful woman of his own nationality. If this man had been an American dreaming of celestial beauty I might give him a Gibson face, but this, I wish you to understand, is the angel of Abou Ben Adhem, may his tribe increase!" This is Ransom, the painter; and the poem we have been presenting is Ransom, the poet; and both are Ransom, the man,—keen, observant, true.—EDITOR

## PART III

Strange were the men who trod her decks  
And pressed her girding beams,  
Their beards grew strong from their tawny cheeks  
And their brown eyes swam with dreams.

And when the captain gave commands,  
They'd move with sudden start,  
And the creaking cordage haul with hands  
As hard as oak tree's heart.

Silent they seemed as ghosts that roam  
The antries in the sea,  
And yet their strange forecastle home  
Oft' rang with sounds of glee.

Then a cargo rich as autumnal suns,  
Was poured on the burdened pier,  
While she mused of wild triumphant runs  
On the tumbling outer mere.

A moan came down the towering mast,  
The slap of a swaying cord,  
Told that she mused of the ocean blast  
And dreamed of her ocean lord.

## THE SONG OF THE SHIP

Although a hundred stalwart men  
Her pondrous freights annul,  
A hundred, toiling, filled again  
The caverns of her hull.

'Twas done at last, the stevedores  
In striving, jostling streams,  
Up from the kelson's humid floors  
Had chocked her to the beams.

Then all the sailors laid aloft,  
They shook her canvas free,  
Her rigging trimmed, her lines cast off,  
And turned her prow to sea.

A striding mountain, bright with snow,  
She combs the rippling bay,  
For the last time people watch her glow  
And shrink o'er her length'ning way.

The sun behind her lingering slow,  
Subdued his westering light,  
As she with shadow-sombered bow  
Sailed on to meet the night.

The silent, dragging weeks went by,  
The months, the tongueless years,  
But ocean let no secret cry,  
Nor balmed the rising tears.

But sometimes now a woman comes,  
Enfeebled, old and white,  
And sits upon the hill of tombs,  
A figure grave as night.

Yet while she waits no moans arise,  
No sound but the ocean's roll,  
Though down her ever longing eyes  
Broods a hunger of the soul.

She looks to sea in the waning light,  
While her dreaming thoughts deplore  
The ship that sailed from her baby sight  
And ne'er was heard of more.

But sometimes, ere she turns away,  
A sound like a sobbing prayer  
Steals like a soul from the dying day  
And swims on the dusky air.



Long, dim, pathetic years before,  
The ship had joined her bones  
With the giant things that sweep from shore  
Onto giant ocean thrones.

For in seas her dauntless prow explores  
She fell in the demon train,  
The crushing burst and the booming roar  
Of an ocean hurricane.

The deep was ink beneath the pall  
Of the lightning-eyed typhoon,  
The frightened billows crouch and crawl,  
Thick night shut down at noon.

Soft winds which kissed the tender dawn  
While breathing blooms and sweet,  
Now like a bull in craze and brawn  
Tore the sea with his thunder feet.

With a bounding rush and roar, he laced  
The cloud bars into thread—  
The black waves, trampled, charged and chased  
O'er snow ridged seas of lead.

His horns the combatant ocean tore  
And gored the atmosphere,  
While down the livid heavens cower  
And drag the appalling mere.

Like suns exploding o'er leaden blue,  
Dense lightnings burst the night,  
Storm-shot, projectile thunders flew,  
Crazing the black affright.

The strong ship reels in the tempest stroke  
And a desert island nears,  
Where the ocean surge has moaned and broke  
For more than a million years.

Where never foot of man has trod  
Since the world has known his hand,  
Save as the wave hurled his soul to God  
And his corse upon the strand.

Now lifted on a monstrous wave  
She lumbers toward the land,  
Hurled headlong, ship and breaker stave  
O'erwhelming on the strand.

*THE SONG OF THE SHIP*

The stern frame snaps at every lunge,  
The stanchions bend, though tough grained oak,  
And quivering 'neath one furious plunge,  
They yielded, splintered, crashed and broke.

Through all the ship the billows pour,  
They flood her antrum bay,  
From all her ports they spout and roar ;  
The cannon break away.

Savage as combat boils the surge  
All o'er the stranded wreck,  
And tumbles from her breaking verge,  
A growling cataract.

No soul may live within the wreck,  
No fainting heart may flee,  
And all who brave her maelstrom deck  
Must feed the hungry sea.

The timbers bellowed as they broke  
And fell like a great despair,  
Long lines of writhing cordage shook  
Like banners in the air.

A mist fung high o'er hull and mast,  
Swift, roaring, rolled to lea,  
For sheets of drenching rack were torn  
From crests of the torrent sea.

## PART IV

Long hours and days the surge rolled on ;  
Until 'neath zephyrs bland,  
They seemed like sighs of Acheron  
Groaned through an earthly strand.

And heavy, heavy were the sobs  
That struggled from the main,  
And weary were the painful throbs  
Which ocean gave the slain.

For of all the men who sailed on her,  
None e'er shall sail again,  
One lies asleep on the desert shore,  
The rest sleep in the main.

And one lies high on the shining sand,  
So close to the vessel's bow ;  
In the bobstay hangs a bony hand  
That swingeth to and fro.

As to and fro they swung and swerved,—  
The hand and rusty chain—  
They touched the skull of the man they served  
When the live ship swam the main.

But down the gloomy ocean caves,  
Amid the slime and dark,  
Beyond the sound of blast or waves,  
The men are cold and stark ;

In that dim region where the dead  
Float upright—horrible ;  
By ocean's nether currents led  
Roam through his endless hall.

On, on they drift, a charnel train,  
And drop their loosened bones,  
And seem to ghoul that grim domain  
With dying ghastly moans.

While the men were drifting ever on  
Through caverns of the sea,  
The ship lies dead, her bones upon  
That barren, lonesome lea.

The flood tide trails their loosened ends  
O'er the vessel's slimy plank,  
All o'er the hull it feeds and fends  
The sea weed green and lank.

And when the ocean gale roams by  
The shrouds that still remain,  
Pour on its breast a mournful sigh  
Or requiem's lonely pain.

The planks fall off and one by one  
Lie down on the desert shore,  
And soon not a vestige will be of the ship  
Which hath journeyed the world all o'er ;

Which hath ventured every ocean's wrath  
And the storms of every clime,  
While plowing her way o'er the azure path,  
Untracked as the paths of time.



## THE SONG OF THE SHIP

O the craft may waste on the ocean's rim,  
A lone, majestic pæan,  
Where the solemn dome of the fathomless sky  
Bends over the fathomless main.

There she is given serene repose,  
A more than royal tomb,  
Where the sunwinds ponder the dirge that rose  
From the billows mourning boom.

So it rests and wastes in sublime decay,  
'Tween the strand and the organ main,  
Where the ocean's pondrous roundelay  
Has despair in its old refrain.

And by and by but a single pile  
Of hull and mast and stay  
Will stand on the shore of the desolate isle  
And live in the sinking day.

All will have gone—the ribs and boom—  
The iron be eaten away,  
But the bowstem fixed in the sand will loom  
The figurehead into the day.

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While the day beams are glowing her beautiful hands,  
Press the pain from her desolate heart,  
But compassionate eve, o'er the shadowing sands  
Sweets her lips with her pitying dart.

When the moon roams alone through the tenderer night  
She will seem like a soul that is fled,  
And stopped in the sweep of a passionate flight  
To ponder the tombs of her dead.

And the waves wandering on from the ocean's expanse  
Toward this gleam in the lunar day,  
Will see a heart lying in desolate trance  
Then prone on the strand fall and pray.

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## THE BIRTHPLACE OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY

CONNECTICUT HOLDS FOUR LEADING CLAIMS  
TO DISTINCTION—THE STATE'S REMARKABLE  
RECORD GIVES IT PRE-EMINENCE IN THE  
HISTORY OF THE MAKING OF THE NATION

BY

MRS. JOHN MARSHALL HOLCOMBE

Member Board of Lady Managers, Louisiana Purchase Exposition 1904  
Ex-Regent Ruth Wyllys Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution.

At the solicitation of many persons this sketch has been rearranged from a farewell address given the Ruth Wyllys Chapter, D. A. R., by the Regent upon her resignation after eleven years' service. It is thus put in permanent form, and will be printed in pamphlet for the Connecticut House at St. Louis, as a souvenir history of Connecticut, the Constitution State.—*Editor.*

NO less an American historian than the late Dr. John Fiske remarks, "that a really intelligent and fruitful study of American history is only an affair of yesterday." It is surprising to think how little notice was paid to it half a century ago, and he invites special attention "to the State of Connecticut, in its relation to the very first beginnings and the final establishment of federal government."

The religious intolerance of Charles I, and his ministers, sent from England large numbers of the best quality of Anglo-Saxon representatives. They were men of culture, and of such powerful influence that their strength could not long be "cribbed, cabined or confined" by king or minister.

In the emigrants of 1630 there was no thought of a life or government

free from the control of the British crown. The desire of the Massachusetts men was to establish a theocratic commonwealth attuned to the existing home rule. In 1633 came, however, men of a different mold. Planted in their natures seemed to have been that seed destined to develop the great system of democracy, for, from the very beginning, as we look back through the long perspective of two and one-half centuries, and turn on the X-rays of modern analytical investigation, we can note the workings of that marvelous leaven — democracy — prompting and directing their course.

The ship Griffin bore from English shores, in 1633, a notable company, bound for Newtown, Mass., and among this company two men, Hooker and Haynes, certainly are of special interest to the student of history. Thomas Hooker had been pastor of a



GAULDEN MANOR IN TOLLAND, SOMERSETSHIRE, ENGLAND

Home of the Wolcotts, who sold their estate and came with the Puritans to America  
Ancient Church where the Wolcotts worshipped

church in Chelmsford, and so great was his popularity, that not only his own people, but others from all parts of Essex flocked to hear him. The Earl of Warwick, though residing at a great distance, was a frequent attendant. John Haynes, the most conspicuous layman of the Thomas Hooker company, was a man "of large estate and heavenly mind." He was owner of Copford Hall, an elegant seat that offered an annual income of 1,000 pounds sterling. He was one of the best representatives of the republicans of that day, which Coleridge has so justly called "the religious and moral aristocracy." His second wife was Mabel Harlakenden of prominent family and royal descent. Her brother, Roger Harlakenden, brought great wealth to the little colony at Boston, and his untimely death deprived the community of his valuable influence and large resources. John Haynes' two eldest sons remained in England,

and we read of a complaint from them after his death, that "their father had spent too much of his estate in settling the colony in New England." But even in Massachusetts, the Mecca of that hazardous voyage, the aspirations of the "Hooker company" were not realized. "A fundamental feature of the Massachusetts policy was the limitation of office holding, and the elective franchise to church members only." Such restriction did not agree with their conception of personal liberty.

The residents of the adjoining towns of Dorchester and Watertown were also opposed to the Massachusetts policy, and among the supporters of Hooker were Rev. John Warham, John Maverick, Roger Ludlow and Henry Wolcott of Dorchester, and George Phillips, a Cambridge graduate, pastor of the church of Watertown. In these three towns was held that germ of pure democracy which



was destined to revolutionize the world. Through long generations civil liberty had been kept alive on English soil. Slowly developing from the little beginning in the wise rulings of Alfred the Great, down through the centuries, it fired the souls of these men — some of whom bore the blood of that royal ancestor in their veins — to resist theocratic limitations and advance personal liberty. A spirit of unrest seemed evident from the very beginning among the passengers of the Griffin. They were barely settled in Massachusetts before they agitated the matter of leaving, and they appealed to the court, after only a year's residence, "for liberty to remove." To this request there were strenuous objections. John Haynes was made governor of the Massachusetts colony in May, 1635, but even this overture was not efficacious in restraining the restless spirits. There were leaders

there, who could not brook the bonds restraining those vital forces that claimed expression. Men of destiny they seem, indeed, created for a great mission, pressed irresistibly on to work out the plans of an over-ruling Providence, whom we are told "sifted three kingdoms to find the material wherewith to settle New England," and a Connecticut writer tells us "that the Massachusetts colony was again sifted to find the righteous material for the creation of Connecticut — the birthplace of democracy." The Massachusetts court granted an unwilling consent, and in 1636, Thomas Hooker and his company removed to the Connecticut river, settling at a point midway between Windsor and Wethersfield (which was soon named Hartford) and called it Newtowne. To the north of them was the Dorchester contingent with the Godly divine, John Warham, as pastor, and Roger Lud-



AVENUE LEADING TO MALVERN HALL, ESTATE OF THE GRISWOLDS AT WARWICKSHIRE, ENGLAND, FROM ABOUT FIFTEENTH CENTURY

The Griswolds who came to America were descendants of a younger son of the family who owned Malvern Hall



# CONSTITUTION BORN

It is on the banks of the Connecticut, and under the mighty preaching of Thomas Hooker and in the constitution of which he gave life, if not form, that we draw the first breath of that atmosphere which is now so familiar to us.

—ALEXANDER JOHNSTON

On the 14th of January, 1639, all the freemen of the three towns (Windsor, Hartford and Wethersfield) assembled at Hartford and adopted . . . the first written constitution known to history, and that created a government and it marked the beginnings of American democracy, of which Thomas Hooker deserves more than any other man to be called the father. The government of the United States to-day is in lineal descent, more nearly related to that of Connecticut than to that of any of the thirteen colonies.

—JOHN FISKE

The eleven fundamental orders of Connecticut with their preamble present the first example in history of written constitution.

—GREEN'S HISTORY OF ENGLISH PEOPLE

Thomas Hooker, the man who first made possible our American democracy.

—ELLIOTT, HISTORY OF NEW ENGLAND

# N CONNECTICUT 1639



The constitution of 1639 is the foundation of the republican institutions of the colony. It may claim on higher considerations the attention of students of politics, science and general history.—J. HAMMOND TRUMBULL

The birthplace of American democracy is Hartford. Government of the people, by the people and for the people first took shape in Connecticut. The American form of commonwealth originated in Connecticut and not Massachusetts, Virginia, or any other colony.

—ALEXANDER JOHNSTON

The first constitution written out was a complete form of civil order in the new world, embodies all the essential features of the constitutions of our states and of the public itself as they exist at the present day.

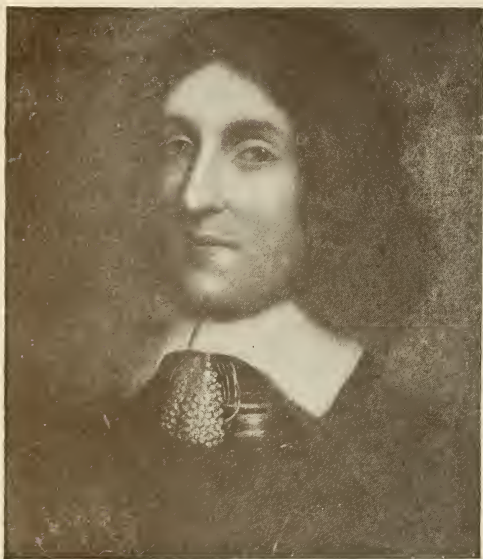
—HORACE BUSHNELL

Alone of the thirteen colonies, Connecticut entered the War of the Revolution with her governor and council at her head under the constitution of her royal charter.

—LEONARD WOOLSEY BACON

The people of Connecticut have found no reason to deviate essentially from the government as established by their fathers.—BANCROFT





GEN'L HEZEKIAH HAYNES

Son of Gov. John Haynes, who remained in England,  
owner of Copford Hall



CHURCH ATTENDED BY GRISWOLDS

Interments and Memorial Tablets of the family are in the churchyard, Warwickshire, England, also a tablet to George Griswold, who was undoubtedly the father of Edward and Matthew Griswold, the emigrants

low and Henry Wolcott among the laymen; to the south was the company from Watertown.

Alexander Johnston says, "These settlements had entered the new territory, not only as complete organizations, but as completely organized churches. It was to be the privilege of Connecticut to keep the notion of this federal relation alive until it could be made the fundamental law of all the commonwealths in 1789. In this respect, the life principles of the American Union may be traced straight back to the primitive union of the three little settlements on the banks of the Connecticut." On January 14, 1639, a convention met at Hartford, which was a momentous occasion in American history. In the creation of a constitution there accepted, three men are conspicuous: Thomas Hooker, the minister and great intellectual leader, whose sermon of May, 1638 (but recently deciphered by Dr. J. H. Trumbull) reveals him as the father of the democracy; John Haynes, the recognized civil leader and first governor of the colony of Connecticut, and Roger Ludlow, the accomplished lawyer, whose hand surely penned the document which bears to the legal eye, the illegible hall-marks of his professional handicraft. Though these three figures stand prominently forth on that dramatic stage, around them are grouped statesmen gathered from Hartford, Windsor and Wethersfield, who met in that memorable January, 1639, to frame a constitution, hitherto unknown to the nations of the earth. The compact prepared in the cabin of the Mayflower, though of a most interesting character, was in no sense a constitution, "defining the powers of government to which its framers are willing to entrust themselves," and it began with a full recognition of royal authority and can no longer be interpreted as any factor in democracy. Of it, Johnston writes: "It had not a particle of political significance, nor was



**MARFIELD CHURCH IN LEICESTERSHIRE, ENGLAND, WHERE THOMAS HOOKER PREACHED BEFORE COMING TO AMERICA.**

In oval at right is the First Church at Hartford, Connecticut, founded by Thomas Hooker

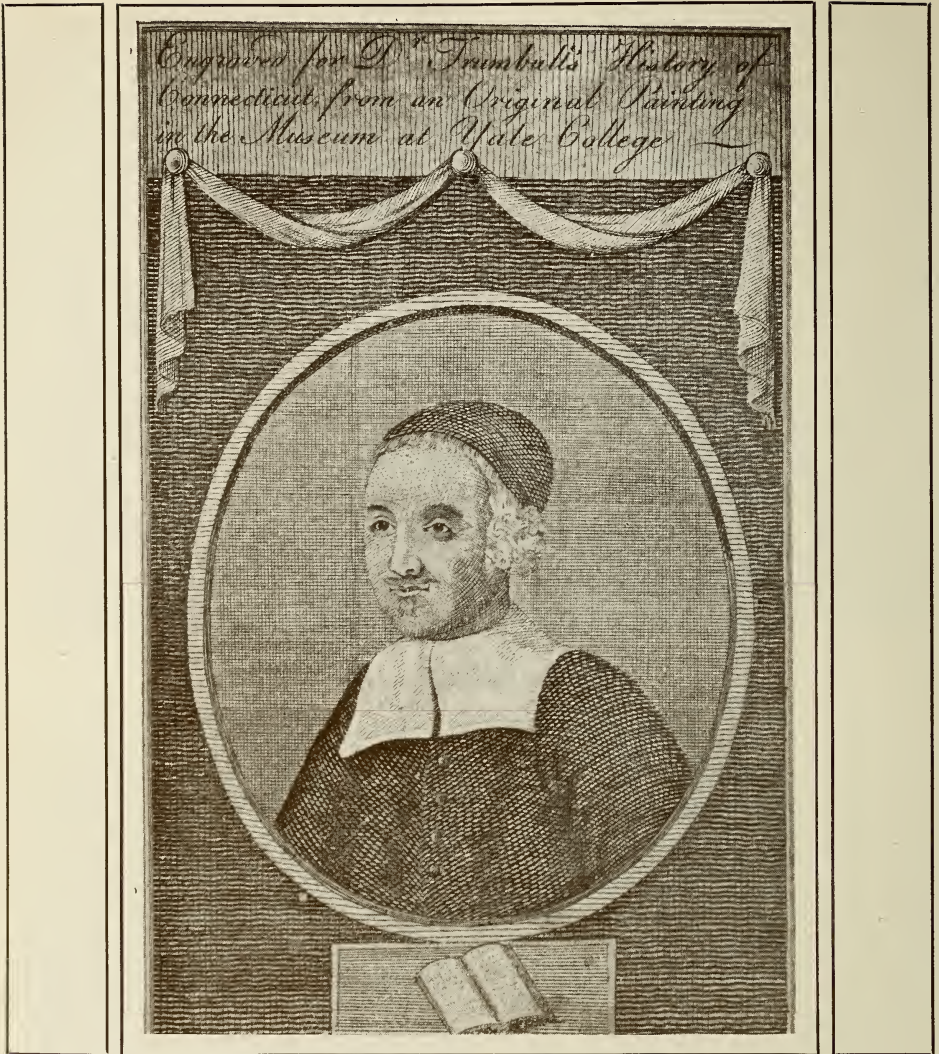
democracy an impelling force in it."

It may be interesting to note the persons constituting that company of Puritans, which to such an extent has peopled this country and determined its characteristics. Most of that company were well educated. They sacrificed the environments of wealth and such luxury as pertained to the seventeenth century, to cross the seas and encounter manifold privations, sufferings and dangers for conscience sake. They were in no sense wanderers or "pilgrims." All of the circumstances attending their emigration, unequivocally demonstrate that the undertaking, from first to last, was inspired by religious principle. They were true "Puritans," living not for the flesh, but the pure spirit from which their name is derived. In their interpretation of this purity, they elevated the spirit, and not only subordinated the things of this world, but to a great ex-

tent abandoned them and banished from their lives such superfluities as forms and ceremonies. From the absence of worldly considerations left by them, very erroneous conclusions have been drawn. Hollister states: "From actual examinations, it appears that more than four-fifths of the early landed proprietors of Windsor, Wethersfield and Hartford, belong to families that had arms granted to them in England. But what had they to do with the gauntleted hand, the helmeted brow, the griffins, the lions, the strawberry and the storks of the Herald's College?"

Thomas Hooker, Samuel Stone, Roger Ludlow, John Warham, John Mayerick, George Phillips and many others, both clergymen and laymen, were university men. Haynes, Wylls, Drake, Wolcott, Griswold and Phelps, we know, relinquished beautiful homes, and with their wives, who were





JOHN DAVENPORT, FOUNDER OF FIRST THEOCRATIC GOVERNMENT IN NEW WORLD  
 Founded on the brotherhood of man and modeled from the Israelites after  
 their escape from bondage in Egypt

women of equally good position with themselves, cast their lives in with those elements which were to create a "dynamic force" sufficient to revolutionize the world and elevate humanity.

The home of Henry Wolcott was Gaulden Manor, in Tolland, Somersetshire, England, and the manor house, long the residence of this ancient family, was richly ornamented with carved

work. Henry Wolcott gave up those pastimes, "bold, athletic and hardy," which the country squires of merry England were wont to pursue, attached himself to the Puritan movement, and set sail for America. Roger Ludlow, an Oxford man, was also of an ancient English family.

In less than a year after the settlement of Hartford, the three river



towns were threatened with extinction, and only the most direct and heroic measures could save them. In May, 1637, "an offensive war was declared against the Pequot Indians," and a force of ninety men levied, forty-two from Hartford, thirty from Windsor, eighteen from Wethersfield. Gathered together on the bank of the river at Hartford, under the command of Capt. John Mason, the departing warriors received the blessing of Thomas Hooker. In a letter written by him to Governor Winthrop at Boston, immediately following, he explained the reasons for their course, and adds, "I hope you see the necessity to hasten execution and not to do this work of the Lord slackly."

The colonists fell upon the Pequots, sleeping off a debauch of the previous evening, and almost annihilated the tribe. "It was civilization against barbarism. It was a mighty blow struck in self-defense by a handful of settlers against a horde of demons. Sachem and sagamore against soldier and legist; sannup and squaw against husbandman and housewife; war drum against church bell; war whoop against psalm; savagery, squalor, devilish rites and incantations against prayer, hymns and exhortations. Warfare, rapine and desolation against peace and plenty, enlightenment and culture and all the social forces that bear

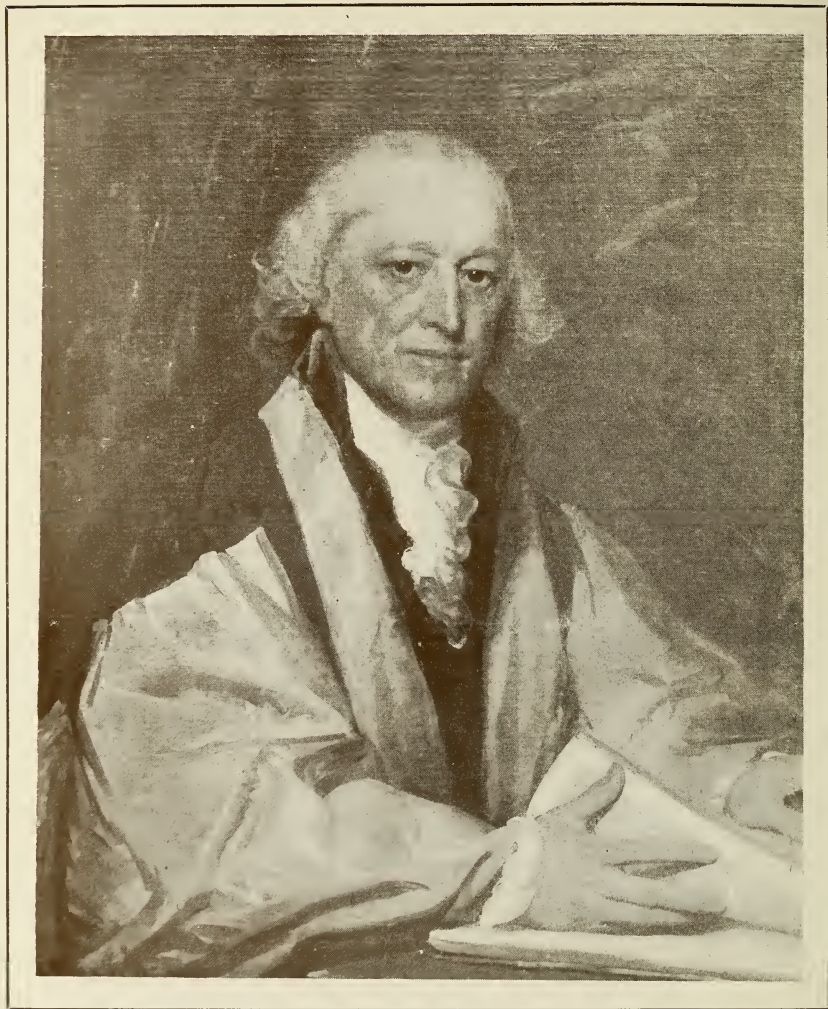
fruitage under the sunlight of civilization," says John M. Taylor in "The Life of Roger Ludlow."

The government, self-established, under which the three river towns had existed from 1639, had proved eminently satisfactory, but being without recognition from the home authorities, there seemed great insecurity during the stormy period of the restoration, and the necessity of a charter very apparent. In 1662, John Winthrop, perhaps the most courtly and tactful man in the colony, was entrusted with the delicate commission of securing such from the new sovereign. He was the son of Governor Winthrop of Massachusetts and, like his honored father, "possessed a remarkable combination of audacity with velvet tact. He knew at once how to maintain the rights and claims of Connecticut and how to make Charles II think him the best fellow in the world." So the astute statesman sought and obtained a royal charter, which "simply gave Connecticut what she had already, and which was so satisfactorily republican, that she did not need to revise it in 1789, but lived on with it well into the nineteenth century." This charter defined her territory in such a way as to include some of the other colonies which, by royal authority, were annexed.

Soon the whole of what is now



RESIDENCE OF THEOPOLIS EATON, AN EARLY EMIGRANT, ERECTED IN NEW HAVEN AS THE FIRST MANSION IN THE COLONY



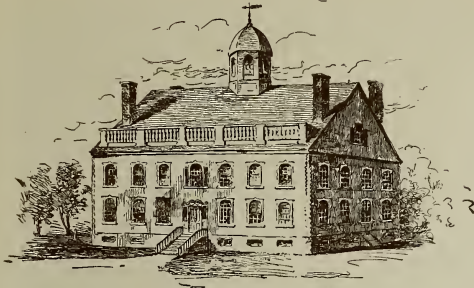
WILLIAM SAMUEL JOHNSON

One of the framers of the Federal Constitution and President of the Committee of Five appointed to revise the style of the instrument and arrange its articles—He proposed the organization of the Senate as a separate body—Johnson was born and died at Stratford, Connecticut—Copied from original by Gilbert Stuart, now in possession of Dr. Charles Frederick Johnson

known as Connecticut had grown together as an extensive republic, composed of towns whose union presented, in many respects, a miniature model of our present great federal commonwealth, and all protected under that broad charter, around which cluster today cherished traditions. Who can imagine Hartford without the Charter Oak? Who in Connecticut does not

know of this same charter and the tenacity with which it was preserved? Massachusetts had not only surrendered her charter, but suffered the humiliation of learning that Connecticut had heroically mastered the situation and kept the priceless document. In Hartford, Andros was conquered and the crown set at naught. While the authorities were gathered in courteous





FIRST STATE HOUSE IN NEW HAVEN,  
ERECTED IN 1763

conference with their distinguished guest, Major Andros, the subject of discussion—the charter—lay upon the table. Suddenly, all the lights went out and there was a moment of darkness. The candles were re-lit, but amazing to relate, the charter had disappeared. No one knew whither. It was a singular accident, but the most polite and gracious governor in the world and amiable counsel could not surrender an article that was not to be found. So Andros, baffled, angry and indignant, left with his commission unfulfilled. A bold colonist, Captain Joseph Wadsworth, had seized the charter in that moment of darkness, and in company with Captain John Talcott escaped with it to Wylls Hill. In the heart of a great oak it was safely deposited, transmitting to the venerable tree that guarded it an immortal name.

"Connecticut's line of public conduct was precisely the same after as before 1662, and its success was remarkable. It is safe to say that the diplomatic skill, forethought and self-control shown by the men who guided the course of Connecticut during this period have seldom been equalled on the larger fields of the world's history. As products of democracy, they were its best vindication."

Following a small remnant of the Pequots, as they fled from their devastated stronghold, along the shores of Connecticut, the beautiful region a-

bout Quinnipiac was first disclosed to English eyes, and reports of it reached Boston in a short time, and so glowing were the descriptions, that a party of Englishmen, lately arrived, greatly longed to appropriate such a beautiful retreat. John Davenport, a distinguished divine from London, with Theopolis Eaton and a "goodly company" had reached Boston a few months previous. They desired, however, to found a community of their own, and though diligent efforts were again made to keep such desirable citizens in Massachusetts,—even to the generous offer of the whole town of Newberry,—they could not be persuaded to remain, and they set out for the tempting regions of the Connecticut shore. They settled at Quinnipiac, calling the place New Haven. Mr. Eaton built a house of large proportions, having twenty-seven rooms, and furnished it in truly luxurious fashion, for the records bear witness that he had "tapestries, Turkey carpets and tapestry carpets," and that he accommodated an immense household, many besides his immediate family being sheltered in that spacious mansion.

John Davenport had evinced such Puritan tendencies before receiving



THE FIRST MEETING HOUSE  
IN NEW HAVEN



his ordination, it seemed unlikely that he could receive orders, but his brother-in-law, Sir Richard Conway, principal secretary to the King in 1624, had such influence with Charles I, that the young man was apparently pardoned his outspoken expressions and he was ordained and established over St. Stephen's church in London. Theopolis Eaton, a wealthy merchant of London, was the son of a clergyman in Coventry, who had been the teacher of Davenport in his youth. Edward Hopkins married the step-daughter of Theopolis Eaton and came with him from Boston, but settled in Hartford, and was governor of the colony every alternate year with Haynes. Two stepsons of Theopolis Eaton were David and Thomas Yale, the former being great-grandfather of Elihu Yale. The New Haven settlement was a theocratic commonwealth like Boston. This remained with the outlying districts entirely distinct until 1662, when they were all incorporated into the colony of Connecticut by the provisions of the famous charter.

As Roger Ludlow still pushed on after that remnant of the fleeing Pequots, he saw beyond Quinnipiac (New Haven) another fair spot, named Uncoa, which so pleased him that, disappointed, we are told, in not having filled the office of governor in either Massachusetts or Connecticut, he determined upon founding a colony for himself, where he would be the unquestioned leader. This place he called Fairfield, and hither came his intimate friends and companions in the pilgrimage from England to Massachusetts and Massachusetts to Connecticut. There were many prominent and wealthy people in Fairfield, living in beautiful homes, and many a noble specimen of colonial architecture, and family silver bearing arms and crests, perished in that merciless destruction of General Tryon and his

Hessian soldiers in the struggle of 1776.

Another commonwealth was in 1639 established at the mouth of the Connecticut river by Colonel George Fenwick, who arrived with his wife, Lady Alice Fenwick, often called Lady Alice Botteler, accompanied by gentlemen of position and their attendants. Winthrop had established a fort there in 1635, and later, in expectation of the arrival of the distinguished company, houses had been built under his superintendence for "gentlemen of quality." Of this territory, immense in extent as described on paper in the grant of 1631, the Earl of Warwick had been made "governor in chief, and lord high admiral of all the plantations within the bounds and upon the coasts of America." Five lords, members of the House of Lords, and twelve gentlemen of the House of Commons were appointed to assist him; among the former, Lord Say and Seal and Lord Brooke, who with many others afterward distinguished in the civil war, contemplated a removal to this place. Sir Henry Vane, Sir Richard Saltonstall, Lord Rich, John Pym, Oliver Cromwell were among the number. The settlement received the title of Saybrook, in honor of Lord Say and Seal and Lord Brooke, and enjoyed an independent government, administered by Colonel George Fenwick. It owed no allegiance to Connecticut until 1644, when it became incorporated with that colony. Pathetic is the sequel of Colonel Fenwick's sojourn in the wilderness. Conditions had become more favorable in England, and the distinguished men and women who were expected to follow, remained at home, and upon that lonely shore Colonel Fenwick buried his high-born wife, Lady Alice, and returned alone to his native land, leaving all his possessions in New England to his sister, Elizabeth, wife of Captain John Cullick and later Richard Ely. There is in the original



OLIVER ELLSWORTH, A LEADER IN THE FEDERAL CONVENTION OF 1787 WHICH  
FRAMED THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES

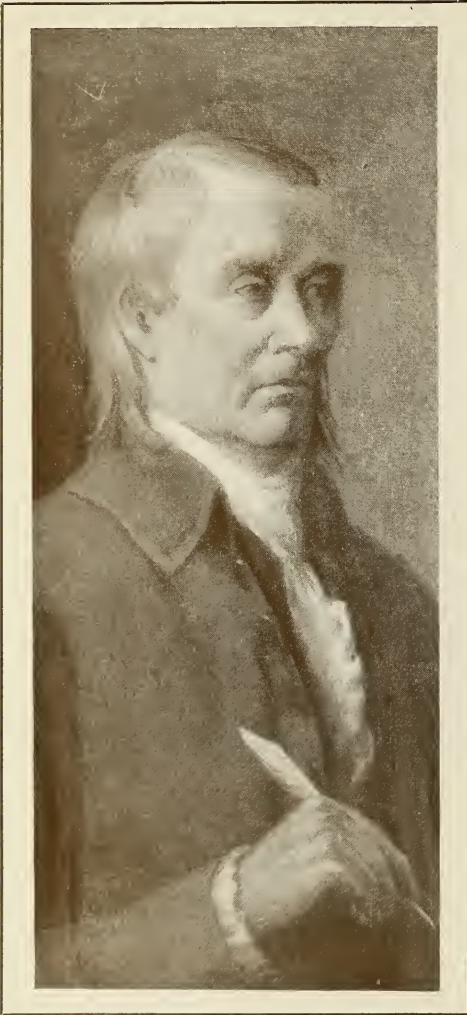
Ellsworth mansion at Windsor, Connecticut—Ellsworth with his colleague, Johnson of Connecticut, drew a bill to organize the Judiciary

town of Saybrook, now Lyme, a very old burying-ground, called the Ely Cemetery, where for nine generations, descendants only of this Richard Ely have been buried. No one, save those of Ely composition, can be mingled with the dust in that select enclosure. In Saybrook an ancient tablestone with curious scroll top, marks the resting place of Lady Fenwick. Hollister writes: "It speaks of the crowning excellence and glory of a woman's love, who could give up the attractions of her proud English home, the peerless circles wherein she moved and constituted a chief fascination, to follow her husband to the desolate peninsula, where the humble houses of wood within the enclosure of the fort

opened their arms with but a grim and chilly welcome. She must have suffered bitter disappointment, as she looked off in vain for the long-expected sail that was to waft the noble coterie of lords and ladies, knights and gentlemen, to Saybrook, whither they had promised to flee from the civic strifes that beset them at home."

John Winthrop of Connecticut was the oldest son of Governor Winthrop of Boston, born at Groton, England, 1605, the favorite of his father. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and further equipped by an extensive European trip, which found him at twenty-five years of age one of the most highly accomplished and elegant men of his time. In 1631 he came





ROGER SHERMAN

The only man who took part in drafting our four great documents of early national history—Declaration of Rights, Declaration of Independence, Articles of Confederation, Constitution

with his father to America and was chosen magistrate for Massachusetts. Soon after he went back to England, but in 1635 returned with a commission to build a fort at the mouth of the Connecticut river and to hold the place of governor.

At New London John Winthrop also established a colony, and with him was associated Rev. Mr. Blinman who

after ten years was succeeded by Rev. Simon Bradstreet, son of Governor Bradstreet and grandson of Governor Dudley of Massachusetts. In 1659 Captain John Mason, with Rev. James Fitch and a company of thirty-five, followed along the banks of the Thames river to a picturesque spot between the Yantic and Shetucket rivers, and created the town of Norwich, which Dr. Holmes justly described as "a town of supreme, audacious, alpine loveliness."

Again I quote from John Fiske, who declares, "To Connecticut was given not only the labor and honor of framing the first constitution, but at a later, most critical moment of the United States, her sons played a saving part. The period just following the Revolution was fraught with distemper and danger. There was lurking dread of what might be done by a new and untried continental power. In 1786 civil war was threatened in many quarters, bitterness of jealousy between large and small states, north and south, was such that the assembling of statesmen in Philadelphia was a gloomy occasion. Controversy was heated, and personal accusations made the situation exceedingly grave and dangerous. The convention was on the point of breaking up; the members going home with their minds clouded and their hearts rent at the imminency of civil strife, when a compromise was suggested by Oliver Ellsworth, Roger Sherman and William Samuel Johnson, three immortal names. These men represented Connecticut, the State which for 150 years had been familiar with the co-operation of the federal and national principles. In the election of her government, she was a little nation; in the election of her assembly she was a little confederation, thus it was that at one of the most critical moments of our country's existence, the sons of Connecticut played a decisive part and made it possible for the framework of our national



government to be completed. When we consider this noble climax and the memorable beginnings which led up to it, when we also reflect the mighty part federalism is unquestionably to play in the future, we shall be convinced that there is no State in our Union whose history will better repay careful study than Connecticut. Surely few incidents are better worth turning over and over and surveying from all possible points of view, than the framing of a little confederation of river towns in Hartford in January, 1639."

By the searchlight of modern "intelligent study," we may indeed see Connecticut illumined with an immortal radiance, and the figures of four dates blazing in unquenchable light, 1639 — 1662 — 1687 — 1789. The hiding of the charter in the oak is identified with those series of events by which true liberty was inaugurated and the United States made possible. The first date, 1639, declares an emancipation of the human race in the creation of constitutional liberty. In Hartford was born that "first written constitution known to the world, upon which were based the principles of constitutional liberty," and under its provisions a miniature republic found life. The second date, 1662, represents the protection and continuance of the infant republic which, after the restoration, was in danger of destruction unless officially recognized by the home government. A charter was prepared by the Connecticut statesmen, so broad and comprehensive, that one marvels as much at their courage as statesmanship, but "fortune favored the brave," and the charter was secured, and sheltered beneath its protective powers, the little republic lived and flourished. The year 1687 represents again the threatened extinction of this same little republic, and still again its protection and survival, the indomitable will and ingenuity of the Connecticut colonists overcoming obstacles,

as in 1662 statesmanship and the charm of a personal magnetism prevailed to protect the germ of democracy. And 1789 represents the grand fulfillment of preliminary measures. The constitution of Connecticut had produced a form of government so satisfactory after a trial of 150 years, that it proved the solution of serious problems before the constitutional convention at Philadelphia, as its example was the inspiration which resulted in the adoption of the United States constitution, constructed on the lines of Connecticut's model.

With a record as unique, — as grand as this, — to have given to the world an emancipation second to none other in the secular history of mankind, Connecticut stands first in historical significance. It is not befitting the inheritors of such an incomparable record, to accept a symbolic title which is both a reproach and a disgrace. Is there anything in Connecticut's history to suggest that its men are cheap imposters, humbugs, of which a wooden nutmeg, manufactured only to cheat the credulous, could be symbolic? Is it not our duty, our privilege, to try and remove from a State of so noble a record, the stain which must result from the acceptance of such a title as "The Little Wooden Nutmeg State?" Why should the mean, dishonest, contemptible act of some unworthy representative be given recognition and perpetuity, when history is full of noble deeds to memorialize?

One of the truest of men and best of Connecticut's governors said twenty years since, "What the State of Connecticut most needs today is State pride, which will develop with consciousness of its own history."

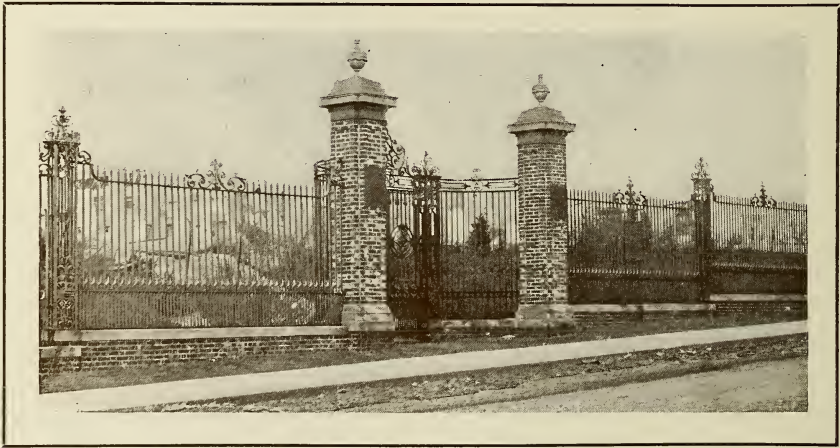
Connecticut has been over-modest. Hollister writes, "that Connecticut people were un-ambitious for display: content with the moral grandeur that alone attends the discharge of duty and in silent unconsciousness building up a political structure more sublime

in its beauty than the towered palaces of kings."

In an estimate of comparative state merits, and the Exposition at St. Louis invites every state to exhibit its best in all departments, — I would urge a contemplation of the history of the early colonial settlements with a study of the character of the settlers, the motives impelling emigration and the immediate impress of those characters upon the history of the new world. We will find that the Connecticut settlers came to America neither for trade or adventure; they were a company of highly intelligent men, impelled by religious and civil convictions to seek a freedom for the development of those convictions. Emigrating to

Massachusetts, they failed to find there the freedom of their ideals, and again they emigrated, leaving friends and the protection of a "settlement", to strike out through the pathless wilderness seeking truly a "promised land". On the banks of the Connecticut the haven was found. Such were the settlers of Connecticut; statesmen of noble type and far-reaching vision, "who builded better than they knew" the structure of a free government, "of the people, by the people, for the people."

In their memory and in their name may we not honor the Commonwealth of their creation by giving it the appropriate title, — the "*Constitution State*."



MEMORIAL GATEWAY TO OLD CENTER CHURCH BURVING GROUND AT HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT, WHEREIN LIES REMAINS OF THOMAS HOOKER AND MANY OF THE PIONEERS OF THE NATION — ERECTED AS MEMORIAL TO GOVERNOR JOHN HAYNES

Inscription on one of the tablets: "John Haynes, one of the three illustrious framers of the first written constitution creating a government upon which were based the principles of American Constitutional liberty"

# THE EVANGELIZATION OF THE WORLD

FIRST SCHOOL FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS ORGANIZED  
IN THIS COUNTRY WAS IN LITCHFIELD, CONNEC-  
TICUT—INCLUDED PUPILS FROM BARBARIC COUN-  
TRIES AND TRIBES OF AMERICAN INDIANS

BY

H. CLAY TRUMBULL

Dr. Trumbull had just completed his revision of this material from his other writings when his death occurred at his home in Philadelphia. The posthumous papers will be continued through several issues of the Magazine.—EDITOR

SAMUEL J. MILLS was the earliest American student volunteer for the evangelization of the world. He was the leader in the little group under the haystack at Williamstown, when the storm came on as they prayed and as they purposed to go abroad. He was born in Litchfield County, where his father was a pastor; as also was the father of Adoniram Judson, who was one of the first five missionaries to go out under the American Board.

The first school for foreign missions organized in this country, if not in the world, was in Litchfield County. It included pupils from the Sandwich Islands, natives of Africa, and persons from various tribes of American Indians. A number of these pupils went back to the peoples from whom they came; and quite a number of those who saw them, on visiting the school at Cornwall, were aroused by this object lesson to go out as foreign missionaries. Among these was Hiram Bingham, the pioneer missionary to the Sandwich Islands.

Of the pupils in that Foreign Missionary School at Cornwall, ten went as missionaries to the Indians, seventeen to the Sandwich Islands, and the others were widely scattered.

Litchfield County was, in a sense, the beginning of the American foreign missionary work. For years it continued to be in the lead. It is recorded of Dr. Worcester, the early corresponding secretary of the American Board, that when the liberal contributions came in from this field in a time of financial embarrassment, he cried out with a grateful heart, "I bless God for making Litchfield County." And so said many another man of God, as the years passed on.

Among the earnest and influential friends and representative advocates of the foreign missionary cause was for years the Rev. Dr. Augustus C. Thompson, a native of Goshen, of Litchfield County. He was one of the Prudential Committee of the American Board for more than forty years. He was a member of the deputation from the Board to visit



the missions of India, in 1854 and 1855. He was for a time the formal lecturer on foreign missions in Andover Theological Seminary, in the Hartford Theological Seminary, and at Boston University. He wrote an important volume on Moravian missions, another on Protestant missions, and yet another on foreign missions. Yet, while doing all this work at home and abroad, he was for nearly sixty years pastor of the Eliot Congregational Church at Roxbury, Massachusetts, and he was the author of very many sacred and devotional volumes that have made their impress on this generation. And this is but a single Litchfield County native.

The Hon. Robbins Battell of Norfolk was one of the friends of missions who made Litchfield County a place for which to thank God. He was a relative of two of the pioneers whose names are on the famous haystack monument at Williamstown. For eighteen years he was a corporate member of the American Board, giving ever wise and valued counsel in its management, and contributing of his means to aid it liberally in its ordinary outlays, and again, on special occasions, to lift its occasional debts. This continued to his life's close.

A number of active missionaries to foreign fields were natives of Litchfield County, and all of them were worthy of their nativity. Isaac Bird of this county was a worker of note in Palestine, and both there and after his return he did good service to God and to man. A yet earlier missionary from this county, Benjamin C. Meigs, did good service in Ceylon, which has been for years one of the strategic

points of the world's conquest for Christ.

In the first fifty years of American missionary history it should be noted that, besides those already mentioned, and besides children of Litchfield County natives born elsewhere, the Rev. Abel K. Hinsdale went from Torrington to the Nestorian mission; Mary Grant, wife of the Rev. Ebenezer Burgess, went from Colebrook to Ahmednuggur in the Mahratta mission; Julia M. Terry, wife of the Rev. Charles Harding, went from Plymouth to Bombay; Sarah M. Peet of Bethlehem, with her husband, Benjamin C. Meigs, went to Ceylon; the Rev. John M. S. Perry went from Sharon to Ceylon; the Rev. Samuel G. Whittlesey went from New Preston to Ceylon; Sarah A. Chamberlain of Sharon, wife of the Rev. Joseph Scudder, also went to Ceylon. Besides those missionaries already named as going from Litchfield County to the Sandwich Islands, there should be mentioned the Rev. David B. Lyman of New Hartford, who went to Honolulu; the Rev. Mark Ives of Goshen, who went to Honolulu; the Rev. Eliphalet Whittlesey of Salisbury, who also went to Honolulu; Mr. Abner Wilcox, from Harwinton, went to Hilo; Louise Everest of Cornwall, wife of the Rev. James Ely, went to Honolulu.

Quite a number of the most active and influential missionaries among the Cherokees and Choctaws and Dakotas, and the Ojibwas and Osages, were from Litchfield County. In former days the American Indians were accounted a foreign nation,—as they are still, by man, treated as though they were.

The first temperance society in Connecticut, and one of the first in the United States, and that at a time when it was sadly enough needed, was formed in Litchfield County. This was a result of the powerful preaching on the subject by Dr. Lyman Beecher, who was pastor of a church in Litchfield. The temperance society then formed was a beginning of widespread good in America.

Another Litchfield County man, Dr. Ebenezer Porter of Cornwall, was the author of the first publication in this country on the subject of temperance; and such a beginning was more important than we can now comprehend.

That there was need of temperance reform in the community in those days in New England, even more positively than to-day, there cannot be a doubt. The clergyman in my native place who was a predecessor of my pastor said, in a published sermon, that, of the fifty-five heads of families whom he had last buried, the deaths of fifty were occasioned by indulgence in alcoholic beverages. There was certainly a call for such a temperance reform as was started by Lyman Beecher in his day.

In the early days of our country's history there was too much active practical work to do to allow time for close study on the part of men who were needed in action in order to live and to enable others to live. Yet the very men who have power to construct a state, when state building is a duty, are often the men to construct a poem or a romance when they have time for it.

When the time came for literature in New England, there was a coterie of thinkers and doers, known as the

"Hartford Wits," because of Hartford's being their center of publication, who stimulated and shaped an improved style in thinking and writing. Foremost among these literary reformers was John Trumbull, a native of Watertown in Litchfield County, whose father was a pastor there. John Trumbull wrote "McFingal," a poem that had wide influence in this country and abroad. He afterwards removed to Detroit, where he was known as Judge Trumbull.

A pastor and native of Litchfield County, whose theological and devotional writings had exceptional prominence and influence here and in Great Britain, was the Rev. Dr. Joseph Bellamy of Bethlehem. A grandson of this pastor, Edward Bellamy, made his impress on the present generation by his widely circulated "Looking Backward."

Dr. Eli Hubbard Smith of Litchfield was another of the famous "Hartford Wits." He was of some prominence, and he compiled and published what is said to have been "the first general collection of poetry ever attempted in this country." Thus Litchfield County had its full share in the beginning of our American literature.

Another native clergyman of prominence was the Rev. Dr. Nathaniel W. Taylor. He was a recognized leader in theological thought in his denomination throughout the country. He bore the same relation to New School Congregationalism in this country as did Albert Barnes to New School Presbyterianism. Dr. Taylor was for many years a professor in Yale Divinity School.

Oberlin College in Ohio was

founded as a college, on the basis of a former institution, in order to enable Charles G. Finney of Litchfield County to impress his theological views on young divinity students, and for more than a generation he did that successfully.

Dr. John Pierpont, a native of Litchfield, was a poet and a theologian who had marked influence in the sphere of Harvard University. And in another way his influence continues widely to the present day. Junius Morgan, the partner of George Peabody, married a daughter of John Pierpont; and her son, John Pierpont Morgan, is at present the foremost financier in the world, whose movements are heralded in the world's financial centers because of his ability and his power.

Jeremiah Day, who succeeded the first Timothy Dwight as president of Yale College, and held that position for nearly thirty years, was from New Preston in Litchfield County. Before he was president of Yale he had an international reputation as a mathematician and as a writer of text-books on mathematics and navigation.

A member of the same family, born in the same town, Henry Noble Day, D.D., LL.D., was a Congregational pastor, and later was professor of rhetoric in Western Reserve College, and again president of Ohio Female College. He was the author of text-books on elocution, and rhetoric, and logic, and English literature, and ethics, before going to New Haven to live.

Dr. Charles G. Finney of Litchfield County has been mentioned as the organizer and president of Oberlin

College, one of the first and most important of co-educational colleges in America. Dr. J. M. Sturtevant of the same town as Dr. Finney, was president of Illinois College, which had done a great work in that state and beyond, before Chicago University was a possibility.

Dr. Azel Backus of this county was called to be president of Hamilton College. Dr. Horace Holley of Salisbury, after being for some time a pastor in Kentucky. The Rev. J. A. P. Rogers was the real founder of Berea College in Kentucky, a borderline fortress of antislavery aggression for years before the Civil War.

Rufus Babcock, born in North Colebrook, became a Baptist pastor of prominence. He was elected president of Waterville College, now Colby University. He was well known as an editor and author. He was at different times corresponding secretary of the American and Foreign Bible Society, of the American Colonization Society, and of the American Sunday-School Union. He was for years a leader in his denomination.

This is at least the seventh college president from that one rural county in Connecticut. It certainly has done its share toward education in this country.

The Rev. Dr. Ebenezer Porter of Cornwall was professor of rhetoric, and afterwards president of Andover Theological Seminary. One of his books passed through three hundred editions. He organized the American Education Society, and through that did a great work for the country.

Two generations ago two of the best known American writers of elementary text-books on algebra,



geometry, trigonometry, and other branches of mathematics taught in academies or colleges, were Jeremiah Day and Charles Davies. Both of these scholars were natives of Litchfield County. President Jeremiah Day of Yale has before been mentioned. Professor Charles E. Davies, another native of that county, was for some time professor of mathematics at West Point, and afterwards at Columbia College. Professor Benjamin W. Bacon, of Yale Theological Seminary, was born in Litchfield, where his father, Dr. Leonard Woolsey Bacon, was pastor.

One of the same family as Dr. Augustus C. Thompson of Goshen, who did so much for the foreign missionary cause, was Dr. William Thompson. He was for half a century professor of Hebrew in Hartford Theological Seminary, as the successor of East Windsor Theological Seminary. During much of this time he was dean of the faculty. His impress for good was on a generation of New England clergymen, and the churches to which they ministered.

Professor Asaph Hall of the United States Navy, a native of Litchfield County, is popularly known as the discoverer of the satellites of Mars, although that is but a minor matter in his scientific attainments. He has had charge of astronomical expeditions to different parts of the world, notable solar eclipses in 1869, 1870, and 1878, and transits of Venus in 1874 and 1882. A son of this naval scientist is professor of astronomy in the University of Michigan.

The Hon. Henry Dutton of Plymouth, in this county, was governor of Connecticut, and afterwards dean

of the Yale Law School. Another member of the same family, Matthew Rice Dutton was professor of mathematics, philosophy, and astronomy in Yale, while all three branches of science were held by one professor. The Rev. Aaron Dutton, born in the old homestead in Litchfield County, was for years pastor at Guilford, Connecticut; and his son, the Rev. Dr. S. W. S. Dutton, was pastor of the North Congregational Church on the New Haven Green.

As over against the weapons of war and the leaders of armed hosts which went out from Litchfield County, there were the beginnings of foreign missionary service and the girdling of the globe with praises of children. A native of Washington in this county was Thomas Hastings, a valued associate of William B. Bradbury in the songs and music that prepared the way for the Moody and Sankey hymns. For years Bradbury and Hastings worked lovingly together in this county and work. Among the many well-known and popular hymns written by Thomas Hastings are:—"Jesus, merciful and mild," "Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning," "He that goeth forth with weeping."

Again, the well-known musical director and instructor and author, Professor Charles W. Landon, is a native of Lakeville in the town of Salisbury, where were the famous iron mines and ordnance foundries. His principal conservatory is in Dallas, Texas, but his many musical-instruction publications are as well known in Philadelphia and New York as in the South.

Robbins Battell of Norfolk was a

capitalist, a philanthropist, and a lover of music, painting and architecture. His musical qualities and attainments were of a very high order. While a student at Yale, he and his classmate, Richard Storrs Willis, led the service of sacred song in the college chapel during all their college course. Again, for half a century he made it his pleasure and duty to lead the choir in the Norfolk church. In this service he was a rare inspiration to many until he joined the heavenly choir.

He took particular delight in church bells and chimes, the accuracy and refinement of his ear making him a judge of the fitness of each bell of a chime to an extent rarely attained by a musical artist. In any line of art in which he was interested he sought to bring up the standard of those in his own home community and in other communities which he sought to benefit. He presented to his home church in Norfolk, where he for many years led the church choir, a set of chimes of exceptional beauty and value, thought to be unequaled in this country. He presented a fine set to Williams College, another set to Beloit College, another set to Carleton College, and yet others to various institutions, where his memory is melodiously held dear.

He, with other members of the Norfolk Battell family, gave to Yale its attractive college chapel, with its fitting enlargement. They supplied the founding and endowment of the Battell professorship of sacred music, held by Gustave J. Stoeckel, as remembered pleasantly by succeeding generations of Yale alumni.

Mr. Battell wrote music of a high order, to accompany words written

by himself or by other members of his family, or as pre-eminently adapted by words that had seemed to wait for his accompaniment. It was said of Mr. Battell that he possessed a similar gift to that of Sullivan in his rare adaptation of music to words. Perhaps his best known contribution to sacred music is his setting to the hymn, "Abide with Me," and by that he will be long remembered; again, his "German Trust Song," and "Evening," and "The Lord my Shepherd is," and "Sweet is the work, my God, my King," and many others. During our Civil War, Mr. Battell set to music a number of plantation melodies, which won general favor and drew forth warm commendation from John G. Whittier.

A beautifully printed volume of the "Music and Poetry of Norfolk" suggests what treasures there are in this artistic field, and how much the country owes to this summit town of Litchfield County. A gallery of fine paintings, open to the public by Mr. Robbins Battell, has done much for the education of the taste of the community. A single illustration of this is the large painting by Thomas Hovenden, at the suggestion and order of Mr. Battell, of "The Last Moments of John Brown,"—a Litchfield County neighbor.

If, indeed, nothing more could be told of Litchfield County than the story of Robbins Battell and of his work, it would be a notable county. Of that work only a slight portion has been suggested.

Another Litchfield County writer and teacher of note in the field of music and song was George E. Thorpe, who recently died in London, where he

was well known and honored. He was born in Winsted in 1857. He was a student in Hamilton College, and in the Boston Conservatory of Music. He began his career as a teacher of vocal music in Thompsonville, Connecticut, in 1882. He was afterwards known as a singer and leader in vari-

ous cities. He perfected himself in his sphere in Leipsic. After this he was invited to London as a teacher, lecturer, and writer. He there became principal of the National Scientific Voice-Training Society. His writings on method and voice culture are known on both sides of the ocean.

### TRAILING ARBUTUS

Darlings of the forest !  
 Blossoming alone  
 When the Earth's grief is sorest  
 For her jewels gone—  
 Ere the last snow-drift melts, your tender buds have blown.

Tinged with color faintly,  
 Like the morning sky,  
 Or more pale and saintly  
 Wrapped in leaves ye lie,  
 Even as children sleep in faith's simplicity.

There the wild wood-robin  
 Hymns your solitude,  
 And the rain comes sobbing  
 Through the budding wood,  
 While the low south-wind sighs, but dare not be more rude.

Were your pure lips fashioned  
 Out of air and dew ;  
 Starlight unimpassioned,  
 Dawn's most tender hue—  
 And scented by the woods that gathered sweets for you ?

Fairest and most lonely,  
 From the world apart,  
 Made for beauty only,  
 Veiled from Nature's heart,  
 With such unconscious grace as makes the dream of Art !

Were not mortal sorrow,  
 An immortal shade,  
 Then would I to-morrow  
 Such a flower be made,  
 And live in the dear woods where my lost childhood played.

—FROM \*ROSE TERRY COOKE'S POEMS

\*Born in West Hartford, Conn., Feb. 17, 1827



# THE BALLAD OF THE TIDE

BY

J. H. GUERNSEY

Mr. Guernsey's many poems are to be collected and presented in book form. The following ballad will be included in this work. Mr. Guernsey is not only a poet but a practical citizen occupying the political honor of postmaster at Waterbury, Connecticut.—EDITOR

One night when the moon like a big silver bell  
Hung low o'er the waters at play,  
I listened entranced to the ebb and the swell,  
And the wonderful waves seemed a story to tell  
'Mid the surge and the foam and the spray.—

Oh, I am the Tide, swing low silver moon,  
My beautiful governess bright,  
Let me cradle your beams to a rhythmic old tune,  
For the watcher whose heart is perpetual June,  
Or a weary and wandering wight.

Oh, I am the Tide, ever restless and wide,  
There's no man can give me control,  
I drink all the rivers that flow to my side,  
I send back the dew with a bountiful pride  
As onward forever I roll.—

I lave the red coral on India's shore,  
I visit the glad Galilee,  
I splash the long reeds where the North tempests roar,  
I feed the lone geese when the long flight is o'er,  
In the marsh of Siberia's sea.—

I bear to the loved all that love can bestow,  
The passion of presence again,  
I harbour a grief while I laugh at the blow ;  
I have secrets Eternity only can know,  
And my silence is passionate pain !—

Oh, I laugh and I sing, and my breakers they roar,  
I sob, and I circle and grieve,  
And twice every day run away from the shore,  
Forever and aye, never less, never more,  
And return just as soon as I leave.

Oh, I am the Tide, I shall live evermore,  
I was born before heaven or men,  
I'm a healer of wounds, I'm the mother of more,  
And when I depart any day about four,  
I wander back home about ten.—

# GOVERNMENT FOUNDED ON THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE

HOW CONNECTICUT CAME TO THE RESCUE WHEN THE  
NEW REPUBLIC WAS FACING ITS FIRST CRISIS—  
CONCLUSION OF ESSAY ON FEDERAL CONSTITUTION

BY

ARLON TAYLOR ADAMS

IT was after the Indian period that Connecticut became the home of distinguished statesmen. From 1775 to 1800 was her most brilliant period. Her institutions were, comparatively, the most highly developed, her people the most independent, her representatives the most famous in the legislative and judicial branches of the government. As the one state which can claim to base the origin and nature of her government on the will of the people, she stands alone, not only in the glorious union of states but in the world. The fathers builded well on the rocky New England foundation, and their sons have toiled, suffered and bled that the work of the fathers might endure.

In this writing I shall give briefly the story of Connecticut's part in the making of the federal constitution as begun in the last article.

The debates in the constitutional convention naturally fall into three periods. From May thirtieth to June nineteenth the convention resolved itself into the committee of the whole on the state of the Union. During this time the resolutions of John Randolph, known as the "National" plan, were presented and considered (May 30-

June 13). On June fifteenth the committee reported in favor of this plan. Thereupon Patterson of New Jersey presented his scheme of a loose confederation known as the "New Jersey" plan. This was referred to the committee of the whole and the "National" plan also recommitted. On June nineteenth the committee again reported in favor of the "National" plan. Brief debates followed before a quiet house. The second period (June 19-July 26) was occupied in extended debates on the "National" plan. On July twenty-sixth a committee of five "on style," composed of Johnson, of Connecticut (Chairman), Hamilton, G. Morris, Madison, and King, was appointed to report a constitution conformable to the twenty-three resolutions adopted by the convention. During the third period (Aug. 6-Sept. 16) the detailed plan was considered. On September sixteenth the Constitution was adopted and after a few changes signed on the next day. All but three of the delegates present signed. Names of the Connecticut delegates do not appear, as they had already set out for home to push on the campaign for ratification in Connecticut.

Judge Ellsworth took his seat in the Convention on May twenty-eighth (28), Mr. Sherman on May thirtieth (30), and Dr. Johnson on June second (2). On the first day that he was present Sherman expressed the opinion that additional powers ought to be given to Congress, particularly that of raising money, which, he said, involved many others; also that the general and particular jurisdictions should not be concurrent. He inclined to favor merely a moderate revision of the Articles. The following day he opposed the election of delegates to Congress by the people, advocating their election by the state legislatures. He favored one member from each state. In voting on the question of giving power to the federal government where the states are not competent Sherman was recorded in the negative, Ellsworth in the affirmative. Concerning the executive Sherman thought that branch of the government was merely an institution to carry out the will of the legislature. Hence he thought the executive ought to be elected by and be accountable to the legislature. He also held that the legislature should have power to remove the executive at pleasure and was opposed to conferring the power of an absolute veto upon him because "no man could so far exceed the combined wisdom of all the rest." Moreover he proposed that there be a council to the executive.

Sherman argued (June 5) that ratification should be by the state legislatures and Congress, as in the case of the Articles of Confederation, considering a direct vote of the people unnecessary. He opposed a new system of inferior courts as too

expensive, holding the state courts sufficient. He thought that these ought to have the power to decide appeals to the United States Supreme Court. He declared (June 6) that the state legislatures ought to elect the members of the national legislature, especially those of the upper house. He considered the objects of the proposed union few: First, defense against foreign aggression; second, internal peace and prosperity; third, international treaties; fourth, regulation of commerce and the revenue. All other civil and criminal matters should be in the control of the several states. Nations ought neither to be too large for the powers of government to pervade them nor so small as to be governed by factions. The national legislature should not have power to veto state laws, or if so, this power should be carefully defined. On June eleventh Mr. Sherman first proposed that the proportion of members in the House should be according to the free population, while in the Senate each state should be equally represented. He was thus the first to propose the basis of the "Connecticut Compromise." "His merit is that he saw the necessity at this early day of the convention and bore the brunt of its support after its apparent defeat until it was finally adopted."

At the opening of the debate on the "National" plan, Judge Ellsworth declared it as his opinion that the breach of one of the articles ought not to dissolve the whole constitution. He wished it to be in the form of an amendment to the Articles of Confederation so that the state legislatures might have power to ratify it. In his strongest speech he directed two ques-



tions to Mr. Wilson and Mr. Madison. Of Mr. Wilson he inquired whether he had ever seen a good measure fail in Congress for want of support; of Mr. Madison he demanded whether a negative lodged with a majority of the states, even the smallest, could be more dangerous than the qualified negative lodged with a single executive who must be from one of the states. Mr. Sherman urged a national legislature of a single house, holding that all Congress lacked was sufficient power. If two houses were agreed upon, a compromise in representation would be necessary. On the question the vote stood seven to three in favor of two houses. Ellsworth favored annual elections to the House with state payment of the salaries of national legislators because of local differences. Sherman favored the referment of both amount and payment to the state. Ellsworth spoke in favor of the election of senators by the state legislature, and equal state representation in the senate to protect the minority from destruction. The debate became so heated on the subject of representation in the two branches of Congress that Franklin, who was not renowned for his piety, moved that the sessions be opened with prayer each day. The vote was avoided by adjournment. Sherman declared that it was "not a question of rights but how can they be most equitably guarded. If some give more than others to this end there will be no reason for complaint. To require equal sacrifice from all would create danger to some and defeat the end." ("Writings of Madison, Vol. II, see June 28.") The vote was against equal suffrage in the House by states. Johnson spoke in favor of

the compromise. He argued as follows: The fundamental differences in the grounds of argument will render the debate endless. By some the states are held to be parts of one political society, by others as separate political societies. The fact is that the states exist as separate societies and a government is to be formed for them in their political capacity as well as for the individuals composing them. The states must have the power of self-defense given by the compromise. Ellsworth "did not despair, he still hoped that some good form of government would be devised and adopted." He moved that there be equal representation of the states in the senate. By a tie vote this motion was lost on July second. This was the crisis of the convention. If there had been a majority in the negative the convention would probably have broken up. The vote stood five to five, with Georgia divided. The representative from Georgia whose vote in the affirmative brought about the division of his state was Abraham Baldwin, a native of Connecticut, who had recently emigrated to the south. Georgia was the last state to vote and Baldwin yielded his personal opinion to the desire for union. As the representatives from New Hampshire and Rhode Island, who were not present, would undoubtedly have voted in the affirmative, a compromise was now regarded as a necessity. Accordingly, a committee of one from each state, known as the committee of eleven, was appointed. It reported two propositions as follows: First, that in the House there shall be one representative for every forty thousand inhabitants, each state to have at least one;

all money bills to originate in the House and not to be amended in the Senate. No money to be drawn from the treasury but in pursuance of appropriations originating in the House. Second, in the Senate each state shall have equal representation.

Madison says that Dr. Franklin suggested the compromise in the committee and that Sherman, who took Ellsworth's place, proposed that each state should have an equal vote in the Senate, provided that no decisions should prevail unless the states favoring represented a majority of the population of the country. This latter was not discussed at length. Madison adds that this proposition had been made before, probably referring to Sherman's suggestion in the Continental Congress in 1776. Sherman's arguments for equal representation in the Senate were as follows: It would give the necessary vigor to the government. The small states have more vigor in their government than the large. Hence the more influence the small states have the stronger will be the federal government. With equal representation there will always be a majority for public measures which some large states might oppose. It would preserve the state governments. He was not opposed to the per capita vote in the Senate, which was carried. On July twelfth, Ellsworth moved that direct taxation be apportioned according to the free population and three fifths of all other. Later both representation and taxation were apportioned on this basis. The whole report as amended was approved by the vote of five states to four with Massachusetts divided.

A brief summary of the action of

the convention on the Connecticut compromise is in place at this point. The first motion that the states have an equal vote in the Senate was made by Sherman in the committee of the whole on June ninth. Although supported by Ellsworth, it was lost though by a vote of five to six. Directly afterward a motion that the right of suffrage be by population in both Senate and House prevailed. The third step was taken when Ellsworth moved that the rule of suffrage in the Senate be the same as by the Articles of Confederation. After a long debate the convention was equally divided on the question. A committee of eleven was then appointed to report a compromise. Their report was accepted on July sixteenth. On July twenty-third, it was agreed that the vote in the Senate be per capita. Finally on September fifteenth Sherman carried as a proviso to the Article on amendment, that "no state shall, without its consent, be deprived of equal suffrage in the Senate."

Mr. Sherman was easily the most prominent of the Connecticut delegates. He "showed the highest qualities of a statesman in knowing when to compromise and when to be firm." He was equally firm in defending the power of the states against the federal government, and in opposing the coining of money or emission of bills of credit by the states. He realized that the states would act together from unity of interest rather than from equality of size; and, at the close, pleaded for equal representation in the Senate as the defense of all the states against the federal government. Experience has shown that there never was any danger of the large states

oppressing the small. Sherman was right in the belief that the majority of the people favored merely the amendment of the Articles of Confederation, not a purely federal government. Ellsworth had this attitude of the people in mind when he proposed the change in name from the "National Government" to "The Government of the United States." Nullification and the Hartford convention proved the nationalists right in regard to the danger of the states to the federal government. The failure of both of these movements speaks well for the constitutional safeguards. The Senate never guarded the states against the House, it was never anti-national. It became a small body of picked men, a fit check upon the popular house and a safe depository of the treaty-making power.

The convention prepared an address to the several states urging the adoption of the Constitution. The Connecticut delegation sent a letter to Governor Huntington urging favorable action. Besides the principles set forth in the plea of the convention, it called attention to the following points: First, that while Congress was differently organized than under the confederation the total number of members, and that of the Connecticut delegation remained the same; second, equal representation in the Senate and its voice in appointment to office secures the rights of the small and large states alike; third, the additional powers given to Congress have solely to do with the general welfare, while the states are left sovereign in local affairs and the powers not expressly granted; fourth, the objects to which Congress

may apply money are the same as under the confederation—defense, general welfare, and the debts contracted for the same. The principal revenue will be from imposts, and the power of direct taxation will be little used if the states furnish their quotas. (Experience has shown this to be true.) Finally the prohibition to the states of the power to coin money and emit bills of credit is necessary for the interest of commerce, domestic and foreign.

The state legislature acted promptly. A convention to consider ratification was called to meet at Hartford in January, 1788. There was little opposition either in the legislature or among the people at large. Dr. Ezra Stiles, President of Yale, expressed what was probably the typical opinion of thoughtful citizens of the state when he declared that the new constitution was not the best possible but the best obtainable at the time, better than he had expected and well worthy of adoption. The press was almost unanimously in favor of ratification. Noah and Pelatiah Webster wrote extensively in favor of ratification. He considered the constitution a compact, as Dr. Johnson, a staunch supporter of states-rights, declared. Noah Webster held that the new federal legislature would not be more expensive and would not annihilate the state legislatures. The rights of the liberty of the press and trial by jury are not affected at all by the Constitution. The power to tax is necessary, but granted only for specific purposes. The state was the stronghold of the "federalist" party, as it afterwards became known, until 1818. The party



continued to control Connecticut state politics long after it had ceased even to be represented in federal politics.

The state convention met and organized on January third, 1788, electing Hon. Matthew Griswold, of Lyme, President, and Jedediah Strong, of Litchfield, Secretary. Among the members prominent at that time were: General Wadsworth, Jesse Root, Erastus Wolcott, Oliver Wolcott, Oliver Ellsworth, Roger Sherman, William S. Johnson, Gov. Huntington, Matthew Griswold, and William Williams. Ellsworth opened the debate. He argued that the new constitution presupposes the necessity of a federal government because of the insufficiency of the Confederation; that it was necessary for defense, economy, internal peace and the preservation of justice. He referred to ancient, medieval and modern confederacies at some length in the classical manner of the period to show that the coercive power has always been possessed by, and is necessary to, all federal governments. He made clear the injustice of state regulation of commerce by recalling the fact that New York collected yearly more than fifty thousand pounds in imposts on goods for Connecticut consumption which had to pass through the port of New York.

The opposition was led by General Wadsworth, who attempted to show that the Constitution grants too much power to the general government, especially as to taxation, in that the power extends to all objects of taxation whatsoever, it is partial, and ought not to be combined with the power of the sword in Congress. He also thought the addition of a bill of rights essential before the instrument

should be seriously considered. Judge Ellsworth replied at some length, showing that the power of taxation did not apply to all objects exclusively. Every means of taxation, excepting imposts, still remained open to the states. The state debts had been incurred from want of federal power vested in Congress. The resources of the country must be at the command of the government. Moreover, the use of the power of taxation in regard to imposts would not operate partially to the disadvantage of any particular section of the country. The imports of the south were quite as great as those of the north. Finally he insisted that the power of the purse must invariably accompany the power of the sword in any strong government. The power of coercion is necessary. The compulsion of law is preferable to that of arms. Johnson spoke briefly along the same lines. The speeches of Ellsworth and Johnson alone are preserved in sketches. Sherman's arguments are known only from private letters. He urged that no better government could be devised on more speculation; that it had been agreed to by representatives of all the states present in the convention; that an easy and practicable mode of amendment lay open as the last resort in case of necessity; that the condition of the country demands adoption; and finally that the document will not need amendment under wise administration. Governor Huntington also spoke in favor of adoption. He said that the state governments would not be endangered as their representatives in the Senate would defend their own state interests. Mr. Richard Law emphasized the case of amendment, the

security of the state governments, and the necessity for immediate action. Oliver Wolcott declared that the Constitution established a reliable government, since it was founded upon popular election thus safeguarding the rights of the states and people as well. Said *The New Haven Gazette*, "All objections to the Constitution vanished before the learning and eloquence of a Johnson, the genuine good sense of a Sherman, and the Demosthenian energy of an Ellsworth." The convention ratified the Constitution by the handsome vote of 128 to 40. Calhoun, many years afterward, declared in the Senate (1847) that "it is owing mainly to the states of Connecticut and New Jersey that we have a federal instead of a national government. The best government instead of the most intolerable on earth. Who are the men of these states to whom we are indebted for this admirable government? I will name them—their names ought to be engraven on brass and live forever. They were Chief Justice Ellsworth and Roger Sherman of Connecticut, and Judge Patterson of New Jersey. To the coolness and sagacity of these three men, aided by a few others not so prominent, we owe the present Constitution.

The movement for a series of amendments to the Constitution, constituting practically a bill of rights, took its origin in the state conventions

to ratify. In Congress Sherman and ex-Governor Huntington consistently opposed the movement. Sherman thought that amendments would not be favorably received by the people since sufficient time had not elapsed to discover by experience defects in the Constitution. This was the general federalist position—no amendment before a fair trial. President Stiles in a letter to William S. Johnson expressed the hope that no amendments would be passed "these twenty years." Sherman thought that such action ought to be avoided as tending toward disunion. As a member of the select committee of eleven on Amendments he opposed the addition of any new matter to the preamble and the embodiment of amendments in the text of the Articles changed—he wanted the amendments appended. Sherman was substantially the author of the following amendment in its final form: "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution are reserved to the states respectively or to the people." The seventeen amendments proposed by the House were reduced to twelve by the Senate and adopted in conference. Connecticut refused to ratify these amendments as did also Massachusetts and Georgia. In taking this attitude the legislature was following the traditional policy of the state.

## INDIAN NAMES

Ye say they all have passed away—that noble race and brave ;  
That their light canoes have vanished from off the crested wave ;  
That 'mid the forests where they roamed there rings no hunter's shout :—  
But their name is on your waters—ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billows, like ocean's surge is curled ;  
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake the echo of the world ;  
Where red Missouri bringeth rich tribute from the west,  
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps on green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their cone-like cabins, that clustered o'er the vale,  
Have fled away like withered leaves before the autumn's gale :—  
But their memory liveth on your hills, their baptism on your shore ;  
Your everlasting rivers speak their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it upon her lordly crown,  
And broad Ohio bears it amid her young renown ;  
Connecticut hath wreathed it where her quiet foliage waves,  
And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse through all her ancient caves.

Wachusetts hides its lingering voice within his rocky heart,  
And Alleghany graves its tone throughout his lordly chart ;  
Monadnock on his forehead hoar doth seal the sacred trust ;  
Your mountains build their monument, though ye destroy their dust.

Ye call these red-browed brethren the insects of an hour,  
Crushed like the noteless worm amid the regions of their power ;  
Ye drive them from their fathers' lands, ye break of faith the seal ;  
But can ye from the court of heaven exclude their last appeal ?

Ye see their unresisting tribes, with toilsome step and slow,  
On through the trackless desert pass—a caravan of woe ;—  
Think ye the Eternal Ear is deaf ? By sleepless vision dim ?  
Think ye the soul's blood may not cry from that far land to Him ?

—FROM \*LYDIA HUNTLY SIGOURNEY'S POEMS

\*Born at Norwich, Conn., in 1791 ; died at Hartford, in 1865



# THE GOVERNORS OF CONNECTICUT

BEING THE SEVENTH SERIES OF THE BIOGRAPHIES OF THE CHIEF EXECUTIVES OF THE STATE

BY

FREDERICK CALVIN NORTON

LUZON BURRETT MORRIS

1893-1895

Two Years

**L**UZON B. MORRIS was the son of Eli G. Morris of Newtown, and was born in that town on April 16, 1837.

He attended the district school, and at the age of seventeen commenced to learn the trade of a blacksmith and tool maker. During the next four years the young man worked hard and saved his money, having one object in view, and that was to obtain a good education. At twenty-one he had accumulated sufficient means to enable him to begin studying. He entered the Connecticut Literary Institute of Suffield and prepared for Yale College, which he entered in 1850. He would have been graduated in 1854, but for some reason he left college during his senior year and did not receive his degree until four years later. After leaving college he went to the town of Seymour, where he engaged for a short time in the manufacturing business, at the same time studying law. In 1855 he became a student at the Yale Law School, and after pursuing his studies there one year was admitted to the Bar. Mr.

Morris returned at once to Seymour, where he began the practice of law. The popular confidence in his ability was very marked from the first. In 1855 and 1856 he represented Seymour in the General Assembly with great success. He removed to New Haven in 1857 and made that city his home during the remainder of his life. Then began his long and eminently successful career in public life. Mr. Morris was elected Judge of Probate for the New Haven District for six successive terms, from 1857 to 1863, and in 1861 became a member of the New Haven Board of Education, which position he held for a long time. He was elected Representative from New Haven to the General Assembly in 1870, 1876, 1880 and 1881. In 1874 he served as Senator from his district and was President *pro tem.* during that session.

During the period that Judge Morris was serving in the Legislature he carried on his extensive law practice, which consisted in a large measure in the management and settlement of estates. This necessarily entailed a vast amount of

labor, yet Judge Morris was able to serve both ends in an able manner. His long experience as Judge of the New Haven Probate Court, made him unusually well qualified for the settlement of estates. Any estate that was placed in his hands received the same careful attention, no matter whether it was that of a poor farmer or Daniel Hand, the millionaire.

In 1880 Judge Morris was appointed a member of the committee to permanently settle the boundary controversy between Connecticut and New York. A committee was formed in 1884 to revise the probate laws of the State, and Judge Morris was appointed its Chairman. Having always been a pronounced Democrat, Judge Morris became the candidate of that party for Governor of the State in 1890. In the election which followed he received a plurality, but not a majority, over his opponent, General Merwin; and in the deadlock which followed, Governor Bulkeley held over his term until 1892. Much partizan excitement was aroused during these years of controversy, but Judge Morris remained perfectly conservative and very dignified. He was renominated for the same office in 1892 and received 82,787 votes at the polls, 6,042 more than General Merwin, the Republican candidate. Governor Morris served from 1893 to 1895 and reflected credit upon his party, although his administration was a very quiet one. During his second year as Chief Executive Governor Morris was made a director of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Co.

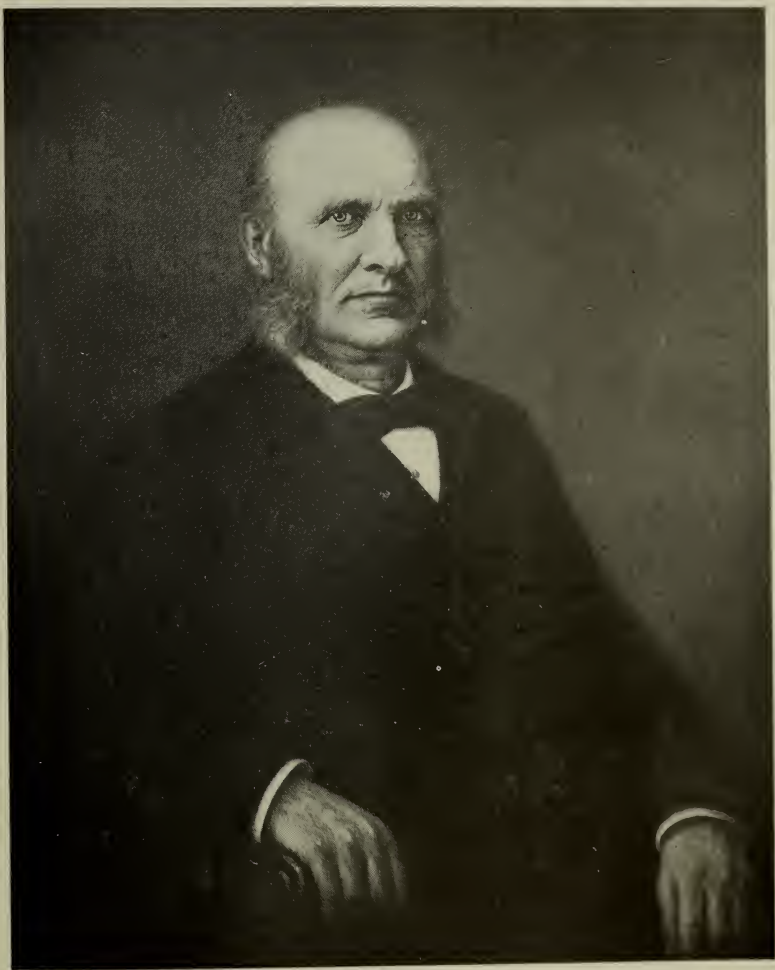
After retiring from the governorship he again took up his law practice. He was enjoying apparent good health, but on the morning of August 22, 1895, Governor Morris was stricken with apoplexy while at work in his office. He was removed to his home but died soon after reaching there. He left a widow and several children, one of whom, Robert Tuttle Morris, is a well-known New York surgeon; a daughter is the wife of President Arthur T. Hadley of Yale University.

#### OWEN VINCENT COFFIN

1895-1897 Two Years

Owen Vincent Coffin, the accomplished and popular Ex-Governor of this State, was born in Mansfield, Duchess County, N. Y., June 20, 1836. He is descended from Trisham Coffin, who emigrated from England in 1642 and settled in Haverhill, Manchester. In 1660 he went to Nantucket, where he was a sort of William Penn among the Indians of the island. He died there in 1681. A homestead at Portledge, in Devonshire, England, has been held by members of the Coffin family for centuries.

Governor Coffin is the son of Alexander Coffin and Jane Vincent, and is a descendant in the seventh generation from Trisham Coffin mentioned above. Mr. Coffin passed his early days on his father's farm. He was educated at the Courtland Academy and the Charlotteville Seminary. After leaving the seminary he taught school and then removed to New York City, where he was a salesman in a wholesale mer-



*Reproduced by Randall from painting at Connecticut State Library*

*Luzon B. Morris*



cantile house. From the age of nineteen to twenty-five he acted as the New York representative of a large Connecticut manufacturer. He subsequently became a special partner in a very successful firm in New York. Governor Coffin having married the daughter of Linus Coe of Middletown in 1858, removed to that city in 1864 and has made it his home since. When the Civil War commenced, Governor Coffin was anxious to enlist but was excluded from doing so on account of his inability to pass the physical examination. He was patriotically inspired, however; sent a substitute, and aided the cause in every way he could.

Soon after settling in Middletown his rare managerial ability was recognized, and he became the active executive officer of the Farmers and Mechanics Savings Bank. This position he held for fifteen years, when ill health compelled him to retire. He was Mayor of Middletown in 1872 and 1873 and made a popular official. His health having returned, he was elected president of the Middlesex Mutual Assurance Company, an office he still holds. He has been president of the Middlesex County Agricultural Society, and later was a director and vice-president of the First National Bank of Middletown.

Mr. Coffin was elected Senator from the Twenty-second District in 1886, and again in 1888, thus serving two terms. He received a good majority in a district where there had been only two Republican victories in a generation.

Governor Coffin was never a

seeker for public office, but many have been thrust upon him. From 1890 to 1895 he held over a score of public and quasi-public offices, among which was the treasurer of the Air Line Railroad Company. He filled all these offices in a satisfactory manner.

In 1894 the Republicans of the State nominated Mr. Coffin for Governor, and his popularity was abundantly demonstrated at the following election, when he received 83,974 votes, and a plurality of 17,000 over Cady, the Democratic nominee. This was the highest vote ever reached by any candidate for a governor of Connecticut up to that time.

Governor Coffin served from 1895 to 1897, and although his administration was uneventful, he impressed the people of the state as being a model chief executive.

Governor Coffin still lives in Middletown and is one of Connecticut's representative men. "Anyone who has been fortunate enough to meet this genial, whole-souled ex-governor," says a writer, "will not soon forget the cordial handshake and the pleasant words of welcome he has for all."

## LORRIN ALANSON COOKE

1897-1899 Two Years

Solomon Cooke, the great grandfather of Governor Cooke, was a soldier in the Continental Army, and his son, Lewis Cooke, served in the War of 1812. Another ancestor, Benjamin Wheeler, was the first white settler in New Marlboro, Mass., and a prominent citizen of Berkshire County.



*Reproduced by Randall from painting at Connecticut State Library*

*Vincent Coffin*

Governor Cooke was born in New Marlboro, April 6, 1831, and when quite young his father moved with the family to Norfolk, Conn. The young man attended the district schools of the town and afterwards received a good academical education at the Norfolk Academy. During his early manhood Mr. Cooke was a very successful school teacher. He first entered public life in 1856, when at the age of twenty-five years he was elected a representative to the General Assembly from the Town of Colebrook.

In 1869 he was chosen secretary, treasurer and manager of the Eagle Scythe Company of Riverton, and continued in that capacity for the next twenty years. Mr. Cooke was a Senator from the Eighteenth District in 1882, 1883 and 1884, and during the last session served as President *pro tem.* of that body. While a member of the General Assembly, Mr. Cooke was Chairman of the Committee on Engrossed Bills, a position which attracts little public attention but calls for a vast amount of labor. He was appointed by the Senate a special committee to make an investigation of certain affairs in connection with the Storrs Agricultural School.

Governor Cooke was postmaster in his town in the early eighties. In 1885 he was elected Lieutenant-Governor of the State on the Republican ticket. He was reëlected to the same position in 1895 on the ticket with Mr. Coffin.

Always taking a great interest in religious matters, Mr. Cooke was chosen moderator of the National Congregational Council held in

Chicago in 1886. He was chosen a delegate at large to the Republican National Convention at Minneapolis in 1892.

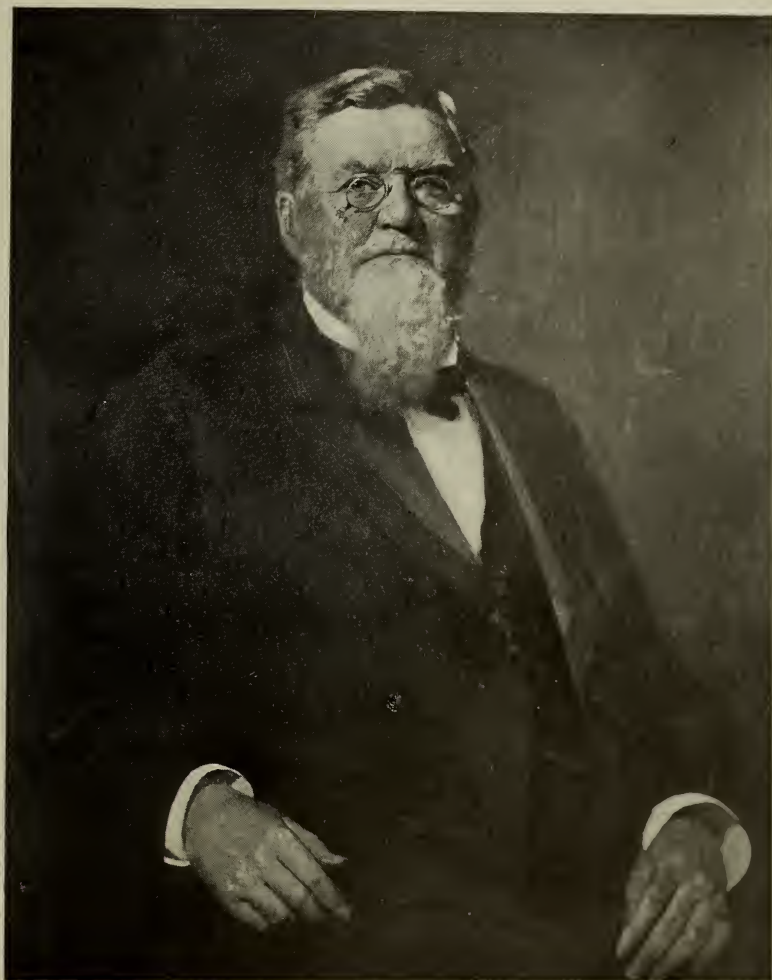
In 1896 Mr. Cooke was elected Governor of Connecticut, receiving 108,807 votes against 56,524 for Sargeant, the Silver Democratic candidate. This Republican majority of over 52,000 was the largest vote that a candidate of that party ever received in this State.

This unprecedented flood of ballots was a satisfactory proof of his undiminished popularity throughout the State. He served the State well and retired in 1899, after having conducted a most successful administration.

Governor Cooke occupied no public offices after his retirement. He died at his home in Winsted, August 12, 1903. A newspaper writer summed up his career as follows:

"In the death of Lorrin A. Cooke the State of Connecticut loses a loyal son. Beginning as a poor boy with limited acquaintance and only such opportunity as he might make for himself, he became a man of prominence and influence, trusted by his fellow citizens to do much important work for them and finally chosen by them to hold the highest office in the gift of the people. His strength lay in the confidence people felt in him. They knew that he was a God-fearing, Christian man, desirous to do right, and not afraid of duty as it disclosed itself to him. Whatever was entrusted to him to do was done to the best of his ability, and when he had satisfactorily discharged one responsibility another was sure to be laid upon



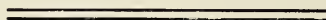


*Reproduced by Randall from painting at Connecticut State Library*

*Lorrin A Cooke*

him. It may be doubted by his friends whether the two years of his governorship were the pleasantest of his life. Its burdens and responsibilities are a constant load upon the conscientious occupant of the

office—and he fully realized what they were. Socially, Governor Cooke was approachable, cordial and democratic. Everybody knew him and he had the confidence and respect of a wide circle of devoted friends.



## SPRINGTIME

ELIZABETH CURTIS BRENTON

Oh, when the young green burgeons, clothes the land  
With filmy vesture like a bridal-lace,  
When all the hill-slopes, quickening apace,  
Yield fallow promise to the yokel's hand,  
Then does man's soul to nature's touch expand,  
Then does young blood in youth's high pulse run race;  
Down the brave woodlands, keeping velvet pace,  
Wild things go mating, swift to understand;  
And then, Oh then, to thee my thoughts are sped  
On all light airs that sweep the gentle sky,  
On every fleece-white cloud that wanders by,  
On every wing the risen earth can spread!  
There is a region, thou hast found and I,  
Where Springtime lingers when the year is dead.

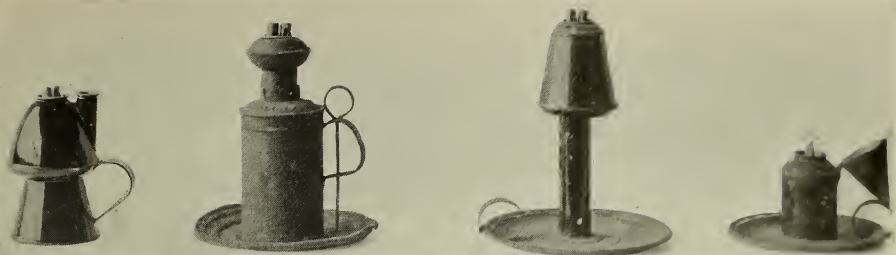


Plate I

# WHALE OIL LAMP FROM LINCOLN'S LOG CABIN HOME

Is photographed in third figure—First figure is known as the Petticoat lamp, made 1835—The Second, Neal's patent sliding tube, 1813—Lincoln's Pedestal Lamp in third figure was used in his law office and made in 1837

## ARTIFICIAL ILLUMINATION AS A FACTOR IN CIVILIZATION

FATS AND TABLE REFUSE PRECEDED INTRODUCTION OF  
SPERM OIL — HUNTING WHALE IN THE POLAR SEAS TO  
SECURE LIGHT FOR THE MAKERS OF A NATION—CONTINU-  
ATION OF "LIGHTS AND LAMPS OF EARLY NEW ENGLAND"

BY

C. A. QUINCY NORTON

REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

**B**EFORE the introduction of whale oil as an illuminant, fats, grease and table refuse were burned in the old Betty lamps. Refined animal oils, and some kinds of vegetable oils, were used at a very early date in the large and more elegant lamps, but until the use of whale oil became common, candles were almost universally used. The New England colonists engaged in the whale fishery at a very early date. From 1680 to 1750 it was carried on from the shore in boats, for the whales were frequent visitors to the large bays and coast waters of New England. About 1750 the whales had largely abandoned the in-shore

waters, and it was necessary to employ larger vessels to follow them to their haunts in the Arctic and Antarctic seas. In 1768 there were over three hundred vessels engaged in the whale fishery from Massachusetts ports alone. From 1700 to 1758, Nantucket had more vessels employed in whaling than any other New England port. This port for many years enjoyed almost a monopoly of the whale fishery, and it was Nantucket fishermen who first captured the sperm whale. About 1772, New Bedford, Mass., began to engage in the whaling business, and by 1840 had become the largest whale fishing port in the world.





Plate II

LARD-OIL ASTRAL LAMP USED BY  
DANIEL WEBSTER

While Practicing Law in Portsmouth, New Hampshire,  
in 1809

The crude oil of the right whale was burned in nearly all of the earlier lamps, and for over one hundred and fifty years after 1690 was the most commonly used illuminant

throughout New England. The oil from the right whale was known in commerce as "right oil." The appellation "right," as applied to the oil from the whale of the restricted genus *Balaena*, was given by the early fishermen because this whale was the "right" kind to take, not only for the great amount of oil it furnished, but also because of the valuable whale bone obtained from its head. Sperm oil was lighter, and when refined was known in the trade as "astral" oil, and when burned in the larger and more costly lamps, such as those supplied with improved Argand burners, furnished a strong, clear light. Sperm oil was, however, for a long time more costly than right oil, and consequently did not come into general use until after cheaper and more simple lamps and burners had been introduced.

With an abundance of oil as a cheap illuminant, inventors soon turned their attention to the production of improved lamps and burners. While many new forms were introduced, and inventors displayed much originality, and even ingenuity in the making of a great variety of shapes and forms, still it was many years before any real advancement was made in lamp construction or in the production of a burner that involved the application of a new principle in combustion, nor was the demand for a good, inexpensive, handy lamp fully met. Even after the lamps themselves had become beautiful in shape, and their mechanical construction very materially changed, they did not present any marked departure from



Plate III

## LIGHTS USED IN THE UNITED STATES FROM 1800 TO 1845

The first is photographed from a petticoat lamp, 1830 to 1850—Second is the Hammond Patent, 1842—Third is the Lantern combination of 1825—Fourth is the guest lamp used in the Inns from 1825 to 1845

the old method of producing light, and the flame was but little improved over that of the most primitive lamps of the ancients. That which was most essential in the production of a satisfactory flame—namely a compact wick with but a small surface exposed to the flame, and a uniform supply of air to the burning wicks, seems to have been entirely overlooked by inventors and experimentors. A twisted rag or a braid of cotton or flax was the usual wick. This was loosely held in its place in the oil by a half-round, angular iron support, and in such a position that a large portion of the substance of the wick was exposed to the flame, and thus produced a great volume of smoke, with a resulting pale, flickering flame, that possessed comparatively little light value.

The so-called Betty lamps have already been spoken of and de-

scribed. Undoubtedly this form of lamp was the one in most general use throughout the American colonies during the first hundred years after the landing of the Pilgrims. Most of these lamps, as has been stated, were brought from the mother country. About 1680 a tin-smith of Newbury, Mass., began the manufacture in a small way of a tin Betty lamp, which became known after 1764 as the Newburyport Betty. It was evidently patterned after an early English iron Betty lamp. These so-called New-



Plate VI

EARLY NEW ENGLAND PEWTER LAMPS,  
1690 TO 1840

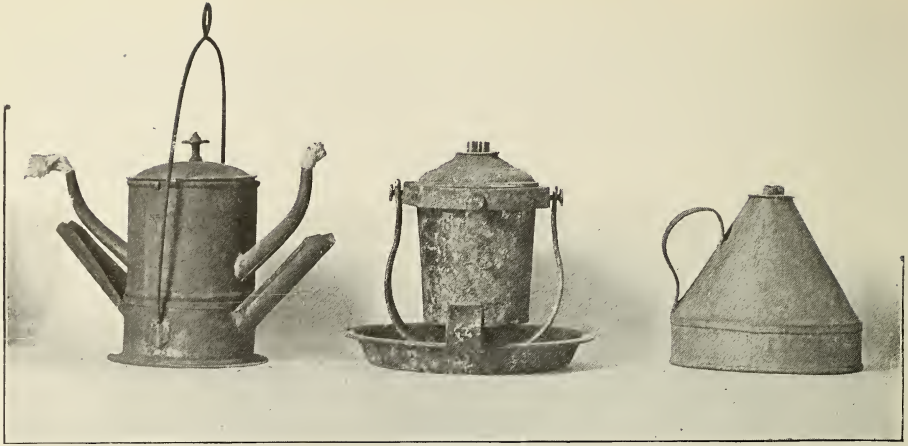


Plate IV

## LAMP USED BY ELIAS HOWE, INVENTOR OF SEWING MACHINES

Shown in photograph on the right—On the left is an old mill lamp, 1830—In the center is a ship lamp on U. S. S. "Cumberland," when sunk by Confederate Ram "Merrimac," 1862

buryport Bettys were simply a tin, flat, pear-shaped lamp, which was supported on an upright that elevated the lamp from the stand or table about six inches. This upright was secured to an ample, circular base, often loaded with sand to make it more stable. The lamp was kept in its place on the upright by a narrow, corrugated upright rim, surrounding the stage

on the top of the upright. The lamp itself could be removed and carried about in the hand, or suspended by the linked hook attached to the curved handle. In another form of this lamp, the oil fount was of the same shape as that just described, but secured directly to the upright, while the large circular base was pan-shaped and kept filled with sand, as a precaution against fire, and also to make it more firm. This was called the Portsmouth Betty.

The first step in the direction of a real improvement in the more common lamps, was the introduction of a new wick holder, or, as it was generally called, wick-tube. This was a small, round metal tube which passed perpendicularly through a disk that fitted into the top of the lamp. This tube slightly compressed the material composing the wick, and thus assisted in the capillary flow of the oil to the burning point, and also allowed but a



Plate V

## OLD ENGLISH LAMPS

Figure 1 is a pewter lamp of 1708—In the center is a glass spark lamp of 1750—On the right an English pewter bull's eye lamp of 1770



small surface of the wick to come into direct contact with the flame, thus the consumption of the wick itself was largely retarded, and the volume of smoke greatly reduced. A small, narrow orifice was made in one side of the tube through which the wick could be "picked up." The introduction of the improved wick-tube was soon followed by better and more suitable wicks. Cotton and hemp were loosely spun into a product called "wicking," which was not only used for lamps but was also largely employed in candles.

About 1740 that marvellously ingenious inventor, philosopher and statesman, Benjamin Franklin, during a series of experiments, discovered that two-wick tubes, when so placed with relation to each other, that the space between them about equalled the diameter of one, increased the light more than three-fold over that of a single tube burner. Franklin's theory was that the position of the two tubes created an upward motion of the air between the wicks when lighted,

and thus the flame was supplied with additional oxygen under a mild, forced draught. He found that the addition of a third tube did not give a third more light, while it did consume a third more oil. He explained this by saying that the position of the third tube in some way interfered with the proper circulation of the air, and thus retarded the uniform flow of oxygen to the flame. Franklin's invention was not patented, but like many of his useful improvements was freely given to the public. When we recall the fact that Franklin's first manual labor was cutting wicks in his father's chandler shop, it is not surprising that we find his versatile mind turned to the subject of domestic illumination. The Franklin burners were soon employed on all of the smaller lamps, and for years was the only burner on the market giving satisfactory results.

The first improvement over the old iron Betty lamp was an arrangement for holding the wick in such a way that it was partly confined as in the wick-holders of a later date.



Plate VII

GLASS WHALE OIL LAMPS, 1700 TO 1845



Plate VIII

GLASS CAMPHENE LAMPS, 1837 TO 1850

Not many of these lamps have been found in New England. They were quite common in Scotland and the

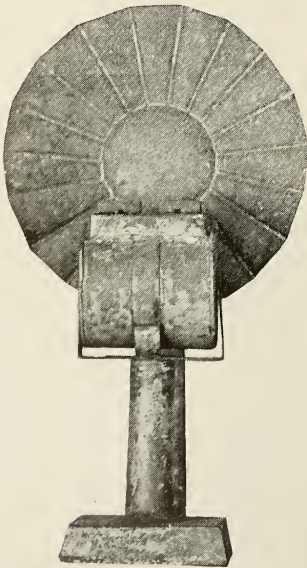


Plate IX

USED BY NOAH WEBSTER IN COMPILING  
DICTIONARY

North of Ireland, a few being brought to this country by the early emigrants. With the new burners, invented by Dr. Franklin, which came into use about 1745, there came also a new form of lamp. This was known as the pedestal or upright lamp. It was first manufactured in Salem, Mass. They were made of tin, and the oil reservoir was pear-shaped, and rested upon a tall upright which was supported by a circular base, which in the tin lamps was made hollow and loaded with sand. Brass and pewter lamps were also made in this form, and were more elegant in finish. Brass lamps were most frequently made in pairs, while the pewter were often given an addition of delicate fluting to the upright, which added much grace and beauty.

In 1866 the log cabin in which our lamented President, Abraham Lin-

coln was born, was brought to New York City and exhibited for some months. Among the many Lincoln relics, shown in connection with the log cabin, was an old tin pedestal lamp which in 1837 was used by Mr. Lincoln in his law office in Springfield, Ill. This historical lamp is shown in Plate I, figure 3. Almost an endless variety of tin whale-oil lamps have been found by collectors. These include small upright lamps, large table lamps, and numerous patented devices, that were more novel than strictly useful. A whale-oil lamp that became popular, if we are to judge from the large number that have come down to us as relics, was introduced about 1812, and from the peculiar flaring shape of its base was known as the "Petticoat" lamp (Plate I, figure 1). They were made in several sizes, but were all of the same general form—that is, egg shaped, with a larger end resting in the upper portion of the so-called petticoat. They were generally japanned tin, with a

handle secured to the oil fount and the base. Beneath the so-called petticoat, and attached to the bottom of the oil reservoir, was a round tin tube, usually about one-half inch in diameter, and in length reaching nearly to the bottom of the petticoat. We have inquired of many persons the object of this tube, and it has surprised us to see how many, even among older persons, were ignorant as to the use of this tube. This lamp, which by city users was called a "Petticoat Lamp," to people in the country it was known as the "Peg Lamp." The tube above described being used as a socket into which a stick or peg was placed, and the lower end of the stick being thrust into the ground, held the lamp in an upright position, and thus afforded illumination while the farmer was employed in the cellar. A lamp with this same shaped reservoir, and with the round attachment on the bottom, as above described, but without the petticoat base, was

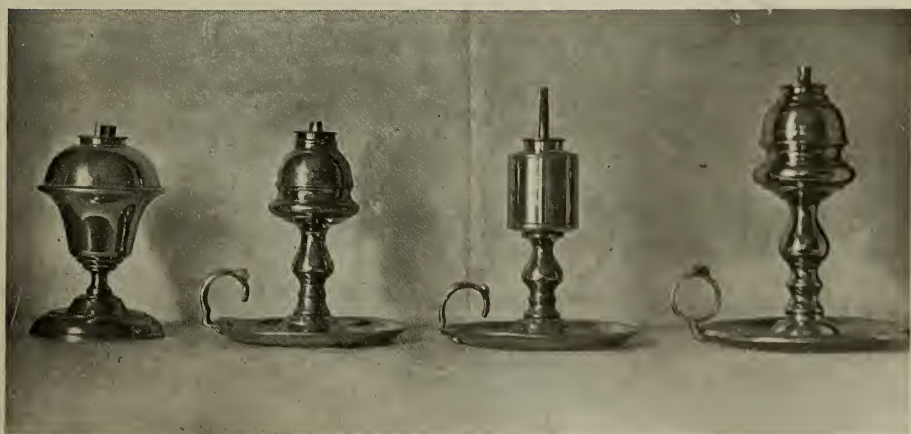


Plate X

BRASS WHALE OIL LAMPS USED FROM 1765 TO 1840





Plate XI

PEWTER TIME OR HOROLOGIC LAMP  
OF 1640

much in use by country blacksmiths, wheelwrights and shoemakers, and by them was also known as peg lamps. Plates III and IV show several tin whale-oil lamps.

A unique lamp much in use in the better class of public inns from 1740 to 1845 was known as a guest light, or as it was called in New York State, a "good-night lamp" (Plate III, figure 4). This is a small, round, upright oil fount secured to a pan base, and has a hinged extinguisher attached to the top. These were made in several sizes. A current saying among the humorists of early days was to the effect, that you could judge of the guest's condition as to sobriety by

the size of the base of the lamp that was given to him by the prudent landlord when shown to his room. If the guest had gone to bed in a reasonably sober condition he was supplied with a lamp with a small base, while if unreasonably jovial, and proportionately unsteady, he was given a lamp with a broad base, this distinction being made with the idea that if sober he would not upset his lamp, while if in an opposite condition, the broad base lamp would be less easily overturned.

In whale-oil lamps more than five hundred different patents were secured in the United States from 1800 to 1845. These embrace every imaginable form, and exhibit a variety of burners that is truly wonderful. In all these so-called improvements there was little advancement towards securing a better light. Patents were secured for arrangements that kept the wick uniformly submerged in the oil, for implements to remove the charred portions of the wick, for devices for filling the lamp, for extinguishers, and even for hood-shaped protectors, which, as described in the specifications, were intended to protect the user's face from the smoke of the lamp. But with all these improvements, no one seemed to pay particular attention to a burner that would give more light, nor did the inventors seem to avail themselves of the simplest principles of combustion. Little if any advancement was made or improvements secured over that of the Franklin burners, and it was not until the introduction of kerosene oil as an illuminant that small portable lamps

were made that were satisfactory as light givers. The Argand burners were too cumbersome and complicated to be applied to small hand lamps, consequently their use was confined to large table lamps, and lamps that were suspended, or those that were known as mural lamps.

The introduction of camphene or burning fluid, in 1837, ushered in a new light that was clear and brilliant, but the compound was so explosive in its nature that it was dangerous to use, and was never so popular as whale oil. The burners necessary to use this illuminant were long, tapering brass tubes, into which a compact wick fitted very closely. This was to prevent evaporation of the fluid, and also to prevent the flame from coming in contact with the bulk of the fluid in the reservoir. Small, thimble-shaped caps were provided to place over the end of the wick tube when the wick was not lighted, to prevent the volatile fluid from evaporating. After a few years' use this style of lamp gave place to the cheaper and better illuminant, kerosene oil.

Glass lamps were imported into the colonies as early as 1640. These were mostly of the larger, more costly patterns, and were only used in the more elegant homes. Glass works were established at Salem, Mass., in 1639, and for a number of years did a thriving business manufacturing bottles and common table ware. But few glass lamps were made at this establishment, and it is now impossible to identify any of the productions of these works, even if any are in existence, for they had no distinctive mark.

About 1750 a company of Germans established glass works at German-town, now a part of Quincy, Mass. Here a large variety of glass ware was manufactured, among which were several styles of glass lamps. The distinctive mark or characteristic of lamps made at these works was a peculiar twist or spiral form that was given to the upright of the lamps, or in some cases a like twist to the handles. Another feature distinguishing these wares was the coarse nature of the material used. All the lamps produced at this factory were fitted with whale-oil burners. In 1780 Robert Hewes, at his glass works in the town of Temple, New Hampshire, manufactured glass lamps of good form and artistic design. At least one distinguishing feature will help in the identification of his lamps, and that is that they were all made to use burners supplied with the perforated cork wick-tubes. The New England Crown Glass Company established their works at East Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1825. They made a large variety of glass lamps and candlesticks. Prior to 1840 all glass lamps were made to burn whale oil. After that date some were fitted with burners for the consumption of burning fluid, or camphene, or, as it was sometimes called, "Poters' fluid."

An interesting little glass lamp is shown in Plate V, figure 2, which has the distinction of having given a new meaning to an old word in our language. This form of lamp first made its appearance in New England about 1750, and was known as a "Spark" lamp, deriving its

name from the fact that its tiny flame was a mere spark of light. In some parts of the South it was called the "Lovers' " lamp. Its office was to furnish light for lovers, and the couple were said to be "sparking" while engaged in love-making by its feeble light. The presumption is that the size of the lamp, with its small capacity for oil, and the consequent diminutive flame, was an economic suggestion of some thrifty, careful father, who had a large family of marriageable daughters. It was said not to be uncommon for young men to supply their own spark lamp when calling upon young ladies whose fathers had shown some solicitude in regard to the amount of oil consumed at night. Frequently a young man could judge whether his attentions to his lady love were favored by the parents or not, by the amount of oil in the spark lamp. If he was thought to be a desirable match for the daughter, the careful mother would see that the lamp was well filled. It was not a good sign when but little oil had been provided. The old lady of whom the writer obtained the spark lamp in his collection, said that the oil in the lamp did not always regulate the length of the young man's visit, for, she said, "If the lady favored the gentleman herself the quantity of oil in the lamp did not figure very materially, for we just blew the spark out and kept right on, the same as if the lamp were burning."

A collection of glass hand and table whale-oil lamps is shown in Plate VII. These date from 1700 to 1845. Plate VIII shows a similar

collection of glass lamps fitted with camphene burners. These date from 1837 to 1850.

What was known as the lard-oil lamp was introduced about 1760. The distinguishing feature of these lamps was the broad, flat, firmly woven wick. This not only gave a larger volume of flame, but added to the brilliancy of the light.

Lard oil had been previously used but the wick was a twisted rag or loosely-braided flax, and the result was an abominable smell from the unconsumed carbon escaping in the form of smoke, and a flaring, flickering, pale light. With the new wick-tubes and the firmly woven wick, most of these disadvantages were done away. An improvement was later introduced which made this class of lamps still more useful. This was the introduction of a second tube extending down into and through the oil reservoir, with the lower end open. This acted as a conveyor of heat from the flame, and thus in winter kept the lard in a liquid state, and also supplied air directly to the flame. An inventor secured a patent on a lard-oil lamp in 1818 which introduced what was known as the "Canting Fount Lamp." The object of this was, that as the oil was consumed the reservoir could be tipped in its supporting yoke, and thus the wick would be kept uniformly submerged in the oil as long as any remained. A lamp of this class having more than ordinary interest is shown in Plate IX. This was known as an English student lamp, and is supplied with a polished, corrugated, adjustable



reflector, which is made movable by sliding the reflector support through an opening in the base of the lamp. By the light of this identical lamp, Noah Webster did the first work on the compilation of his famous dictionary. It is said that the Doctor had two of these lamps in his study. It was his custom to regulate his labor at night by the capacity of these lamps. Both were filled and placed upon his study table, one being lighted at a time. When the oil was exhausted from both lamps he felt that he had accomplished a fair night's work.

Lard oil was also burned in most of the larger and more costly lamps, especially those provided with improved Argand burners. A beautiful lard-oil lamp of large size and of French make is shown in Plate II. This stately lamp, complete as shown, was formerly in the law office of Daniel Webster at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, while he was practicing law in that town in 1809.

A characteristic anecdote is told of Mr. Webster in relation to this lamp. The office which he occupied at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, was in a building owned by a former governor of the state. The ex-governor was a widower with two grown daughters. Mr. Webster was a frequent visitor to the home of his landlord. At this time, 1809, Mr. Webster's law practice was not extensive, nor was his income large, so that an invitation to a generous Sunday dinner at the hospitable home of the ex-governor was almost like a dispensation of kind Providence. Long years after, one of the

daughters of the ex-governor related to the writer that Mr. Webster's weekly visit to her father's house was always a source of much satisfaction, and was looked forward to with very pleasant anticipations by all the family, for Mr. Webster was a most delightful talker, and, as the daughter expressed it, "When others were talking Daniel was an eloquent listener." Mr. Webster's slender income did not afford sumptuous dinners during the week, so that when he sat down to the well-laid table of his generous landlord to enjoy the bountiful Sunday dinner, he no doubt fully justified the statement of his host's daughter, who said that, "Daniel was truly eloquent even in his eating."

Mr. Webster occupied this same office in Portsmouth until his removal to Boston in 1816. He had in the meantime gained a national reputation as an orator and had served as a Representative in Congress, and was regarded as a lawyer in the very front rank of his profession. His great mind, however, never seemed to fully realize the importance of promptly meeting his financial obligations. His landlord had passed away, and the management of the estate devolved upon his daughters. They had such a profound respect for Mr. Webster that to them it seemed almost sacrilegious to send him a bill for office rent. To Mr. Webster this omission was a relief, for even great minds are not adverse to escaping duns. So two years went by and no office rent was paid. At last the great lawyer removed to Boston, and, the ex-governor's daughter

said, "He sent us a modest, kindly note, expressing his profound appreciation of our hospitality, and saying in very choice language that he would call when in Portsmouth again," and, she added, in a tone that expressed her deep feelings of respect and confidence in the great man, "Do you know? Daniel had such a keen sense of honor that he left a part of his office furniture when he vacated the room." This statement, when written in cold, legal form, and stripped of its sentiment, simply means that the renowned statesman, lawyer and orator departed from the scene of his early legal labors owing two years' office rent, and left as collateral, four wooden chairs, a small pine desk and the stately lamp already referred to.

Whale-oil lamps of brass were made in great variety of forms between 1700 and 1840. Those manufactured in this country were mostly the smaller, so-called hand lamps. Many were graceful and artistic in shape, while not a few were fantastic, and perhaps some might be called even grotesque from an artistic point of view. As utility seemed to be the chief point aimed at, users consulted their own tastes in selecting lamps. Like brass candlesticks, brass lamps were most frequently made in pairs. In large families, where many lamps were used, it was quite a task for the busy housewife and her help to keep the many brass lamps and candlesticks clean and bright. It was, however, one of the evidences of good housekeeping to have the lamps and candlesticks scrupulously cleaned and

carefully polished. The chief manufactory for these smaller goods was in Boston and the nearby towns. The brass lamps made in Philadelphia were mostly of the larger and more costly kind, such as those requiring expensive ground-glass globes and cut-glass pendants. A group of small brass lamps dating from 1705 to 1835 is shown in Plate VII.

The making of pewter ware was very early introduced into the American colonies. Pewterers came from England to Boston as early as 1680. Among the first to establish the art in New England was Richard Graves, who carried on his trade at Salem, Massachusetts. He was a member of the "Guild of the London Company of Pewterers," and was permitted to use the "Guild Stamp" of that company for two years. After that time his wares bear his own private touch mark, "R. G.," often with the date under the letters. Four early pewter lamps are shown in Plate VI.

Graves made many pewter lamps and candlesticks, but not all of his wares were stamped, only those of finer workmanship, such as his tea sets and large platters were given the touch mark.

Another pewterer, Henry Shrimpton, settled in Boston early in the seventeenth century, and became an influential merchant. His pewter wares gained much favor because of their fine quality and the excellency of the workmanship displayed. His establishment soon employed many workmen from the "Guild of York Pewterers," England, from which city Mr. Shrimp-

ton came to Boston. His mark was "H. S.," with two bars under the letters and the date often beneath the bars, the whole device enclosed in an oval, beaded circle. The writer has never seen but one pewter lamp bearing the Shrimpton touch mark, and that was a small hand lamp of graceful design, and evidently intended to be used in inns. This was a whale-oil burner.

There were pewterers in the Connecticut towns of New Haven, Middletown and Meriden at a very early date. One Hale of Middletown did a thriving business in pewter table ware of excellent quality. The few pieces of his make that the writer has seen were dated 1740. One of these was a candlestick of rather ponderous design and made to support a four-inch glass abatjour. Gleason of Philadelphia, from 1705 to 1720, manufactured many pewter lamps and candlesticks, and all bore the name "Gleason" deeply stamped into the ware. But few of Gleason's pieces have been found dated. The so-called English bull's-eye lamp, copied from an old English model, was largely made at Gleason's works. This was often called a "study lamp," and was much in favor with ministers and other professional readers. It was used by being held in the hand and directing the light concentrated by the bull's-eye onto the page. One of these lamps, shown in Plate V, figure 3, has an interesting bit of romance connected with its history. A young clergyman of the Church of England had come to the colonies with his widowed mother a few

months before the English General, Howe, was compelled to sail out of Boston Harbor with his frightened army of royalists. The clergyman settled in Dorchester. One dark, stormy night an American officer was riding hurriedly to headquarters when his horse fell in such a way that the officer's leg was badly broken. He managed to crawl to the nearest house, which proved to be that of the young English rector. With true English hospitality he was at once taken in and made as comfortable as it was possible under the circumstances. The army surgeon came the next morning and, after an examination of the injured limb, informed them that it would be impossible to move the patient for some time. The American officer then suggested that his wife be sent for, that she might nurse him and thus relieve his English hostess. He also suggested that his own sister, a young lady nineteen years of age, should accompany his wife on her journey from Portsmouth to Dorchester. About two weeks after the arrival of the ladies, through some accident the bandages on the injured leg of the officer became deranged, and as the surgeon could not be called at that late hour of night an attempt was made to re-adjust the dressing. The officer was suffering so that the whole household was aroused and all were anxious to administer to him and to relieve his distress. The sick-room was provided with candles, and in the work of the amateur nurses these feeble lights afforded but little assistance. The young minister suggested that the



bull's-eye lamp from his study be brought. When this was lighted it was given to the young lady to hold, while the minister and the wife of the officer proceeded to rearrange the dressing on the injured leg. In holding the lamp, the young lady was obliged to extend her arm over the shoulder of the kneeling minister. The lamp, being heavy, the graceful arm soon became tired and, as a natural consequence, drooped until it touched the clergyman's shoulder. A modest apology was quickly made, and the young assistant heroically endeavored to be more careful. But the great pewter lamp was heavy and the position of the holder was tiresome, so that again the arm rested on the clergyman's shoulder. Another apology quickly followed, and the arm was again rigidly extended. but the nurses were slow and the lamp was heavy, and again the slender arm involuntarily found rest. This time the clergyman reached up and held the tired arm in its resting place on his shoulder, remarking: "I think you can find relief from your tiresome position and afford us more help by allowing your arm to rest upon my shoulder."

When the nurses had nearly completed their work the clergyman looked up for a moment. The light from one of the great bull's-eyes was shining full in the face of the young lady and illuminating her fresh young beauty with a glow that must have seemed to the clergyman like a halo of grace, for when their eyes met he knew that from that moment he, a Royalist, was a prisoner to the fairest Rebel in all the King's colonies. Long years after, the granddaughter of this happy couple told the writer that her grandfather always called his bull's-eye lamp "Love's Illuminator."

Pewter, like brass, was always kept clean and bright by the good housewife, and a row of pewter lamps and candle sticks made a brave show on the high shelf or mantle of many an old colonial home.

Plate XI shows a pewter Time, or Horologic Lamp, with a glass fount, to contain the oil. The rod passing through the fount is marked with numerals, commencing at or near the top with eight and running down to twelve. The level of the oil indicated the hour. This lamp is dated 1640.

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CHARACTER IS A STRUCTURE THAT RISES UNDER THE  
DIRECTION OF A DIVINE MASTER-BUILDER—MAN'S SOUL IS  
GOD'S LIVING TEMPLE

NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

# STUDIES IN ANCESTRY

## GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES L. N. CAMP

This department is open to all, whether subscribers or not, and no fees are required. The queries should be as precise and specific as possible. The editor of this department proposes to give his personal attention to questions free of charge. Extended investigations will be made by him for a reasonable compensation. Persons having old family records, diaries or documents yielding genealogical information are requested to communicate with him with reference to printing them. Readers are earnestly requested to co-operate with the editor in answering queries, many of which can only be answered by recourse to original records. Querists are requested to write clearly all names of persons and places so that they cannot be misunderstood. Queries will be inserted in the order in which they are received. All matters relating to this department must be sent to THE CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE, Hartford, marked Genealogical Department. Give full name and post office address.—EDITOR.

“**A**S there is amongst the heathen a notion of a Deity, so also they have of Honor, and likewise of Arms, or distinctive symbols and badges. (See Favine, pages 8 and 9; ‘Elements of Armory,’ page 21.) John Lederer in his discoveries in the west of Carolina, says the Sasquesahanah nation gave a terrapin or small tortoise for their ensign of arms; the Akenatzys, a serpent; the Nahyssans, three arrows. . . . The book entitled ‘Jews in America’ tells you that the sachems and chief princes of the Nunnyganses in New England submitted to King Charles the First, subscribing their names and setting their seals, which were a bow, bent, charged with an arrow, a tomahawk or hatchet. . . . A great part of Anno 1659 till the following February, I lived in Virginia, being most hospitably received by the Honorable Colonel Richard Lee, sometime Secretary of State there, and who, after the King’s martyrdom, hired a Dutch

vessel freighted her himself, went to Brussels, surrendered up Sir William Barcklaie’s old commission for the government of that province and received a new one from his present majesty, a loyal action and deserving of my commemoration. . . . While I lived in Virginia I saw once a war dance acted by the natives. The dancers were painted some. Party per pale gu and sa from forehead to foot (some Party per Fesse of the same Colours) and carried little ill-made shields of bark, also painted of those Colours (for I saw no other) some party per Fesse, some per pale (and some barry) at which I exceedingly wondered, and concluded that Heraldry was ingrafted naturally into the sense of the human race. If so, it deserves a greater esteem than nowadays is put upon it.”  
—*Introductio ad Latinam Blasoniam*, by Johanne Gibbons, London, 1682.

The above quotation seems an appropriate addition to our department for the Indian number.

## QUESTIONS

66. (a) *Royce*. Phinehas Royce b. 1715, married Nov. 15, 1743, Thankful ——. Sarah and her brother b. April 8, 1745, d. 1760; Keziah Royce b. July 5, 1747, died Nov. 11, 1801; Mahitable b. May 29, 1748.

Phinehas Royce m. (2) July 3, 1751, Elizabeth ——. Phinehas Royce, Jr., b. April 3, 1752, d. 1776; Nehemiah Royce b. Sept. 1, 1753, d. 1790; Thankful Royce b. Feb. 11, 1755; Samuel Royce b. April 20, 1757; Elizabeth Royce b. Feb. 5, 1759, d. Sept. —, 1794. Elizabeth, wife of Phinehas Royce, d. Feb. 15, 1759.

Phinehas Royce m. (3) Anna —— April 23, 1761. Sarah Royce b. Oct. 18, 1762, d. Nov. 5, 1766; Lois Royce b. Feb. 26, 1765, d. Feb., 1832.

Phinehas Royce, Esq., died May 11, 1787, in 72d year of his age.

His surviving widow, Anna Royce, died Jan. 2, 1804, in the 82d year of her age.

Thankful Royce was married to Noah Tuttle June 6, 1771.

(From Royce family Bible.)

Now, can anyone tell if Phinehas Royce was a descendant of Nehemiah Royce of Wallingford? As one of his sons was named Nehemiah I thought it probable. Was Nehemiah Royce the emigrant ancestor of the Royce family?

- (b) *Tyler*. Hezekiah Doolittle, son of Abraham and Mary (Lewis) D., b. in Cheshire, Conn., May

25, 1711, m. Hepzibah Tyler. Who were her parents and ancestors?

- (c) *Bronson*. Who were the parents of Dorcas Bronson, who married Stephen Hopkins b. 1634, son of John Hopkins "the miller."

Mrs. C. I. I.

67. (a) *Button*. Who were the parents of Jesse Button of Canterbury, Conn., born —, 1749 (probably in Stonington or Preston, Conn.), died at Canterbury March 18, 1783; married, first, Sybil Rainsford, from whom he had two sons born at Preston—Richard b. May 10, 1776, and Rainsford b. Nov. 22, 1777. Sybil, his first wife, died March 31, 1780. Jesse Button, married, second, Dec. 7, 1780, Abigail Ransom, from whom he had son Robert b. March 28, 1783. Jesse Button was buried beside his first wife in Westminster Cemetery at Canterbury, Conn.

- (b) Who were the parents of Roswell Button, Sr., of Preston, Conn., born there —, 1746, died June 12, 1820; married, first, Mary Spicer; married, second, Lydia, her half-sister. Was saddler and harness-maker at Preston, Conn.

- (c) Who were the parents of Daniel Button, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Matthias and Phoebe (Butts) Button of Canterbury, Conn. They had sons John, Hazard and Daniel.

A. B.



Loudenoy's of  
Breade in Com  
Suffex Or 3  
# Gules

Loudenoy's of  
Breade in Com  
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Loudenoy's of  
Breade in Com  
Kente Esquires  
= heire of  
william  
Oxenbridge  
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in Suffex ar

Richard Loude  
of Breade Esqr  
sonne & he  
= Catherin daw  
to J<sup>o</sup> Lo: Dacres  
azw: 3 lions  
rampit or.



Thomas Har:  
lakesiden of  
warthorne in  
Com Kente ar  
sonne & hr  
= Mary daugh. &  
Sole heir to  
Rich Loude  
Robart  
objt s:  
S

John Har of  
warthorne  
in Kente ar  
sonne & heir  
= fayne daugh  
to J<sup>o</sup>: Bring  
borne of  
Fenesham  
in Kente sabl  
a pile fess or

William  
Harla:  
2<sup>d</sup> sonne

Elisabeth  
mar: to  
John Bowle  
of Warthorn  
Gent.

Roger Har:  
lakesiden of  
Carls Colne  
in Com. Essex  
Esquire 3 sons

Elisabeth daw  
to Thomas Har  
& wydow to  
George Harloken  
clerk of woodch  
ar.

Thomas Harlakew  
of Erles Colne in  
Com Essex Esqr  
3 Sonne & heir

Dorathe daw  
to John Cheney  
of Drayton  
in Com Buck  
Esquire.

George  
objt  
S

Roger 2<sup>d</sup>  
sonne

Richard  
sonne and  
heir

Mabell mar. to  
Clement Steward  
of Stapleford  
abbott in Essex  
sonne & heir to  
France:

The Visitation of  
Essex made A<sup>o</sup> Dni 1612  
by John Raven Richmond  
Herald of Armes by Vertue  
of a Deputation from the  
Learned Camden Clarenceux  
King of Armes.

Add. Hks. 6065 76 b

British Museum.

The many descendants of Mabel Harlakenden living in Connecticut will probably be interested in the accompanying chart taken from the original in the British Museum. This shows that Judge Chauncey and the Rev. Mr. Jones did not draw upon their imaginations alone when they compiled the Harlakenden pedigree claiming a Loudenoy-Dacre marriage.—M. K. T.

68. *Fitch-Rogers*. Information and dates wanted of Governor Thomas Fitch, born 169— and died 18th July, 1774; and of Samuel Rogers, Secretary to Governor Fitch, and who married Elizabeth, daughter of Governor Fitch in 1748.

L. R. McK.

- 69 *Barbur*. Wanted, ancestry of three brothers—Daniel, Amasa and William Barbur, iron workers, probably from Connecticut, who emigrated to Jefferson County, N. Y., in the early part of the century,

Amasa Barbur, 1770–1831, married Betsey Weller, 1775–1849, of Washington County, N. Y.; lived in Champion, N. Y.; afterwards kept a hotel at Le-Raysville, N. Y.

M. L. K.

70. *Wanted*: (a) Date of birth of Governor Robert Treat.

(b) Dates of birth and death of Mary Hooker, daughter of Rev. Thos. Hooker.

(c) Name of husband of Sarah Wells (daughter of Gov. Thos. Wells) and names of their children and whom they married.

(d) Maiden name of Mehitable, wife of Ebenezer Fish, who was son of Dr John Fish and Hannah Baldwin, who was daughter of John Baldwin and Mary Bruen.

(e) Dates of birth and death of Samuel Stone, son of Ezekiel Stone and Hannah Merwin (he was baptized Dec. 1679), and Samuel Stone, Jr.

(f) Which Samuel Stone served in the war of the Revolution,

the one last mentioned or some other?

(g) Dates of birth and death of Deborah Gold, daughter of Nathan Gold (Deputy Governor) and Martha Harvey.

(h) Dates of birth and death of Mary Andrew, daughter of Rev. Samuel Andrew. She married Samuel Clark.

(i) Parents of Bethuel Langstaff (Shipbuilder). He married Hannah Buckingham who was born Oct., 1664.

(j) Ancestors of Ann or Anne Camp, who married Captain Bethuel Treat (of Revolutionary War.) She died May 4, 1785.

(k) Ancestors of Lydia Frisbie, who married, Dec. 28, 1773, David Mallory of Woodbury (son of John, Jr.) Did he serve in the Revolution under name spelled slightly different?

(l) Ancestors of Prudence White of Middletown, who married Richard Hawley, who was born 1738. Their son, Obadiah, married Betty Kimberly and I would like to know about her and her ancestors.

71. (a) *Hayes*. The parents of Eli Hayes, born March 14, 1765, were George and Hannah ——. Is this George identical with the George Hayes born Dec. 12, 1727, Simsbury? If so, parentage of Hannah desired; also, date of their marriage. Eli Hayes went from Russell, Mass., to Burton, O., in 1800. Eli Hayes had brothers, Seth, Joseph and Plyn, who also went to Ohio.

(b) *Tuttle*. Wanted, parentage of Phebe Tuttle, who married Amos Bishop of North Haven before 1760; also, date of marriage.

(c) *Pond*. Wanted, parentage of Lois Pond, who married, June 24, 1730, Joseph Lee, son of John Lee and Elizabeth (Crampton) Lee of East Guilford.

(d) *Morrison*. Wanted, parentage of Ann Morrison, who married, June 17 1714, Dr. Ebenezer Talmán of North Guilford.

(e) *Fry*. Wanted, parentage of Desire Fry, who married, Jan. 30, 1712, Bezaleel Bristol of Guilford.

L. A. K

72. (a) *Needham*. Who was Anthony Needham who settled at Salem, Mass., in 1653, and there married Ann Potter? (See Savage Gen. Dict.)

(b) Edna Badger Needham, wife, or widow of Frederick Needham, with her children, Dwight, Lucina and Olive, and one other child, name unknown, left South Brimfield, (now Wales) Mass., for her home in Coventry, Conn., in 1815. Information wanted of or about all of said children and their descendants.

(c) Wanted, all matter relating to Needham family, particularly descendants of 1 Edmund Needham of Lynn, 1639; 2 John Needham of Boston, 1655; 3 Anthony Needham of Salem, 1653

H. C. N.

73. *Seymour*. Wanted, name of the father and other ancestors of

Sarah Seymour, wife of James North of Canaan (?) and mother of James North of New Britain, Conn. One of her sisters was wife of Phineas Judd of Kensington. I do not know if she had brothers.

H. A. M.

74. *Gilbert*. Wanted, information concerning Giles Gilbert, who resided in Canajoharie, N. Y., about 1800. He was a Revolutionary soldier and, I think, was thrice married. There is a birth recorded in Middletown, Conn., "Giles Gilbert, born Apr. 21, 1759." Is this the name of Giles Gilbert, and who were his ancestors? Names of wife or wives; dates and places of his birth, marriage, death and burial, also names of children.

S. D. H. H.

#### ANSWERS.

To 47. There were two early settlers in Windsor, Conn. — Anthony Hawkins (or Howkins) and Anthony Haskins — who have often been confused. Anthony Haskins married an Isabel Brown, but her parentage is unknown. It is certain that she was not descended from Peter Brown of the "Mayflower," or of his supposed son, Peter Brown of Windsor. Nor was Peter Brown of Plymouth, Mass., a descendant of a Sir Peter Brown of England. It has been erroneously supposed that Peter Brown was a descendant of Sir Anthony Browne of England, who was of Royal descent, but this supposi-



tion is absolutely unfounded. Peter Brown's parentage has never been ascertained, and the Mayflower Society, who are investigating his lineage, have secured no proof that the Peter Browns of Plymouth and of Windsor were father and son.

Anthony Hawkins (or Howkins or Howkin) came to Windsor, Conn., in 1640 (see Stiles' History of Windsor), sold his land there in 1654 and removed to Farmington, where he married, second, July 16, 1656, Ann Welles, daughter of Governor Thomas Welles. She died in Farmington in 1863. She was widow of Thomas Thompson, of Farmington. Anthony Hawkins died in 1674. He was patentee in the Royal Charter of Connecticut, 1662; a deputy, Governor's assistant, 1668-1670, and a Representative seventeen sessions in General Court of Connecticut. The name of his first wife is unknown. She was mother of Mary Hawkins, who was born July 16, 1644, and who married Lieutenant John Judd.

Was Anthony Hawkins a captain?

Ruth Hawkins, who married Captain Thomas Hart, was a sister of Mary Hawkins Judd.

Being descended from the Hart, Hawkins, Judd and Welles families, I may be of some further assistance to Miss Moulton, and should be please to answer inquiries.

Herbert C. Andrews,  
Lock Box 683,  
Pasadena, Cal.

To No. 52 (b).

*Bishop.* Abigail Bishop was a daughter of Amos and Phebe Bishop of New Haven. b. Sept. 24, 1758; d. in Chesterfield, Mass., Oct. 2, 1851.

*Mix.* Thomas Mix of New Haven 1643, died early in 1691, married 1649 Rebecca, daughter of Capt. Nathaniel Turner, and had Samuel born Jan. 11, 1663, died April 10, 1730, married July 25, 1699, Rebecca, daughter of George Pardee, b. July 29, 1669, and had George, b. 1702, m. Katharine Tuttle, b. Nov. 25, 1699, had daughters Katherine Mix, b. Jan. 22, 1729, d. in Chesterfield, Mass., Aug. 26, 1818, age 89 in Jan. 24, 1750, Gershon, son of Gershon and Hannah Todd.

Asa Todd, b. June 28, 1756, d. in Cummington, Mass., July 16, 1847, age 91, m. May 24, 1778 Abigail, daughter of Amos and Phebe Bishop.

*Tuttle.* William Tuttle married in England, Elizabeth, came to America 1635, in New Haven 1639, had son Joseph baptized in New Haven Nov. 22, 1640, m. May 2, 1667, Hannah daughter of Capt. Thomas Munson b. June 11, 1648.

Joseph son of Joseph and Hannah (Munson) Tuttle b. March 18, 1668, m. in Milford, Conn., Nov. 10, 1691, Elizabeth daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth (Paine) Sanford, b. 1671, had Katherine b. Nov. 25, 1699, m. Feb. 14, 1724, George son of Samuel and Rebecca (Pardee) Mix.

*Brown.* Francis Brown m. in England Mary Edwards, d. in East Haven 1668.

Eleazer Brown son of Francis and Mary (Edwards) Brown, bap. Oct. 16, 1642, d. Oct. 23, 1714, m. Sarah daughter of John Bulkley, b. 1640.

Mrs. C. I. Ingham,  
Geneseo, Ill.

To No. 66. (a) *Royce.* Phineas Royce, born in Wallingford June 16, 1715, was son of Nehemiah and Keziah (Hall) Royce. He seems to have had a first wife, Sarah, who died April 30, 1742, age 22, leaving no children. His wife Thankful was daughter of Nathaniel Merriman. His third wife, Elizabeth, was widow of Daniel Lord of Lyme, and his fourth wife was Anna Hopkins, widow of Thomas Bronson.

Nehemiah Royce was son of Nehemiah Royce who married Hannah Morgan, daughter of James, Nov. 20, 1660, and grandson of Robert Royce and wife, Elizabeth, of New London.

Editor.

To N. 52 (b).

*Bishop.* Amos Bishop was son of James, Jr., and Elizabeth (Clinton) Bishop, grandson of James and Abigail (Bennett), and great-grandson of Deputy Governor James Bishop and second wife Elizabeth (Tompkins).

Elizabeth Sanford, wife of Joseph, was not a daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth (Paine) Sanford as given by Tuttle. She was daughter of Andrew and Sarah (Gibbard) Sandford, granddaughter of William Gibbard and Ann (Tapp) and great-granddaughter of Edmund Tapp and his wife Ann.

Sarah, wife of Eleazer Bulkley, was daughter of Thomas (not John) and Sarah (Jones) Bulkley and is named as Sarah Brown in her Mother's will, dated Feb. 15, 1680-1. The Bulkley line is traced back to Robert de Bulkley, time of King John (1189-1216).

Editor.

To No. 68.

It is hardly possible that Elizabeth, daughter of Governor Thomas Fitch, could have married Samuel Rogers. The published date of her birth (1738 or 9) would make her too young to marry in 1748. She married Andrew Rowland, son of Samuel and Abigail (Squire) Rowland (see Selleck's Norwalk p. 208). There seems to have been a mistake in the early accounts of the Rogers family. In the New York Genealogical record, Vol. 16, Samuel Rogers "son of James" is stated to have married Elizabeth Fitch and seven children are given as theirs. In the recently published Genealogy of the Rogers family (page 71) the name of Samuel does not appear among the children of James and this same family of seven

No. 53. Partial Answer. Ebenezer Beebe, son of Benjamin and Hannah, was baptized October 29, 1704, at New London.—Church Record, New London.

children is given to Nehemiah Rogers, son of James. He was born May 7, 1717, died May 30, 1760, and married Feb 25, 1748, Elizabeth daughter of Hon Samuel and Susannah Fitch and niece of Gov. Thomas Fitch. Selleck also, in the history of Norwalk, p. 328, states that Elizabeth, daughter of Samuel and Susannah, married Nehemiah Rogers. The children thus transferred are: Fitch, Moses, Susannah or Susan, Henry, Nehemiah, Esther and Elizabeth. (Rogers Gen. p. 106-7). Of course these changes have not been made without a convincing study of the records. I am not absolutely certain that the pages quoted are correctly numbered as the books are not at hand. The Rogers line is Nehemiah<sup>4</sup>, Capt. James<sup>3</sup> and Freelove (Hurlbut), James<sup>2</sup> and Mary (Jordan), James<sup>1</sup> and Elizabeth (Rowland).

Editor.

To No. 70.

- (c) Sarah Welles daughter of Gov. Thomas Welles m. Feb. 1653 John Chester of Wethersfield. Children: Mary b. Dec. 23, 1654, m. John Wolcott; John b. June 10, 1656, m. Hannah Talcott; Sarah b. Nov. 1657, m. Simon Wolcott; Stephen b. May 26, 1660, m. Jemima Treat; Thomas b. March 23, 1662, m. Mary Treat; Samuel b. May 23,

1664, d. May 12, 1689 unm. Prudence b. Dec. 10, 1666, m. James Treat, Jr.; Eunice b. May 17, 1668, m. Rev. Timothy Stevens.

- (h) Mary Andrew, daughter of Rev. Samuel, was baptized at Milford, Jan. 24, 1697. The vital statistics of the town for about fifteen years, covering that period, are missing but the regular intervals between the baptisms of her brothers and sisters and the fact that her father was pastor of the church, would indicate that she was baptized shortly after birth, probably the following Sunday. The probate records show that she died in 1778.

- (j) Ann Camp, who married Capt. Bethuel Treat, was baptized at Milford in January, 1744, and was daughter of John and Mary (Camp) Camp, granddaughter of John and Mary (Northrup) Camp, great-granddaughter of Nicholas and Sarah (Beard) Camp and great - great - grand - daughter of Nicholas Camp the settler.

Correction: December number, 1903, page 406, answer to No. 28, for Phebe (Treat) Canfield read Phebe (Crane) Canfield.

F. A. C.

December number 1903, page 405, query 61 (k), for Silsby—Silsbre, read Silsby—Silsbee.

G. H. S.



## FUND FOR THE ERECTION OF A MONUMENT TO THE AMERICAN INDIAN

**H**AS it ever occurred to the American people that some permanent memorial is due to the American Indian? Such a memorial might be embodied in a monument which should be most appropriately erected at Plymouth, Mass. The members of the various patriotic societies throughout the country and all persons interested are invited to correspond regarding it and suggestions are solicited for concerted action in the matter; especially should the various societies of Mayflower descendants be interested in furthering the movement, recognizing, as they do, the valuable aid rendered the Pilgrims by the Red-man, and, too, the friendly and peaceful relations which, for the greater part, existed between them. The sympathies and co-operation of Old Home Week Associations throughout New England may also be enlisted in the enterprise.

We are not unmindful of the many demands of a similar nature upon societies, therefore we make no suggestions as to gifts of large amounts, but hope the cause may meet with such universal support that small amounts from many may, in the course of a few years, assure the accomplishment of the purpose.

A nucleus fund was established by the Old Home Week Association of Carver, Mass. (formerly a part of Plymouth), last July. Receipts will be sent for all money contributed, and the same will be placed on deposit in the Society for Savings, of Hartford, Conn. Many have expressed their approval of the movement, and will give their support.

Communications should be addressed to

HERBERT RANDALL, Treasurer,

The Connecticut Magazine Company,

Cheney Bldg., Hartford, Conn.

## SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION NATIONAL SOCIETY

Office of The President-General, 745 Chapel St.,

New Haven, Conn.

MR. HERBERT RANDALL,

*Dear Sir* :—I have duly considered the suggestion which you made the other day to me in regard to the erection of a memorial to the North American Indians to be erected at Plymouth, Mass., near the place where the Pilgrim Fathers landed.

I have come to the conclusion that the proposition is a most excellent one, and is worthy of the support and hearty co-operation of all American patriotic societies, and I most cordially and heartily approve of the proposition, and hope you will be able to carry out the idea successfully. Your plan ought to meet with encouragement from all patriotic citizens in New England, which I believe it will.

With my best wishes for the success of your enterprise, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

EDWIN S. GREELEY,  
*President-General.*

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“I am going, O my people,  
On a long and distant journey.  
Many moons and many winters  
Will have come and will have vanished  
Ere I come again to see you.  
But my guests I leave behind me;  
Listen to their words of wisdom,  
Listen to the truth they tell you;  
For the Master of Life has sent them  
From the land of light and morning.”

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

# MARVELWOOD

AN ESTATE OF PRIMITIVE FORESTS



BY GEORGE V. SMITH



## THE SUBTLE BEAUTIES OF NATURE



OTHER than for its beautiful surroundings and commanding situation, Marvelwood, the home of J. M. Griest of New Haven, Connecticut, is remarkable in that it embraces within its domain a compact body of woodland nearly six hundred acres in extent, unbroken by a public road or fence and without a single house or cultivated field to mar its native grandeur, and this immense estate of wildland is entirely included within the territorial limits of the largest city in Connecticut. In no portion of the country east of the Plains of the Mississippi is to be found the parallel of Marvelwood in this particular. From the main entrance on Forest street in New Haven to the farthest western boundary near the Town line of Woodbridge, it is distant exactly two and one-half miles.

It is interesting to note that the land of which Marvelwood is a part has remained wild since the founding of the New Haven Colony. The original proprietors of New Haven in common with other early settlements, were particular to guard their woodland privileges. Fire wood was considered such an indispensable commodity to the comfort of the early inhabitants, that they at once took measures to reserve certain sections of the outlying wildland to be owned in common or equitably divided among the proprietors for purposes of supplying fuel to the infant settlement. Every owner of land in the village either had a corresponding ownership in the woods to the west of the settlement, or else had a right in common with others to take wood from the common field. This wood lot was early designated as the Westfield Common Field, and is so referred to in old deeds and records of the New Haven Colony. In ancient maps and surveys it is

designated by that name, and many of the older inhabitants of the city still refer to it as the Westfield Common. In process of time, however, the common ownership became vested in individuals, and at the time Mr. Griest began his purchase, there were more than a score of individual owners. The Marvelwood estate, while not co-extensive with the ancient boundaries of the Common Field, embraces nearly all of the land which did not eventually become cut up into farms and cultivated fields.

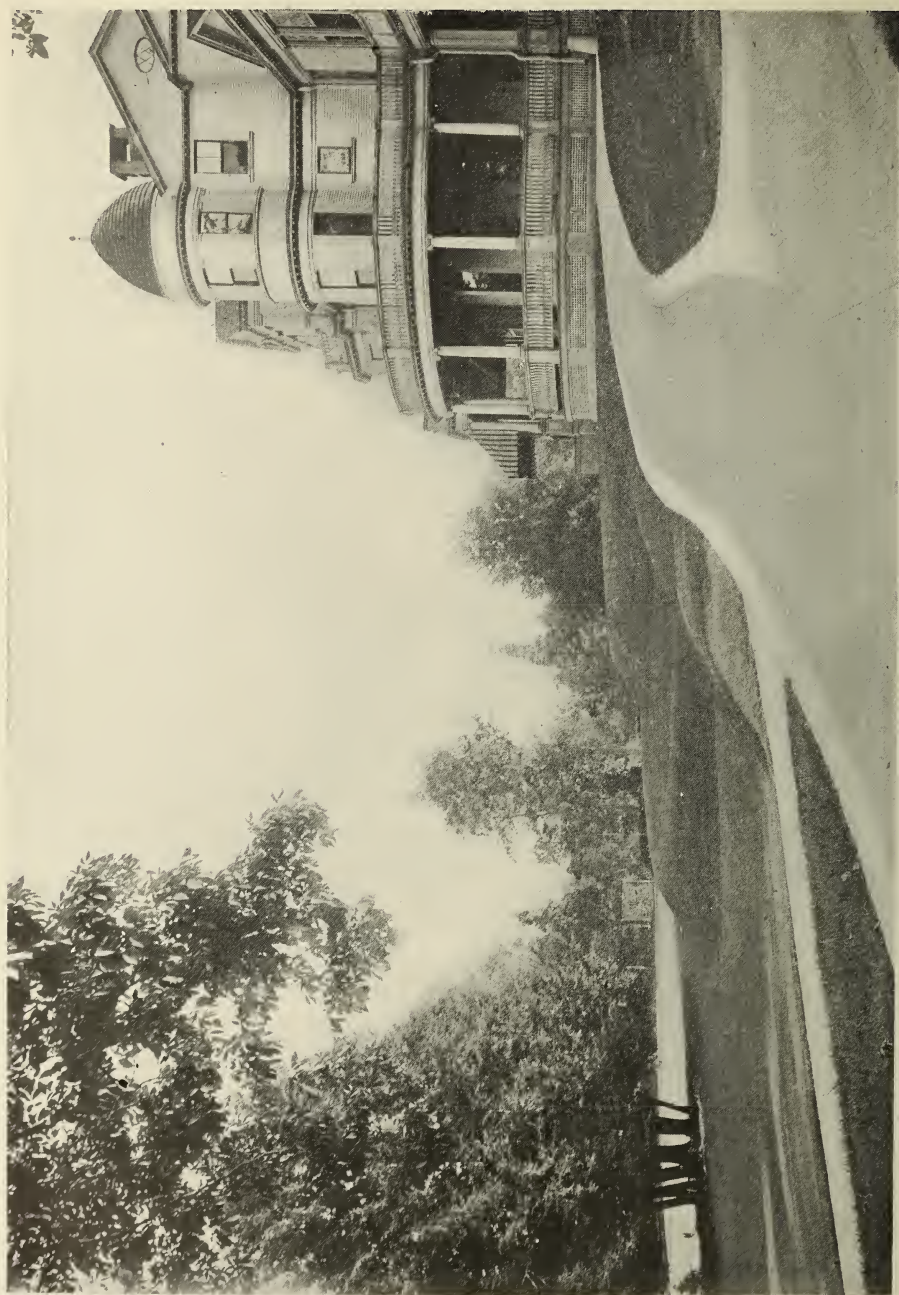
In location, contour and nature of soil, the greater portion of this immense estate is admirably adapted to primitive forest conditions. Its native beauty and grandeur are the chief elements of its picturesqueness. As simplicity is the chief element of the sublime, therein lies the chief attraction of the wonderful beauty of this extensive estate. Save in the immediate vicinity of the house, and where necessary to establish drives and paths, nature's forces are permitted to romp unchecked throughout the extent of its 600 acres. In this respect its owner has the highest instinct of an artist. At best the most skillful designer of landscape effects can only partially rival the exquisite touch given to a scene by the hands of nature itself. To preserve the grandeur of a native landscape is one thing; to love and appreciate it is another, but when the two concur, the highest expression of art is exemplified.

The constant aim of the owner has been to preserve its primitive aspect. One may search in vain its miles of forest wilds for artificial display or meaningless grouping. Every rock, tree, stream and pond remains today as it was placed by the Great Architect of the Universe. No human distorting of nature's forces has been countenanced in the laying out of



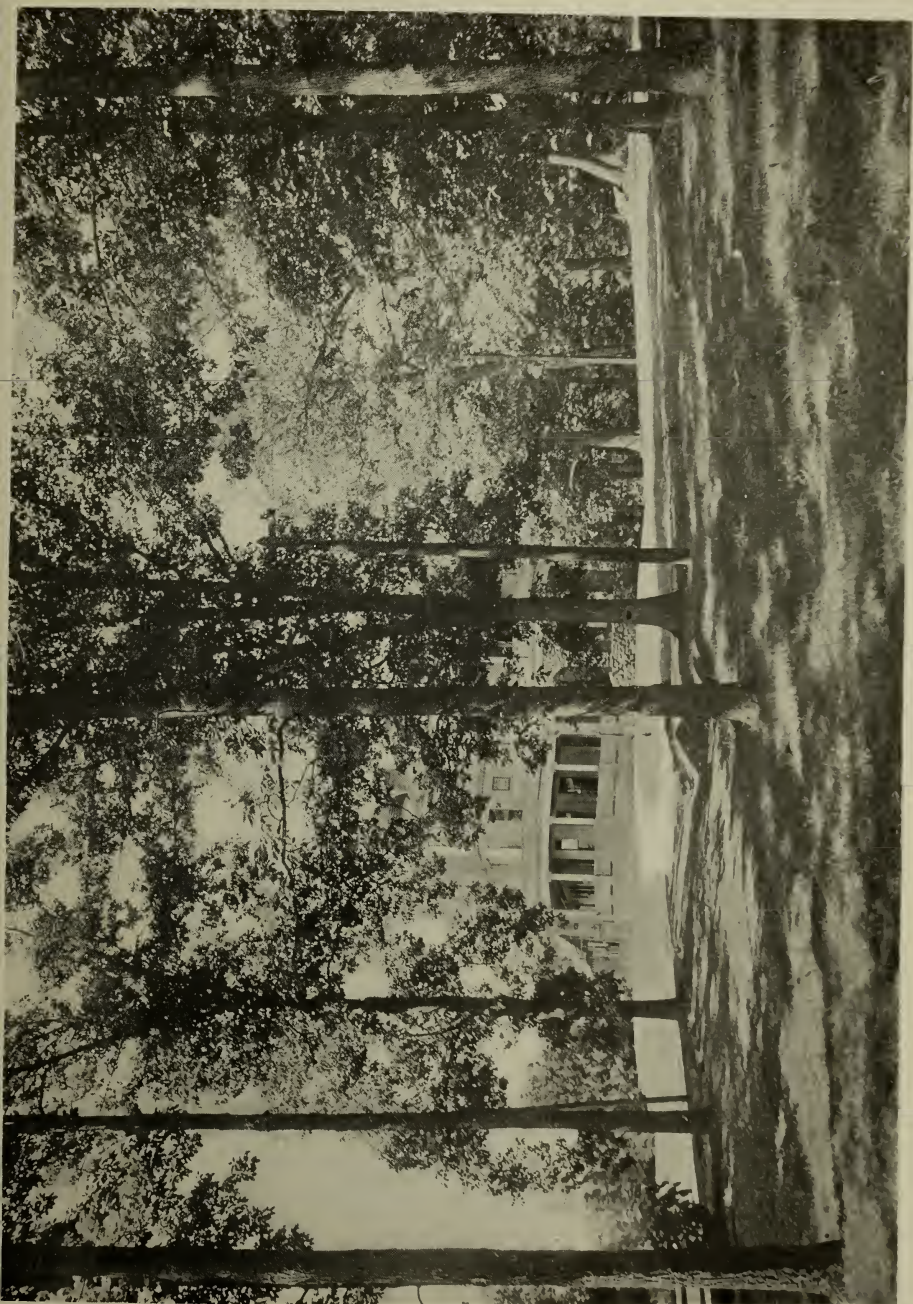
SIMPLICITY IS THE CHIEF ELEMENT OF THE SUBLIME





ON THE CREST OF THE HILL OVERLOOKING HISTORIC LANDS





THE HOUSE STANDS IN A VISTA OF ANCIENT TREES





UNSPOILED BY THE HAND OF CIVILIZATION

the estate. Only in remote instances when nature presented formidable barriers to access to a certain portion of the estate, have ancient roads and paths been altered in their course.

The tendency of modern architectural effect, both in landscape gardening and in the rearing of homes, is to magnify at the expense of nature. Most home builders strike a false note when they elaborate upon formality in landscape effect. Nature is the best and surest judge. The owner of Marvelwood has dared to follow in the footsteps of nature, and to stubbornly refrain from employing artificial methods to attain to the beautiful. The result is that one is impressed by its simplicity and pauses in admiration before the silent monuments of nature's own handiwork.

Nowhere throughout its miles of woodland, can one find a flower, shrub or plant which is not indigenous to

the soil. Beyond the planting of a few rods of hemlock hedge along the north entrance, not a single slip of vegetation has been transplanted. Save where a certain hickory grove near the house needed thinning out to preserve it, not a single stick of living timber has been removed from the soil.

Entering from the street one approaches the house at a distance of 300 yards along an artificial stone walk which, following the natural ascent of the land, winds among countless oaks, hickories and hemlocks. Following the walk, and at times leaving it to gain a less precipitous ascent, is the crushed stone driveway, with cobble gutters and grass covered sides.

The hickory grove, through which the walk and drive enters, is a landmark in the western end of the city. It remained in the Dickerman family continuously for more than 200 years,

and only passed out of the possession of the family when acquired by Mr. Griest. The date when the ancient grove became established in the soil is not known. To use the language of the law,—“the memory of man runneth not the contrary.” That the early colonial proprietors suffered the trees to encroach upon cultivated land is attested by the presence of corn rows, which are still traceable in regular lines at intervals through the grove.

Emerging from the precincts of the grove the walk enters the expansive lawn in its approach to the house. The house stands in a vista of ancient trees, mostly chestnuts, many of which are more than four feet in diameter, through whose friendly avenues of trunks and limbs a merry company of squirrels labor, rollick and scold, fed and protected by the kind-hearted proprietor.

In front of the house and receding from it in every direction, gently sloping toward the street below, is a carpet of lawn of nearly three acres in extent. The lawn in itself presents a field of matchless beauty. Unbroken, save by a single group of hemlocks, it reaches to the eastward a distance of some 300 feet, and in breadth exceeds 400 feet.

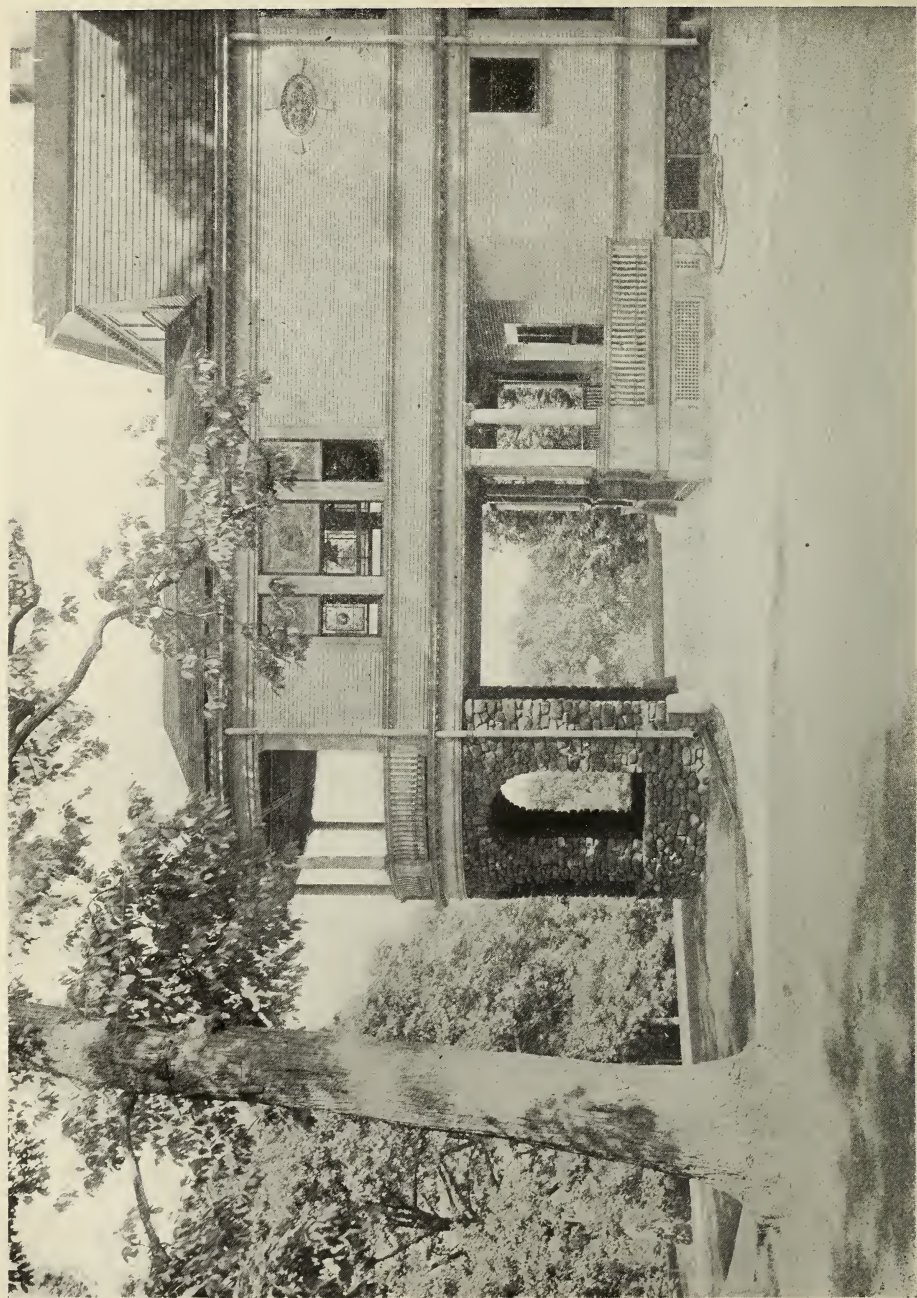
The group of hemlocks which studs the lawn to the left of the house, was set forty years ago by the hand of Mr. Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel), the Dean of American letters, whose beautiful estate of Edgewood adjoins Marvelwood on the south. In short, a portion of Marvelwood, particularly that upon which the house stands, was purchased directly of Mr. Mitchell, and for nearly half a century was part of Edgewood.

The situation of the house is beyond question the most striking feature of



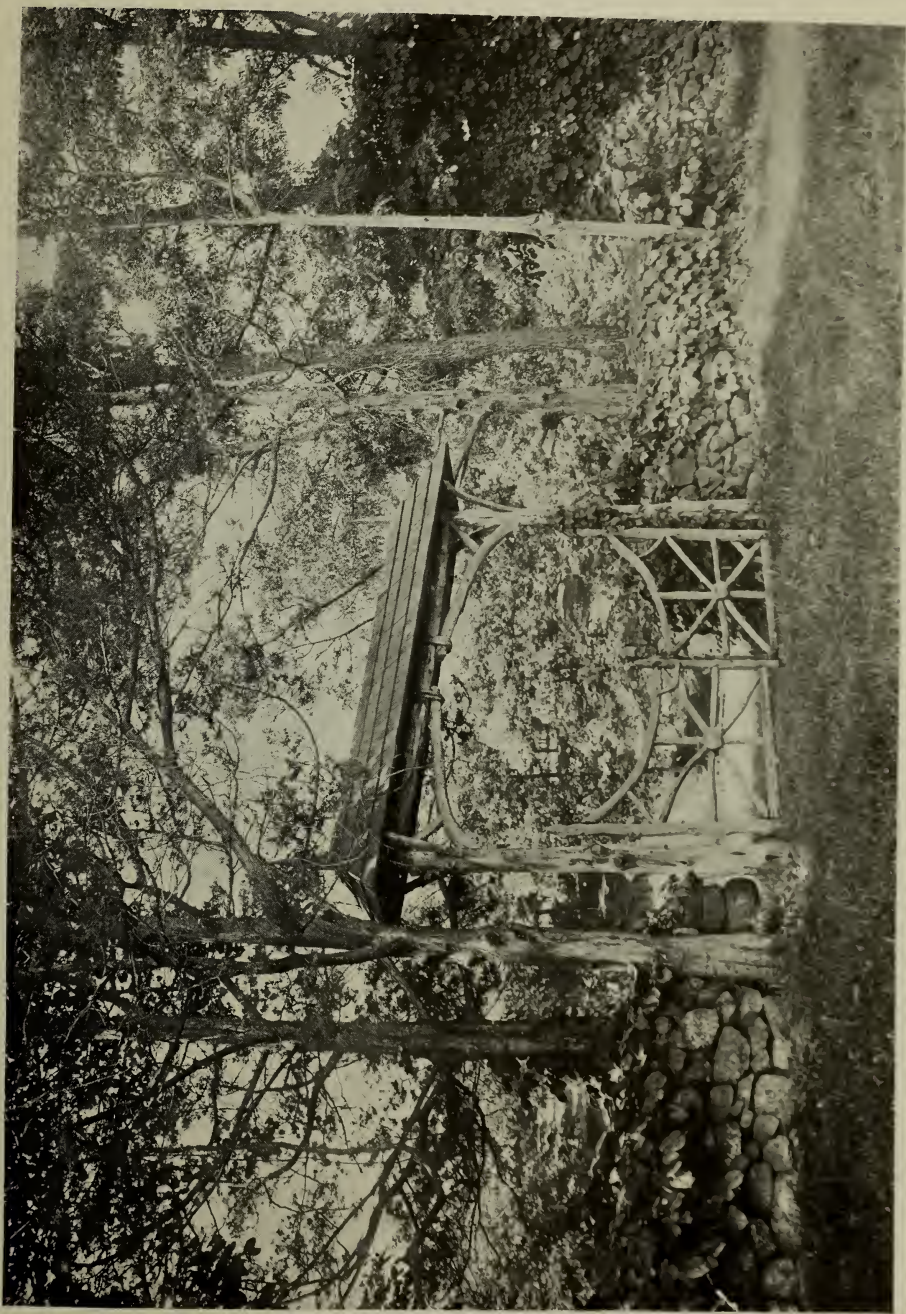
LIVING IN PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP WITH THE FORESTS





THE HARMONY OF ARCHITECTURE AND NATURE





BEAUTIFYING THE OLD INDIAN TRAILS



RESIDENCE ON THE MARVELWOOD ESTATE OWNED BY J. M. GRIEST

Group of hemlocks set forty years ago by Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel) the dean of American letters, whose beautiful estate of Edgewood adjoins Marvelwood

the Marvelwood estate. From the rich plateau of the western section of the city, the land quickly ascends to the crest of the hill which entirely bounds the view of the western horizon. About 200 feet above sea level, and upon the highest point of the immediate elevation, stands the costly edifice of Marvelwood. The house faces the east almost as truly as the needle points to the north. The first rays of the sun bathe the house and its surroundings in a glow of golden light, and reaching through the tree-tops, mellows the western landscape long before the dwellers in the valley below behold its beams.

To the north, and only a short aerial mile removed, is the abrupt precipice of West Rock, the historic eminence which has the proud distinction of having once sheltered two of the judges, whose decree of death sent Charles Stuart, King of England, to an ignoble death in Whitehall. Far over against the north, framed in the

blue haze of a New England sky, reclines in endless sleep the stony countenance of the "Sleeping Giant," the guardian spirit of Mount Carmel, whose towering summit, reaching far out to sea, gladdens the heart of the homeward bound sailor.

To the south the eye follows the long expansive bosom of the Sound, flecked with the masts and sails of commerce, and far beyond the white domes and cliffs of Long Island. At the entrance to the harbor, towering heavenward, its whiteness glistening in the summer sun, lifts the historic old lighthouse, whose friendly light of welcome, long since burned out, once guided to a safe harbor the mariners of old, laden with the riches of the Indies.

To the east, spread before the eye like a huge panorama lies the City of Elms, and miles beyond the range of vision

"Girt by green and silent mountains."  
To the rear of the house the land





THE GRANDEUR OF 600 ACRES OF PEACEFUL WILDS

sharply descends, and we enter the vale of beeches, whose frosty trunks are scarred and seamed with dates and initials of bygone knights and ladies. Ascending again we follow ancient roads and trails and unexpectedly emerge upon a rocky eminence, 400 feet above the distant city, and our eye again beholds the panorama mellowed by the increasing distance.

Crossing and recrossing the estate and intersecting each other upon every hand are innumerable old wood roads and trails, many of which have long since become overgrown with grass and brush. Even though the neighboring forest is fast encroaching upon the old roads they still hold their course through the estate, and turning into them the stroller gains a view down an avenue of noble tree trunks and in the distance is outlined the cedar-capped mountains.

Mr. Griest is devoting much time and expense to the clearing of the old road ways to permit of carriage driving through the estate. Already more than nine miles of the old wood roads have been cleared out and widened to permit of easy passage. When the present scheme of road ways is completed there will be fifteen miles of drives almost entirely improved upon the ancient foundations. Many of these wood roads took their origin in Indian trails as evidenced by deeds and records. In Colonial times the main thoroughfare to the Naugatuck valley crossed the western end of the estate, now an abandoned grass-covered track through the woods. Tradition says it followed a well established Indian trail, the same trail over which the representatives of the powerful Mohawk tribe annually made their journey into the county of the Pequots to levy tribute upon that unfortunate and less powerful nation.

In the very heart of the estate, now thickly studded with noble forest trees, many of them at least a century old is the evidence that some courageous

Puritan made an unsuccessful attempt to reduce a portion of the soil to cultivation. In and out among the trees, as in the case of the hickory grove near the house, can be seen traces of a corn field and dead furrows left by the plow. Standing in the rows and furrows are immense oaks, chestnuts and maples, many of them two feet and more in diameter.

About a year ago workmen upon the roads had occasion to remove a portion of a dismantled stone wall, the laborious work of an early proprietor. Incorporated in the material of the wall was found a moss-covered stone upon which the following inscription was rudely but plainly cut,

"Librty. 1776. N. H."

The natural beauty of Marvelwood is greatly enhanced by several brooks which find their source in innumerable springs bursting from the wooded hillsides. Roaring brook, rightly named, is a tumultuous stream rushing through ravines, foaming and bounding over boulders to at length unite its crystal waters with a series of lakes. Mile brook, though less boisterous is none the less picturesque. It picks its way through long stretches of primitive forest, bathing the roots of ancient trees with the purity of its waters, and flowing onward serves as a never failing supply of pure water to an ice pond.

The owner of Marvelwood has never made an effort to stock the estate with game. The plan is to foster and protect the native game rather than to import from other sources. All the native game birds and animals abound, and as no hunting is permitted upon the estate the increase is noticeable. During the past year several deer have been seen and in the seclusion of the estate it is believed that they will soon become numerous.

Marvelwood is thus an estate of peaceful wilds. The brooks course onward unpolluted; the song birds nest in peace in the tree tops; the noble



game birds and animals tread the carpet of the forest unmolested by man; the stately trees proudly rear their heads unscarred by the axe. It is a noble monument to the good taste of

him who worships at the shrine of nature, and who lives in peace and friendship with the trees, the birds, the beast of the wild, and joys in the love of nature's handiwork.



EVERY THOUGHT AND FEELING IS A PAINTING STROKE. IN THE DARKNESS, OF OUR LIKENESS THAT IS TO BE; AND OUR WHOLE LIFE IS BUT A CHAMBER, WHICH WE ARE FRESCOING WITH COLORS THAT DO NOT APPEAR WHILE BEING LAID ON WET, BUT WHICH WILL SHINE FORTH AFTERWARDS, WHEN FINISHED AND DRY

HENRY WARD BEECHER





WINSTED—A BEAUTIFUL HILL-ENCIRCLED BOROUGH IN LITCHFIELD HILLS  
PHOTO BY K. T. SHELDON

# WINSTED—THE DEVELOPMENT OF AN IDEAL TOWN

STORY OF ITS GROWTH FROM THE DAYS WHEN IT WAS A PART OF THE NORTHWEST WOODS AND FELL INTO THE CONTROL OF HARTFORD—THE SETTLEMENT ON THE BRIDLE PATH BECOMES A PROSPEROUS MANUFACTURING CENTER—HISTORICAL ARTICLE

BY

ROBERT S. HULBERT

Mr. Hulbert testifies to the thrift of Winsted, Connecticut, from his experience as a recorder of its progress while the editor of one of its leading newspapers. He was born at West Winsted, April 6, 1854, and received his early education in the schools of Winsted. He attended the Williston Seminary at Easthampton, Mass., and was graduated from the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale University in the class of 1878. From 1893 to 1895 he was the editor of the Winsted Daily Herald, and since that time has been in active newspaper work and civil engineering. Mr. Hulbert is a member of the Connecticut Civil Engineers and Surveyors Association and has been a follower of the profession much of the time since 1878. As a contributor to the Hartford Courant, and other publications, on Litchfield County, he is to-day recognized as an authority on matters pertaining to his home town. The illustrations used in the article are from photographs by K. T. Sheldon, F. H. De Mars, T. M. V. Doughty, Harry D. Penney and others. Several of the plates are used by courtesy of the Central New England Division of The New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad.—*Editor*

WINSTED, whose name is derived from the Alpha of Winchester and the Omega of Barkhamsted, is a Borough lying within the former township, close to the line which divides it from the latter. It is a growing, beautiful, hill-encircled village with characteristics of which its citizens are proud, and which—so the more enthusiastic believe—differentiate it greatly from all other places.

This belief may arise in part from the fact that the Town of Winchester, though comparatively young—of its neighbors in Litchfield county, only Colebrook is of lesser age—has a history which has been unusually well told, and which seems to warrant a certain optimism.

It was fortunate in being the birth-place and life-long residence of a man, accomplished and educated, who gathered the town's history into the invaluable "Annals of Winchester." Its author, John Boyd, was born in Winsted in 1799. His father was James Boyd,

who, with his partner, Benjamin Jenkins, composed the firm of Jenkins & Boyd, "the pioneer manufacturers of Winsted."

John Boyd graduated in 1821 from Yale College. He afterwards studied law and was admitted to the bar of New Haven County in 1825. From 1827 to 1853 he was himself a manufacturer in Winsted, a member of the firm of J. Boyd & Son, except for the last three years, during which he carried on the business for himself. He filled many public offices. He was a representative to the General Assembly in 1830 and 1835; county commissioner in 1840, 1849 and 1850; town clerk from 1829 to 1833, from 1837 to 1841 and from 1855 to 1877; judge of probate from 1854 to 1869, when he was disqualified by age; State senator in 1854 and secretary of the State of Connecticut from 1859 to 1861.

During all his career his tastes appear to have been literary and historical. It was while he was yet a student, that he found and rescued the famous Charter of the State of Connecticut from its imminent fate of being cut up and becoming,



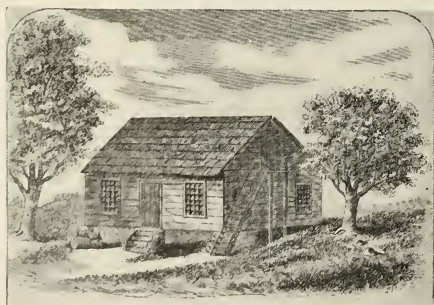


Photo by Harry E. Penney

FIRST FRAME HOUSE IN WINCHESTER—BUILT BY CALEB BEACH ON HALL MEADOW ROAD—MASSIVE CHIMNEY IS ALL THAT NOW REMAINS

not ignobly, for to say that would be ungallant, but incongruously, — part of a lady's bonnet. Mr. Boyd, who died December 1, 1891, never knew that the valuable document he had saved was the original, but always supposed it to be a duplicate. Evidence discovered and published within a year or two, seems to prove that it was the very Charter itself.

It was the fear of losing this Charter, with all that it meant to them, which gave the people of Connecticut Colony the shock which they experienced upon the arrival at Boston of Sir Edmund Andros, in 1685, to assume the government of all New England. The same fear, indirectly, had much to do with Winsted's future. They determ-



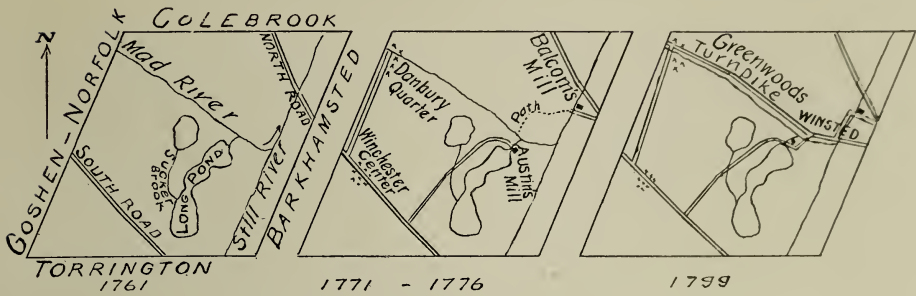
FIRST MEETING HOUSE—BUILT IN 1769 AT WINCHESTER CENTER—IT WAS 30 FEET LONG BY 24 FEET WIDE



Photo by F. H. DeMars

FIRST FRAME HOUSE IN WINSTED BOROUGH—KNOWN AS OLD MILL HOUSE, BUILT BY DAVID AUSTIN ABOUT 1771





MAP SHOWING DEVELOPMENT OF WINCHESTER

Three distinct epochs are represented—1761, the building of the old north and south roads—1771 to 1776, years respectively in which Austin's and Balcom's grist mills were built—1779 when Greenwoods Turnpike was built on which Winsted developed in place indicated—Drawn by R. S. Hulbert

ined not to give up the Charter if it could be avoided, but they also decided to save everything else possible if the Charter should be taken from them. The General Court immediately convened for action.

Among things worth keeping belonging to the Colony, was a lot of unoccupied land of unknown value in the northwestern corner of the Colony, including all of what is now Litchfield County and considerably more. To save

this land the General Court hastily gave it over, after a fashion, in a series of grants to different towns in the Colony. The action proved unnecessary in the sequel, for Andros not only failed to obtain the Charter, thanks to the reputed incident of the Charter Oak, but in less than two years the revolution in England's politics brought his rule in New England to an abrupt end. The conduct of affairs in the Colony was then resumed under the old Charter,



Photo by Sheldon

FIRST HOUSE ON MAIN STREET, WINSTED

At extreme left is structure built in 1798 and used as Higley Tavern, afterward Union House

nearly as before. Any expectations, however, that the towns would hurry to give back to the Colony the lands which had been deeded to them against a contingency which never came, proved to be of the stuff of dreams. The favored towns did nothing of the kind. They kept quiet, "laid low," as the expression is, for a generation, and then cautiously began a set of manoeuvres designed to perfect their title and make them secure in their ownership.

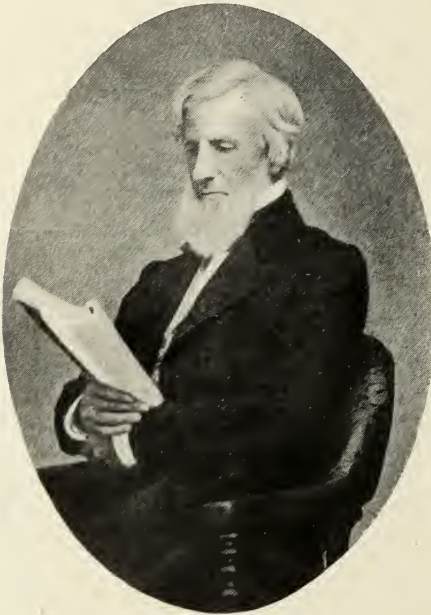
Without following the details of the "deal," it suffices to say that Hartford



CHURCH IN WINCHESTER CENTER

Dedicated June 30, 1842

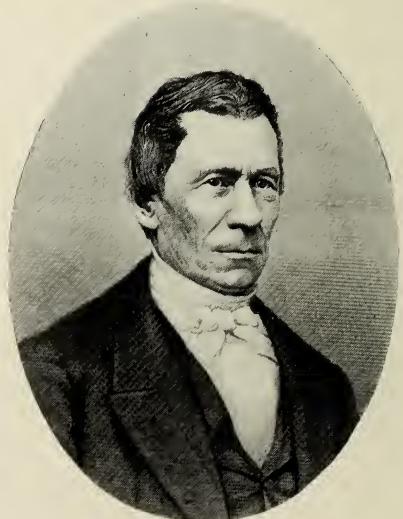
They had a corporate existence with the right to survey the lands and make the division among themselves whenever they saw fit. They took their time for it, and it was 1758 before the first survey and report of the divi-



JOHN BOYD, HISTORIAN

Photo by T. M. V. Doughty

was well in it from the first, and in 1732 became the owner of that part of the "western lands" included in the towns of Winchester, Hartland, New Hartford, and the eastern half of Harwinton, with power to assign the territory to the taxpayers of Hartford, who should divide it among themselves in proportion to the amount of their taxes on the list of 1720. The men whose names were on the tax list of 1720, and their heirs, became, therefore, the "proprietors" of Winchester and the other towns mentioned.



REV. FREDERICK MARSH

Born September 18, 1780—Died February 6, 1873



Photo by F. H. DeMars

WHERE THE ELECTRIC POWER FOR WINSTED IS GENERATED—TUNNIX FALLS





MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN—GIFT OF MRS. MARY ANN BLAKE MITCHELL

Located in Park at East part of Borough—Above view is looking toward Park Hotel and loaned by courtesy of Harvey L. Roberts

sion of the Winchester lands were made. A preliminary valuation had been made in 1732 when New Hartford was appraised at fifteen shillings per acre, Winchester and eastern Harwinton at ten shillings, and Hartland at seven shillings and sixpence.

The division of the land of Winchester was by lottery, a drawing being held, and the town was legally open for settlement. As a matter of fact the pioneers were already here.

The proprietors had lost so much time that the towns of Norfolk, Canaan



RESIDENCE OF CALEB J. CAMP

Photo by K. T. Sheldon



Photo by T. M. V. Doughty

**COLONIAL MANSION BUILT BY SOLOMON ROCKWELL IN 1813**

For many years residence of John Boyd, historian, and now home of Miss Mary P. Hinsdale



Photo by F. H. D. Mars

**HIGHLAND LAKE SHOWING WAKEFIELD BOULEVARD—LOOKING SOUTH  
TOWARD SECOND BAY**





Photo by K. T. Sheldon

## WINCHESTER CENTER

and Goshen were ahead of them and were filling up with settlers. To reach these towns from Hartford and the east there were at this time two bridle paths, both of which ran for some distance into the town of Winchester, one through the northeast corner and the other in the southwest. Either stopping along these paths or coming back to them from the other towns, a few men had built rude huts within the limits of Winches-

ter and were living in them when the division of lands was made. They could not own the particular ground on which they had built, but some of them had bought "undivided rights" from proprietors who had grown impatient in waiting for the division. The buyers had then squatted on the theory that they were entitled to land somewhere in the town and might as well locate on corner lots on the bridle paths as anywhere.



RESIDENCE OF ELLIOTT B. BRONSON—WINCHESTER CENTER



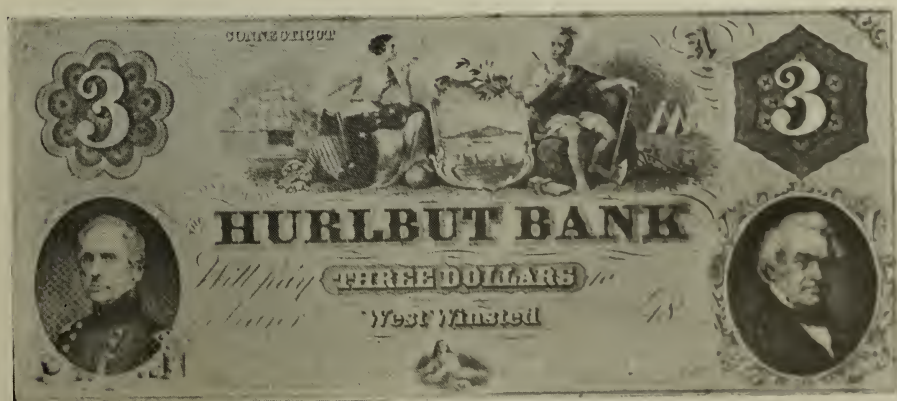


HOMESTEAD AT WINCHESTER CENTER BUILT BY ISAAC BRONSON ABOUT 1800—  
NOW OCCUPIED BY EDMUND H. BRONSON

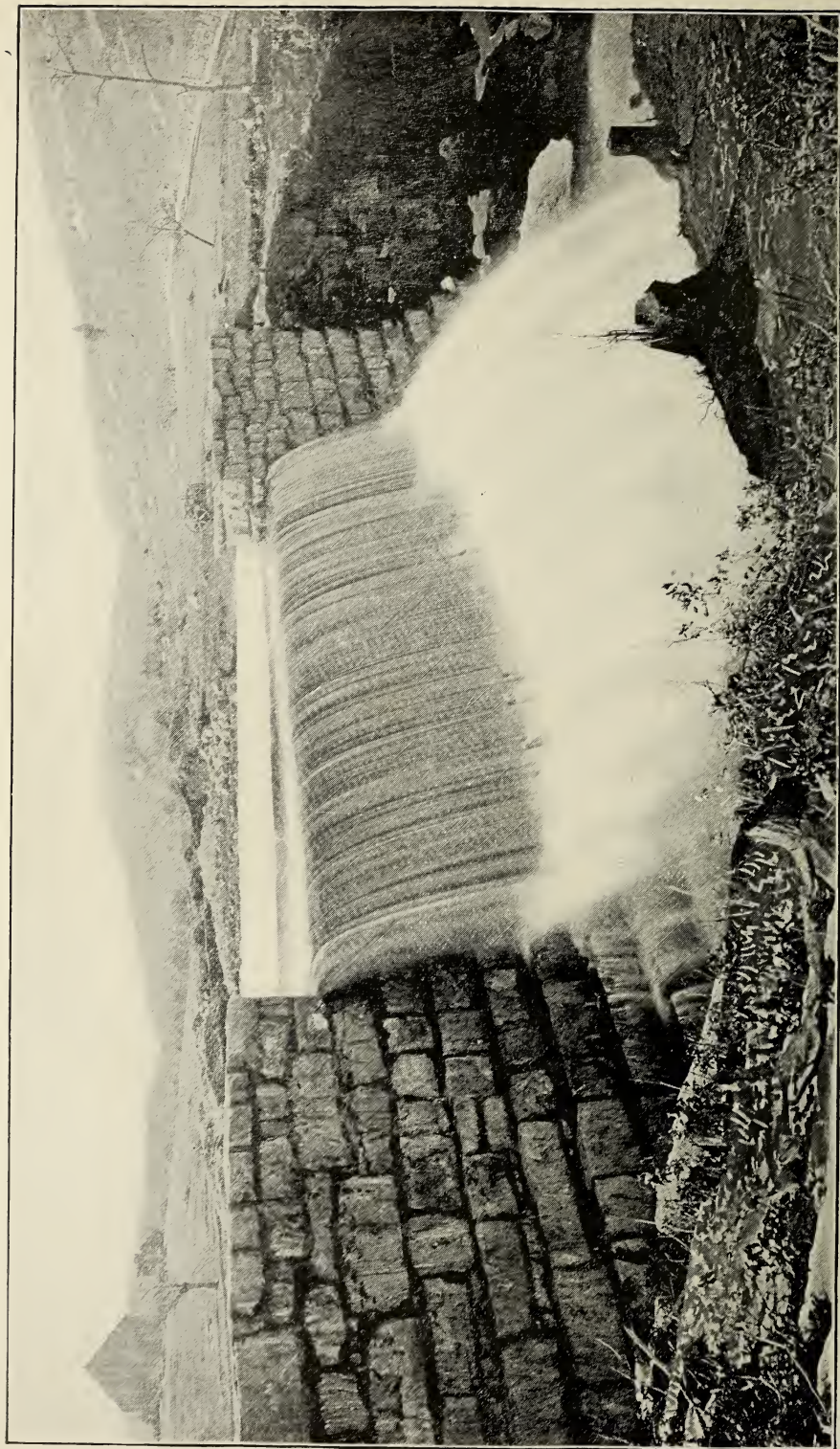
The first of these settlers on the bridle path, mentioned in the records, was Caleb Beach. He came from Goshen and had bought an "undivided right" in Winchester lands on May 21, 1750. It is said that he did not intend to build on his Winchester purchase but supposed when he put up his shanty that he was in the town of Goshen. Be that as it may, the building proved to be in Winchester on what is now called Hall Meadow, not far from the Goshen line. The original building was replaced some time later

by the first frame house built in the town of Winchester. This house was standing in 1899. It has since been blown down and nothing remains except the chimney. Plans are now being perfected to mark with a suitable monument the site, and it is possible that during the year the town will vote an appropriation for the purpose. It may be noted that when the division was made Mr Beach received the land on which his house stood.

Another notable settler on the bridle



When Hurlbut Bank was organized in 1857 the firm of S. & L. Hurlbut gave \$1,000 to have it named after them—On first bank bills issued Samuel Hurlbut's portrait appears on \$10 notes and Lemuel Hurlbut's on \$3 bills, while on \$5 notes is the picture of Lemuel Hurlbut's Devon bull



RUGG BROOK OR WINSTED RESERVOIR DAM

Courtesy of George F. Drake





Clark House—Erected about 1859 and demolished to make place for Hotel Winchester—First proprietor was William Forbes—C. B. Andrews was last proprietor—Photo by T. M. V. Doughty during Civil War

path was Adam Mott, who actually built a "Public Inn" beside it. It stood near the present Hurlbut Cemetery and became somewhat famous in later years. At first, however, it was but a rude log house with a roof of hemlock bark, and its patronage must have been meager, furnished largely by hunters, who were frequent visitors to these woods.

Three other families, the Gilberts, the Filleys, and the Prestons, make complete, so far as known, the list of people living in Winchester before the official division of the lands in 1758.

It would have been an unpromising prospect for one who might have come to Winchester at this time with the idea of building a city. He would have found a rocky wilderness covered with forests, in which hemlock predominated; with the valley of Mad river, which runs through the center of the present Borough of Winsted, an impassable and tangled morass. So uninviting would it

have seemed, that he would probably hurriedly have abandoned his plans and moved on to the fairer and more hospitable looking lands, which lay not far away to the south and west.

Quite likely, indeed, unfavorable reports of the region traveled back to the Hartford owners, for not one of the original proprietors ever settled on his Winchester holdings. Nevertheless, despite inauspicious appearances, the growth of a town commenced as if predestined. About 1760, the travel over the bridge paths became so large that the General Assembly took the matter of roads in consideration, and in 1761 the "old north road" was built to super-



Home of Rose Terry Cooke, poetess—Photo by K. T. Sheldon

sede the still older bridge path in that part of the town, and in 1762 the other bridge path, on which the few settlers had located, gave way to the "old south road." An influx of settlers began and in 1768 there were at least "eighteen families containing sixty-two souls" within the township, mostly living along the south road.

In 1771 there were thirty-two families and one hundred and seventy-nine souls and in 1782 the population of the town is given as 688. The majority of these lived near the beautiful section of the town known now as Winchester Center, or the Old Society, which was approaching the zenith of its importance and became the scene of its greatest activity a quarter of a century later, or about 1803.



Homestead of William S. Holabird, Lieutenant Governor of Connecticut 1842-1844—Died 1855—Photo by T. M. V. Doughty





Old Methodist Church erected 1833—Old Second Congregational Church dedicated 1857—Old First Congregational Church built 1800—Style of architecture is in contrast to new edifice shown below

Photo by K. T. Sheldon

Meanwhile the infant village of Winsted had been born. A man of the pioneers on the south road seems, by some hap,—hunting, fishing, or exploring,—to have penetrated eastward to the out-

let of Long Pond. There, looking out over the lake as it lay shining in the sunlight, untouched, but quivering as if vibrant with latent force, and noting the wild, precipitous gorge down which its



First Congregational Church erected 1891—Courtesy of H. J. Pierre



Second Congregational Church erected 1899

waters tumbled in a drop of 150 feet in less than a quarter of a mile to the river below, he saw, perhaps, in prophetic vision, the future Winsted made rich by this waiting and abundant power. At any rate he saw a good site for a grist mill. So in 1771 he hewed a cart path from the Old South Road "through the forest, down to Sucker Brook, and over the hills west of the pond to its outlet." There he built a mill and a shanty, and a little later the old "millhouse" in which he lived, and which is still standing and inhabited. It was the first frame house in the village, and to David Austin, its

builder, must be given the honor of the title, "Founder of Winsted." The hardy old pioneer, restless, did not remain in town. His subsequent career has a touch of pathos in it, but that is another story.

Five or six years after David Austin of the South Road built his grist mill at the Lake, John Balcom, a dweller on the North Road, is believed to have built another known as the Double mill.



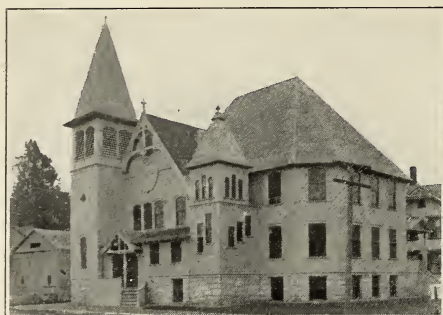
St. James Protestant Episcopal Church consecrated 1848—Photo by K. T. Sheldon

near the present William L. Gilbert Clock Company's works, reaching it by a road down Wallin's Hill. Around these two grist mills, separated by what is now the heart of the Borough of Winsted, but by what was then two miles of unbroken forest and thick underbrush, with probably not even a path connecting them, small clusters of houses grew up; later a bridle path from one to the other was made by way of the present Lake street, Himsdale and Wetmore avenues and North Main street, which subsequently developed into a road. In 1790 the Greenwood's turnpike was opened from New Hartford to Sheffield and a part of it be-



Methodist Episcopal Church nearing completion—Photo by K. T. Sheldon





Baptist Church erected 1889—Photo by F. H. De-Mars

came the Main street of Winsted. The new turnpike immediately monopolized the through travel to the west which had formerly passed over the old North and South Roads, and it was at once an important thoroughfare. North Main street was quickly extended down to it and the skeleton framework of Winsted streets was established, but it preceded a long time the day of the "Good Roads" movement.

The year before the Greenwoods turnpike was opened, the "Higley Tavern," afterwards the Union House, now torn down, was built in anticipation of the road and was the first frame house on the Main street of Winsted.

The history of the next hundred years of Winsted's life, from the building of Austin's mill, can be but hastily sketched here. It is given faithfully, ably and with minuteness in John Boyd's Annals. It developed the town which the aged historian knew in his last years. It was a century of hard and plodding

work, of increasing wealth, of growth of character. For after all they would be rude people in these days, those old ancestors of ours. Stern, honest and nerve-strong they were, but bigoted, superstitious, rough and uncouth in many ways, with the cider barrel always in the cellar, rum a common beverage, and conducting lotteries to support their churches. We are proud of them because they were in advance of their own times, not of ours.

The bigotry and superstition have decreased steadily. The history of the



St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church erected 1853—Photo by K. T. Sheldon



Town Hall and Court House—Photo by F. H. De-Mars

churches shows in miniature the world movement toward tolerance. It could be traced in Winchester from the rigid orthodoxy of the first minister, Rev. Mr. Knapp, through the pastorates of his successors, to the time when its most hideous dogma, the damnation of children, weakened; an event of which the late Lewis Andrews wrote, "It was my happy lot to hear the late Rev. Marsh preach his first sermon at a child's funeral, so he said, where he was able to bring comfort to a frantic mother's stricken heart."





THE GILBERT SCHOOL,

Courtesy of the Citizen Printing Co.

We could trace the movement further, step by step down to the present time, when the Brotherhood of Man is becoming the universal creed. As for sectarianism, its reign and subsidence are graphically pictured in Winchester history, for Mr. Boyd says, "In those days" (when the first Methodist meeting house was built at the foot of Spencer street) "the Methodist and Congregational religionists had little more sympathy or

intercourse with each other than the old Jews and Samaritans. The circuit rider came on his rounds and declaimed against steeple meeting houses, pitchpipe singing and the doctrine of election . . . and the Presbyterians, on the other hand, looked on the Methodists as interlopers and fanatics. . . . Time and circumstances have worn away the prejudices and softened the asperities of the two denominations. Inter marriages



Photo by F. H. DeMars

THE WILLIAM L. GILBERT HOME FOR FRIENDLESS CHILDREN



WILLIAM L. GILBERT, philanthropist

have led to mutual forbearance. The temperance movement brought the best men and women of the two orders into co-operation and the anti-slavery move-

ment, fearlessly advocated by the living Christianity of both churches, was the deathblow of sectarianism."

The belief in witchcraft and the personality of the devil have greatly waned since the days of Caleb Beach and the other pioneers, but they were very living beliefs then. Mrs. Beach herself had some experiences, according to tradition, while living in the old house which has been pictured as the first house built in the town:

"Mrs. Beach was an expert and excellent weaver. Once she had to finish a large quantity of work by a given time, but she was sick for a while and after that unable to do her daily 'stent.' There was then talk of an 'evil eye' in the neighborhood, and a 'spell' upon the weaver's loom. One night as the family sat around the huge fireplace, the sound of someone weaving in the back room startled them, but no one dared investigate in the dark. By the time the fire-knot was lighted and they had gone into the weaving room, the loom was silent and locked, but quite a strip of cloth had been completed of a different weave.



MEMORIAL, LIBRARY BUILDING

Photo by F. H. DeMars





Mrs. Delia Ellen (Rockwell) Beardsley—Born January 16, 1811—Died March 19, 1878



Miss Martha Beardsley—Born February 13, 1856—Died November 25, 1890



Mrs. Maria (Hewitt) Brown—Born September 23, 1812—Died January 28, 1899

the work of a new hand. When they had returned to the front room the same thing happened again, and then again. It was pronounced witchcraft, and thereafter the weaver worked in constant fear, but hurried to finish the cloth and it was completed the evening before the day set for it. During the night the treadles of the loom were heard distinctly several times and in the morning the outside door was wide open and upon the newly fallen snow were tracks of a cloven hoof and marks as if some creature

had brushed its tail in the snow."

And all this was not so very long ago. It is a somewhat remarkable fact that there are people living today who have seen every church edifice ever built in the town. The first church was in the Old Society. It was thirty feet long by twenty-four wide, with nine feet posts. It was built in 1769. The handle of the door of this church is now owned by Elliot B. Bronson of Winchester Center. It was made by David Austin in his blacksmith shop before he built his grist

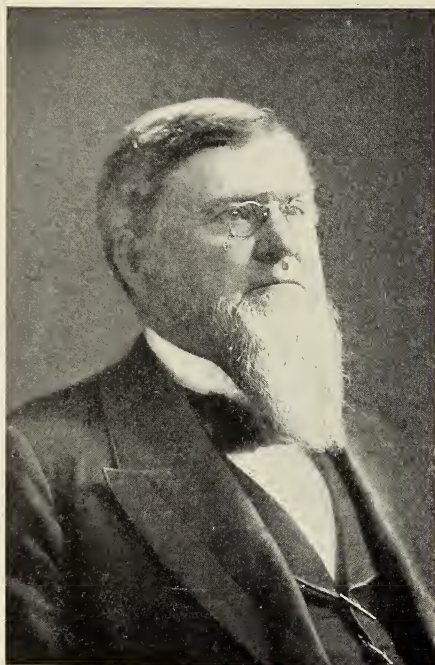


Jenison J. Whiting—Born January 9, 1818—Died October 22, 1897—Photo by K. T. Sheldon



Frederick B. Griswold—Born January 17, 1824—Died April 14, 1901—Photo by K. T. Sheldon





The late Hon. Lorrin A. Cooke—Governor of Connecticut 1897-1899

mill in Winsted, and is stamped with his initials and the date, 1769. Near the church was a Sabbath Day house, where people could warm themselves and eat their luncheon during intermission. This

church was afterwards removed from its site and used many years for a barn. The second church in the Old Society was built in 1785. It was used for more than fifty years before a stove was put into it, and was succeeded by the present building, which was dedicated June 30, 1842.

The first meeting-house in Winsted Society was really over the line in Barkhamsted. It was situated on Wallin's Hill and was used but a short time.

In 1800 the First Congregational church was built. It was moved and remodeled about 1850 and was used until 1901, when the new church was erected. The first Methodist church was on Spencer street and is now a tenement house. The present Methodist church, which is soon to give place to the one now being built, was erected in 1833. St. James Episcopal church was consecrated in the fall of 1848. St. Joseph's Catholic church was first used in 1853. The Second Congregational church was dedicated in 1857 and used until 1899, when the new church was finished. The Baptist church was built in 1889 and remodeled in 1902. A Second Advent chapel was built about 1890 but was not well supported and is now made over into a tenement house.

The material prosperity of the community upon which all other progress, even religious, is undoubtedly more or



THE LITCHFIELD COUNTY HOSPITAL,

Photo by F. H. DeMars.

less dependent, came to Winsted from its valuable water power. About the time that David Austin built his grist mill, Richard Smith, an Englishman, built a forge at what is now Robertsville, in Barkhamsted, near the north-eastern corner of Winchester. At this forge pig iron was refined, which was brought, in saddle bags at first, thirty miles from the mines in Salisbury. Other forges, obtaining pig iron from the same source were built in the vicinity. Between 1800 and 1812, four at least were built in Winchester, some on the lake stream, between the lake and Mad river, and others on the river. At one of these forges, at a later date, General H. A. Harvey, the inventor of Harveyized armor for battleships, carried on business under the name of the Harvey Iron & Steel Co. All of the old forges have passed away and their sites are occupied by other buildings. The last one, the Timothy Hulbert forge, was torn down about fifteen years ago. But for half a century the forges did valiant work in the building of the town, and in conjunction with the scythe shops, which were started in 1792 by Benjamin Jenkins of Bridgewater and



JUDGE AUGUSTUS H. FENN

Born Plymouth, Conn., Jan. 18, 1844—Civil War veteran—Judge of Supreme Court for eight years—Died Winsted, Sept. 12, 1897

James Boyd of Windsor, under the name of Jenkins & Boyd, they gave to Winsted what may well be styled its "Iron Age."



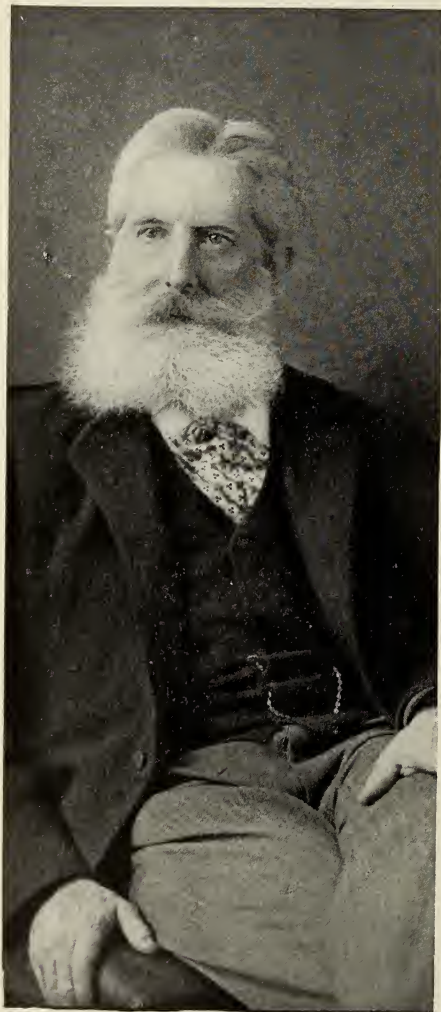
Photo by K. T. Sheldon

RESIDENCE OF LATE GOVERNOR LORRIN A. COOKE



In the article which follows, on the industrial progress of the town will be found, in more detail, the history of these early manufactures.

Many events in the town's history accompanied the rise of its manufactures.



*Edmund Clarence Hedgcock*

Courtesy Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Banker poet—Published *Winsted Herald* in the fifties with Stephen A. Hubbard



ROSE TERRY COOKE, AUTHORESS

Born 1827 West Hartford—Died 1892, Pittsfield, Mass.

The first town meeting of Winchester was held July 22, 1771. The oldest assessment list of the town in existence was made in 1783. On it, the Winchester Society's property footed up £4,242-12s-9d and the Winsted Society's £1,425-12s-9d. The latter's growth was already becoming important, and in 1786 an effort was made to form a separate incorporated town by uniting the easterly part of Winchester and the westerly part of Barkhamsted, but this plan failed. In 1790 it was voted in town meeting to set off and incorporate the Society of Winsted into a separate town from the town of Winchester, but the General Assembly "failed to pass the act of incorporation." In 1799 Winsted had grown sufficiently to cause the town to vote that one-third of the town meetings be held at the house of Horace Higley (the Higley Tavern, just built) and in 1808 it was voted to hold one-half of the meetings in Winsted. In 1810 the assessment list gave Winsted \$13,747.03,





Photo by F. H. DeMars

## MEMORIAL PARK AND SOLDIERS MONUMENT DEDICATED SEPT. 11, 1890

and the Old Society \$17,398.32. The two parts of the town were nearing the time when the child should become as strong as the parent. The famous Fourth of July celebration on the Green in 1810 may be regarded, perhaps, as the culmination of Winchester Center's glory. Thereafter, though it had a long era of prosperity, it was subsidiary in importance to the growing village in the east. Strong men it had, indeed, most prominent among them the widely known Hurlbuts, merchants, farmers and drovers, from whom old John Brown bought cattle, Lemuel Hurlbut having "introduced upon his farm the pure Devon breed of cattle, the first of this beautiful and serviceable stock ever brought into the State."

After 1810 one-half the town meetings were held for a time in Winchester Center; then only one-third; finally, about 1840, this third was given up and all town meetings since have been held in Winsted. In 1860, the long-established custom of selecting one candidate for representative to the General Assembly from the Old Society and one from Winsted, and of holding a caucus in each place, was also broken. Thereafter all caucuses were held in Winsted and about 1865 the separate tax list for Winchester

Center was also abolished. The Old Hill settlement still exists, catching the first rays of the morning sun and looking westward over splendid vistas to distant dreamy mountains, and there is



ELDER MILES GRANT

Born Torrington, Conn., Dec. 13th, 1819—Taught school in Winsted in the forties—Now occupying the pulpit at age of 84



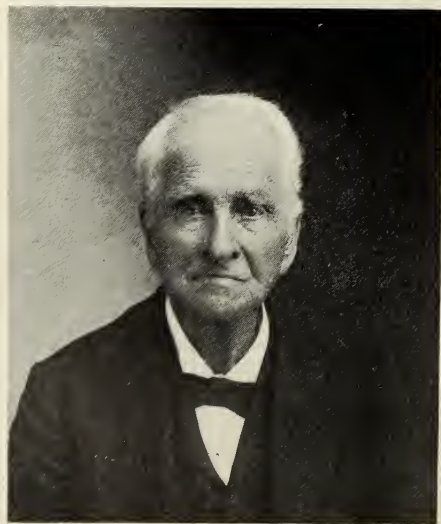
Photo by K. T. Sheldon

RESIDENCE OF GEORGE L. FOSKETT ON SOUTH MAIN STREET

prospect that the new era of summer homes for the dwellers in cities may bring it a great prosperity in the future, but whoever drives over the road from Winchester Center to "Danbury Quarter," once the most populous street in

town, will see a long line of ancient cellars overgrown with briars, which tell a story of olden days which will never return.

The century dating from the building of David Austin's mill and of the organization of the town of Winchester, July 22, 1771, ended in 1871, and that year saw the town's centennial celebration. Two years later the Annals of Winchester were published. Since then, though only the third part of another century has passed, the population of the town has doubled. If change in conditions could be measured by the same direct ratio, we should find that it had more than kept pace with the increase of population. That century was one of man's work in Winsted, and its products were of iron, hard and homely. The thirty-three years have brought many modifications. Some of the old industries have disappeared. More ductile metals, more easily worked, made into beautiful shapes and shining with bright plating, go out from its factories. Soft wool is the material used in two large establishments; silk in brilliant colors is the sole output of another, and in these factories many girls are employed in clean and well-paid work. Winsted has become a



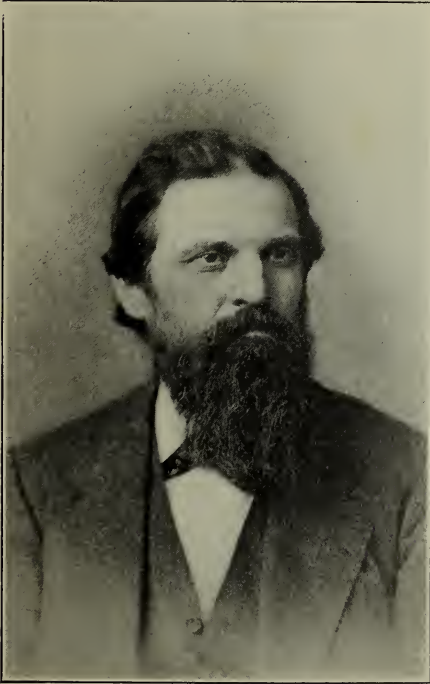
WILLIAM C. PHELPS

Born Colebrook, Conn., Sept. 4, 1808—At age of 96 a now familiar figure in Winsted—For over 40 years a school teacher—Last taught in First District, Winsted



town of remarkably varied manufactures, so much so as to hold an almost unique position in this respect for a town of its size.

Along in the seventies, at the beginning of the New Winsted, it became evident that the limit to the amount of power which could be derived from Long Lake was nearly reached. When David Austin erected his mill in 1771, he built a wooden dam which raised the lake about four feet high-



STEPHEN A. HUBBARD

Born August 20, 1827 Sunderland, Mass.—With Thomas M. Clark, founded Winsted Herald 1853—Associated with Senator Joseph R. Hawley on Hartford Courant at time of his death, Jan. 11, 1890

er than its natural level. About 1806 this dam gave way during a freshet, but the break had been expected and was repaired temporarily, averting disaster. The same year a new dam was built, made of two walls of stone, filled solid between, wide enough for a roadway along the top. This new dam was a foot higher than the old one. Again in 1860, when the Borough waterworks sys-



THOMAS M. CLARK

Born Jan. 30, 1830—For ten years, including Civil War period, Editor Winsted Herald—Died Nov. 13, 1889

tem was established, the Borough, by authorization of the legislature, raised the dam another four feet. Yet in many years there was a scarcity of water, and it was recognized that not more reservoir capacity, but more water to fill the existing reservoir must be provided. For



THEODORE F. VAILL

Born March 27, 1832—Editor of Winsted Herald from 1865 until his death, Feb. 8, 1875



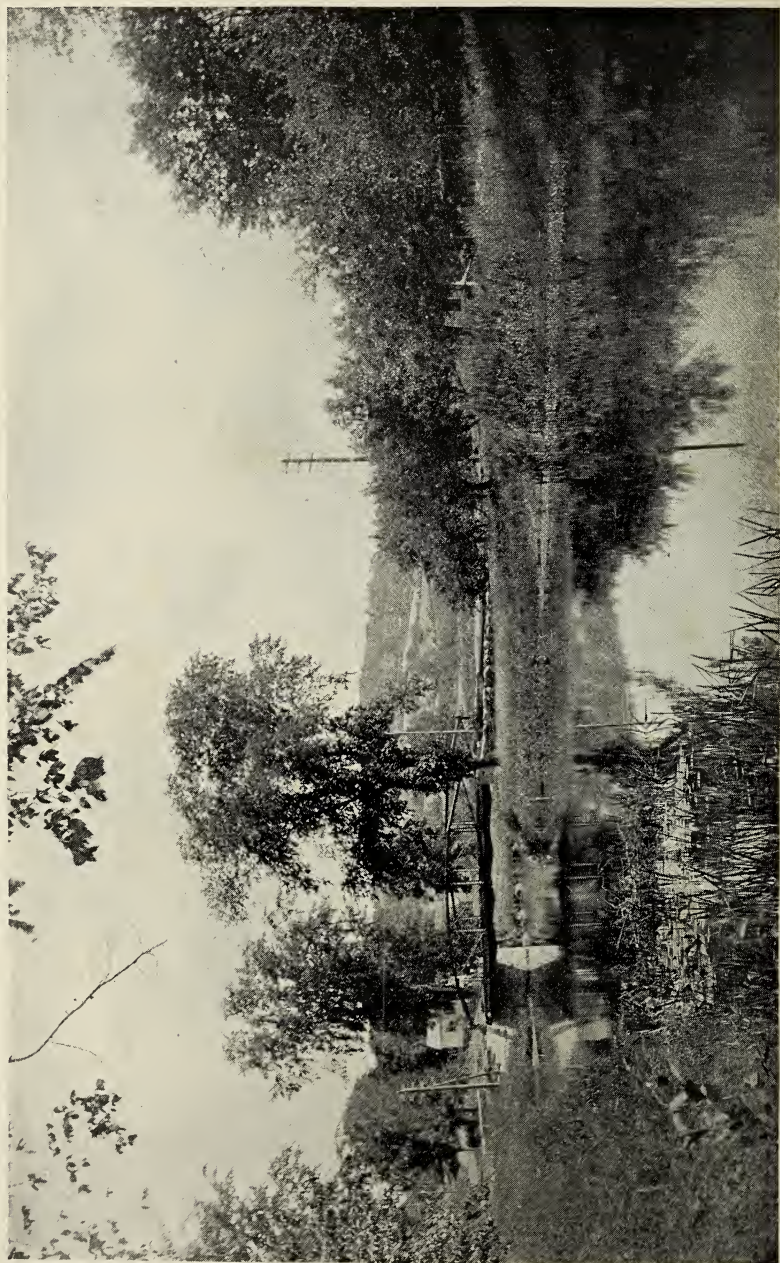


Photo by K. T. Sheldon

THE REFLECTED TRANQUILITY OF STILL RIVER—WINSTED



RESIDENCE OF ARTHUR L. CLARK

Photo by K. T. Sheldon

about ten years from 1875, the lake did not fill to overflowing even in the spring freshets. A bold plan was formed, which preliminary surveys in 1880 proved to be practicable. Estimates of cost varying little from actual later results, were made. Ten years elapsed after these surveys before the construction began. Then, by will of the late William L. Gilbert, \$50,000 were given for the purpose, and with that amount as a nucleus, the Borough of Winsted completed in 1894, a lasting monument to its energy. Briefly, a tunnel six feet high and six feet wide was bored through 3,252 feet of solid granite and gneiss rock, and through this tunnel from a feeding reservoir, water which formerly ran to waste down Mad river is poured into Crystal Lake (formerly 'Little Pond') and from this by its natural outlet, through Sucker Brook into Highland (formerly Long) Lake. At the same time the storage capacity was increased by raising Crystal Lake by a dam, and pipes were laid to this lake, 300 feet above the level of Main street, from the Borough waterworks system, which formerly took its supply from Highland Lake.

The achievement of improving its water power is the most important event in the industrial history of Winsted during the last thirty years.

We come now to a splendid factor in the town's development—the gifts of public-spirited citizens, benefactions which, in conjunction with the industrial changes, have transformed the town since the "Annals" were written. William L. Gilbert, whose gifts made the tunnel a possibility, gave also to Winsted the Gilbert Home and the Gilbert School, two institutions endowed with over a half-million dollars each; the one situated on a commanding position on a hill in the west part of the village, owning a tract of land of over 200 acres; the other a massive building facing "the Green" in East Winsted. The Home is a refuge for friendless and poor children; the school is an institution offering free to residents of Winsted, and to others for a small tuition fee, the advantages not only of the best high schools, but of further advanced study. It is perhaps true that, up to the founding of the Gilbert School, Winsted had hardly kept pace in its public schools with the general progress along the line.



There had been able teachers and the schools had advanced, but the old sectional feeling had retarded the movement. Some excellent private schools, notably the Winchester Institute, founded in 1858 by the Rev. Ira Pettibone, and continued with changes until about 1885, had done good work, but their advantages were not open to all. In later years the graded public schools had done the best possible under the conditions. But with one stride, at the opening of the Gilbert School in 1895, Winsted stepped to an advanced position in educational ranks. The graded schools, freed from high school obligations, are able to concentrate their energies on thorough preparation for the new school and its excellent courses.

William L. Gilbert was a native of Litchfield, where he was born, a farmer's son, in 1806. He remained on the farm, securing a district school education only, till he was twenty-two years old. Then his instincts led him from the farm to business. He went to Bristol, and borrowing \$300, began, with a brother-in-law, the manufacture of parts of clocks for other concerns. In 1841 he came to Winsted and with others bought the Riley Whiting Clock Works on the historic site of the Doolittle Mill. Nearly a half century later he died, having built the largest business in Winsted, and having amassed a large fortune. He left the greater part of it to do good for the town in which he lived.

The educational awakening of Winsted was also helped in 1874 by Mrs. Delia Ellen Rockwell Beardsley, widow of Eliott Beardsley, who gave into the hands of trustees \$10,000 for the founding of a library. For twenty-five years the books were in a pleasant room in the Beardsley building. Before his death in 1897, the late Jenison J. Whiting began the construction of the Memorial Library. The building was completed after his death by Mrs. Whiting, and with the lot on which it stands, representing a total outlay of about \$20,000, was given to the town for the reception of libraries. The Beardsley Library, whose

funds had been augmented by a gift of \$1,000 from Miss Martha Beardsley at her death, and by \$600 given by Rufus E. Holmes of Winsted, was placed in the building. The town then voted an appropriation of \$1,500 annually, to meet, with other expenses, those for which a small fee had been charged, and the books in the library were made free to the public.

Standing on the summit of a hill in the center of Winsted is a square tower of native gray rock. On the top is a massive figure of a soldier. The lines of the tower are simple but graceful. The whole gives an effect of great beauty and is the most striking structure in the town. It is Winsted's tribute to the soldier dead of the Civil War. On tablets in the tower are inscribed the names of those who died for the Union. This impressive and unique memorial was made possible by money raised in various ways and by many contributors, prominent among them being Henry Gay and Mrs. Maria Brown.

On another hill-top, less than a half-mile from Memorial Park and the Soldiers' Monument, is another edifice erected through money furnished in great part by public-spirited individuals,—and the Litchfield County Hospital of Winchester, opened in 1902, is proving one of the most beneficent institutions in northwestern Connecticut. The grounds on which the building stands and \$2,500 additional, were given by Mrs. Julia A. Batcheller. Mrs. Maria Brown left by her will \$5,000 for furnishing a hospital; the late Frederick B. Griswold bequeathed a fund of \$40,000 to become available in the future, and Mrs. Mary B. Mix gave, by her will, \$8,000. Two unknown donors have given \$5,000 each for the founding of free beds, and many persons yet living have contributed amounts ranging from \$100 to \$2,500 each.

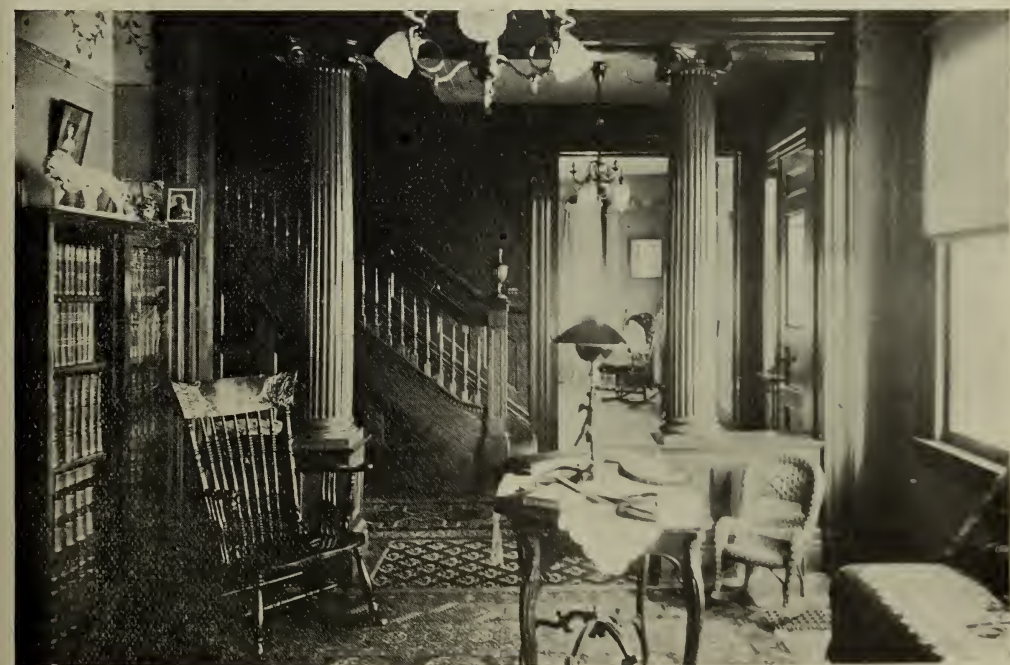
A mile away from the hospital, on the Green in East Winsted, is the Memorial Fountain, given by Mrs. Mary Ann Blake Mitchell.

There has been purposely left for the last in this recital, a legacy which has





RESIDENCE OF DR. SALMON G. HOWD



RECEPTION HALL IN RESIDENCE OF DR. SALMON G. HOWD

opened for the pleasure and recreation of the people the remarkable natural beauty of Winsted. Forbidding as the wilderness might have seemed for the building of a city when the forests were unbroken and trackless, it has become of the utmost beauty today. The bequest by Harvey Wakefield of \$10,000 to the town of Winchester for any public use desired, was devoted by vote of the town to building a driveway around Highland Lake. As soon as the road was finished the erection of summer cottages began, and this movement was accelerated by the construction of a branch electric railway to the eastern shore. The "Boulevard" and the "Park" have now become the great summer pleasure resorts of Winsted.

Where, one hundred and thirty-five years ago, David Austin looked upon a lonely lake, along whose borders an occasional red-skinned Indian stole in and out in search of game or fish, losing sometimes an arrow head, now the only memento of his presence,—the summer visitor of today views a scene of gayety; watches moving panoramas of boats; hears sounds of music, and through the foliage, where the Indian skulked clad in rude garments, catches sight of the summer girl arrayed in all her daintiness.

On a tablet set in the rock of a high ledge beside the road on the west shore, is this inscription: "A tribute of remembrance to Harvey Wakefield, a citizen of Winsted, whose generosity enabled the town to provide this beautiful lakeside drive, 1887." Mr. Wakefield was born in Colebrook, September 18, 1802, and died July 24, 1884.

Our story is almost ended, and yet little of what might be written of Winsted has been told. It is the home of patriotism. Rose Terry Cooke, in her glowing description of "Mytown" in Harper's, of October, 1877, bespeaks its spirit. Winchester's Daughters of the American Revolution may well be proud of their town's record. Says Mr. Boyd, "Our infant town had her representations at Ticonderoga, Bunker Hill, Que-

bec, Long Island, Saratoga, and many other battlefields. . . . Scarcely a vestige is found (on the muster and pay-rolls) of the service of drafted militia repeatedly called out from Litchfield county to Danbury, Horse Neck, Long Island, Peekskill, and other points on the North river during the long protracted struggle for the possession of the Highlands. Probably not an able-bodied man of the town failed of being called out more than once on this harassing duty."

And to this summary of the days of '76, might be added Mr. Boyd's vivid account of the effect in Winsted, made by the announcement of the news of the firing on Fort Sumpter in 1861, and the long and honorable record of Winchester's part in the Civil War.

There are records other than those of war where names will be found which shed lustre on the town. John Boyd, Secretary of State from 1859 to 1861; William S. Holabird, Lieutenant-Governor from 1842 to 1844; Augustus H. Fenn, Judge of the Supreme Court of Connecticut from 1893 to his death in 1897; and Lorrin A. Cooke, Governor of the State from 1898 to 1900;—are among those who have been politically honored.

Of the literary world, Edmund C. Stedman and Rose Terry Cooke have lived and written in Winsted, as have also such newspaper men as Thomas M. Clarke, Stephen A. Hubbard, and Theodore F. Vaill.

But finally, to all these human interests that invest the town, there is added the charm of a marvellous scenery which rests like a halo upon varied events. The new life of the springtime, bursting from field and bush, has made the sermon of the minister a sanctified message of love and hope; the grandeur of a winter tempest among the rugged hills has nerved the physician to fight and win from death itself. Drives through woodland roads when foliage was gorgeous with burning color, have left bright reminiscences, and the romance of evenings on the lake—of the moonlight and the rippling water—lingers in many



memories. For all who live and toil in this town of the hills, there are notes of joy which come from nature in her gladdest form, and from "the great

paean of Being that nature chants—notes in the divine diapason of life—of life singing its cosmic song."

NOTE—Since this article was submitted to the publishers, Miss Amanda E. Church, a native of Winsted, who lived all her life in the house where she was born, has died at the age of eighty years, leaving an estate valued at over \$10,000 to the Beardsley Library

## THE FINANCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL HISTORY OF WINSTED

MANUFACTURING—BANKING—BUSINESS INTERESTS—WITH HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THEIR PROMOTERS—WRITTEN IN COLLABORATION WITH ROBERT S. HULBERT

BY

EDWARD BAILEY EATON

**I**N the preceding sketch of the general development of Winsted, many details of its progress and industries have necessarily been omitted, and yet material prosperity is possibly the most fascinating phase of history.

The Winsted of today, risen from a rocky wilderness, has about 10,000 inhabitants and an assessment list of \$5,000,000. It is the center of trade of over 500 square miles of territory, lies at the junction of two railroads, and is connected with its nearest large neighbor, Torrington, ten miles away, by an electric railway.

It has what is probably one of the finest water supplies in New England, a well-equipped fire department and low insurance rates. It is lighted by gas and electricity, supplied from large modern plants, the one producing electricity being situated at the romantic falls of the Tunxis, about three miles from the Borough. It has also two telephone systems, supplying about one telephone to every ten persons, and the manufactories

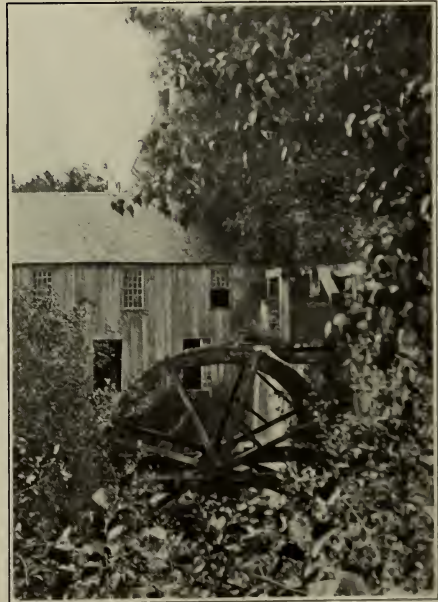


Photo by Mrs. Alice Doughty Sanford

### REMAINS OF THE FIRST FORGE IN WINCHESTER

Built about 1795 by Jenkins & Boyd—Old water wheel is all that remained twelve years ago





From painting by Mrs. Alice Doughty Sanford

#### THE LAST FORGE IN WINCHESTER

Known as the Timothy Hulbert Forge—Built about 1803 by the Rockwell Bros.—Torn down about fifteen years ago

of Winsted turn out probably over four million dollars worth of products in a year.

In the progress of this manufacturing may be traced the evolution of the mechanical arts. There has been a marvelous change from the primitive methods of years ago to the present facilities for supplying the demands of a world's trade, and as the history of manufacturing is largely a narration of individual success, this chapter of progress must be somewhat biographical.

In Mr. Hulbert's article it is said that the early part of the last century might be called the "Iron Age" of Winsted. Besides the large output of refined iron and scythes, there had been made in the town, before 1860, from iron and steel, the following products: Nails, by Jesse Byington, in 1810, who, during the War of 1812, "employed more men as cutters and headers, than were employed by any

other branch of business in the place;" axes, whose manufacture was introduced by Elizur Hinsdale about 1804; iron wire, the drawing of which from rods was a prosperous business near the present clock shop about 1812, and was carried on by Samuel and Luther Hoadley and James Boyd; hay and manure forks, made about the same time by hand in several shops; hoes, shovels and carpenters' tools, the making of which was started about 1828 by Samuel Boyd on the south side of Mad river; washers, nuts and bolts, made by the Clifton Mill Co., which succeeded him; table cutlery, manufactured first by the Eagle Co., on the site where the T. C. Richards Co. now stands; pocket cutlery, made first by Thompson & Gascoign in 1853, the business being developed into the present Empire Knife Co.; augurs, which were manufactured from 1853 to 1860 by

the Winsted Augur Co., where the Empire Knife Company's works are now situated; carriage axles, in the manufacture of which Reuben Cook & Sons embarked about 1840; shovels, tongs and other fire irons, which were made, about 1854, where the Woodruff Feed Mills now stand, the business being soon discontinued, as Mr. Boyd rather naively remarks, because the concern "lacked capital, energy and business skill;" joiners' tools, made by the Winsted Plane Co. for a few years from 1851 on the site now occupied by the Strong Mfg. Co., and finally pins, which have gone out from Winsted in millions upon millions since the Hartford Pin Co., the predecessors of the New England Pin Co., began making them in 1852. In addition to these articles of wrought iron and steel, several foundries for making cast iron products were in existence at different times, turning out clock bells, stoves, plows, and a great variety of other castings.

There were other important industries, however, in the town in the early days; grist mills, two of which have been mentioned in the preceding article, and saw mills necessarily followed closely the early settlers. The first saw mill is believed to have been built in Winchester Center, near the Hurlbut Cemetery. Others were built in different parts of the town. Lumber and various wooden articles including oars, wooden bowls and cheese boxes were made. Tanneries on a large scale were started in 1802 by two colonels, Hosea Hinsdale and James Sheperd, and have been always since then important industries of the town. The manufacture of woolen cloth was several times undertaken, but appears not to have been conducted long or profitably. In 1807, Samuel and Luther Hoadley and Riley Whiting began the manufacture of clocks, and that business, under different owners, has continued for nearly a century and has become the largest manufacturing industry of the town.

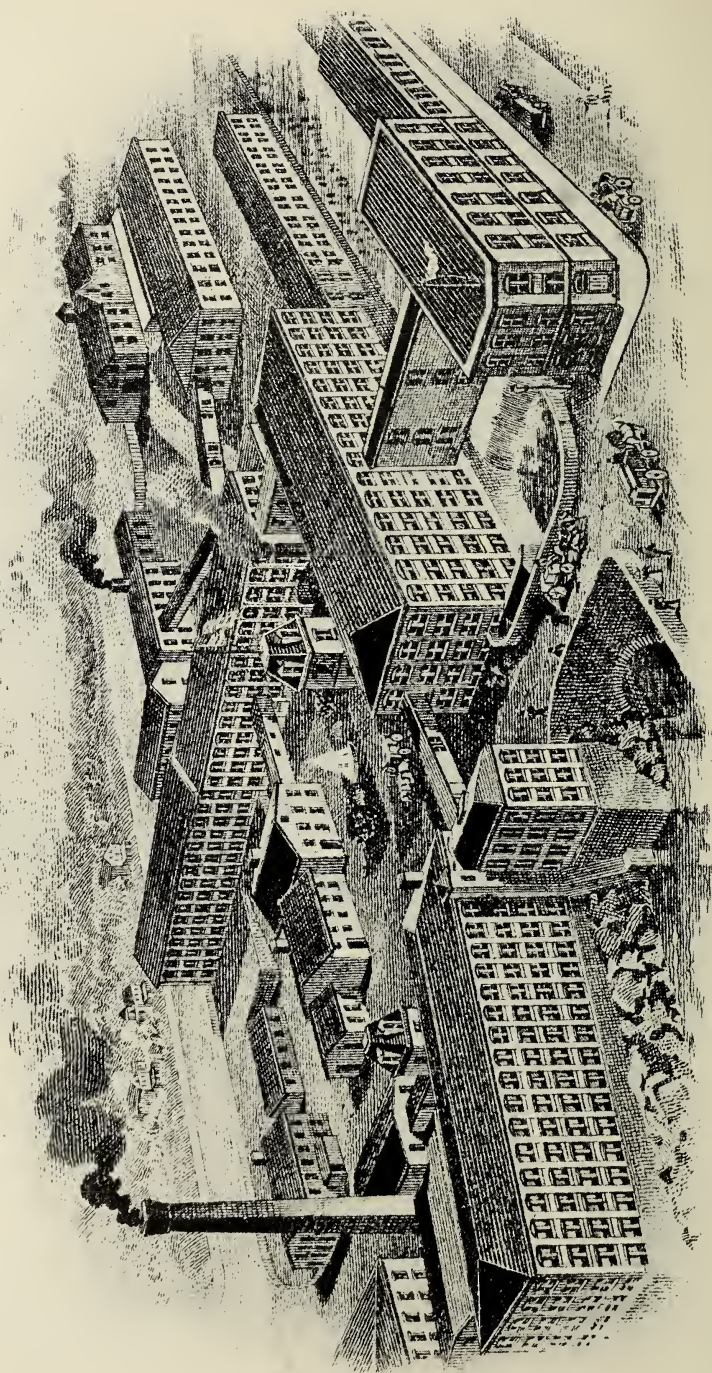


From sketch by Mrs. Alice Doughty Sanford

THE OLD THAYER SCYTHE SHOP ON MAD RIVER

Built in 1831 and operated successfully for over fifty years





A GREAT INDUSTRY OF WINSTED—PLANT OF THE GILBERT CLOCK COMPANY



A brief history of this large concern may be interesting. When the Hoadleys and Mr. Whiting started the business they made wooden clocks. "The machinery was carried by a tin wheel on an upright iron shaft. The cog wheels were of cherry, the pinion was of ivy (or calmia) and the face of white-wood, all home products. These, with a very little wire, a very little steel, brass, tin and cordage made up the staple of material in the old one-day shelf clock which they produced and scattered all over the United States and Canada."

Luther Hoadley died in 1813 and Samuel entered the army in the same year, retiring from the business. Mr. Whiting enlarged the business, tore down the historic grist mill, built new shops and began making eight-day clocks. He died in 1835. Lucius Clarke bought the business in 1841, the year that William L. Gilbert became identified with it. It was then carried on under the name of Clarke, Gilbert & Co., and W. L. Gilbert, until its incorporation as The Gilbert Manufacturing Company in 1866. It was reorganized in 1871 as the William L. Gilbert Clock Company. The old building built by Mr. Whiting was burned down in 1870. It was replaced by two large three-story brick buildings which have been added to at intervals. In 1902 a handsome new office building, fronting on North Main street, was erected. The present extensive plant, an illustration of which is presented, is a striking example of industrial progress.

The buildings have a floor space of over 90,000 square feet. The rooms are filled with the most modern and improved machinery. About 500 operatives are employed, turning out 2,000 clocks each day. These clocks are bewildering in their styles and sizes. They are of all prices, from the cheapest to the most expensive, and it is a long step from the crude modern affairs of 1807 to the beautiful objects of the clock-making art which go out from the factory in 1904.

Steadily, for nearly a century, the concern has extended its trade, until now it has the world for its market.

The company has established sales-rooms in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Philadelphia, Montreal, London and Rio Janeiro. Besides the sale of these goods throughout the United States, large shipments are made to China, Japan, South Africa, Australia, South America, and to a great many European countries, particularly to England. It would be difficult to find an illustration more typical of all that is involved in the building up of a great manufacturing industry, than is afforded by the history of this establishment, which has been identified so long with Winsted.

The large interests of the concern are at present managed by a board of directors composed of James G. Woodruff, George B. Owen, Lyman R. Norton, B. F. Marsh and Henry Gay, and by the officers, J. G. Woodruff, president and treasurer; George B. Owen, vice-president and general manager; E. S. Brown, secretary, and Arthur W. Owen, assistant treasurer.

Next to the clock company, in order of age, of the present manufacturing concerns of Winsted, is a representative of the tanning industry, The George Dudley & Son Company.

In the first half of the last century, there were, around Winsted, several small tanneries for the tanning and finishing of shoe leather. The tanning was all done in still vats, the skins being poled around by hand. When tanned they were made up into shoes in the same shop.

It was in this way that George Dudley started in the leather business in 1831. He had a small tannery on the New Hartford road, near what is known as the Kellogg place. He remained there, however, only one year, buying, in 1832 of Alanson Loomis, the tannery in Winsted now called the "Home Tannery," and soon after took up the tanning of sheep and calf skins and English splits in hemlock bark for book purposes.

It was at about this time that he gave up the old method of tanning and made use of the paddle wheel, which is the



GEORGE DUDLEY—PIONEER IN THE TANNING BUSINESS IN WINSTED

method used at the present time. The skins are put in a vat filled with the



Photo by F. H. DeMars

THE "HOME TANNERY" OF THE GEORGE DUDLEY & SON COMPANY  
Showing great piles of hemlock bark stacked in immense quantities in the yard of the tannery



Photo by F. H. DeMars

**THE "ROCKWELL TANNERY" OF THE GEORGE DUDLEY & SON COMPANY**

liquor from hemlock bark. A paddle wheel being set in motion makes a current in the liquor which keeps the skins constantly in motion. By this method the old fashioned and arduous work of hand stirring was done away with. Another result was the shortening of the length of time necessary for the tanning of the skins.

In 1853, Mr. Dudley, finding that his business had outgrown his capacity, tore down his old tannery and rebuilt it practically as it stands today.

In 1867 he took his son, George Dudley, Jr., into partnership, when the business which had been conducted under the name of George Dudley was now done as George Dudley & Son.

The business grew rapidly. For years they supplied the United States government with all the sheep and calf skins used in their bindery at Washington. On account of the increasing demand for their leather, it became necessary to buy more tanneries, among them being what was known as the "Woodruff Tannery" on North Main street, and two in West Norfolk, Conn. Of these, one in

West Norfolk is still in use, the rest having been dismantled.

In 1882, Mr. Dudley and his son having both died, it became necessary to incorporate the business, since which time the business has been carried on under the firm name of The George Dudley & Son Co.

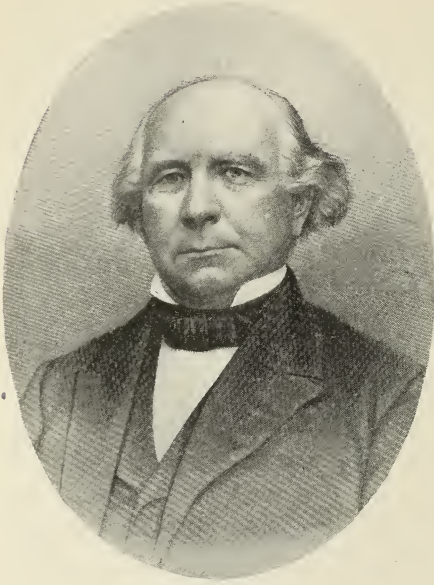
In 1888 the firm bought of John T. Rockwell the tannery in Winsted which his brother and himself had operated under the firm name of J. S. & J. T. Rockwell.

Up to 1895 the whole attention of the company had been centered on the manufacture of book leather. In that year, however, a new branch was taken up, the tanning and preparing of sheep skins for use in organs, piano players, etc. This branch has grown to such proportions that practically all of the output of the "Rockwell" tannery is used in supplying the demands of this trade.

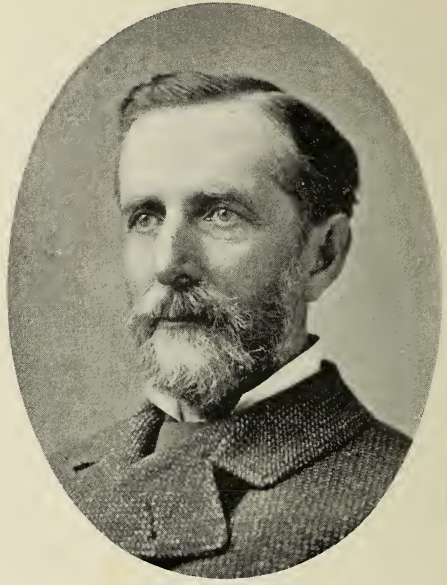
The company has now three tanneries in constant operation, two in Winsted and one in West Norfolk, Conn.

The present officers are: George E. Dudley, president; Dudley S. Vail, treasurer, and Andrew Fox, secretary.





ELLIOT BEARDSLEY



JAMES R. ALVORD

The Empire Knife Company is an illustration of those industries established a half-century ago. Nevertheless, this company, manufacturing pocket cutlery, is one of the oldest manufacturers of this class of goods in the United States, in fact, they are the third oldest concern, and it is something over 50 years since the first pocket knives were made here in Winsted. In 1852, two Englishmen, Thompson & Gascoigne, came to Winsted and commenced to make pocket knives, and an old publication of the Winsted Herald has an advertisement showing that the firm of Beardsley &

Alvord, country merchants at that time, acted as the agents for them, selling their product. It was in 1856 that the Empire Knife Company came into existence, when Elliot Beardsley, who was a manufacturer of the Beardsley scythes, and James R. Alvord, who was his partner in the mercantile business of Beardsley & Alvord, took up the business of these two Englishmen, and formed the partnership of the Empire Knife Co., the business has been in the Beardsley and Alvord families from that day to this. In 1890 this company was merged into a joint stock company, with the follow-

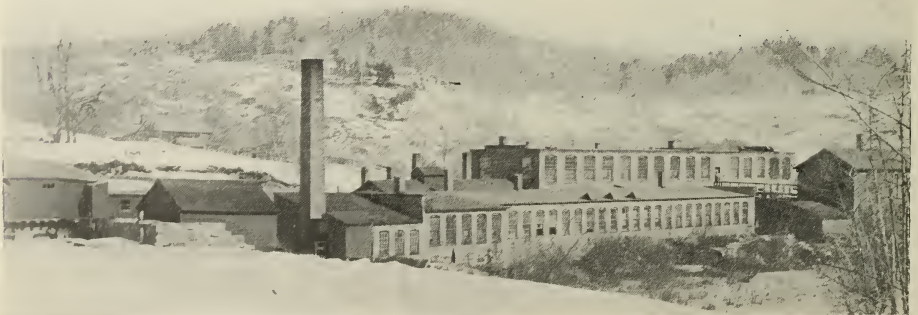


Photo by F. H. DeMars

THE PLANT OF THE EMPIRE KNIFE COMPANY ON MAD RIVER

ing officers, who are today managing the business: Charles L. Alvord, president; George S. Alvord, vice-president; and S. Landon Alvord, secretary and treasurer.

This company employs over one hundred hands, made up of the most skilled workmen, and their product is very widely distributed, the goods being largely used in the finest city trade, where the competition is keenest with the highest grade of English goods.

The factory of this company, for thirty years, was on Lake street, water power of the first factory coming from Highland Lake, but in 1880 the old table cutlery factory property, the first water power on the Norfolk road, was purchased, and the works were removed to that point, where, in new and modern buildings, thoroughly equipped for this business, the company is now manufacturing their well-known brand of Empire knives.

The earliest factory work carried on in Winsted was the making of scythes. The first scythe shop in the town (and the third in the country) was on the same site where the only one remaining in the town is now situated, and the concern which operates it — The Winsted Manufacturing Company — has also the distinction of being the oldest organized company in the town.

The organization of the Winsted Manufacturing Company was effected August 22, 1835, with the following officers (all of whom are now deceased): Directors, Theron Rockwell, E. Grove Lawrence, Lyman Wakefield, Jonathan E. Hoyt, William S. Holabird; president Theron Rockwell; secretary, John Camp, treasurer, Lyman Case. Mr. Camp was the active manager from the organization until his death in 1862. Joseph H. Norton succeeded Mr. Camp, August 30, 1862, as agent and secretary, and under Mr. Norton's efficient management a large and profitable business was carried on. Allen H. Norton, son of Joseph H., was elected secretary in 1875, and during the latter years of his father's life, was the active manager. Joseph H. Norton died in 1895, and his son, Allen H. Nor-

ton, in 1901. The strict integrity and honesty in all business dealings which has characterized the management of this company since its organization, is a record of which those who come after them and assume the future burdens may be proud.

Since Mr. Norton's death the business has been carried on by its present officers: President, Lyman R. Norton; treasurer, Arthur L. Clark; secretary, George H. Raidart.

One of the most conspicuous buildings that the visitor notes on his arrival in Winsted, is the magnificent plant of the New England Pin Company, situated on Bridge street immediately opposite the Naugatuck railroad station. With an imposing frontage of over 100 feet on Bridge street, the handsome new building, five stories in height, erected in 1901, is a testimonial to progressive industry in Winsted.

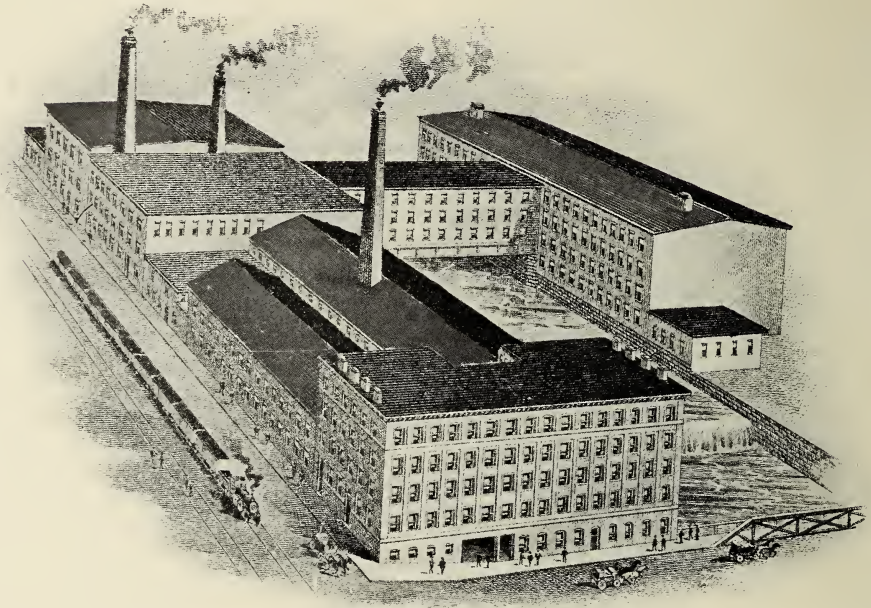
This business was established by J. G. Wetmore, and incorporated under the present name in 1854, with a capital of \$100,000. Since its inception, a career of success has marked the history of the enterprise which is today one of the largest plants in Winsted.

The product of this industry is pins of many varieties, and the output is enormous, the modern machinery of the plant turning out from 12,000,000 to 15,000,000 pins per day, equal in weight to about one ton of solid metal. The company recently purchased the hair pin plant of L. E. Warner of Oakville, and during the past year has practically doubled its capacity. The Winsted Paper Box Company is owned and operated by the New England Pin Company, and not only manufacturers the boxes used by the latter company, but supplies many of the other local manufacturers.

About 125 skilled operatives are busily engaged in the manufacture of the shining product of the company that has a market not only in this country but abroad.

The present officers of the company are: George W. Curtis, president; Jay E. Spaulding, secretary, treasurer and general manager, and George F. Drake, assistant secretary.





SUBSTANTIAL BUILDINGS OF THE NEW ENGLAND PIN COMPANY

The decade of the Civil War with the three years following, to the panic of 1873, was a time of great prosperity for Winsted manufacturers and laid the foundations of many fortunes. One business only, that of making planters' hoes, was destroyed by the war, while several new concerns were started. Among them were the Strong Manufacturing Co., making coffin trimmings; the business now known as the Franklin Moore Bolt Co., started by Edward Clarke and the late Franklin Moore; the Henry Spring Co., making carriage springs, and a large condensed milk factory, organized by Gail Borden and others, which was operated from 1863 to 1866.

In 1860, in the town of East Hampton, Connecticut, where so many kinds of bells are made that Edgar Allen Poe might have found material for at least

one more stanza if he had lived there, were two young men, who, having begun the business of silver plating bells for manufacturers in 1856, had in the following four years added to it the making of a small line of coffin tacks, screws and handles from white metal. It was the beginning of the more extensive business of the Strong Manufacturing Company of Winsted. For several years thereafter, in East Hampton, the firm of Markham & Strong carried on its business, sometimes under the direction of David Strong, sometimes under that of his brother, Clark, who had returned to his home in East Hampton from Missouri at the breaking out of the war, and while both of the Strong's were wearing the blue in the service of their country, it was entirely under the management of Mr. Markham.

In 1866 the business came to Winsted. The Strong Manufacturing Company was formed and David Strong was authorized to buy out Markham & Strong,





First Factory Building of The Strong Manufacturing Company Where the company began its career in Winsted in 1866

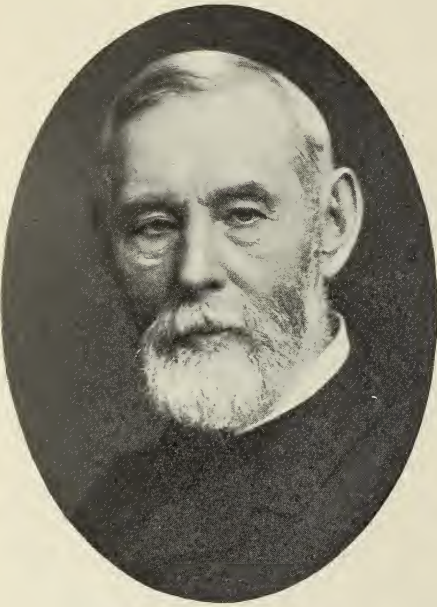
including the interest of Bevin Brothers, who were silent partners. The original stockholders of the company which was formed were William L. Gilbert, Normand Adams, A. L. Weirs, David Strong, Clark Strong, Charles B. Hallett, Joseph H. Norton, Ezra Baldwin and Theophilus Baird. The first president of the company was William L. Gilbert, who held the office for three years. Normand Adams was then president for one year and in 1871 David Strong was elected to the office and has held it since then to the present time. In the first year of the company Clark Strong was secretary and A. L. Weirs, treasurer. From 1867 to 1870 Clark Strong was secretary and treasurer. In the latter year he was made agent, an office which he held to 1877, the year before his death, when Henry G. Colt succeeded to the office, rendering efficient and successful service, dying on November 21st, 1897. He was succeeded in turn by Luman C. Colt, who still holds the office. In 1870, Harvey L. Roberts,

who for three years had been bookkeeper for the company, took the office of secretary and treasurer and has retained it till the present time. The present board of directors consists of the above three mentioned officers, including also Lester C. Strong and Frederick C. Strong.

Such has been the personnel of the management of the company during the nearly forty years of its life in Winsted. Few concerns see less changes in an equal time.

The growth of the business was rapid. During the first few years David Strong carried on under his own name the manufacture of burial robes and casket linings, selling the goods to undertakers, including in his sales the products of the Strong Manufacturing Company. In 1872 his business was consolidated with that of the company.

While the goods made by the Strong Manufacturing Company are of the kind necessarily associated with sombre reflections, many of the articles are in themselves of great beauty. The first



DAVID STRONG

Founder of the Strong Manufacturing Company

coffin handles made by Markham & Strong were plain drop handles of white metal. Later these handles were silver

plated and, as time passed on, the few comparatively simple handles gave way to a greatly extended line in which the designer's art has vied with the plater's in producing the most elaborate and elegant articles. In every department of the company the men in charge are masters of their business. The products of the factory range widely in cost. They are seen on the caskets of the lowliest and have been on those which held the mortal remains of many of the most prominent men of the country. When General Grant died in 1885, the casket handles, solid silver, and the name plate of solid gold were furnished by this company. It supplied also the handles and plate for the caskets of ex-President Harrison and Cornelius Vanderbilt.

The factory of the Strong Manufacturing Company is situated in the heart of the business district of the east part of the Borough. When the company was first organized, it occupied a small wooden building, but in 1873 a new brick factory was built. This was added to in 1886 and the buildings now form one of the most substantial of Winsted's factories.



Photo by K. T. Sheldon

PLANT OF THE STRONG MANUFACTURING COMPANY AS IT APPEARS TODAY



Of the manufacturing industries which have been started within the last quarter of a century, the Winsted Hosiery Company may be taken as a typical concern. This company was organized in 1882 for the manufacture of hosiery by L. W. Tiffany and W. F. Taylor of New Hartford and J. S. Watson of the Norfolk and New Brunswick Hosiery Company, Norfolk.

The original capitalization was \$40,000, but this has been increased from time to time to \$200,000. The company began business in the small wooden factory building shown in the accompanying illustration, with about 30 or 40 hands. Mr. E. B. Gaylord became associated with the company in 1885 as assistant treasurer, and one year later, on the retirement of Mr. Taylor, was appointed treasurer and general manager.

The business has taken rapid strides in its progress since its inception, necessitating the extensive enlargement of the plant that is indicated in the illustration, where about 300 operatives now find regular employment producing an output to the value of about \$600,000 annually.

The new and handsome buildings of the Hosiery Company, equipped with



Original Building of The Winsted Hosiery Company

modern machinery and deriving the motive power from steam, fittingly represent recent progress in manufacturing lines. The prosperity which has attended its operation is a source of gratification to Winsted people, not only because the manufacture of this class of goods adds so much to the earning capacity of many families, but also because it shows that Winsted, even without its excellent water power, is well fitted to be a profitable manufacturing center.

The present officers of the company are David Strong, president, and E. B. Gaylord, secretary and treasurer.



PRESENT PLANT OF THE WINSTED HOSIERY COMPANY

In marked contrast to above illustration—Indicating the material progress of the company in less than a quarter of a century





Photo by K. T. Sheldon

## PLANT OF THE WINSTED SILK COMPANY AND THE SALTER SILK COMPANY AT WINSTED

In 1747, Jonathan Law, governor of Connecticut, wore the first coat and stockings made of New England silk, and in 1750, his daughter the first silk dress made from domestic material. Notwithstanding all the efforts made, very little raw silk is now produced in this country at a profit. The opening up to commerce of the ports of the far East, greatly increased the supply of raw silk available for Europe and America. The United States today is one of the principal silk manufacturing countries, with a product valued at over \$80,000,000 per annum, and with the growing prosperity of the country a demand has been stimulated that now places the United States as the largest consumer of manufactured silk.

Winsted has been recognized in the silk industry since 1874. In that year the business of the present Winsted Silk Company was established as a co-partnership. In January, 1883, by a special act of the General Assembly, a charter was granted, the company being incorporated as The Winsted Silk Company, with a capital of \$150,000. The Salter Silk

Company has since become a constituent of this company. The present officers of The Winsted Silk Company are: A. H. Livermore, president and treasurer; E. P. Wilcox, secretary, and James J. Lawler, superintendent.

The Salter Silk Company was incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey, in February, 1894, and the officers are: A. H. Livermore, president and treasurer; A. S. Livermore, secretary and assistant treasurer.

The plant of the two companies is situated on Munro street near the Mad river, and employs about 175 operatives, mostly girls, exclusive of a large corps of traveling salesmen, and the clerical force of the various offices and salesrooms of the companies in New York, Boston, Chicago, Detroit, St. Paul,<sup>\*</sup> St. Louis, and Johnstown, N. Y.

The product of the two companies is silk threads of all kinds, consisting of sewing silks, machine twist, embroidery silks (of all the different varieties), crochet silk, knitting silk, and purse silk.

In addition to the above the Salter Silk Company makes a specialty of Den-

tal Flosses, both waxed and plain, for Dental use and Toilet purposes. Salter's Dental Floss is known throughout this country and in many parts of Europe, the Company manufacturing fully 80 per cent. of the entire output of this country, placing it on the market largely with the dry goods stores and druggists in the form of spools, and also in dainty flat disks or bobbins that fit the purse or pocket.

The most recent additions to the manufacturing industries of Winsted, have enlarged still more the great variety of its products.

The Goodwin & Kintz Company, whose factory is situated on Rowley street, manufactures a line of high grade metal goods. This company was incorporated in 1897, and was first situated in Shelton, Conn. In 1899 they moved their business to Winsted, Conn., and purchased the factory of the Winsted Clock Co., on North Main street. The business grew rapidly and their quarters

soon became cramped. In 1903 they acquired the factory of the Winsted Shoe Company, and added thereto two modern brick buildings. They now have a plant thoroughly up-to-date in manufacturing facilities, and have lately increased their capital stock to \$50,000, as a preliminary to a further extension of their business.

They devote particular attention to the manufacture of clock cases and clock materials, also small novelty clocks in fine Ormolu gold, and produce a large line of fine metal goods, including vases, candelabra, mirror plateaux, gas and electric portables. They do special sheet metal work to order and devote particular attention to the production of premium goods for trading stamp houses and similar concerns.

The officers of the company are James G. Woodruff, president; Clemens Kintz, secretary; and Winslow Goodwin, treasurer. The directors of the concern, in addition to the above, are E. B. Gaylord and A. W. Owen.



Photo by F. H. DeMars

FACTORY OF THE GOODWIN & KINTZ COMPANY

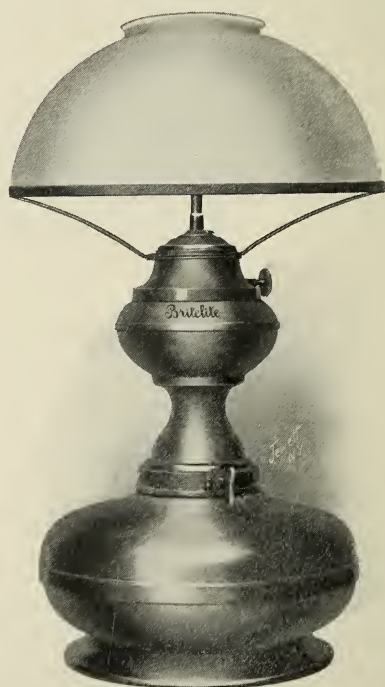
The series of articles by C. A. Quincy Norton, on "Lights and Lamps of Early New England," now appearing in *The Connecticut Magazine*, is attracting widespread attention, evolving, as it does, the development and improvement in the methods of lighting from the dark hour when the first flaring brand cast its flickering, smoky rays on the walls of the abode of some prehistoric cave-dweller, down to the present time, when chemists and inventors are striving zealously to reach a perfection (if possible) in illuminating methods.

"The lamp, in some form, has always been a necessity in the active life of man, and has been the means of lengthening his career on earth. So when we consider how much of the world's advancement toward the realization of a higher civilization has been accomplished by the aid of artificial illumination, we shall comprehend something of the importance of the lamp as a factor in the intellectual and material growth of mankind," says Mr. Norton.

It is interesting and timely to note at this time, that here in Winsted the skill of the inventor is being put to practical service in the creation of a portable house light which it appears should prove of inestimable value in lighting methods. By this invention it becomes possible for the lonely dweller on the hills or in the small towns removed from the populous centers, to have an illuminant equal and perhaps better than is afforded in the cities. The manufacture of the "Britelite" acetylene house lamp is one that should more and more give Winsted a widespread reputation, as the product of the manufacturer is placed on the market. Acetylene lighting is not entirely new, but the method of producing a house light that is at once brilliant, non-explosive and automatic in action, is the element of value which the particular construction of this lamp makes possible.

Under spectroscopic analysis which unerringly separates the rays, is revealed the fact that those of acetylene gas are almost like natural rays. The "Britelite" lamp will stand a yet severer test; colors, which under other artificial

lights evade discrimination, may be readily and truly distinguished. The newspaper or book may be read with comfort and ease, without the eye-strains occasioned by other artificial lights. It was my privilege to be shown through the plant of the company and to see the lamps under tests. The quality of the light and the mechanical contrivances in the lamps are marvelous, and bespeak years of study and application in its perfection, which has also required the expenditure of nearly \$50,000 before the first lamp was placed on the market.



The "BRIGHTLIGHT"—A Winsted Product

An invaluable quality of the "Britelite" lamp is the absolute safety in its use. It is built under the supervision of acetylene experts in the Winsted factory. The system of generation (carbide-feed) is recognized by the leading acetylene authorities as being at once practical and safe. The lamp is constructed in accordance with the rules of the National Board of Fire Underwriters, was tested and approved by their consulting engineers, and is included in the list of permitted devices issued by them. The



practical operation of the "Britelite" lamp is simplicity itself. Its mechanical devices cannot get out of order. The turning of a bottom releases the carbide which drops through a valve into the water below, producing a "cool generation." This action is automatic. When charged, the lamp will give a bright, steady and brilliant light for ten hours. It is designed for use in the library, reception room and parlor, or indeed for any room in the house. The size of the flame is so small that there is no perceptible heat from the lamp. It can be turned on and off and lighted like city gas. When turned off the generation ceases instantly, which is a source of economy and convenience, and the gas cannot escape. The re-charging requires very little trouble, and when re-charged, the lamp will burn for approximately three evenings. The lamp emits no odor, requires no chimneys or wicks, and gives an illumination that has yet been unequalled. This invention is the product of the "Britelite" Lamp Company, which has its main office at 45 Broadway, New York City.

In olden days in New England it was considered almost criminal to give time or thought to the body or countenance. The "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit" was the only one advertised or recommended in New England at that time, and was doubtless worn by many who would now be considered very untidy persons. Of late a different saying has gained in prominence, and the idea that "cleanliness is next to Godliness" is growing on us, and inventive genius, to promote cleanliness, has found expression in Winsted in the form of the Hollow-Toothed Rubber Brush, an all-flexible brush, having a surface composed of hollow projections (suction cups). The basic patent for this form of brush was granted the inventor, John G. Doughty, March 8th, 1898. Joseph R. Sanford became interested with Mr. Doughty, other patents were granted to Mr. Sanford, details of construction were perfected, and the first goods — the Military Horse Brush — placed on the market in the year 1900. These were warmly received, and realizing that the patent was practically applicable to an



Photo by F. H. DeMars

#### A BUSINESS SECTION IN WEST PART OF BOROUGH

Showing old Second Congregational Church in center, and chapel beyond—After church was vacated Henry Gay to preserve property, purchased and remodeled buildings for business purposes



Photo by K. T. Sheldon

#### THE BEARDSLEY HOUSE, WEST PART OF BOROUGH

One of the best known hostleries in Litchfield County—Conducted by Charles B. Andrews—Five minutes walk from Highland Lake—The traveler finds an air of homelike comfort at this hotel with its handsome office and spacious varandas—Commercial service is two dollars per day, with special rates for a week or more

endless variety of brushes and appliances, especially for bathing and massage, the inventors organized a joint stock company for the promotion of the patents and the manufacture and sale of the goods.

The Flexible Rubber Goods Company was incorporated under the laws of the State of Connecticut, March, 1901. Officers of the company are: President, John G. Doughty; secretary and treasurer, Joseph R. Sanford; directors, Henry Gay, John G. Doughty, J. R. Sanford.

Quite a full line of all flexible, hollow-toothed rubber brushes, mitts, rollers, etc., is manufactured, and the company is constantly bringing out new articles embodying original ideas for appliances to meet the popular demand for practical aids to the perfection and preservation of health and beauty.

The goods have already gained a National reputation, and The Flexible Rubber Goods Company has every prospect of being an important factor in the manufacturing life of Winsted.

The history of the medical profession is replete with important discoveries in analysis, compounding and surgery, and the world is each year receiving the ben-

efit of the devotion and life study of such public benefactors.

Over fifteen years ago, Dr. George W. Brown, a long-time resident of Winsted, compounded a remedy which he introduced among his patients as a family medicine, and a substantial demand was soon created.

In 1902 it was decided to prepare the remedy in large quantities, and a stock company was accordingly organized to handle the business more energetically. The company was incorporated under the name of The Brown's Anodyne Company, with the following officers: Gilbert L. Hart, president; Darwin S. Moore, secretary, and Charles B. Moore, treasurer and manager. The formula was then purchased of Dr. Brown, and under the present management the business has taken rapid strides and has added another article to Winsted's varied outputs.

In 1903 the company purchased the formula and stock of Dr. Bartlett's Alkaline Poultrice Powder, which is also being prepared for the market.

The headquarters of The Brown's Anodyne Company is at No. 9 Lake street, near Main street, in the west part of the Borough.





MAIN ASSEMBLY HALL.—WINSTED BUSINESS SCHOOL.



The printer's art has long been recognized as an essential factor to industrial, commercial and educational success.

Among Winsted's industrial achievements is the Winsted Printing & Engraving Company, owned and conducted by J. R. and C. Durand, brothers, who acquired the plant September 24, 1901, and from a modest beginning have experienced a steady increase and development, which has necessitated adding much new machinery and the remodeling of the establishment, which is today a well-equipped job and book printing office.

The plant is situated in the center of the Borough, occupying the large and well-lighted building, Nos. 471, 473 and 475 Main street, and turns out much work for the manufacturers and commercial institutions of Winsted in the line of catalogues, booklets and labels of all descriptions. They also furnish illustrating plates in half-tones, line etching, electrotypes, plates, etc.

A specialty is made of out of town business through mail orders, and they ship large quantities of every kind of printing to all parts of the United States.

Manufacturers and business men generally would no doubt profit by communicating with Durand Brothers for samples and prices which will be promptly and willingly submitted by the company.

It may be of value in this article to note some of the commercial interests of Winsted aside from the examples which have been cited of its manufac-

turing interests. The Local Telephone Exchange, established in 1894, does as its name applies, a local business only, extending, however, to Riverton, Colebrook, Winchester Center and Burrville. It now has 425 subscribers at rates of \$18 a year for offices and \$12 for residences. The only other places in Connecticut having similar systems are Sharon and Lakeville in one system, Woodbury in another, and New Hartford, Collinsville, Canton, Unionville and Farmington, having a central station in Collinsville.

Besides the educational advantages of the Gilbert School, there is in Winsted a commercial institution of learning of high order.

The Winsted Business School was established in 1898 by Mr. H. C. Bentley, and has built up an enviable reputation as a business training school for young men and women. On February 1st, 1903, it was purchased by the present principal and proprietor, Mr. H. N. Roberts, who has had many years' experience as teacher in, and manager of business schools.

It is the purpose of this school to thoroughly prepare young men and women to fill, in the most satisfactory manner, office positions in the business world. Thorough work and accuracy is the ambition of the proprietor.

Three courses of study are offered, viz.: Commercial course, stenographic course and commercial-stenographic course.

The school is finely equipped for its work and has all up-to-date office appliances, with about fifty desks in its large study room, an illustration of which appears.

The center of business activity in the east part of the Borough, is at the corner of Main and North Main streets, commonly known as "Nisbet's Corner." The roads leading into the Borough from Torrington, New Hartford, Barkhamsted, Riverton, Colebrook, and other towns beyond, all center here, making it one of the busiest of localities. The beautiful east village park with its new memorial fountain is at the intersection of these roads. At the north end of the park stands the First Congregational



HIGHLAND LAKE HOTEL

The one hotel situated on lake shore—Broad verandas—Commanding views—Shaded grounds—Boating facilities—Accommodates forty guests—A. M. Grant, Winsted offers property for sale or rent



Photo by F. H. DeMars

**BUSINESS SECTION IN EAST PART OF BOROUGH**

Commonly known as Nisbet's Corner—The First National Bank, William Nisbet's Store, Post Office and Baird's Pharmacy, are located at this point

church and the Episcopal church, while at the south end is situated the Gilbert School and Park Hotel. "Nisbet's Corners" takes its popular name from the dry goods store of which William Nisbet has been owner since April, 1889. Before purchasing the business of L. R. Norton & Company, his predecessor on the corner, Mr. Nisbet conducted a large and successful dry goods store at Putnam, Conn., selling that out in the

early fall of 1888. The constantly increasing business on the corner has demanded more room almost every season, till the store now occupies nearly the whole of two buildings, the one on the corner and the next adjoining, making a floor space of some 10,000 feet. Because of its well-earned popularity and its progressive advertising methods, it is probably one of the best known dry goods houses in Northwestern Connecticut.

**THE PARK HOTEL—EAST PART OF BOROUGH**

Photo by K. T. Sheldon

A homelike family and commercial hostelry conducted by N. H. Whiting—The spacious corridors and broad verandas impress the visitor—Commands a cheerful outlook on the broad elm shaded park directly opposite—Electric cars take one directly to Highland Lake from hotel—The service is two dollars per day, with special rates for regular guests



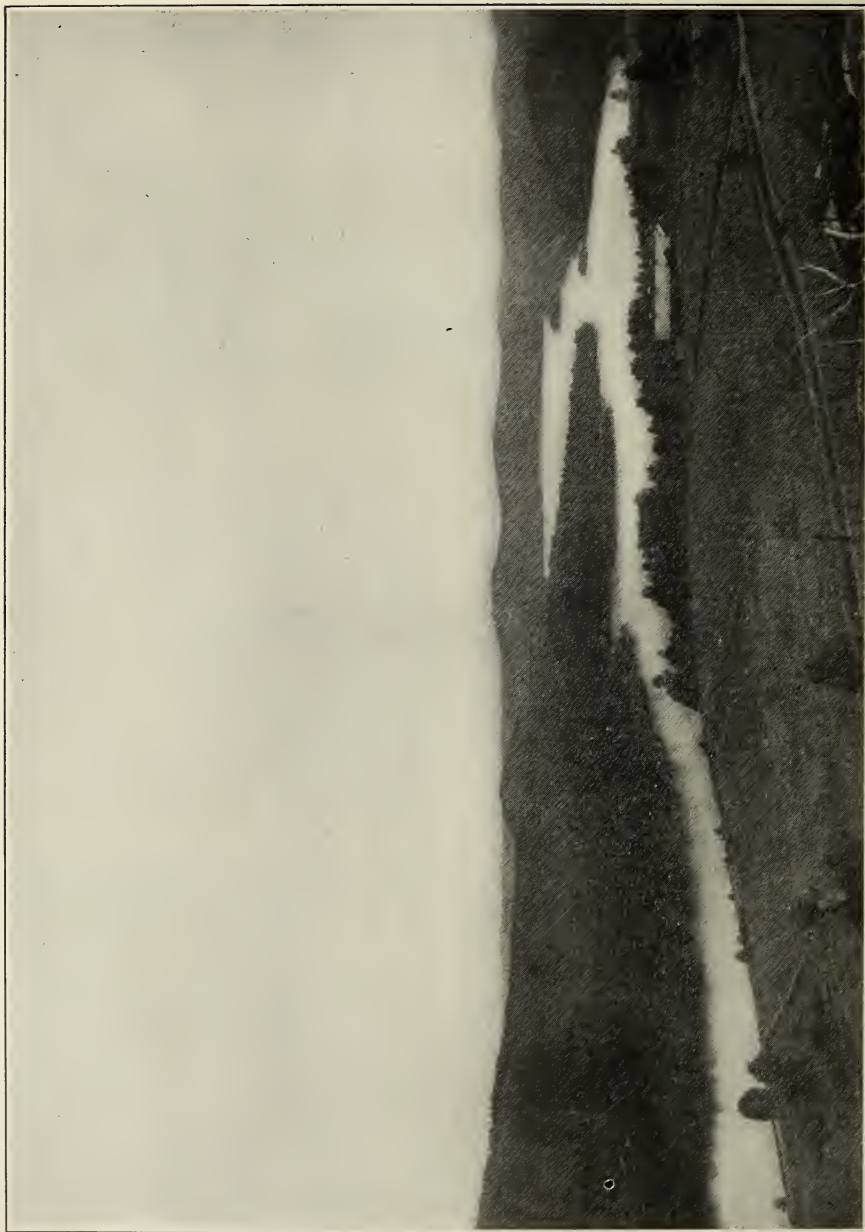


Photo by F. H. DeMars

**HIGHLAND LAKE—AN EXPRESSION OF THE POETIC IN NATURE'S HANDIWORK**

The extensive tract of land occupying nearly the entire farther shore is owned by Joseph F. Carey—The famous Wakefield Boulevard skirts the entire lake making a driveway of over seven miles—Rufus E. Holmes' Highland Lake Farm in foreground



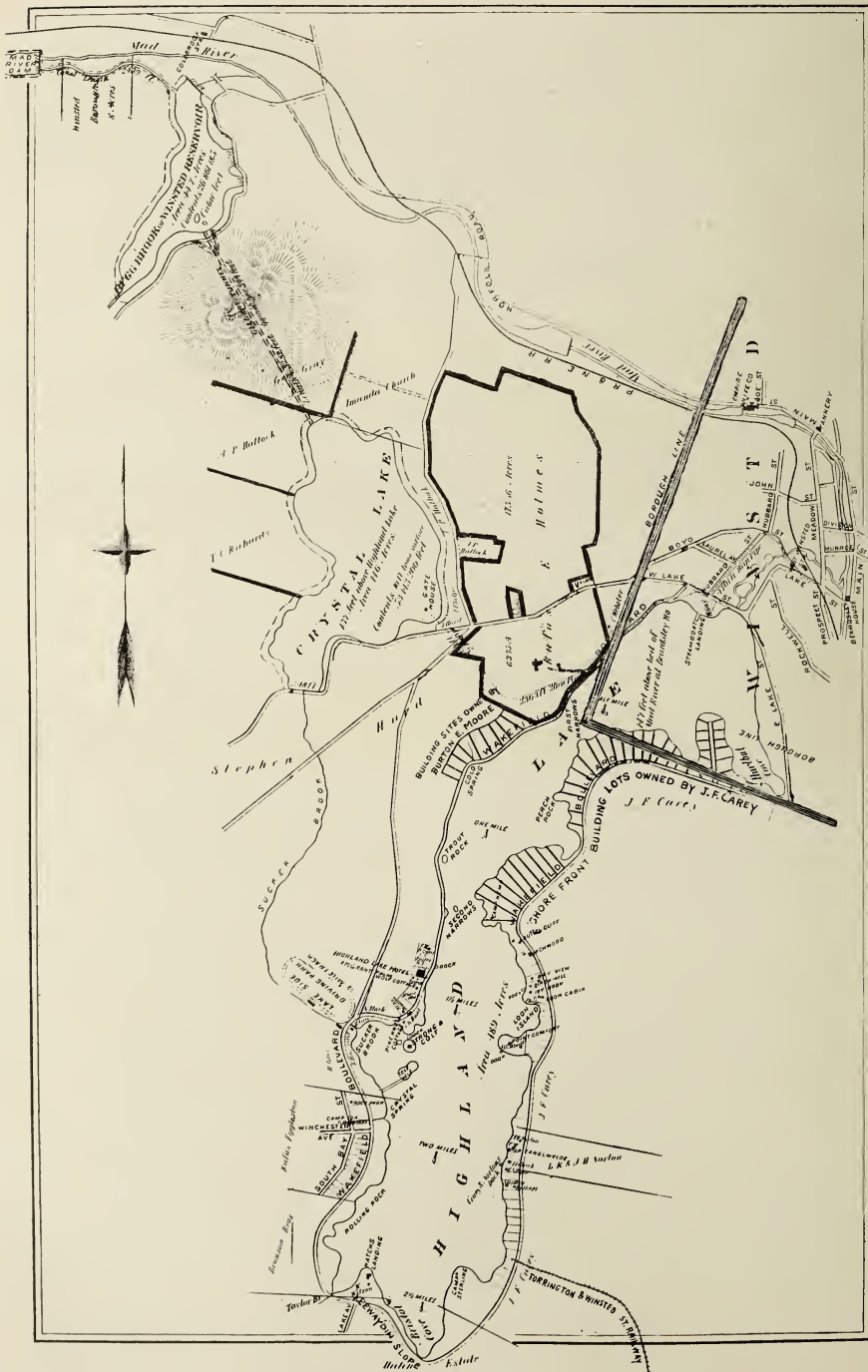


HIGHLAND LAKE AND WAKEFIELD BOULEVARD

Looking south from the shore front on Joseph F. Carey's property

There has never been a "boom" in Winsted. The place has been noted for its quiet, steady and healthy growth. The nearest approach to a sudden increase of land value has been caused by the popularity of the shores of Highland Lake as sites for summer cottages since the building of the Wakefield Boulevard around it. One of the most fortunate of those who have profited by this increase of values is Joseph F. Carey. With his brother, who has since died, Mr. Carey bought some twenty or twenty-five years ago, over 800 acres of farm land, including nearly all of the shore front on the east side of the lake. The greater part of this is available for cottage sites, and has been surveyed and staked out for that purpose. Mr. Carey sold a few lots some years ago, but has until now declined to part with much of his holdings since that time. In the nearly two miles of shore which he owns, there is a great variety of sites. Some are wooded, some clear. Part of

them terminate at the lake in rocky bluffs, while others slope gently to the water's edge. The boulevard on the east side of the lake is at varying distances from the shore, so that some of the lots lie between the road and the lake, while in others the road crosses the lot. There has been little speculation in cottage sites, but the increasing demand for them has forced prices steadily upward. Mr. Carey's lots will be sold at different prices, depending on their situation, but it is the last large tract that can be opened up on the shores of Highland Lake. The great diversity of these lots will permit at first a selection suitable to the taste or means of almost any purchaser. Several views are shown herewith which give a good idea of the general characteristics of the land owned by Mr. Carey, and of the cozy nooks and corners for pleasant little cottages, as well as of the commanding sites suitable for more pretentious buildings.



# THE LAKE SYSTEM OF WINSTED

Showing proximity of Highland and Crystal Lakes to Winsted, the source of the Borough's water supply, Wakefield Boulevard, and the land interests around Highland Lake



SWEEP OF SHORE FRONT ON BURTON E. MOORE'S PROPERTY

The site commands a magnificent view of Highland Lake, and is one of the most attractive on the lake shore

There are some other tracts of similar area which have been staked off and are for sale. Among these is one on the west shore owned by Burton E. Moore of Winsted. His lots are very prettily situated, as to healthful surroundings, view of the lake and encircling hills, and are easy of access. They are supplied with good clear spring water (through a system of well-laid pipes and reservoir) for all modern improvements in the cottages. The tract of land includes a beautiful grove of hemlock trees, affording shade, but not obstructing the view.

The remainder of the land is more open, but has a number of trees for shade. The land lies in such a position that from some portions of it both ends of the lake may be seen. This tract was opened up last year, and building sites for cottages or permanent homes have already been sold from it. A map showing the location of the property is given on the opposite page, while the above cut shows a portion of this tract, including the hemlock grove, a portion of Wakefield Boulevard and also of the lake.



On March 23, 1904, the Hurlbut National Bank of Winsted completed its fiftieth year. The institution was incorporated March 23, 1854, as The Hurlbut Bank, with \$130,000 capital stock.

On July 12, 1865, it was voted to adopt a charter under the National Currency Act and become a member of the National Banking Association. William H. Phelps was elected president on the date of incorporation, March 23, 1854, and on June 1st of the same year, George Alvord was elected cashier, holding the position until May 14, 1857, when Rufus E. Holmes was elected to the office, which Mr. Holmes relinquished to accept a similar position (cashier) with the Winsted Bank on December 12, 1863.

On the death of the president, William H. Phelps, August 26, 1864, Mr. Holmes again became associated with the insti-

tution, being elected to the presidency to succeed Mr. Phelps and remaining in that capacity until 1874, when upon the creation of a new office of vice-presidency, Mr. Holmes was elected to fill that position and William L. Gilbert was chosen president. Mr. Holmes has held the vice-presidency of the institution continuously since.

After Mr. Holmes severed his connection with the bank in 1863, George W. Phelps was elected cashier to fill the vacancy, and resigning in 1865 was succeeded temporarily by Warren Phelps, who was in turn succeeded after his resignation, January 24, 1866, by Charles B. Holmes, who was then teller of the Citizens National Bank of Indianapolis, Indiana. Mr. Holmes remained cashier until 1874, when Henry Gay was elected cashier and Mr. Holmes made assistant



SUBSTANTIAL HOME OF THE HURLBUT NATIONAL BANK

Erected in November, 1898, on Main Street, close to site of the old Higley Tavern



HANDSOME INTERIOR OF THE HURLBUT NATIONAL BANK

cashier. On the death of William L. Gilbert, June 29, 1890, Henry Gay was elected president, which office he now holds, and Charles B. Holmes was made cashier. Mr. Holmes dying on October 27, 1900, was succeeded on November 2 of that year by William H. Phelps, grandson of the founder and first president of the bank, and he still holds this office.

The first increase of the capital stock of the bank was made June 3, 1857, when the amount was advanced to \$200,000. It is interesting to note a still further increase: On October 23, 1863, the bank officials received a letter from Roland Mather, treasurer of the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb of Hartford, requesting a subscription to the bank's stock to the amount of \$5,000, and a check for that amount was enclosed. The stock of the former increase had all been taken at the time, but under an act of the legislature which permitted charitable institutions to subscribe at par for the capital stock of any bank chartered by the State of Connecticut, the capital stock was accordingly further increased to \$205,000, where it stands today.

Since its organization as a national bank it has paid back to its shareholders \$827,175, or more than four times the amount of its capital stock, besides accumulat-

ing a surplus of \$102,500, one-half of its capital stock, and an additional undivided profit account of over \$36,000.

The present board of directors consists of Caleb J. Camp (one of the original incorporators), Chauncey S. Foster, Rufus E. Holmes, W. H. Williams, W. T. Batcheller, J. G. Woodruff, and Henry Gay.



WILLIAM H. PHELPS

Founder of The Hurlbut National Bank.—Born Colebrook, Ct., April 5, 1818; died Winsted, August 26, 1884





INTERIOR OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Situated in the Winsted Real Estate Company's Block in the East part of the Borough

The First National Bank of Winsted was chartered in 1879 with \$50,000 capital, which has since been increased to \$100,000. Heretofore all the banks with the exception of the Mechanics Savings Bank, had been situated in the west end of the town and owing to the increasing manufacturing interests it seemed best that deposit and discount facilities should be offered on the east side.

The bank began its operations in the office of the Mechanics Savings Bank, over Baird's drug store. It moved to its present location in the Winsted Real Estate Company's block in January, 1882.

The original directors were Elias E. Gilman, David Strong, Charles B. Hallett, Francis Brown, Lyman R. Norton, Franklin Moore and George S. Burnham. Messrs. Strong, Hallett, Norton and Burnham are still members of the board.

Elias E. Gilman was the first president and he was succeeded by David Strong

in September, 1883, who still holds that office. Frank D. Hallett was the first active cashier, having served continuously since April, 1879. Lorenzo M. Blake is vice-president and Charles P. Hallett, assistant cashier. The present directors are David Strong, Lyman R. Norton, Charles B. Hallett, George S. Burnham, Harvey L. Roberts, Lorenzo M. Blake, Luman C. Colt, James G. Woodruff and Frank D. Hallett.

An improved burglar-proof vault was constructed in 1902 and a safe deposit department installed. This feature is a great public convenience and is far superior to the old tin box system.

From humble beginnings in the corner of a clothing store in the Camp block, on Main street, with only sufficient space for desk room, the Winsted Savings Bank has expanded its interests until today it possesses a building of its own, with a handsome well-lighted interior, that is the result of 43 years of conservative financial judgment.



At the May session of the General Assembly in 1860, a charter was granted to The Winsted Savings Bank and the organization was perfected in July of the same year, with Warren Phelps, president, and Lyman Baldwin, treasurer. Resigning the presidency of the institution in 1862, Mr. Phelps was succeeded by Moses Camp. Mr. Camp declined a re-election in 1874, and Henry Gay was made president, which office he resigned in August of the same year, when John T. Rockwell succeeded him, holding the office until 1878.

Upon the death of Treasurer Baldwin in 1874, the vacancy was filled by L. M. Blake, who acted as treasurer until his resignation in September, 1875, when the present treasurer, George S. Rowe, was elected.

In August, 1878, John Hinsdale was made president and served in that capacity until 1899, when he declined a re-election on account of advancing years and was succeeded by the Hon. Lorrin A. Cooke. Upon the death of Mr. Cooke in August, 1902, Arthur L. Clark was chosen president, in which office he still presides.

In 1868, eight years after the organization of the bank, the growing number of depositors and the accompanying increase of the business required larger

quarters, and the building of the Winsted Bank (an institution which had just retired from business) was purchased, and has since been the home of the Winsted Savings Bank.

Situated on Main street in the west part of the Borough, adjacent to the old Methodist church, the building has recently undergone extensive alterations and additions, and is today a handsome and well-equipped banking house, affording its depositors every modern convenience. The work on the interior has been in progress during the winter months, and includes not only an additional building in the rear, but a complete dismemberment of the entire old interior, and the substitution of a magnificent bank screen of quartered oak, with doors and window casings to match, and modern desks throughout, all of which was designed and built by C. H. Dresser & Son of Hartford. A spacious modern vault has also been installed by the Remington & Sherman Company of New York and Philadelphia, which affords an invulnerable protection. The floor is of tile of a handsome design, and the whole interior is noteworthily tasty.

The bank carries on its books the accounts of 4,954 persons, with deposits aggregating \$1,800,480.06 and a surplus of \$91,000.



RICHLY FINISHED INTERIOR RECENTLY COMPLETED—WINSTED SAVINGS BANK



#### INTERIOR DARWIN S. MOORE'S INSURANCE AGENCY

Established by Deacon John Hinsdale in 1852—Is the oldest insurance agency in Winsted

The oldest and a typical branch of the insurance business in Winsted, is the agency of Darwin S. Moore. This agency was established in 1852 by the late Deacon John Hinsdale. The first company represented by him was the Aetna Insurance Company of Hartford, and the first policy written was for Edward P. Seymour, of Colebrook, Conn. Policy No. 2 was written for J. S. & J. T. Rockwell, as a joiner's risk on the present so-called Rockwell Tannery, situate on Main street near the Second Congregational church. This policy has been renewed every year since that date and the company has never been called upon to pay a loss under this policy. Deacon Hinsdale continued the agency until 1866 when he took into partnership his son-in-law, Robert R. Noble. This continued until January 1870, when the firm name changed to Noble & Beach. This was continued for about two years when Mr. Noble sold his interest to Mr. Beach, who in turn sold it to his son-in-law, Charles K. Hunt, and the firm name was Beach & Hunt. After the death of Mr. Beach in 1886, Charles K. Hunt continued the agency until April 1st, 1898. Mr. Hunt then consolidated his business with that of the present owner of the insurance agency, Darwin S. Moore. This

partnership only lasted until October, 1898, when Mr. Moore bought Mr. Hunt's interest and has continued the agency since that time. It might be interesting to note that this agency has represented the Aetna of Hartford since 1852, and has written, for that company alone, 10,326 policies. The Home of New York has been with the agency since 1864; the Insurance Company of North America since 1866; the Continental of New York since 1870; the Connecticut of Hartford since 1873; the Royal of Liverpool since 1860, and the German-American of New York since 1876.

The general agency of the Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company was established with this agency in 1857, and the general agency of the Travelers Insurance Company in 1858. Both companies have continued with the agency.

This agency has been fortunate in its 52 years of prosperity in having good business men to look after its welfare. The agency has grown steadily until it has become one of the largest and best known agencies in the State. The total assets of the companies represented are \$151,634,986.00, and the combined surplus is \$51,388,601.00. These companies have all been tried in the big conflagrations of the United States and are well known to the insuring public.



## THE RECONSTRUCTION OF WATERBURY

RISES FROM THE ASHES OF DEVASTATING CON-  
FLAGRATION AND MAKES REMARKABLE PROGRESS—  
FIRST IN SERIES OF MUNICIPAL ARTICLES

BY

U. G. CHURCH

REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

**D**ISASTER is a tide in the sea of human affairs. For a time it recedes and leaves only the bright shores of prosperity, then, with the surety of destiny, it sweeps back, carrying all that stands in its way, destroying the signs of civilization that have encroached upon its domain.

The destructive conflagrations that have consumed the handiwork of man in many of the larger cities during the last few years, have been both great losses and great gains.

It was not to be expected that the big fire of February 2, 1902, would check or even greatly retard the advance of such a city as Waterbury, with the foundations of its prosperity securely laid; nor has it. The catastrophe, which, in the hour of it, awakened widespread sympathy for the sorely distressed city, future events have shown should be regarded rather as one of the milestones from which the city's progress may be measured, and not at all as the city's tomb-

stone. Great as was the property loss for a city of 55,000 people, and conservative estimates place that loss at near the million dollar mark, and great as were those indirect losses to the business community by the embarrassment and confusion into which it was plunged by the fire, losses that cannot be even approximately estimated in cold dollars and cents, the recovery has been rapid and complete. In less than two years the resurrection of the business center from its ashes has been well nigh accomplished, and without exception the new construction is superior to the old. The burned sections of Bank and South Main streets have been rebuilt for the most part with substantial structures, the best the city has ever had, and which compare favorably indeed with the business blocks of any city of like size in the country. The reconstruction of Grand street has not been so complete, but that it will be fully rebuilt in a short time there is not the least question. The new government building,





THE STately COURT HOUSE AT WATERBURY—JUST OUTSIDE THE FIRE LIMITS

now well under way on this street, opposite the burned section, promises to give to that thoroughfare a business prominence which it aspired to but never quite attained before the fire. To the fire, perhaps, more than to anything else, Waterbury owes the new government building. With that in mind the national legislature could not longer gracefully ignore the just demands of the city for more commodious post office facilities it had been making for years, but which had been perennially overlooked in the log rolling. That the post office building promises a business boom for Grand street is already shown by the preparations for the erection of a substantial structure on the present site of the "Old Rink," an assembly of sheet iron and lumber that has shared with the

railroad stations for years the ridicule of the community and those who visited it.

The development of Waterbury since the fire has by no means been confined to the rebuilding of the burned area with fine structures. To a considerable extent of late, the business center has been extended by the erection of stores in sections not generally considered heretofore as a legitimate part of the business center proper. This expansion was made necessary in the first place by the temporary re-adjustments of business resulting from the fire, and now seem fully warranted and required to meet the demands of the city's rapidly increasing population. A most notable building now being erected here by private enterprise is the new hotel which is going up



THE CAMP BLOCK—A NEW BUILDING THAT HAS RISEN ON THE SITE OF THE FIRE  
 RUINS—OCCUPIED BY REID & HUGHES DRY GOODS COMPANY—LARGEST  
 DEPARTMENT STORE IN ITS SECTION OF THE STATE

on West Main street, facing the Green from the north. With the hotels now open and the new hotel, the city will have ample accommodations for even a Democratic State convention, when it comes to town again, without putting the disciples of Jefferson and Jackson to the trouble and expense of chartering a sleeping car to visit Waterbury in, as did a party of innocent ones from the Elm City some years ago.

The site of the old Scovill House, on the south side of the Green, is soon to have a business block erected upon it. The Colonial Trust Company's handsome new building, facing the Green from the south, is another of the notable structures opened for business since the fire. A sketch of Waterbury since the fire

would not be complete without some reference to the splendid manufacturing



JOHN H. GUERNSEY  
 Postmaster at Waterbury





WATERBURY NATIONAL BANK  
FIRST BANK LOCATED IN WATERBURY

Charter was given by General Assembly of State of Connecticut to organize The Waterbury Bank at the May Session, 1848, with capital of \$200,000 and power to increase to \$350,000. It was increased to \$350,000 in July, 1850. Increased to \$500,000 by special Act of Legislature in May, 1851. Bennett Bronson was the first president, elected on Sept. 6, 1848. Dyer Ames, Jr. was the first cashier, appointed Dec. 4, 1848. On July 9, 1851, Augustus S. Chase was appointed assistant cashier. July 23, 1852, he was appointed cashier. Bennett Bronson, president, died Dec. 11, 1850, and on Dec. 17, 1850, John P. Elton was elected president. John P. Elton, president, died Nov. 10, 1864, and on Nov. 29, 1864, Augustus S. Chase was appointed president, and Augustus M. Blakeslee, cashier. Jan. 13, 1865, was converted to National Bank with Augustus S. Chase, president, and Augustus M. Blakeslee, cashier. Jan. 9, 1885, corporate existence was extended to Jan. 13, 1905. Augustus S. Chase, president, died June 7, 1896, in Paris, France. On July 7, 1896, James S. Elton was elected president, and now holds that position. Mr. Blakeslee has held the position as cashier for nearly 39 years, and has been connected with the institution for over 52 years. The profits and surplus at time of organization as a National Bank was \$63,000. On Jan. 1st, 1904, the surplus and profits, \$336,430.68. The amount of dividends paid to stockholders since organization as a National Bank is \$2,147,500.

plants which have ever been the pride of the Brass City, and the rock bottom foundation of its remarkable prosperity. It was fortunate indeed that all of them were well beyond the reach of the flames. The fire stopped not a single furnace or machine, and on February 3, 1902, the thousands of brass workers of Waterbury went to their accustomed labors without cessation of time or wages,

although a million dollars had been wiped from the city tax list the night before. These large concerns have gone on steadily increasing their plants and equipments, and strengthening their grip on the brass industry of the world.

There has been a steady growth of the residential portion of Waterbury during the period covered by this sketch. Handsome and commodious dwelling houses have been erected, and every year sees the city's suburbs pushed farther and farther out from the old city lines. It is impossible in a sketch of this kind to give more than a glance at what has been done by Waterbury in two short years. The writer has attempted nothing further than to call attention to certain things which everyone familiar with the city has observed. The growth of the city in these two years has done



APOTHECARY HALL—WHICH WITHSTOOD  
THE CONFLAGRATION





SAINT MARGARET'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS AT WATERBURY

It is recognized as one of the most scholarly institutions in New England, and combines the advantages of city life with the freedom and healthfulness of the country. The school is upon a hillside in the resident part of the city, overlooking the town, and has attractive lawns. There are tennis and basket-ball courts upon the grounds and opportunities for golf, coasting and skating. The school provides the most competent instructors and requires thorough work, and the maintenance of a high standard of study. The atmosphere is essentially homelike. It is the constant desire of those in charge to promote this feature, and to develop in the daily life of the pupils simplicity, kindness and refinement, together with power of self control and honesty of character. French is used in the dining-room by pupils studying the language. The Music Department is under the charge of Mr. Bernardus Boeckelmann, of New York. The Art Department is directed by Mr. Montague Flagg, of New York City. Under his directions, Miss Helen Andrews, pupil of Mr. Flagg and of Laurens of Paris, gives regular lessons in drawing and painting. Officers and Instructors:—The Rev. Francis T. Russell, D.D., Rector; Miss Mary R. Hillard, Principal; Miss Helen D. LaMonte, Assistant Principal. Board of Trustees:—The Right Rev. Chauncey Bunce Brewster, D.D., Bishop of Connecticut, President; The Rev. Francis T. Russell, D.D., Waterbury; The Rev. John N. Lewis, Jr., Waterbury; The Rev. James H. George, Newtown; Frederick J. Kingsbury, LL.D., Esq., Waterbury; Mayor James S. Elton, Waterbury; C. M. Beach, Esq., Hartford; C. E. Graves, Esq., New Haven; Edward L. Frisbie, Esq., Waterbury; Frederick S. Chase, Esq., Waterbury, Secretary; Nelson J. Welton, Esq., Waterbury, Treasurer.

much to confirm the faith of all who have the interests of the city at heart, that the foundations of the city's prosperity are firm and established, and its future prosperity sure. Like many other cities of its size, Waterbury has many and pressing questions to solve, and has perhaps in the two years past had rather more than its fair share of difficulty in dealing with them. That the citizens of

the place have the will and capacity to settle its municipal difficulties satisfactorily, no one can doubt who bears in mind the lessons taught by the fire and more recent events. The most crying needs of commercial and manufacturing Waterbury have been for years for improved transportation facilities. These have been long promised and now seem to be actually on the way.

## SCIENCE OF MODERN BUILDING



THE NEW HOTEL CONNECTICUT AT WATERBURY

Constructed to meet the emergency when the two largest hotels in the city were destroyed

**M**ODERN construction is one of the wonders of the age. From the days of the old well-sweep and the lean-to roof to the towering edifices of today, is a remarkable story. Fully as interesting is the

story of the growth of the quaint little country taverns on the post road to imposing structures which are now housing the migratory world. Invention, which the old adage tells us, is born of necessity, solved the science of trans-





SPACIOUS OFFICE AT HOTEL CONNECTICUT

portation and opened the earth's opportunities. Man, in his restlessness, rushes into the new channels as they are opened by the powerful mechanism of civilization, consequently we have bred today a great migrating populace. Simultaneously, the public inn has developed in proportion with the demands made upon it, until today the persons registered at the hotels in this country exceed a million. Recent government records state that there are 55,675 families residing in hotels in the United States, who have no other permanent homes.

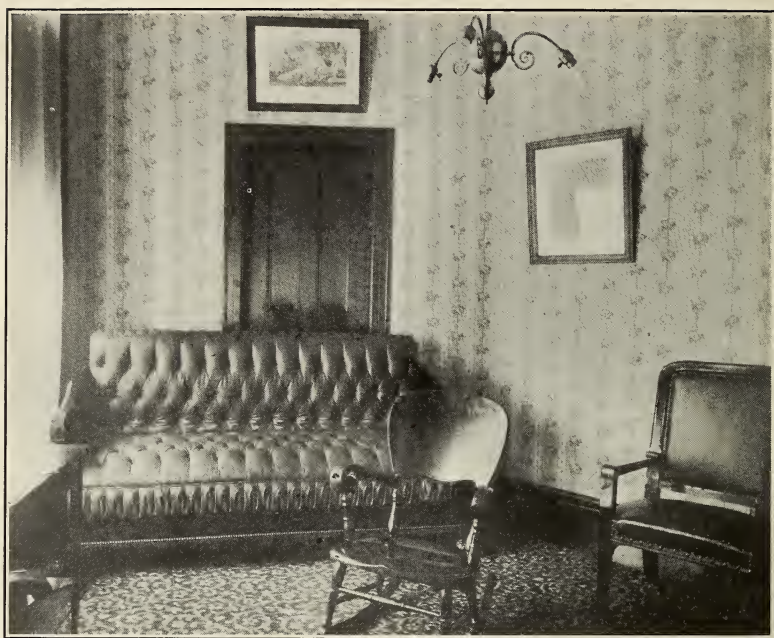
Throughout the country endeavors are being made in every city to meet the necessities of the traveling world. In illustration of its accomplishment stands the Hotel Connecticut in the city of Waterbury. The destructive fire which swept the city, destroyed its largest buildings and the commercial interests were seriously crippled. To meet the emergency, Louis F. Haase, a prominent merchant, who in 1897 had erected a large five-story and basement building on Center street for the use of the growing furniture business of the L. F. Haase Company, successfully accomplished the

unique feat of transforming an extensive business establishment into an imposing and modernly equipped hotel structure.

Coming from the Connecticut stock that has distinguished the State as the home of inventive genius, and born in Terryville, Mr. Haase early began a business career. In March, 1885, he went into the wall paper and decorating business at 137 Bank street, Waterbury, under the firm name of Dennis Blakesley & Company. In June, 1887, he succeeded the firm under his own name, and in January, 1893, organized the L. F. Haase Company, moving on to Grand street and conducting one of the largest stores in Waterbury. The character of the business was broadened until it became the leading furniture house in its section of the State.

The revolutionizing of the successful business establishment into the leading hotel in the city was an undertaking that required much skill. In realization of his responsibilities, Mr. Haase associated with him Edwy E. Benedict, architect. In Mr. Benedict he found combined two valuable elements, architectural knowledge and practical experience. Mr. Ben-





RECEPTION ROOM AT HOTEL CONNECTICUT

edict began life as a carpenter's apprentice and learned the trade under the ablest contractors of the day. His evenings were spent in studying drawing and architectural works, until he soon became able to make plans for his employer. So practical and economical were his ideas that his services as an architect soon took him away from the bench and today he is a recognized authority in his profession. The materialization of the architect's plans were placed with the Tracy Brothers Company, general contractors. Associated with this firm is much of the history of the development of Waterbury. The most substantial structures in the city stand as monuments to their ability. By them the five-story business establishment was reconstructed according to designs of architectural beauty and hotel necessity.

The Connecticut presents at the entrance an atmosphere of quiet and elegance. Its decorative windows, with stained glass setting, cast a subdued light onto the tiled floor of the office, and the metal ceiling of artistic panels. The walls are hung in dark red and relieved

by four tapestries. The office is furnished with huge chairs upholstered in leather, and there are many individual writing tables conveniently arranged. In it centers the telephone lines from the other parts of the building, connecting with the long distance wires, and there is a modern news stand and stenographic service.

Into the arrangement of the dining room has been combined the elements of home and hospitality. Brilliant electric globes blend the colors of the metal ceiling and the side walls, while the tables and their fine linen textures and dainty service present a most appetizing appearance. This cafe is a rendezvous for the epicures of the city, and from six o'clock in the morning until midnight offers its unexcelled cuisine.

The Connecticut has eighty rooms, with forty private baths; hot and cold water in every room, and connected with the long distance telephone; several of them are arranged for suites. They are carpeted in Brussels and tastefully decorated,—writing table, dressing case and brass chamber furnishings making them complete in appointment. There

is a reception room on each of the floors, and on the walls throughout the hotel are hung many costly engravings done by the most distinguished engravers in this country.

Architect Benedict was born in Huntington, Connecticut, in 1851, and his building experience includes the Third Congregational church, the Second Baptist church, factories connected with the Waterbury Brass Company, Waterbury Clock Company, and Holmes, Booth & Hayden. Cable's block and French block are also of his designing. On January 18, 1904, Louis A. Walsh, a graduate of Columbia University School of Architecture, class of 1900, became associated with him.

There is a fact of historical significance that should also be stated and due credit given. Center street, upon which the hotel is located, was but a few years ago an alley leading to stables in the rear of Bank street. In September, 1896, John W. Gaffney, a prominent contractor, undertook its development, modeling, financing and managing the construction of a thoroughfare which has become one of the most important in the city. This valuable service was accomplished under the name of the Milford

Land & Cottage Company, of which Mr. Gaffney was the principal stockholder. About one-third of the buildings on the street are still held by the corporation. The undertaking met with many difficulties and there was much opposition by the so-called conservative element that so frequently stands in the way of all progressive movements. In its development were included water service, gas, electric conduits, and the most serviceable pavement walks. In this excellent condition Center street was presented to the city of Waterbury, and is a memorial to the energy and ability of Mr. Gaffney. Daniel E. Cronin is a business partner in the firm of J. W. Gaffney & Company, becoming associated with the senior member in 1891. He has been twenty years in Waterbury, coming to this city from Middletown, Connecticut. The firm originally built the Connecticut Hotel and is now constructing the factory and office building for the Manville Machine Company, to be done August 1st, 1904; and another large building at the corner of Dublin and East Main streets.

The Connecticut was opened November 16, 1903, on the European plan, under the management of George Q. Pat-



DINING ROOM AT HOTEL CONNECTICUT—WATERBURY



GEORGE Q. PATTEE

tee, one of the leading hotel proprietors in the East. The equipment and the appointment of the hotel has been under his direction and through his management it became an immediate financial success, attaining a position with the finest houses of the kind. Mr. Pattee was born in Warner, N. H., July 19, 1861. He was graduated from the Simonds High School in 1879, and became a teacher of mathematics until 1881. Upon his decision to enter the business of hotel proprietorship he began studying its intricacies as a clerk in the Maplewood Hotel, at Bethlehem, N. H. Later he occupied a similar position at Warunbek, Jefferson, N. H., and at Cape Cottage, Cape Elizabeth, N. H. From 1889 to 1894 he was proprietor of the Franklin House at Lawrence, Mass., later being manager of the Rockland House, Nantasket Beach, Mass., The Masconomo at Manchester-by-the-Sea, and the Willington, North Adams, Mass. Mr. Pattee leased Brandon Inn at Brandon, Vt., April 1, 1902. On October 15, 1902, he leased the Hotel Russwin at New Britain, and on November 16, 1903, accepted the proprietorship of the Connecticut at Waterbury. At the present time Mr. Pattee is lessee of all three hotels, each one hav-

ing gained an enviable reputation in its locality. The Russwin of New Britain has attained a most excellent standard and a reputation for banqueting, recently dining the New Britain Club, an exclusive organization of manufacturers and bankers, 230 guests being in attendance. The New Britain Business Men's Association also recently dined 180 members at the Russwin. On another occasion, a few weeks ago, eighty-five school teachers were entertained at the Russwin, and on the evening of the same day Philip F. Corbin observed a half century of business success by entertaining 200 guests at the Russwin. Six hundred Sons of the American Revolution also banqueted at that hotel last month.

A detailed description of the Connecticut and the inside working of a twentieth century hostelry is of much interest and educative value. The kitchen of Hotel Connecticut is worthy of notice, it being entirely in keeping with the modern equipment of this first class house. Particular attention was given to the selection of the cooking apparatus, and after careful inspection of the different makes, the Hub Cooking Apparatus, manufactured by Smith & Anthony Company of Boston, was selected



LOUIS F. HASSE



as being the best in quality, construction and efficiency. A large French range, also boiler, jacketed kettles, vegetable steamers, steam table, warming closet, and coffee urns have been installed in the kitchen, and a baking room equipped with a large oven, steamers and kettles. The Smith & Anthony Company is the only house in the country operating its own brass and iron foundries for the manufacture of this line of goods, and the Connecticut is only one of a large number which have been equipped with their complete outfits of cooking apparatus.

Sanitary plumbing has become a science, and Hotel Connecticut is an excellent illustration of its practical adaptation. Recent authorities state that the principles of hygiene in the perfection of plumbing should tend toward a notable increase in the length of life. The Charles Thatcher Company of 39 Center street, Waterbury, installed the system of baths and sanitation in the new hotel and it is stated by inspectors to be one of the best in the State. The firm is now filling contracts in many of the most important buildings in Connecticut. According to the endorsements of the Board of Health, the work of the firm is one of the factors in the good health of the city. Some of the larger contracts completed by The Charles Thatcher Company are: Steam heating of Milford building, Bowditch building, No. 1 fire house, No. 7 fire house; complete set of sanitariums for Bank street school, Webster school, Bishop street school, all of Waterbury. C. G. Belfit is president and treasurer of the company, which has been doing business for fifteen years.

A feature of much importance is the protection against fire. Since the recent Chicago and Baltimore conflagrations, many of the public buildings of the country have been condemned as unsafe by fire commissioners. An inspection of the hotel has proven it to be exceptionally well protected. The metal ceilings, as described in the office and dining room, not only furnished a most artistic decoration, but insure safety in times of

fire. There is nothing in the modern building that more adequately retards flames than this metal construction. The largest buildings in the country have adopted them. There is probably no other manufacturer that has done more in proving their value than the Wheeling Corrugating Company, 47 Cliff street New York, who, through their agents, Hawes & Gray of Springfield, Mass., hold the leading contracts for this work in New England. The ceilings furnished by the Springfield agency for Hotel Connecticut are in panels of beautiful designs delicately tinted in cream.

Another firm that is doing much in insuring public safety is the R. Brenner Manufacturing Company of Waterbury, making a specialty of ornamental wrought iron and brass work. They have recently equipped the town house with fire escapes, and also furnished the doors and grill work for the new Camp building. Among their many recent contracts is the elevator enclosure in the Jones-Morgan building. This firm also supplies the gas and electric fixtures of the finest residences and public buildings in the State. The gas fixtures in the hotel were installed by them, while the electric and gas chandeliers in the residences of George E. Judd, D. J. Welch of Naugatuck, and other new buildings are of their design. Cliff & Gilbert, 198 West Broadway, New York, have equip-



SLEEPING APARTMENT AT  
HOTEL CONNECTICUT



CORRIDOR AT HOTEL CONNECTICUT

ped the hotel with hose reels on each of its five floors. The best grade of linen hose is used and sufficient length to flood the entire floor instantly in case of fire.

In the building of a hotel, says a recent authority, its first essential is absolute freedom from the undesirable elements that disturb the comfort of its guests. Whatever may be the apparent insignificance of the smaller insects, flies and mosquitoes, it is nevertheless true that they have wrecked the business of many public institutions that would have otherwise proven signal successes. The importance of window screening cannot be under-estimated, and it is probable that the most satisfactory work of the kind is done by G. W. Fernside of 60 Temple street, Hartford. In the last issue of this magazine considerable was said of the excellent work of this factory, which had then just finished screening 871 windows at Highland Court, in Hartford. Since then it has assumed many important contracts and during the next few months will be worked to its fullest capacity in meeting its

orders. Medical science has practically agreed that the mosquito and the fly are disease-carrying infestations, and that much of the illness during the summer months is due to these insects. So effectually has Mr. Fernside succeeded in constructing screens to remove this danger, that his business might be classed with that of science as well as that of manufacture.

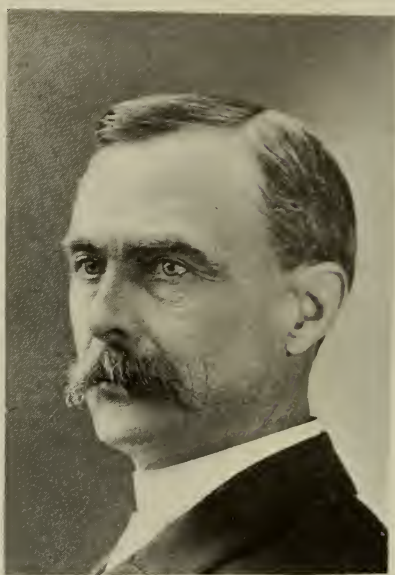
The National Wire Mattress Company of Waterbury, formerly of New Britain, of which W. E. Fielding is treasurer, supplied the sleeping apartments of the hotel with their goods. The firm is the original maker of the Twentieth Century Spring Bed which was patented by it April 9, 1872, and is constructed under expert supervision. It is built from a careful mechanical plan of the best materials. The wire fabric is made of specially drawn wire, and tinned at their factory. It is handsomely finished with heavily enameled black side rails and gold bronze angle irons. The factory claims the reputation of manufacturing the most comfortable bed in the world.

The painting and decorating in the



building was done by the A. F. Taylor Company of 43 Center street, Waterbury. This concern was established in 1880 and is incorporated with F. B. Taylor, president, and C. I. Taylor, secretary and treasurer. The artistic effects in many of the homes of their city is due to the original treatment of this firm. One of their recent successes is the American Girl in a variety of types and poses, displayed as a wall paper design. The pattern includes a myriad of heads of the most beautiful types drawn by a distinguished artist and is intended for the den. Other than the recent decorating of Hotel Connecticut, the firm has filled contracts for the Colonial Trust Company, residence of H. L. Wade, John Kellogg, and many others. Their work includes the interior and exterior painting, room mouldings, papering, and decorating.

The refrigerator system was installed by A. E. Jones Company of 76 Sudbury street, Boston, Mass. They have no fixtures in stock and publish no catalogue, but make from special designs to order for every customer. They consult the clients taste and endeavor to secure an



EDWY E. BENEDICT

individual style of treatment, working out all details in harmony with the plan adopted with the available space. The Adams House, Hotel Touraine, Massachusetts General Hospital, Randall and Memorial Halls (Harvard College), Hotel Manhattan, New York city, The Lodge, Briarcliffe Manor, The Louisbury, Swan Newton & Co., Bar Harbor, Charles Head, Manchester-by-the-Sea, R. H. Dana, Cambridge, Mass., Boston Tennis & Racquet Club and the Exchange Club, Boston, Mass.

Another feature that gives the hotel a refined and homelike appearance is the art hangings on the walls. Both tapestries and engravings are done by distinguished artists and lend a tone of culture. The tapestries are four in number representing colonial scenes, and adorn the office. They are from the well-known house of Ferdinand Bing & Company, 10 Washington place, New York, who have a national reputation for works of tapestry art. Hotel Garde in New Haven also contains beautiful designs by this same firm. The most celebrated critics speak highly of the firm's achievements



LOUIS A. WALSH



and the important part it has played in instilling a love for the beautiful into homes and public buildings of America. Included in this distinction is the house of George C. Folsom, Tremont Building, Boston. Mr. Folsom is himself an art critic and is importer of paintings in oil. His suggestions are relied upon in the most cultured homes of the East. Within a brief time he has been called upon to take entire charge of the purchase and hanging of paintings and engravings for the Adams House at Boston; Hotel Brunswick, Hotel Bellevue, Hotel Aspinwall, at Lenox; Hotel Wellington at North Adams, Wentworth Hall, Jackson, N. H.; The Raymond, Pasadena, Cal. In the selection of the engravings for the Hotel Connecticut he has received much commendation, and while the contract did not allow an elaborate exhibit he succeeded in securing with the appropriation allowed a most dignified effect. The beautiful decorative windows in the building are by the Bridgeport Art Glass Co., Hubert & Munich, the most expert makers of art glass designs in this country. The magnificent stained and mosaic work is done under the direct supervision of Joseph Hubert and Frederick Munich, skilled artisans in the making of windows, with headquarters at 153 John street, Bridgeport, Conn. Recent art products from this firm stand as memorials to them in the Second Baptist church of Bridgeport, Slavonian R. C. church of Bridgeport, German Reformed church of Hartford, Holyoke Polish R. C. church, Methodist church in Stratford, Conn., and many other public buildings and private residences.

The magnificent designs in crockery and china in the hotel dining-room is by the French Mitchell Woodbury Company, 76 to 92 Pearl street, Boston. C. H. Woodbury is president and manager of the extensive interests of this firm and J. Mitchell, treasurer. So wide has become their reputation as importers of the finest imported crockery that their business requires a New York office at 25 West Broadway, Chicago office at 132 Lake street, and a San Francisco

office at 35 New Montgomery street.

The table linen upon which the crockery is set is furnished by the Reid & Hughes Company, the largest department store in Waterbury. This house is also known throughout the State and does practically all of the business in its line in its surrounding territory. The table linen, bedding, and all the dry goods in the hotel came from this concern, which is one of Waterbury's strongest examples of modern mercantile enterprise.

The silverware used at the hotel comes from the factory which has become a synonym for silver goods throughout the country—The Meriden Britannia Company, (International Silver Company, successor), of Meriden, Conn. For over fifty years the goods of this company have held the reputation of superiority, and its organizers and first managers were the pioneers in the electro silver plate industry. Today it is the largest organization of its kind in the world. Hotel and restaurant managers know the difficulty experienced in serving hot tea, coffee, or chocolate in the ordinary individual pots. Either the handles become too hot to be comfortably taken in the hand, or if provided with ivory, pearl, bone, wood, or similar insulators, they loosen and rattle, often break and always absorb water and other liquids. The Meriden Britannia Company have just perfected and patented a new insulator that is absolutely perfect for the purpose intended. The company has also done much in perfecting the general service in the hotels, clubs, and homes of the country.

The ability of hotel management is best tested by its distribution of contracts for daily supplies. In the belief that it has attained the highest standard by securing the best products on the market, the management takes pleasure in announcing the firms from whom its supplies are being obtained. In the café a reputation has been gained for the most delicate menu. In speaking of this Proprietor Pattee states that the firm of Burbank, Hanly Company, wholesale

produce house at 78 North street, Boston, furnished him with the finest poultry and game. William S. Burbank is president of the company, and Edward A. Hanly, treasurer, and as commission merchants they supply the epicures of New England direct from the game preserves and the country farms. The groceries at the hotel are selected by the chef from the large stock of the Woodruff Grocery Co., located in the Odd Fellows block, Waterbury. This establishment is the peer in its line of business and supplies the first homes of the city.

The fish and oysters served in the café are from the market of M. Hemingway, wholesale and retail dealer, at 23 and 25 Phoenix avenue, Waterbury. These delicacies have become very popular at dinner parties and Mr. Hemingway is furnishing the most delicious sea food of the season.

The wines and champagnes served at the dinners, are from the importing house of Codman & Hall Company, Dewey square, Boston, a firm that has for many years been supplying society and is recognized as the connoisseur of the trade.

The coal supply used at the hotel comes from the Lehigh and Lackawana mines, through Frank Miller & Company 11 South Main street, Waterbury. This is another of Waterbury's leading business houses, controlling extensive yards and being in communication with the most reliable mines in the coal sections.

The laundering of the linens at the hotel is done by the New Method Laundry

Corporation, 36-44 Elm street, Hartford. This enterprise is the outcome of the consolidation of the New Method Laundry, established seven years ago, and the Best Laundry, which had its inception two years ago. This consolidation and the incorporation of The New Method Laundry Corporation took place in March, 1903. This concern has one of the best equipped laundry plants in its city. It occupies two floors of a substantial brick structure, and utilizes nearly eleven thousand square feet of floor space. In its collection and delivery it operates four wagons. Its employees are about thirty in number. The plant is fitted with the finest mangle manufactured for ironing flat work, and with the best collar and cuff machine obtainable, as well as with all other essential up-to-date laundry appliances. The officers of the New Method Laundry Corporation are: A. W. DeBarthe, President, and George L. Best, Secretary and Treasurer.

Connected with the hotel is the light livery and boarding stables of C. B. Pinney at 25-39 Scovill street, Waterbury. Mr. Pinney came to Waterbury from Bristol and has been four years in the present location, having gained a superior reputation as an expert horseman and judge of light livery. The coaches and carriages are from the Waterbury Rubber Tire Coach Company, of which Thos. Lunny is the manager. The most stylish and aristocratic turnouts in the State are at the company's headquarters on Church street.

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CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE BUILDING AT HARTFORD, AS IT NOW APPEARS

Showing the Magnificent Eight-Story Building Recently Erected Adjoining the Old Building

**T**HERE are comparatively few persons in these enlightened times who are not vitally interested in the progress and accomplishments in life underwriting; it is not surprising, when we consider the vast amount of money that is each year being dispensed to thousands of individuals by the great life insurance institutions throughout the world, that the public is more and more looking upon insurance companies in the light of great public benefactors. Here in Hartford, the stronghold of insurance, the foundation of the present immense and far-reaching business of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company was laid, 58 years ago.

A magnificent record, unparalleled in the history of the life insurance business in this country and very interesting not only to the company's policy-holders, but to the general public, was attained on March 1st by this strong institution. On that date the company had received from its members in premiums the sum of \$228,376,268, and had returned to them or their beneficiaries \$228,724,073, or \$347,805 more than it had received from them.

In other words, the beneficiaries have received over a dollar for every dollar of premium paid by policy-holders.

The Connecticut Mutual is the first American life insurance company to return to its members one hundred per cent. of its receipts from them. And it holds besides \$65,000,000 of assets, with a surplus of over \$4,600,000 to protect over 70,000 policy-holders insured for over \$166,000,000.

This brief summary illustrates forcibly the possibilities of carefully managed life insurance, and such a record stands as an enduring witness, not only to the stability of the company that has made it, but to that of the legal reserve system of life insurance.

President Jacob L. Greene, under whose able leadership the affairs of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company have been conducted for more than one-third of a century, has established for himself a world-wide reputation for conservative and economical management, and to him and his competent co-workers at the home office, honor must be given for the building of a strong and popular life insurance company.



# Distinctiveness, without Extravagance, in Women's Costumes.

This month of March, 1904, we reach the fifty-second anniversary of the foundation of this business.

Fifty-two years of continuous and solicitous watchfulness of women's fashions in general.

Fifty-two years of study and experience in the whims and preferences of Connecticut women in particular.

There is no wonder that we enjoy the confidence and the patronage of that important class of women—the women who care for distinctiveness, tastefulness and “dressiness” in their garments, but who care also for the *cost* of things.

A visit to our “School of Style,” now in the fullest Spring bloom, will show how we have succeeded in the difficult problem of combining elegance with economy.

## THE EDW. MALLEY & CO.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Established March 1852.

### THE ÆTNA NATIONAL BANK OF HARTFORD

**CAPITAL, \$525,000.00**

**SURPLUS AND PROFITS, \$550,000.00**

**DEPOSITS, \$3,000,000.00**

#### OFFICERS

A. SPENCER, JR., Pres.

A. R. HILLYER, Vice-Pres.

W. D. MORGAN, Cashier

#### DIRECTORS

*Morgan G. Bulkeley, Appleton R. Hillyer,  
James B. Cone, Morgan B. Brainard,  
Alfred Spencer, Jr., A. G. Loomis, W. R.  
C. Corson.*

#### Safe Deposit Boxes

For rent from \$3 to \$20 per year. This bank offers to depositors every facility which their balances, business and responsibility warrant. Special accommodation for ladies and new money paid to them.

### CONNECTICUT TRUST AND SAFE DEPOSIT COMPANY

COR. MAIN AND PEARL STREETS, HARTFORD

**Capital, \$300,000**

- - - - -

**Surplus, \$300,000**

#### Banking Business

Conducts general banking business. Accounts opened and Deposits received subject to check at sight. Accounts solicited.

#### Safe Deposit Vault

The most Capacious in the City  
**1100 Safe Boxes for Rent**  
at from \$10 to \$100 per annum according to size.

#### Trust Department

Is authorized by its charter to act as Trustee for individuals and corporations. Executor or administrator of Estates. Guardian of Minors, Etc.

MEIGS H. WHAPLES, President

JOHN P. WHEELER, Treasurer

HENRY S. ROBINSON, Secretary

HOSMER P. REDFIELD, Ass't Treasurer

Please Mention the CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE when patronizing our Advertisers.

# SECURITY COMPANY 62 PEARL STREET HARTFORD, CONN.

Acts as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, Conservator and Trustee, and Transacts a  
General Banking Business

**Capital, \$200,000      =      =      =      =      Surplus, \$100,000**

*The Officers of the Company will be pleased to consult at any time with those who  
contemplate availing themselves of the services of a Trust Company*

ATWOOD COLLINS, President

CHAS. EDWARD PRIOR, Sec. and Treas.

HENRY E. TAINTOR, Vice-President

CHAS. EDWARD PRIOR, JR., Asst. Treas.



**WHY** Use Impure, Unclean Milk  
Bottle Caps? Get Our Clean  
*Sanitary Spruce Fibre.*

**THE BAVIER NOVELTY COMPANY,  
WINDSOR, CONN.**

ALSO MANUFACTURERS OF

**MAYNARD LAWN MOWER SHARPENER. Try One!**

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*..Churches and Residences..*

Self Playing  
Organs for  
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Electric and  
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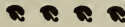
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*High Grade Organs Only. Write for Descriptive Catalogue.*

**AUSTIN ORGAN COMPANY**  
HARTFORD, CONN.

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# THE NEW KING'S CHEST



What's this?

What's in it?

Where's my part?

Where's the Flexible Rubber Goods Company?

Where's Winsted?

Where's Litchfield County?

What are steady habits?

Where can I get one?

Where'll I be then?



A Vita Brush

Health and Strength.

Flexible Rubber Goods Company have it.

In Winsted.

In the woods in Litchfield County.

In Connecticut, the Land of Steady Habits.

Our Catalogue will tell you

We will mail it.

In the Bath-room saying,

*"Give me the Vita Brushes and you may have all the Rags and Sponges."*

FLEXIBLE RUBBER GOODS CO., WINSTED, CONN.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

HOLLOW-TOOTHED RUBBER BRUSHES FOR BATH, TOILET AND MASSAGE PURPOSES.

Also manufacturers of the MILITARY HORSE BRUSH.

CATALOGUES FREE.

Please Mention the CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE when patronizing our Advertisers.



# QUILTED MUSLIN MATTRESS PADS

Are made in all suitable sizes for Beds and  
Cribs. They are a Sanitary necessity.

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## QUILTED CRIB SCREEN PADDING

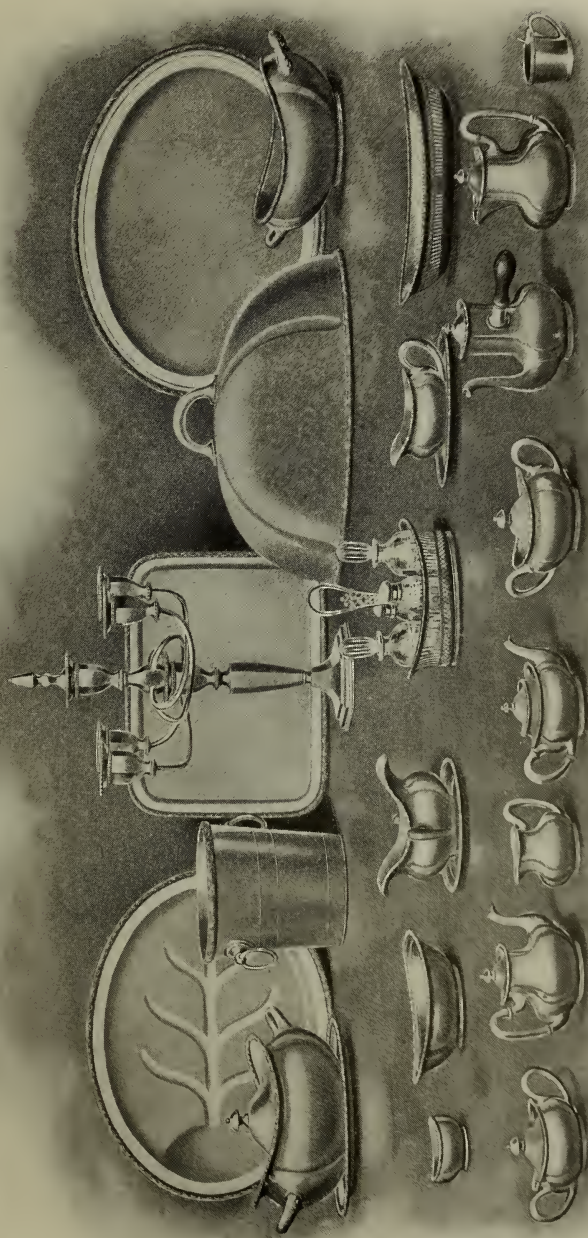
**18 Inches Wide,**

is the most useful article that a mother can buy for  
the comfort of her baby. When put around Crib it  
saves from draughts and protects arms, legs and head  
from contact with metal frame of bed.

*Ask Dry Goods Dealer and send  
to us for Sample.*

### EXCELSIOR QUILTING CO.,

15 LAIGHT STREET, N. Y. CITY.



Trade Mark on  
NICKEL SILVER,  
SILVER SOLDERED  
HOLLOWWARE:



## ONE OF OUR HOTEL SETS.

TWENTY-FIVE OTHER STYLES TO SELECT FROM.

We are prepared to supply anything and everything in Silver Plated Ware that a Hotel or Restaurant may require—articles for the Table, Office or the Rooms.

**Meriden Britannia Co., Meriden, Conn.**

(International Silver Co. Successor.)

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9-13 Maiden Lane, 218 Fifth Avenue (Cor. 26th St.)

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Hamilton, Ontario.

Trade Mark on  
WHITE METAL  
HOLLOWWARE:

MADE AND  
GUARANTEED BY





Through the Land  
of the Aborigine

AMONG  
THE  
CHEYENNES

STUDENTS OF HISTORY AND  
SEEKERS OF PLEASURE  
FIND THE . . . .

**NORTHERN PACIFIC**

"The Yellowstone Park Route"

**THE FINEST TOUR IN AMERICA.**

Earth's Wonders Find Their Culmination in Yellowstone Park.  
New and Greatly Reduced Rates for Season, June 1 to Sept. 30, 1904.

Send six cents for "Wonderful  
1904," to CHAS. S. FEE, G.  
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The Art Cover of This Edition  
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**NIAGARA PAPER MILLS**

—AT—  
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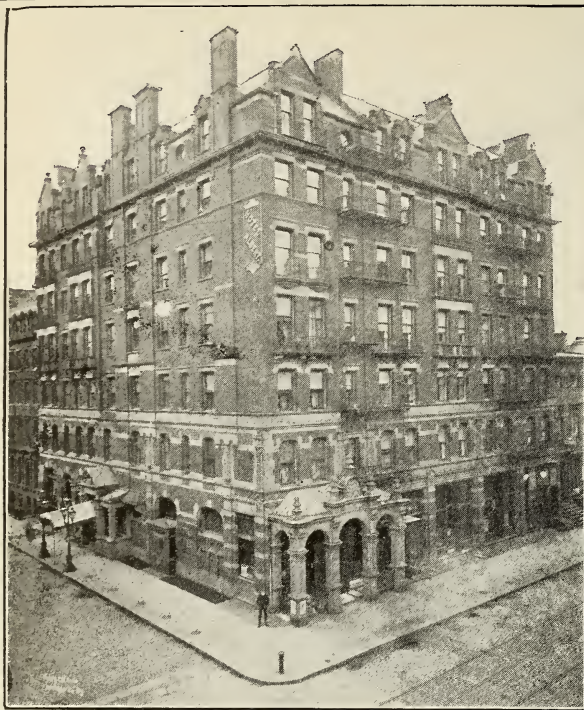
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MOST CENTRALLY LOCATED  
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First-Class Service and Accommodations  
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Rooms at \$1.00 per Day and upwards.  
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A FIRST-CLASS COMMERCIAL HOTEL.

GEO. Q. PATTEE, Proprietor.

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Because Every-  
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have all the improvements  
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Their Salesrooms are places  
of interest where all are wel-  
come to see their Large and  
Elegant Line of Lamps, Oil  
Heaters, Etc.

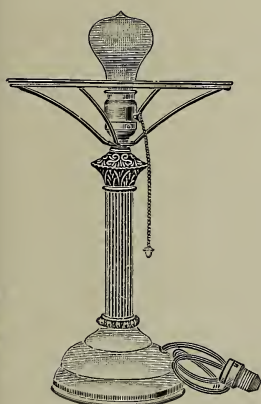
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Smokeless and Self Ex-  
tinguishing. They Heat  
perfectly. Cost but little.  
Give Comfort and Cheer  
Everywhere.

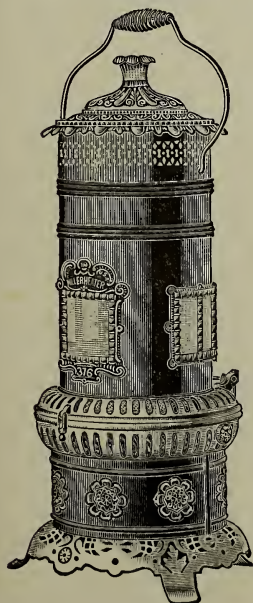
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L50 Electric Portable



376 Miller Heater.



360½ Gas Portable



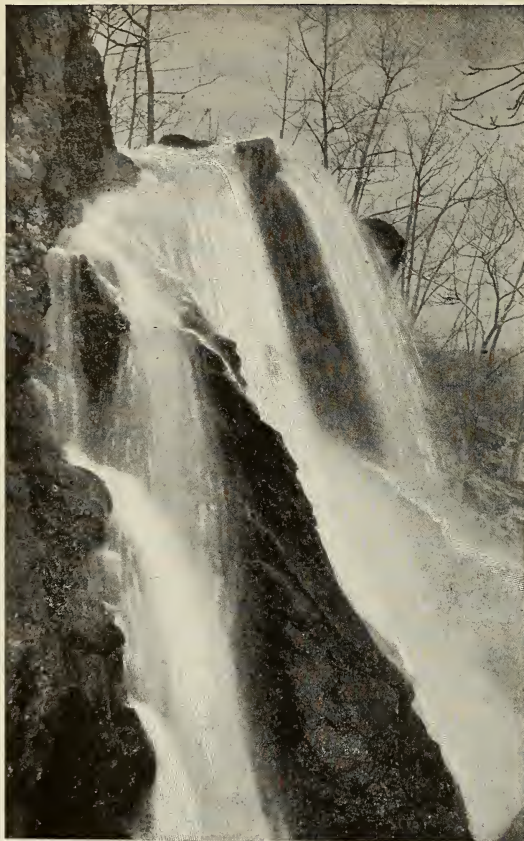
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Passenger and  
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Stopping at a  
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LOW RATES.

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COMFORT.  
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Shipments received on pier in New York until 6 p. m. and forwarded to all points mentioned on Connecticut River, and points North, East and West from Hartford. We also have through traffic arrangements with lines out of New York for points South and West, and shipments can be forwarded on through rates, and Bills of Lading obtained from offices of the Company.

For Excursion Rates see daily papers.



## The New Crimson Rambler Rose Philadelphia

Outclasses the now favorite Crimson Rambler in beauty of foliage, vigor of growth, depth of color, doubleness and form of bloom. Could more be expected? It also has the decided merit of holding its brilliancy of color to the last. It is in full bloom before the old Crimson Rambler begins to show color.

	PRICES:	EACH.	TEN.
Very strong field grown,		\$1.00	\$9.00
Lighter grade field grown,		.75	7.00
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*The above is one of our many new and desirable offerings for this season.*

If you are interested in the choicest that grows and is hardy, send for our new catalogue. It is the best one we have so far issued.

## THE ELM CITY NURSERY COMPANY,

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*Our catalogue sent immediately on receipt of request for it. Special discounts on large orders.*

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OF THE

### First Congregational Church

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FOR SALE BY

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In its new dress and enlarged form is not surpassed by any genealogical periodical

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COMPANY.**

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IN NEW ENGLAND.

The Best  
Work



That can be pro-  
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workmen and up-  
to-date machinery

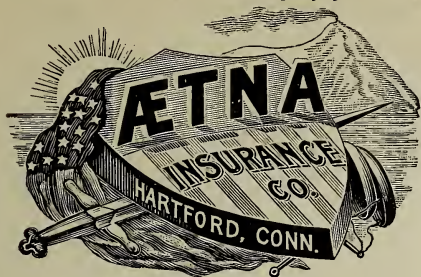
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Long Distance  
Telephone, 103-3

**Meriden, Conn.**



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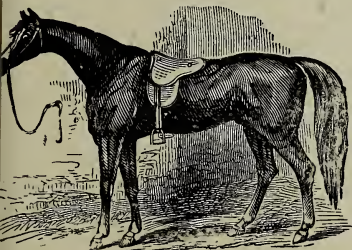
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**LIVERY AND BOARDING**

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—New—

Edited by CHARLES F. LUMMIS  
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NEW YORK

Published Monthly Under the Auspices of  
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# THE MOTHER'S MISSION.

1840.



1903.

A GREAT Emperor once asked one of his noble subjects what would secure his country the first place among the nations of the earth. The nobleman's grand reply was, "Good Mothers." Now, what constitutes a good mother? The answer is conclusive: She who, regarding the future welfare of her child, seeks

every available means that may offer to promote a sound physical development, to the end that her offspring may not be deficient in any single faculty with which nature has endowed it. In infancy there is no period which is more likely to affect the future disposition of the child than that of teething, producing as it does fretfulness, moroseness of mind, etc., which if not checked will manifest itself in after days.

## Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

is unquestionably one of the greatest remedial agents in existence, both for the prevention and cure of the alarming symptoms which so often manifest themselves during the teething period, such as griping in the bowels, wind colic, etc. It is also the best and surest remedy in the world in all cases of diarrhoea in children, whether it arises from teething or any other cause. Twenty-five cents a bottle, and for sale in all parts of the world, being the best remedy for children known of.

**Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!**

—THE BEST OF ALL—

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN while TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty five cents a bottle.

1840.



1903



# Butcher's Boston Polish

**IS THE BEST FINISH MADE FOR FLOORS,  
INTERIOR WOODWORK AND FURNITURE.**

Not brittle, will neither scratch nor deface like shellac or varnish. Is not soft and sticky like beeswax. Perfectly transparent, preserving the natural color and beauty of the wood. Without doubt the most economical and satisfactory Polish known for Hardwood floors.

**For sale by dealers in Paints, Hardware and Housefurnishings.**

Send for our free booklet telling of the many advantages of Butcher's Boston Polish.

Our No. 3 Reviver is a Superior Finish for Kitchen and Piazza Floors.

**THE BUTCHER POLISH COMPANY,**

**356 Atlantic Avenue, Boston, Mass.**

## William J. Luby

### Marble and Granite Works

*Upon Receipt of a Postal will Call with Designs,  
Orders Solicited in all Parts of the State*

*Reservoir Vases  
a Specialty.*

**139 Hanover Street  
Meriden, Conn.**

## 50-PIECE DINNER SET **FREE**

Wonderful inducement to sell our Swan Baking Powder. Every purchaser of a pound can of Swan Baking Powder under our Plan No. 65 will receive this beautiful Water Set, consisting of pitcher and six glasses, full size, free. Latest cut glass pattern. Remember this Water Set is given absolutely free to every purchaser of household articles as described by our Plan No. 65. To every lady who sells fourteen cans of Swan Baking Powder, under Plan No. 65, with the inducement of this beautiful Water Set free to each purchaser, we give a handsomely decorated 50-Piece Dinner Set or a 56-Piece Tea Set, absolutely free. We do not require any money in advance. Simply send us your name and address and we will forward our different plans and full information. You will be surprised to see what can be accomplished in a few hours' work. We will allow you fifteen days to deliver the goods and collect the money before paying us. We allow large cash commission if preferred. We pay all freight. We also give Bedsteads, Tables, Couches, Chairs, Shirt Waist Patterns, Musical Instruments, Lace Curtains, Rocking Chairs and hundreds of other useful and desirable articles, for selling our goods. Write for Plans and full information.



**SALVONA SUPPLIES COMPANY,**

**1127 and 1129 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.**

We assure our readers that the Salvona Supplies Company is thoroughly reliable.—Editor.



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A VALUABLE HOUSEHOLD REMEDY.

*Internal or External Use.*

## Dr. BROWN'S ANODYNE

**SAMPLE BOTTLE FREE**

**INTERNALLY**

Brown's Anodyne is an invaluable remedy for

**COUGHS, COLDS, CHILLS, CRAMPS, SORE THROAT, TOOTH ACHE, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY**

**BY RUBBING WELL**

**INTO THE EFFECTED PARTS**

## BROWN'S ANODYNE

IS A PROMPT AND EFFECTIVE REMEDY FOR

**SPRAINS, RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, NEURALGIA, BURNS, FROST BITES, SCALDS, CHILBLAINS**

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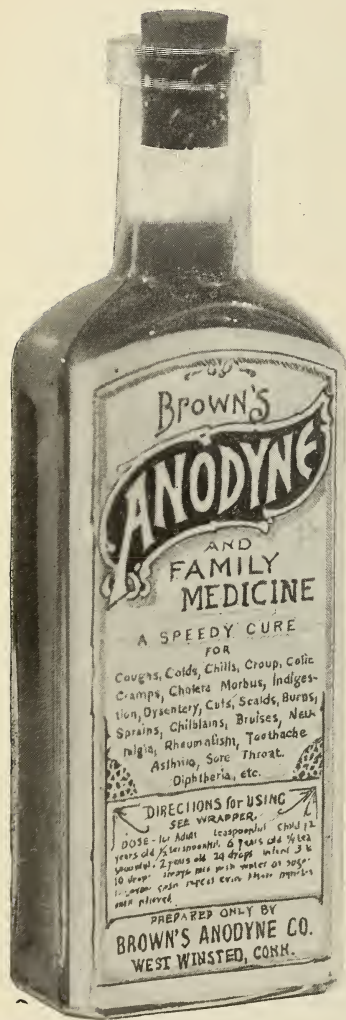
## THE BEST FAMILY MEDICINE

Proved by many testimonials from our own Townspeople.

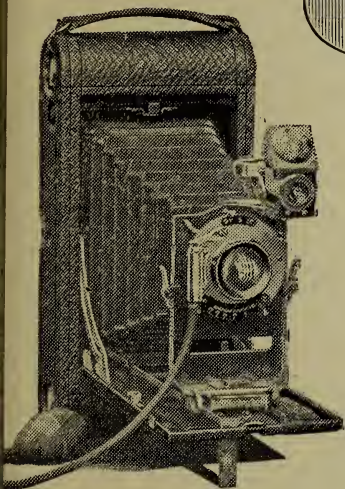
**PREPARED ONLY BY**

**THE BROWN'S ANODYNE COMPANY, INC.  
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**NEW 3A KODAK.**  
3 1-4 x 5 1-2

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HUB RANGES,  
MAGEE RANGES.**



HEYWOOD, WAKEFIELD & WHITNEY  
**BABY CARRIAGES.**

The best of everything to furnish your house or office.

*Bruce, Filley & Co.*

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ARAWANA, UROPIA, SOLITAIRE and REPOSO.

Largest Variety of Colors and Accessories.

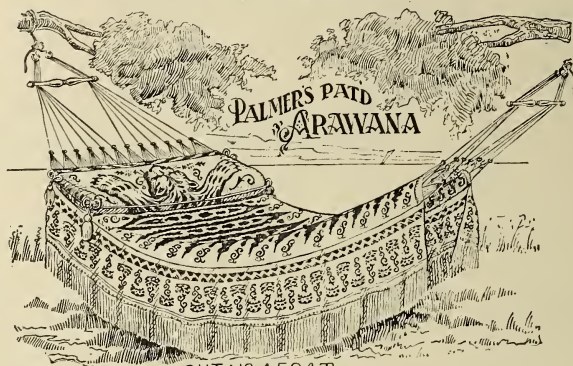
SEND FOR 1904 CATALOG IN COLORS.

Hammock

Supports.

Hammock

Awnings.



CUT NO 4594T.

Also Manufacturer of

Mosquito Nettings, Mosquito Bed Canopies, Canopy Supports and Fixtures,  
Crinoline Dress Linings, Window Screen Cloth, etc.

I. E. PALMER,

MIDDLETOWN, CONN., U. S. A.  
New York Office, 56 Leonard Street

Hammock

Mosquito Bar

Hammock

Trapeze

Bar

## OMO DRESS SHIELD.

A PERFECT



DRESS SHIELD.

### WHY?

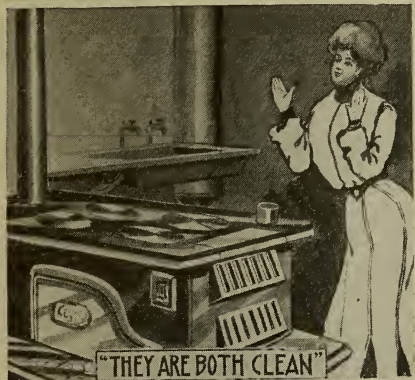
Because it is absolutely odorless and absolutely impervious. Every pair warranted. Contains no poisonous chemicals of any kind. Recommended by the American Journal of Health for its hygienic qualities. For sale by all the Dry Goods Stores throughout the U. S. and Canada.

Omo Manufacturing Co., Middletown, Conn.

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A NEW STOVE POLISH

THAT SHINES STOVES AND CLEANS THE NICKEL TOO.

**NO** STAINED HANDS **NO** HARD RUBBING  
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SOLD BY  
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JOB  
and  
BOOK  
WORK  
of all  
Kinds.

Publishers of } *The Winsted Evening Citizen—Daily.* *The Winsted Herald—Weekly.*  
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## THE CITIZEN PRINTING COMPANY.

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CALL FOR

**HALE & BULL,**

Hotel Winchester Stables.

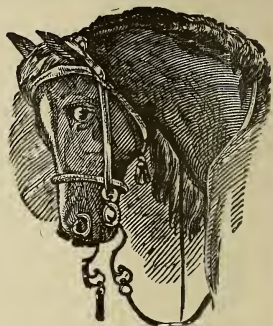
First-Class Turnouts at Reasonable Prices.

**Livery, Feed and Boarding Stables.**

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**H. J. PIERRE,**  
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72 Main St., Winsted, Conn.

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Local Telephone at Residence.

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A SPECIALTY.

DELIGHTFUL—FRAGRANT—ANTISEPTIC—CLEANSING.

YOU WILL BE HAPPY WHEN YOU USE

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THE TOILET REQUISITE OF QUEENS.  
THE QUEEN OF TOILET REQUISITES.

On Sale at all First-Class Drug Stores throughout the  
United States and Canada, Mexico and Cuba.

SAMPLE FREE AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

If your druggist cannot furnish you with free sample, send 10 cents in  
stamps and sample will be sent you from home office.

**THE LATOILA CO., Inc.**

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REFUSE SUBSTITUTES AND AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT.

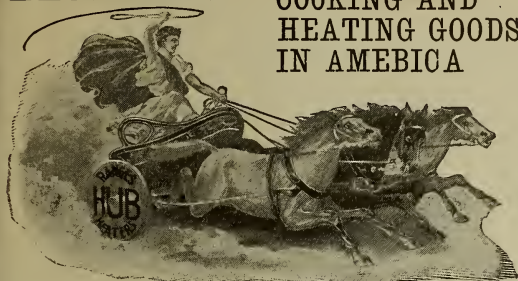


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## COOKING AND HEATING GOODS IN AMERICA

# MODEL HUB

Has more improvements than any range made.  
Investigate the advantages of the sectional French Top  
in connection with Patent Broiler Hood.



The Perfect Control that a cook has over the

## HUB RANGE

Makes Cooking a Pleasure.

Used and indorsed by Boston, New York, Providence, and other  
leading cooking-schools.

Made in every size and style, including a

**COMBINATION COAL AND GAS RANGE.**

Send for new descriptive circular, No. 7.

Sold by Leading Dealers.

### SMITH & ANTHONY CO.,

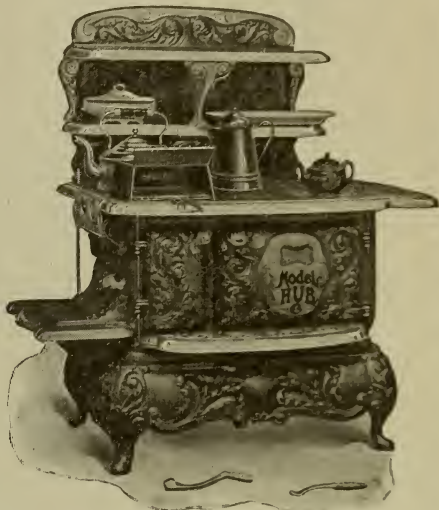
48-50 UNION ST., BOSTON, MASS.

MANUFACTURERS OF

**Cooking and Heating Apparatus**

OF EVERY STYLE AND DESCRIPTION.

The Connecticut Hotel equipped with Smith & Anthony Co's HUB Kitchen Apparatus.



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## LIGHT GASOLINE TONNEAU

12-14 Horse Power (Honest Rating)

Weight 1700 lbs. Price \$1750

Canopy Top, - - - \$200 Extra

New system of control makes the two-cylinder opposed motor, which is placed forward in a removable bonnet, as flexible as a steam engine with none of its defects and limitations. High gear available for all ordinary speeds and grades. Gear changing by positive levers—no notches, no indices—making this the easiest of all gasoline cars to operate. Speed, two to thirty miles per hour. Lubrication automatic. Tonneau seats of full carriage size. Materials and workmanship highest grade in every detail.

24-30 Horse Power Touring Car	(Chicago-New York Record)	-	-	-	\$3500
30-35 Horse Power Touring Car	-	-	-	-	4000
Light Electric Runabout, new model	-	-	-	-	850

*Catalogue of Columbia Gasoline Cars and Electric Pleasure Vehicles will be sent on request;  
also separate catalogues of Electric Town Carriages of the coach class and Commercial Vehicles.*

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NEW YORK SALESROOMS

134-136-138 West 39th St.

(Opp. Metropolitan Opera House)

CHICAGO SALESROOMS

1413 Michigan Ave.

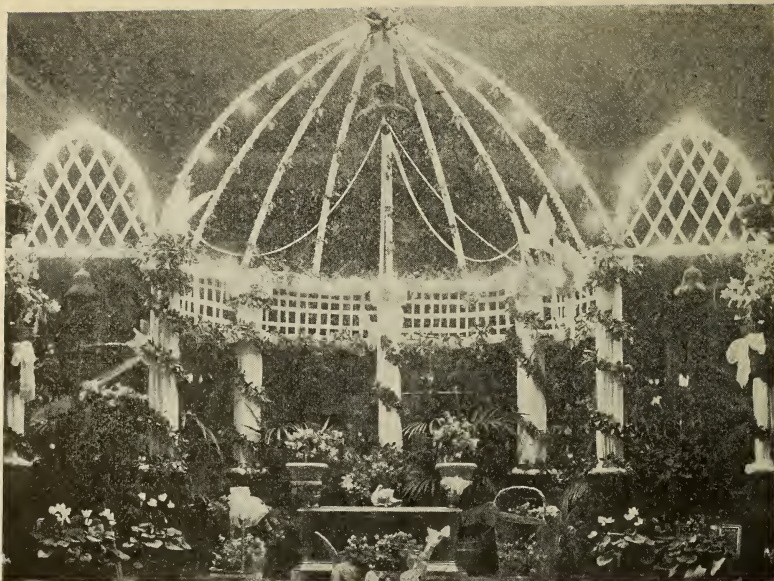
BOSTON SALESROOMS

74-78 Stanhope St.

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.







**T**HIS year we are to make a specialty of Blooming Plants, all which have been grown in our own greenhouses.

The list includes the following :

**AZALEAS, CYCLAMENS** (in pots and pans).

**POINSETTIAS, PRIMROSES, BEGONIAS** (Lorraine,)

**BEGONIAS** (Incarnata) and **EASTER LILIES**.

We will also have a fine assortment of decorative plants such as **PALMS, BOSTON FERNS, RUBBER PLANTS, PANDANUS, CROTONS**, and the **New Piersoni Ferns**.

## Cut Flowers.

Our assortment of cut flowers will be complete, including **Roses, Carnations, Violets, Lily of the Valley, Mignonette, Roman Hyacinths, Stevia, Etc., Etc.**

**Store:**  
**688 Main Street,**

*Phone 1406-3.*



**Greenhouses:**  
**Benton Street**

*'Phone, 1613-4.*

*N. B.—Special attention will be given to the packing of plants and cut flowers for shipping out of town.*

# The Waterbury **BUSINESS COLLEGE**

**NEW JONES AND MORGAN BUILDING**  
**108 BANK ST., - WATERBURY, CONN.**

— H. C. POST, Principal.



## **Employment Department.**

In no department of the institution is there more energy and care displayed than in the placing of properly prepared pupils in situations suitable to their attainments, and in this work hundreds of our students will testify as to whether or not we have been successful. Never before so many graduates to take excellent positions.

## **Do we Guarantee Positions?**

No, positively and absolutely. No school with any sense of moral or business responsibility can. Persons do not enter a school because of such propositions find, sooner or later, that they have been duped of something more than tuition money—their ambition, their self-confidence, and, in many instances their prospects for life. The best thing any school can do is to give opportunity for positive preparation, and this we do **GUARANTEE**.

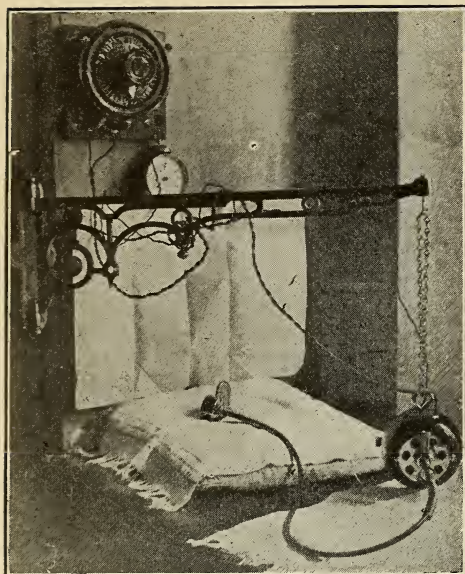
## **Individual Instruction.**

Every student receives separate and individual instruction just when he needs it. By merely raising his hand he secures the attention of a teacher at his desk, who remains with him questioning and explaining until his difficulty is mastered. No one is necessarily influenced in his progress by that of another. Each is supposed to do the best he can, and stands absolutely on his own merits, as he must do when he encounters the active affairs of the business world. Each student's progress is limited only by his devotion to his study and his capacity to acquire.

**Remember . . .** The "Little Things Make the Big."  
A Successful Business Course is not made up of one master stroke, but of many, the sum total of which means **SUCCESS**.

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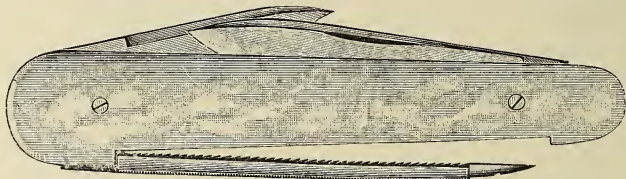
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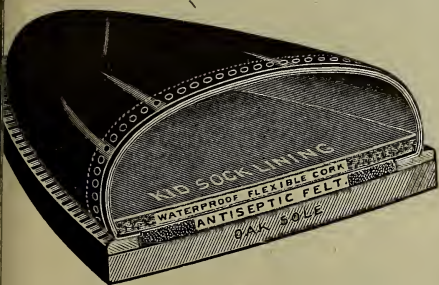
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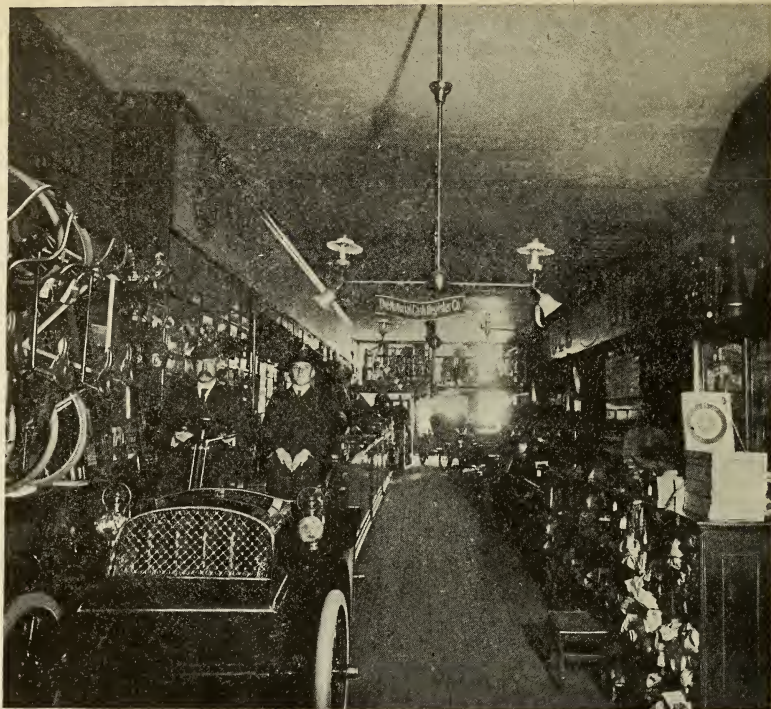
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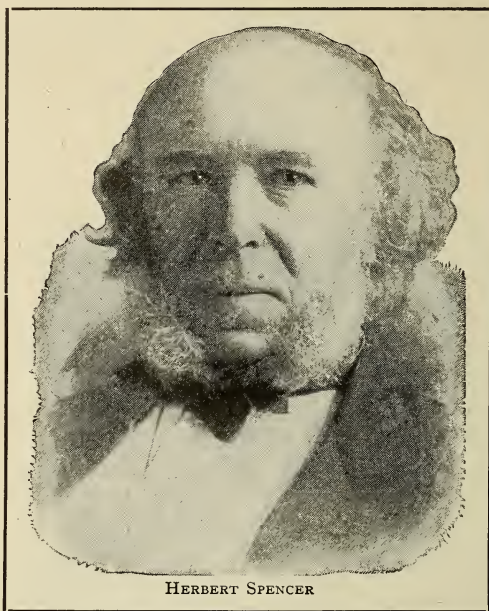
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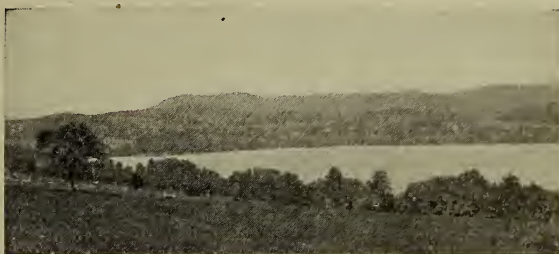
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NUMBER IV

Edited by Francis Trevelyan Miller

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THE MOST IMPORTANT WORK IN RECENT HISTORICAL LITERATURE is now being catalogued by all the leading public and private libraries. After many years of research and original investigation, *Dr. Henry R. Stiles, A.M., M.D.*, the distinguished historian and scholar, has completed his notable *History of Ancient Wethersfield, Connecticut*, comprising the present towns of *Wethersfield, Rocky Hill* and *Newington* and of *Glastonbury* prior to its incorporation in 1693. The historical portion of this work is based upon the MS. collections of the late *Sherman W. Adams* and is complete from date of earliest settlement until the present time, with *extensive genealogies* and *genealogical notes* on their *early families*. The work is published in *two volumes*, from The Grafton Press, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York, large octavo, with about 1,000 pages to the volume; copiously illustrated with maps, portraits, views of old buildings, and historic localities and autographs. It is bound substantially in cloth, uncut edges, gilt top. It is uniform in size and style with the author's *History and Genealogies of Ancient Windsor, Connecticut*, published in 1893. The edition will be strictly limited to 500 copies. Each copy will be numbered. Price \$18.00 net. The edition will soon be sold out and orders must be booked immediately. ❧ ❧ ❧

*Historical Libraries cannot afford to be without this work; no private collection is complete without it.*

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**L**IBRARIANS AND STUDENTS OF HISTORY, MEMBERS OF HISTORICAL SOCIETIES and all who seek authority on matters of Historical Importance should note the following suggestions from the Index:

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CHAPTER XVIII.—NEWINGTON PARISH AND TOWN.

By ROGER WELLS, ESQ. (dec'd).

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By RUFUS W. GRISWOLD, M. D. (dec'd).

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### GENEALOGIES AND BIOGRAPHIES

The following families are represented in these WETHERSFIELD GENEALOGIES; those marked by *italics* being of considerable extent and interest:

Abbott	Bascom	Brundish	Catlin	Crowfoot
Ackerly	Bassett	Bowen	Chappell	<i>Crane</i>
Adkins	Bates	Bracey	Cheeney	<i>Curtiss</i>
<i>Adams</i>	<i>Baxter</i>	<i>Brandegge</i>	<i>Chester</i>	<i>Danforth</i>
Alcock	Beadle	Brattle	Chilson	<i>Deming</i>
Alexander	<i>Beckley</i>	Bridgman	Church	<i>Deane</i>
Allis	<i>Beldon</i>	Brigden	<i>Churchill</i>	<i>Dickinson</i>
Allyn	Belknap	<i>Bronson</i>	Cleveland	Dilling
Ames	Bell	<i>Buck</i>	Cole	<i>Dimock</i>
<i>Andrus</i>	Bement	Bull	Colefax	<i>Dir</i>
<i>Andrus</i>	Benjamin	<i>Bunce</i>	<i>Coleman</i>	Don
Atwood	<i>Benton</i>	Burge	Collins	Dwight
<i>Ayrault</i>	Betts	<i>Bulkeley</i>	Colson	Ducasse
Backus	Bevin	Burnham	Coltman	Dupre
Baker	Bidwell	Burrows	Comstock	Dunham
<i>Balch</i>	Biggs	<i>Butler</i>	Cornish	Edwards
Barnard	Blackheath	Cady	Couch	Elsen
<i>Barnes</i>	<i>Blinn</i>	Camp	Crab	Farnsworth
Barrett	<i>Boardman</i>	Carter	Crowell	Fitch

# HISTORY OF ANCIENT WETHERSFIELD

**A**FTER CAREFUL PERUSAL OF THE PRECEDING PAGES, it is found that this new work must be immediately added to the library to increase and insure the library's accuracy and completeness. Then fill out the blank below and send by return mail. Announcement is also made that a few sets of *Dr. Stiles' History and Genealogies of Ancient Windsor, Connecticut*, two volumes, 8 vo., illustrated, 950 pages (published in 1893—a splendid companion work to the *Wethersfield history*), are obtainable at price, \$20.00.

Flood	<i>Hatch</i>	Lewis	Price	<i>Taylor</i>
<i>Flower</i>	Havens	Lockwood	Porter	<i>Treat</i>
<i>Foote</i>	Hayward	Lord	Reynolds	Tryon
Forbes	<i>Hollister</i>	<i>Loveland</i>	Rhodes	Thrasher
Fortune	Holmes	Lowry	Richards	Turner
<i>Fosdick</i>	<i>Hooker</i>	Lusk	Riley	<i>Waddams</i>
Foster	Horner	Markham	<i>Robbins</i>	<i>Warner</i>
Fox	Horsford	Merriam	Rose	<i>Webb</i>
<i>Francis</i>	Hunn	Mills	Rowlandson	Webster
Gardner	<i>Hunnewell</i>	<i>Mitchell</i>	<i>Russell</i>	<i>Weekes</i>
Gibbs	<i>Hurlbut</i>	Montague	Sage	<i>Welles</i>
Gilbert	Ingraham	Mygatt	Samborn	Whaples
<i>Goffe</i>	Janes	Neal	Smith	Wheeler
<i>Goodrich</i>	Jennings	North	<i>Standish</i>	Whittlesey
Goodwin	<i>Kellogg</i>	Northway	Stanley	<i>Willard</i>
<i>Grimes</i>	<i>Kelby</i>	<i>Nott</i>	Stedman	<i>Williams</i>
<i>Griswold</i>	<i>Kelsey</i>	Overman	Steele	Wills
Hale	<i>Kilborn</i>	Palmer	<i>Stillman</i>	<i>Woltott</i>
Hanmer	Landres	Parke	<i>Stoddard</i>	<i>Woodhouse</i>
Hart	<i>Latimer</i>	Patterson	<i>Strickland</i>	<i>Wright</i>
Hascall	Leavitt	Pierce	<i>Talcott</i>	

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# THE CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE

VOLUME VIII

NUMBER 4

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EDITED BY

*Francis Trevelyan Miller*





DUTCH THRIFT STILL LEAVES  
ITS STRONG IMPRESS

# THE DUTCHMAN'S LAND

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IT was indeed a spot on which the eye might have revelled forever, in ever new and never-ending beauties,—spread wide before them, like some sweet vision of fancy or some fair creation of industrious magic. Its hills of smiling green swelled gently one above another, crowned with lofty trees of luxuriant growth—some pointing their tapering foliage towards the clouds, which were gloriously transparent, and others loaded with a verdant burden of clambering vines, bowing their branches to the earth, that was covered with flowers. On the gentle declivities of the hills were scattered in gay profusion, the dog-wood, the sumach, and the wild brier, whose scarlet berries and white blossoms glowed brightly among the deep green of the surrounding foliage; and here and there a curling column of smoke, rising from the little glens that opened along the shore, seemed to promise the weary voyagers a welcome at the hands of their fellow-creatures. As they stood gazing with entranced attention on the scene before them, a red man, crowned with feathers, issued from one of these glens, and after contemplating in wonder the gallant ship, as she sat like a stately swan swimming on a silver lake, sounded the war-whoop and bounded into the woods like a wild deer, to the utter astonishment of the phlegmatic Dutchmen, who had never heard such a noise or witnessed such a caper in their whole lives.—*Washington Irving's description of the New World in the days of the first Dutch*

The following illustrations are by courtesy of the Central New England Railroad. Starting from Hartford and continuing along its line are some of the most beautiful retreats in America, which during the summer months are visited by thousands of lovers of majestic nature





"SPREAD WIDE BEFORE THEM LIKE A VISION OF FANCY"  
SCENE ON THE FARMINGTON RIVER





"INDEED A SPOT OF NEVER-ENDING BEAUTY"  
A CONNECTICUT LAKE SCENE



"THE LITTLE GLENS THAT OPENED ALONG THE SHORE"  
SCENE ON THE FARMINGTON





"BOWING THEIR BRANCHES TO THE EARTH"  
A COUNTRY SCENE IN CONNECTICUT





THESE WERE THE VISIONS IN THE DUTCHMAN'S LAND  
SCENE ON THE FARMINGTON



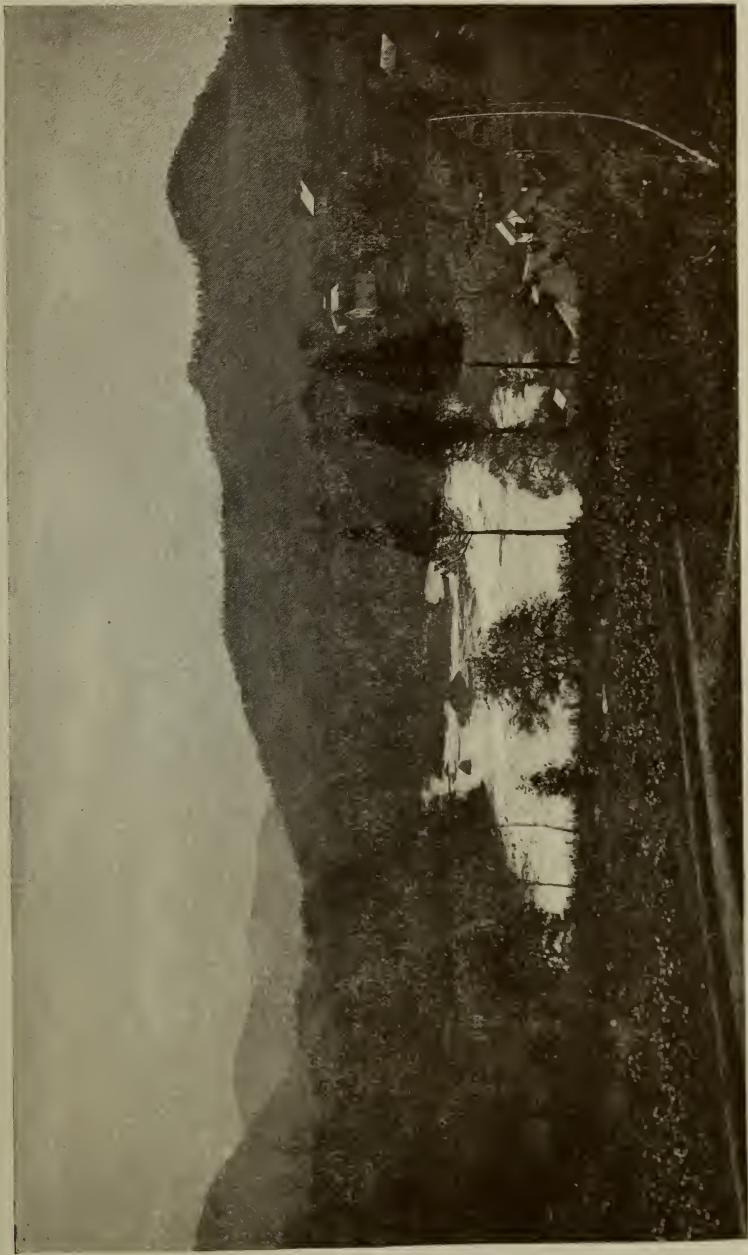
WHERE THE DUTCH PIONEER, KERNICKERBACKER, DWELT  
SALMON FELL-KILL, LIME ROCK



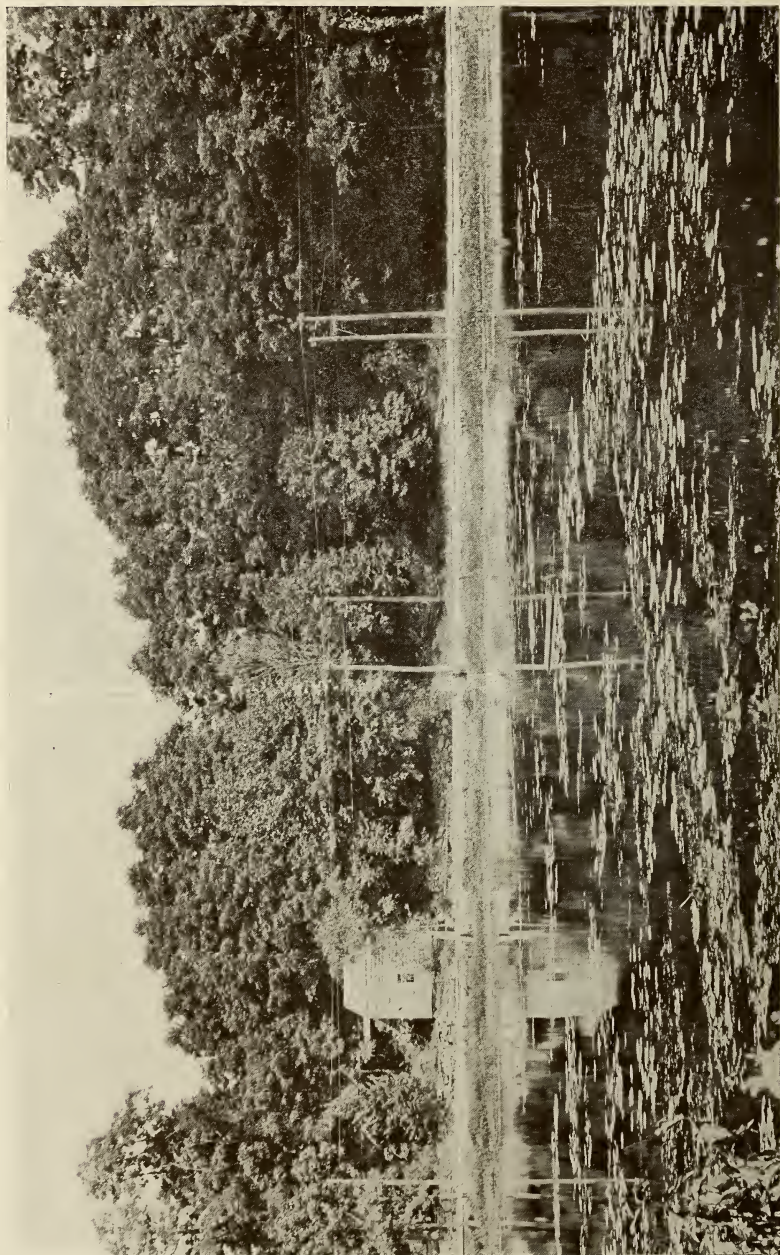


A WOODED DRIVE IN DUTCHMAN'S LAND  
SCENE ON THE CONNECTICUT BORDER





THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE WERE SOLD TO THE NEWCOMERS FOR  
A FEW PIECES OF DUFFEL—FALLS AT NEW CANAAN



“POINTING THEIR TAPERING FOLIAGE TOWARDS  
THE CLOUDS”—COUNTRY SCENE

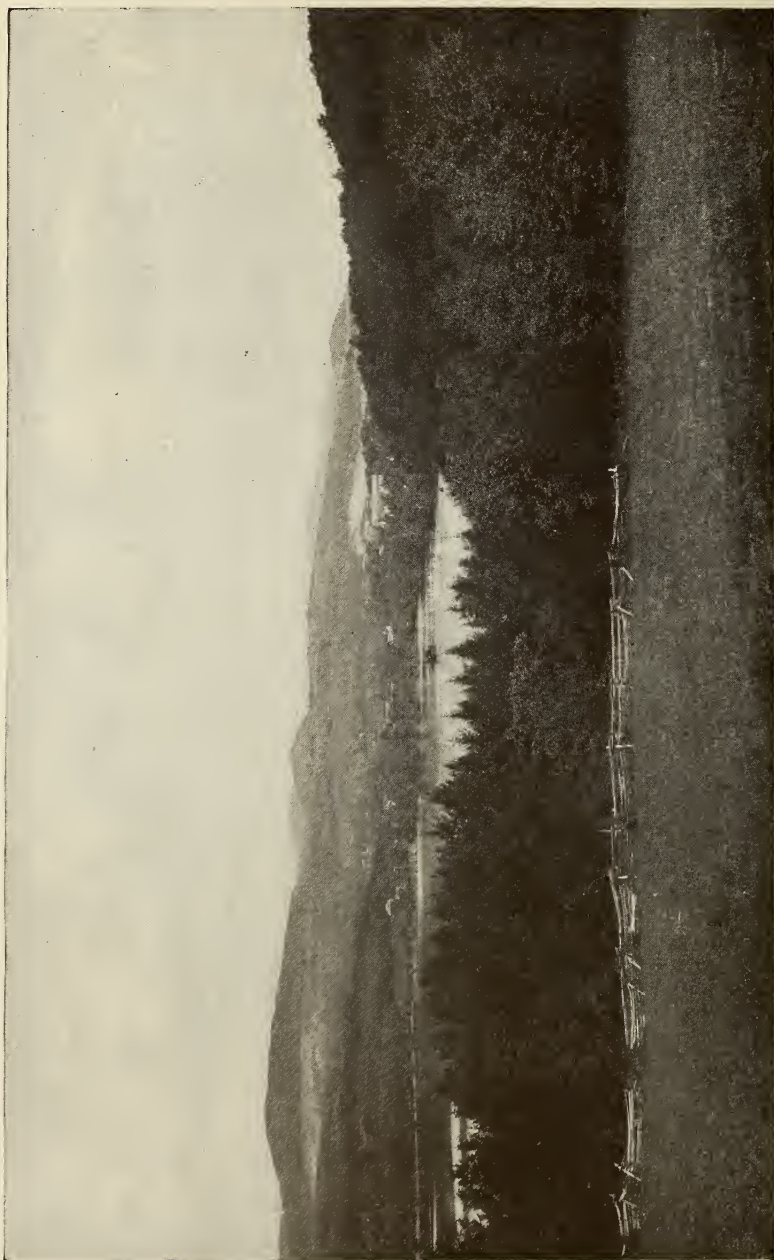




THE PATH THROUGH THE WOODS—SCENE  
AT HIGHLAND PARK, WINSTED

Photo by Mrs. Kendall





"LOADED WITH A VERDANT BURDEN OF CLAMBERING VINES"  
SCENE AT LAKEVILLE



LONG HELD IN DISPUTE BY DUTCH AND ENGLISH  
SCENE AT LAKEVILLE





THE OLD ELM ON THE  
ROAD HOME




# The New America

WHEN the hymn "America" was written this nation had its principal root in an English ancestry, and that ode reflects most prominently the English Puritan influence. With the enormous growth of our population from all parts of the world, such English pre-eminence has already passed away, and a new race, cosmopolitan in its origin and characteristics, is beginning to claim recognition as the one and indivisible American people. As the St. Louis Exposition has opened its gates for all the nations of the earth to come and behold what a century of free institutions and free immigration has done for America, it seems a fitting time for this forming race of mingled nationalities to voice the patriotic devotion of all its elements, whether native or foreign born, and of whatever creed or lineage, as loyal American citizens to their common country. For illustration of the manner in which this devotion is already expressed in other forms by foreign born Americans, witness the following oath of allegiance which children of immigrant schools in New York City are accustomed to recite in unison:

"Flag of our great Republic, inspirer in battle, guardian of our homes, whose stars and stripes stand for bravery, purity, truth and union, we salute thee! We, the natives of distant lands who find rest under thy folds, do pledge our hearts, our lives, and our sacred honor to love and protect thee, our country, and the liberty of the American people, forever!"

# The New America

(Air, "America")

LL hail! Columbia grand!  
Our well beloved land!

Whose flag unfurled

In majesty and might  
Calls with its starry light  
To all who love the Right  
Throughout the world!

Hark! From Atlantic shores,  
To where Pacific roars  
In ceaseless boom;  
From never-melting snows,  
To where the orange grows,  
And lilies and the rose  
Forever bloom,

Is heard the trampling hum  
Of thronging peoples, come  
To bide with thee!  
Thy boundless plains to till,  
Draw wealth from every hill,  
And myriad cities fill  
With industry!

All! All, thy children true;  
 Whatever climes they knew  
     For Fatherlands,  
 To thee, their Mother now,  
 In loyal love they bow,  
 And pledge with joyous vow  
     Their hearts and hands!

Thus Nature moves apace  
 Building a mighty race  
     But just begun!  
 To form her latest born  
 The varied brains and brawn  
 From all the nations drawn  
     She blends in one!

Oh Father of all good!  
 Grant that with mingling blood  
     And blending soul,  
 Perfecting Nature's art,  
 Each nation may impart  
 Its noblest traits of heart  
     To crown the whole!



The love of God and truth,  
Valor, with gentle ruth

Ever combined!

Honor without a flaw!

Justice, and reverent awe

For Order throned on Law

In deepest mind!

Bring in the Age of Gold,  
When in that perfect mould

All men are run,

Whose pattern form is shown

In him who stands alone:

The Man of men! Our own

Great Washington!

And in those glorious hours  
When from their thrones all powers

Of Wrong are hurled!

Columbia! Still on high

Uplift thy stars to sky!

GODDESS OF LIBERTY

LIGHTING THE WORLD!

—Henry T. Blake

## A TYPE OF DUTCH INDIVIDUALITY



"TWO GRAVE AND WEATHER-STAINED OLD FISHERMEN"

DRAWINGS BY ANGIE BREAKSPEAR

THE HOLLANDER, UNSPOILED BY AMERICAN  
CIVILIZATION — SKETCHED IN HIS NATIVE  
LAND ON THE DYKES OF THE ZUYDER ZEE

BY HERBERT RANDALL

BEING  
THE NARRATION  
OF A  
LITTLE JOURNEY  
IN  
HOLLAND

OUR cargo consisted of a bag of vegetables tied with a red string, a disjointed grindstone, and a coil of new rope. The passenger list was limited: a little, fat, old woman, whose steady blue eyes seemed to evince some intelligence, was hugging a bundle of cauliflower; two younger women, each rugged and brown as a harvest-field, with wrinkled foreheads, telling of courage and industry, occupied the neighboring seat. Their costumes were low in tone, but of the character to attract an artist, especially one who prefers a landscape for background.

A picturesque strength was rendered the grouping by two grave and weather-stained old fishermen who sat opposite. They were colossal in proportions, and it was evident that they had been permitted to grow in any way that nature suggested, untrammelled by the whims of society. Their garments were stiff with the salt of the ocean. Each wore the regulation suit of the Volendamer—i. e., baggy black breeches, gathered at the waist; a pink blouse-shirt, faded to soft broken tints, fastened by a large gold neck-button; a coarse, black, furry cap; a rough, somewhat dirty, jerkin, with slightly discordant silver buttons, and black, home-knit stockings, which settled down around the ankles in fitting proportions to the great clumsy sabots below. Two red bandanna handkerchiefs peered from their hip-pockets, and a pair of pipes, sallow



"TUGGING AT A CANAL BOAT"

and rich with the stain of tobacco, combined to complete the study. A companionable cheerfulness and a Van Ostade atmosphere was lent by a light cloud of smoke that hung about their heads.

Our craft was neither wagon, ship, nor gondola, but a sort of combination of all three, dependent, we learned, upon neither tide, wind nor current. The crew, consisting of skipper and mate, were as mute as clams, but the face of the former wore a most satisfactory grin, evidently produced by the fact of his having captured two travelers for the only inn at Volendam. As



the saloon, an apartment canopied by a dingy sail, was rather low-studded and close, we took seats outside among the vegetables.

Our luggage having been located with due reverence, if not alacrity, and the adjustment of rigging, harness, and sail accomplished, we found ourselves moving slowly over the greenish-brownish waters of the canal leading from Edam to Volendam on the Zuyder Zee.

Our captain, with true Dutch grappling grit, his shirt collar unbuttoned and thrown back, was personifying the horse, tugging at about thirty feet of rope, which was attached to the bow of our conveyance; while the mate, walking beside, by the aid of a long pole, which served as a rudder, was doing the navigating, at the same time contributing a little propelling force. The air was absolutely still; our black, misshapen sail hung listlessly, becoming animated only by an occasional bump into the bank.

The canal was much like a ditch, somewhat irregular, and in places not over eight feet wide. As we brushed along through the coarse grass bordering either bank, it made a hushing sound appropriate to the hour, for sunset lay on the land.

The slow-coming darkness of a July evening in Holland is as restful as sleep; so here, under a serene sky, amid the fertile meadows and the honest folk, we floated down to Volendam.

To our left the view was broken by one continuous line of dwarfed trees, spaced at regular intervals, dark and rich in foliage, but otherwise expressionless, looking as if they were making a solemn pilgrimage across the land. On the right, the rich green landscape, sleeping in the joyousness of silence and peace, stretched away into the infinite. Directly overhead the sky was blue, merging, towards the horizon, into a series of grays that

were lost in an opalescent light, which, by another transition, melted into glowing gold, broken by one long, impassioned dash of red. To add impressiveness to this happy combination of color, now and then the figure of a wind-mill appeared profiled against the sky, with wings spread, hovering like a great night-bird over its own. Here and there groups of black and white cows were gathered, with drooping heads, patiently waiting their turn with the damsel who was milking, while nearby were boats containing large tubs and barrels in which to convey the milk. There were no evening vapors, no fragrance of pepper-bush, no carnival of song, as in our New



"TWO WEEKS OLD VOLENDAM BABY"

England—but the benediction of peace brooded over all.

An hour of this and we reached Volendam. The scene changes. Boys! boys! boys! Unconscious childhood—there is a charm about it, find it where you will; and, be it said to the everlasting praise of the Volendam girls and boys, though the American is a startling wonder in their midst, and they stare at him, they are never saucy and do not beg. May the time of transition never come to these artless ones, when they shall have been so spoiled by the traveler as to lose these simple ways of naturalness and truth!

A plump, placid little man, who eyed us with curiosity, took charge of our luggage, and we set out for the half-mile walk leading to our hotel. There is but one street in Volendam. This is a dyke, against which, on one side, the waters of the Zuyder Zee persistently and hopelessly beat, while, complacently along the other side, their red roofs peeping over, stretch the quaint little houses of the fishermen.

A rabble followed in our wake. Eyes to the right of us, eyes to the left of us! Grandfathers and grandmothers, young men and maidens, came out to see the fleeting show. No fewer than forty urchins surrounded us when we reached the Spaander Hotel. Dinner was swallowed somewhat hastily, after which we went forth "for to admire and for to see." Twilight still lingered, so did the youngsters, each one shaped like a bottle, full of eagerness and human nature, to which our smiles gave sufficient impetus to inspire a most unique and laughable performance, a sort of shadow-dance in which the legs and arms of flying Dutchmen and the clatter of sabots were strangely mixed. This was kept up until our interest waned, and then we were escorted home by the entire *cortège*,

who bade us a Dutch "good night," turned, and went waddling off.

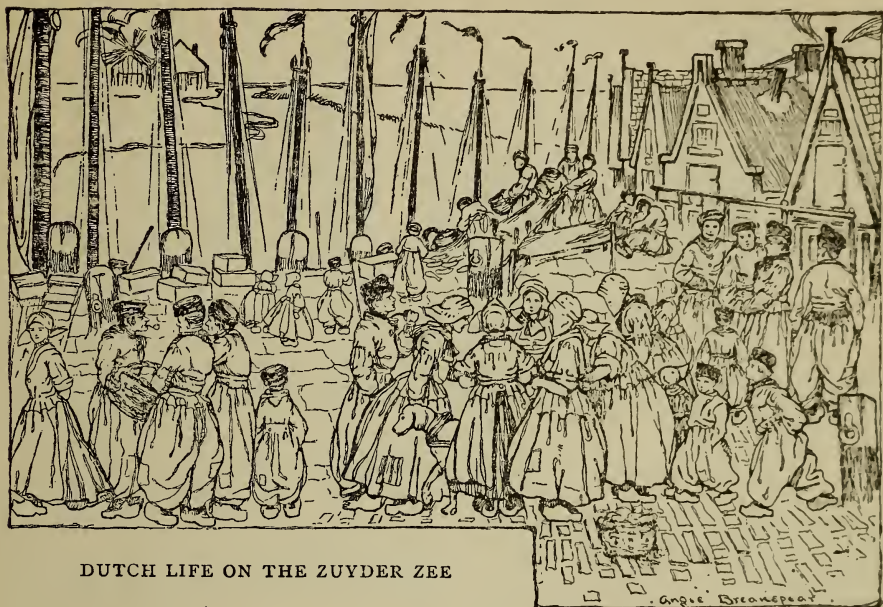
At twelve o'clock I looked from my window over the sea. It was grave and silent. One solitary dusky figure of a fishing-boat cast its broad shadow against the watchful light of Marken, which was intermittently swinging out into the night like a great lustrous pendulum. Later I learned of the somnambulant habits of these fishing boats.

Of course the absorbing interest of Volendam is piscatory. Every corner denotes this; the straying winds tell it; the lanes and alleys are choked with the smell of it. The fleet goes out between Sunday afternoon and Monday morning. All through the evening hours and the night, the boats may be seen quietly and clumsily laboring with their great black sails on towards the fishing-grounds. By Monday morning the little hamlet has resumed its quiet; few men are seen, and these, for the most part, are past their fishing days. They sit about their doorways, mending nets and sails, smoking their pipes, apparently at peace with themselves and the world.

This same devotion to the absent ones is evinced by women and children. They are industrious in the old fashioned way. Every child knows how to knit; they stand about the doors and knit; they walk in groups and knit; they sit on the piers and knit in time to the melodious swish of the sea. Others are busy repairing hooks. This they do with wonderful dexterity and regularity. All seem to be happy, but there is a seriousness, a pathos in the contemplative gaze of the little Dutch girl which is both touching and winning. The wives busy themselves during the week by smoking, salting, and packing fish.

On Friday things spring into new life; everybody is out early; scrub-





DUTCH LIFE ON THE ZUYDER ZEE

bing begins; the front steps are polished and things about the chimney-piece are given an extra rub, till the candlesticks shine like the stars and kettles turn to gold. There is a radiance about a Dutch fireplace—an air of welcome which makes the heart yearn for the old swinging crane and backlogs of New England. On Saturday morning I was out of doors at four o'clock to witness the return of the fleet. Alas! a Volendamer's ways are not as our ways. The man with divided skirts and the waddle of a duck was their first; under cover of the darkness he had captured the town! There must have been two hundred boats at anchor—heads and tails, packed like sardines in a box, their black masts looking like tree-tops against the morning. Men were swinging their nets to dry; tackles were rattling; pennons were floating; fish were flapping. A group of women in white caps were gathered about a vegetable cart drawn by a dog. A grizzled old man was selling peat-cakes. Docks and decks

were alive with children and there was the air of business everywhere.

The boats are deep-bottomed, permitting the catch to be carried alive. The large fish are disposed of at Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and other cities; the smaller ones are brought home and with one flourish of the knife are flayed alive. There are odd looking fish among them, many unlike those of our seaboard, their names quite as odd—for instance, "paling" and "kabel-jamo."

There is a bustle about the dykes all day. Things are put in readiness for another departure, but by afternoon the men get the sea-weed out of their hair and the whiskers off their chins and begin to saunter around the place. They squat down in groups, like Turks, in the middle of the road, and sit there by the hour, smoking their inevitable pipes, engaged in quiet conversation, looking as sober and inscrutable as mummies. I saw no convivial circles and no unsteady legs.

Sabbath day was observed, so far as good order was concerned. The





"UNCONSCIOUS CHILDHOOD, THERE IS A CHARM ABOUT IT"

people for the most part are Roman Catholics, with a few Protestants to leaven the lump.

The priest, a genial man, tall, slim, and delicate, which characteristics were emphasized by his long funereal garb, apparently enjoyed a revered leadership.

As an example of the high value placed on education in Holland, a well-built, good-sized school building dominated the town. A visit through his domain with the schoolmaster, a fixture of some eighteen years' standing, showed the several departments of the school to be well equipped for elementary and intermediate instruction.

A short stay would scarcely admit of more than impressions of social life and customs. I met but two English-speaking people in the place—one the priest, the other a pretty daughter of our landlord.

An old-time simplicity and hospitality is found in the meagre little homes, and the home-spun ways of their occupants show a calm indifference to the fashion, customs and manners of the outer world. Their aesthetic instincts seem to find satisfactory expression in chromos of the Holy Virgin (I counted twelve on the walls of one small

room) and an occasional print of their queen.

The distaff, hand-loom and foot-stove have not all been banished to the garret. The Delft tile chimney-breast are found in some of the houses, and the great black-throated chimneys, under which you can stand and look up to the stars, and down which the snowflakes scatter.

I should write without fidelity to my friends if I failed to pay a tribute to "Grandma Bookum" (Bookum is the Dutch word for a kind of fish). My first call on "Grandma" may have been inopportune, but it was none the less welcome. On a morning ramble I was attracted by a sign written in Dutch, with red chalk, on the house beside the door, "New paling for sale." Curiosity led me down a rickety pair of stairs through a narrow alley to the open door. The old lady was busily engaged with a sputtering fish, which she was toasting on a shovel over a turf-fire. A very mysterious dialogue followed. She looked me over, and upon learning that I was a friend of her artist acquaintances, all barriers were removed and I was at once made welcome. I probably acted like a vulture, but I certainly did not deprive her of any of her break-



"HUMAN NATURE—AND THE CLATTER OF SABOTS"

fast, though I did feast my eyes. There were duds enough about the place for private theatricals and "grandma" would have been a star before the most critical audience. Behind two old doors which are built into the wall of this little dining - kitchen - parlor - bedroom are stored the headgear of centuries, besides refreshments—such as buttons, ruffs, crockery, yarns, salt, nails and tea. By profession, Grandma is a fishdealer. The market is back of her house and over it there is usually a halo of smoke and smell. The place is usually illuminated by a pair of shiny brass scales, and a face radiant with goodness, stamped with the history of eighty years. Grandma has implicit faith in human nature and is as entertaining as ever was Mr. Peggotty.

A tour of inspection through the shops of the town can be made in about five minutes. The principal commodities to be found therein are pipes, tobacco, peat, fire-pots, and sabots. There's a butcher, and baker and butter-ball maker. And, by the way, the Dutch process of making butter in Volendam is not wildly exciting. We had a chance to watch this at a farmhouse just outside the village.

They fill a barrel about half full of cream, put a stick in it, and a boy at one end of the stick; and then, by some magical influence, if the boy doesn't drop to sleep, in course of time the cream turns to—well, they call it butter.

At this farm, the house and barn were under one roof. The cows had been turned out to pasture in early spring, not to return until compelled to by the weather. Upon their departure the stable had been converted into living apartments for the family. Carpets, lace curtains and "old-blue" combined to render the place attractive; even the rings in the ceilings, to which the cows' tails are tied during milking time, had been made ornamental.

A horse is more of a curiosity in Volendam than he is in Venice. I was told that up to three years before, there were many people there who had never seen one.

The flutter of flags in front of the houses one morning led me to inquire the cause. I learned that it was a sort of jubilant announcement of a betrothal. I regret that time did not allow of my accepting an invitation which I received to the wedding.

If you want to know what the greatest curiosity on the face of the globe is, let me say that it is a two-weeks-old Volendam baby, dressed like its grandmother, in a long black woolen dress, a colored handkerchief over the shoulders, a white starched cap on its head, and sabots on its feet.

As already implied, the inhabitants of Volendam have an individuality altogether their own. They are the same yesterday, to-day and forever—complacent, kind, sturdy, of such stock that played so interesting a part in the early days of America and left its imprint in Colonial Connecticut.

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## T H E O X - E Y E D A I S Y

BY

DR. FREDERICK H. WILLIAMS

Dear little flower, thy yellow eye  
Hath watched me since that day of yore,  
When first my infant gaze did spy  
Thee standing by my father's door.

'Twas first my baby steps essayed  
To pass beyond those portals dear,  
But scarce six tott'ring steps I strayed  
And saw thee waiting, laughing near.

The light fell on thy silver crown  
That swayed above the grasses green,  
Tumbling I fell in rapture down  
Before thy face, my daisy queen!

I bent thee with one chubby hand,  
O'er which was turned thy golden eye,  
Ruthless, I broke thy living strand  
And bore thee home triumphantly.

Ah! still I see the mother's smile  
That drew me back athrough the door,  
Those lips that kissed my cheeks the while  
Shine from thy face forever more.



# D U T C H C H A R A C T E R

ITS INFLUENCE ON AMERICAN LIFE—ITS TEACHINGS  
OF THRIFT AND FRUGALITY—ITS PRACTICAL THEOL-  
OGY FROM THE COMMON LIFE OF THE COMMON PEOPLE

BY

DR. MELANCTHON W. JACOBUS

HARTFORD THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Dr. Jacobus is one of Connecticut's most distinguished scholars, and as a member of the faculty of the Hartford Theological Seminary, founded in 1834, has gained a position as a leader of critical thought. His teachings are doing much toward a wider adaptation of Christian principles in everyday life; he is a theologian with a practical and applicable creed. In a recent assembly of the members of the Connecticut Society of Colonial Wars, Dr. Jacobus spoke briefly as a representative of the Holland Society. He has granted THE CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE permission for publication of the address—EDITOR

WHEN one realizes that the Dutch discovered the river on whose banks we are gathered, almost a quarter of a century before Mr. Hooker, with his faithful congregation, pushed their way through the ninety miles of trackless forest to this place, and before the Massachusetts Colony, from which they came was thought of, and when, further, one considers that of the territory which the Dutch has thus peacefully and honestly acquired along this river they were gradually dispossessed by these same Massachusetts men, promptly if without consent, and effectively if without payment, it is not unnatural for one who has been so courteously asked to represent the Holland Society, to feel that whatever unpleasantness may have existed in this region between his forbears and yours, it was not such as was in any way responsible for the Colonial Wars.

There are several ways to leave a place when one has to go, but the Dutchman left these places that he had once possessed peacefully at least, if not altogether silently, and as he looked back upon his ventures appar-

ently had no other consciousness regarding them than that which the Irishman had of the drubbing he had got from his friend, when he said that the only thing wanting to make it a success to himself was the success it was to the other fellow.

In fact, it is a matter of somewhat large surprise that, with all the pioneer hardihood and commercial aggressiveness of the Dutch in their American settlements, and with all the advantage which the long establishment of these settlements had given them, their virtual surrender to the English was accomplished without anything more than a blustering protest on their part, and the English rule and government accepted with nothing beyond the pessimism of a grumbling content.

The historians, to be sure, would have us understand that this is to be attributed partly to the enervation of a long security of possession, and partly to the accident of unpreparedness against a large force. Doubtless this is true; but the history of the Dutchman since that time, the history of his church, the history of his school, the history of his letters and life, has

shown such an exclusiveness from all the development which has been going on around him that we are forced to say, as far as the impressing of himself upon that development is concerned he has missed his opportunity.

And I am afraid this throws light upon recent events in other parts of the world, in which the Dutchman has been deeply concerned. I know his grand struggle of three hundred years ago for liberty and independence — a struggle so much like our own. You can read about the resemblance in the book which is said to be the first book ever printed in Hartford, a book written by a Hollander in the English language, showing how similar were these two revolts. That revolt of his across the sea was practically the first blow which kept Spain restricted in her American possessions, and determined ultimately the civilization of this land of ours to be Germanic and not Latin. It is consequently possible for me to say that in some ways the year 1609 was more significant to this country's destiny than the year 1620. I know further the deep sympathy of the Dutchman with the struggle of our own forefathers. Popularly, if not officially, it was ahead of the sympathy of France. Generous it was with supplies and stores through the West Indian channels, and with millions of money in the darkest hour of our night. It was reckless even to the bringing of England to a declaration of war against his country for her help of us. His was the first country to salute our flag and the second to recognize our independence, the medals commemorating which event were unearthed just a few years ago in the Museum at the Hague.

Now of all this the noble fight in South Africa may be said to have been the natural and logical result; and yet behind that desperate struggle lie long years of just this same exclusiveness from the moving swing of civilization round about him which the Dutchman has shown in this land of ours. Long ago he should have adjusted himself

to it and influenced it for the common weal; but he did not, and what has come upon him is simply what might have been expected to come. It seems, in fact, as though what he says about himself today were true. "We have made a great struggle for liberty. We have lived a great history in freedom and independence. We are quite content with the past, and have no particular ambitions for the future."

Now, of course, this is something about my people that, if it has to be said, I greatly prefer to say myself, rather than have anyone else say it; and yet I do not know but I have just enough of the Colonial Connecticut blood in my own veins — that blood of the constitution, if not of the nutmeg variety, that impelled forbears of mine to move away from New Haven Colony for the sake of civil freedom — just enough of this to make me dare to say it for the truth which it seems to press upon us, namely, that a people's struggle for liberty is not over with the conflict of the battlefield. The shock of war may be a great thing to endure, and all sorts of glorious honors may be due those who stand it, and through it teach the world again the old lesson of liberty. But the strain of peace is almost as great as the shock of war, and we come to reckon with — whether we crown or not, those peoples who so impress themselves upon the movement of the events of peace as to create the characteristics of the civilization and the spirit of the age in which they live. They may or may not have had their struggle for liberty; it really matters little. But they must have had their struggle with liberty and made it captive to their own ideas.

Such struggle apparently the Dutchman did not have. We turn over the pages of Irving's Knickerbocker History and dwell with pleasure on the delightful pictures he gives us of those three Dutch governors whose names he uses — Wouter Van Twiller, of capacious stomach and diminutive legs, whose ideas were so large he

could not turn them over in his head, who ate four meals a day, smoked his pipe eight hours, and slept the rest of the time; Wilhelmus Kieft, of fiery soul and flaming genius, who sought to annihilate the foes of New Netherland by official proclamation; Peter Stuyvesant, that honest, bluff, strong-minded, but warm-hearted old soldier, who knew how a community ought to be governed, and governed it accordingly. But unfortunately the reality behind these pictures bears no resemblance to the pictures themselves, and does not thrill us when we face it. For Van Twiller was an adventurer of such outrageous proportions that he had to be recalled from his position, and Kieft a tyrant of such deep dye that the country could not stand him, and Stuyvesant a man of vanity and ostentatious display. These are hardly the things from which our civilization has been made.

To be sure, we may say the Dutchman has taught us to be thrifty, to establish shipping, to build railroads, and, as some one has said, to import Dutchmen and export duchesses; but with all the fortunes that have been amassed by Dutchmen here, there has not been that distribution of wealth that has put its impress on the great development of this country's life.

As far as money is concerned, its colleges, such as Rutgers, and its seminaries, such as New Brunswick, might have been made magnificent educational institutions, equipped for all the work of this century in which we live, but no Dutch fortune has ever been given to them.

As far as endowment is concerned, the Collegiate churches of New York might have done great things for the city in which they are placed. But however the money came to them, it brought with it no spirit of impressive and aggressive work. It is other churches rather which have laid hold of the city problems and touched with healing hand the city sores.

Also, we might say, the Dutchman has taught us to be religious, to value theology for what it teaches us about God, and to take its teaching into life. He has certainly taught us a tremendous theology, a theology that was in no sense a borrowed one, but one that was born out of his own national life and was part of his own personal living — a theology that was not a doctrinal theology such as it was in Germany, but a practical theology, because it was a political one that swung around the problem of his country's life — a theology that was not manipulated by a single man or by a single set of men, as it was elsewhere, but one that welled up from the common life of the common people, unmanipulated by anything under heaven save the hearts and consciences of the common folk.

All this is true; but it is also true that with all the free field that such theology has had in this land of ours, the spirit of confessional conservatism which it has come to assume is not that which has marked the great advances that doctrinal thinking has made among us.

I hold no brief for a radical freedom of religious ideas, but I am free to say that the best conservatism is that which has been constructive in its life, and the truest confessionalism is that which has been evangelistic in its service, and the record of Dutch theology here has not moved in these directions.

At both these points of wealth and doctrine the Dutchman made his struggle long ago and won his fight; but the task of the great outworking of what he won — I will not say that he has lost its opportunity, but I will say it is yet before him.

May he be yet successful in its accomplishment, for after all he has given us great things without which we would be far worse off today than we care to think.



# THE RIVER OF DREAMS

BY

LOUIS RANSOM

I stand by the beautiful river of dreams  
That wanders in currents of silver and gold,  
And greens with its laving, luxuriant streams  
A past, which without them, were leaden and cold.

Just as the sunset was kissing the day,  
A shallop unmoored from the dreamlands of June,  
And as summer floats down on the bosom of May,  
Or hearts drift the tide of a sorrowing tune,

Close by the shore where I'm standing it bears,  
Like a pall on the sand lies the night of her sail,  
A line cast to landward encircles our cares  
And moors the dim craft like a web-tangled veil.

The skipper is weird as the vessel he keeps,  
His eyes cloud with dreams of the realms they explore,  
With a voice like the heart of a mother who weeps,  
He speaks to the lingering dreamers ashore:

"Who will sail down the river of years that have fled?  
Sad wrecks of the yesterdays touch on our bow,  
Joys long forgotten and vows that were said,  
But not a breath, not a vestige of now.

"Here are words from a prattle which ne'er grew to speech,  
Shoes marred with creeping and crinkled by wear,  
White arms that chilled in a passionate reach,  
Worn gems with inscriptions and circlets of hair.

"The froth of dead hopes and the hoppers beside,  
Tears dropped on the brow of the dead and adored,  
The orange bloom wreath of a luna year bride,  
Float on with the eddies or gather aboard.

"Dim from the gloaming which gathers around,  
Long vanished faces look deep in our eyes,  
Then saddened by visions of loves that are found,  
Melt back in the blue of ethereal skies."

The lines are cast off—the shallop bears on  
In silence hushed as a memory dream,  
Her canvas filled softly with sighs for the gone,  
Drifts on 'mid a wraith-cloud of angels abeam.

As I gaze she grows dim in the distance and shade,  
The sun barely kindles her slim pennant now,  
And her sails but the wing of an angel that spread  
To gather the sundust which gilded her brow.

Soft, through the dusk, lulls the lapping of waves,  
So like the spent strains that old harmonies leave,  
Yet murmuring heartbreaks the yesterdays gave,  
They're crooning a lullaby tender as eve.

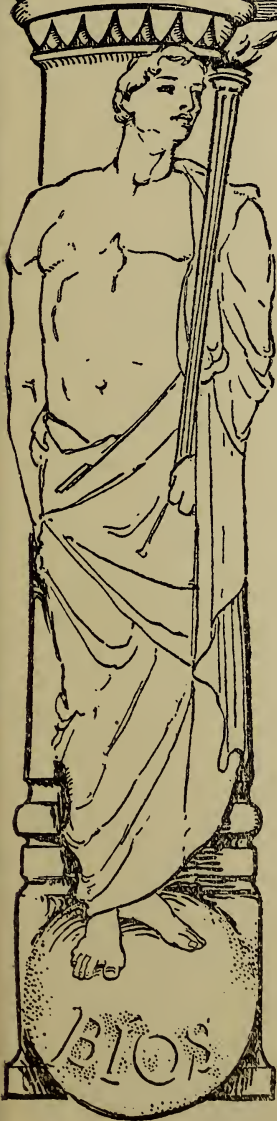
# HEREDITY

BY

HON. LOVELL HALL

**A** PHILOSOPHICAL ideal of American life, based on induction from successful American lives, nowhere exists today. American life has no plan and it has no master.

The Dutch are a strong and pure bred race. Like others from low countries and Teutonic stock, they are well nourished, intelligent from attrition with all, like Venice, Greece, and the Mediterranean countries; linguists, like all sailor people; hearty, like all that breathe the sea air. From the soil they have learned patience; not having grandeur of mountains or great rivers for inspiration, they have never reached to the heights of the purely intellectual and spiritual. They have produced verisimilitude in painting because they have had the patience to observe; patience to master technique; all sailors and men cribbed, cabined and confined will carve in utter detail. Seafaring men on long voyages many times produce remarkable specimens of carving. The Hollander has had these characteristics in-



LOUIS

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bred for centuries; he has held to the same functions in life.

The American at large has begun, not perfected, a new life. Not until we found a new science and diffuse its truths, can we begin the building of a typical American race mentally keen, physically strong, and on an equality of opportunity,—and that science is Heredity. There should be an endowed chair in every university, notably in every woman's college, in this country, in which may be pursued scientific investigations into the relationship of blood and brain. England has her system of breeding some men; here must be wrought out a system for breeding all men. There is no element that has a greater influence in the making of good citizenship and the attainment of ideal government than that of breeding. Find the best blood, give it means to blend and we build a nation. I care not what the nationality may be, if it is to attain its greatest usefulness in the world, it can do so only through the cultivation and perfection of its stock.

It is true that one strain of American life has persisted and held its own for ten generations. That is the Holland Dutch. There are no Dutch but Holland Dutch, but as the fashion has taken the common people to call Germans, Dutch, I will make sure as well as remind by saying Holland Dutch. The Holland Dutch is a specialized strain as was the Israelite; it is specialized to sail and trade. It is not a model for the whole United States but for New York City, New Amsterdam. I cannot better delimit the Dutch than is done in my historical and descriptive sketch, "Scenes in Middlesex County," W. H. Parish Pub. Co., Chicago, 1892, edition de luxe, page 3: "The Dutch and English live in about equal latitudes; but the Dutch are an aquatic and almost an amphibious race; they build their houses from below the water level like beavers, and even do their haying by water. Hence the Dutch discoverers and explorers had a quick eye for rivers and harbors. The

first Dutchman that set foot on Manhattan Island, or rather, sighted it over his starboard bow, saw New York's greatness as clearly as we see it today. They have taken his harbor and city away from him, but Hudson stamped his name forever on the running waters of his river."

True it is that the Englishman took the nominal rule of New Amsterdam away from the Hollander, but little good did it do him, for the commercial rule was retained by the Dutch.

The Hollander lives by the sea. He is a swimmer, a sailor, a fisherman, a fish seller, a navigator, a marine, an admiral. He does not breed and sleep in the water, but he puts the water out and sleeps in its bed. He is the boy that holds his finger in the dyke, the cold live-long night, lest the water get back into the bed, and he is Van Tromp, sweeping the English Channel with a broom at his mizzen top-mast-head. He is a sailor, farming, and brings home his hay on a sloop; his barn is on a wharf. He is a sailor, grinding, the wind that has blown him round the world turns his mill-stones on their spindle. He is a forester; but his is a forest of masts, and the piny smell is condensed to tar. He swarms out on the spars with legs firm and trousers loose, and as his legs grow big, his trousers grow faster than his legs; still loose. He has an easy rolling gait, and it is not often that the ship's deck flies up in his face. He brings home a few stones to fence out the water, and convoys a little earth to fill inside. He does not raise six thousand acres of corn in a field, but a tulip in a cranny. His corn is to eat and not for seed; his tulip for seed, and not an eaten root. On a long voyage, with endless patience, he carves a saint in the fore-castle, and on shore he is forever and a day mixing pigments, and painting interiors where he has no landscape. His daughter looks heavenly to him after a three years' voyage, and, proportioned to a ceiling like a ship's between-decks, he paints her as a Madonna of the tribe of Benjamin.



He sails where priests are scarce, and when the water last comes in, he gives himself extreme unction; on shore, he says his own prayers. He goes to God alone at last, and so he goes each day. He hews an ornamental garden out of firs and box as he would frame a ship. A garden where Nature was let loose would look to him three sheets in the wind, and he would ask if "the ship's husband was drunk when he did it." The salt air gives him a big stomach for food, and the salt sea fills it. He tends the soil and the cows as neatly and as closely as he tends the ship; with him this makes the best of farming. In Holland the soil is alluvial; immensely rich and immensely deep, with no stones. The stones on one New England farm would be a princely fortune in Holland.

Holland has little landscape, little mountain and rushing river to call the soul to imaginative religion. Well did the Dutch resolve to keep out the Spaniards and hold on to what little they had! The sailor, however, is a practical Christian when he is a Christian at all. Here the tempest-tossed religionists of England found sailor hearts for sympathy and a harbor to refit their worn souls;

"Within are waters sweet and the  
abode of nymphs,

Where the salt waves no longer  
toss the wearied ships,

Nor need the anchor hold them  
with its crook-jawed fluke."

The Hollander spits his commands in the teeth of the wind, but in trade and diplomacy conceals his thoughts in many languages. William of Orange, who knew most languages and all hearts, the sole diplomatist, and almost the sole general that brought Protestantism through,—at the Battle of the Boyne was told that Walker, made Bishop for defending Derry, was shot dead at the head of his troops. "What took him there?" said Silent William, who, it is said, could keep still in fifteen languages. If General Wood should be killed at the head of our armies, President Roose-

velt, himself, could hardly deliver a shorter funeral eulogy.

Dutch character is seldom brilliant. Their mentality does not scintillate, but it is sound and substantial. If Wouter Van Twiller was one-third wise, two-thirds foolish; if then he smoked one-third of the time, and smoked the right third; and if he drank another third of the time, and drank the right third,—he has some right to a reputation for wisdom two-thirds of the time.

Any one who, like the writer, has lived for years in Manhattan, and has met elsewhere the scions of the New York Dutch, has seen the character reproduced even to this day with an allowance for modification not greater than that for the English. There is a practicality about the Dutch New Yorker; he is little visionary, in reform or religion. He is well-fed, urbane, cosmopolitan, receptive to all the arts; little productive in them. Take away stock-jobbing and politics and he would again be New York. Degenerates from the Puritans and regenerates from the Celts hold up Saint Nicholas on the street, and even in City Hall square, but he fills his children's stockings still as in the old Dutch days. It is not alone the harbor nor the river, nor the site that has made New York the entrepot of nations in things dutiable and things not dutiable. The Dutchman still draws from every sea; he knows the cargo under every sail. The aggregations which civilization's tools have made in other lands, have left Holland small and not first in power; but if all the worlds of all the heavens shall ever meet, the Holland blood will be first, and most, at home. If ever the planets shall be connected by rail, the Van Der Bilts will absorb and consolidate the system. If ever the road to heaven cease to be straight and narrow, Chauncey De Pew will collect the gate fees. If ever all the nations shall feast together, each to hear in his own tongue, Theodore L. Cuyler will ask the blessing.

Thus is the New Amsterdam Hollander still the floor-walker at the Nation's Entry-Portal, as little changed as the times permit. But the Yankee, that Brahmin of all the ages, going on to the other three points of the compass, destined in soul and thought to ascend the heavenly heights from the tops of the Berkshires, the White Mountains, the Rockies, has lost his cult.

To the observant American, no life other than his own, is more interesting than is the English, or it may be, the British. Long ago the model of this other life was settled, more by exigencies and circumstances than by thought; and with a little variation, such as that caused by arc-lights in place of link-boys, the old model persists. The chief fault found with this old model, is the apparent inequality of men. Whether our new country, when packed will show any less inequality, is, hereto, a speculation. Many who were high, made themselves humble, coming here, that all might be Christianly equal. We came here to get rid of Kaisers, and lo! we have reared many Vanderbilts.

The English have a model of life, and the model persists. The Duke knows what he wants, — and has it; the navy would have the same if he could get it; sometimes, in generations, he does have it. The Englishman with any hope, banks on his own heredity; he banks on the heredity he marries; and when he discounts the future, he does not expect to sacrifice a large premium, with two good names on his note. Near a generation past, the Universal American or United Stateser arrived where he could possess a cabinet organ; he looked to the Promised Land, now reached, wherein he has a piano. Can he, mounting on the top of that piano, as a Mount Pisgah, see a time approaching, when he can afford two good grandfathers in the family; one for himself and one for his wife? Surely everyone desires good children; and has not Oliver Wendell Holmes, a poet indeed, but a

poet curbed by physic, big pills, — ambrosia modulated by castor oil, — said that to build a good man you must begin at his grandfather? Just as there was some chance that the Universal United Stateser, with cabinet organ discarded, piano possessed, might hope to acquire a grandfather, along came the trust magnate and said "move on"; leave some of your torn roots in the ground; put some to wither in the sun; live by my wharf, my four-tracked railroad, my river-fall, my coal mine. Live in a flat while I sail in a yacht; you take the four-deck dwelling and I the four-deck sailing; we will both abandon the land, that I may command the water; make your daughter a foreigner in a slum that I may make my daughter a foreigner at Monte Carlo; make your daughter, a clean soul, in dirty clothes, that I may make my daughter a dirty soul in clean clothes.

In America we now see men as trees walking; by and by we shall learn to root the shoot, plant it out, gather the fruit. When Americans learn the value of a good ancestry, then will America become a really great nation. I do not intend to expound the different theories of heredity and descent, nor the contentions which support them; of these theories two of the most recent and most popularized are the Neo-Darwinian and the Neo-Lamarckian. Neither shall I make inquiries concerning freedom of choice, — the doctrine of Free-will on the one hand, and, on the other, of Necessity, or Determinism, as it is called in its modern, softened, scientific phrase; although, if one's ancestry wholly controls his destiny, it is pretty evident that his freedom of choice must be *nil*, and the reverse.

When we mention a good ancestry, we do not necessarily imply a noted ancestry. Benedict Arnold was a man of note, but not, perhaps, on the whole, a man of value. Practical observation seems to show that good character and good judgment often constitute a plateau along which, like a cable under



sea, a family may run for several generations, until some exceptional chance, some lucky marriage, some very long life, some near-by call, gives an opportunity for distinction. Reading the army promotions, or assignments, in the *London Times* or *The Army and Navy Journal*, we are surprised to see how the Grant family are fond of soldiering. And as they do not belong to the titled British families, the Cecils, the Russells, the Seymours and the Howards, we may conclude that they "get there" on their tastes and qualifications. Where "pull," or family, or fashion, or clamor, or fads, prevail, so much the less can the value of ancestry be weighed. The scales for weighing human merit, are themselves but human. Then again where there is no steady class, and few steady persons, who is to mark the good people well- or ill-descended?

In judging of horses, we find many that can travel the 16 miles from Middletown to Hartford and back, in a day. The ease with which the horse does it, and his capacity to do it again the next day or even the same day, determines his real value. It is frequently said that the Americans of today are taking the pace that kills. This much is true: when a man has "distinguished" himself, there is often little left of him, or of his family. He has melted all his heirlooms into a fool's crown! Life upon the land, investments in land, income from land, seem to conduce to family value and permanence. Among the places where Alfred Tennyson wrote his name reliably and honorably, one was a large market-garden wagon. Had he attempted this in America, his income from his poems would have been swallowed by his outgo on his cabbages, as Pharaoh's lean kine swallowed the fat. Men get distinction in America, somewhat as the negro directed to put on a tight coat: "Fust get one hand in, then both hands, then gib a general convulsion."

As every eminent man (with the non-eminent men) of today had, in

1635, eight generations ago, 256 ancestors, it is usual, if vital statistics have been kept, to find some eminent ancestor for every eminent man. But to find a man of real value today who traces back to blood of real value in 1635, showing the same characteristics, may not be so common. Unlike a seat in the country, the first attempt of a man who has gained a seat in Congress, is to show that he takes it not by purchase, but by descent. If he ever had a distinguished ancestor, now it will be heralded. His ancestors, as it were, do not own him till he proves his quality.

Beyond ability of character and of judgment, there is another kind,—the ability of energy and enthusiasm. It is more truly of this ability that Edward Atkinson speaks when he says: "From shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves, it is but three generations." The headstrong pleasure-seeker drinks up what he has; the headstrong son works and saves; the headstrong grandson plans and accumulates; the headstrong, rich, and idle, great-grandson, spends and scatters. There may be a smartness, yet very little character or ability in the whole round.

"It is not rank, nor wealth, nor state,  
But the get up and get that makes  
men great."

Of the universities that Andrew Carnegie has endowed, it may be noticed that few have invited him to lay out the curriculum. To become professors and librarians, he has pushed a great many pawns into the king-row; but how many valuable pieces has he swept from the board, and these pieces are all human.

These then, in our times, are some of the difficulties in estimating the value of a good ancestry: that the trumpeted may not be the valuable; that the valuable may not have but 4-10 per cent. of the good blood which is heralded; and that if a man has good and valuable blood, the times may not utilize it or even develop it. To those who know the sea of chances



on which the man of public talents embarks, — even the sea of mischances, if he be honest,

"It seems a story from the land of spirits,

If any man obtain that which he merits,

Or any merit that which he obtains."

The present confusion, however, of merit and demerit, in giving prominence to men on the stage, the confusion of estimates, the confounding of a little heredity for a good deal, — after all do not necessarily invalidate the accredited maxim, "Blood will tell." A man of sterling qualities, in 1635, might very likely choose a wife of sterling qualities, and live in a community of sterling quality, and there his children marry. In Turkey, Cyrus Hamlin found the men, as well as the stone, from certain localities, quite uniform. In certain portions of Old Saybrook, or of Hebron, he would have found the same. With miscellaneous movings and marriages, that a man is not like his 1-256 part ancestor, proves rather than disproves, the principles of heredity. Yet real quality implies the ability to choose quality. It is thought, too, that races improve in the fact that the good qualities of each parent are apt to be transmitted, or even educated in. In many senses, man is the creature capable of being twice-born. There is a phrase, also, often in the mouths of heredity-observers in the lower orders of animals; the phrase, "prepotency"; the tendency of strong quality to assert itself most strongly in the offspring. Several royal houses have shown this capacity of producing able sons from the most varied series of mothers. Of these, one is the Hohenzollerns, of which race is the Prince Henry, who rode with Roosevelt in the rain. In a steadily-bred race, there is believed to arise a power to control the quality of descendants, which may be roughly phrased, "It takes as long to unwind characteristics, as it took to wind them in."

It is now conceded that all inquiry, thought, development, science, education, must proceed, and, so far as effectual and valuable, has proceeded, from the simple to the complex, the inorganic to the plant, the plant to the animal, the animal to man; the physical man to the mental, the mental man to the spiritual. So has true learning grown, since from Lord Bacon it started to grow. "You don't know life yet and how can you know death?" says Confucius, as quoted by Ambassador Wu Ting Fang. It has been said by a Yale professor of Science, that the next step forward in the understanding of human psychology, must be the study of comparative psychology, — the psychology of animals.

Of all inquirers, the Jersey breeders have had, and do have, the best opportunity to observe the effects of heredity. For hundreds of years no new animal has been admitted among that race, neither in the island of Jersey, nor elsewhere. The American Registry office is an imposing building at 8 West 17th street, New York City; prices of single animals have been \$5,000, \$10,000, \$20,000. The Jersey breeders say: "Like produces like, or the likeness of some ancestor," and by providing a set of almost endless ancestors of great repute, they assure their customers that the next generation cannot go amiss, whatever ancestor it may "breed back to." Cross-questions, in my hearing, however, compelled the owner of the Jersey, Mary Anne of St. Lambert, No. 9770, A. J. C. C., to admit that after his high feeding had forced her to make 867 pounds 14¾ ounces of butter in one year, — about three times a fair yield, she never brought a child that lived more than a few weeks. Environment had forever nullified heredity; one of her young before this misuse, would have been one of the best; one of her young after this misuse, one of the worst of animals to buy! Too rich and exerciseless living will destroy any heredity under heaven! In Wall street, worthless stock is sold by infla-

tion; in Jerseys, good stock has in some cases been ruined by inflation to sell it; real silver turned into a "gold brick," the common people's views of heredity warped besides, whenever they may have bought a good heredity, which had been nullified by a bad environment.

The fact is, that like Longfellow's "Old clock on the stairs," with its "Forever, Never, Never, Forever," so the great clock of Time ticks on toward Eternity, with its "Heredity, — Environment, — Environment, — Heredity," and the clock stops that leaves out either tick, — as the pulse stops that leaves out beats. The environment gradually lifts the quality from a lower plane; the heredity holds the gain; that is the most that the most ardent scientist claims. Indeed the Neo-Lamarckians claim, and give a physical explanation, that heredity is not of the parent but of the race; that offspring ever fall away from the acquired qualities of the parent, and begin on the racial dead-level where he began. For this contention, they would adduce the total lack, at times, in offspring, of parental chief-values; the dissimilarity of full brothers, and even, at times, of twins.

One of the stupidest things about our colleges, is that they have chairs of showing how to thin and cut down trees, which Yankee farmers are adepts in, as all the elements and results are right before their eyes; and have no chairs of Human Heredity, Breeding, Regimen, Environment and Training, any accurate conclusions as to which, would involve body journeys to the most separate parts of the world, and mind journeys back to the most remote ages. The simple explanation seems to be that the most of our modern learning is a copy of European fads. The Europeans have "foresters" of noble birth, to oversee the poor peasant choppers, — and so must we. The Europeans do not have college chairs to develop in every one human, a royal manhood, and so must not we; they stop the people at the good sol-

dier's level, and so must we. The kings and the kaisers, the sultans and the emperors, do not concede that all men are, or should be, born free and equal, — given the ascertained conditions of manhood; and so we should not try to ascertain these conditions. With a leading college doing all it can to build men down to a condition of servants, and thus having made its own city the worst seat, in the jurisdiction of corruption in politics, why should it poke into theories whereby men might be built up into the condition of kings?

The most promising experiment in New England, to test on a large scale, the vital principles of heredity, in recorded cattle, with individual known heredities for ten generations back, and a possibility of twenty-five mature generations, in one human lifetime, to observe going forward; this vital experiment fell through, when fully under way and demonstrating its possibilities, — because a leading college refused to buy the milk, of double nutritive value, at the common price. There was everything in it for science, but nothing to exploit the college. Had the herd-keeper been poking into German books, he would have been hailed with acclaim; but he actually degraded his scholarly attainments by really knowing cattle; he left off his Master of Arts red hood, when going into the field to inspect his Jersey sires; and all shepherds are an abomination to the perfumed Egyptians.

But that herd-keeper learned some things that colleges do not teach. He saw a mother that had produced her every child with no white to show, when crossed with a sire line-bred (inbreeding, strictly speaking, means the union of a descendant and an ancestor; line-breeding, the union of the descendants of a common ancestor) ten times, anywhere three to seven generations down from a certain peculiarly marked Jersey, reproduce, exactly, in place, shape and proportion, the white markings of that ten-fold ancestress. He learned that there is such a thing



as prepotency; a controlling power, in descent, not geometrically measurable. By gentleness from the first day of infancy, he produced a Jersey sire of unequalled friendliness; friendly for ten years; and he saw that friendliness, — that acquired quality, transmitted to hundreds of cattle, throughout a community, and it can yet be seen, half-way between Meriden and Middletown, in the fifth generation. Thousands and millions of dollars will yet be spent, in books, in lectures, in discussions, to determine "whether acquired characteristics are inherited?"

Having discussed, somewhat, the general principles of heredity, the conditions under which they operate and may be observed in the United States, we turn to some few interesting, striking and illustrative samples of heredity in man.

First, may be mentioned twin young ladies of about twenty-five years of age, of New England birth and residence. While both are of lithe and graceful form, the brunette is much the taller, quite athletic, enjoys fifteen-mile walks, loves to go abroad in the world, knows what has passed in this, and other, ages and countries; graduated from a college, a normal school, assumed a teacher's place, was promoted to a high school. The blonde, showing no lack of appreciation of the preceding qualifications, is yet a home lover, and a home maker, knows the household's ways, is attentive to guests, mirrors back each kindly deed and thought, embodies social tact. Should the two chance to live as bachelor maids, it is not difficult to guess which will visit the world, bring in the news and income, and which will put these to the best and wisest use inside. Except their undeviating attachment, there is nothing to show that these two are sisters, even. The difference between them it would be very difficult to explain, on any one-stage theory of heredity, where there is not even a difference of sex. With human beings, there is not the possibility that might occur with animals,

— that one being the stronger, or the favorite, might have obtained different treatment from the other. Nor does anything appear to indicate that one inherits from one parent or his family, and the other from her parent or her family!

*Per contra*, the writer recently attended an anniversary to hear a young man sing, who, being of deep and unfeigned religious character, had voluntarily devoted himself for mission work in farther China. His courteous, but strong and striking profile, was different from that of any of his relatives of the half-blood. It was found to be an exact copy of a silhouette of his grandfather, who at the same period of life left promising business prospects for the simple life of a Christian minister.

Resemblance to an ancestor more remote than parents, the reader knows as atavism. Could a pint basin have been carried down the varying paths trod by a man's ancestors; should each ancestor have cut from his coat and dropped into it, a button characterizing himself, a *fac simile*; should a blind man draw out a button to characterize the descendant, the inheritance would often result as now it does. A working man once came to the writer and said: "I did not know, when I married, that my wife's children would be like her father and brothers." Finding that his boys would not work in the city, he bought a farm and moved upon it to compel them to do so; the boys married some of the neighbors' daughters and brought him a third generation to support. His wife was estimable and had trained them to be industrious and frugal. Sometimes along the most estimable of family lines, there appears a brood of children for which there is no explanation. Two or three of them may be incapable of writing or even of counting, yet may show ability in daily affairs and general ability in their children. The most noble historic name in a certain city is the most degraded by the persons that hold it.



On the way toward Providence, the writer recently marked a man of clear and honest eye, as worth speaking to, —and found him a descendant of Miles Standish. On returning, I marked another man, of apparent value and solid character. Conversation confirmed the estimate, and he proved to be a descendant of Elder William Brewster. This country contains a phalanx of reliable Brewster descendants, and in seeking a name for a markedly correct character, in her book, "The Portion of Labor," Miss Mary E. Wilkins naturally selected that of "Mrs. Zelotes Brewster." It was significant that the only men whose quality attracted should be descendants of Standish or of Brewster.

The Meigs blood of Middletown, from Prof. Josiah Meigs, is somewhat noticeable for breadth of taste and of appreciation. Of this family was the mother of Yale's President, Noah Porter, and his sisters of Farmington. Of all men in the world, anything having a good quality, might go into Noah Porter's presence, and have it appreciated. On a summer vacation, President Porter, with a party, was to take a ten-mile afternoon walk, and sleep in a mountain-top cabin, so as to see the sun rise. On the start-out, a big Newfoundland dog, who had found an appreciative companion in President Porter, joined the caravan, but was told that he was not wanted. "Let him go; let him go," said President Porter, in his quick way; "He'll enjoy it as much as any of us." In the night, the camping party heard from President Porter: "G'way, Jack; g'way, g'way, g'way!" The dog, with keen appreciation of character, had selected President Porter to tent with. Those who have seen the friendly sheep surround descendants of the Meigs family in Middletown, will best appreciate this story.

In another case, the writer had had an almost life-long knowledge of one of Connecticut's twenty-five foremost citizens. But he had not seen his family name in any Connecticut, or other,

history. "This man," I said, "must have sprung up in a generation, and shows that no ancestry is necessary to make a foremost man." Turning over in a library, however, the list-book of the Society of Colonial Wars,

Among the names that those great wars had blessed,  
Lo, this man's honest name led all the rest;

for he was descended from eight sharers in the Colonial Wars, and in three of his lines through governors of Connecticut.

In the November-December number of the *Connecticut Magazine*, it is recalled that three grandchildren of Roger Sherman, through his second wife, Rebecca Prescott, of Danvers, Mass., were William M. Evarts, U. S. Secretary of State; George F. Hoar, U. S. Senator, and Roger S. Baldwin, U. S. Senator and Governor of Connecticut. It is impossible to separate questions of human heredity from those of breeding, training, regimen, and environment. If acquired characteristics are transmitted, then Roger Sherman was a promising parent, when he married Rebecca Prescott, at 18 years of age or a little more. In such cases, the mother is the vigorous printing press, the father the clear-cut type.

It is my experience, that for giving an animal a kind and friendly character (his heredity making him susceptible) the first three months is absolutely indispensable, and nothing later can replace it. In that three months, a young Jersey will even play jokes; do things because they are funny. It is then that he forms his opinion of this world and of us, his neighbors, which, if unfavorable, all later experience cannot redeem. It is hard to expect to change the character of a child when that character has been formed for the first twelve years. But in these years nine-tenths the influence is from the mother rather than the father. As half the heredity, too, averages from the mother, it is easy to see how it may occur that valuable men have valuable

mothers; the mother has a much greater proportion of influence. There is some reason, also, to think that inheritance in more cases runs from the mother or her family, to the sons, and from the father, or his family, to the daughters, than from a parent to the same sex.

The sooner we find out what has been the most valuable part of our population, in our golden age (of character); where it can be found most unspoiled, today; what is the best environment for its continuance; how that environment can be secured; the better it is for our State and nation. One of the most serious questions is, if the dwindling early stock be drafted away from labor, and will not stay and broaden numerically, under conditions of labor, then whether the nine laborers out of ten voters, being of later stock, can be made equal in character to men formed under earlier conditions. If they are docile citizens, while in the minority, will they be kind and intelligent masters when in the majority? It was Birdofredum Sawin's complaint, that Pomp, after compelling him to "throw away his pistils and his gun," did not give the kindness which he had received.

So discontinuous, faulty and variant, is the present American environment, that it becomes difficult to tell how heredity has counted or to make it count at all. The able Englishman usually starts from a country home where his mind, character and body have been built. If not, his nation rewards him with a country home, where his children's minds, characters, and bodies will be built, and custom and public opinion, at all reasonable times, will see to it that they stay in it. The able American comes, oftenest, from, or from near, the woods. He marries the daughter of a worn-out city stock, and rears children to be the pets of a city parish. There is nothing for the boys to do, to harden their sinews, and everything for them to enjoy, to soften them. In youth, they are taught that pleasure is the business of this

world, and later, they can never learn that the business of this world should be a pleasure. They do not seem to realize that a horse will never become a race horse, while tied in a stall; he must be trained on a track. A piano will not continue that manhood which was built by an axe.

God has given men an average good environment, and those who try to improve upon it dodge success. The sons of Anthony of Bourbon and Jeanne d'Albret, king and queen of Navarre, show what is heredity without environment and what is heredity with environment. Through the luxury of the French city, the earlier children were destroyed from the face of the earth. But the youngest son was retained by his grandfather, the old king of Navarre, and turned loose to run bareheaded and barefooted, with the children of the peasantry, in the mountains around Pau. There resulted the strong and lusty Henry of Navarre, of Macaulay's ballad of Iv'ry. Henry IV of France, and his natural manliness not only conquered his enemies but sympathized with and won the hearts of his people. His statecraft, when all the kings were met, was "That every man in France should have a chicken in his pot for Sunday."

Abundant illustration of the same folly and failure in a dependence on money and heredity, without manly surroundings, for rearing noble children, might be cited from Connecticut;—but such parents are punished too much in results, without impaling them publicly upon a pen-point. The clear, broad, judicial minds of Justice Brewer, lately scarred while burning brush on his farm, and of Chief Justice Alton B. Parker on his 90-acre farm at Esopus on the Hudson testify that when you find a man in mind he has not been reared a carpet-knight in body.

As stated, however, the conditions of life in the United States, have not favored the permanency of family character. Investments in real estate, such as should build character as well



as income, for generations are hedged against by our Constitution. Neither land, nor property can be entailed. Except in favored localities, those who have held on to land, have been land-poor. The corporation has sprung up, unexpectedly, whereby a thousand idiots, spendthrifts and plungers, can have their property preserved by retaining on salary one man of ability. Warren Hastings, who set all Britain agog, would be but one corporation lawyer today. Some South Sea bubble is blown by every broker from his evening pipe, and reaches every lawyer once a week. Property in stocks does not give the environment to its inheritors of that in the shape of acres, landscapes, rivers.

The endogenous infant today is filled up as with a bicycle pump, instead of being built onto like a pasture white oak. The ideal, character-forcing conditions of Roger Sherman and his family, exist neither at Biltmore, nor in the Tenderloin. By an artificial lathe, the hickory from a forest may be turned into an axehelve, but not the hickory from a cellar; it is powder-posted. It may look like an axehelve to a Doctor of Divinity, but not to a Doctor of axehelves. Today, save the lack of ponies, an American college, from the distance, looks like a hazy Indian mixture of foot-ball, base-ball, and colored cloaks or blankets. The exercise is of the Indian and not the Yankee kind. King Philip would feel at home but not Miles Standish. Fancy Ralph Waldo Emerson, conceded our greatest American mind, backing the spending of a quarter million dollars on a foot-ball match and

attending it in a parti-colored Heidelberg degree cloak!

Scattered through the woods and hill-towns of Connecticut, is much of the best old blood of its history; the Porters, the Evartses, the Footes. These men have axe-built bodies, hill-built complexions and circulations, home-built hearts, book-built brains and tastes, farm-built judgments. If Connecticut is ever again to come to the front for right and sense, and opportunity for all God's children, there is no trumpet to form the line of battle, like the recall to old times and old lineage. The best of the new looks to the best of the old.

As a few conclusions: Heredity is worth knowing of if it be not flaunted and vaunted. If we value our ancestors' character, we should learn the conditions which created it and apply those conditions in youth. It is hard to do this alone. A leading man in a large city, said: "I did not bring up my child; a dozen neighbors' children brought it up." Public sentiment should stand behind the conditions of rearing real men. Boat races, ball games and gymnasiums did not create the first George Washington,—but we live to learn. A good lineage may be a great encouragement in cases of temptation or adversity. But to find one line to some strong man is no great achievement; it is not necessary to croak from a frog pond how we were once a lake. The length of our ancestry is best shown by the breadth of our sympathy; by throwing on our compeers the shade and not the shadow of our forbears.

American Heredity is a science now in the embryo, and in outlining its possibilities there is probably no more distinguished authority than Hon. Lovell Hall of Middletown, Conn., who might be entitled our best "talent-ometer." Mr. Hall is a man who knows men from many experiences with them. As a lawyer he has studied human nature in its most intricate phases; he creditably defended the murder case against Tilton E. Doolittle. In his student days at Yale he took the Yale Lit. medal, a Townsend, a high oration, a Linonia presidency. He entered politics and made a sheriff and a governor. He knows life by continual contact with it and has a breadth of sympathy for all humanity. While a close student of the sciences he has stood many days in the forests and ripped logs with a fifty-four inch saw; he has bred Jerseys whose sires looked up to him as a friend and walked with him horn in hand; he knows horses and their hereditary instincts by being a rider of them. He has stood in the engine cab; on the box car top, and experienced something of the sailor's life at the helm. He has written ballads, sonnets, theological and scientific criticisms, political platforms. He has been a coroner over physicians and prosecuting agent over police. He stands for the State's best traditions, and moves with an underlying philosophy. Besides Law, he is now engaged upon a new Theology, which is made fast to the Apostles' Creed, but will reach out to every cult. Sprung from at least eight families of the settlers of 1620-50, Mr. Hall's line has been anchored in old Middletown for 250 years—EDITOR



# LONGEVITY AND THE MODERN DIETARIAN

## FOOD PRODUCTS OF OUR FOREFATHERS AND THE ATTAINMENT OF VENERABLE AGE—THEIR LIVES AN ARGUMENT AGAINST THEORIES OF TODAY—REC- COLLECTIONS OF A VILLAGE WHERE MEN GROW OLD

BY

F. G. MARKHAM

Mr. Markham develops an interesting discussion in aeology or the science of prolonging life. Whether or not there is an age limit set by nature is a matter of disputation. Eminent naturalists place a natural age limit at 100 years, while others believe it to be 120. Scientists state that man does not live out, on an average, more than one-third of his natural span, and is cheated in part by folly and impotence out of two-thirds of his existence. Professor Shaler, of Harvard, argues that man lost in longevity when he assumed an upright position and converted his fore-legs and fore-feet into arms and hands. He states that an upright position makes a greater demand upon the heart, and that the pulse rate is increased. Dr. David A. Gorton recently stated that nature, or the unconscious forces have the greater part to do in its solution, and that the problem of health and long life is not altogether within man's grasp. "I think that to a large degree its solution belongs to the domain of conscious evolution," he says. "It rests with him to discover and destroy the enemies that prey on human health and life; and to discover and enforce the hygienic requirements of the race at every epoch of life from infancy to old age. Thus in the fullness of time when the rush of conquest of man is over, and when unconscious evolution shall have fulfilled its respective mission, man will have unfolded a new science—that of aeology—and shall be enabled thereby to complete his age limit, barring accidents, to 150 years." Mr. Markham does not argue the problem but tells an interesting story of conditions in East Hampton, Connecticut, a village where men grow old—EDITOR

THE manner of life of our forefathers is a story of much interest. Having told of their homes and labors, I will now recall briefly the food products and customs of sixty years ago. Hog products were the principal articles of meat food for at least nine months in the year. Not much was wasted of his whole carcass. The hams and shoulders pickled and smoked; the sides for salted pork; inside fat for lard; the ribs and chins for roasting and steaks; all the bits of fat and lean, not otherwise used, were for sausage; the intestinal cases for sausage covers; the snout, feet and ears, and even tail for souse. There was not much of the Jew about our ancestors. They did eat the pig—all of him—and said he was good. Their ideas did not coincide with modern dietarians. They said pig meat was nutritious and wholesome, and as far as longevity is concerned, seemed to have the best of the argument. Sometimes a farmer

could spare an ox or cow. The animal was fattened and a portion consumed fresh and the remainder salted and smoked. Often, however, the "beef" was driven alive to the nearest market and turned into cash. Chickens, turkeys and geese were used to some extent, but they too, could be readily marketed for cash or groceries in exchange. In July a lamb would be killed and it was indeed good meat. Two of the quarters could be loaned, to be returned when they killed a lamb. In fact, loaning ribs of pork and fresh beef and lamb lengthened out the fresh meat season and was a boon. Rye bread or rye and Indian and Johnny cake, baked Indian or corn meal and hasty puddings, composed the principal bread stuff. If possible, some wheat or white flour was in the house for distinguished company or for the visit of the clergyman. Baked beans, bean porridge and corn and beans, commonly called succotash, helped make a variety. All sorts of greens

were freely used. Boiled cabbage, dandelion, cowslip, yellow dock, plantain and milk weed constituted the "greens."

A liberal dose of vinegar or pepper sauce was poured over his greens and mustard covered his boiled pork, beef and ham. His ideas differed widely from our modern professors. Diet authorities now claim that vinegar, pepper and mustard are sauces of the Devil. But our forefathers said they were good, wholesome and a great aid to digestion. An empty pork barrel was considered almost a disgrace. To prevent such a calamity, salt codfish was a resort, and in the late spring, people living within a few miles of Connecticut river, would visit some fish place and procure from twenty to fifty shad. These cost from six to twenty cents apiece, and were pickled for future use. These were really fine eating, but the householder would scarcely believe it. The food was not quite reputable. When he started after shad it was before daylight, that his neighbors might not know the object of his journey. Of course he said it was that the first run in the morning might be secured. My grandmother has often told me, that in her day, when her husband "went for shad" he was compelled to buy a certain amount of salmon, that fish being plentiful in the Connecticut in those days. What a change the whirligig of time has produced. Then only the poor must eat shad and salmon and now only the rich may do so.

Our good fathers and mothers had a generous thirst. Not so much for water or tea and coffee, but for something more effective and stimulating. Of course water and tea and coffee were used to some extent, but cider, of their own make, not rectified or drugged, right out of their own well-seasoned barrels, pure and as they believed wholesome and healthful, was the general beverage. From six to thirty barrels of this drink made a year's supply. Cider was used for breakfast, for dinner, for supper, be-

tween meals and before going to bed. Sometimes on the latter occasion red pepper and cider was heated and the dose was supposed to keep off chills and make sound sleep. "Stills" were erected at intervals throughout the country. Here was distilled that pure but potent liquor called cider brandy. The farmer could furnish a certain number of barrels of cider and receive in return a fixed number of gallons of brandy. A mixture of cider brandy and molasses was considered an almost sovereign remedy for colds and chills. It was a fiery tippie and occasionally the drinker would become "half seas over" and inclined to be quarrelsome and ugly. It usually took at least two gallons of Santa Cruz rum to carry the farmer and his help through haying and it was the beverage sold over the bars, at taverns, by the glass. Our fathers had a pronounced dislike for foreign wines and brandies. They knew of extensive adulteration before leaving the home market, and had a shrewd opinion that they were still further rectified on this shore. An old doggerel of fifty years ago well expresses this sentiment.

"Your Logwood wine is very fine,

I think they call it Port, Sir.

You know it by this certain sign,

Its roughness in the throat, Sir."

Our forefathers had poor ideas about the names of diseases. They had never heard about microbes and bacteria and trichinæ in pork. Doubtless they were all there, then as now; but one can readily see what great horrors they escaped by knowing nothing about these terrible animals. They never heard of those old Greek names, pneumonia and diphtheria, as applied to certain diseases. Lung fever and putrid sore throat were well known, but old fashioned doctors did not feel it necessary to apply the more high sounding names. Those good simple folk knew all about typhus and typhoid fevers, but if they had been told about enteric fever, an idiotic expression would have spread over the face,



and, like the sailor, would have exclaimed simply, Anan! Kidney trouble was known, but do tell us what is Bright's disease? It must be confessed that if our modern M. D.s were as successful in curing diseases as they are in giving new names, what a grateful lot of patients they would have.

Perhaps extreme longevity is nowhere better illustrated than in the straggling but picturesque village of East Hampton, Connecticut. The writer believes there is not another place of its size in the United States where such great age has been obtained by its inhabitants as can be proved by an intimate acquaintance with the people of this village. It is my birthplace and I know, or have known personally all the people mentioned below. Sixty years ago there were only a few hundred inhabitants scattered over ten or twelve miles of territory. Today it is quite a good sized village with many men of more than the average ability and managing large business affairs. In this little community then, I have had as acquaintances over sixty persons between 80 and 90 and over thirty between 90 and 100 and at least two that passed the century mark. Mr. John W. B. Smith I knew at the age of 93 years; nearly all his faculties unimpaired. I well remember him seated on his piazza reading the *Hartford Courant* and doing so without the aid of eye glasses. Mrs. Minorris Watrous at 96 still did fine embroidery work. There are a number of people still living there over 90. Some other old persons that have died since my remembrance are Nathaniel C. Smith, for many years Town Clerk for the Town of Chatham, and brother of John W. B. Smith, 93; John Markham, 96; his sister-in-law, Hannah Markham, 92; Isaac Bevin, 97; Stephen Clark, 98; William Clark, 99; Patrick Derby, 99; a Mrs. Loomis, who died a little more than a year ago, 101, and old black Betty, who was certainly 120 and probably nearer 128. Her exact age could never be ascer-

tained, but sixty years ago people who knew her then as a very old woman, knew also that she was at the time of her death between the ages mentioned above. I remember the old woman very well. She lived by herself in a little red house, and used to do washing and scrubbing almost to the end of life. Betty was an inveterate attendant at church and was there for two sessions and often for three. She was a member in good standing and very devout. In the old church was a high railed pew, near the pulpit, and was called the "nigger" pew. There Aunt Betty sat and worshipped. At noon she took a seat near the church and partook of her noon-day lunch, then drawing a black old cutty had her quiet smoke. The afternoon service found her entirely ready for business at the usual place. Boys sometimes poked fun at the old woman, but if her heavy hand could reach them they were glad to cry quits. Betty had a fondness for strong waters and occasionally became really and truly drunk. Her good brothers and sisters in the Lord however always overlooked this little peccadillo.

Another eccentric character was a near neighbor of mine, who lived nearly half a mile from any highway. Her home was on my way to school, that is across lots. Her grandsons were near my own age, and we were companions to and from school; thus I saw the old lady nearly every day. Unfortunately she never had a husband, but, fortunately, did have a daughter, who developed into a very amiable, good woman, and this daughter married a most excellent man. These had a generous family of ten children. Grandmother was really the head of the family. She cooked and washed, knit and spun, made and mended clothes. Her son-in-law was employed in another town and was only home over Sunday. So she milked and churned, dug the garden, hoed and gathered the crop. I never saw her swing the scythe, but she did rake and pitch hay like a man.



And then what a tea drinker! Her average daily allowance was two quarts of strong tea with no seasoning. Live embers were kept drawn around the "Hob" and the old black tea pot was kept boiling constantly. It was drank for breakfast, dinner, supper, and many times between meals — drank it boiling hot right out of the "nozzle." One could scarcely believe it, but I have seen her so take her tea many times. She used to say her mouth and throat, say nothing of the stomach, were as insensible as iron, and that no inconvenience was felt by using this scalding beverage. Then, too, what a snuff-taker. Her indulgent son-in-law bought snuff, not by the ounce or pound, but by the "bladder." These bladders contained from four to six pounds. When fairly awake in the morning she took a pinch and the nose was kept loaded till bed time. Those boys have often said that "Gran" arose in the night and recharged the organ. The old lady was not much on style, but she was very devout, and it was a bad Sunday indeed that she was not present at church for two sessions and sometimes three. On Sacramental Sunday this member of the church was not absent. Those irreverent boys used to

say that after Aunt Lucy had partaken of the cup, very soon after it had to be replenished.

Listening to our modern teachers this woman ought to have been full of all manner of diseases; but she wasn't. She ought to have died young; but she didn't. It was only a few years ago that she passed away, aged 95 years. No sickness; no disease. For only a few days did she take to the bed; without pain she left us, quietly, peacefully, as a tired child goes to sleep.

Various reasons have been presented to account for the wonderful longevity reached by the inhabitants of this village. Some ascribe it to the high elevation above tide water, where the winds are free and sometimes fierce, so that malaria and fever germs are driven away. That may account for it partially but not wholly. We must remember the physical labor they endured; the constant hardening of the muscles of every organ, made them strong and enabled them to eat coarse hearty food with impunity. Out in the free pure air with the sunshine, disease could get no foothold, and they died, not so much from sickness, as because they had outlived their usefulness and so God took them.

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THE FIRST GRAND JURY IN AMERICA MET AT BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, ON SEPTEMBER 1, 1635, AND PRESENTED ONE HUNDRED OFFENCES. THE FIRST INSURANCE OFFICE IN NEW ENGLAND WAS OPENED AT BOSTON IN 1724

# P A S T O R A L

BY

JOHN H. GUERNSEY

Home from the field went a weary old man,  
Dusty and tired as a man could be,  
For the way was long where the furrows ran,  
And the sun was hot on the face of tan,  
And hot on the backs of three.

And his patient oxen were tired as he,  
As, all day long till the sun went down,  
They had heard the command of "Haw" and "Gee,"  
And longingly looked at the shade of the tree  
That spread as the "bout" went 'round.

Now the pointed shade of the whitewood tree,  
That grew near by on the fallow plain,  
(The shade where the oxen longed to be,  
When the sun grew hot as the weary three  
Went 'round and 'round again;)

Drew out till it lay like a fisherman's net,  
Across the long field with the point on the hill,  
And it lingered in glory alone until met  
By the mantle of night, when a song of regret  
Was heard from a lone whip-poor-will.

So the long summer day with its wearisome strain,  
Came at last to an end like the shade of the tree,  
And the oxen well knew as the long iron chain  
Ran out through the ring, it meant freedom again  
From the plow, and the yoke, and the "Gee."

And away from the field up the path on the hill,  
Where the shade of the whitewood was last to depart,  
Then down through the valley and past the old mill,  
Where the miller grew rich with the "toll" for a "till"—  
The "toll" of an honest old heart.

Then along near the pines in a turn of the street,  
Where the cool waters wait in the course of the stream,  
Expectant and eager the tired laggard feet  
Now hasten unbid to a banquet as sweet  
As the wine of the gods in a dream!

And the mirrored face in the fernery stream  
With the soft, patient eyes, so large and round,  
Came to bid good-night to the weary team,  
And their warm lips met in the willing theme,  
While the wave with a kiss was crowned!



Photo by K. T. Sheldon

VIEW FROM THE GROUNDS OF MR. M. B. RICHARDSON

## IN THE CONNECTICUT HIGHLANDS

LIME ROCK, THE FAIR VILLAGE AMONG THE HILLS  
— WHERE JOHN KERNICKERBACKER, DUTCHMAN,  
EARLY ERECTED HIS HOME AT THE MOUTH OF  
THE SALMON FELL-KILL — HISTORICAL ARTICLE

BY

REV. R. H. GESNER

Rev. R. H. Gesner, the writer of this article, is a grandson of Dr. Abraham Gesner, the inventor of kerosene oil, and a son of the late A. H. Gesner, a distinguished clergyman of the Episcopal church. Mr. Gesner was graduated from St. Stephen's College with honors in 1883, and from the General Theological Seminary in New York in 1886, receiving the degree of B.D. for high rank in the following year. He has been rector of several important parishes in New York State, but for the past nine years has been in Connecticut. He came from the venerable parish of West Haven in 1899 to the Rectorship of Trinity Church, Lime Rock. Mr. Gesner has for some years been a writer on the Staff of the New York Churchman and the Church Standard of Philadelphia and has contributed verse regularly for the Boston Evening Transcript. He has a well deserved reputation as public speaker and preacher—EDITOR

**B**EAUTIFUL as are the villages of famous old Litchfield, none excel in loveliness of situation, salubrity of climate and delightful air of thrift and neatness, the assemblage of comfortable homes and tasteful public buildings that form the village of Lime Rock. The major part of the town extends along the tongue of land that shoots out from the precipitous sides of a rocky range

of hills that fringe the southern edge of the town of Salisbury. A mile away the Housatonic flows peacefully through broad meadows on its tortuous course to the Sound. Coming down through a gap in the range of hills, the Salmon Fell-Kill, formed by the confluence of three smaller streams, the chief of which rises on distant Riga, furnishes water power to the old mill at the upper end of the



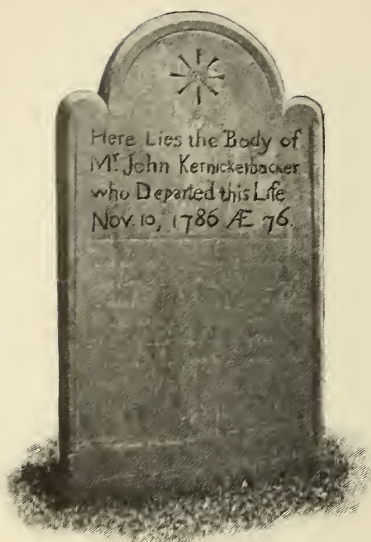


Photo by K. T. Sheldon

TOMBSTONE MARKING THE GRAVE OF  
MR. JOHN KERNICKERBACKER  
THE FIRST SETTLER IN LIME ROCK

village, and gliding down through the vale past the shops, finds peace for its iron-stained waters on the bosom of

the Housatonic. Three miles to the northward, over steep Norton Hill, lies Lakeville, and four miles and a half to the northeast the churches of Salisbury Center lift their spires against the blue slopes of the Taghkanic range.

Small as the village of Lime Rock is, comprising perhaps some seven hundred souls, it is in many respects an historic locality. The earliest settler in this part of the town of Salisbury, was Thomas Lamb, "a shrewd and hardy speculator, Indian interpreter and Jack of all trades." Lamb owned what is now known as the Davis mine and brought from it in 1734 the ore which supplied his forge at Lime Rock under what is now known as Forge mountain where now stands the great blast furnace whose ever-glowing chimney belches flame against the blackness of the night. On this spot in later years Canfield and Robbins manufactured from the Salisbury ores wrought iron for the rifle and musket barrels which were made at the United States armories in Harper's Ferry and Springfield.



Photo by K. T. Sheldon

AN ELM-SHADED VILLAGE STREET SHOWING RESIDENCES OF THE LATE WILLIAM H. BARNUM AND THE LATE LEONARD RICHARDSON ON THE LEFT

The other name most closely associated with this part of the town of Salisbury, which in early days went by the name of "the Hollow," is that of John Kernickerbacker, as his name is spelled on his tombstone. He was one of the Dutch settlers who for the most part, took up their abode in Weatogue, the northeastern part of Salisbury, about 1720. This man settled near the mouth of the Salmon Fell-Kill and the old homestead stood on the site of the residence of Mr. John L. Owen. The old house was pulled

This mortal body mouldering back to  
dust  
Shall rise again to mingle with the  
just,  
And Death, the conqueror, no more  
enslave  
While honest virtue triumphs o'er the  
grave.  
A wit's a feather and a chief's a rod;  
An honest man's the noblest work of  
God.

Many years ago the few remains of the original settlers who were buried in the graveyard in the upper village

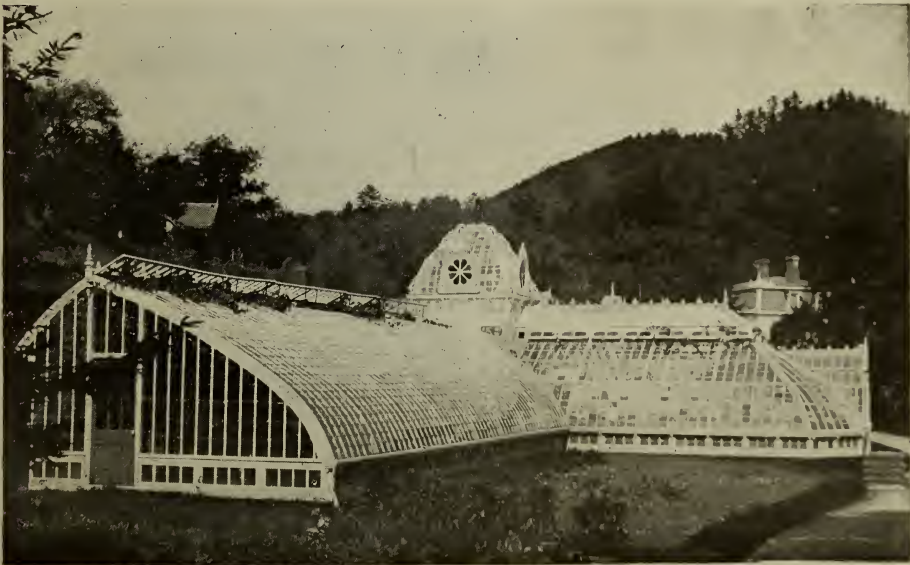


Photo by K. T. Sheldon

GREENHOUSES ON THE GROUNDS OF THE LATE WILLIAM H. BARNUM

down to make room for the more modern dwelling of its present owner. Kernickerbacker owned a large tract of land hereabout and gave the land for the beautiful God's acre in which, oddly enough, his body was the first to repose. The old slate stone may be seen in a prominent place in the well-kept cemetery. It bears in clearly defined characters the following inscription:

Here lies the body of  
Mr. John Kernickerbacker,  
Who departed this life  
Nov. 10th, 1786, AE. 76.

were carefully removed and now rest in this beautiful spot, surrounded by an evergreen hedge, and where it borders the highway encompassed with a well-laid stone wall. In the years that have gone by, it has been greatly enlarged, as the silent dwellers, one by one, have come to take up their long abode in its environs. Many linger here on pleasant afternoons, and in spring time the village folk loiter along the graveled walks, tending the plots that are their special care or conversing quietly as they drink in the bracing air and enjoy the distant vista





THE HOUSATONIC RIVER EAST OF THE VILLAGE

Photo by K. T. Sheldon





Photo by K. T. Sheldon

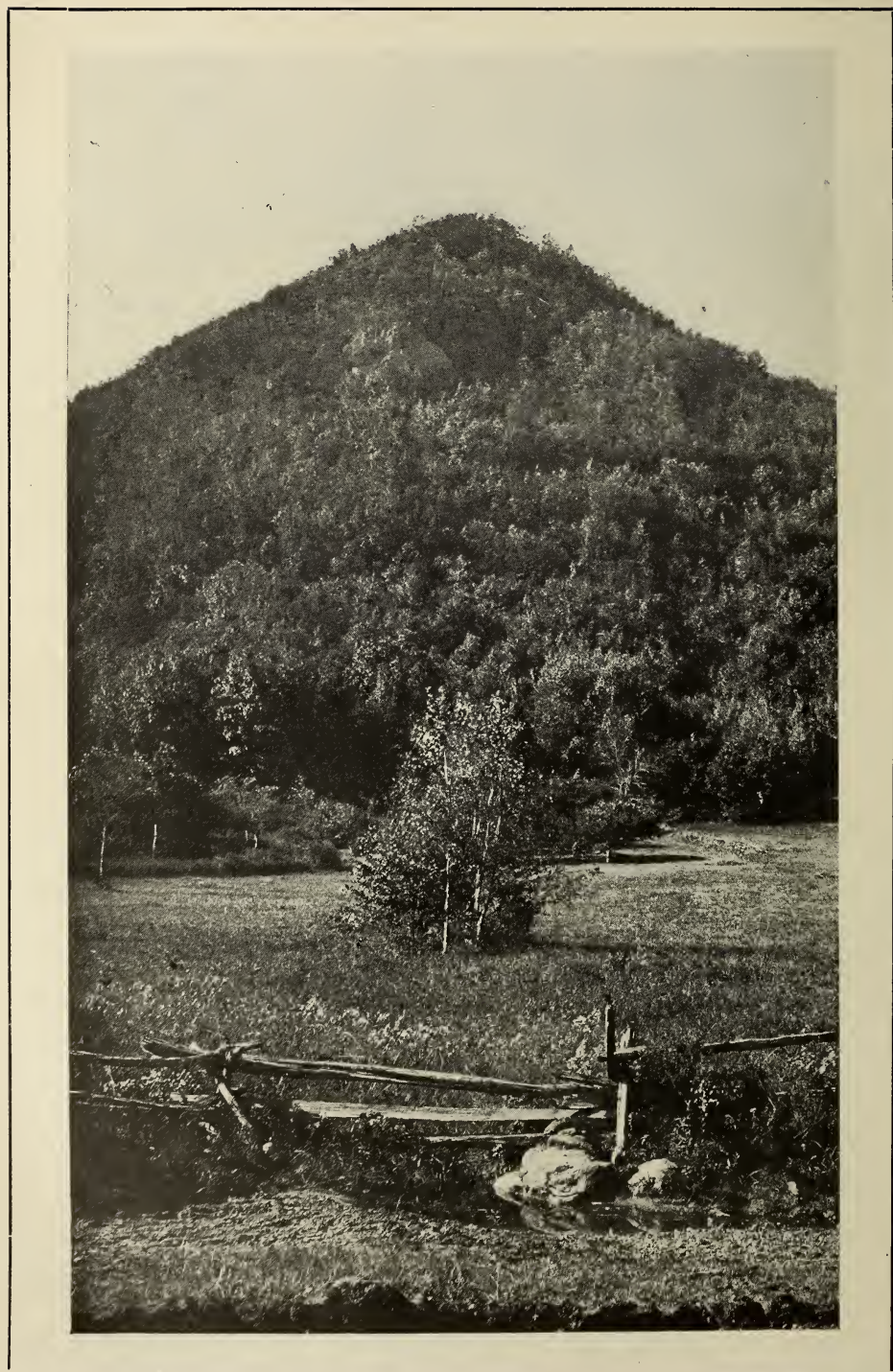
SCENE FROM NORTON HILL OVERLOOKING THE UPPER VILLAGE, SHOWING THE BLAST FURNACE AT THE LEFT

of the Canaan hills that, like the Delectable mountains, lure one's thoughts to higher realities.

It was in 1820 that Milo Barnum, the founder of the present Barnum, Richardson Company, came to Lime Rock. He had come originally from Dover, N. Y., but previous to his coming here had lived in Sharon. At first he engaged in keeping the little inn in the village, but before long entered upon the business of a merchant in the general store. His industry soon gave him opportunity to enter upon the iron business which has since developed into such large proportions. When Milo Barnum drove into Lime Rock there were but few houses in the place, and most of them were in what is now known as the "upper village," near the furnace. In early times this was the real settlement. Here lived in colonial days the Johnson family occupying an immense house which stood on the spot near where an old barn now stands on the left as one follows the road toward Salisbury. Further along this road in what is now

the Belcher place, a large red brick house, lived Col. Nathaniel Buell, of Revolutionary fame, and the Robbins family, still having representatives in the town, lived near the forge and furnace. One of the most substantial houses in the Hollow was that in which Milo Barnum afterwards lived, just east of the bridge which crosses Salmon Fell-Kill in the heart of the village. For many years it was used as a tenant house, but recently it was pulled down and removed. The antique fireplace, so richly suggestive of comfort, the solid frame and massive timbers, were ample witness that there were giants in those days when great timber trees were plentiful and people depended on huge open hearthstones for genial warmth and comfortable lodging during the prolonged winters.

Some few years after entering upon business in Lime Rock, Milo Barnum associated with himself his son-in-law, Leonard Richardson, and a few years afterward, his son, William H. Barnum.



RED MOUNTAIN—THE HIGHEST ELEVATION IN LIME ROCK

Photo by K. T. Sheldon





TRINITY EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Photo by K. T. Sheldon

These enterprising men soon began to place the iron business upon that solid and permanent foundation which it has ever since maintained. The Barnum, Richardson Company, now known throughout the country as the only manufacturers of the famous Salisbury iron, have an enviable name among the great industries of our nation. It may with candor and honesty be said that their reputation and prosperity is largely the result of the strong mutual interest which both the employers and the employes feel in the business, and of the good feeling and kindness of spirit, which, pervading both the members of the firm and those who have long been associated with it, have in the hard times served to weld hearts together instead of severing them. William H. Barnum, who afterwards attained national distinction as Congressman and Senator from this State, and as manager of the campaign which resulted in the election of Cleveland in 1884 became even better known, as a young man drove his team with loads of iron to Poughkeepsie and by actual experience knew hard work and could sym-

pathize with the toiler. In the hard times of the "seventies," this company kept its men at work, enabling them to keep the wolf from the door, when other great companies felt obliged to shut down their works. It is such men as these who have made the name of Connecticut and New England honorable and our nation the peer of the older England beyond the sea.

Along the pleasant elm-fringed avenue which appropriately goes by the name of Elm street, one notes the smooth and grassy lawns, well-trimmed hedges and cleanly borders. The citizens of Lime Rock pride themselves on having the neatest and cleanliest country streets in the State. Coming into the town, passing the Brazie house (perhaps the oldest in the village), which stands on the crest of the hill, one sees the white shafts of the village cemetery at his right, and far across the valley to the left old Sharon mountain smiles protectingly down, dominating all the landscape. On that side of the valley through which flows the turbid Salmon Fell-Kill, is Nature in all her primitive grandeur; on this side the simple art of man beautifying his





THE VILLAGE CEMETERY

Photo by K. T. Sheldon

home and surroundings. In the angle of the roads opposite the place where the "forefathers of the hamlet sleep," stands Trinity Episcopal church, a beautiful building of fawn-colored freestone of which a city might well be

proud. It is veritably a monument to the zeal and labors of those saintly Christian women, Mrs. Charlotte A. Barnum and Mrs. Lucy Ann Richardson, whose names will ever be cherished in Lime Rock. These thought-



Photo by K. T. Sheldon

"HEPHZIVALLA"—RESIDENCE OF MR. C. W. BARNUM

ful women, seeing the need of a church in the community, because the mother church of St. John in Salisbury was so far away, bent their energies toward securing funds for the erection of a church which should be the home of the people and the center of the religious life of the community. As a result of their labors, in 1870 Trinity church was erected and has since grown into one of the strongest distinctively rural parishes in Connecticut. Within the past few years it has been beautifully redecorated within. Hard wood floors have been laid and many costly and appropriate memorials have been given. Among these may be mentioned the superb eagle lectern given in memory of Senator and Mrs. Barnum, the eagle on which was carved from life; the memorial altar of quartered oak, the substantial commemoration of Mrs. Lucy Ann Richardson; the vases and font cover, which keep in mind Helen Gilbert, the little grand-daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Barnum. The most recent gift to the church is a magnificent pulpit of brass and oak, most chaste and simple in design, in memory of Mrs.

Lucy Caroline Richardson Harwood, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Richardson and wife of Mr. Robert Winch Harwood of Natick, Mass. The afternoon sun, shining through the numerous memorial windows on the delicately tinted walls enhances the beauty and quiet dignity of this house of God, which stirs the soul to worshipful mood and brings back to recollection the good lives of those whose names will ever be remembered here, as their virtues and labors are recalled.

Any town might well be proud of the public-spirited citizens who reside in the comfortable homes along Elm street. In succession stand the residences of Mr. N. A. McNeil, Mr. Charles W. Barnum and Mr. M. B. Richardson, interspersed with cosy cottages, venerable homesteads and stuccoed farm houses, many of which have borne the weather brunt of the flying years.

In the heart of Lime Rock are located the car wheel and gray iron founderies, and adjacent thereto the machine shop. The old inn, greatly changed since the early days of the century, and now known as the Rocky



Photo by K. T. Sheldon

THE CASINO—WHERE THE SOCIAL GATHERINGS OF THE VILLAGE ARE HELD





Photo by K. T. Sheldon

"EDGEWOOD"—RESIDENCE OF MR. M. B. RICHARDSON

Dell Hotel, stands facing the general offices of the Barnum, Richardson Company. Just across the bridge are the old homesteads of William H. Barnum and Leonard Richardson, embowered among the elms that arch the street, in whose well-kept bounds stand the fine greenhouses whose flowers these many years have carried fragrance and cheer into homes of sickness and sorrow.

The little Methodist chapel, a quaint old building once used as a union meeting house, stands on the river bank opposite. Here the road rises, going up the hill toward White Hollow and Sharon, and just at its crest stands the home of Mr. Richard N. Barnum. This pretty house was for many years the residence of Mr. Porter S. Burrall, treasurer of the Barnum, Richardson Company. Beyond, at the left, lie the pleasant farm lands, meadow, pasture land and woodland, through which Pierce brook pursues its course; at the right Red mountain lifts its forest clad head, reminding one of a crouching lion as its dark outlines stretch athwart, the glowing sunset over its mane. The fertile and

productive farms of Mr. James L. Richardson and Mr. Gibson Gillette extend beneath the mountain's brow.

Retracing steps to the bridge we may follow Riverside Drive through the dark pine-fringed gorge in which sleeps the quiet pond whose waters turn today, as they have for close upon a hundred years, the mill wheel in the old grist mill. As we emerge we come into "the upper village." Straight ahead lie the steep slopes of Norton Hill; to the right the creek descends by old Thomas Lamb's natural dam, above which Forge mountain rears its jagged crest. In the intervals are the tidy, pleasant homes of many citizens. Near the furnace the old red brick building with quaint bell tower, was once the office and store of Canfield and Robbins, and later, until its more commodious office was built, the Mc Neil and Co.'s fire insurance agency, which does an extensive business in this region, had its abode here.

Lime Rock is a busy little village, and as one stands in front of the general offices of the company; the burr and buzz of machinery; the hurrying of workmen; the clink, clink of the





LOOKING OVER THE HILLS TOWARD SHARON

Photo by K. F. Sheldon



"CHARMS OF A REGION LYING BUT A FEW HOURS FROM OUR DOORS"

Photo by K. T. Shelton





Photo by K. T. Sheldon

"FOXHURST"—RESIDENCE OF MR. RICHARD N. BARNUM

heavy car wheels as they are rolled into the wagons; the chirk, chirk of the polisher; impress the fact that this is the home of one of America's greatest industries. It is an interesting fact that a large proportion of the ore taken from the mines of the company, after being smelted into pig iron, finds its way into the manufacture of car wheels, of which the factory here has a capacity of eighty per day.



Photo by K. T. Sheldon

THE METHODIST CHAPEL

One very marked feature of the community is the good feeling prevailing among all classes. Many of the workmen have spent the greater part of their lives in the place, and it is a common saying, that "Lime Rock is a good place for a poor man to live." In a small community a degree of fellowship and friendliness can be attained which is not possible in a larger place. Moreover, though as in every village there are representatives of many Christian creeds, all live in amity and good will, cordially co-operating in the entertainments which are held in the artistic Casino which crowns the southern hill crest above the shops. The Casino is fitted with all conveniences for culinary and social purposes, having drawing rooms and dining rooms down stairs, and a large hall with stage and drop curtain on the second floor.

The past few years have brought to city dwellers a revelation of the beauty of their own land and of the charms of a region lying but a few hours from their doors. The excellent grandeur of the highlands of Connecticut, their glory and wealth of natural beauty of forest, field, stream and mountain, can



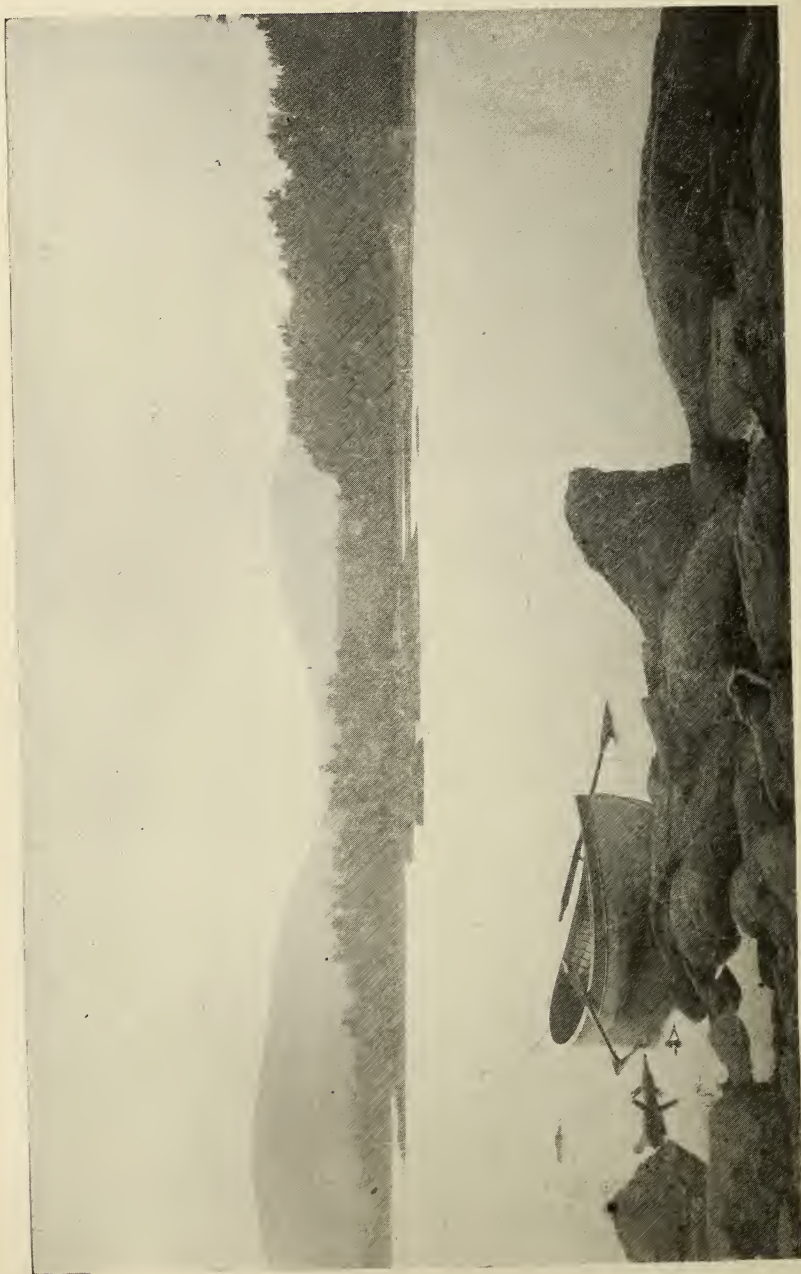


Photo by K. T. Sheldon

"FAIR NATURE WEAVES A MYSTIC WEB"—LAKE RIGA ON SUMMIT OF MT. RIGA



RESIDENCE OF MR. N. A. McNEIL

Photo by K. T. Sheldon

be no better illustrated than in the glorious scenery of this corner of the State. A stranger coming into this locality is always impressed by the beauty of his surroundings. The serrated range of hills to the north, the bold Barack-Matiff to the east, the distant Canaan mountain far to the northeast, the wide valley overlooked by Sharon's wooded peak, and Red mountain peering out from the oppo-

site side, — are all striking features in the varied scene. Though no battlefield or historic ruins attract the antiquarian, yet the beautiful locality by the Salmon Fell-Kill must ever linger in the memory of the casual pilgrim or the short-tarrying pleasure seeker. for the grace and charm of fair Nature weaves a mystic web of enchantment over the oft-recurring vision of the fair village among the hills.



Photo by K. T. Sheldon



THE INDIAN'S GREETING TO THE WHITE MAN



His heart is the heart of the bravest of men,  
True-hearted, Dutch-hearted, strong ;  
It beats for his God, and it beats for the sod  
That his God helps him keep from the wrong.

(SERIES OF ARTICLES ON EARLY DUTCH TRADERS)

# The Fore- Runner

## THE COMING OF THE WHITE MAN

INVASION OF THE INDIAN'S HOMELAND—  
PREPARING THE WAY FOR CIVILIZATION

BY

CLARA EMERSON-BICKFORD

IN the imagery of history I can see the smoke curling from the camp fire in the valley, and following the narrow path through the glen I come to an opening on the bank of the river, where the dark shadows reflect the density of the flowing waters. There stands in the red glow of the burning log a figure erect, strong limbed and bronzed by the conflicts with nature. His tawny brow is penciled with the rugged lines of storm-beaten character, and he stands like one ready and eager to meet fate face to face. Bending over her labor, with a child strapped to her shoulders, and her limbs covered by the leathern hide of a recent hunt, a woman faithfully performs the duties of a mother of a great race. As the flickering blaze dies low the man of red strikes light with the flint rock and hews into deadly shape the arrow head of stone—his law, his God, his all-powerful judiciary that settles all disputations between right and wrong. Never has history painted a more pathetic picture than in its story of the first American, and his uneven conquest with brute creation.

Whatever may have been the failures of the Dutch, they at least treated the aboriginal Americans honorably. With less piety, but greater sincerity of sympathy, the Dutch entered the Indian's homeland and prepared the way for the hand of progress, which in later years became as brutal and relentless as savagery itself.

"The Dutch settlers," says one writer, "habitually treated the Indians 'as men with rights of life, liberty and property like their own; they purchased what they wanted fairly and with the consent of the owners.' There were, it is true, bloody wars between Dutch and Indians, but as a rule they were due to the mistaken policy of the company and to the individual crimes of its directors, and such policy was opposed to the general sentiments of the Dutch Colonists."

"The practice of the Dutch throughout their occupation . . . was opposed to acts of spoliation," says the historian, "but the savage mind was incapable of grasping the international code of ethics. On the questions of discovery and colonization according to this code, it was held that discovery of an unknown country, provided its inhabitants were savages and heathen, created a flawless title of possession in favor of the discoverers. . . . The colonists adopted the expedient of paying to the Indians a nominal price for their lands, but this appears to have been an error in judgment, since either the charter of discovery and occupation by foreign powers was invalid, or the transaction was merely a measure of timid precaution, which from inadequacy of the price paid would in modern days bring the party of the first part under the penalties of the civil code."

# BEGINNING OF TRADE IN AMERICA

## EXPORTATIONS OF SKINS AND FURS TO MARKETS OF OLD WORLD BY THE DUTCH

BY

MACGREGOR FISKE

IT was a commercial spirit that brought the first white men to Connecticut; the same adventurous spirit that sent their descendants to California two hundred and thirty-five years later. While the incentive of 1849 was gold, the incentive in 1614 was animal hides and marketable skins. When Adrain Block and Cornelius Hendricksen constructed a little sailing vessel at the trading post in Manhattan and turned its bow toward the Sound, it was as great an event to the pioneers on the Hudson as the sailing of the first expedition to the polar regions. So meager was the understanding of the journey into the unknown waters that the hardy and courageous seamen were equally expectant of floating over a placid lake into a lost paradise, or plunging into a cataract that led to the boiling chasm of inferno.

Fortunately the voyage of the "Unrest" was most restful, and the two adventurers followed the Sound, exploring the rivers emptying into it, and sailed up the Connecticut to its falls. With apparent realization of the importance of their discoveries, names were given to the most conspicuous points, and the site of New Haven was called "Rodenburgh" or the Red Hills, and the great river was named Fresh because of the strong downward current at its mouth, while the name of one of the

adventurers was applied to Block Island.

So favorable was the report of the voyage that a company was formed in Holland to develop the newly discovered territory. A stockade was erected in 1623 on the point of the Fresh river now occupied by the city of Hartford, and in 1633 a fort known as "Good Hope," or the "House of Hope," was completed, commanding the navigation of the river, conducting a flourishing trade with New Amsterdam and Holland, and controlled by the Dutch West India Company. An extensive fur trade was begun and cargoes of costly skins were shipped to the markets of the older civilization. The good ship "Arena," of Amsterdam, left port with a precious load consisting of 7426 skins of bears, 853 of otter, 81 of mink, 36 of wildcat and 34 of rat.

Trade with the Indians was also encouraged and territorial acquisitions made by shrewd bargaining. From the Pequots "a flat called Luckiage (or Black Earth), one league down from the river, a third of a league wide to the highland, and beyond the kill upwards to a little stream," was purchased for "piece of duffel 27 ells long, 6 axes, 6 kettles, 18 knives, sword blade, pair of shears, some toys and a musket." This was the beginning of Hartford, the capital city of Connecticut, a state which today stands in the forefront of all progressive movements.

# EMIGRATION FROM THE OLD WORLD

MANY OF MOST SUBSTANTIAL DUTCH FAMILIES  
ATTRACTED BY OPPORTUNITIES IN AMERICA

BY

ROBINSON TRAVERS.

THE beauties of the new Connecticut lands and the riches of its forests and streams soon became a matter of common knowledge in Holland. Emigration from the old world began slowly but many of the most substantial old Dutch families were attracted by the opportunities of the western hemisphere, and the Good Hope settlement became not only a commercial but a social center. There was Gysbert Opdyck, a native of Wesel in the borough of Guelderland, a man of learning, who for thirty years was an officer of the Dutch West India Company. He was appointed commissary of the Fort of Good Hope in 1639 and reappointed by Governor Stuyvesant in 1647. In 1643 he married Catherine, daughter of Richard Smith, an Englishman of position and wealth in Narragansett. A frequent guest at the House of Hope was Govert Loockerman, a man of superior education, who accumulated great wealth as a trader. He had two daughters, Maritje and Janet, the latter being remarkable in her proficiency in the Indian languages and acting as interpreter for Governor Stuyvesant at the treaty of 1664. The Provoosts were one of the early families in Good Hope. They were Huguenots driven at the massacre of St. Bartholomew from France into Holland. David Provoost came to this country in 1638 and took charge of the fort in 1642. His wife, Margaret Gilles, was of French descent and four children were born

to them during the five years of his service. Another Huguenot was Johannes de LaMontagne, owner of a farm of two hundred acres in Harlem, and at one time commissary here.

Casper Varleth, a prosperous merchant, came to Good Hope in 1633. In his family were in later years his wife, a son and four daughters. Their home was typical of the Dutch customs and manners of the times. An inventory of his estate in 1662 says of the Varleth home, "the rooms were, one large one on the ground floor and a hall or entry; two upper chambers and a 'garrot'; a kitchen and buttery. There was a bed in the lower room, table, chairs, a 'close skreen,' a case of drawers, tongs, fire pan, a number of painted boxes, a Dutch Bible, two pairs of scales and three or four large chests. . . . A good carpet of broadcloth with a green 'quishion box.' There was a green carpet in the hall chamber, a settle, two lattice and two turned chairs, and two chests or trunks. . . . Yellow curtains and wrought valances were mentioned. . . . There were pictures, books and a looking glass. . . . In the chests were tape, silk, maps, fine thread and writing paper. . . . In the barn were eight loads of hay, two cattle, two steers, two cows, a calf and pig. Two mares and their colts were at pasture."

This brief summary is typical of the good breeding and domesticity of early Dutch traders in Connecticut.



# D U T C H      E N D O W M E N T

HOLLAND INSTILLED THE SPIRIT OF COMMERCIALISM  
INTO AMERICAN LIFE — INCREASED OUR MATERIAL  
WEALTH RATHER THAN OUR SPIRITUAL OR INTELLECTUAL

BY

H. LOUISE PARKER

THE American wilderness with its strange savage inhabitants failed for many years to create more than geographic interest on the European continent. Old Rome in its decay, Greece in its decline, Egypt in the lethargy of medieval civilization, found nothing whatever to again arouse them in the discovery of a new world destined to surpass their highest realizations and stand the peer of nations. In England it was a formative period when internal strifes perplexed. Adventurers, sociologists and even socialists of the times, seeking an opportunity to break the monarchal bondage, gave the land some investigation and studied the possibilities of its becoming the long-looked-for Utopia. Communists, desirous of equalizing the social conditions in life and worshipping God with a simple, common faith, sacrificed their positions and belongings at home and struggled against the hardships of a new world for conscience sake.

Commercial Holland, with good Dutch foresight, realized the possibility that unknown regions of wild beasts and wild men might be a treasure-land. It was, however, with little idea of its real significance that Hendrick Hudson, a mysterious adventurer, sailed under the flag of Holland intent upon the discovery of a commercial passage to China other and shorter than the Cape of Good

Hope route. This strange, eccentric individual, Hudson, remained in the public eye but four years and in that time became known as one of the world's greatest navigators. Absolutely nothing is known of his personal history before April 19, 1607, or after June 21, 1611.

It was in 1609 that the storms blew the hardy seaman into the bay off the island later known as Manhattan. After going 150 miles up the river, surveying its course and treating with the Indians, the navigator became satisfied that its waters would not lead to the South Sea or China. Whatever may have been his disappointment, his failure may be termed the most successful failure in history, and it created for Holland a valid right of discovery to the most important territory on the new continent. Able to perceive fortune in apparent misfortune, the Dutch immediately established their trading posts and inculcated the spirit of commercialism, which has grown to tremendous proportions, and made made this vast country the material power which it is today.

The instinct which brought the Dutch to the new America was not that of humanitarianism, or individualism or socialism, neither was it a religious motive; it was pure commercialism. They were opportunists and seized the advantages offered in a vast expanse of new lands. They came not to co-operate with

the colonists and natives but to barter with them. They took little interest in the organization of stable government or in the establishment of a permanent educational system; their purpose was not to build a great nation but simply to live easy and prosperous lives. They were epicures, not diplomats; they were hosts, not benefactors; theirs was hospitality, not philanthropy. Personal aggrandizement concerned them more than the political interests of the colony; in fact most of them intended to reap emoluments and return to their mother country.

In these days of trusts it may be of interest to note that the Dutch

were monopolists, and through charters obtained control of certain portions of the seas. Of such was the West India Company, a great organization for commerce, not for colonization; and of such were the men who came to America through its agency. They were the pioneers in American trade and commerce. The spirit of commercialism instilled by the Dutch still exists and is an important factor in the upbuilding of our greatest business institutions. The Dutch endowment has not been intellectual, neither has it been spiritual, but it has been supremely material.

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## T H E   S K Y   L I N E

A NEW ENGLAND LANDSCAPE

BY

HORACE HOTCHKISS HOLLEY

Like the brow of vengeful giant prostrate  
 The barren hills glare up into the sky;  
 And in the rocks grave fear is written deep,  
 Shared by the mountains, forests, and by man.  
 The setting sun its shadow throws far down  
 Upon the valley laborer beneath;  
 He felt it harsh who died for liberty,  
 Whose bony face was shaped for martyr's end.  
 In silence marched that band who first made homes  
 Beside the echoing caverns of its hills;  
 Courageous men who feared the God whom they would love—  
 New England's Hebrew God beyond the sky's cold line.

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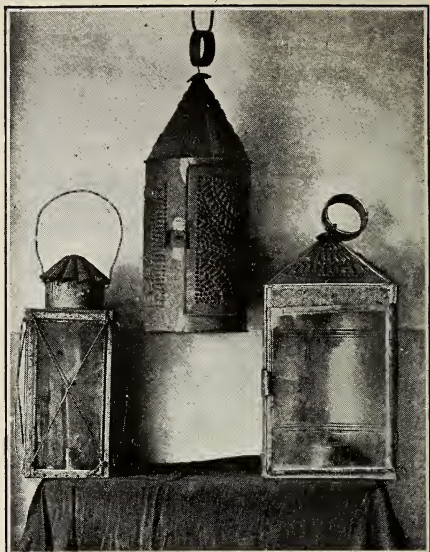
## T H E   B R E A D T H   O F   G O D ' S   T H O U G H T

BY

CORA M. CRATTY

God's thought for his creature was boundless flight  
 When He feathered the wild bird's wing;  
 That its soul might revel, in the azure light,  
 And sing as it soared of love's great might,  
 With never a thought that its wing was bright.  
 God's thought for his creature was boundless flight  
 When He feathered the wild bird's wing.

# LANTERNS IN EARLY AMERICA



\* Plate I

LANTERNS MENTIONED BUT ONCE IN THE BIBLE—LANTERNS  
USED IN CHINA 5000 YEARS BEFORE CHRIST—BEGINNING  
OF STREET LIGHTING IN AMERICA—SERIES CONTINUED

BY

C. A. QUINCY NORTON

REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE NATIONAL MUSEUM AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

LANTERNS are mentioned but once in the Bible: "Judas then, having received a band of men and officers from the chief priests and Pharisees, cometh thither with lanterns and torches and weapons."—(*John xviii: 3.*) The Hebrew people were well acquainted with the lantern. Without doubt the forms in use by them during the time of Jesus were survivals of those common in Egypt during the captivity of their ancestors. On the walls of a tomb, in which lay the mummy of a former ruler of an early Egyptian dynasty, has been found a beautiful fresco, representing two soldiers, one of whom carries a lantern suspended from a

long staff, or jointed reed. In general shape it is not unlike the, so-called, perforated lanterns, Fig. 2, Plate I, common in the 16th and 17th centuries, both in England and America. It appears to be a light frame of wire surrounding a paper cylinder, evidently constructed in the same manner as the early Chinese lanterns of oil paper. So far as research has determined this is the earliest representation of a real lantern that has yet been discovered. Nothing that would answer for a lantern has been found in the ruins of any of the more ancient cities of Assyria.

The famous Latin epigrammatic poet, Martial, 80 A. D., refers to the

\* Tin lantern of 1776 on left—Perforated lantern of 1665 in center—Tin lantern from steamer "Oliver Ellsworth," 1829, on right





Plate II

## SOME HISTORIC DARK LANTERNS

Night watchman's dark lantern of 1690 on left—Wood frame street lantern from Boston, in 1780, hanging above—Dark lantern from Old Capitol Prison at Washington, 1865, in center—Coach lantern, 1829, on right

lantern, and mentioned that bladders as well as horn were used for sides. Several of the early Greek poets speak of the lantern. Accounts uniformly agree that the Cynic philosopher Diogenes used a lantern in his search for an honest man. An ancient Roman writer states that the best and most transparent horn lanterns were brought from Carthage. He also states that, "when a wealthy man went out at night, a slave, who was called the *lanternarius* or *servus praelucens*, would walk before his master bearing a lantern to light the way."

Two bronze lanterns have been found, one in the ruins of Herculaneum and one at Pompeii. They are cylindrical in form, and were supplied with bronze lamps, each of which was provided with a bronze extinguisher. Plates of translucent horn formed the sides, and were in a remarkable state

of preservation when found. A bar-handle attached by chains to the lantern afforded a means of supporting them in the hand. A sliding door or panel gave access to the lamps within.

The use of lanterns in China dates back beyond authentic history. It is said that some of the sacred books of this hoary empire mention the use of paper lanterns in the great temples five thousand years B. C. On the 15th day of the first month of the new year is held in China what is known as the "Feast of Lanterns." The streets in the principal cities and larger towns are literally lined with paper lanterns of every conceivable size and shape, all most brilliantly colored and otherwise richly ornamented. The houses also are decorated with hundreds of gaudy lanterns, which are hung from every point. Some of the beautiful lanterns used on this national festivity are often very valuable, and frequently rank as real works of art, being magnificently painted and lavishly gilded, with frames of wood and bronze artistically carved and skillfully worked, and frequently richly enamelled. Many are of great size, frequently being from twenty to thirty feet in diameter. They are sometimes constructed so that a company of visiting friends may be entertained inside the great globes. Many are covered with rich silk on which is painted in vivid colors huge flowers and elegantly plumed birds of gigantic size. The effect of a great city brilliantly illuminated with many thousands of these beautiful lanterns of all sizes and shapes, hung from bamboo poles along the narrow streets, and from the low houses, and among the leafy trees, is picturesque in the extreme.

Chinese tradition says that the "Feast of Lanterns" had its origin in the following pleasant incident. An only daughter of a famous and powerful mandarin while walking on the edge of a pond, on her father's estate, had the misfortune to fall into the water, and was supposed to be drowned. Her father with all his neighbors

went with lanterns to look for his beloved child. Happily she was found and rescued from her dangerous position, and restored to her father. To celebrate the recovery of his daughter the grateful parent held a festival annually on the spot where she was found, and as lanterns played such an important part in her recovery, he had the whole park brilliantly illuminated. This grew into the "Feast of Lanterns," and in time became a national festival.

From an incorrect understanding of the etymology of the word, the old and popular English spelling of lantern was *lanthorn*, in allusion, without doubt, to the use of thin plates of horn that often formed the sides of old time lanterns. The Latin word is *lanterna*. In Greek the word is *lampter*, which is literally torch or a light, from *lampein*, to shine.

Some wood engravings illustrating historical scenes in the latter part of the 16th century, picture lanterns, both for the street and to be carried by hand. An old French print dated 1525 has an iron framed lantern hanging over the front door of a house, a custom common in early colonial days in this country. Another ancient engraving of 1686 shows the Place Des Victoires, Paris, in which are six large marble columns on the capitals of which are large bronze lanterns. Each lantern was supplied with four candles. Evidently the panels are translucent plates of horn.

In 1416 the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Henry Barton, issued the following: "Ordnained, that lanterns with lights bee hanged out on Winter evenings, betwixt Hallontide and Candlemasse." Shakespeare speaks of the lantern many times in his dramas, frequently using the word as an adjective. In Queen Anne's time, from about 1720, street lighting with lanterns had become very common in London. Ralph Thoresby, an English antiquary of note, wrote in his diary in 1712: "All the way, quite through Hyde Park to the Queen's Palace at Ken-

sington, lanterns were placed for illuminating the road in dark nights."

The City of Paris was not lighted until 1524, and then to a very limited degree, and only with *Falots* or cressets, which were filled with pitch and other combustible materials and lighted on dark nights. These were placed on the corners of a few of the more commonly used streets. As late as 1662 the provisions for street lighting were so imperfect that the authorities granted an Italian Abbe the exclusive right to furnish men and boys to bear links and lanterns, who should at a reasonable cost furnish light to conduct coaches and foot passengers through the dark streets.

A great lantern, twenty-six inches in diameter, with panels of thin plates of horn set in a light frame of wood, and arranged for eight candles within, and supported on a stout staff or pole, was formerly carried before the Worshipful Mayor of Chichester, England, in 1660, on state occasions at night. It was familiarly known as the "Moon." An old chronicler writes: "It is yet remembered by the older inhabitants, how on winter nights this great satellite was wont to await at the entrance of the choir the close of the

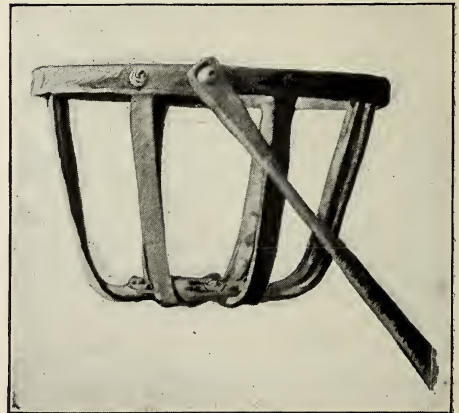


Plate III

#### BEGINNING OF STREET LIGHTING

These were kept supplied with pine knots by the night watchmen and are the first evidence of street lighting in America





Plate IV

HUNG IN HANCOCK MANSION

On Beacon Hill, Boston, in 1774—Most beautiful hexagonal lantern of the times

evening service at the Cathedral, and how it accompanied the Worshipful Mayor through the nave and along the dark cloister, when the Mayor went to call on the Bishop." The Moon was surmounted by a large arched crown. There was a companion luminary designated as the "Sun," which was of somewhat more stately dimensions, and more powerful radiance. This was used only when a new Mayor was conducted into office, or when the ancient city was visited by royalty.

At Folketone, England, in the old town hall, is a curious lantern of great size but not globular in form. This was used in escorting the chief municipal officer of that ancient town on state

occasions. Like the "Moon" at Chichester, this also had horn plates set in a wood frame, and was borne aloft supported on a stout staff. As late as 1750, it is recorded, that Lord Middleton of Pepperharrow, Surrey, England, had a large "Moon" lantern that was carried by a man on horseback whenever his Lordship went abroad after dark. It was also common to display similar large lanterns, but perhaps not of such huge dimensions, during market times in the cities and towns, and they were frequently used in some parts of England to designate the residence of the leading man of the town. In one instance it is recorded that the curate had hung before his door in Salisbury a great lantern that was always kept burning late on dark nights.

An old English print contemporary in publication with the historic gunpowder plot of Guy Fawkes in 1604, represents him at the very moment of discovery in the cellar under the House of Parliament, and shows the arch conspirator with a small dark lantern in his hand. This is almost identical in form with the small tin lantern with a mica front, Fig. 1, Plate II, which is a pattern that was common throughout the New England colonies during the 17th and 18th centuries. This was called a watchman's lantern, and was in use by night watchmen in the cities and larger towns. Among some collectors and dealers in antiques, the so-called perforated tin lanterns, Fig. 2, Plate I, which is also known as the "Punched Lantern," is frequently called the "Guy Fawkes" lantern, under the impression that the light used by this conspirator was of this form. Nothing could be further from the fact than this unsupported assumption. Guy Fawkes was undoubtedly a fanatical zealot, but even at this late day we should be hardly justified in thinking him stupid enough to take such an open light into a small enclosure where there were a number of barrels of gunpowder already prepared to blow up his hated enemies, for he must have



realized that in so doing he was endangering his own life, which such a cowardly would-be assassin would shrink from doing. If we are to accept the proof of the old print, referred to above, we may safely conclude that this misguided bigot without question used on this occasion a small, closed, so-called, dark lantern, one in which the light could be quickly hidden, and the lantern itself easily slipped into the pocket of the great coat.

The streets of ancient Boston were not regularly lighted until 1774, although for a number of years before this date there were many private lanterns either over the front doors of the larger houses, or near the gates opening on the main streets. A few of the more pretentious stores also maintained lanterns in front of their doors during the winter months. There was as early as 1695 several large, iron cressets, or fire baskets, Plate III, on the corners of some of the most frequented streets. These were kept supplied with pine knots by the night watchman, and by their flickering, smoky light assisted this official in the discharge of his duties. Beacon Hill was so named because of the fact that during the early years of Boston's settlement, a beacon was kept ready to be fired to alarm the people of the neighboring towns on the approach of hostile Indians or other foes.

In 1772 a number of public meetings were held in Boston at which action was taken in regard to furnishing lights for the streets of the town. The final result was that a committee was appointed, of which Honorable John Hancock was one, to secure from England three or four hundred street lanterns, or as the records say: "Lamps suitable for properly lighting ye streets and lanes of this town." These were paid for by private subscription.

The lamps, or lanterns, had been ordered from England, and as the following extract from a letter written December 19th, 1773, by John Andrews, a citizen of Boston, indicates, had come to grief through shipwreck.

In this letter written to a correspondent evidently acquainted with the shipping of the port of Boston, he says: "I forgot to acquaint you last evening that Loring, a brig belonging to Clark, is on shore at ye back of Cape Cod, drove thither by a storm last Fryday week. Its unlucky that the Loring has ye lamps on board for our streets. I am sorry if they are lost, as we shall be depriv'd of their benefit this winter in consequence of



Plate V

#### GROUND GLASS WHALE-OIL LAMP

Owned by "My Lord Timothy Dexter," at Newburyport, Massachusetts, 1840

it." It appears that the brig Loring was a "tea-ship," having on board a large number of chests of tea, and in addition some general freight, among which were the lamps ordered by the committee from the manufacturers in England. At least the metal parts of the lamps, or lanterns, must have been saved from the stranded ship, for the following record, taken from the diary

of Thomas Newell of Boston, shows that he was employed to repair the lanterns recovered from the wrecked brig less than a month after her disaster. "January 8, (1774) Began to make the tops (sides?) of ye glass lamps for this town."

Under the date of March 2, 1774, this same careful recorder writes in his diary: "A number of lamps in town were lighted this evening for the first time. Two responsible persons from each ward have been appointed to decide, with the approval of the general committee, upon the most fitting locations in which to place the new lanterns." No description of these lamps has been found in any of the ancient records of Boston. The presumption is that they were small, tin framed lanterns, and that they were suspended from iron cranes that were secured to buildings on the corners of the most frequented thoroughfares.

The *Massachusetts Gazette* of Mar. 3, 1774, says: "Last evening two or three hundred lamps, fixed in several streets and lanes of this town, were lighted. They will be of great utility to this metropolis." The *Boston News Letter* of March 3, 1774, also says: "The City had 200 or 300 street lamps lighted last night." From a careful reading of the historical notes relating to matters that detailed events of this period in Boston, it is evident that these street lanterns were distributed over an area of perhaps not more than a mile in either direction from the old State House.

The unique, wood-framed lantern, Fig. 2, Plate II, for years prior to 1780 hung before the door of a lawyer's office in an old building that stood near the corner of School and Washington streets, Boston. The light was a tallow candle, and remains of its melted glory are still evident in the corners of the old luminary. The entry or front hall of all large colonial houses was always made attractive and inviting. It was generally long and broad, with a gracefully winding flight of wide stairs leading to the floor

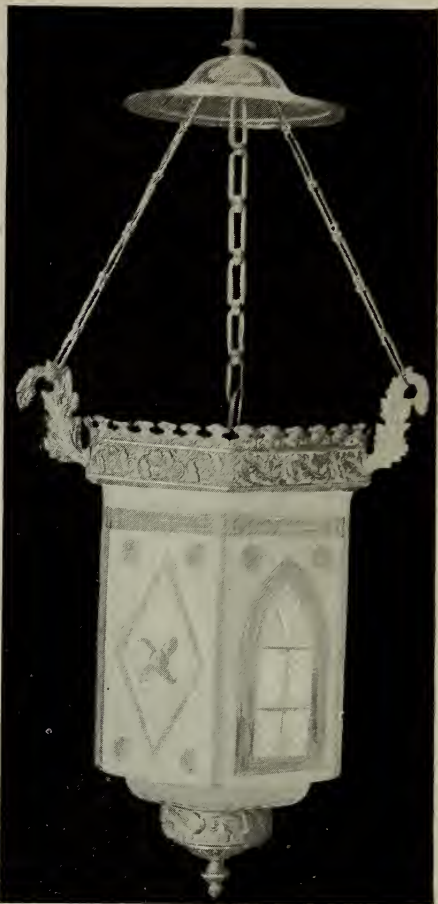


Plate VI

FROM OLD COLONIAL HOUSE  
AT PORTLAND

Ground glass hall lantern used in Maine in 1820

above. Always one, and sometimes two or more beautiful lanterns were suspended from the ceiling. Besides these there were frequently mural sconces, or "prongs" with three or more branches for candles that were placed along the walls. The large entry lanterns were fitted with rich colored cathedral glass panels set in bronze or gilt frames.

The elegant hexagon lantern, Plate IV, formerly hung in the Hancock Mansion on Beacon Hill, Boston. The six glass panels are finely colored.

The frame is of rich design, and was finished in what was known as fire gilt, having the appearance of bright gold. Tradition says that there were three of these beautiful lanterns that hung in the great central hall of the Hancock Mansion, while a third was at the head of the stairs on the second floor, facing "Madam's room."

The great house of "My Lord Timothy Dexter," an eccentric character of Newburyport, Mass., during the



Plate VII

FROM OLD TAVERN AT PROVIDENCE

Ground glass hall lantern used in Rhode Island in 1837

early 19th century, was said to be resplendent with many lamps and lanterns. The graceful, ground glass lantern, Plate V, was one of four that are said to have hung in the dining-room of his fine residence. This is provided with a glass whale-oil lamp. It had, when complete, a shield, or smoke-arrester, suspended above the globe. Plate VI, is a ground glass lantern of elegant design that formerly graced the entry of an old-time Portland, Me., house. It is said to have been imported, and is evidently of English make of about 1780. Plate VII is also a ground glass lantern from the parlor of an old tavern in Providence, R. I. Prior to 1770, candles were burned in nearly all of this class of lanterns. Specially shaped lamps for lanterns burning whale-oil were not common in this country before 1774. When these small lamps were introduced, they were generally of copper, tin or glass, and were fitted with two burners, or wick supports.

John Brown, the hero of Ossawatimie, and the distinguished champion of liberty, was born at Torrington, Conn., in May, 1800. The old house in which the future hero first saw the light is still standing, and has been purchased by an association which has been formed for the purpose of preserving the venerable homestead. Some years ago the writer visited the old house, which was at that time in a dilapidated condition. In the kitchen is a great stone oven near the immense fireplace. The oven was almost wholly filled with ashes and fragments of broken stone, the accumulation of years. Eagerly searching for some relic, as a memento of our visit to this historic old place, we explored the great oven. After removing much rubbish, and great quantities of broken stone, we had the good fortune to discover the large tin, hand lantern, Plate VIII, which had evidently lain imprisoned for many years, as the condition of the oven clearly indicated that it had not been used for a long time. The engraving gives a front view,



consequently the great handle attached to the back is not shown. As will be seen the lantern was arranged for three candles. In shape it is half round. A square of glass in front is held in place by fitting into grooves. The two rows of apertures, one at the top and one at the bottom, were for the admission of air and the escape of smoke and heat. This lantern is not only unique in form for a hand utensil of this nature, but has a value as an interesting relic, no doubt contemporary with the boyhood of the grand old champion of human

The cabin was fitted with common sash-windows like an ordinary dwelling house. These windows had bright red curtains, too, hung on slack strings across the lower panes. . . . I am afraid to tell how many feet short this vessel was, or how many feet narrow, to apply the words length and width to such measurement would be a contradiction in terms. But I may state that we all kept in the middle of the deck, lest the boat should unexpectedly tip over, and the machinery by some surprising process of condensation work, between it and the keel, the whole forming a warm sandwich about three feet thick." This miniature steamer made daily trips between Springfield and Hartford for some time prior to 1843, passing through the canal at Windsor Locks. The boat was partly burned the next year after Dickens' memorable voyage on her. The tall, round glass lantern, Fig. 1, Plate IX, formerly stood on a shelf in the little cabin of this boat and was held in place by a strip of brass secured to the wall. The glass cylinder is very thick so that no protecting wires were needed about it. The top and bottom, as well as the two-burner whale-oil lamp within, were tin. It is interesting to note that Dickens says that he left Hartford by railroad for New Haven, and reached there in three hours, but makes no comment on the slowness of the train.

Whether the wood cut shown in the advertisement, Plate X, is a correct picture of the steamer Oliver Ellsworth or not, the writer has no means at his command of determining. "*The New England Review*," printed at Hartford in 1829, from which this notice was taken, also has an advertisement of "A New Line for New York," and the steamboat shown in this rival line is identical with that displayed in the Oliver Ellsworth's notice. It is safe to assume, therefore, that the boat here pictured is one of a class rather than an exact representation of the Hartford boat. However, Dickens' description of the steamer New York,

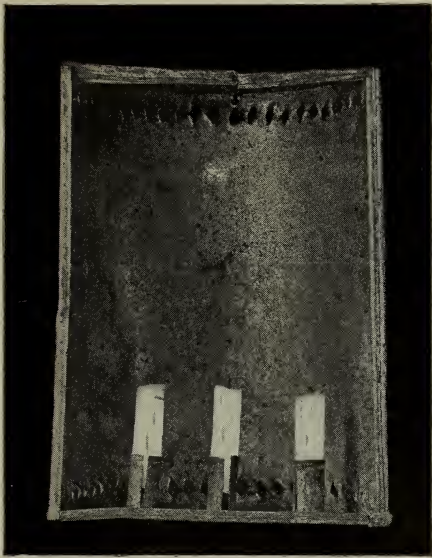


Plate VIII

FROM JOHN BROWN'S BIRTHPLACE

Tin hand lantern found in Torrington, Connecticut—In use about 1800

liberty, who gave his life for the cause he espoused with such abandonment.

Charles Dickens, in his American notes, humorously recounts his experience on a steamboat trip on the Connecticut river from Springfield to Hartford, February 2d, 1842. In speaking of the small river steamer, he says: "It certainly was not called a small steamboat without reason. I omitted to ask the question, but I should think it must have been of about a half pony power. . . .

which he took from New Haven, very graphically describes a boat that would very closely correspond with the one shown in this advertisement. The steamer *Oliver Ellsworth* was among the first, if not the very first, to make regular trips between Hartford and New York. If the reader will follow Dickens' description of the New Haven boat, he will readily see that the large tin lantern, Fig. 3, Plate I, would not have been out of place as a part of the furnishing in the gentlemen's cabin. This lantern actually hung in the

copper. There is a tradition among the older employes of the Treasury, or was in 1861, that one gross of these lanterns was imported from England in 1845 for the use of government watchmen. Fig. 3, Plate IX, is a heavy tin lantern, known as a Magazine Safety lantern. A large, thick glass bull's eye is fitted to a projecting tube, which is attached to a swinging door or panel of the lantern. A broad wick lard-oil copper lamp is fitted inside. The bail attached to the top is brass. This lantern was used on the

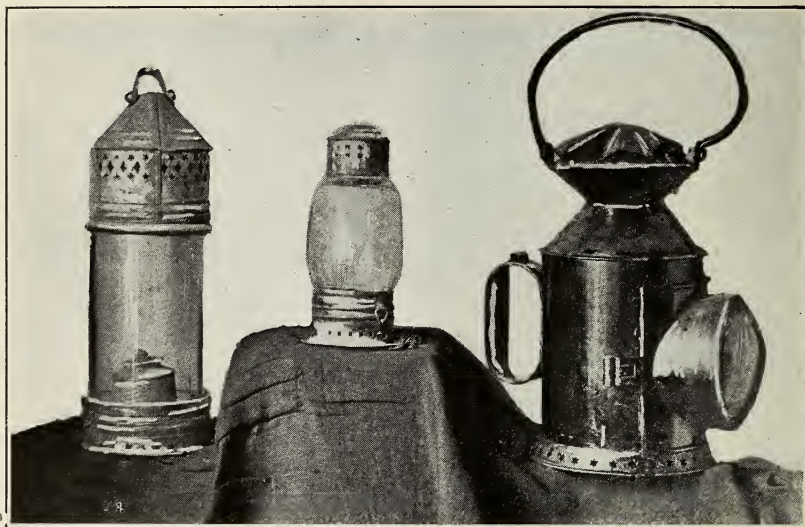


Plate IX

#### LIGHTED CHARLES DICKENS' JOURNEY

Cabin lantern on left was used on river steamer on which Charles Dickens sailed from Springfield to Hartford, February 2, 1842—Watchman's lantern in center was used in Treasury Department at Washington in 1860—Safety magazine lantern on right is from U. S. S. "*Hartford*," 1864

gentlemen's cabin on the *Oliver Ellsworth* in 1829. The inside of the lantern is silver plated, and the whale-oil lamp is copper. A heavy plate glass is secured in a frame that swings on hinges, thus affording access to the lamp within.

The small glass lantern, Fig. 2, Plate IX, was before 1860 used by watchmen in the United States Treasury building at Washington, D. C. It has a D-shaped handle, not shown in the engraving. The metal parts are

old historic U. S. S. *Hartford* during the war of 1861-5.

The perforated, "Punched" lantern, Fig. 2, Plate I, was in common use both in England and this country for more than two hundred years, prior to 1800. It is of tin, and is thickly perforated with holes so made that the projecting edges, surrounding the perforations, are outward. Often designs, such as stars, crescents, scrolls and interlacing lines, are figured by punching the holes in the tin so that an



effect of ornamentation is given. The candle that was burned inside would reflect its feeble light through the


numerous small apertures, thus affording a light that was more diffused than brilliant. Only candles were used in these lanterns.

The small dark lantern, Fig. 3, Plate II, was used by the night guard at the old Capital Prison, Washington, D. C., while Captain Wirz, the Confederate officer formerly in charge of Andersonville prison, was confined there. It was used by the death-watch the night before the notorious Wirz was executed.

When we recall the fact that Prof. Morse did not perfect his telegraph system until 1844, it seems rather remarkable that we should find in a Hartford paper of 1829 the following head-line to a stage notice, Plate X. Evidently the word "Telegraph" is here used as indicative of the dispatch or speed which the "Post Coach," or, as the legend on the door of the carriage says, "Post Chaise," was supposed to make in its journey to and from Boston and Hartford. Fig. 4, Plate II, is a small inside coach lantern, and was used in one of the coaches that formed a part of the "New Line Telegraph" between Hartford and Boston in 1829. It is really a small lantern with three glass sides, having a small, single-burner whale-oil lamp. There is a polished concave reflector back of the lamp. At night the lantern was secured over the rear seat inside the coach. It was the rule of the road at that time that when ladies were traveling by coach to reserve the rear seat for their use. In the picture it will be noticed that two ladies are occupying this seat, while on the front seat ride two gentlemen, one of whom from his dress appears to be a military officer.

On the 27th of June, 1863, the U. S. Revenue Cutter Caleb Cushing, lying at anchor in the harbor of Portland, Me., was boarded by an officer and five men, acting under a commission from the Confederate Navy Department. Most of the cutter's crew were ashore with the captain, leaving but four men and a young officer in charge

NEW-YORK AND HARTFORD  
STEAM BOAT LINE.  
OLIVER ELLSWORTH.  
CAPT. THOMAS STOW.  
MACDONOUGH.  
CAPT. DANIEL HAVENS.




THE OLIVER ELLSWORTH leaves  
Hartford Mondays and Thursdays,  
at 11 o'clock A. M., and New-York Tues-  
days and Fridays, at 1 o'clock P. M.  
The Macdonough leaves Hart-  
ford Wednesdays and Saturdays at 11  
o'clock A. M., and New-York Mondays  
and Thursdays at 4 o'clock P. M.  
Passengers will be received  
and landed at the usual landing places on  
the river.  
Stages will be in readiness  
at Lyme to forward Passengers, to New-  
London—Also—on the arrival of the Boats  
at Hartford, to forward Passengers to Mas-  
sachusetts, New-Hampshire and Vermont.  
CHAS. H. NORTHAM, Agent.  
Union Wharf  
Hartford, April 6, 1829.

Plate X-a

# THE FIRST RIVER STEAMERS

"Oliver Ellsworth" is believed to have been first to make regular trips between Hartford and New York

NEW LINE  
Telegraph,



FROM HARTFORD TO BOSTON.  
A Post Coach will leave Hartford every  
Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at  
3 o'clock A. M., on the New Turnpike  
road, via: Tolland, Ashford, Woodstock,  
Dudley, Oxford, Upton, Hopkinton, Na-  
huck, Needham, and arrives at Boston in  
the afternoon at 6 o'clock.  
Returning, leaves Boston  
each succeeding morning at 3 o'clock, and  
passing through the above mentioned places,  
arrives in Hartford in the afternoon at  
6 o'clock.  
Fare from Hartford to Boston \$5 50.  
All baggage at the risk of the owner.  
For cards apply at the General Stage Of-  
fice, State-street.  
October 26, 1829.

Plate X-b

# COACH FROM HARTFORD TO BOSTON

Photographed notice from Hartford Newspaper in 1829





Plate XII

## FROM SHIPWRECKED MASTHEAD

Of U. S. Revenue Cutter "Caleb Cushing," 1863, found by a Cape Elizabeth fisherman the morning after the ship sank

of the vessel. These were quickly overpowered, disarmed and placed in the boat which the Confederates had come out in, and the oars being removed the boat was set adrift. The cutter was immediately gotten under way, and with a light head wind attempted to sail out of the harbor. The keeper of the bug-light on the breakwater, who witnessed the affair, at once sent word to the Custom House at Portland. In less than an hour the Boston steamer, with a small company of U. S. Regulars, and a six-pound field gun from Fort Preble on board, was in hot pursuit of the runaway cutter. When the rebel crew discovered that they were pursued, they attempted to work the vessel in shore, but failing in this they blew her up, and took to the small boat, and landed

about half a mile to the north of Cape Elizabeth lighthouse, where they quickly scattered and succeeded in escaping. The cutter drifted on to the rocks where she filled and sank. The ship's lantern shown in Plate XII was on the Caleb Cushing at the time of her destruction. It was recovered the next morning by a Cape fisherman. It is a French, ruby glass, set in heavy copper fittings, with steel guards. It has a copper whale-oil lamp with a half circular wick.

The first through train from New Haven to Springfield, Mass., in 1844, lacked many of the luxurious fittings that now contribute so much to the comfort of passengers on this line. There were no gas lamps to brilliantly light the small cars, but in their place were two lanterns with candles in each car. Fig. 1, Plate XIII, shows one of these lanterns that was formerly a part of the fittings in one of the first cars used on this line. Fig. 2, same Plate, shows an old time conductor's lantern also used in the early days of railroad-ing in this State. It was used by the conductor who, by passing his arm through the circular base, had the use of both hands while collecting his tickets.



Plate XIII

## FIRST RAILROAD LANTERNS USED

On first through train from New Haven to Springfield, in 1844—Candles were used for illumination

# THOROUGHFARES IN EARLY REPUBLIC CONTROLLED BY CORPORATIONS

ROADS OPENED BY CHARTERED COMPANIES, OWNERSHIP REVERTING TO STATE WHEN NET EARNINGS EXCEEDED TWELVE PER CENT—TOLL GATES AND RATES FIXED BY LAW—STORY OF OLD TURNPIKE DAYS

BY

H. C. WARREN

AUTHOR OF "CLEARING THE TRAIL FOR CIVILIZATION"

The idea of building roads or public thoroughfares seems to have originated with the Romans, the oldest and most celebrated being the Appian Way, which was commenced in 312 B. C. In the second or third centuries a number of Roman roads were built in England, but not until the nineteenth century was there a systematic method of construction. Roads in England were given to private companies to repair, and toll was allowed to be collected about 1350. Parishes were made responsible for the maintenance of the roads in 1553, but the burden proved to be too heavy. The earliest roads of the United States were Indian trails through mountain passes and along the river banks. Mr. Warren tells of the early building of thoroughfares in New England, recalling many entertaining anecdotes. He develops the interesting knowledge that the old turnpikes were business propositions resembling some modern trusts—EDITOR

OF all the great currents of inland New England trade during the early part of the last century the turnpike between Hartford and Albany was the most typical. Forming, with the Connecticut river, the shortest and easiest route from the Hudson to the Eastern seaboard, this highway was more traveled than any other road leading over the mountain barrier between New York and New England; it also passed through a thinly settled region where, in striking contrast to its busy commercial life, primitive customs obtained and remained in force to a late day. Long after the iron horse had brought the river communities in touch with the seaport cities, long after the Boston and Albany system had subdued the provincial incongruities of Berkshire and Hoosac, the old turnpike remained the chief line of travel for the simple folk of southwestern Massachusetts and northwestern Connecticut, and some of its offshoots are today their only outlet to market and railway. Along its

whole route speech and custom still preserve reminders of prosperous stage coach days. Many of the wayside taverns still stand, tenanted by the children of those who built and conducted them, to whose store of household relics and fund of reminiscence the interested query of the antiquarian is an open sesame. Stories still are told of tavern dances, of tap-room jokes, of teamsters' frolics. Traditions still are extant of famous coach drivers, of itinerant peddlers, of headless highway ghosts.

The completed turnpike lay in three states, and, like the railway systems of recent years, was an amalgamation of shorter roads. It superseded an older highway which passed out of existence a century ago. The Old North Road is completely obliterated alike from the land and from the memory of its inhabitants. Yet for forty years it served as the main link between the eastern and western colonies. Over it passed the nucleus of the force which took Crown Point and Ticonderoga, the plan of which expedition



originated in the Colonial Assembly at Hartford; in reverse direction, so at least tradition asserts, came a remnant of Burgoyne's captured army; and it formed the outlet for the then famous iron mines of Canaan and Salisbury.

The Connecticut valley, from Northampton to Middletown, is walled in on its western side by a range of trap which, with its offshoots, extends to the Sound where it terminates in the precipitous East and West Rocks that overlook New Haven. Its eastern slope is gentle and comparatively easy of access; the western side is abrupt and remains to the present time much as it was in the old colony days, a waste of tangled forest and frowning cliff. Over this barrier lies a fertile valley paralleling its entire length and watered by the Quinnipiac and the Farmington; beyond are the granite highlands of Litchfield and Berkshire and the narrow Housatonic valley which is separated from the Hudson by the Taconic and the Hoosac ranges. In the ninety-seven miles of its length the turnpike presented almost every problem of engineering. Steep hill-sides were to be scaled, causeways had to be laid across wide meadows subject to periodical inundation, rivers were to be bridged, and cuttings had to be made on steep slopes along the narrow courses of turbulent mountain streams.

These difficulties, together with the scantiness of the region's population and the unsettled condition of political affairs, deferred the construction of the turnpike until the beginning of the last century. The eastern portion was chartered in 1798 and was built soon afterward. In May of that year the General Assembly resolved that "George Humphreys of Simsbury and his associates — be, and are hereby constituted a company for establishing and keeping in repair a turnpike road from the west line of the city of Hartford through the towns of Farmington and Simsbury to Eldad Shepard's present dwelling house in the town of New Hartford." The minimum capi-

tal was fixed at \$8,000, with liberty to extend the capitalization as necessary, and provision was also made that the ownership of the road should revert to the State when its net earnings exceeded twelve per cent. It is an interesting commentary upon the unsophisticated financiering of the time that the stock was never watered. For a period in its history the road was so prosperous that its directors were confronted with the choice of losing it altogether or of spending more than was considered necessary upon repairs. They chose the latter course. The idea of doubling their stock, selling it, and pocketing the proceeds seems never to have occurred to them.

The minimum distance between toll gates was fixed by law at ten miles and the rates prescribed in the same manner afford a good clue to the traveling customs of the time. The highest charge was twenty-five cents, which admitted "a four-wheeled pleasure carriage and horses"; the lowest was the one cent which farmers and drovers paid for the passage of "each sheep or swine." Loaded carts and sleighs were charged double the empty ones, a man and horse paid four cents, while the futility of charging foot passengers was recognized by allowing them to pass free. The free list also included farmers and others living within a mile, persons going to mill on horseback, and persons attending church, funerals or town meeting.

With the exception of the wooded top of Talcott mountain this first section of the road passed through a comparatively open country. From its western terminus at New Hartford stretched a forest known to the sturdy pioneers who had settled within its limits as the Great Green Woods. In the October session of the same year in which the Talcott Mountain Company was formed, these people sought and obtained a charter for the continuation of the turnpike through this region. The layout was intended to follow that of the Old North Road which by this time had become known



as the Green Woods Road and which led to the Massachusetts line at Sheffield. Warned by previous delinquencies of the absentee township proprietors who, as the actual settlers often complained to the General Assembly, had failed "to keep the road in good repair," the State Solons provided that "if, at any time, it shall be made to appear to the satisfaction of said Court of Litchfield County that said road is not of repair, and they shall so adjudge, thereupon said toll shall cease and determine until said Court shall have satisfactory proof, and shall adjudge that said road shall be sufficiently repaired, when said toll shall again commence." Tolls of the same amount as those granted the Talcott Mountain Company were established with the same provision of reversion to the State. At a later period alterations in the levels were made and authority was given for a slight increase of toll wherewith to defray the cost.

No sooner had work upon the extended line begun than its builders were confronted by the unexpected competition of a rival road. In the *Connecticut Courant* of September 16, 1799, the following notice appears:

To the Public.

All persons desiring to encourage a Turn Pike Road from New Hartford to Massachusetts line up Farmington river are requested to meet at Mr. John Burr's tavern in Colebrook on the fourth Monday of Sept. inst., at 12 o'clock on said day to concert measures to carry said object into effect. As this route will open a passage to the County of Berkshire and the State of Vermont at least twelve miles nearer than the present established turnpike [through a level valley], and as there is no doubt that it will be immediately carried through the State of Massachusetts, it is presumed that a sufficient number will appear to promote so necessary an undertaking.

The result of the meeting was the incorporation of the Farmington River Turnpike Company within a year

of the Greenwoods Company. The new route was more direct and convenient and for some years it remained the thoroughfare between Hartford and Albany. The southeast trend of this part of the Farmington valley made the towns it watered commercial tributaries of Hartford although located in Massachusetts. So natural did this adaptation of commerce to topographical necessities appear that a quarter of a century elapsed before Massachusetts made any attempt to conserve to her own advantage the trade of this thrifty region. In 1825 was chartered the Pontoosuc turnpike leading from Springfield to Pittsfield; but the road was not completed until 1830 and was soon supplanted by the "Western" railroad which ultimately became a part of the Boston and Albany system. With this change through traffic, unsupported by local patronage, became unprofitable in this section and the stage route was finally abandoned for the more southerly course through Winsted, Norfolk, Canaan, Sheffield and Egremont from which town it rejoined the Albany road. The turnpike and the railroad have both forsaken the upper Farmington valley, but it still remains one of the sections served by the stage coach. From New Hartford a short line runs to Riverton. From Winsted a longer route leads to Sandisfield, while Otis is reached from a station on the north.

Unlike the Old North Road the two turnpikes which superseded it were kept in good repair. Crooked ways were straightened, grades were reduced, new bridges built. The whole line was divided into sections, each of which was placed in the hands of a contractor, from whom a system of rigid inspection exacted the highest grade of work. A wholesome spirit of rivalry between the different section bosses kept them constantly on the alert against damage by storm or travel. During heavy snow storms ox teams were kept at work day and night to keep the road clear, and at other

times gangs of laborers were constantly busy filling ruts, digging drains and removing stones. Landlord Woodford, living in the then important village of Avon, was noted for the excellent condition of his section. "One time," says a hale old veteran of the era, "I saw Woodford hoppin' mad. There was a teamster's horses got tired goin' up the mounting and he had to stop every little while to let them rest. He kept blocking the rear wheel with little stuns no bigger'n your fist, and once when he started up he forgot to throw one of them aside. Pretty soon 'long comes Woodford runnin' up the hill like mad. 'Stop you!' he yells. 'Block your wagon and go back and throw thet stun out o' the way, and if you ever do it again I'll have you 'rested,' he says."

To the traveler who today passes over Talcott mountain along the turnpike the neglect to use its stone for road material seems very strange. Here was an inexhaustible quarry of the best macadam rock in the country ready to hand, and a few miles away in West Hartford was a stretch of marshy clay that gave the road authorities constant trouble. During muddy seasons the four horses of the stage had to be supplemented by an additional pair at this spot and several pairs of horses were kept in readiness to pull out mud-stalled teams. Yet the value of the stone for building and filling seems never to have been recognized.

The palmy days of the road extended from 1820 to 1830. Two events combined to cause its traffic to advance by leaps and bounds. The first was the location of factories along the valleys it traversed; the second was the building of the canal from New Haven to Northampton. These changes affected the extreme eastern quarter of the road in great degree. To this section came a great social awakening. The loom and trip hammer invaded it; distinctions arose between employer and employe; farming processes were differentiated; villages

were built; and lastly came the influx of new races. "I remember well the first Irishman I ever saw," says one who recalls these changes. "I was a boy then and heard some teamsters at the tavern near my home telling about some Irishmen the canal company had hired. The teamsters said they had horns on their heads. I walked six miles to see them and their horns and when I got there and found them just like our folks, I tell you I was mad."

Unlike the valleys, the hill region, especially that portion between the Farmington and the Housatonic, saw little change. Its people remained homogeneous and agriculture was its only industry. Gradually the innate jealousy of the countryman for the villager arose. Some of the towns contained within their borders representatives of the two eras, and the drifting away of population from the old time town centers to the newer and more prosperous river settlements intensified the feeling. Continuous readjustments in society, church circles and local government became necessary, the settlement of which led to bitter fights at the ballot box and in town meeting. The inevitable result of the conflict was the triumph of the valley people, and the condition of the "Hillites" was aptly described in the local saying that they were either too well off to care whether or not they made any more money, or they were too poor to get away where they could make it.

Within a generation, however, the advent of the summer boarder has reawakened the hill country from its lethargy and given it a prosperity that serves but to accentuate the difference between the two sections. Under the shadow of the abandoned old church on Town Hill in the town of New Hartford have risen the tasty summer homes of wealth and culture in contrast to tenements of New Hartford village three miles away. Eight miles from the clang of trolley bell and hum of cotton mill in the busy borough of Winsted, are the quiet green, and the



gay hotel and cottage life of Norfolk. The railroad has superseded the turnpike, outwardly uniting many of the towns along the old road; but in social conditions they are still far apart.

Such are the considerations which irresistibly impress themselves upon the inquisitive tourist who passes over the line of the old turnpike today, and, by their very persistence arouse a longing for some knowledge of the simpler folk that once lived upon it. This he must seek in farm houses and in the old taverns which, despite the rough usage of half a century or more, still wear an unmistakable air of distinction.

Of these perhaps the most imposing is the Wadsworth Inn, three miles from Hartford. This once famous hostelry was built on land granted by the town of Hartford in 1686 and has since remained in possession of the same family. Set on a slight elevation above the road, flanked by its great barns and open sheds, with its broad piazza and wide doorway, it looks the picture of wayside hospitality. The tap-room, one of the few remaining in New England, remains unchanged. Here jolly teamsters stopped for a glass of New England rum or some of mine host's home distilled cider brandy; travelers alighting from their own chaises sat and sipped the more aristocratic foreign vintage; self-important young swells ordered suppers and engaged the dancing hall above for sleighing parties from the city. The distance from "Exchange Corner" in Hartford to New Hartford was twenty-one miles and, on the average, there was a tavern for every mile. Some of these places were the resort of the humbler teamsters and drovers; others at the village centers or near the city were more aristocratic in their patronage.

All of the taverns were provided with a hall for public and social assemblies. This room usually extended the entire width of the house and occupied the position of honor in the second story front. Here was the rendezvous

for the village band; here the neighboring churches held their donation parties; here the younger element of the country folk drove for their merry-making and the room resounded with the squeak of the fiddle and the shuffle of dancers' feet.

Judging from the reminiscences of those who still live and recall the scenes it would seem as if all the suppressed energy of youthful spirits was let loose on these occasions. Save for the occasional presence of the host's wife who was kept busy with cooking and serving the supper, there was no chaperonage, and the conduct of the male portion of the assembly was often rude and uncouth. The young ladies and gentlemen wore only second best clothing so as to receive as little damage as possible from the playful baptism of a glass of cider or the sudden contact with a flying piece of butter or wedge of pie. At the close of some of these carousals the walls of the room would be bespattered with butter, jelly, sauce and other missiles which had been launched from the hands of the young sparks and had failed of their mark. Many an innocent bumpkin found himself forced to pay a double fee for his evening's fun as his share of the damage assessed by the irate landlord.

Anecdotes more or less illuminative of this phase of its social life are still told along the line of the turnpike. At one place a party, having danced themselves hungry, formed in line and descended to the dining room only to find an empty table. The landlord had recently taken to himself a second helpmate whose opinion of her social position forbade her descending to the level of a public waiter, and who took this means of emphasizing her determination to stick to her principles. The chagrined host ushered his guests into the pantry where they helped themselves at free cost. It is related that he shortly afterward sold out and engaged in another business. On another occasion a donation party was in full swing when two sleighing parties



drove up. The newcomers ordered a supper and a dance. The landlord was at his wits' end, for a strict line of demarkation separated the dancing and donation clientele, each of whose patronage he was anxious to retain. The predicament was cleared by the dancers themselves. They went upstairs, bought out the donation supper and good will at top figures, sat down to the table vacated by the church people and followed with a dance in the room occupied a few moments before by the minister and his worthy flock. "I tell you, that donation paid," says the good sister who is authority for the story.

One of the most famous feasts in the history of the road is that tendered Governor-elect Oliver Wolcott by the Governor's Horse Guard. That distinguished guest, riding in to the capitol from his Litchfield home, was met by his escort at the Hurlbut tavern, four miles west of Hartford. Here, by a substantial luncheon and liberal potations, the company fortified themselves for the ceremonies of Election Day.

During the busy days of the road the taverns did a thriving transient business. Every wayside house had stabling room for twenty-five to fifty horses with sleeping room for twenty or more travelers, and these accommodations were taxed to the utmost. At times the patronage overflowed into the adjacent farmhouses. The tapster and hostler were kept busy all day and far into the night, and extra cooks and waiters were often drafted into service from neighboring kitchens. The charge for lodging was 25 cents, for a meal 10 cents while the best New England and St. Croix rum retailed for three cents per glass. After nightfall the tap-room was the scene of unbridled mirth and rough horse-play. Stories were told and songs were sung to the accompaniment of clinking of mugs and glasses. Teamsters, stage-drivers, hostlers, travelers, loafers from the country-side vied with one another in telling the biggest lie or the coarsest joke.

"Stories about the tap-room?" answers one veteran of the day. "Well, I ought to know some, seeing I was born and brought up in this very hotel. Fact is, though, the stories of those times don't sound very well nowadays. Little too reesk, you know. I do remember a little occurrence, though, that will bear telling. It's about an old teamster who was considered about the meanest fellow on the whole road. He used to draw lime from Canaan to Hartford. He'd usually try to hit this place in time for dinner but he never spent a cent in all the years he stopped. He'd onhitch his hosses and put 'em in the shed where we didn't charge nothin', and feed with his own oats. Then he'd come in and borrow a pitcher from my father, go out to his wagon and fill it from his own cider kaig, then fetch it in to warm by the fireplace while he et his dinner. One day he had to go out to see to one of his hosses, and another feller in the room turned the pitcher round and het up the handle and turned it back again just as the teamster come in. The fust thing Joe did was to grab the pitcher for a drink an' the next thing was to give a yell an' let the pitcher fall to the floor. Course it broke into bits. 'Now that's too bad, Joe,' says my father. 'That pitcher was one of my weddin' presents. I'll hev to charge you twenty-five cents for that.' 'Mister Porter,' says Joe, 'if you make me pay for that pitcher you'll lose my custom.' But he had to pay and he never come nigh us any more."

Despite the glory of the stage coach it was the freight traffic by wagon that supported the road. Through freighters between Albany and Boston often chose this southerly route as being easier than the steeper and less traveled trans-mountain roads in Massachusetts. A staple article of eastward exportation was Adirondack venison of which large quantities were sent in winter to the rich cities of the Connecticut valley and Massachusetts Bay. The iron mines of Salisbury and Lenox, the marble and lime of upper

Litchfield County all found a ready market in the East. In the first quarter of the century the agricultural productions of the State outranked in value the output of all its other industries. During the Revolutionary War Connecticut was the food-producing State of the Union, and this preponderance continued until the opening of the western lands and the growth of manufacturing. The countryside in the neighborhood of the turnpike shared its prosperity. Much of the hay raised was consumed along its line and the sudden cessation of teaming with the building of railroads gave the farming interests of this section a blow from which they have never recovered.

It was the custom of the teamsters to travel in bands of ten or twenty, and each member was expected to treat the rest of the company once during the day. A line of wagons was formed by hitching each pair of horses to the tailboard of the wagon in front, while the drivers walked ahead to the next tavern where they slaked their thirst in time to emerge and meet the train. In busy times the road was a panorama of constantly moving wagons, carriages, horsemen, cattle and sheep. Two tracks were maintained and the privilege of temporarily using the left side was accorded only the faster moving vehicles. Herds of cattle, sheep and horses continually moved eastward from northern New York and Vermont. These were bought by people along the way or were taken direct to New Haven and shipped thence to the West Indies. The horses of the time were small, but tough and wiry. The favorite stage and wagon horses weighed between nine and ten hundred pounds. Certain farmers whose lands bordered on the turnpike maintained strongly enclosed pastures for the accommodation of these four-footed travelers. The owner usually rode in a carriage at the rear of the drove which two or three assistants on foot kept moving. One

drover who frequented the road between 1820 and 1830 was aided only by a Newfoundland dog whose sagacity and skill as a driver made him celebrated along the whole route.

The through line of mail coaches from Hartford to the Hudson was started about 1803. The coaches of the day were primitive affairs, but the spread of turnpike building over the whole country rapidly brought improvements. The best of these conveyances had three seats inside, nine passengers within and two with the driver was the full complement, but, like the street car of the present time, there was always room for one more. The baggage rack behind carried a limited amount and light articles were sometimes strapped upon the roof.

The fare between Hartford and Albany was \$5.00. In summer the start was made from either end at 2 A. M., and the advertisements promised to put the patron through "in time to dine and take outgoing stages of other lines." Frequently, however, this was impossible. In late fall, during the winter, and in early spring the roads were so heavy that two and even three days were consumed on the trip. In spite of these obstacles the number of accidents was small. The stage body was hung on low leather straps of several thicknesses, which transformed the dangerous lateral swaying into a forward and backward rocking. The kingbolt was made to slip out in case of an overturn so that the horses might run on with the forward wheels without dragging the rest of the vehicle further. The drivers were picked men who knew thoroughly every turn and slope of their portion of the road. The schedule time was ten miles an hour and the change houses stood this distance apart. On approaching a station a horn was sounded and a new driver and fresh horses succeeded. To maintain this average pace over some portions of the road a breakneck speed down hill was required to compensate for slow up-hill progress. A story is told of a frightened passenger, who,



after a terrible jolting down the western slope of Talcott mountain, stuck his head out of the window and beckoned to the driver. "My friend," he asked earnestly, "be you goin' down any further? Because if you air I'm goin' to get out right here. I want to stay on the outside of the airth a leetle longer." Another traveler who to relieve the horses, had toiled on foot up a long hill in Barkhamsted entered the hill-top inn and asked, hat in hand, if the Lord were in. "For," he explained, "it seems to me that we've come high enough to find him."

For some years after the establishment of the mails the newspapers continued to be carried by post riders who also did errands and carried small express parcels. The growth of this enterprise resulted in the establishment of local stages running to the nearest large town. The coaches on these lines were covered wagons drawn by two horses and the time consumed on each trip varied with the number of passengers and the amount of business done. The southern part of the road was served by Hartford and Hudson; the central part found its local market at Pittsfield, and the western end concentrated its traffic at Albany. The last of these lines to go out of business was that running from Winsted to Hartford. Railroads early intersected the line of the turnpike at Canaan, Winsted, New Hartford and Avon; but it was not until 1871 that the Connecticut Western superseded this section. The last collection of tolls was made at the gate in Norfolk the year following.

In the prosperous days of the road the toll gate was a favorite lounging place for the people of the immediate neighborhood. The collector's house was built so as to overarch the way and a door on one side of this shed opened to the office from which windows looked up and down the line. Within this room the gate keeper and his guests huddled around the fireplace in winter; in pleasant weather they sat on the benches outside. On

summer evenings the young fellows repaired to this center to learn the doings of the great world without. Like the inquisitive Gauls of Caesar's time, "who surrounded the itinerant merchants and compelled them to tell what they each knew of any foreign place or person," the country folk of Massachusetts and Connecticut exacted contributions of turnpike gossip from every passing traveler. This information, supplemented by the reports of the gate keeper, who in a politer manner garnered industriously during the day, constituted the staple news of the time and frequently anticipated that of the weekly newspaper. The earliest toll gates were exactly like a well sweep, but these were soon superseded by less cumbersome picketed gates, built to raise and lower in the same manner as the modern window sash. For most of the time the gates were raised from 9 p. m. until sunrise, and passage was then uninterrupted. During the day the constant passage of vehicles necessitated the continued presence of the gate keeper who found it more convenient to stand on guard himself than to operate the heavy mechanism. Occasionally an adventurous hothead attempted to "run the gate" and then a lively scene ensued. Calling some member of his family to take his place, the keeper would mount and pursue the delinquent, who too often escaped; but when a capture was made the local justice of the peace dealt out punishment to the full extent of the law.

During the first thirty years of the century the emigrant wagon was a common sight upon the turnpike. The settlement of the Western Reserve resulted in a large exodus from this corner of the State and many of the old families of northeastern Ohio are still connected by close ties of blood with its people. The romance of the new West was shared by its settlers and the people along the whole route treated them with marked kindness. Many of these pioneers were desperately poor. The annals of more



than one well-to-do household in the new region run back to the time when its forefathers camped along the highway and begged food from adjacent farmers who readily gave aid when they made their destination known.

The peddler was perhaps the most picturesque feature of the road. He was a necessary commercial link between the country and city and was accordingly welcomed everywhere. Some of the wealthy business men of the time laid the foundations of their prosperity in this vocation. It was the ambition of every pack peddler to become the proprietor of a wagon and the most successful ultimately established a permanent stand in the city whence they sent out wagons in all directions. In addition to the wares carried by the tin peddler of the present day a large amount of wooden ware and dry goods were sold and the lucrative nature of the business may be realized from the fact that they were generally estimated as forming the basis of a traffic greater than that of the city stores.

Standing by the railway station at Winsted the traveler by the pausing train may see today a lumbering old ark bearing the inscription, "Winsted, Colebrook and Sandisfield." Rough and prosaic enough it appears to the careless observer; but to him who recalls the old turnpike days it is full of interest as being the modern survival of those times, and the imagination clothes it with a romance and glamor not its own. From it the spectator readily reconstructs the old stage coach in all its glory. The pair of shambling nags becomes a four-in-hand of spirited "Vermont chunks"; the creaking wagon is a swinging, leather-hung coach; the solitary passenger multiplies to a dozen; and the stoop-shouldered, sedate driver himself is a dashing, swearing, ranting young fellow with a wink for every pretty girl he meets and a string of strange oaths for every wagon that blocks the way before him. Surely that cloud of dust up the road was raised by a ten-mile-an-hour "hammer"! Surely that is the sound of the bugle horn mingling with the shriek of the locomotive!

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THE FIRST CARRIAGE BUILT IN AMERICA WAS TURNED OUT AT DORCHESTER, MASS., BY A MAN NAMED WHITE. IT WAS MADE FOR A GENTLEMAN IN BOSTON AND WAS COPIED FROM AN ENGLISH CHARIOT, THOUGH OF LIGHTER WEIGHT

# THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF CONNECTICUT MEN

SPAN CONTINENT WITH RAILROADS—UNITE HEMISPHERES WITH STEAMSHIP LINES—LEADERS IN THE WORLD'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS—CONCLUSION OF SERIES OF ARTICLES ON LITCHFIELD COUNTY

BY

H. CLAY TRUMBULL, S. T. D.

AUTHOR OF "STUDIES IN SOCIAL ORIENTAL LIFE," "FRIENDSHIP, THE MASTER PASSION," AND MANY OTHER VOLUMES

Dr. Trumbull in his series of articles on Litchfield County presents a record of influence not excelled by any other collection of towns in the United States. The posthumous papers are now completed but the compilation of material on Connecticut men who have become distinguished will be continued by other writers. It is indeed remarkable that this State should have produced the man who made possible the development of the West, Collis P. Huntington, and the man who laid open the opportunities of the South, Henry B. Plant. George W. Whistler left Stonington, Connecticut, to begin the development of the great Russian Empire by constructing a railroad between St. Petersburg and Moscow. His son, James McNeill Whistler, accompanied his father from Stonington to Russia, where he spent his early life, and later became the distinguished painter. The accomplishments of Connecticut men would fill many volumes. Dr. Trumbull speaks only of those born in Litchfield County, and if death had not taken him he would now be developing the achievements of men in the other counties of the State. His writings appearing in this Magazine were revised by him especially for this publication from compilations which he had been making for many years—EDITOR

ONE of the oldest and most efficient boards of agriculture of any state in this country is that of Connecticut. This has done much to improve methods of cultivating and caring for the fields and forests and orchards and gardens of its own State. At the same time it has been a stimulus to, and an example for, those in other states. Its influence has been recognized in all parts of the country. Peculiarly was this so in the earlier years of its wise working. And this board or society has had its center of working in Litchfield County. And the secretary, who has for nearly two generations been its principal representative and director, is Theodore Sedgwick Gold of West Cornwall. His annual reports have for many years been widely read and of extensive influence. Although the Governor of the State is *ex officio* chairman of this board, and its members are from every county, Mr. Gold

has, from its earlier years, been its head and front. Although nearly fourscore years of age, he is still fresh and vigorous. At the request of the Board, of which he was secretary, he has recently published an "Illustrated Hand-book of Connecticut Agriculture," which exhibits the field and methods of work of this board. Incidentally, it shows how much the people of this country have been the gainer from Litchfield County in systematic and improved methods in the sphere of agriculture, as in the study of law and in the practice of foreign missionary duties.

Dr. S. B. Woodward, a native of this county, was prominent here as a medical practitioner, and his exceptionally successful practice in this county resulted in his being called to a larger field. He was especially skilled in the treatment of brain disorders, then far less understood than now. In consequence he became foremost

in the Retreat for the Insane at Hartford, one of the earliest institutions in this country to be conducted on the most advanced and improved methods. Then he was called to Massachusetts to be one of the founders of the State Insane Asylum at Worcester. In that position he had a national prominence. He also founded one of the earliest schools for idiots, and asylum for inebriates.

Another physician of the same family name in Litchfield County, Dr. Ashbel Woodward, moved to Franklin, near Norwich, and became prominent as a naturalist, and as a writer on such subjects.

Yet another physician specialist, or alienist, of this county, Dr. H. M. Knight, opened a home for the feeble-minded, which became noted widely because of his wise study of his specialty, and his eminent success in the treatment of those under his charge.

For generations there have been more or less physicians in Litchfield County, in Norfolk and neighboring towns, by the name of Welch, known and valued widely beyond the town of their residence. Johns Hopkins University, at the present time, would not be willing to admit that the eminent member of that family who fills so large a place in her medical faculty is in any degree below the best of them.

Vermont can be said to be in a sense a child of Litchfield County. Beginning with Ethan Allen and Seth Warner, before Vermont had a well-defined existence as a separate colony, Litchfield County had reached northward across Massachusetts and shown its interest in a marked degree in Vermont. The early policy of Vermont as a state was shaped by Litchfield County men. Their meeting for this purpose was in the house of Governor Wolcott, where the equestrian statue of King George III was cared for. The first Governor of Vermont was from Litchfield County, and after that there came three other Governors from the same county, also three United States Senators and one Chief Jus-

tice. At the opening of 1902 Governor Stickney of Vermont made an address in Hartford, in which he referred to the fact that Vermont was first known as "New Connecticut." Moreover, of her Governors, forty-five have been natives of Connecticut; of her Supreme Court Judges twenty-one first saw the light in the same State, and, of her twenty-five United States Senators, eleven were Connecticut born. And in all Connecticut influence on Vermont, Litchfield County was earliest and chief.

Of these Nathaniel Chipman of Salisbury was an officer of the Revolutionary Army. Removing to Vermont he became Chief Justice of the state. He was appointed by George Washington Judge of the United States District Court of Vermont. He was United States Senator. He published a volume of "Sketches of the Principles of Government" and other publications. His brother, Daniel Chipman, also of Salisbury, became distinguished as a lawyer. He was Professor of Law in Middlebury College. He published various law books in the days when American works on law were fewer than now. He was a member of Congress from Vermont.

Hon. John Pierpont of Litchfield, a nephew of the poet, was chief justice of Vermont from 1865 to his death in 1882.

Yet Vermont was not the only state to be represented by Litchfield County men. The Hon. Julius Rockwell of that county was for years a Member of Congress from western Massachusetts. And yet farther north, Justice John Kilburn of Litchfield County was on the Court of the Queen's Bench of the Dominion of Canada. As showing that all emigration was not northward, it should be noticed that the Hon. Martin Bates, a native of Salisbury succeeded the Hon. John M. Clayton as United States Senator from Delaware; and the Hon. Josiah J. Johnson, another native of Litchfield County, was United States Senator from Louisiana.



Litchfield County seemed to have as many natives in prominent places in New York State as in Connecticut or in Vermont. The Hon. Daniel Dickinson of this county was United States Senator from New York State at the time when General John A. Dix was the other Senator. These two distinguished themselves as War Democrats when the Civil War broke out. Senator Dickinson was commonly known as "Scripture Dick," on account of his ever readiness in the timely quotation of Bible passages when on the stump. An illustration of this was given when he was addressing a meeting of Republicans in Norwich, while Governor Buckingham was presiding. The Democrats got up a noisy torchlight procession, and marched by the hall where Dickinson was speaking. Their path led down a steep incline to the water's edge. The noise made it impossible to be heard. Mr. Dickinson, putting up his hand sideways to his mouth, called out, "I'll wait until those devil-posessed swine run down that steep place into the sea. Then I'll go on." He kept his audience throughout the evening.

The Hon. Peter P. Porter of Litchfield County was a Member of Congress from New York City at the time of our troubles with Great Britain in 1812. He was on the committee with Henry Clay to consider those troubles, and he then drafted the Declaration of War. Mr. Porter afterwards was appointed Secretary of War.

Again, the Hon. Amasa J. Parker of this county was on the Supreme Court Bench, and at the same time three other Justices from this county were on that bench. The Hon. F. A. Talmadge of this county was a member of Congress before he had a seat on that bench. The Hon. Theron R. Strong and the Hon. Edward Rogers, both of Litchfield County, were Members of Congress from New York State. The competitor of Edward Rogers in this first contest was Victory Birdsey, another Litchfield County man. In the second election the

election was reversed. New York State seemed pretty well provided with officers from Litchfield County.

The Hon. Samuel B. Ruggles of this county did a good work in New York State in connection with the Erie Canal and the Erie Railroad, and the Croton Reservoir, and the parks and squares of New York City. Chas. H. Ruggles of the same county was a Member of Congress before he was a Justice of the Supreme Court of Appeals in New York State.

R. G. Pardee of Sharon was for years the agent of the New York City Sunday-School Union. He did much to elevate Sunday-school work in this country.

Frederic Whittlesey, a native of Washington in Litchfield County, was a Member of Congress from New York State. He was prominent as an anti-Masonic editor and leader in Rochester in 1828, in the days of the Morgan excitement. He held various public offices, and was a Judge of the Supreme Court of New York State. He became Professor of Law in Genesee College.

Farther west, Ohio had her share from the Connecticut county. The Hon. W. A. Allen and the Hon. William V. Peck, from this nursery of great men, were members of Congress from Ohio, and the Hon. George B. Holt was a Judge of the Circuit Court of Ohio.

Litchfield County natives were not merely superior to ordinary mortals in the realm of intellect and education; they did their share in work of the hands, although, at their distance from tidewater, one would not expect them to compete in heavy manufactures with those more favored in location.

It has been mentioned that before Colonel Ethan Allen went to Ticonderoga to do his important work at the opening of the Revolutionary War, he was engaged in starting an iron furnace and foundry in his native country.

Valuable marble quarries in the upper part of this county were profitably

worked for years. In later years richer quarries in other portions of New England rendered these less profitable.

In more recent times, Litchfield County has been known the world over for the manufacture of clocks for homes and shops, in country and city, in this land and in other lands. It was in the early part of the nineteenth century that the first wooden clocks were made in a village in Litchfield County. From this beginning the household clocks chiefly used throughout the country — wooden clocks and other clocks — were made here, and in places near by as following the example here set. Before he died the Litchfield County pioneer in this industry had it for his boast that he had made every kind of a timepiece, from a delicate watch to a great tower clock. And Litchfield County clocks were used widely in other lands, even Turkey, China and Japan. This it was that gave point to the sneer of John Randolph of Roanoke in our national Congress, — that the only things New England gave the South were "Connecticut clock peddlers and Yankee schoolmarms." And Litchfield County has done much for all portions of the country to mark time and to know how to improve time.

It was at Burrville, in Torrington, that Borden's Condensed Milk was first made and sent over the land. This was just at the beginning of our Civil War, and only those who served in that war, and could obtain only in this way fresh and nutritious milk in camp or hospital, when it was above price to them in their desire and need, can ever know what that invention from Litchfield County meant to those who were thus grateful for it. It was the first manufacture of its kind, and it marked an era in the line of preserving fresh food in America.

Wilson, who invented the Wheeler and Wilson sewing machine, which has proved such a boon to the busy workers of the world, was a Litchfield County man, and the first factory for that machine was in Watertown in

that county. Again, a man who worked on a yet larger scale for the public good, Collis P. Huntington, who was one of the five men who organized the Central Pacific Railroad, and who also planned the California railroad system and the Southern Pacific Railroad, was from one of the smallest towns of Litchfield County; but the world has felt his influence.

Junius Smith, of Plymouth in Litchfield County, was a son of General David Smith of that town, and was of Revolutionary stock. He was born in 1780; he was graduated from Yale in 1802, and the same year entered the Litchfield Law School. He first went to London as an attorney to prosecute a claim against the British Government for the capture of an American merchant ship. Having succeeded in that endeavor, he then induced English capitalists to organize for the prosecution of his long-cherished plans for ocean steam navigation. He organized in London the first company to send steamships across the ocean. The first steam packets built by this company were the "British Queen," in which he came over in 1837, and the "President," the loss of which at sea, in 1844, was felt as such a disaster in England and the United States. It was some time later that this enterprising man purchased a plantation in South Carolina and began the cultivation of tea. In this also he was a pioneer.

It is indeed remarkable that an inland county of Connecticut should have furnished one native to plan and organize a company to span the continent with the Union Pacific Railroad, and another native to plan and organize an international company to cross the ocean with steamships. But that is the way with Litchfield County natives. Is there anything like it elsewhere?

The forges and foundries in Falls Village in Litchfield County not only supplied the United States Navy for many years with shot and shell, and heavy anchors and chain cables, but it



trained Yankee workmen to make weapons of war and implements of peace in other communities, far and near. Thus Oliver Ames, an iron manufacturer in Falls Village, was a brother of the famous Oakes Ames, and was a member of the family prominent in the quarrying of granite in Quincy, Massachusetts. During the Civil War Oliver Ames invented and manufactured heavy cannon of iron rings welded one on another. These guns, with their great range and heavy projectiles, were quite an advance on the ordnance of their day. And after the war the same active brains and skilled hands were ready to "beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks," and to furnish shovels and spades and axes and adzes to meet the new and better conditions in the community.

Oliver Wolcott, born in Windsor, moved to the new county of Litchfield about 1750. There he held important civil and military positions. This Oliver Wolcott was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and was Governor of Connecticut for ten years.

A second Oliver Wolcott, a son of the former and a native of Litchfield County, succeeded Alexander Hamilton as United States Secretary of the Treasury, and he was again in that place in the cabinets of Washington and Adams. He refused the proffered place as the head of the first United States bank. For ten years he, like his father, was governor of the State.

Deacon Benjamin Sedgwick of Cornwall was the father of Theodore Sedgwick of Massachusetts, who was a member of the Continental Congress, and after the Revolutionary War was a United States Senator and a Member of Congress, and was speaker of the United States House of Representatives. The latter was also a judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. A daughter of his was the prominent author, Miss Catherine M. Sedgwick.

The Hon. Elisha Whittlesey, of Litchfield County, was for many years

Controller of the United States Treasury. Whichever political party was in power, all were satisfied to have him as a watch-guard of the Treasury. The Hon. S. B. St. John, of Litchfield County, was superintendent of the banking department; John A. Collier, of the same county, was Controller of New York State, as again, at another time, was Gamaliel H. Barstow, of the same county. And New York has had national prominence as a financial center.

A native of Woodbury who had an international reputation was Henry S. Sanford. He was educated at Washington (now Trinity) College, and at the University of Heidelberg. He was for a time Secretary of Legation at Paris. Later he was minister to Belgium. He was a member of the International African Association, which founded the independent State of the Congo. Again, he founded Sanford, Florida, and he introduced in that region the cultivation of the lemon and other tropical fruits. He published important works bearing on phases of international law.

Judge Nathan Smith, also a native of Woodbury, was trained in the famous law school of Judges Reeve and Gould. As a member of the State Legislature he took an active part in abolishing slavery in Connecticut and in founding the public school system of that State, which was in advance of other states. As a member of Congress he assisted in ratifying the Jay treaty with Great Britain. Declining a re-election to Congress, he went on the bench of the Supreme Court of his State. He was a leader in the famous "Hartford Convention" which opposed the second war with England. "Peter Parley" said of him, in his "Recollections," that "Nathan Smith was regarded in Connecticut as one of the intellectual giants of his time." Gideon H. Hollister, the historian of Connecticut, speaks of him as "one whom the God of nations chartered to be great by the divine prerogative of genius."



Nathaniel Smith, a brother of Nathan, born in the same town, and educated in the same law school, was active in forming the new Constitution of the State to take the place of the old Charter of Charles II. He was eminent in the Protestant Episcopal church, and one of the founders and incorporators of Washington (now Trinity) College. He was elected to the United States Senate and died in that office.

Truman Smith of that county was a nephew of both Nathan and Nathaniel. He was several times elected to Congress. He was later a United States Senator. So was his ability valued that he was chairman of the National Whig Committee when General Zachary Taylor was elected president. President Taylor offered him a place in his Cabinet, but he preferred to remain in the Senate. In that place his influence was great. Of one of his speeches in the Senate Daniel Webster said publicly that it was "one of the clearest and strongest demonstrations that I have ever heard from the mouth of man." After he left the Senate, Truman Smith was a Judge of the United States Court of Claims.

Yet a third member of that distinguished family to be given a seat in the United States Senate was the Hon. Perry Smith. And that the eminence of the family is not alone in former generations is evidenced by its members still remaining. The Rev. Dr. Cornelius Bishop Smith was for years rector of St. James' church in New York City. Alexander Mackay Smith, a younger brother of the latter, and a grandson of Nathan Smith, having held important rectorships in Boston, New York, and Washington, and declined the position of bishop-coadjutor of Kansas, is now bishop-coadjutor of the great diocese of Pennsylvania.

It is a matter of interest to note how many Litchfield County families went out from that home center to have marked influence in other and wider fields. Thus with Dr. John Pierpont of Litchfield, whose grandson, as al-

ready noted, is perhaps the foremost financier of the world today.

The Rev. Ashbel Baldwin of the same county town was the first Episcopal clergyman ordained in the United States. He was ordained in Middletown, in 1785, by Bishop Seabury of Connecticut, who was the first American bishop. Mr. Baldwin's first pastoral charge was St. Michael's church in Litchfield—the town where were born also Horace Bushnell, Henry Ward Beecher, John Pierpont and Charles Wadsworth.

The Rev. Dr. Hermon G. Batterson, a native of this county, born of a Baptist family, became a prominent and useful clergyman in the Episcopal church. He and I were brought to Christ at the same time in Hartford, in the winter of 1851-2. He was then in a jewelry establishment while I was a clerk in a railroad office. He became an Episcopal missionary in Texas. He and I were on the "stump" together for John C. Fremont in 1856. Later he did missionary work in Minnesota. He became rector of St. Clement's church in Philadelphia and again of the Church of the Annunciation in the same city. For a time he was rector of the Church of the Redeemer in New York City. He was the author of several books of hymns and carols; also of a history of "The American Episcopate," which had a large circulation.

Colonel Adonijah Strong of Salisbury was a lawyer of prominence in his generation. He had four sons, of whom two were clergymen and two were lawyers. His son, the Rev. William Strong, was the father of the Hon. William Strong of Pennsylvania, — an associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Judge Samuel S. Phelps, born in Litchfield, was the son of a Revolutionary soldier, and he saw service in the War of 1812. Moving to Vermont, he was chosen twice to the United States Senate. His son, Edward J. Phelps, was Professor of Law at Yale University, and was appointed by President Cleveland our minister to England.

David Sherman Boardman, born in New Milford took very high rank even among Litchfield County lawyers. He was for some years Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Connecticut. He was known as the friend of the poet Fitz-Greene Halleck, and of the poet's father.

Elijah Boardman, a native of the same town as before named, was in mercantile pursuits instead of the law. But he showed such ability that he was, in 1821, chosen to the United States Senate.

Connecticut had occasion to call men from Litchfield County to fill her highest places of honor or responsibility. Several of these have been already named, like the second Governor Oliver Wolcott and Governor Henry Dutton. Governor John Cotton Smith of this county had a national reputation as president of the American Bible Society. Governor Origen S. Seymour had been a member of Congress, and later was a Justice of the Supreme Court of the State. Governor Alexander H. Holley, of the iron-producing region of the State, had a son of national prominence as a distinguished engineer and metallurgist. Charles B. Andrews of Litchfield was Governor before he was Chief Justice. Governor Abiram Chamberlain of Colebrook, inaugurated in 1903, still keeps up the line. At least five of the Chief Justices of the State were from that rural county.

The Hon. Seth P. Beers of Litchfield was a lawyer of extensive practice. At single terms of the court he was known to have as many as one hundred and fifty cases in his hands, and he was very thorough in his work as a lawyer. He was appointed Commissioner of the School Fund of the State. As this fund was the largest of any state in the Union, the position was one of great responsibility. Yet so well did he fill his office, that, with all the changes of political parties, he retained his place for more than a quarter of a century.

The Hon. Roger H. Mills of New Hartford was for years the valued Secretary of State; the Hon. Abijah Catlin of Harwinton, was long the Controller of the State; and the Hon. Robbins Battell of Norfolk was Controller until he declined to serve longer.

A brother of President Jeremiah Day of Yale College, also a native of this county, was the Hon. Thomas Day, who was for many years Secretary of State of Connecticut. A simple fact used to be told of him as showing the public confidence in him, and the general feeling that the man and the office belonged together. In early days the candidate for different State officers were voted for separately, and not on one printed ballot, as now. The people assembled in town meeting, and the moderator called for votes for the man whom they would have as Governor, and so on down the list. The vote for one officer was announced before the next man was voted for. But it was said that so identified was Thomas Day with the office of Secretary of State, that, in many of the towns, the moderator of the town meeting would call out on election day, when the time came for voting for Secretary of State:

"And now, gentlemen, you will come forward and deposit your votes for the Hon. Thomas Day for Secretary of State." No one thought of an alternative.

The county town of Litchfield, as has been mentioned, sent out Dr. Horace Bushnell, one of the greatest thinkers of the century, and Henry Ward Beecher, one of the most eminent preachers of his generation; also Dr. John Pierpont, a poet and preacher of mark in all New England. Dr. Charles Wadsworth, a native of that town, was perhaps the most popular and distinguished Presbyterian preacher ever settled in Philadelphia. So widely did his reputation extend that he was called to San Francisco, where he was as popular on the Pacific Coast as he had been before on the Atlantic.

Dr. Thomas Robbins, a native of Norfolk, clergyman, historian, antiquarian, and author, was one of the founders, and for years the librarian of the Connecticut Historical Society. To this he gave his valuable historical library. He was one of the last men in the State to retain the knee breeches as his ordinary dress. In his quaint appearance, as he moved among the many relics of early New England preserved in the Wadsworth Athenaeum, he seemed like one of the ancestors returned to observe old times and new.

While this sketch of Litchfield County was in course of preparation, a well-known clergyman of that county was buried in the town of which General John Sedgwick and others already mentioned were natives. The Rev. Samuel Scoville, of a family known for generations in that county, was born not many miles from the birthplace of Henry Ward Beecher. After graduation from Yale, he married the only daughter of Mr. Beecher. One son of his married a daughter of General Armstrong, and is a teacher in Hampton Institute. Another son married my youngest daughter, and is a Philadelphia lawyer. Mr. Scoville's two daughters have been mentioned as carrying on a prominent young ladies' seminary in Stamford, Connecticut. When he had filled several prominent pastorates, he was called to be assistant pastor of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, so well known as the pulpit of Mr. Beecher. Having passed away while in that position,

he sleeps with his fathers in West Cornwall.

Hart Lyman, a native of Plymouth in this county, was for more than twenty-five years of the editorial force of the *New York Tribune*. Joshua S. Silsbee, a native of the town of Litchfield, became prominent as an actor, although you would not expect a hill town of New England to furnish ornaments to that profession. He made his first appearance on the stage in Natchez, Mississippi, in 1837. A few years later he appeared in the Walnut Street Theater, Philadelphia. He was the first comedian who introduced Yankee characters on the stage to an English audience. His opening was at the Adelphi Theater, in London, in his favorite character, "Jonathan Ploughboy." The famous play, "Our American Cousin," was originally written for him although he never played it. Returning to this country, he died in San Francisco in 1855. There are few departments of human activity in which Litchfield County has not had its representatives.

This sketch of Litchfield County makes no claim to completeness. It simply suggests what rich stores of information are available for one who does attempt a complete record. It was said by an exceptionally well-informed historian, half a century ago, at the centennial celebration of Litchfield County, that no other county in the United States could furnish such a history. Can this statement be questioned?

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BETROTHAL CAKES, NOW BEING RE-INTRODUCED IN ENGLAND, ARE NO NEW THING HERE. WHEN JEREMIAS VAN RENSSELAER WAS BETROTHED TO MARIA VAN CORTLANDT, A HUGE CAKE WAS SENT FROM HOLLAND TO CELEBRATE THE NOTABLE EVENT, AND IT WAS FIVE MONTHS IN ARRIVING. A PIECE OF THIS CAKE HANDED DOWN FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION WAS SAID TO HAVE BEEN IN EXISTENCE IN EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND TEN



# THE FIRST APOTHECARY SHOPS IN CONNECTICUT

DR. ABNER JOHNSON, A DRUGGIST IN WATERBURY IN 1770—HIS NEAREST COMPETITOR WAS IN NEW HAVEN—EARLY PRESCRIPTIONS AND THE FAMOUS MITHRIDATE, AN ANTIDOTE FOR POISON

BY

HON. FREDERICK J. KINGSBURY

Mr. Kingsbury has made several important contributions to Connecticut historical literature. All of his writings are the result of extensive investigations into untrodden fields. His researches have covered many years, during which he has gained a wide knowledge of the development of various phases of life in Connecticut, many times by official relationship with them. In the present article he entertainingly describes the use, and possibly abuse, of drugs in the early days of the nation—EDITOR

I HAVE in my possession a vase of coarse, brownish-white, glazed ware, of English make, perhaps of the Lowestoft ware, but it has no mark. It has a coarse blue figure of what may be supposed to be the "Angel of Health," and underneath, contains within a scroll the word MITHRID, in slender capitals an inch in height. The vase is  $7\frac{1}{4}$  inches high, measures  $3\frac{5}{8}$  inches in diameter across the top,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  inches in the neck,  $5\frac{3}{8}$  inches through the largest part,  $3\frac{1}{8}$  inches across the smallest part, near the foot, and 4 inches at the foot. It is what was formerly known, and perhaps still is in drug stores, as a "gallipot."

It was the property of Dr. Abner Johnson, a native of Wallingford, who graduated at Yale in 1759, studied theology and preached several years at intervals in various places. Then, his health not being equal to the work of the ministry, he settled in Waterbury as a druggist and apothecary in 1770. His nearest druggist neighbor was in New Haven. He soon became one of

the leading citizens of the town, holding the offices of Town Clerk and Town Treasurer.

In 1780 he asked permission from Legislature to transport to Boston a ton of wheat flour and three barrels of pork, to procure medicines that could not be otherwise obtained. Carrying provisions out of the State was at that time forbidden by law. The Legislature remained firm and did not yield to the doctor's request, probably thinking that he would contrive to get the medicines in some other way, which presumably he did, and that it was better not to open the gate.

Dr. Johnson must have had some experience as a druggist, although it does not appear when or where he obtained it, for he distilled essential oils and manufactured many medicines which must have required chemical knowledge and experience in manipulation.

One of the playthings of my childhood was the remnant of the old still. The worm was an inch pipe made of soldered tin, and instead of being bent

was in straight sections, six or eight inches long, like this:



This is the only part that I distinctly remember and I do not know precisely how it was attached to the boiler or whether it passed through the cooler in a perpendicular or horizontal position. I imagine, however, that it was perpendicular.

In 1773, Dr. Johnson married Lydia Bunnell of Cheshire. She was indeed a help-meet for him, and apparently became quite as much of a pharmacist as himself, for later he developed hypochondria, and she carried on the business whenever he was indisposed, with apparently entire success.

So much for the doctor, his wife, and drug shop; now for the jar and its contents.

"Mithrid," stands for Mithridates, and the most celebrated person of that name was Mithridates VI, king of Pontus, who flourished from 135 to 63 B. C. He was believed to have concocted a sovereign remedy for poisons, which were in those times among the most inconvenient enemies of kings, and by means of this remedy he protected himself against that particular form of danger, until, not having been in all respects as fortunate as he desired, he finally put an end to his own life by the same convenient method which he had heretofore spent so much ingenuity in avoiding. Or, as one account has it, not being wholly successful, he employed a soldier to finish the job.

I do not know just what sort of medicine Dr. Johnson kept in this vase, but in a copy of the *Edinburg Dispensatory* for 1794, which is contemporary with the doctor, I find the following formula for "Mithridate." It distinctly says, however, that it gives the formula as a curiosity, "to show to what extent the introduction of a great variety of compounds had at one time proceeded." It was evi-

dently a charge of fine shot intended to scatter and hit anything within range of either barrel. It contains 42 ingredients. The Theriaca Andromachi, which is of the same general character, has 61, but as it does not bear the name of my vase, it has no business here.

# MITHRIDATUM, five CONFECTIO DEMOCRATIS Mithridate, or the confection of Democrates.

Take of

Cinnamon, fourteen drachms;  
Myrrh, eleven drachms;  
Agaric,  
Indian nard,  
Ginger,  
Saffron,  
Seeds of mithridate mustard,  
Frankincense,  
Chio turpentine, each ten drachms;  
Camel's hay,  
Costus, or in its stead Zedoary,  
Indian leaf, or in its stead, Mace,  
Stechas,  
Long pepper,  
Hartwort seeds,  
Hypocistis,  
Storax, strained,  
Opoponax,  
Galbanum, strained,  
Opobalsam, or in its stead, expressed oil of nutmegs,  
Russian castor, each one ounce;  
Poley mountain,  
Scordium,  
Carpobalsam, or in its stead, Cubebs,  
White pepper,  
Candy carrot seed,  
Bdellium, strained, each seven drachms;  
Celtic nard,  
Gentian root,  
Dittany of Crete,  
Red roses,  
Macedonian parsley seed,  
Lesser Cardamon seeds, husked,  
Sweet fennel seed,  
Gum Arabic,  
Opium, strained, each five drachms;  
Calamus aromaticus,

Wild valerian root,  
 Aniseed,  
 Sagapenum, strained, each three drachms;  
 Meum athamanticum,  
 St. John's wort,  
 Acacia, or in its stead, Terra Japonica,  
 Bellies of skinks, each two drachms and a half;  
 Clarified honey, thrice the weight of all the other ingredients.

Warm the honey, and mix with it the opium dissolved in wine; melt the storax, galbanum, turpentine, and opobalsam (or expressed oil of nutmeg) together in another vessel, continually stirring them about, to prevent their burning; with these so melted, mix the hot honey, at first by spoonfuls, and afterwards in larger quantities at a time; when the whole is grown almost cold, add by degrees the other spices reduced into powder.

NOTE.—As many of these ingredients are little known, the following description is added of those most rare.

**THERIACA**, from "Their," a wild beast; supposed to be a remedy for the bites of snakes and other beasts.

**Agaric**, *polyporus officinalis*, a fungus growing on the bark of certain trees.

**Nard**, spikenard.

**Mithridate mustard**, a kind of small cress.

**Camel's hay**, hay made from a fragrant grass of the warmer regions of Asia, including several species of andropogon.

**Costus**, an East Indian medicine, the root of *saussurea lappa*, a plant of Cashmere; the root is pungent and aromatic, resembling orris root.

**Zedoary**, (its alternate,) is an East Indian drug with a flavor of camphor and a taste of ginger.

**Stechas**, a small Arabian plant resembling lavender, sometimes called French lavender.

**Hypocistis**, the juice of the *Cytanies hypocistes*, expressed while the plant is green; it is astringent.

**Storax**, strained; this is a gummy product obtained from the bark of a tree growing in the island of Colras in the Red Sea, and is obtained by boiling in water. It is marked in the Dispensatory *Liquid-ambra Styraciflua*, which is the botanical name for our sweet gum tree, growing in Virginia, and sometimes as far north as Long Island. Whether the sweet gum has these properties I cannot say.

**Opoponax**, the concrete gummy resinous juice of the *Partinaca Opoponax*, an umbelliferous plant growing spontaneously in Turkey and the East Indies.

**Galbanum**, the concrete juice of the African plant, *Bubon Galbanum*.

**Opo Balsam**, juice of the balsam tree.

**Russian Castor**, castor from the Russian beaver, supposed to be the best.

**Poley Mountain**, an aromatic plant with glaucous leaves.

**Scordium**, *Tesicrium Scordium*, a small hairy plant of bitter taste and disagreeable smell, growing wild in some parts of England.

**Carpobalsam**, fruit of the Balm of Gilead tree.

**Candy carrot**, seed of the *Athamante Cretensis*.

**Bdellium**, strained; a bitter gummy resinous juice, brought from the East Indies.

**Celtic nard**, *Valeriana Celtica*.

**Dittany of Crete**, a variety of *Origanum*.

**Sagapenum**, a resinous gum brought from Alexandria.

**Bellies of Skinks**; skink, a species of lizard, common in Asia and Africa.

The *Edinburg Dispensatory* tells us that:

"The Theriaca is a reformation (?) of the Mithridate made by Andromachius, physician to Nero, and let us hope that he gave Nero frequent doses of it, although it is possible that such a concoction, instead of being a just punishment for cruelty, may have been an incitement to it. The Mithridate itself is said to have been found in the cabinet of Mithridates, king of Pontus. If a man took a good dose of it in the morning he was supposed to be safe from poison all the rest of that day. A memento of it is preserved in the Modern United States Dispensatory (Wood & Bache, Ed. 1849, p. 894) under the title "Confectio Opii," of which it says, 'this confection is intended as a substitute for those exceedingly complex and unscientific preparations which were formerly known under the name of 'theraicum' and 'mithridate,' and which have been expelled from modern pharmacy. . . . The preparation is a combination of opium with spices, which render it more stimulant and more grateful to a debilitated stomach.'"

This preparation of Wood & Bache contains three ingredients. Two other formulas are given, one having six ingredients and the other four. In the practice of today probably none of them are used, although the "elixir proprietatis," or paregoric, which was such a popular medicine forty years ago, seems to have substantially the same character and to add the virtues of camphor, which were then, at least, supposed to be considerable.

To the modern mind there is nothing in this mixture which could fairly be considered either a poison or an antidote for poisons, and it is only in relation to poisons that Mithridates is known to the medical world, or could



be. It has seemed possible, though I confess not very probable, that there may have been a doctor somewhere in the middle ages whose name was Mithridates, and who invented the mixture which for that reason took his name. We find this bit of history in the names of certain modern medicines, such as "Dover's powders," "Tully's powders," "Warner's elixir," and sundry others. I see that the Century dictionary gives Mithridates as its godfather, and supposes it to have been an antidote for poisons. The opium would certainly be an antidote for pain of any kind, but neither that nor any of the other ingredients seem specifically indicated as antidotes for poison. If one had a line of pharmacopœias running back through the middle ages, it would be interesting to trace the history of this heterogeneous composite.

*Per contra*, there is some negative evidence that the age of this mixture may not be quite so great as intimated, still, like all negative evidence, it is not wholly satisfactory.

On the west coast of Italy, a short distance south of Naples, there is a place called Salernum or Salerno, where, for a thousand years or more, there flourished a famous medical school, where was supposed to be collected all the medical wisdom of the world. This thousand years extended, roughly speaking, from 800 to 1800, but it was during the first two-thirds of this period that the school was held in greatest repute.

About the year 1096, Robert, Duke of Normandy, and second son of William of England (the Conqueror), received, at the siege of Jerusalem, a severe wound in the arm from a poisoned arrow, which assumed a fistulous character. On his way home he stopped at Salernum to have the wound healed. The physicians were of opinion that no relief could be ob-

tained until the poison had been eliminated by suction. The opinion seems to have been that whoever should suck the wound would run great risk of imbibing the poison and Robert was unwilling to ask any one to make the sacrifice. His wife, however, was equal to the occasion, and while he was asleep she sucked the wound so successfully that it was healed. It is not recounted that she suffered at all thereby. Before he left Salernum, the faculty had drawn up for his use, in mediæval latin poetry, a work called the "Code of Salernum," being full instructions for the preservation of health under all circumstances. This book had a wonderful popularity, was translated into most of the European languages and was regarded as a medical *vade mecum* for several hundred years. In 1870, Dr. John Ordronaux, LL. D., professor of medical jurisprudence in New York, published a translation of this book in English metre with copious notes. In this book I find not a word about Mithridates, and under the head of "Antidotes to Poisons," only this:

"The radish, pear, theriac, garlic, rue,  
All potent poisons will at once undo."

But I find nothing whatever about any form of opium or any use of poppies. Just what is meant by the word "theriac," here, does not appear. From the connection it could hardly be this mixture which is given in the *Dispensatory*.

Several reasons might be suggested for the non-appearance of Mithridates. One is that the doctors of Salernum had too much sense; another is that the formula was so long that it took too much time to write it out. However, any one can furnish his own reason *pro* or *con*, and we can only present the subject as we find it.

MORAL: Let us be thankful that we were not born in the middle ages!

# GREATEST REAL ESTATE TRANSACTION EVER RECORDED IN HISTORY

JOHN LEDYARD, BORN IN GROTON, CONNECTICUT, IN 1751, ORIGINATOR OF IDEA FOR GOVERNMENT TO GAIN CONTROL OF TERRITORY BETWEEN MISSISSIPPI RIVER AND PACIFIC OCEAN—STARTED FROM PARIS VIA RUSSIA—WAS ARRESTED AND DIED IN EGYPT

BY

JUDGE L. E. MUNSON

APPOINTED BY PRESIDENT LINCOLN AS UNITED STATES JUDGE IN MONTANA

Judge Munson, having attained the age limit and now retired from the bench, is devoting much of his time to historical research. His long life in government service and his wide acquaintance in diplomatic circles has given him a fund of knowledge, which his judicial mind presents in concise form. His recent articles in *THE CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE*, on the comparative qualities of Jefferson and Lincoln, were accepted as writings of permanent record. During the last few weeks he has been editing and rewriting material which he gathered some fifteen years ago in regard to the Louisiana Purchase. It is appropriate that at this time, when Connecticut is gaining a front position in the rank of states at the Louisiana Exposition, Judge Munson presents historical proof that a Connecticut man really originated the idea of government control of this vast territory. Mrs. John Marshall Holcombe established the fact, in the preceding issue of *THE CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE*, that Connecticut must be given national recognition as The Birthplace of American Democracy. Judge Munson gives convincing evidence that Connecticut produced the originator of the plan to open up the great territory, the purchase of which, in later years, is now being celebrated at St. Louis. Judge Munson states that a similar argument was at one time presented by him in the *Yale Review*—EDITOR

THE Louisiana Purchase was the greatest real estate transaction ever recorded in history.

Much historical influence leading up to the negotiations and acquisition of this territory was due to a Connecticut man, John Ledyard, born in Groton, in this State, in 1751. He entered Dartmouth College at the age of nineteen to prepare himself as a missionary among the Indians. He left college at the close of the first year, shipped as a sailor to Gibraltar, there enlisted as a soldier. Obtaining his discharge, he accompanied Captain Cook in his voyage to the Pacific in 1776. He revisited Connecticut in 1782, but neither the quiet old town of Groton or the State possessed attractions for him. His restless spirit chafed with the love of adventure. He recrossed the Atlantic, and went to Paris to persuade a mercantile firm there to enter into the fur trade on the

west coast of America, near the mouth of the Columbia river.

While in Paris, in 1787, he had frequent interviews with Thomas Jefferson, one of the three Commissioners sent by Congress to Paris with treaty-making powers for commercial purposes. His conversation was upon the subject and desirability of this government acquiring possession and control of the territory between the Mississippi river and the Pacific ocean.

So firmly was the frontier guarded against incursions into it from our side, that Jefferson says he proposed to Ledyard to go by way of Kamskatska, cross over in some Russian vessel to Nootka Sound, fall down into the latitude of Missouri, and then penetrate through to the United States.

Jefferson says: "Ledyard eagerly seized the idea, and only asked to be assured of the permission of the Rus-

sian government to the undertaking." Jefferson interested himself in obtaining that permission, and Ledyard started with a passport obtained through Jefferson's agency for that purpose.

At 200 miles from Kamskatska, Ledyard was pursued, overtaken, and arrested by an officer of the Empress, who had changed her mind, forbidding him to proceed. He was put into a close carriage, and conveyed back without stopping day or night, till they reached Poland, where he was left with a warning not to return, and his undertaking was abandoned. Chagrined at the disappointment, he resolved upon, and afterwards undertook, a journey into Egypt, but with health shattered by fatigue and exposure, he died at Cairo on the way, January 17th, 1789.

So interested had Jefferson become through his interviews with Ledyard, as to the desirability of our government acquiring this territory, that in 1792 he proposed to the American Philosophical Society to start a subscription and engage some competent persons to explore this region by ascending the Missouri river. This was done. Captain Lewis and a French botanist were selected for the undertaking. They started, and when they arrived at Louisville, Kentucky, they were overtaken by an order from the Minister of France to the French botanist, to relinquish the expedition and it was given up.

But Jefferson never lost sight of the Star of Empire which seemed to him to hang over the region west of the Mississippi river, and his sleepless eye watched with jealous care all the movements in reference, not only to Spanish possessions stretching westward from the east coast of Florida to the Mississippi river, but also he had longing desires to extend our domain west of the Mississippi.

Jefferson, coming to the Presidency March 4th, 1801, selected Captain Lewis to be his private secretary. On the 30th of April, 1803, Jefferson,

through his accredited agents and ministers, bought of the French nation a large farm, and his practical eye selected these two young men, Lewis and Clark, to look it over. His instructions were very explicit, to examine minutely into the condition, traditions, and peculiar characteristics of the Indian tribes, the physical geography of the country, its rivers, mountains, temperature, animals, minerals, and vegetable products, and to make report of their doings and findings to Congress.

A herculean task was before them; but these brave men comprehended the magnitude of the undertaking, and entered upon their work with heroic zeal and patriotic purpose.

Lewis was the scientific and Clark the military director of the expedition, both by fitness and common consent, but Lewis was senior officer, to whom instructions were committed.

Capt. Merriweather Lewis was born in Virginia, August 17th, 1774. He enlisted as a volunteer in the troops called out to suppress the Whisky Insurrection in Pennsylvania in 1795, and became Captain in 1800. Capt. William Clark was born in Virginia, August 1st, 1770. He entered the army as a private, at the age of eighteen, and spent six or seven years in active service, engaged in a crusading warfare against the Indians. He was made Lieutenant March 7th, 1792, became Quartermaster in 1793, and served till 1796, when he resigned.

One hundred years ago on the banks of the Mississippi river, where St. Louis now stands, with its mammoth storehouses, magnificent public buildings, and half a million of inhabitants — then a mere trading post, with a little cluster of log cabins and cheap houses to shelter the traders from the heat of summer and driving winds of winter — was seen a party of thirty persons, under the direction of Lewis and Clark, constructing three crude flat-bottom boats, one of twenty-two, one of seven, and one of six oars, in which, with their supplies, they were



to ascend and explore the Missouri river, and all the vast unknown region drained by its waters. Truly an insignificant outfit for so great an undertaking!

Completing their outfit at St. Louis, they slipped moorings, swung their floating craft out into the Mississippi river, and pulled up stream to the mouth of the Missouri river, about twenty miles above St. Louis.

Here they met with an obstacle not anticipated. The commandant of a Spanish post at that place, in conformity with the policy of his government, refused to let the expedition pass, and they retired to the opposite shore of the Mississippi river, within the unquestioned jurisdiction of the United States, and communicated the cause of their delay to the President at Washington. The difficulties of communication at that early date were so great, that they were obliged to go into winter quarters where they were, in sight of the Spanish flag that proclaimed the omnipotence of the Spanish government over all of the territory beyond.

At the time of which we speak, the western boundary of the United States was the Mississippi river, and the Spanish flag floated over the territory west of that river from the British Possessions on the north to Brazil on the south.

The southern boundary of the United States was the 31st parallel of latitude, and the Spanish Floridas occupied all the intervening country below that line from the Atlantic coast to the Mississippi river, completely shutting off the American people from all communication with the Gulf.

About forty years before this period, seven years of bloody war had come to an end in Europe, in 1762. Victory had perched upon the English banners both upon land and upon sea, in Europe and America. Quebec had surrendered to the victorious army of General Wolfe in 1759, and soon after the French government ceded to the British crown all of her Canadian possessions stretching westward from the

waters of the St. Lawrence, acknowledging the supremacy of England over the Canadian Provinces.

A few years later, November 3d, 1762, France ceded to Spain "that portion of the Province of Louisiana lying east of the Mississippi river and the City of New Orleans"; and on the 13th of the same month, by a separate transaction, ceded "the said country and colony of Louisiana, and the posts thereon depending, likewise the City and Island of New Orleans, to Spain," thereby parting with her entire American dominions.

Shortly after, Spain, February 10, 1763, ceded to England all of her American possessions east of the Mississippi river, except the town of New Orleans, and we were exposed to be harassed by a British army upon the north and south, and by her navy on the east. British exactions culminated in the stirring events of the Revolution. The disasters of that war so embarrassed England in the control of Florida, that, in 1783, the government ceded it back to Spain, and the Spanish flag once more floated from the eastern coast of Florida to the Pacific. October 1st, 1800, Spain, by a secret treaty, transferred the Colony or Province of Louisiana back to France, with no restrictions as to limits, but "with her ancient boundaries as they were when France in 1762 had ceded the province to Spain."

October 16, 1802, two years after the cession, Don Morales, Spanish intendant of Louisiana, issued a proclamation prohibiting the further use by the citizens of the United States of the City of New Orleans as a place of deposit for merchandise, and free transit for our ships down the river to the sea.

December 15, 1802, President Jefferson notified Congress of the secret transfer of Louisiana by Spain back to France, and of the Spanish pronunciamiento, prohibiting American citizens from using the wharves of New Orleans.

Great excitement ensued throughout the country. Congress remonstrated

against the manifesto, and the Western States threatened to resist the edict by force rather than submit to its exactions.

January 10, 1803, James Monroe was appointed special Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary, and directed to proceed at once to Paris, to act in concert with our Ministers, Livingston at Paris and Pinckney at Spain, for the purpose of negotiating a treaty, and securing commercial privileges at New Orleans. Congress granted \$2,000,000 for the purposes of this mission.

At that time war clouds were again hanging thick and threatening over England and France. England was arrogant and powerful. France was humiliated and in want of money. England was preparing to seize the French possessions in America, which had two years before been ceded back by Spain to France, and New Orleans and the Mississippi river were the objective points of attack. Twenty ships from the British navy were cruising in the Gulf of Mexico off the mouth of the river, waiting for the conflict. Napoleon was alive to the situation, and resolved to checkmate England in her plan to obtain the coveted prize.

Accordingly, on the 10th of April, 1803, Napoleon announced to two of his counselors, that he had determined to sell his American possessions to the United States, which had so gallantly defeated the English in the Revolutionary War. His startling proposition met with opposition. The next day he held audience with them again, and when the latest dispatches were read, it was then and there decided that war with England was inevitable, that money was needed to carry it on, that they could not hold their American territory against England — and the only alternative being an immediate sale of the country for money, or a seizure without it, they resolved to sell.

Livingston, our Minister at Paris, was apprised of this proposition, but it so far exceeded the limits of his in-

structions, that he could not negotiate without authority from Washington. To communicate with Washington, and obtain a reply, would occupy about three months. Such a delay would be hazardous to the interests of France and the United States. But the new Minister, James Monroe, was already on his way to Paris, and fortunately arrived there April 12th, 1803. The proposition was submitted to him, and though it exceeded his instructions, he took the responsibility of making the treaty, and it was signed April 30th, 1803. It stipulated that the United States should pay 80,000,000 francs; and, as part of the same transaction, twenty million francs should be applied by the United States at Washington, to the payment of certain claims owed by France to American citizens, if they should amount to that sum. The amount finally agreed upon was \$3,738,268.98.

The whole sum actually paid was in round numbers \$16,000,000 — less than two cents for each one hundred acres of land conveyed.

Never before was a treaty between National Powers hurried to conclusion so rapidly. The matter was conducted so secretly and expeditiously, that the Minister of England at Paris knew nothing of the negotiations till after the treaty was signed. On learning that fact, he at once demanded his passports and left for England.

The French Ambassador at the Court of St. James also took his passport and left. These two eminent men, between whom ties of personal friendship existed, on their way to their respective governments, met at Dover, amid the shadows of a great calamity, which each felt was soon to break upon the world in terrible reality.

The events which followed need no description here. The clash of arms between these two great powers and their allies shook the world from center to circumference. Napoleon, who had carried the eagles of France in triumph through a hundred battles,



went down in the conflict at Waterloo, and the Iron Duke mounted the pedestal of fame, as the conquering hero of the world. The armies of England and her allies dictated terms of peace and conquest in the French Capital, and Napoleon, a prisoner of State, on the 8th of August, 1815, turned his face in banishment from the city and people he loved so well, and went into exile at St. Helena, to behold them no more forever.

The light of his life went out May 15, 1821, and his bones rested on the wave-washed shores of St. Helena till 1840, when they were brought back to his beloved Paris, amid triumphal arches, and the plaudits and peans of a nation devoted to his name.

Americans who visit his tomb should remember that it was his act that gave us the title deeds to the greatest real estate transaction ever recorded. The "Louisiana Purchase" was hardly second in importance to the Declaration of Independence, in the history of our government.

Although Spain had ceded the Colony or Province of Louisiana back to France two years before France ceded it to the United States, yet France had never taken formal possession of any part of it. Not a Spanish flag had been lowered or a French flag raised anywhere, to indicate that there had been a change of national sovereignty or of national supremacy. Even at New Orleans, Spanish rule continued, and we paid tribute for the right to deposit our products and merchandise for export and import, and for the right of ingress and egress to the Mississippi river, and even those rights had been suspended by Spain in an imperious, arrogant manner, without protest from France. Spanish rule had become odious to the American people, especially to those living in the Western States, and they chafed for deliverance from their exactions and prohibitions. Congress was even debating the question of removing them by force of arms, and of seizing New Orleans. A crisis would have been

precipitated but for the cool, calculating, far-reaching wisdom of Jefferson, who had plans for a peaceable acquisition, not then divulged to the public ear. But Jefferson could not long have kept the people quiet, if the treaty had not been made. Spanish restrictions and geographical lines favored an enterprise for conquest of the country, and the people were ripe for the undertaking. England was also about to attempt the seizure; and England and America would have contended for the prize, as they afterwards did in the war which culminated in victory for our forces under General Jackson, January 8th, 1815, which saved New Orleans and the river from British interference.

The treaty having arrived in this country July 1st, 1803, President Jefferson called an extra session of Congress, which assembled October 17th, 1803; and, two days after, ratified the treaty, clothing Jefferson with authority to enforce it. He lost no time in taking possession, and proclaiming the sovereignty of the United States over it as fast as events would justify. The ships on the coast, carrying the figurehead of the British lion on their bows, and flying the flag of St. George at the mast head, ready to seize New Orleans and all other French American territory, retreated from the Gulf without a shot, at the sight of the American flag, and New Orleans was ours. England has lost her opportunity, and America gained it.

In the meantime, the Spanish officials at the mouth of the Missouri river and other points in the territory, had been notified that they were no longer needed to stand sentinel at the opening gateway of a country larger in extent than Spain and France together, and that the United States had acquired possession of all the vast realm beyond, to provide homes for its rapidly increasing family. Accordingly, Lewis and Clark now received instructions to move on; and on the 4th of May, 1804, armed with passports from foreign ministers, and backed by



the United States Government, they again started on their mission, passed without opposition the Spanish post, where the autumn before they had been turned back, and, bidding farewell to civilization, entered the unknown country, to open up to the eye of civilization the value of the "Louisiana Purchase."

The territory covered by this "Purchase" was of vast extent and undefined proportions. Not a boundary line was given or referred to in the treaty, and the only reference to the *locus in quo* was "the Colony or Province of Louisiana with the same extent it now has in the hands of Spain, and that it had when France possessed it, and such as it should be after the treaties subsequently entered into between Spain and other States."

Could language make anything more ambiguous and uncertain? At first it was supposed that the treaty and cession carried all the Floridas, but Spain claimed the Floridas under conquest and cession from Great Britain, and refused to surrender possession, but did surrender New Orleans and the Province of Louisiana to France, November 30th, 1803, only twenty days before France formally surrendered them to the Government of the United States. Able statesmen claimed that the treaty covered Florida and the whole of Texas to the Rio Grande. But this claim was denied by Spain.

The American Government claimed that the purchase embraced all the northern portion of the country bordering the British possessions from the Mississippi river to the Pacific ocean. This claim was on the strength of the French explorations by Marquette in 1663 on the Mississippi river from Canada to the Gulf followed by French explorations of the river and country under Lasalle in 1680.

The United States also set up an independent claim to the Oregon country, based, first, upon its original discovery by Captain Robert Gray, an American navigator, who discovered

and sailed up the Columbia river in 1791, giving to the river the name of his ship; secondly, upon the fact that a trading post had been established by Americans on Snake river, west of the mountains, and thirdly, that another trading post had been established at Astoria, in Oregon, by John Jacob Astor, who gave the town his own name.

Thus the discovery of Oregon by Americans had been followed up by actual settlements in the country.

These claims to the Oregon country were denied by Spain, which contended that all the region west of the mountains was Spanish territory, stretching from Mexico to the British possessions, basing their rights on prior discovery, and the fact that Spanish settlements had been made on the Pacific slope.

Which of the two claims was the stronger and the better founded in national or international law, in fact or in presumption, we need not discuss. The subject of the boundaries, and the right of national supremacy in the Oregon country, in Texas, and the complicated relations in the Spanish Floridas, were matters of grave dispute and serious concern between Spain and the United States, to be settled either by the arbitrament of war or by diplomacy. General Jackson, in his hot chase after the Seminole Indians, followed them with his army, without the orders or consent of his government, across our southern boundary into Florida in 1818, where he burned Spanish towns, shot Spanish subjects upon Spanish soil, seized a trader at a Spanish post and an Englishman — court-martialed them, hung one upon the yard-arm of an English vessel of which he was an officer,—riddled the other with American bullets as he sat upon his coffin with arms pinioned and eyes bandaged, captured Spanish forts along the Gulf, and garrisoned them with American forces. England, Spain, and other foreign powers were greatly exasperated over what was deemed

a flagrant violation of national compact and international law by Jackson in this raid and murder upon foreign soil.

War with Spain was imminent, and England threatened retaliation for the murder of her subjects upon Spanish soil, and was contemplating an alliance with Spain for offensive operations against the United States.

Bitter feelings and divided sentiment among eminent statesmen in Congress also sprung up over the lawless acts of Jackson, which crystallized into political parties, that lasted while Jackson lived, and lived after Jackson died.

James Monroe, who secured the treaty with France, was then President of the United States, and his practical wisdom did much to keep down the turbulent elements of political animosities, and guide the affairs of State into a channel of peaceful deliverance from threatened danger. Knowing the absence of definite boundaries, the inherent obscurities and patent ambiguities in the articles of cession which conveyed the purchase, Monroe regarded the matter of sufficient importance for negotiation and compromise. Negotiations were opened, and to secure a final adjustment of all difficulties between Spain and the United States, a treaty was formed, February 22d, 1819, and ratified February 22d, 1822, by which we gave up our claim to Texas from the Sabine to the Rio Grande, and Spain gave up Florida and abandoned all the rights that she had claimed to the north land, west of the mountains. Our release of Texan territory was regarded by many as an unnecessary surrender to Spanish demands, but the settlement freed us from complications which Spain could not overlook, and our government could not justify.

The acquisition of Florida not only added to our national domain a territory seven times larger than Massachusetts, but gave us an unbroken line of sea coast from Nova Scotia on the north to the Sabine Pass on the south,

with no foreign waters washing our shores, and no unfriendly settlements to embarrass our commerce.

Thus a full settlement of our boundary lines and border difficulties was effected. The soil of Florida, moistened by Spanish and English blood spilled by Jackson, peacefully passed under the flag of the United States, and Spanish grievances were ended.

England, learning the turn events had taken with Spain, blustered for a while, then bandaged the eyes of her lions, and we were at peace with all the world, with a country united from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Jackson was rewarded for his audacity, made United States Senator from Tennessee, and then President of the United States from 1829 to 1837; and tradition has it, that there were those who continued to vote for him for that office long after his death, June 8th, 1845.

The extent of the territory embraced in the Louisiana Purchase is but little understood or comprehended by the people of this country today. It is a territory larger in extent than the thirteen original States of the Union; it is greater in agricultural resources, richer in mineral wealth, has a greater variety of climate and soil. Its mountains are magnificent in grandeur, its scenery the finest, its natural curiosities the most remarkable in the country; and its river courses the longest in the world.

This whole territory was shut up in seclusion, with its solitudes unbroken, except by the war-whoop of the Indian, and the growl of wild beasts echoing through the forests. The buffalo and wild horse roamed at will over its vast prairies; the stately elk, the timid deer, and the sprightly antelope chewed their cuds in contentment. The bear and the wolf were monarchs of the forest, and snapped their teeth at settlers as they reared their rude cabins in the wilderness. The beaver built its dams, and the otter gambolled in its waters unmolested. Feathered



game and feathered songsters reared their young undisturbed, and caroled their songs upon morning air, laden with the perfumes of eternal summer. The Indian pursued his game unmolested, worshipping the Fatherhood in the spirit of sunlight, which illuminated the happy hunting grounds with coveted trophies at his bidding. Tropical fruits ripened and dropped in abundance upon the land at one extremity, while icy chains locked the water springs and covered the earth with snowy mantles at the other; gentle breezes from grassy plains, and sea air from salted waves, swept the land, over a region of country stretching from the Gulf to the Lakes, and the Lakes to the Pacific ocean, a country large enough for an empire, and rich enough for the ambition of kings.

In the history that we are so rapidly making, in the marvelous achievements that we are familiar with, it is well to remember the beginnings, that we may the better appreciate the results. The human mind is aided in comprehending magnitudes by familiar comparisons.

To this end we will call attention to the fact that Connecticut has only a territorial area of 4,990 square miles; Massachusetts, 8,315; and the State of New York, 49,170 square miles. Now the "Louisiana Purchase," excluding Texas, embraced a territorial area 260 times larger than Connecticut; 150 times larger than Massachusetts, and 26 times larger than New York.

What have we done with this magnificent empire farm, purchased 100 years ago?

In 1812, we admitted Louisiana as a State into the Union, with 48,720 square miles.

In 1821, we admitted Missouri, with 69,415 square miles.

In 1836, we admitted Arkansas, with 52,250 square miles.

In 1845, we admitted Iowa, with 56,025 square miles, and the same year admitted Florida, with 58,680 square miles.

In 1858, we admitted Minnesota, with 83,365 square miles.

In 1861, we admitted Kansas, with 82,080 square miles.

In 1867, we admitted Nebraska, with 76,855 square miles.

In 1876, we admitted Colorado, with 103,925 square miles. A portion of this State, lying west of the Rocky mountains, was not included in the Louisiana Purchase, but was obtained by the "Gaudalupe Hidalgo Treaty," which gave us Utah, Arizona, etc. So we will put down for Colorado only 60,000 square miles as obtained by the "Purchase."

February 22, 1889, at one dash of the pen, we admitted North and South Dakota, with an aggregate area of 150,932 square miles, and Montana, with 146,080 square miles.

Wyoming, with 97,890 square miles, was admitted into the Union in 1890.

Twelve great States, each nearly double the size of New York, have already been admitted into the Union out of territory east of the Rocky mountains; and we have in addition, the Indian Territory, with 64,690 square miles, and the Yellowstone, or National Park, with 3,575 square miles.

The strip of land, like an index finger pointing westward, seen on the map of the Indian Territory, was ceded by Texas to the United States, December 13, 1850. Call the Indian Territory 50,000 square miles under the Purchase.

There was also taken from Florida, south of the 31st parallel of latitude, 2,300 square miles to be added to Alabama, and also 3,600 square miles which was added to Mississippi, to give to those two States a water front upon the Gulf of Mexico.

In the territory west of the mountains, we have Oregon, with 96,030 square miles, admitted into the Union as a State in 1859; Washington, with 69,994 square miles, which was admitted as a State, February 22, 1889; and Idaho, with 84,800 square miles, admitted into the Union as a State in



1890; making fifteen States already admitted out of the Louisiana Purchase.

Whether all these political divisions of territory west of the mountains and Florida were actually embraced in the Louisiana Purchase or not, that Purchase was the key that confirmed our title, and gave us quiet possession of a land that receives the last golden baptism of the sun, ere he sinks behind the billows of the Pacific; and also gave us the land of flowers and tropical fruits in the peninsula of Florida.

We have discussed this matter as though there might be a shadow of doubt as to whether this North Land, west of the mountains, was included in the Louisiana Purchase. An eminent historian gives the crest of the Rocky mountains as the western boundary of the "Purchase," but the first time we find that boundary line mentioned, is in our treaty with Spain in 1819, when we were settling disputes and difficulties growing out of disputed boundaries and other complicated relations.

Congressional Records compiled in 1884, which describe the public domain that we have acquired by treaties, cessions and conquests, after careful investigation and analysis of each, classify these three political divisions, Oregon, Washington and Idaho, as embraced within the Louisiana Purchase.

We find on examination of "Congressional Records" concerning this North Land, the following bit of history.

"The French, prior to the sale of the province of Louisiana and possessions to the United States, claimed the country south of the British possessions and west of the Mississippi river to the Pacific ocean, by reason of discovery and exploration of the Mississippi river. This claim the United States, being the successor of France, also urged and stood upon."

"The United States held an independent claim to that portion of the

Louisiana Purchase known as Oregon, based upon the discovery of the mouth of the Columbia river in May, 1791, by Captain Gray, of Boston, in the ship *Columbia*, naming the river after the name of his ship."

Let us now go back to our starting point, an inconsiderable period in the history of a nation, and behold the rapid strides we have made, in all the physical realities of life. Take one more look at the little band of explorers, toiling up at the expense of sinews of flesh and blood, paddling, wading, pushing and pulling their rough boats up the turbulent waters of the Missouri, filed with snags and sand bars, its banks lined with trees and tangle wood, and follow them in imagination as they overcome one obstacle just in time to encounter another, stopping where night overtakes them to gather strength for the next day's experiences. Think of them in the wilderness, in the years of isolation from civilized life, mindful only of the scenes they are passing through, and of the great work before them; then drop a memorial leaf to the memory of faithful men, who served well their country in their day and generation.

We annually set apart one day in three hundred and sixty-five to recount the brave deeds, and strew flowers upon the graves of the heroic dead who fell in the great struggle for a nation's unity, and we do well; but no one generation has the exclusive honor of furnishing heroes who fall in life's battles. Struggles for a fuller and higher development of all the agencies that crown duty's call and life's faithful work everywhere call for gratitude. In the sweep of events, where brave deeds and heroic work are forgotten, let us not forget Captains Lewis and Clark, whose memory should be cherished while years revolve and the sun shines. They did their work faithfully, grandly, well, and we are enjoying the fruits of their labor. Since their day, how changed the realities of our national life. The

mighty Missouri river — with its swift current, its shifting sand bars, here today and there tomorrow, filled with snags which have come down from mountain forests — still rolls its floods to the sea, in some places distant from where those first explorers passed over its murky bosom, not then as now bearing the wealth of a nation.

Instead of boats creeping up its waters impelled by oars, now steam power, harnessed to great ships, more numerous than the ships of Tarshish, laden with passengers and freight, plow up and down its waters for thousands of miles, opening up to settlement and civilization a vast, rich country, which our countrymen can have, almost for the asking.

Great cities line the river banks. Railroad bridges span its waters from shore to shore, civilized homes, cultivated fields, and rich harvests brighten the landscape, greeting the eye in all directions. Ponderous railroad trains move over its vast plains, winding through dismal chasms, and climbing along frightful precipices, drawing the wealth of nations from ocean to ocean, and from the lakes to the gulf.

A short time ago, a cargo of two thousand tons of tea from Yokohama, arrived at Tacoma, in the State of Washington, consigned to St. Paul, Chicago and New York. To move this tea required twenty freight trains of ten cars each, at an expense of \$35 a ton, or  $1\frac{3}{4}$  cents a pound, to transport it from Yokohama to its destination. This tea came by the Northern Pacific Railroad, over a route part of which was traversed by Lewis and Clark, in their expedition to the Pacific. Its transit from Tacoma to New York occupied eight days and four hours. It took Lewis and Clark two years, four months and nineteen days of weary travel to make the journey from the Mississippi river to Portland, Oregon, and back. Now railroad trains with luxurious compartments come and go regularly between the Pacific and the Mississippi river, with civilized homes brightening the

landscape in all directions, where not one in all the region greeted the eyes of Lewis and Clark.

This territory between the Mississippi river and the Pacific ocean, then an unbroken wilderness, is today a great empire, bustling with activities — its development too rapid to be calculated, and its possibilities too great to be guessed at. Railroads penetrate the country in all directions. The telegraph flashes daily intelligence from Rocky mountain homes into editorial rooms in New York, London, Paris, and St. Petersburg; the steam press catches it up, sending it off at the rate of 100,000 impressions an hour, and it is read in every part of the civilized globe, in different languages, before the pointers on the dial plate complete their circuit.

The widely separated dates between the signing of the Treaty at Paris, April 30th, and its arrival at Washington, July 1st, — between the draft of instructions to Captain Lewis and the signing of them June 30th, seems almost incredible to us, accustomed as we are to quick thinking and rapid execution, but when we remember that it was in 1807 that the first steamboat plowed the waters of the Hudson to Albany, that it was in 1826 that the first railroad was constructed, running four miles from the Quincy quarries in Massachusetts to tide water, that not a telegraph wire was stretched in the land, that 100 years ago the post rider mounted his horse with mail pouch and saddle bags, and traveled on horseback through the wilderness and over the mountains from Washington to the Mississippi river, we can realize in some measure the delays and difficulties of the journey of Lewis and Clark.

It took President Jefferson weeks to communicate a line or a word from Washington to the Mississippi river in any direction. Now when the President delivers his inaugural message at Washington, one telegraph wire catches it up and sends it to the Pacific ocean; and though it covers a



printed page of a newspaper, it is there received, three thousand miles distant, three hours in point of time before its delivery,—is there published, without the loss of a word or omission of a comma, and read simultaneously in point of time with its delivery in Washington. Another wire starts it down to Mexico and the South American States; another sends it through the ocean to London, Paris, St. Petersburg, and on to the Isles of the Sea.

We had supposed that the telegraph, having annihilated distance and time, could have no rival in the field; but lo! the telephone appears, a man may sit at one end of the wire and call to a friend at the other, who listens to the words of a familiar voice, delivers his commercial orders, and pockets his ducats, before a telegraphic message reaches its destination.

These magic wires, stretching over all lands—through all waters—are earth's heart-cords, making this planet of ours a living creature, sensitive through every fiber of its gigantic frame, along whose quivering nerves and throbbing pulses the great human mind thinks, and the great human voice speaks of realities that crown our national life with achievements, greater than Jefferson comprehended or dreamed of.

Instead of wind-bound, storm-baffled sailing craft, with forty day manifests from London, Liverpool or Paris, such as Jefferson depended upon for means of communication in his day, now great floating steam palaces, with home comforts, come and go in their six-day pastimes, regardless of wind or weather, with holiday entertainments the journey over. Instead of a mail pouch hung across the saddle-tree, carrying a week's mail from Washington to the Mississippi river in a month's time as in Jefferson's day, now thirty span of horses could not haul one day's mail from Washington to St. Louis, in any one month of the year.

No man, however extensive his

reading, his knowledge of statistics, can have by such means alone any adequate idea of the vastness and value of the "Louisiana Purchase." He will fall short of the great reality which can only open before him as he journeys over it by steam power day after day in a continuous direction, and comprehends by comparison and contrast that the great Empire State of New York is, after all, a mere speck upon the surface, but dust in the balance, when weighed against the mighty empire embraced within the "Louisiana Purchase."

Sixteen millions of dollars was a large sum for our country to assume at that early date, and yet, the sum paid for the entire purchase is not equal to the product of the mines in Montana for one month, or the wheat of Kansas or the corn of Iowa for a single year.

Jefferson, though doubting his constitutional right to make the purchase, was greatly pleased with the result of the negotiations, though many of his countrymen were displeased with what seemed to them an enormous price to be paid. Jefferson encountered fierce opposition by reason thereof throughout our scattered population, but Congress promptly ratified the treaty, and opposition soon turned to praise.

When Jefferson prepared his instructions to Lewis and Clark, he spoke of all that western territory as foreign land. We find in his instructions the following:

"As your movements while within the limits of the United States will be better directed by occasional communications adapted to circumstances as they arise, will not be noticed here. What follows will respect your proceedings after your departure from the United States.

"Your mission has been communicated to the Ministers here from France, Spain and Great Britain, and through them to their governments, and such assurances given them as to its objects as we trust will satisfy



them. The country of Louisiana, having been ceded by Spain to France, the passport you have from the Minister of France, the representative of the present sovereign of the country, will be a protection of all its subjects, and that from the Minister of England will entitle you to the friendly aid of the traders of that allegiance with whom you may happen to meet."

Armed with these passports, and backed with assistance and orders of our government, the expedition started, and faithfully completed the work assigned them, returning to St. Louis, September 23d, 1806, having crossed the country from the mouth of the Missouri river to the mouth of the Columbia river on the Pacific coast and back again.

General Sherman's march to the sea was not attended with more anxiety to the government and the country than was the absence of this little band, unheard of for more than two years. Their return to St. Louis was heralded with delight all over the country, and a great burden of suspense lifted from the heart of the nation.

Many of the rivers, mountains, rocks and places received names from them which they bear today.

Their observant eyes, practical wisdom, and marvelous surmounting of difficulties will not cease to be a wonder to all who are acquainted with their great work. The writer, having traveled by easy conveyance thousands of miles over the country by the route they pursued, can never cease to wonder at the marvelous achievements of those brave, persevering men.

Captain Lewis, soon after his return, was made Governor of Louisiana, and Captain Clark, general of its militia, and agent of the United States for Indian affairs in that department. Lewis, with poor health, and a constitution shattered by the fatigues and exposures of the expedition, committed suicide near Nashville, Tennessee, on his way from St.

Louis to Washington, October 11th, 1809.

President Madison appointed Captain Clark Governor of Missouri in 1813, which position he held until Missouri was admitted into the Union. In 1822 he was appointed Superintendent of Indian affairs, which office he held at his death in St. Louis, September 1st, 1838.

A debt of gratitude to the men who composed the Lewis and Clark expedition was recognized by Congress, and a donation of public lands was made which at that early day was of small value. Men of less public consideration have received greater public rewards.

How much this nation and the world at large is indebted to Thomas Jefferson and James Monroe, for the peaceful acquisition of this territory amid threatening and impending difficulties, can never be told or comprehended.

This purchase gave us the breadth of the continent from ocean to ocean, the command of its rivers and harbors, the wealth of its mountains, its plains and valleys, a country sweeping from the Gulf to the Lakes and the Lakes to the Sea, in which is being worked out the sublimest problems of human life and of self-government in the interests of the people.

We cannot speak particularly of each State and Territory carved out of the "Louisiana Purchase." A country so vast, extending through so many degrees of latitude and longitude, embracing so many States and Territories, such a variety of climate and natural features, cannot be individualized or grouped together in a single paper.

Each State and Territory has its own individuality, in many respects different from its fellows. The writer has only shown the Genealogical Tree from which these several States and Territories have sprung, and brought together such data as it may be desirable to remember.

# CONNECTICUT AND THE EXPOSITION

AFTER many generations of scholastic attainment, mercantile achievement, inventive genius, and honorable statesmanship, Connecticut has gained national recognition as a leader of commonwealths. The historical significance of the State has been given a distinguished and permanent rating. No longer are its geographical limitations an argument against its true importance; material littleness is completely set aside in the overwhelming weight of its political greatness. Physical diminutiveness is frequently overbalanced by mental largeness. In Connecticut, narrowness in area has been overcome by breadth of intellect and bigness of heart. From the first written constitution known to history to the inventive skill of to-day is a long roll of achievements—and Connecticut's sons hold a large proportion of the positions of honor.

With the opening of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis, Connecticut begins a new epoch. It attains, after a long struggle, its well-earned rank in statecraft. The Connecticut State Building at St. Louis is accredited with reflecting the truest type of American home life; its quiet culture and refined artistic bearing make it a study in national character. Its atmosphere is that of unostentatious home breeding; its furnishings teach a silent lesson in true patriotism; its nobility of architecture bespeaks good citizenship. The Connecticut State Building is psychological; its design denotes moral purpose; its structural workmanship is emblematic of stability; its wide and inviting portals typify generous hospitality and true democracy; the tone of its great rooms is that of simple, virtuous living.



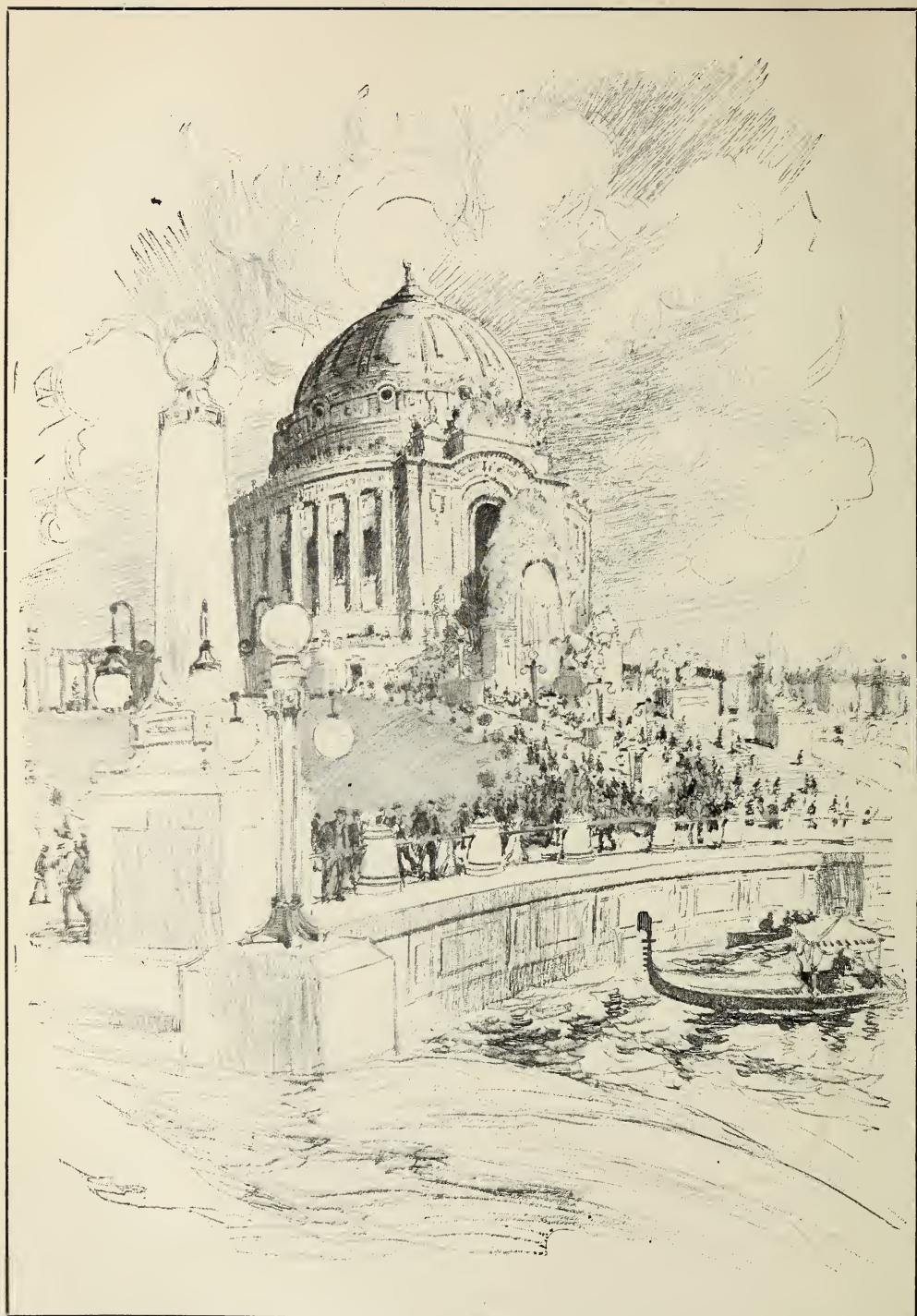
Courtesy EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

# LOUISIANA PURCHASE MONUMENT

Drawing by Vernon Howe Bailey

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FESTIVAL HALL AND CASCADES: CHIEF FEATURE OF ARCHITECTURAL SCHEME  
Drawing by Vernon Howe Bailey

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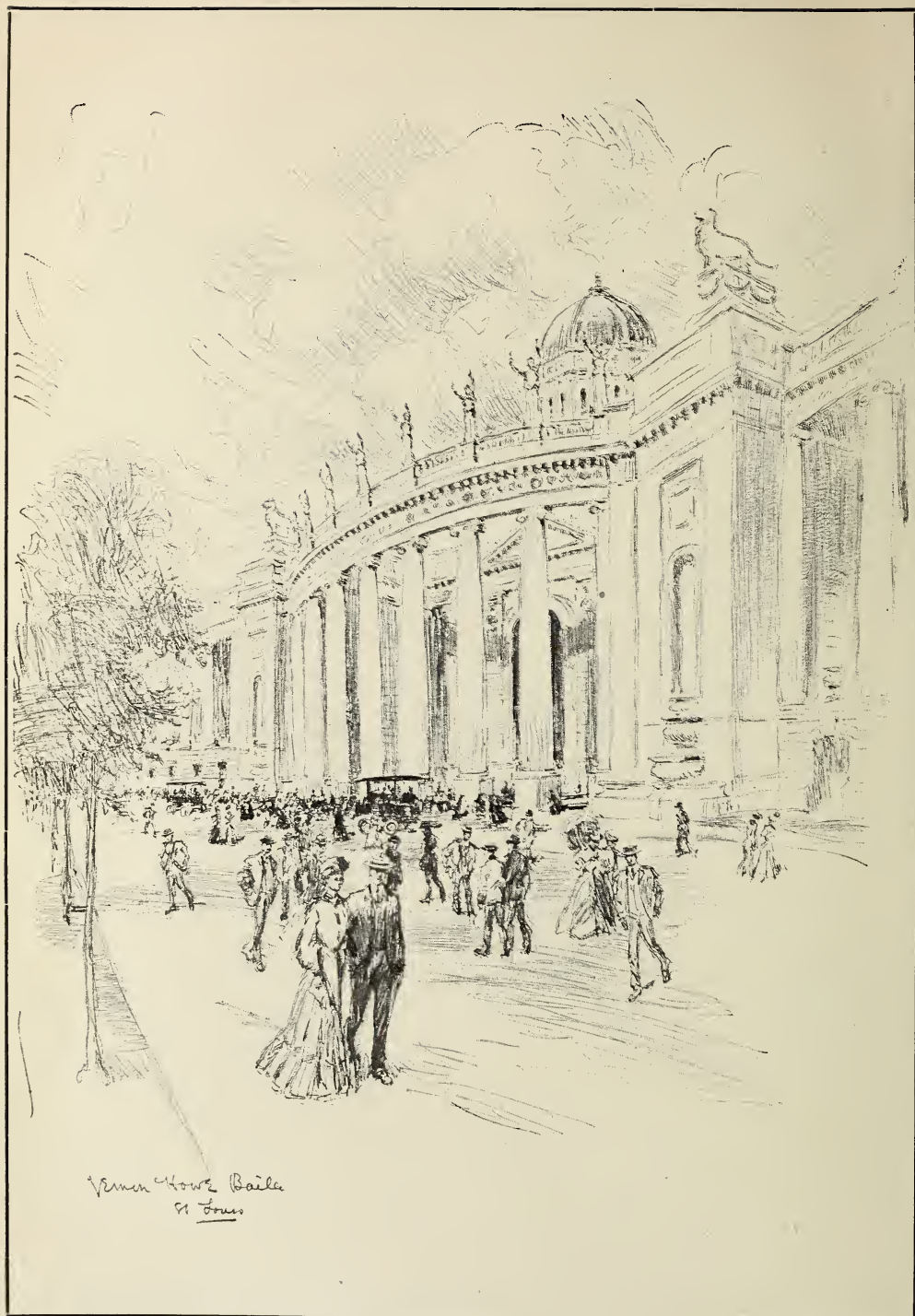
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# GREAT TOWERS

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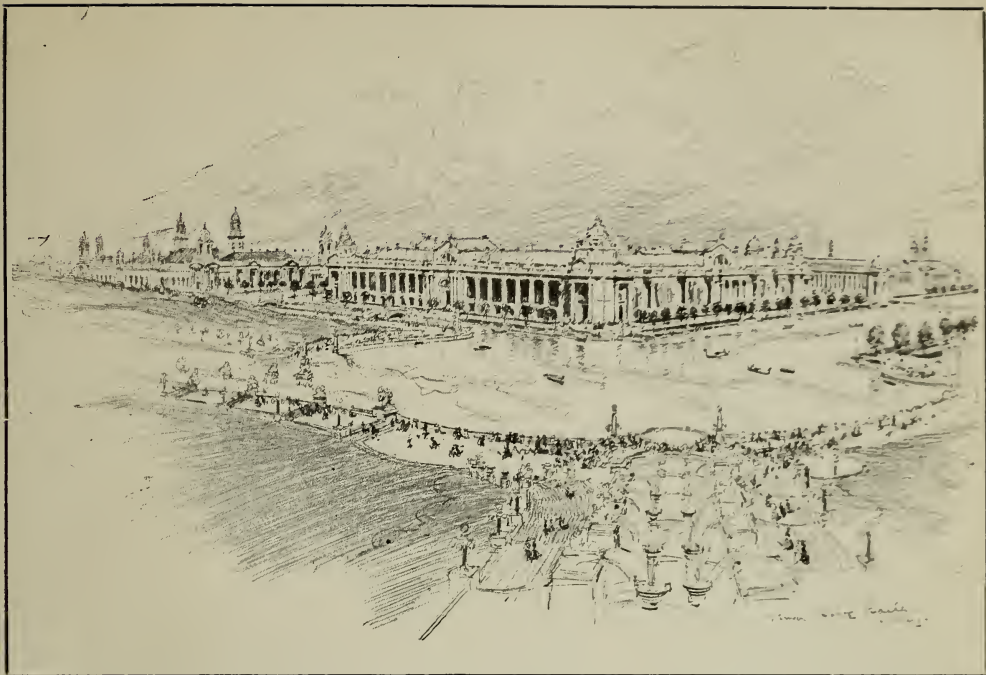
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MAIN ENTRANCE TO PALACE OF VARIED INDUSTRIES

Drawing by Vernon Howe Bailey

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# PANORAMA SCENE FROM THE TERRACE GARDENS

Drawing by Vernon Howe Bailey

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# THE GOVERNORS OF CONNECTICUT

BEING THE EIGHTH AND LAST OF THE SERIES OF  
BIOGRAPHIES OF CHIEF EXECUTIVES OF STATE

BY

FREDERICK CALVIN NORTON

Mr. Norton completes his several years of research and investigation in this article. While he has not attempted to present comparative qualities, he has given an interesting story of the lives and accomplishments of the Governors of Connecticut. The biographical statements were gathered from descendants of the earlier executives and from public records. In the later biographies an intimate acquaintance with the men has given a still stronger character to the story, and increased historical value. Mr. Norton's compilation will now go into book form, all rights having been granted by THE CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE. The author will continue important biographical collections for this publication—EDITOR

## GEORGE EDWARD LOUNSBURY

1899-1901

Two Years

THE second Governor Lounsbury was born on May 7, 1838, in the town of Pound Ridge, Winchester County, N. Y., where his father and mother were temporarily living. He is the fifth child of Nathan and Delia Scofield Lounsbury, and brother of Ex-Governor Phineas C. Lounsbury. All of his immediate ancestors were natives of Stamford and Governor Lounsbury is in reality a native of this State. His parents removed to Ridgefield when their son was less than a year old, and since that time he has made the town his home. For over sixty years he has resided in the farmhouse that his father owned before him. He attended the district school and received all the training that the ordinary country school was capable of in those days. When seventeen years of age Mr. Lounsbury commenced to teach school, and followed the occupation three winters, working on his father's farm in summer and studying during his spare time. At the age of twenty, entirely self-prepared, Mr. Lounsbury entered Yale College, where he gained a reputation for being a thorough student. His career at Yale was quite brilliant and he was graduated in 1863 with high

honors. Although the parents of Mr. Lounsbury were Methodists, he embraced the Episcopal faith, and entered the Berkeley Divinity School at Middletown to prepare for the ministry. He was graduated from that institution in 1866, and for a year or more had charge of the Episcopal churches in Suffield and Thompsonville. A writer in the *Hartford Courant* says: "He is still remembered for the eloquence of his sermons and the kind-heartedness of his parish work. A swelling of the muscles of the throat, brought on by over-training in elocution and threatening to become chronic, caused him to refuse to take the vows of priesthood and to enter upon a career of business."

Accordingly Mr. Lounsbury formed a partnership with his brother, P. C. Lounsbury, and commenced the manufacture of shoes in New Haven. Later the concern removed to South Norwalk, where the business has been successfully carried on for many years. Mr. Lounsbury is now the senior member of the firm of Lounsbury, Mathewson & Company.

During a period of twenty-seven years Mr. Lounsbury persistently refused to accept any political office, but in 1894 he was nominated for Senator



*From reproduction for The Connecticut Magazine*

*George E. Lounsbury*



in the Twelfth District. His popularity was demonstrated at the election that fall which resulted in a victory for him of over 1,300 majority. During the session of 1895 he was Chairman of the Committee on Finance, "which," says the *Courant*, "was distinguished for its ability and the unanimity with which its reports were accepted by both houses of the Legislature."

He was re-elected in 1896 by over 2,700 majority, which was a larger vote than any other Republican candidate received in his district. He also ran considerably ahead of the McKinley election, a record that was equalled only by one other Senator in Connecticut. In the session of 1897 Mr. Lounsbury was Chairman of the Committee on Humane Institutions. He distinguished himself to such an extent that the Republican leaders saw in him the most desirable candidate for Governor, and at the Convention held in August at New Haven, Mr. Lounsbury was accordingly nominated for that high office.

In the election which followed Mr. Lounsbury received 81,015 votes against 64,227 for Daniel N. Morgan, the Democratic candidate. He was inaugurated Governor of Connecticut on January 4, 1899, and served the State acceptably for two years, retiring on January 9, 1901.

The *Hartford Courant* says of Governor Lounsbury: "His home is that of a thrifty, well-to-do farmer. Wealth, which would have been spent by many men in more showy ways of living, has been used by him in helping the poor. He has not been conspicuous in large donations to rich churches or to the fashionable charities of the day, but has rather sought the needy and helped them over the rough, hard places. There are scores of families who have had a better life, because he has been content with his simple style of living."

Governor Lounsbury is one of the most companionable of men, and his simple, unaffected cordiality has won

for him a vast circle of friends and admirers.

## GEORGE PAYNE MCLEAN

1901-1903 — Two Years

George Payne McLean is a native of Simsbury and was born in that town on October 7, 1857. His father was Dudley B. McLean, a leading farmer of that town, and the Governor's grandfather, Rev. Allen McLean, was pastor of the Congregational church in the same town for over half a century.

The McLeans have been prominent in the history of Simsbury from the colonial period and the name has long been an honored one in that section. Governor McLean's mother, Mary Payne, was a daughter of Solomon Payne, a man of prominence in Windham County, and a direct descendant from Governor William Bradford and Captain John Mason. Mr. McLean attended the public schools of Simsbury during the winters of his boyhood and labored on his father's farm in the summers. When he had completed the course of study offered by the Simsbury schools he went to Hartford and became a student in the High School of that city. He was chosen editor of the school paper during his junior year and exhibited at that early age ample manifestation of his pronounced ability. Graduating from the High School in 1877, Mr. McLean entered the office of the *Hartford Post* where he became a reporter at a salary of seven dollars a week. He did much good work for that paper and remained on the staff two years, but finding the life unattractive he turned his attention to the law. Mr. McLean then entered the law office of the late lamented Henry C. Robinson at Hartford. While pursuing his studies he supported himself by keeping books for Trinity College for which he received \$300 a year. He was admitted to the bar in Hartford in 1881, thoroughly fitted for the profession as has been demonstrated by his subsequent



*From reproduction for The Connecticut Magazine by Randall*

Geo. P. M. Lean.

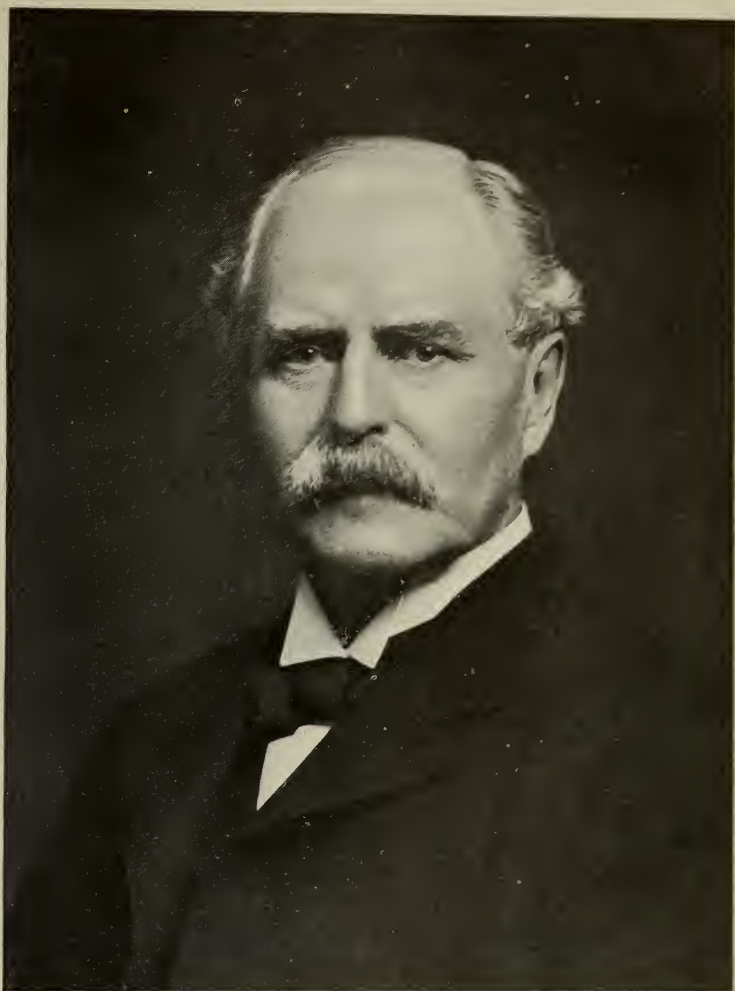
career. A writer has said of Mr. McLean: "Embracing this profession, he made no mistake. It is exactly suited to his temperament. He has the mind of an advocate and of a jurist as well. He is able to get all there is in a case; he prepares his cases thoroughly and is an able cross-examiner."

When he commenced to practice Mr. McLean continued in the office of Mr. Robinson, but lived in Simsbury which he had always made his home. His law practice grew rapidly and he soon became not only a leading lawyer, but one of the Republican leaders. Although very young he was successful in "holding his own against all comers," as a writer remarks. He was elected a Republican member of the House of Representatives from Simsbury in 1883. His career in the Legislature was uncommonly brilliant for so young a man, and he made a record there that was not soon forgotten. He was the chairman of the Committee on State's Prison, and was instrumental in making a radical change in the methods of hearing petitions for pardons from the prisoners. He prepared a bill which provided for the present Board of Pardons, consisting of the Governor ex-officio, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and certain other members of the bench, a doctor and sundry citizens. Previous to this all petitions from inmates of the prison were heard by the General Assembly. His bill met with speedy approval and acceptance, the board was organized in the fall of 1884. Mr. McLean was made its clerk and remained in that position until he was elected Governor. In 1885, Governor Henry B. Harrison, remembering the fine legislative work of Mr. McLean, appointed him on a commission to revise the statute law of the State. Although only twenty-nine years of age he ably performed this delicate task. His associates on the commission were Judges James A. Hovey, Augustus H. Fenn, and R. J. Walsh. Mr. McLean was induced to enter the field in 1885 for the nomination as Senator in the Third Senatorial

District. He was duly nominated, elected by a large majority and took his seat in the Senate in 1886, where he at once became a leader. Mr. McLean was a prominent speaker in the presidential campaign of 1888, and to him was due much of the credit for the Republican majority in Connecticut.

In 1890 he became the candidate for Secretary of State on the Republican ticket, but as that was the year of the famous "dead lock," Mr. McLean was not elected. The entire Connecticut Congressional delegation recommended Mr. McLean for United States Attorney in 1892, and President Harrison appointed him to that position. He filled the office for four years and did so well that he won for the government every criminal case that was tried, and every civil case except one. During this period he was also counsel for the State Comptroller and for the State Treasurer, and represented the State in the action brought by the corporation of Yale University in 1893, seeking to enjoin the State Treasurer from paying to Storrs Agricultural College any part of the funds accruing to the State of Connecticut under certain Congressional enactments of 1862 and 1890. Mr. McLean's professional work in the conduct of these cases, says Joseph L. Barbour, and in the preparation of the argument before the commission was of the highest order, won for him the commendation of the leading lawyers of the State, and resulted in a substantial victory for the cause. Mr. McLean's name was put forward early in 1900 for the Republican nomination for Governor and he received the same in the Convention which met in New Haven on September 5. When being informed of his nomination, Mr. McLean went to the Convention hall and made a short speech, which was pronounced at the time to be "a masterpiece of tact and eloquence, exactly suited to the somewhat peculiar conditions of the moment."





*From reproduction for The Connecticut Magazine by Randolph*

*St. Christopher*

Mr. McLean said in part: "The information which I have just received at the hands of your committee is dearer to me than anything else I have ever heard, or shall hear, until I am notified of my election. It would be impossible for me to express to you, and to each and every one of you, my gratitude. I am the candidate of the best party on earth, and for the highest office in the gift of the people of the best State in the Union. You have put your confidence in me; you have conferred upon me a great honor and a sacred trust. It is unnecessary for me to say that if elected I shall be elected without pledge or promise to any man save the one I shall make to every citizen of Connecticut, without regard to party, when I take the oath of office. It is unnecessary for me to say that my sole hope and effort will be to keep unspotted before God and man the bright shield of the State I love. I don't pretend to be better than my fellow-man. My life has its blunders and its regrets. There are thousands of men in Connecticut as well qualified, and better than I am, to hold the office that I aspire to, and shining among that number is the distinguished gentleman (Hon. Donald T. Warner) who opposed me in this Convention."

During the campaign Mr. McLean was enthusiastically received by audiences in all parts of the State. At the following election he was elected by a good majority, receiving 95,822 votes to 81,421 for Judge Bronson, the Democratic candidate. He was inaugurated Governor of Connecticut, before a vast audience, in the House of Representatives, on Wednesday, January 9, 1901. As Governor of this Commonwealth, Mr. McLean fulfilled all the predictions his most ardent admirers claimed for him, and he was universally admired in every portion of the State. In "Judge's History of the Republican Party," is this tribute to Governor McLean: "Mr. McLean is a young man of sterling character and of amiable disposition. He is

always open and above board in dealings with his fellows, and can be relied upon in every particular. His success is the result of application and ability, and when this is truthfully said of any man it is a saying of which he may well be proud. No man can succeed who does not have qualification or who does not enjoy to a marked degree the confidence of the community. A man must hew his way to the top, but he can not succeed even so unless he has a character behind the hewing. Mr. McLean is always affable and approachable. These in any one are desirable attributes much more so in any one who strives to be a leader at the bar or in the public life, and to represent the people in important capacities. And then, too, Mr. McLean is one of the most eloquent of men. It is a delight to listen to his orations. His words have that sincere ring which must be true of any eloquence, and they are aptly chosen. The strength of fact and argument are these, and so is the beautiful form without which much of the power is lost. If Mr. McLean had no further record to leave than the one he has already made, Simsbury and Hartford would have the right to enroll him high on its list of worthies, but it is prophesied by citizens of acute observation that he is certain to be chosen to even higher places of usefulness."

#### ABIRAM CHAMBERLAIN

1903—

Abiram Chamberlain of Meriden, the present Governor of Connecticut (1904), is a fine example of the self-made man, and his career in business is similar in its results to that of Huntington, the elder Griswold and English, all famous predecessors in the important office of Chief Executive of this Commonwealth. The Governor comes from the best New England stock. On his paternal side he is descended from Jacob Chamberlain, who was born in Newton, now Cambridge,

Mass., in 1673, and on the maternal side the Governor is a descendant in the eighth generation from Henry Burt of Roxbury, Mass. His father's name was Deacon Abiram Chamberlain, and he was for many years a resident of Colebrook River, with a reputation for goodness and uprightness that was a byword for many miles in each direction. Deacon Chamberlain was a civil engineer and farmer, and his ability in the former profession was marked and well known. Governor Chamberlain was born at Colebrook River on December 7, 1837, and spent his early years in that town where he attended the public schools. Later he studied at Williston Seminary at Easthampton, Mass., and made a special study of civil engineering. In 1856, Governor Chamberlain's father and the rest of the family removed from Colebrook River to New Britain, then a growing village. The Governor took up civil engineering for a time in company with his father. Then he learned the trade of rule making; but his career in life was not destined to be at a factory bench, but in the more important world of finance.

When a young man he entered the New Britain National Bank, commenced in a subordinate position and was soon teller of the institution, an office he held with success for five years. His ability as a banker was such that at the age of thirty, in 1867, the Governor was elected cashier of the Home National Bank of Meriden, and he then removed to the city that he has made his home ever since. His career in the Meriden bank and his extensive financial experience of many years has made him one of the leading bankers, not only of the State, but of New England as well. During the time that he has been connected with the Home National Bank, Governor Chamberlain has also been deeply interested in other financial institutions of Meriden, and has been for some time Vice-President of the Meriden Savings Bank.

On the death of Eli Butler in 1881, Governor Chamberlain was elected

President of the Home National Bank, a position he still holds, and the duties of which he has performed with eminent ability and success.

In all questions that have had the welfare of the city of Meriden at their foundation, Governor Chamberlain has been a persistent champion. Those enterprises that have been the means of developing the growth of Meriden have found in him a ready helper. He was one of the promoters and subsequently a director of the Meriden, Waterbury & Cromwell Railroad, of the Winthrop Hotel Company, is a director of the Meriden Cutlery Company, the Edward Miller Company and of the Stanley Works of New Britain.

In politics Governor Chamberlain has always been a staunch Republican but he never sought public office, and all the honors that have come to him were conferred by an admiring public, who saw in him an ideal public official. Governor Chamberlain's first public office was as a member of the City Council of Meriden; then he represented his town in the General Assembly in 1877.

From then until 1900 Governor Chamberlain did not hold public office, nor could he be persuaded to enter the ranks of office-holders.

When the Republican State Convention met at New Haven on September 5, 1900, and put George P. McLean of Simsbury in nomination for Governor, Mr. Chamberlain was also nominated unanimously for Comptroller of the State. This he accepted and at the subsequent election received a large vote, being elected to the office. His career as Comptroller of the State was so successful, and his popularity so great, that on the announcement in 1902 that Governor McLean was not a candidate for reelection, the name of Comptroller Chamberlain was at once decided upon by the party managers and the public as the man who could carry his party to victory. He was nominated for Governor at the Convention which was



held in Hartford on September 17, 1902, and at the polls received a vote that not only elected him Chief Executive of the State but was of sufficient size to demonstrate beyond any doubt the confidence the people reposed in him.

Governor Chamberlain was inaugurated on the first Monday in January of 1903, and his first address as Governor of the State called forth liberal praise from newspapers and citizens of all shades of political belief. His determination to be Governor of all the people while he is in office was abundantly shown when soon after his inauguration he called out the armed forces of the State, and spent a sleepless night, in his efforts to quell the lawless spirit which infested Waterbury during the famous trolley strike of 1903. For this action he received the unqualified praise of all, and he set an example for other chief executives to follow when similar occasions arise, and have to be summarily dealt with.

Governor Chamberlain's administration has been characterized by a conservative spirit, and he has fully justified all that his friends said of him previous to his election.

Wesleyan University conferred upon the Governor in 1903 the degree of doctor of laws.

Governor Chamberlain is a brother of Mrs. Charles Elliott Mitchell of New York, wife of the former Patent Commissioner of the United States under President Harrison. His brother was the late Valentine Chamberlain of New Britain, whose death is still lamented by thousands in Connecticut.

A biographer has said of Governor Chamberlain: "He is kind, genial, and courteous, and his dignity, fidelity, and ability peculiarly fit him for the high office of Chief Magistrate of Connecticut. The same proverbial success that has always crowned his efforts in whatever he has undertaken to do for the good of the public has already won for him the proud distinction of being a model Governor."

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AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE REVOLUTION EIGHTY OLD MEN FORMED THEMSELVES INTO A MILITARY COMPANY IN PENNSYLVANIA. THEY WERE CHIEFLY GERMAN EMIGRANTS AND HAD SERVED WITH DISTINCTION IN EUROPE. THE COMMANDER WAS ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD AND HAD SERVED IN SEVENTEEN PITCHED BATTLES. THE DRUMMER WAS EIGHTY-FOUR, AND NEARLY THE WHOLE TROOP HAD PASSED THE LIMIT OF THREE SCORE YEARS AND TEN. IN PLACE OF A COCKADE THEY WORE CRAPE ROUND THEIR ARMS



HUNGARIAN  
LACE WORK

A TALL  
BRONZE

HELMET  
CREAMER

## INVESTING POTTERY WITH PERSONALITY

THE TWO-FACED JANUS—THE TORTOISE SHELL COW—  
PIERROT THE JESTER—THREE JOILY TOPERS—DOMESTIC  
AND FOREIGN COLLECTION OF POTTER'S SKILL DESCRIBED

BY

KATHARINE SPENCER-GULICK

Mrs. Gulick writes on a subject close to the heart of every antiquarian. She not only describes a beautiful collection of pottery but invests each delicate piece of the potter's art with a distinct personality. Whether the personality is that of the vase or the poetical and philosophical qualities of the author is a matter for discussion. It is very frequently that objects reflect the personality of their owner and bespeak the collector's deep sense of humor or love for subtle beauty or plain practicability. It is undoubtedly true that collectors choose those objects that appeal to their individual tastes, and a collection of china at least denotes a delicacy of feeling and a refinement of taste in its owner. Mrs. Gulick charmingly animates an inanimate subject. The article was written for THE CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE several months ago when Mrs. Gulick, nee Miss Katharine Spencer, was devoting much time to historical and patriotic work in Waterbury. Since her marriage to Rev. De Hart Gulick she has continued her literary researches—EDITOR

ONE of the most unique and beautiful collections of china to be found in the Connecticut valley, is that owned by Miss S. E. Hill, of Waterbury, Connecticut.

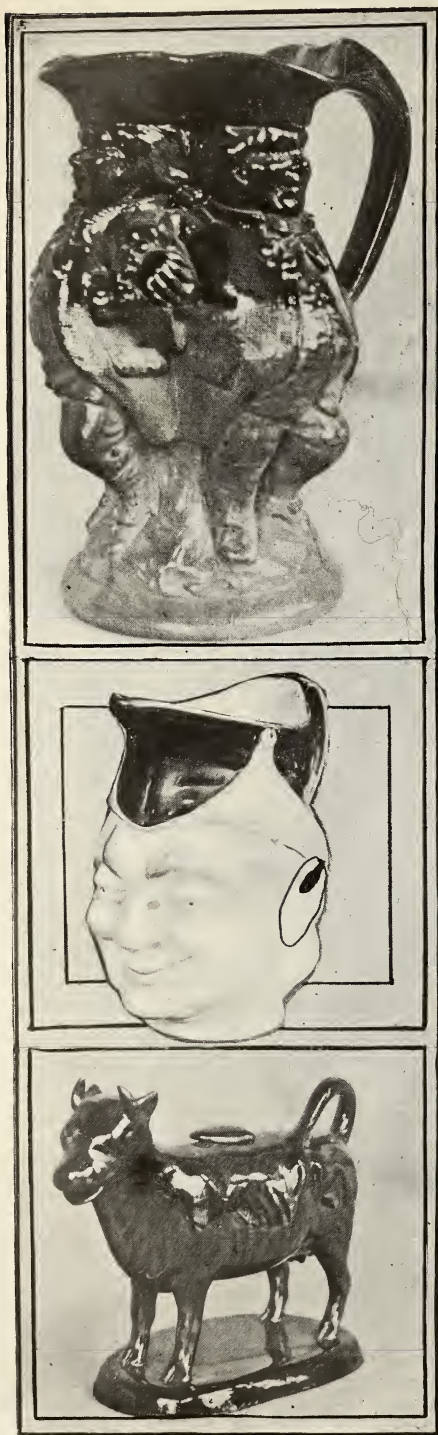
The writer had the rare good fortune to obtain permission to photograph and describe the bewildering array.

Miss Hill can say with the sixteenth century poet, slightly changing his words:

"I have pitchers, ewers of tin, pewter and glass;  
Great vessels of copper, fine latten and brass,  
And jugs, jars and bottles such as never was."

for here are hundreds of them, some large, some small; many rare, valuable and old; a few fascinatingly ugly, and many exceedingly beautiful.

Her pets were, at first, housed in an immense bay window, whose rich stained glass throws a mellow light



1.—THREE JOLLY TOPERS 2.—PIERROT  
3—THE “COMBED” COW.

over the assemblage, while three solemn owls, majestic creatures in life-like hues, guard the treasures and bid defiance to intruding strangers. A most appropriate setting for such a gathering, no member of which is ever degraded to actual service.

As piece after piece begged admission to the fold, their quarters were enlarged. Attractive cupboards were built on either side; slender moldings were fastened overhead, from these depend the smaller bits; shelves were hung on the opposite walls and every nook and cranny offered itself a resting place for some lucky find. At length, the rarest were borne, in all their glory, to the drawing-room, where they glimmer and glisten in conscious pride.

“From my childhood, I had a craze for pitchers and bottles,” says the collector, “Every old bottle I found I captured; every pitcher or dingy jug I treasured as most girls do their dolls.

“This old fellow I consider one of my choicest. We call him Janus, he has two faces, two spouts and no handle.” Janus is a fine specimen of copper-lustre. A basket of flowers, done in blue, adorns his body and altogether he is quite a dandy.

“One of my rarest is the Pilgrim pitcher. This is old blue Staffordshire. It represents the ‘Landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth,’ and bears the inscription, ‘Carver, Bradford, Winslow, Standish and Brewster. Plymouth, December 22, 1629.’

“Here is a duplicate of the ‘Innocence’ Pitcher mentioned in Alice Morse Earle’s interesting book on pottery. She speaks of two varieties: the first, called ‘Sportive Innocence,’ has one design only, showing highly colored children at play, while the other has two, the one just described and, reversely, one called ‘Mischievous Sport,’ a boy with a mask frightening a small girl. Mine, as you see, has both.

“This old Brittany is rather interesting,” showing me a quaint affair, gaily sporting a Breton woman, spinning; a really gorgeous lady in a



bright green waist, orange and red skirt and blue apron.

"An exact reproduction of a pitcher which is now in the Cesnola collection (one of those dug up on the island of Cyprus) is this piece of iridescent glass; all these, you know, look as if they had been through fire, giving a clouded effect."

A fine piece of Crown Derby, called "Witch's Japan," was then displayed, probably taking its name from the Japan quince, whose flowers are sketched on both sides.

Miss Hill's collection boasts a "cow" in the combed or tortoise shell work; a pattern also mentioned by Miss Earle. The ware is of English make, though seldom found now in England. There are but two specimens of it in the Museum of Practical Geology. This particular cow is a mottled brown shading into yellow; her sides are beautifully "combed" and she is useful as well as ornamental, for, by removing a piece of her china skin, she graciously accommodates a cupful or more of milk, which one can then pour from her big, brown nose. Her tail forms a very graceful handle.

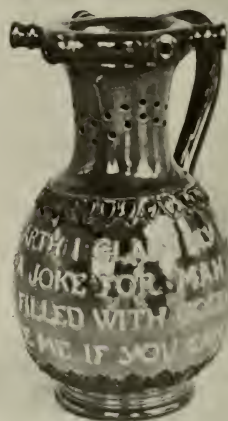
A tall bronze, resembling America's cup, is two inches high and most beautifully modeled in tiny cupids and cherubs. It was found in the Adirondacks, in the hut of an Indian guide.

Pierrot, a comic confection in china, grinned at me, delighted to have his queer visage noticed. Pierrot is the "Jester" in the Pantomime. He wears a dark green cap with green and yellow trimmings. His face is round and jolly; his cheeks are flushed with joy, and his interior is a bright, beautiful blue.

The largest piece in the group is an antique; a very handsome black and white pitcher bearing a scriptural design. It is "The Good Samaritan," and is evidently the inspiration of a very devout man. A hasty glance gives one the impression that the entire Old Testament is pictured here, for not only does it illustrate the incident from which it takes its name, but it bears the breast-plate of a high priest, the "tables of stone," the open



LOTUS FLOWER



PUZZLE JUG



JANUS



1.—BEVI BENI AND BEVI POCO

2.—MEXICAN WATER BOTTLES

book, Gabriel's trumpet, the cross, a dove, a chain, and other symbolic figures.

In close juxtaposition, and shockingly oblivious of all this scenic piety, is (for they are three-in-one) the "Three Jolly Topers," shown in an accompanying photograph.

Near by is a Moorish bronze from Algiers, very artistic, and further on is the famous "puzzle-jug," rarely found in America, with the lettering:

"From Mother Earth I Claim My Birth,  
I'm Made A Joke For Man,  
But Now I'm Here, Filled with Good Cheer  
Come Taste Me If You Can."

It has very odd little knobs all around its mouth, in which are tiny holes. How to drink without spilling the contents, is indeed a puzzle. Miss Hill explained that "a man with very long fingers, by using both hands, can cover all the openings save the one from which he drinks."

A Russian coronation cup, very rare and valuable, is in the shape of a mug, about six inches high; white, with tracings of red and blue, and is finished by a band of gold. One of the cups presented by the Czar to his people in 1886, on which occasion, we are told, four thousand people were killed in the struggle for the coveted treasures. One wonders if the Czar conceived this sinister plot as a more speedy mode of extinction than banishment to Siberia!

Of the foreign collection, all were brought by Miss Hill from distant lands, and each recalls a happy pilgrimage. Among them is a pitcher

modeled after the bronze knocker on Durham Abbey, — a grotesque head, its mouth holding a ring, while above is St. Cuthbert's yellow cross. Tiny models from Salisbury, take the form of "Jacks" and "Tobys" bearing the Edinburgh coat-of-arms. A copy of a jug dredged up near Eddystone, came from Ayre. The original is now in the Plymouth Athæneum. It sports the coat-of-arms, a red shield on a green background, and the motto: "Better A Wee Burn Than No Bield."

A small Italian jug, blue and yellow, with the proverbial big ears, says, "Bevi Beni" ("Drink Well"), while another comical fellow revelling in green leaves and yellow posies, would suit better blue-ribbonites, as it says, "Bevi Poco" ("Drink Little"). A quaint, pretty conceit came from the city of Chester, England, its motto, "Every blade of grass has its own drop of dew." The Canterbury souvenir is a Lincoln "Jack," having the arms of Thomas-a-Becket. A Stratford "Toby" is resplendent in a red coat, a blue and yellow waist-coat and green cap. From Chester there is an antique known as the "hound-handle." It is mottled in brown and yellow and has a hunting scene.

"The proof o' the puddin' is in the preein' o' it," declares one cute Scotch jug, while another, also from Edinburgh, quotes the proverb, "We must take the current as it serves or lose our venture." "A wee drappie o't," urges a pert midget barely three inches high. From the Belfry of Bruges is a pretty green ewer. A souvenir of Forth Bridge commemorates a sojourn in Glasgow, and Abbeyfoyle contributes a dark blue and cream keep-



FOREIGN COLLECTION

- 1.—OLD BLUE STAFFORDSHIRE
- 2.—DURHAM ABBEY KNOCKER MODEL
- 3.—SPANISH WATER JAR

sake, picturing the cottages and trees of the town.

Another foreign pitcher, the gift of a friend, is a fine piece of hammered brass from Thibet; an idol forms the body and three serpents, the handle.

"My cook sent to Ireland to procure for me this Kerry pitcher," remarked my hostess. "It portrays the celebrated Kerry dancers and is itself a handsome specimen of copper-lustre. "And there," she continued, "is an odd bit, a reproduction in miniature of one found in Pompeii." It looks like a sitting duck, but most unnatural, for who ever heard of a blue and yellow duck? There, too, is an original Josiah Wedgwood, and a piece of the coveted "pink-lustre," with "Mrs. Campion" flowers, both from York.

But the most artistic design in the whole group, is the "lotus-flower!" The shape of that exquisite blossom is perfectly followed, from the big, green calyx-base, the dainty pink petals which form the body, and the folded stamens, the neck, to the twisted stems shaping the handle, and the spout, which is made of a bud.

Another thing of beauty in china, is a choice bit of Hungarian lace work. On a rich cream foundation two pierced layers are applied. This pitcher was in the Austrian exhibit at the World's Fair.

A duplicate of the "Helmet" creamer mentioned in Miss Earle's book, is an antique of Lowestoft china; it has a peculiar indented spout.

And now we come to the portrait-set. "I think a great deal of my por-

traits," said their owner. One of the best is the Wedgwood Longfellow." A good "likeness" nearly covers one side, while on the reverse, are two verses from Keramos. A floral band at the top is intertwined with the titles of his poems.

"Lincoln is so very ugly," sighed Miss Hill, "I think they ought to have made a better jug for poor, old Lincoln!" The motto for this is, "With malice toward none; with charity toward all."

"I am fond of this one," she continued, "because I admire Dickens so much." It would interest most people, for not only is it fashioned of Wedgwood and gives a good portrait, but it proudly shows the very tombstone (?) discovered by the immortal Pickwick. Reversely, it pictures an empty chair with the titles of his books encircling the rim.

"I was dissatisfied with my Whittier at first," she said, "but the longer I keep it the better pleased I am, for it just suits the plain, old Quaker." A small cider jug this, with portrait and this quotation:

"The mug of cider simmered slow,  
The apples sputtered in a row."

Roger Williams is represented by his picture and a scene from "The Landing at Providence," also the extract, "I, having made peace — called the place Providence."

Gladstone is particularly appropriate. Just a rough, common ware for the "grand old man." Above the portrait is the sentence, "England's Great-



est Commoner," then his own words, "Effort, honest, manful effort, succeeds by its reflective action on character better than success," surrounded by a wreath of oak leaves, while beneath all are the names and dates of the famous man's birth and death. The coloring of this memento is a deep cream and brown.

"My nearest approach to a coveted Washington pitcher is this crude, glass bottle with the busts of Washington and Lafayette; and this Saskia completes my portrait set. Saskia, you know, was Rembrandt's wife. Oh, I must not forget *Tennyson*!" The latter is a beauty and quite elaborate. The head of the poet is wreathed in laurel. Reversely, is an open book, showing an extract from "Crossing the Bar," with, below, the musical notes. The fictitious character, Tam O'Shanter, flying from the inn on his milk-white steed, adorns one pitcher, and John Brown, another.

An old pewter communion flagon curiously resembles a beer mug. "It was used in the Prospect meeting-house in the days when that town was part of Waterbury, called Columbia, and was bequeathed to me by an old lady who promised I should have it after her death."

A curious piece is the "alphabet pitcher." Around the brim is a sentence which contains every letter in the alphabet. It reads: "Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs."

"This quaint coquina mug," said Miss Hill, "is a bit of the oldest house in St. Augustine. The sweet-grass pitcher was made especially for me by a squaw. That bamboo ewer came from Tarpon Springs, Florida, where bamboo table utensils are in common use."

"The one you are looking at now," she continued, "is rather rare; on it are the words 'Spode's Tower.' I have two others — one in pretty reds and greens — both marked Copeland Spode." Taking up another, she told me it was a replica of those used in the "Society of Cincinnati," of which Washington and Lafayette were notable members.

"And here is a Washington, D. C., jug which is made entirely of old money. Three thousand dollars in greenbacks are said to be in this paper pulp. That gaudy red and yellow fellow, made of grasses, comes from the Bahamas."

Droll indeed, is "Kees the monkey, that funny one gives milkie from his mouthie." Kees is a monkey in real Dutch delft. Wide-stretched is his mouth over a tempting cocoanut. Beside Kees, sits sedately a winking, blinking frog from Austria.

I was told that our American productions in this line are not worthy of our country, and as proof, was shown a hideous design picturing the oldest house in Guilford.

There are several specimens of Mexican and Indian water bottles; a handsome Spanish jar with the representative bulls, ostriches and dogs; then an example of Pueblo ware, which has no glaze, and also a bit of Juadlajara.

The baby of the collection is a piece of Doulton from the Chicago World's Fair. Scarcely an inch high it is a veritable "little brown jug."

The costliest find is an exquisite pitcher having a gold mouth and handle, its body decorated with wild briar roses.

"What is that queer thing resembling snakes' heads?" I asked. "Italian faience," was the reply. "The Italians are very fond of the serpent design."

I spied several dainty little creamers, beautifully hand-painted. "Those I painted myself," she said, rather depreciatingly, "some have white clovers and blue gentians, my favorite flowers."

Reluctantly I bade farewell to my hostess and her fragile treasures, recalling the lines:

"Where Gubbio's workshops gleam  
and glow

With brilliant iridescent dyes,  
The dazzling whiteness of the snow,  
The cobalt blue of summer skies;  
And vase and scutcheon, cup and  
plate,

In perfect finish emulate  
Faenza, Florence, Pesaro."



VENICE—FROM PAINTING BY GILBERT MUNGER

## CONNECTICUT ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK

GILBERT MUNGER—UPON WHOM THE GOVERNMENTS AND  
SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE CONFERRED MANY DISTINCTIONS—  
BORN IN NORTH MADISON, CONNECTICUT—APPRECIATION

BY

MYRA E. DOWD MONROE

In speaking of Artist Munger's works the President of the Luxembourg Gallery once remarked, "They do not resemble any other artist's of the present day." While he was living in Barbizon a London critic said, "He has saturated himself with the beauty of that nature that inspired Corot and his friends." A Parisian critic declared, "Gilbert Munger, le peintre Americain, qui suit de si pres les traditions de nos grands maitres Francais est bien represente," while the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha conferred upon him the Knighthood of his House Orders, with title of Baron, he being the only foreigner who has ever received this decoration. Myra E. Dowd Monroe, of Guilford, Connecticut, writes this appreciation of the distinguished artist after a life-long friendship with him. She is one of his near relatives and knew him as few others. The reproductions from his paintings are from plates loaned by the author and recently used in a memoir issued by the deceased artist's intimate friends—EDITOR

**I**N January, 1903, in his studio at Washington, passed away one of the most unique yet beautiful characters which this generation has produced.

Gilbert Munger, "Painter, poet, patriot," as a dear friend cherishes him, has his place, and will always

hold it, amid the company of clear-visioned souls who see things as they are and work and never tire in the task of staying friendly visions for their own delight and the joy of those who pass.

Connecticut claims him as her own, for she, with her quiet past-



FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU—FROM PAINTING BY GILBERT MUNGER

ures, sunny meadows and fern-bordered brooks, was God's messenger who awakened in a mother heart the understanding of—"The great harmony that reigns. In what the Spirit of the world contains." And this strong soul was born.

The Munger Homestead is yet a well-preserved and picturesque old house, with large chimney and sloping roof, and fronts the "Opening Hill Road in North Madison, only a short distance from the 'Murray Homestead'." In our fancy, an expression of contentment and fond memory lingers about it, as though modestly proud of the family reared under its roof. For the children of Sherman Munger and Lucretia Benton, his wife, were all talented, and easily won first places in their various vocations.

While Gilbert was yet a boy the family removed to New Haven, Conn. His tutor there, an English gentleman, was an enthusiast in art, who, upon seeing some of the boy's productions and divining in them much promise, urged the

parents to encourage him and allow him to follow his own inclinations toward an artistic career. The tutor's advice was considered, and, at the age of thirteen, Gilbert became the pupil of a natural history and landscape engraver at Washington. At the early age of fourteen years he was a full-fledged natural history engraver, receiving a salary from the United States Government.

During the following five years he was principally employed in engraving large plates of plants, birds, fish, reptiles, portraits and landscapes, published by the government in connection with the exploring expedition of Commodore Wilkes, and for Professor Louis Agassiz's works and the works for the Smithsonian Institute.

Although his time was thus busily occupied, he never renounced his intention of becoming a landscape painter, and adopted engraving only as a means to that end.

He read Ruskins' works, and purchased a copy of J. D. Harding's drawing-book. Rising in the sum-





ON THE SEINE NEAR POISSY—FROM PAINTING BY GILBERT MUNGER

mer months at four o'clock, he hastened, sketch-book in hand, to the woods, and made careful studies of trees till eight o'clock. Then back to his engraver's desk from nine till five. After that, three more hours in the woods with pencil and paper. Could any other profession have been successful to such an enthusiast?

During this period he went, on one occasion, to the atelier of a sculptor (from Rome) who was then executing some government commission, and for the first time saw an artist at work on a statue. Taking home some clay, he turned with eagerness to the new work of modeling portions of the human figure. These studies were received at the exhibition of the Metropolitan Institute of Science and Art, and awarded the first medal—to the astonishment, no doubt, of the young exhibitor. His success in this branch of art did not curb his desire to paint. He procured a box of colors and brushes, and for the first time seriously attempted to copy the hues as well as the forms of the Columbian woods.

Aside from some technical points gathered now and then from seeing other artists at their work, Nature has been his only teacher.

And now came the great changes caused by the outbreak of the rebellion. Appropriations for art and sciences—the luxuries of a nation—had to be withdrawn, and Mr. Munger was thrown out of employment, for no private firms would publish such work as he produced. He was offered and accepted a position as engineer in the Federal Army, but the new work was not congenial, the imaginative artist temperament being "cribbed, cabined and confined," when all his duties were comprised in the mechanical labors of the military engineer. However, he studied hard to fit himself for his new calling, with such success that he became constructing engineer.

During the four years' war, he was engaged upon the field fortifications around Washington, and so while actively employed for the defense of his country, happily



NEAR SAINT-GERMAIN — FROM PAINTING BY GILBERT MUNGER

escaped the horrors of the battlefield.

When peace was declared and the vast army disbanded, to return to their homes, Mr. Munger also laid down his arms and resigned his commission, much against the advice of his friends.

He was at last to follow in earnest the career his boyish fancy had chosen. Taking a studio in New York, he painted two pictures during the winter, both of which were exhibited in the National Academy of Design, favorably noticed by the press—and sold. A large work—"Minnehaha Falls"—was next painted and was exhibited in different cities—a specially paid ticket exhibition. This picture attracted a great deal of attention and brought him a commission from a wealthy gentleman of France, to paint Niagara Falls. After filling this commission, for which he received £1,000, he went West and spent the next three years in the wilds and scenery of the

Rocky Mountains, traveling as artist and guest in connection with the first geological survey ever organized by the United States Government, under Clarence King.

In the vast mountain region which divides the Continent, he devoted himself to the close study of nature's grand effects. And the work he did at that time was the most careful and conscientious interpretation of nature—fine in color and strong in artistic values. The work of those days was the most interesting of that of any period of his life, as it was absolutely sincere and not influenced by the art of any other country. It was spontaneous and full of the most careful feeling for truth and nature.

One season was passed amid the extinct volcanoes of Oregon, California and Washington Territory. He received a commission from the United States Government to paint a series of pictures illustrating the scenery of that wild region.

The attractions of the Yosemite were sufficiently powerful to hold him for two seasons. Here he met Lord Skelmersdale, who, with some other English gentlemen, gave him commissions for work illustrating the scenery of that locality. They also earnestly advised him to set out at once for England with his collection of studies.

He in due time accepted their counsel. Arrived in London, he found his works much appreciated and was soon prospering finely with the many orders received for his pictures. But the great city was stifling to him after his long free life in the mountains, and he made his escape in the autumn of the same year and spent some months at Dunkeld, in company with Sir John Millais. The second season was passed at Skye, Stornoway, Loch Marie and Dunkeld.

He did not exhibit during his first year in England, but in 1879 sent no less than eight pictures to various exhibitions. To the Royal Academy, "Loch Cornisk," "Loch Marie" and "Great Salt Lake,

Utah"; to Manchester, "A Glimpse of the Pacific" and "Lake Cornisk"; to Newcastle-on-Tyne, "Woodland Streams" and "Herring Fleet," and to Liverpool, "Great Salt Lake."

Seven of these pictures were sold. His large picture, "King Arthur's Castle, Cornwall," was exhibited later, a fine work and well placed on the line.

At this time, the Fine Art Society, New Bond street, was successfully publishing his etchings.

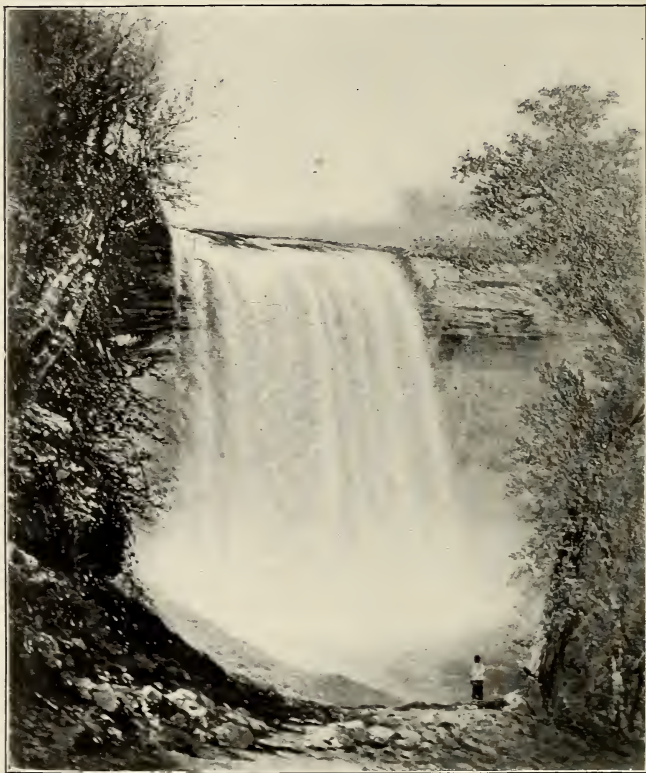
He was now occupying a fine studio near New Bond street. He had a great display of his pictures on the spacious walls and on easels, was full of work and in a most prosperous condition of life. He was described as being, in those days, one of the best dressed men who walked Bond street and Piccadilly. He was of the lean, lank type, with much manner, and impressed one as possessing a great deal of nervous energy and strength. Albeit he was an extremely distinguished looking man.

His work was somewhat changed at this period, as he had been study-



BORDER FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU—FROM PAINTING BY GILBERT MUNGER





MINNEHAHA—FROM PAINTING BY GILBERT MUNGER

ing the great galleries of Europe and England, and doubtless his best work was painted from 1880 to 1890.

The following was published in the *Whitehall Review*: "All last summer and autumn people on Upper Thames were haunted by a strange looking river-craft. It was a sort of rough Noah's Ark on a raft. Late in the year it was moored for weeks together at a picturesque bend above Marsh Loch and beyond Henley. It had a great window, which was shut when the autumn rains came and open when the weather was fine. At the window was an easel; at the easel, the owner of the ark, Mr. Munger, whose extensive studies of the Cornish coast were hung on the line at the last Academy Exhibition. Mr. Munger has gone ahead of all his former work in 'Autumn on the Thames.' The last golden hues of autumn and the closing beams of the setting sun, are on tree and meadow and river; a few stray yellow leaves are floating on the stream; the cluster of beeches forming the central object of the landscape, are reflected—trunk and branch—in the flood. The broad stretch of canvas is magnificently covered with a poetic realization of the richness and depth of color and beauty of forest outline and skyey forms which are to be seen in October and November on our picturesque English river."

For ten years Mr. Munger made England his home, passing his summers on sketching tours on the Thames and in the Highlands of Scotland with Sir John Millais. Then he went to Paris, where he soon became recognized as the most talented landscape artist of the American colony. He traveled extensively throughout Europe, spending occasional summers in Italy and Spain. Upon the invitation of Mr. Ruskin, he went to Venice and painted fifty pictures which were exhibited in London,

producing a sensation and establishing his fame in England. His Italian subjects are very different from his usually chosen ones: and his Venetian pictures have a distinctive character all their own.

He was a fine colorist and strong in the organic principles of his art, and possessed of a scientific knowledge of the chemistry of color.

His work was descriptive and instructive, and always charmed.

The *London Times* says: "We shall not quarrel with those who prefer the delicate 'Greville' by Millet, or the peaceful evening scene 'Near Barbizon' by Gilbert Munger."

And the *London Daily Telegraph*: "Rub out the signature from any one of his landscapes and it would pass for a work of that same school which glorifies the forest scenery of Fontainebleau. Corot, in his deeper and firmer mood, is reproduced, with no slavish effect of dull, mechanical imitation, but with the appreciative reverence of an original hand, by this same Mr. Munger."

To analyze the character of this man were a difficult task. He was endowed with rare gifts of mind, heart and soul. He had an extremely sensitive and poetic nature, responsive alike to joy in its fullest measure or deep sadness.

A mysterious sadness, caused by a denial of his dearest hope in earlier days, was locked securely within, and he and it dwelt on alone, since so it must be, to the end of life. Nearest friends and family never trespassed there. Only increasing and increasing toil told how valiantly it was being guarded from even sympathizing scrutiny. Yet, on the other hand, his strong personality, buoyed up by his delighted consciousness of truth and reverence for nature, together with a keen sense of humor kept alive an enthusiasm in him which thrilled men to their best efforts.

He was in every sense a born artist. His art was a philosophy. He looked upon landscape as the environment of men, and tried to paint the quality of nature which suggests and appeals to the mind. He succeeded in conveying in his art the emotion he himself experienced before Nature. He put poetry into desolate and saddening landscapes. He *had* to paint to express his great love for Nature.

He also wrote exceedingly well—the most successful of his writings was a comedy in three acts, entitled "Madelaine Marston." It was brought out in Theatre Royal, Haymarket, London, February, 1886, Helen Barry acting it with great success.

Socially he was possessed of a charm all his own. He was delightfully full of fun at times, and would entertain a bevy of girls in the most refined and charming way. He was a rare story-teller, possessed of an exquisite "light touch" in the matter of polite small talk, and a much-sought-after dinner-party man.

He took a lively interest in politics and affairs, and liked to know men of action. He was a mild user of tobacco. He, like Turner, would accept one glass of wine, and refuse the second. He rarely called upon other artists in their studios.

He was fond of little children.

One day he was painting on the dyke up in Cazenovia, N. Y. A little girl came upon him quietly, with a babe in her arms, and said: "Are you taking a 'paintin' lesson?" "Yes, little girl; I'm taking a painting lesson." The next day she came again, and said: "I see you are taking another one." "Yes, I'm taking another one." This little incident, Mr. Munger thought was lovely.

While Mr. Munger was painting the large "Cazenovia Cornfield," an Irishman of the old-school type

often came and looked over his shoulder. Mr. Williams, whose guest Mr. Munger was, relates the incident: "I met Jerry one evening and said to him: 'Mr. Munger is a hard-working man.' Jerry said: 'I never saw the bate of him. He works with his head, his moind, his hands and his eyes, and he's working 'em all to onct'."

Mr. Munger was a man of refined tastes and high artistic culture. A great student, and a man of high ambitions. And to those whose privilege it was to know him thoroughly, he was always a dear friend and always a gentleman.

That he was not more universally known was due to the fact that he did comparatively little exhibiting, his pictures being sold in advance and sent direct to their owners. His success in the sale of his pictures was phenomenal, always receiving flattering sums, a few as high as \$5,000 each.

He was a favorite with the Duke of Saxe-Coburg—one of whose treasures was a Munger subject which hangs in his library, and for the excellence of which he conferred upon him the honor of knighthood. He has been decorated by nine different countries:

Germany—Knight of the Order of Saxe Ernestine; Grand Cross for Art and Science.

Russia—Red Cross with the Ribbon of the Order of St. Andrew.

Belgium—King Leopold Gold Medal with Crown.

Italy—Decoration from the Duke d'Aosta; Gold Medal and Honorary Member of the Academy of Fine Arts.

Venezuela—Officer and Commander of the National Order of the Liberator.

France—Member of the Societe Litteraire Internationale Founded by Victor Hugo.

These honors cannot be secured through influence, but are awarded on merit alone. They grant the





*Arthur Munger.*

wearer many privileges and admit him to all court functions.

The New York *Journal*, of not very recent date, printed a letter from Mr. Munger, in answer to the inquiry, "Why do American painters live abroad?" In which the artist says:

"One of the reasons for my own stay, now prolonged since 1877, and the reason with which I am fond of appeasing my own patriotism, whenever it urges my return to the blue skies of my native country, is the increase of knowledge and the sure means of growth in art everywhere at hand in these old lands.

"Furthermore, it is in Europe, rather than in America, that the indefinable and singular charm in painting which men call style is most readily attained. Perhaps the ample survey of the whole field of art offered in Europe better enables a man to 'strike his personal note,' as the French say—to find out his failings and avoid them, I should say.

"The gratifying measure of success which has greeted my humble efforts, in these later years, is due, I am sure, to having found the way to my own style through a number of experiments, and a series of careful observations, which I should not have been able to make if settled at home. There is a crystallization of style in paintings as in literature. It is, of course, a slow process; and in my own case is the fruit of long seasons of painting in the foothills of our own Rocky Mountains, in the shadow of El Capitan in the Yosemite, and of St. Paul's Cathedral in London; of work in the open of Scotland with Sir John Millais; of solitary toil in

the lagoons of Venice, and finally, of a long and thoughtful season of severe effort in Fontainebleau forest in the track of the masters. It is in following successively such widely differing phases of Nature and Art that I have at last come to a final phase of my own painting, about the recent general recognition of which the *Journal* kindly asks. Could I have reached this stage at home? Frankly—no. But mainly for the reason that art is as yet comparatively uncultivated in America, and not because of any special limitations in the country itself."

Mr. Munger returned to America in 1893, spending a season here, another there, but always working. He was a most indefatigable worker, and his whole mind and soul were devoted to his love of art. The fascination was so strong, that of late years he was not satisfied to work the whole day, but he too frequently toiled the whole evening and the whole night as well. This, together with losses sustained in worthless investments—for like many another genius, he was innocent of finance—naturally ruined his health and developed a morbid feeling, which drove him in a measure to becoming a recluse to the outside world.

He had a studio at New York in The "Valencia," Fifty-ninth street, for a few years—and later, one at Washington, at which place he was working on devotedly till he fell asleep at last, too weary to waken.

He has left some two score of pictures, which were yet in his own possession, and which will doubtless eventually find their way into some of our national galleries.

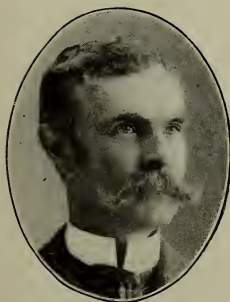


## BRIDGEPORT—A STORY OF PROGRESS

STRATFORD, THE MOTHER TOWN, AND ITS PROSPEROUS  
OFFSPRING—THE BUILDING OF A GREAT INDUSTRIAL  
CENTER AND ITS BUILDERS—INTRODUCTORY ARTICLE

BY

JULIAN H. STERLING



Mr. Sterling has prepared two articles on the material prosperity of Bridgeport, a city which he believes is destined to have a great future. The introductory article, with historical development from colonial days, is here given. It will be followed by a forcible writing on the municipality as it is today, its park systems, its huge industries, its influential men, and possibly something on the needs of the city government. Mr. Sterling has given his home city much study and is thoroughly acquainted with the sociological conditions. He was a member of the class of '68 of Yale University and is a member of "Book and Snake" secret society of that institution. He attended the Yale School of Fine Arts in '73 and '74. For ten years he was the instructor of the various classes of the industrial drawing schools, under the direction of the Board of Education of the City of Bridgeport. In 1880 and 1881 he studied art in Paris under eminent masters. For fifteen years he was the representative and correspondent of the New York World in Bridgeport and throughout the State of Connecticut. For ten years he was a regular contributor to the New Haven Register, and has for twenty years contributed to various state papers. He has also been a regular

correspondent for the Boston Globe, the New York Times and St. Louis Dispatch. He is an active member of the New York Press Club, and has been vice-president of the Press Club of Connecticut. As a painter his work has been accepted and exhibited in the National Academy New York, the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts at Philadelphia, as well as in exhibitions in Chicago, Buffalo and St. Louis. He has written many interesting reminiscences of old times for the Bridgeport Standard and Bridgeport Farmer, and has published a candid book entitled "Space," which created much interest in his native city. On his paternal side he is descended from David Sterling of England, who came to this country in 1633, and from Governor Thomas Welles who came from England in 1636. On his maternal side he is descended from Paul Beck, Jr., of Philadelphia, whose father, Paul Beck, Sr. came from Nuremburg and settled in Philadelphia 1752, and he is also a descendant from Amos Alexander and the Alexanders of Maryland. He resides in Bridgeport at 762 Park Avenue—EDITOR





Photo by E. M. Wells

## SANDY HOLLOW

Where the pioneers from Wethersfield settled in 1639

**A** CITY without antiquity, without colonial or revolutionary history; a city with a little past but a great future,—this is the city of Bridgeport, Connecticut, today forging ahead of its more historic neighbors and becoming the leading industrial center of the State. Until the year 1836 the city of Bridgeport did not exist. Prior to that, as far back as 1800, the locality was the borough of Bridgeport, then in retrospect it was Newfield and originally Stratfield, with a beginning in 1691.

Earlier in 1639 Fairfield was settled, and some years before Stratford was settled. Hence, Fairfield was originally a suburb of Stratford, and Bridgeport (or Newfield) a suburb of Fairfield.

By industry and enterprise Bridgeport has risen, so that now-a-days, Stratford and Fairfield are regarded by Bridgeporters as suburbs, which appellation is distasteful to the parent towns, and we are compelled to fall back on that charming epic, credited to the famous wit, Douglas Jerrold,

that, "God made the country, man made the towns, and the Devil made the suburbs."

The history of the three towns is so inseparably interwoven, and the habitations so cemented into one grand whole, that it is difficult to speak of one without allusion to the other. Eradicating the genealogical tree, Bridgeport today holds the mercantile supremacy and claims to be second city in the State in population, and third in wealth.

This sketch will be confined to an outline of happenings which have occurred in the mother town (Stratford) and the mammoth child (Bridgeport). Both are the homes of loyal citizens and lovers of history and in Bridgeport is the Mary Silliman Chapter, D. A. R., the Sons of the Revolution and Sons of Colonial Wars, while in Stratford reside several prominent Colonial Dames and members of historical organizations.

Two hundred and sixty-five years ago the mother town of Stratford first felt the hand of civilization when a



Photo by E. M. Wells

## THE BARRYMORE HOUSE—SANDY HOLLOW

One of the oldest houses in Stratford

little company of hardy pioneers pushed into the wilderness from Wethersfield, under the leadership of a clergyman, Rev. Adam Blakeman. It is believed that they sailed down the Connecticut river and along the Sound, turning their course up the river now

known as the Housatonic. It is said that they first gave the habitation the name of Pequonnock, and that it was later known as Cupheag, an appellation taken from an Indian tribe displaced by the white planters. The euphonious name of Stratford is stat-

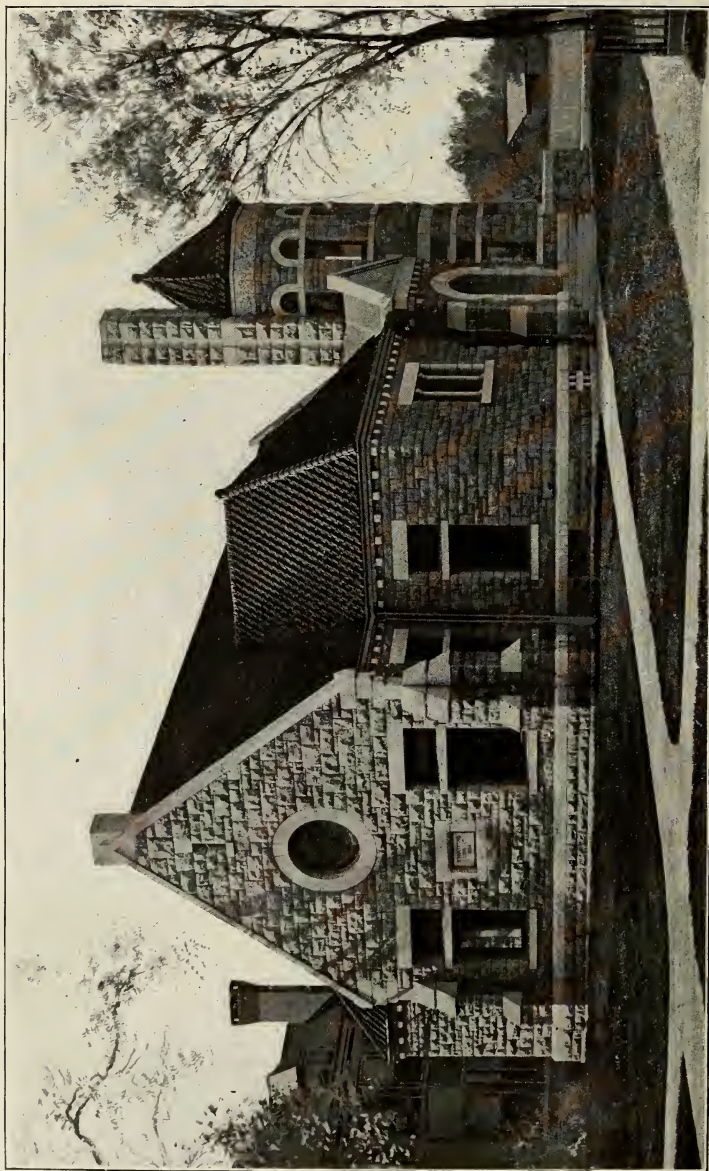


Photo by E. M. Wells

## NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE BROAD HOUSATONIC

Hay barges in the foreground





THE STRATFORD LIBRARY — GIFT OF BIRDSEYE BLAKEMAN

Building is of St. Lawrence marble and was dedicated in January, 1896





By Courtesy Rev. Royal W. Raymond

STRATFORD POINT LIGHT HOUSE

ed in legend at least to have been taken from Shakespeare's birthplace, Stratford-on-Avon, one of the original settlers being from that historic English village. As was the custom of the pious forefathers, logs were hewn

from the forest for the erection of a quaint little meeting house in the center of the settlement of "Sandy Hollow." This meeting house stood on the site of the barn of the late Captain William Barrymore, and was also held



Photo by E. M. Wells

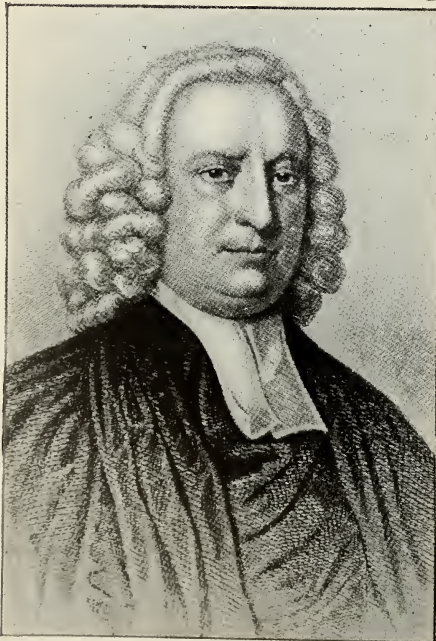
STRATFORD SHORE—WASHED BY THE WATERS OF LONG ISLAND SOUND



Photo by E. M. Wells

## ALONG THE SALT MARSHES LEADING TO THE DYKE

Yacht owned by Hon. Stiles Judson, Jr.



REV. SAMUEL JOHNSON, D.D.

First rector of Christ Episcopal Church at Stratford  
—First president of King's College (now Columbia)

as a place of defence from attacks by the Indians. The pioneers, undaunted by hardships of a savage land, tilled the ground, but obtained most of their sustenance from the river.

It seems, according to record, that the first individual who arrived hereabouts was Roger Ludlow. It was in the year 1639 that Ludlow and four followers came here with a right granted by the Colonial Court of Connecticut Colony to settle west of Pequonnock river. The little party stood upon Golden hill and looked down upon the present site of the new railroad improvements, which was at that time "wolf's hole," and decided to locate where Mrs. Hanford Lyon now dwells. It seems a party of fishermen from Stratford had become somewhat tired of catching Stratford shad in the Housatonic river, and had rowed their boat around into the Pequonnock river to try their luck with "harbor blues," when they discerned upon the summit of Golden hill, Roger Ludlow and his party building a camp fire.



The Stratford fishermen landed and offered some of their fish for the mid-day meal, and when Roger Ludlow related his plan to locate on Golden hill, the visitors thereupon informed him that the Stratford line was not the river, but ran as far back inland as Division street (now Park avenue). "All right," said Roger Ludlow, using the words which Horace Greeley afterwards offered as advice to young men, "I'll go west." And straightway he walked over and became the first settler of Fairfield, and Division street was the dividing line between Stratford and Fairfield. In 1641 the Gene-

ral Court enjoined upon the towns to keep the highways between the towns open, and it was then that the King's Highway was laid out, running east and west in-shore from New Haven, Stratford, Fairfield, and so on toward New York. It was known as the old Post road and is now called North avenue.

It was at the point, in 1640, where now North avenue and Park avenue intersect, that the first settlement of Bridgeport was made, exactly on the town line. The first settler was Henry Summers, Sr. Fifty years later there were forty-six householders, and they



By Courtesy Rev. N. E. Cornwall

#### CHRIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH AT STRATFORD

Second building erected in 1744—The preceding edifice was dedicated in 1723 and was the first Episcopal church building in Connecticut





Photo by E. M. Wells

## PRESENT CHRIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Erected at Stratford in 1857

petitioned the General Court for a new parish, and in 1691 the Parish of Stratfield was authorized. The center of civilization therefore was located at the intersection of North and Park avenues, directly in front of the present day residence of Mr. Paul Sterling. The land east of Division street and west of Pequonnock river was largely owned by the Sumners, Sterlings, Strongs and Hawleys. The Parish of Stratfield was set out to include this area. As time evolved these tracks were sub-divided, yet to the present day descendants of these families still hold in fee, some of this realty.

The mother town, Stratford, became a prosperous community and its record of growth is best illustrated by its progressive movements.

A second meeting house was built in 1680 on Watch House hill. The third meeting house on the same site was struck by lightning in 1785 and burned, and when in 1889 Stratford celebrated her 250th year, a design in fireworks was set off in commemoration and representation of the old burned church. The fourth meeting house stood on the site of the present



Photo By E. M. Wells

## CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH AT STRATFORD—DEDICATED 1859



Photo by E. M. Wells

OLD LAND MARK — PECK'S MILL



By Courtesy Rev. Royal W. Raymond

THE GENERAL WALKER HOUSE

Congregational church, opposite the Sterling place. The first pastor of the Congregational church was Rev. Nathan Birdseye. He was born August 19, 1714, graduated from Yale 1736, and ordained in West Haven 1742. He died January 28, 1818, at the age of 103 years, five months and nine days. It is said in Stratford that he

preached in the Congregational church at the age of 100 years.

In the old church yards or burying grounds of the Congregational and Episcopal churches are to be seen the gravestones marking the graves of the early settlers. Many of these are in a good state of preservation while some are weed overgrown and rapidly



By Courtesy Hon. Franklin Burton

BURTON HOMESTEAD—OVER 150 YEARS OLD

Now occupied by Hon. Franklin Burton



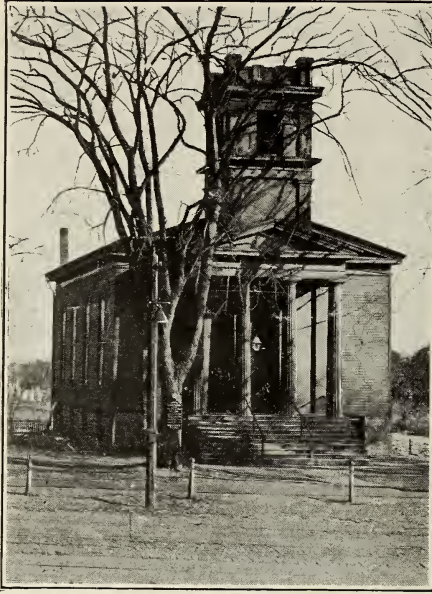


Photo by E. M. Wells

## OLD METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Erected in Stratford in 1839

crumbling away. Of the early families, who settled in Stratford in its pioneer days, were John Thompson, Moses Wheeler, John Wells, John Hurd, Nathaniel Foot, John Birdseye, Thomas Ufford, William Curtis, Thomas Fairchild, Francis Nichols, Rev. David Chauncey, John Wilcoxon and William Burritt. The head stones

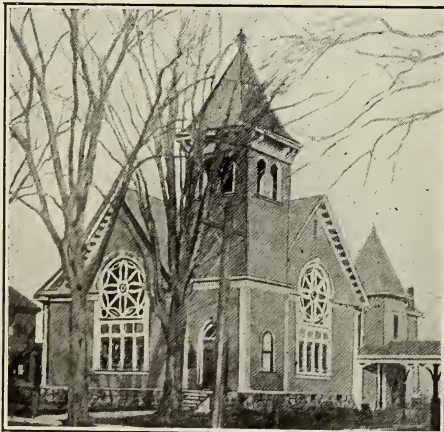
over these graves are still in good preservation.

In 1723 Christ Episcopal church was built in Stratford and the first service was held on Christmas day of that year. Rev. Samuel Johnson was the first rector. He was the great grandfather of Mrs. Susan Johnson Hudson. At present Rev. N. E. Cornwall is rector. In 1744 the old church was replaced by a more commodious edifice. Rev. Samuel Johnson presented to the church the first bell. It was cast in Fairfield in 1743 and cost £300. It bears the inscription, "George 3rd, King of England, A. D. 1743." The church which stood on the site of the present edifice was made in England and shipped in sections to Stratford. In 1856 it was



Photo by E. M. Wells

## NECK BRIDGE SPANNING THE CREEK



PRESENT METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

razed and the present church erected.

The old iron foundry where Stratford's historic church bell was cast, was located in Fairfield at the north-west corner of the present day Fairfield and Clinton avenues. The foundry was owned by Bennett Whitney, great grandfather of Ebin Whitney at present U. S. postal clerk in the register letter department of the Grand Central depot, New York. In 1827 this foundry was removed to John street in Bridgeport town and was called the Union foundry. In 1851 it was burned, together with the old State street school house, Wheeler Beers' brass foundry and the old North church.



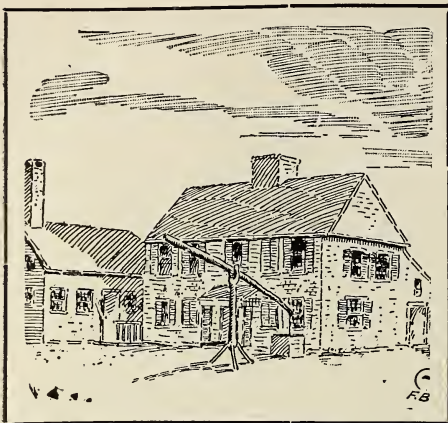


STRATFORD ACADEMY—FOUNDED IN 1804 By Courtesy Henry P. Stagg  
Acquired wide reputation as one of the most thorough institutions in the country



Photo by E. M. Wells

FAR MILL RIVER—NORTHERN BOUNDARY OF STRATFORD



By Courtesy Henry P. Stagg

FREEMAN CURTIS HOUSE

Erected before 1713

The oldest house in Stratford, believed to have been erected before 1740, still standing, is the Walker place on Main street, just above the railroad crossing; the second oldest is the house now occupied by Miss Celia Curtis on Academy hill, built by Daniel Judson, and, in fact, from the material once a portion of the fort on Academy hill. This fort or stockade, was erected as a protection against Indians, the Cupheag and Pequonnock tribes.

In the early history of Stratford the court house and jail were in Fairfield, as that was the county seat, and it was not until 1855 that Fairfield resigned her court house and jail to Bridgeport.

In Stratford Rev. Samuel Johnson was instrumental in planting many of the elm trees on Main street which have since grown to grand proportions and have afforded subjects for both poet and artist, thereby broadening the fame of Stratford, because of the elms' surpassing beauty. Dr. Samuel Johnson also presented Christ Episcopal church an organ, which was the first church organ used in Connecticut. Its melodious strains were vibrated within the confines of the sacred edifice for 125 years, and in 1879 it was replaced by the present organ. At one wedding of international importance this organ was used; that of Glorianna Folsome, daughter of the village blacksmith, to Lord Sterling. That is a story within itself, too rife with romance, beauty and nobility, simplicity and courtly elegance, to interweave in this brief sketch. It may come later. In 1754 Dr. Johnson was chosen the first president of Kings College (now Columbia) of New York.



CENTER GRADED SCHOOL AND OLD DAYTON HOUSE Photo by E. M. Wells





SOLDIER'S MONUMENT ON ACADEMY HILL  
Dedicated October 3, 1889

Photo by E. M. Wells

After the battle of Lexington, a rider arrived in Stratford on a Sunday morning with the news of that engagement. The Minute Men were summoned and the little town of Stratford was aroused. Intense feeling permeated the congregations of the two churches. At Christ church during service the rector read the accustomed prayer as usual, whereupon George Benjamin (later a captain in the Revolution), great-great-grandfather of Bedell Benjamin, arose in his pew and said, "No such prayer for the royal family must again be read in this church, as George III is this country's worst enemy." The rector closed his prayer book with a slam, pronounced the benediction and dismissed the congregation. The church was locked and remained closed until after the Revolution was over and peace declared.

On the steeple was the famous golden rooster, impaled there as early as 1744 with a mission to point out which way the wind blew, like a faithful weather cock should do. That old rooster is up there yet and has been doing duty day and night for 160 years. It had short respite during the Revolution. It seems this worshipful old bird was presented to the church

by Poulaski Benjamin, father of Captain George Benjamin, and during the Revolution was riddled by bullets from the muskets of British soldiers, who, while encamped on Academy hill near by, amused themselves by shooting at the chancicleer.

One evening in the year 1778, Captain George Benjamin, with the assistance of some Revolutionary soldiers, removed the rooster and hid it in his barn. After the war was over, he called his daughter Alice, and said to her, "I am about to replace the weather cock on the spire of the church, place your hands upon it, you may have another opportunity to again touch it, but I never shall."



TOMBSTONE MARKING STATESMAN'S GRAVE

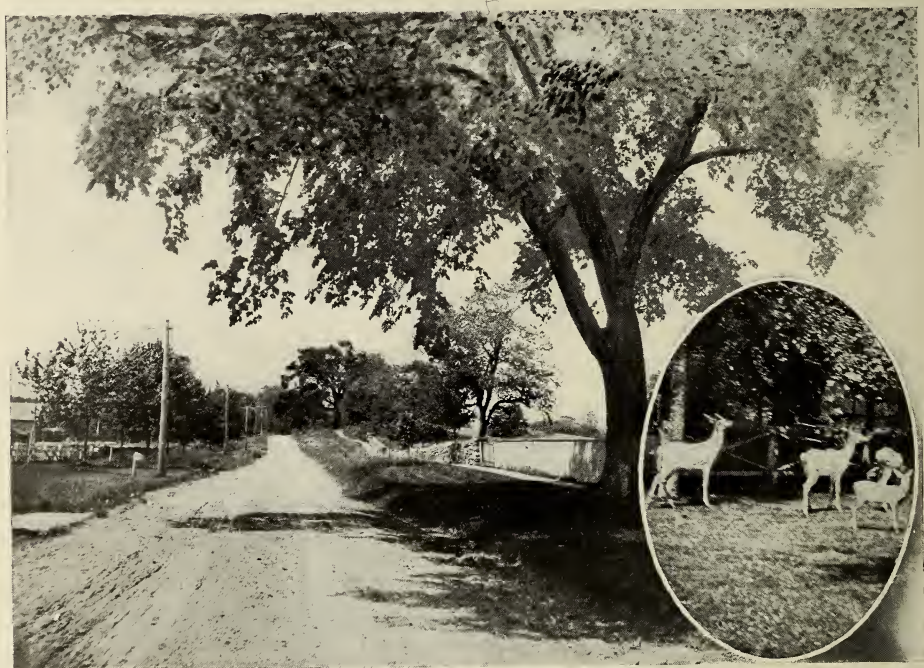
In old Congregational burying-ground—over remains of Gideon Tomlinson, Governor of Connecticut, 1827-1830—United States Senator, 1831-1837



In 1857 the rooster was again taken down to be replaced upon the present edifice which stands upon the site of the old church. In the lapse of years Alice Benjamin had married John Thompson, and her son, Joseph Thompson, resided in the Seymour Curtis place. When the old rooster was lowered from the spire, Joseph Thompson loaded the old cock in a wagon and conveyed it to the home of his mother, and she, for the second time placed her hands upon it,

No historical mention would be complete without some reference to the Congregational church. This antedates the Episcopal society for antiquity and the influences which have gone largely to make up the character and progress of Stratford were controlled by these two religious societies.

The first church in Stratford was the Congregational and the first church in Stratfield was also the Congregational. In 1748 the first Episco-



HUNTINGTON ROAD AND TORY HILL

Estate of Swan B. Brewster on the right—Deer on Brewster Estate

after an interval of 79 years. The old chanticleer was then regilded and Joseph Thompson affixed under one of the wings a plate engraved with the names of the donor, also his son, Captain Benjamin, and Alice his daughter, as well as the dates of the removal from, and restoration to, the church spire. If anyone doubts this, it is a simple matter to verify the statement by climbing the steeple and peeping under the rooster's left wing.

pal church in Stratfield was consecrated with Rev. Philo Shelton as rector, great-grandfather of Mr. Hamilton Shelton, cashier of the Connecticut National bank. The Episcopal church stood just north of North avenue on Church lane. The old Stratfield burying ground is on North avenue, just west of Clinton avenue. Recently the D. A. R. has erected a memorial gate, and upon tablets are engraved the names of those who lived



PARADISE GREEN AT STRATFORD

Stately elms lend beauty and symmetry to the scene—Brewster homestead in the distance on the left



FIRST MEETING HOUSE IN STRATFIELD  
Erected 1695

By Courtesy  
the Bridgeport Standard



in Stratfield and were soldiers in the American Revolution.

The First Congregational church was moved to its present site on Bank street in 1808, and the Episcopal church was reestablished at the corner of State and Broad streets in 1801. In 1836 the building was sold to the First Baptist society and St. John's was transferred to Cannon street, where now stands the post office building. In 1871 St. John's was again moved to the corner of Park avenue and Fairfield avenue. After these two religious societies removed from

area in Mountain Grove, and he was to remove the dead. This law provoked indignation. However, Barnum could not be stopped, the dead were taken up in cartloads and carried, mostly at night time, to another resting place. The bodies were reburied in the far side of Mountain Grove cemetery, monuments were broken, headstones misplaced, and in many instances headstones were utilized for flagging side-walks about town. The proceeding was an outrage on the country, but, despite all opposition,



GROUP OF BRIDGEPORT CHURCHES IN 1835

By Courtesy  
the Bridgeport Standard

From an old wood-cut—Corner of Broad and Gilbert streets, looking north—Second Congregational at right—St. John's Episcopal Church, later Baptist, comes second—First Congregational, third—Old Methodist Church, fourth and last in the distance

North avenue to the sites on Broad street, a new burying ground was selected on Park avenue. In this sacred soil were deposited the remains of most of the people who were born, bred and brought up in this community.

The story of progress has its unfortunate features. In the sixties, when P. T. Barnum was a member of the State Legislature, he introduced a bill providing that he should be granted the old burying ground for an equal

Barnum laid out Lewis street and Cottage street through the old burying ground and planked both streets with cottages. On this soil, which was wept over by countless mourners, today stand scores of tenements.

The contemporary and successive generations of men have passed away. In the long lapse of years their families and their descendants have become supplanted by other men. The energy in the city of Bridgeport today is imported.



In 1821 the population of Bridgeport was 1,700. In 1825 Bridgeport was not on the map, and as late as 1835 the place was literally unknown to the outside world. Prior to this a few coasting vessels were owned here, the most noteworthy being the sloop *Hyr-ram*, built in 1789 and owned by John S. Cannon, and *Lambert Rockwell*. The captain of this 63-ton sloop was George Hoyt, and in 1806 he was chosen first cashier of the Bridgeport bank. It was during these years that Stratfield was called Newfield. Stephen Burroughs had built the first wharf and Abijah Hawley had built the second wharf below Bank street. The head of navigation was at Berkshire pond, and one or two bridges were in process of construction.

In 1800 the village of Newfield made an application to the General Assembly for a separate government, and to be incorporated as the Borough of Bridgeport. This was granted, and Captain Abijah Sterling presided at the first meeting of the borough, November 12, 1800. However, it was not until 1821 that the name "Newfield" was set aside and that of Bridgeport definitely adopted. In 1836 the city of Bridgeport was incorporated and the first mayor, Isaac Sherman, Jr., was chosen. In 1887 the seal of the city of Bridgeport, designed by Julian H. Sterling, was adopted by the Common Council, and in March, 1889, the city and town governments were consolidated and the charter revised in conformity with the requirements of an act passed by the State Legislature.

Late in the fifties the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company started, and to this concern belongs the credit of giving to Bridgeport the impetus and thrift which has followed. When the historian proclaims fact exactly as it existed and continued to exist, then will be told that to Nathaniel Wheeler belongs the story of transforming the city of Bridgeport from a country town into the gigantic big mill city which it is today, with its thousands of mill operatives, its

smoke, clang and clatter, and its far-reaching detonations echoing from factory whistles. From the Wheeler & Wilson concern sprang East Bridgeport, then the Union Metallic Cartridge Company's plant, Eaton, Cole & Burnham's, The Bridgeport Brass Company, and hundreds upon hundreds of other industries, which have been located here since the birth of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company. Nathaniel Wheeler was alive to the wants of a growing city, he was indefatigable in his labors to induce other manufacturing concerns to locate here.

Too much credit is given P. T. Barnum, who, with his traveling circus, saw fit to invest money obtained by exhibiting wild animals and circus riders, in real estate in East Bridgeport, as well as Bridgeport proper. Barnum gave small parcels of land here and there for park purposes with the proviso that the city should improve all such gifts. Always adjoining to these gifts to the city, Barnum would own large areas of land, which by virtue of the parks which the city improved and kept up, advanced the values of Barnum's holdings. That is the way Barnum did so much for Bridgeport. His "philanthropy" is today turning out colossal interest to his heirs.

If it had not been for Nathaniel Wheeler there would have been no such growing city with the thousands of incoming families and skilled operatives to inhabit the place. These thousands needed homes and Barnum had corralled the building lots. Nathaniel Wheeler made Barnum rich.

In less than fifty years Bridgeport has grown to be a thoroughly cosmopolitan city known all over the world, because of the products of her manufacturing factories.

This "business hustle," as it is styled, gives those concerned in it but little time for reading or improving the mind in those literary lines deemed essential in the cultivated and refined walks of life. Cultured and refined

Stratford and Fairfield, look upon Bridgeport as the spoilt child.

It considers Bridgeport today as too materialistic, but feels confident that with years will come achievement in the arts and sciences. With pride Stratford points to her sons who have become distinguished in the world's service and fears that materialistic Bridgeport is not continuing the record.

Among them may be recorded General David Wooster, of Revolutionary fame, born in 1710; William Samuel Johnson, LL. D., born in 1727, for thirteen years President of Columbia College, one of the delegates to the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States, and well known in national politics at the period in which he lived; Colonel Aaron Benjamin, born August 17, 1757. He is described in Orcutt's history as "a man of medium stature, but commanding presence; of large humanity, great purity of character, iron energy, and unyielding integrity and honor; who, during the Revolutionary war was more than a hundred times under fire, and in the attack on Stony Point, as one of the forlorn hope, was the second man to enter the fort. His military mantle has fallen upon his grandson, Colonel Samuel N. Benjamin, whose brilliant record in the war of the Rebellion is worthy of his grandsire." Captain Nehemiah Gorham, born October 10, 1753. "He was an officer in the army of the Revolution, and served faithfully through the war which established the independence of his country." General Joseph Walker, born in 1756, "who entered the American army in 1777, and served his country in the several grades from captain to major-general." Hon. Gideon Tomlinson, born in 1780, Governor of the State of Connecticut from 1827 to 1830, and United States Senator from 1831 to 1837; Hon. David

Plant, born in 1783, for four years Lieutenant-Governor of Connecticut, and Member of Congress from 1827 to 1829; Captain D. Pulaski Benjamin, born in 1796, last survivor of the Dartmoor prisoners.

Nothing perhaps tends more toward ultimate conditions whereby Bridgeport will rank among the first cities of this commonwealth, than the advantages which are derived from the superior system of her public schools. As early as 1678 the settlers of Stratfield petitioned the General Court to be released from paying school taxes to Fairfield, and in 1691 a new school society was incorporated and in 1701 it was called Stratfield school society. In 1766 three districts were established, the north, middle and south. The district system continued until 1876 when they were consolidated under one control and the management of all the district schools was placed in the hands of a single committee or Board of Education. In addition to the public schools there have been many private ones under the management of able preceptors, among them Rev. Samuel Blatchford, Rev. Elijah Waterman, Rev. Birdsey G. Noble, Amos A. Pettingill, Mr. Abbott, Isaac H. Johnson, W. W. Sellick, Rev. Henry Jones, S. R. Calthrop, Rev. G. B. Day, George W. Yates, Emery F. Strong and Rev. L. W. Bloomfield. Among the leading private schools today are the Park Avenue Institute, conducted by Mr. S. B. Jones, and the University School, conducted by Mr. Vincent C. Peck.

The possibilities of the thriving city are innumerable, and after the fever for material gain has subsided, and the dwellers have settled back to normal living, then Bridgeport will become an important moral and intellectual factor in addition to its present reputation as a great industrial center.



# HOME — IN MEMORY OF ITS BEAUTIES

ITS WEALTH OF SACRED ASSOCIATIONS—ITS GLADNESS  
AND ITS PATHOS—GAYLORD HOMESTEAD ON POST  
ROAD BETWEEN NORWALK AND DANBURY—MEMORIAM

BY

JOHN GAYLORD DAVENPORT, D.D.

PASTOR SECOND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH AT WATERBURY

NO sensitive spirit can regard with indifference the place where generations of human beings have been born, have met life's supreme experiences, have wrought out their destiny and passed from earth. Imagination rehabilitates the ancient mansion and peoples it again with the men and women who there smiled and wept and prayed. And we find ourselves in sympathy with their love and their hatred, their aspiration and their struggle. A lone chimney, marking the spot where a home once stood and the firelight and the lovelight shone, will often awaken thoughts and emotions too deep for words. A dismantled house, silent and lonely, may suggest pictures of fascinating interest. Even the old-fashioned flower that opens its petals beside the now unused doorstone has its tale to tell of the one who planted it in the long ago. As some poet has written:

"Old lilac bushes, thin and gray,  
In wistful longing sigh;  
Dishevelled roses blush in vain,  
No mistress lingers by.

The tansy creeps e'en to the door  
Through garden tangles sweet;  
Gaunt apple trees their wizened fruit  
Strew at the master's feet.

And lo! a cricket bravely chirps  
Throughout the lonely house;  
But those who loved there long ago,  
They sleep too deep to rouse."

I invite you to visit with me the ancient colonial home that is endeared to me by the experiences of my childhood, and that five generations of my kindred have occupied. It was here that winter after winter during a century or more, such scenes occurred as the poet refers to:

"We piled with care our nightly stack  
Of wood against the chimney back,—  
The oaken log, green, huge and thick,  
And on its top the stout back-stick;  
The knotty fore-stick laid apart,  
And filled between with curious art  
The ragged brush; then, hovering  
near  
We watched the first red blaze appear,  
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam  
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,  
Until the old, rude-furnished room  
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;  
While, radiant with a mimic flame  
Outside the sparkling drift became,  
And through the bare-boughed locust tree  
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free."

As one journeys northward on the old post road between Norwalk and Danbury, about five miles above the former village and one mile above the southern boundary of Wilton, he passes, on the right, a house that inevitably attracts his attention. Standing back from the highway upon a slight eleva-



tion from which it seems to command its surroundings, the broad lawn in front of it sloping toward the street and dotted here and there with clumps of ancient lilacs, some of which cling closely to the narrow window panes, as if looking through them to gain a glimpse of those who once there dwelt; its gateway guarded by two venerable elms: it is somewhat imposing even in its decrepitude. For it suffers from extreme old age. Although its skeleton is of oak and as strong and impenetrable as iron, its outer tissues are crumbling away and occasionally an eye, in the shape of one of its diminutive windows, shows a tendency to fall from its socket. About the place cling associations that are of considerable interest.

In the spring of 1726, the original proprietors of Norwalk, desirous of helping the Wilton parish, that year organized, granted "ten acres of land to be taken up, to be lay'd out for ye use of ye Presbyterian or Congregational ministry among them forever."

And here, upon the land thus received, probably the same year (1726), the Wilton parish built its first parsonage. A Scotchman, the Rev. Robert Sturgeon, having been installed as pastor, a portion of the land, with the house, in accordance with the excellent custom of the time, was deeded to him as a "settlement." But it seems that his family had been left in Scotland, and the idea of a lone man's taking possession of the property and occupying the brand new house was not altogether pleasing to his parishioners. Some uneasiness regarding him is indicated in the records. The people "desire him to apply to the Presbetry to use all proper means to induce his wife to come over to New England," saying that if he did so, they would "sett down esse and contently." After some delay, as it would appear, the family came, and it is said that on the day of their arrival Mr. Sturgeon preached from Luke v: 26, "We have seen strange things today." But for some reason unknown to us the un-

easiness lingered. The family failed to bring with it to the Wilton parish the contentment that had been expected. On the records today stands the entry, read of all generations, "The pastor's life and conversation do not give satisfaction." Thus is illustrated Shakespeare's saying, "The evil that men do lives after them." Five years after the minister's settlement, a council is called for his dismissal, a somewhat unusual event in those days of lifelong pastorates. Mr. Sturgeon and his family departed, and for a year or two the parsonage was left without an occupant. Whether or not the boys of the eighteenth century could resist the temptation to stone the windows of a vacant house, does not appear.

At a parish meeting, held April 11, 1732, measures are taken to secure another minister. The neighboring pastors recommend one William Gaylord, who was born in West Hartford in 1709, and had graduated at Yale in 1730, and who had just completed his theological studies. He was of good Puritan stock, being a great-grandson of Dea. William Gaylord, who came from England to Dorchester, Mass., in 1631, and removed to Windsor, Conn., with the Rev. John Warham in September, 1636. On his mother's side he was descended from Samuel Stone, assistant and successor of Thomas Hooker. He seems to have preached in Wilton for several Sundays, when on May 20, 1732, he was approached to know "if he would tarry with them some considerable time, and upon what consideration." They agreed to give him a "settlement" of two hundred pounds, including the estate bought back from Mr. Sturgeon, and a yearly salary of sixty-five pounds. Warned by their experience with their previous pastor, however, they voted that "it is to be understood that if Mr. Gaylord turn from ye opinion or principals that he now professes, contrary to ye mind of ye Society, then he is to return ye two hundred pounds again." Evidently those fathers of ours were not lacking in shrewdness. A council met

February 13, 1733, for the young man's ordination. The first day was given up to a thorough examination of the candidate, who may have thought the 13th especially unlucky! But he appears to have acquitted himself admirably, and the solemn service of ordination and installation was held on the 14th.

There was one whose smile and commendation must have sustained him through the ordeal, for three weeks before, January 24, 1733, he had married and brought to the parsonage his bride, Elizabeth Davenport, daughter of the Rev. John Davenport of Stamford, and a great-granddaughter of the patriarch of New Haven.

Her father was a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1687, and in 1694 had become pastor of the church in Stamford, where he remained for thirty-six years. He was a man of unusual scholarly attainments. It was said at his funeral that he "had the advantage of an accurate knowledge of those languages wherein the scriptures were given by divine inspiration, probably far beyond the compass of any of his survivors within many scores of miles every way; and so could drink immediately out of the sacred fountain, those languages being almost as familiar to him as his mother tongue."

He stood in prominent relations to the civil interests of the colony, was for twenty-four years a member of the corporation of Yale college, was a member of the synod that formed the famous "Saybrook platform," and held a commanding influence among the ministers of the day. At the election sermon preached three months after his death, this was referred to as "the removal of one eminent for learning, and who was a bulwark and barrier upon our frontiers."

It was his daughter, Elizabeth, who, as the pastor's wife, came to this now dilapidated home. She was not yet twenty-five years old, but we infer from the associations of her life and from that which is recorded of her,

that she was thoughtful and dignified as well as devout, and so well fitted to assume the duties and responsibilities of her position. It is pleasant to think of her, radiant with youth, flitting through these old rooms, presiding over the minister's household, and with native and acquired grace meeting the good people of the place, as in their quaint attire and manner of a hundred and seventy years ago, they called to pay their respects to "Mistress Gaylord," the first lady of the parish. How we should enjoy looking in upon one of those afternoon receptions and listening to the stilted language of the time. Possibly the dress of the ladies would interest some of us most of all.

Mrs. Gaylord's father had died two years before, at the age of 63, so that he could have had no associations with this ancient house. Not so with her brother, Abraham, whose remarkable firmness and devotion to duty in his later life have been immortalized by one of our American poets. He was eighteen years old at the time of her marriage, and had graduated at Yale the previous year. He returned to Stamford and there spent his long life, largely in the service of the public. Almost every office in the gift of the people of his native place was conferred upon him. Whittier, after telling the familiar story of his conduct on the famous dark day of 1780, says:

"And there he stands in memory to  
this day,  
Erect, self-poised, a rugged face, half  
seen  
Against the background of unnatural  
dark;  
A witness to the ages as they pass  
That simple duty hath no place for  
fear."

It is very natural for us to believe that he, in his young manhood, not unfrequently mounted his horse and rode across the country from Stamford, some fourteen or fifteen miles, to visit his sister, for the people of those times



thought little of making much longer journeys to call upon their kindred. With him he must have brought to this home the charm of a bright and forceful personality. We imagine him, however, as serious rather than playful, as dropping sage remarks within this old dwelling, and exhorting the children to be true to privilege and opportunity.

Mrs. Gaylord's oldest sister, Abigail, had married the Rev. Stephen Williams of Longmeadow, who, as a boy of nine years, had been captured by the Indians on the night of the fearful assault upon Deerfield, Mass. Is it not quite probable that he and his consort once and again drew rein at the Wilton parsonage, and stopped over for a visit when on their way to the old home in Stamford? We readily think of the Gaylord children as listening with open-eyed and open-mouthed absorption, as "Uncle Stephen" recounted to them his experiences during the two years that he was a captive among the Indians. And very likely the tales told filled their nights with terror and changed their dreams to nightmares!

Other sisters had married Rev. Thomas Goodsell of Branford and Dr. Eleazur Wheelock, the founder and first president of Dartmouth College, and it is not at all difficult for us to believe that more than once they visited sister Elizabeth within these now venerable walls, and that high discourse was here held, theological hair-splitting indulged in, political situations in the mother country and the colonies discussed, and the latest books from England reviewed, while the children were asleep and the "tallow-dips" burned low. If these old walls had but been a graphophone to preserve and to report that which they heard, how eagerly we should listen to their utterances.

In 1746, there walked up to the old front door and entered this home a gentleman whose reputation was well nigh world-wide. It was none less than the Rev. George Whitefield, then

on his third visit to this country. While journeying from New Haven to New York he stopped over at Wilton, as the guest of the pastor, and preached in the little meeting-house which stood about an eighth of a mile further up the street. Mr. Gaylord was in sympathy with his spirit and his methods, and apparently as a result of his preaching here, an unusual number of people, the following year, connected themselves with the membership of the church. It is interesting to recall the fact, that the wonderful voice, which had charmed and influenced so many thousands, was heard beneath this roof.

As the years flew on, joy and sorrow visited the parsonage. Those experiences which are deepest and most momentous, came to the pastor and his wife. Three sons were born to them and four daughters, and on a June day in 1742, while the old-fashioned roses were blooming in the garden, little Theodosia, "Gift of God," the sweet bud of the household, was claimed by the Master and borne away.

Not long afterward a more grievous trial befell the pastor. His cherished wife grew weary and wan, and faded like a stricken flower. Under date of July 6, 1747, he wrote as follows in the parish record:

"Died, my own dear wife, Elizabeth, after about twelve months' indisposition, and about fifteen weeks' confinement to the house, aged 38 years, 10 months and 8 days. She was the youngest daughter of the late Rev. Mr. John Davenport of Stamford, deceased. Religiously disposed, as I understand, from childhood, and since, by her own consent, I trust savingly converted, I took her in marriage January 24, 1733. I have had by her seven children, six of whom are alive. A good God has made her a good wife to me, both in temporals and spirituals: prudent, faithful, loving, loyal, and very respectful, and I have great reason to hope the God of all grace made her a good Christian. Her death



is a sore loss to me and my dear children, but I trust in God who in great wisdom has ordered it, according to the exceeding great and precious promise of the Covenant of Grace, to turn it to my gain, that I may understand his voice in the dispensation and be enabled to glorify him in the present circumstances."

The brightness of that summer day, when the form of the dear wife was borne from this door and laid under the shadow of the little meeting-house, must have been sadly eclipsed by the grief of kindred and friends. The pastor, still in the bloom of his early manhood, evidently felt his sorrow most keenly, but was sustained by an unflinching trust. His oldest child, William, was not yet fourteen years of age, while baby John was but little more than a year. Within four years afterward, two of his children followed their mother into the unseen world. Thus was the happy family circle that had here been formed quickly broken. But amid the shadows that enveloped him the pastor toiled bravely on, clinging to the Hand divine. The first volume of the romance of his life, with its fourteen chapters, much of it written in golden letters, but some of it in gloomy characters, was finished, when he here bade his wife farewell.

A second volume, also to consist of fourteen chapters and to be penned in alternate brightness and shadow, was begun, when six years later he brought to this home another Elizabeth, the daughter of a Mr. Bishop of Norwalk. She was thirty-one years old, and here lived for fifty-eight years, surviving her husband by forty-four years, and here dying October 1, 1811, aged 89. She became the mother of four sons and two daughters. And so again the old home was filled with the prattling of babes, the laughter of childhood, the aspiration of ambitious youth. And as before sorrow came in the loss of a bright and promising boy of six, who was drowned in the Norwalk river which runs through the meadows just across the way. The story of the

accident was told with impressive details to the boys of a century later, and the stream where we used to bathe, as its waters murmured and sighed over the shallows, always seemed to be whispering of the young life that had there gone out. This boy was inappropriately named "Moses," for he was not "drawn out" of the water before it was too late.

A year or two before he was born, another Moses, a son of the former marriage, enlisted as a soldier in the war then raging between England and France. In the obituary list of the church records the father writes:

"October 7, 1760, Moses Gaylord, aged twenty-one years." And he adds: "He died at Fort Herkimer, after he had been from home in the expedition against Montreal, a little more than four months, and after four months of sore sickness at Oswego, on his way toward Albany."

And so, back to this old home came the tidings of son and brother, fallen in the service of his country, an event that has occurred in the case of so many homes since that day, and that always occasions sorrow unspeakable. National progress as a rule seems to be made over crushed and bleeding hearts!

But the pastor's work was approaching its completion. He seems suddenly to have laid it down, dying January 2, 1767, as it is recorded, "of an apoplectic disorder," when he was not yet 58 years old. And here the church and parish and a great company of kindred and friends, mourned the honored and beloved dead.

Mr. Gaylord seems to have been a useful and somewhat prominent man in his day. He was in sympathy with the advanced thinkers of his time, the "New Lights" as they were called. In 1751, at Windham, he presided over the General Association of the Congregational Ministers of Connecticut. As pastor of the Wilton church for thirty-four years, he was a devoted and successful worker. Among other things he kept the records of the

church with remarkable accuracy and minuteness. Upon his slate tombstone we read:

"He was an able divine, a faithful minister, and a meek and humble Christian. His love for souls was very great, in proof of which he spent his life in unwearied endeavors for the conversion of sinners, and the edification of saints. And among many other excellencies he eminently merited the character of a peace-maker, and is now undoubtedly reaping ye reward of such in the kingdom of his Lord."

Of his thirteen children seven survived him. One of these, Deodate, "Divine Gift," occupied this old home during his entire life of eighty years, here dying in the winter of 1840. When the British under General Tryon invaded southern Connecticut, he enlisted, although but seventeen years old, in the American army, and in his old age became a revolutionary pensioner. Past this old home swept the division of the English forces that assailed and burned Danbury, in 1777, to the alarm no doubt of its occupants, who were known to be sturdy adherents of the colonial cause. And here, as the old people used to relate, were heard the cannon fired in 1779, when Norwalk was destroyed by the soldiers of King George. The sound was described as thrilling and doleful, as it swept up the valley, suggestive of the tremendous struggle of the weak against the strong that the colonists had undertaken in the interest of independence and liberty. To this neighborhood, and no doubt to this home, fled many for refuge, when the town five miles below was laid in ashes.

Three generations of Deodate Gaylord's descendants were here born, and now for but a few years have alien faces peered through the old windows and the house been occupied by those who know little if anything of its history. The home itself has suddenly fallen to decay, as if stricken with

grief for "the tender grace of a day that is dead."

As we think of the events that have occurred within these now crumbling walls, of the pure joys and the profound sorrows that have here been experienced, of the struggles with self and sin, and the wrestlings with the Angel of the Covenant that have here been known, of the notable persons who have here lingered for a longer or shorter period, of the words that have here been spoken, the purposes that have here been formed, the victories over doubt and fear that have here been won, the hundreds of sermons that have here been meditated and penned, the thousands of prayers that have here ascended to the Majesty on high, the triumphs over "the last enemy" that have here been secured, the place assumes a sacredness whose power we can but feel. These low-studded rooms seem haunted by the generations that have here met that which takes deepest hold of the human heart. As in a dream they pass before us, "young men and maidens, old men and children," the bride in her snowy robe, the mourner in her sable garb, the matron burdened with her cares, the pastor with mingled anxiety and faith and hope pictured upon his countenance; all animated by substantially the same expectation and dread and ambition that move us.

And while we must be impressed with a sense of the transitoriness of all human experience, do we not find here an argument for immortality? Can it be that for these men and women, thinking oft-times great thoughts, touched with unbounded sympathy and affection and aspiration, taking hold, as they verily believed, upon the infinite and eternal, the little space accorded them here was all? It seems impossible to believe it. The old home with its wealth of sacred association, its gladness and its pathos, lifts our gaze toward the goal of human existence, "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."



Our fancy like wand of magician  
Restores to its pristine condition  
The home of the loved and the vanished.

Falls all the moss from its clapboards,  
Leaps to its place crumbling shingle,  
Back comes the porch with its side-seats,

Where lovers oft sat in the gloaming  
While up from the sweet daisied meadows

The notes of the whippoorwill floated;  
Laces again shade the windows  
Where gaze the faces long absent,  
Bright with undying affection!  
Without how the lilacs are blooming  
And filling the air with their fragrance,

The while all the honey-bees murmur  
Their tiny hearts' glad satisfaction!  
Over the scene bend the elm trees  
In blessing on all who approach them!  
And grasses like emerald velvet,

Mottled with shadows fantastic,  
Invite us to rest mid their beauty  
And pillow our head on their softness.  
The past in its sweetness is with us,  
We live in its love and its sunshine,  
Thrilled with its yearning immortal.  
Thanks for the impulse which bids us  
Be worthy of those who before us  
Their life have accomplished so nobly.  
Mansions may fall into ruin  
And dust may envelop the hearthstone,  
But good deeds abide through the ages

And character pure is eternal!  
It may be God's future will give us  
In some realm, the home of our childhood,

Idealized, touched with perfection,  
And filled with the loved ones whose presence  
So sweet and so beautiful made it,  
Whose memory charms us forever!

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## NIGHTFALL

BY

FLORELLA ESTES, M.D.

The heat of the day is now over;  
Cool rises the evening breeze;  
It brings me the song of the river,  
The soft, soothing whisper of trees.

The sun has passed down thro' night's portals,  
And fades the last gleam of its light;  
The whip-poor-will calls in the marsh-land;  
The rose nods a sleepy good-night.

With youth and its passions long perished,  
I hear, borne on life's evening breeze,  
A song sweet as that of the river,  
A whisper like that of the trees.

The song and the whisper, they soothe me,  
And fill with deep peace my sad breast:  
They tell me that night is fast falling  
And soon I shall go to my rest.



# STUDIES IN ANCESTRY

## GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES L. N. CAMP

Mr. Camp is the leading Genealogist, Heraldic Expert and Illuminator in this country. His world-wide reputation has been again sustained by his recent services for the State of Connecticut at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis, where he has completed Coats of Arms in water colors of seventy-five of the most distinguished early families of the state. They are pronounced by critics to be the finest ever exhibited in the United States. The Genealogical Department of THE CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE is open to all, whether subscribers or not, and no fees are required. The services of an eminent authority in replying to brief queries are at your disposal. Queries should be as precise and specific as possible. Extended investigations, only, will require compensation. Persons having old family records, diaries or documents yielding genealogical information are requested to communicate with Mr. Camp in reference to placing them on permanent record. Readers are cordially invited to co-operate in answering queries. All matters relating to this department must be sent to THE CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE, Genealogical Department, Hartford, Conn.—EDITOR

THE following list of names was gleaned from the official records at Exeter, England, and as they may aid in tracing the ancestry of some Colonial families of America, I send them for publication in The Connecticut Magazine.

While most of the English wills were proved and recorded in the counties where the testators lived, many wills of the better class of people were proved in London and recorded at Somerset House. There Mr. Waters found the wills of Richard Allen, proved 1652, and of his son, Richard Allyn, proved 1662.

Richard Allen (also Allin and Allyn) the elder, was married, first, at Braunton, County Devon, in 1583, and I have searched seven parish registers in that vicinity and found hundreds of official records of Allens, Allins, Allyns, Wyatts, Rices and Tomlins.

As I have found no record of this Richard Allen's baptism, I hope that some descendant of Hon. Mathew Allyn (of Hartford, Conn., 1636) will examine the wills (proved before 1635) at Exeter and London, to find traces of the former ancestors of this line of Allyn.

JEREMIAH ALLYN.

Conneaut, Ohio.

ALLEN AND ALLYN WILLS, FROM  
N. W. DEVONSHIRE, RECORD-  
ED IN PROBATE OFFICE,  
EXETER, ENGLAND.

Year Proved.	Testator's Name.	Parish.
1564	William Allen	South Molton
1565	Robert Alen	Shebbere
1566	Paule Allen	North Tawton

Year Proved.	Testator's Name.	Parish.
1567	Nicholas Allen	Peters Marland
1569	John Allen	Great Torrington
1569	Petre Allen	Abbotsham
1571	John Allen	Bydeford
1576	Simon Alen	Fremington
1576	William Alen	Marwood
1580	James Allyn	Fremington
1581	John Allen	Twychen
1581	Elizabeth Allen	Marwood
1585	Robert Allyn	Were Gifford
1586	Philip Allen	Shebbeare
1588	Juliane Allen	Abbotsham
1589	Johanna Allen	Shebbere
1591	Stephen Allen	Pilton
1592	John Allen	Barum
1592	John Allen	Fremington
1596	Richard Allen	Cheddelhampton
1597	John Allen	Parkham
1598	John Allen	Parkham
1589	Joan Allen	Wear Gifford
1600	Joan Allen	For: mag.
1603	Jerome Allen	For: mag.
1604	Robert Allen	South Molton
1608	Robert Allen	Wear Giffard
1608	Robert Allen	East Buckland
1610	Robert Allen	Biddeforde
1612	Robert Allen	Fremington
1613	Robert Allen	Monckleigh
1615	Robert Allen	S. Molton
1617	Mathew Allen	Cheddelhampton
1618	Mathew Allen	Fremington
1619	Anthony Allen	South Molton
1619	Thomas Allen	Abbotsham
1619	Mathew Allen	Fremington
1622	William Allen	Buckland Brewer
1623	Grace Allen	Biddiford
1625	George Allyn	Fremington
1625	Henry Allen	North Tawton
1625	Ursula Allen	Fremington

Year Proved.	Testator's Name.	Parish.
1625	Hugh Allen	S. Molton
1627	James Allen	Chettlehampton
1629	Gertrud Allyn	Chettlehampton
1630	Christopher Allen	Fremington
1630	Ralph Allen	For: Mag.
1631	Thomas Allen	Torrington
1633	William Allen	Abbotsham
1634	Agnes Allen	Torrington
1635	William Allen	Torrington
1635	John Allen	East Buckland
1635	Ellene Allen	Torrington
1637	John Allen	S. Molton
1642	John Allyn	Tawstock
1644	William Allyn	South Molton
No	wills were recorded at Exeter, from 1645 to 1659.	

1660	John Allen	Frithelstock
1660	Edward Allen	Torrington
1661	Anna Allen	Molland
1661	Thomas Allen	Molland
1661	Jerome Allen	Torrington
1661	Martha Allen	Torrington
1661	John Allen	Pilton
1664	William Allen	Bideford
1664	Johana Allen	Shebbear
1666	Prudence Allen	Molland
1667	William Allyn	Biddifarde
1667	Katherine Allen	Tawstock
1667	John Allen	Huntshaw
1667	Jane Allen	Shebbear
1668	Matthew Allen	Barum
1670	John Allen	Pilton
1671	James Allen	Bideford
1671	Alexander Allen	Torrington
1672	Thomas Allen	Biddiford
1674	Thomas Allen	Stoke River
1675	John Allyn	St. Giles
1676	Henry Allen	Marwood
1676	Hercules Allen	Shebbear
1676	George Allyn	Bitheford
1676	John Allen	Tawstock
1677	Maria Allyn	Tor: Mag.
1677	Cecily Allen	Pilton
1681	Robert Allen	Shebbeare
1682	Thomas Allen	Atherington
1683	Laramy-alias-Allyn	Barum
1683	Anthony Allen	Chittlehampton
1683	Henry Allen	Torrington
1684	Gabriel Allyn	Northam
1684	William Allyn	Chettlehampton
1685	George Allyn	Bideford
1686	Jeremiah Allyn	Torrington
1688	Eliza Allen	Bideford
1690	Phillippa Allen	Chittlehampton
1690	George Allyn	Filleigh
1692	Maria Allen	South Molton
1693	Thamazén Allyn	Fremington
1693	Phillippa Allen	Munckley
1695	Catherine Allen	St. Egidis
1696	Samuel Allen	Bundleigh
1709	John Allyn	Bideford
1710	Thamazén Allyn	South Molton
1710	John Allyn	Northam
1710	John Allin	Shebbeare
1711	John Allen	Parracombe
1719	Christopher Allen	East Buckland

## QUESTIONS.

75. (a.) *Peckham*. Wanted parentage of Thomas Hazard Peckham, born about 1764, died Sept. 19, 1822; married at Stonington, Conn., Patience, daughter of Jonas and Content (Bromley) Main.
- (b.) Parentage of Mary Peckham, born 1756-7; married — Hillard; was living in Stonington; Conn., 1836.
- (c.) Parentage of Isaac Peckham, born 1773, died Jan. 31, 1843, at Ledyard, Conn., married Mary —? Had a daughter Amey, who married Thomas Prosser; also another daughter who married — Taft or Tefft.
- B. J. P.
76. *Rice*. Wanted the ancestry of Nehemiah Rice, born about 1799. He was born possibly at Essex, (Mass., Conn. or N. Y.?) Albany or in the Conn. valley. It has been thought that he was connected with the Rice-Royce line of Wallingford and with Capt. Nehemiah Rice of the Revolution who lived at Woodbury, Middlesex, Waterbury and Watertown, Conn. The younger Nehemiah was probably an only child. He lived in Herkimer Co., N. Y.
- L. N. N.
77. (a.) *Scoville - Silsby*. Esther Scoville, born March 1, 1763, married Dec. 10, 1783, at Acworth, N. H., Eliphaz Silsby. Huldah Scoville, born Apr. —, 1760, married April 13, 1780, at Acworth, N. H., Lasell Silsby. They are reported to have come from Connecticut to New Hampshire. Can anyone give place of their birth and names of their parents?
- (b.) *Jones-Silsby*. Wanted names of parents and place of birth of Frances Congdon Jones, who married Rev. Ozias Silsby. She was born Jan. 5, 1776. She had

- a sister, Lucinda, born 1762, who married George Hough, a printer, born at Bozrah, Conn., June 15, 1757, later went to Windsor, Vt. Their father was Thomas Jones, in 1768 of Claremont, N. H., but who is said to have moved there from Conn., a soldier of the Revolution.
- (c.) *Jones-Gardner*. Wanted names with dates and places of birth of the children of Thomas Jones of Colchester, Conn., son of Jabez and Ann, born May 21, 1732, who married, —, 1753, Hannah, daughter of Stephen and Frances (Congdon) Gardner of Montville, Conn., born Nov. 7, 1733.
- (d.) *Cady-Silsby*. Wanted the address of some descendant of Emery Cady, who married at Woodstock, Conn., Jan. 1, 1843, Sophia Silsby; married, second, at same place, Emeline Silsby, sister of Sophia, Aug. 22, 1855. He had one son by Sophia, James, born at Woodstock, present address unknown.
- (e.) *Palmer-Silsby*. Wanted names of the parents of Samuel Palmer, who married Lydia Silsby, at Scotland, Windham Co., Conn., Jan. 18, 1739. Would also like the address of some descendant of this marriage.
- (f.) *Silsby-Trowbridge-Chapman*. Information wanted about Joshua S. Silsbee, an actor and delineator of Yankee character. *Appleton's Cyclopaedia of American Biography* and *Drake's Dictionary of American Biography* both say he was born Jan. 4, 1815, at Litchfield, Conn., and died Dec. 22, 1855, at San Francisco, Cal. His wife was Mrs. Martha Trowbridge, an actress, born in England, and who, after the death of Silsbee, married, in 1858, Wm. A. Chapman, the comedian. I want the names of the parents of Joshua, names with dates and places of the birth and death of his children, names of the parents of
- Mrs. Trowbridge, with dates and places of her birth and death.
- (g.) *Abbott-Tice-Silsby*. Will some one familiar with the Abbott family, give me record of the marriage of Samuel Abbott of New York to Roxy Silsby of Windham, Conn., about 1800. They had one son, Samuel, Jr. Roxy married, second, Peter Tice, also of New York. The address of any descendant of either Abbott or Tice will be of service.  
G. H. S.
78. Noah Smith, born in Stamford, Conn., 1770, married Lucy Holly and moved to Ridgefield in 1796. Noah died in Ridgefield in 1859. Who were the parents of Noah? Did Noah's father serve in the Continental Army? L. C. S.
79. *Bartholomew-Williams*. Information is desired concerning Sybil Bartholomew, or Williams, who married Daniel Hickox, Jan. 15, 1766, and died April 2, 1774. See Bronson's *History of Waterbury*, p. 500. J. A. B.
80. *St. John-Taylor*. Wanted the date of the marriage of Rev. Jacob St. John and Ruhamah Taylor, Danbury Conn., also the parentage of both parties.  
Mrs. R. B.
81. (a.) *Stone*. Can anyone give me a brief sketch of John Stone, an early settler of Guilford?
- (b.) *Lathrop*. Martha Lathrop married, in 1677, John Moss, Jr. When was she born and who were her parents? Was she a descendant of Rev. John Lathrop of Scituate and Barnstable, Mass.?
- (c.) *Moss-Cole*. Benjamin Moss, born Feb. 10, 1702, married, May 28, 1728, Abigail Cole. Who was she? C. I. I.
82. *Skinner*. In the *Connecticut State Collections* of men in the French and Indian war, 1756-1757, (published at Hartford, 1903) there appears, on page 230, a list of men in Capt. Wm. Pitkin's com-



pany, giving the date and days of service.

A foot note would indicate that this information is abbreviated, for it states that "twenty men rode on horses, four from Bolton," etc. I should like to know what the original roll, in the War Library, gives concerning Elias Skinner, and if he was one of the four who rode from Bolton.

L. C. S.

83. (a.) *Watson*. What were the surnames of Ann — and Sarah —, first and second wives of John Watson of Hartford and West, or New, Hartford, in early times?

(b.) *Skinner*. Capt. Judah Williams, son of Nathan<sup>2</sup>, son of Charles<sup>1</sup>, of Colchester and Hadley, married Mary Skinner. They moved from Colchester to Williamstown, Mass., then Troy, N. Y., where his wife died; he then moved to Utica, N. Y. Whose daughter was Mary Skinner? Place of residence? Was she from Hartford? Mary Skinner, daughter of Rev. Thomas Skinner, was thought, until found she married a Wells (Conn. Marriages), and on the same page apparently the same Mary married a Taintor.

(c.) *Stevens*. Were Beriah or Thomas Stevens of Killingworth in the Revolution? A. D. S.

84. (a.) *Bronson*. Who were the parents of Harris Bronson, born somewhere in Conn. in 1789? He married Hannah Thompson and was living in Waterbury in 1815, when his eldest son, Charles, was born. He then removed to Wattertown, N. Y. Four more children were born, William, Emma, Helen and George. He died October 14, 1827.

(b.) *Thompson*. Who was the wife of John Thompson of Stratford, Conn.? He was the son of John Thompson and Mehitabel (Booth) and was born in 1749, died April 25, 1801. His son,

Stiles, married Hannah Hopkins, and their daughter, Hannah, was wife of Harris Bronson.

E. P. S.

85. (a.) *Brigham*. Cephas Brigham, from Coventry or Mansfield, Conn., married Amelia Robinson —. He is supposed to be the son of Uriah Brigham. Were either of them in the War of Independence? Who were Amelia Robinson's ancestors, and was her father in the War of Independence?

(b.) Jesse Shepard, of Plainfield, Conn., born July 6, 1644, married Sarah White. Can you inform me when and where he died? He was the son of David White and Mehitabel (Spaulding) White. Did Jesse die in Plainfield or in Tolland county? It has been thought by some of the friends that he went to Tolland county about 1800.

Q.

86. (a.) *Bulkley-Jones*. Was Thos. Bulkley son or brother of Rev. Peter Bulkley of Concord, Mass., and was his wife, Sarah, a daughter of William Jones of New Haven, who married a daughter of Gov. Eaton?

(b.) *Morgan*. Who was James Morgan, the father of Hannah, who married Nehemiah Royce?

(c.) *Royce*. What is known of Robert Royce of New London?

(d.) *Hall*. Who were the parents of Keziah Hall, wife of Nehemiah Royce, Jr.?

(e.) *Warren*. Was Temperance Warren, who married Stephen Bushnell about 1740, a descendant of Richard Warren of the Mayflower?

(f.) *Dickinson*. Who were the parents of Lois Dickinson, wife of John Ensign, Sr.?

(g.) Who were the parents of Martha Lathrop, wife of John Moss, Jr.?

(h.) What is known of the ancestors of Abigail Cole, who married Benjamin Moss, May 28, 1728?

C. I. I.

87. *Bunce*. In 1672, Edward Bunce acquires rights, is accepted as farmer, etc., etc., Huntington, L. I. In 1738, Thomas Bunce of Huntington, makes will and divides a considerable amount of real estate and other property amongst his eleven children, viz.: Thomas, Edward, Jacob, Matthew, Isaac, George, Nathaniel, Sarah, Higbie, Susannah, Hannah, and Deborah. In this will the wife is not mentioned, probably is not living, as the children are of mature age, some married. In the will the name of "Crab-Meadow Farm" is the same as the name of one piece of property acquired by Edward Bunce in 1672. It is mentioned in the history of Huntington that the Bunce family came from Connecticut. Proof is desired, and connection with the original settler; also, that Thomas (1738) is son of Edward (1672).  
S. G. F.
88. *Cone*. Wanted the ancestors of Elijah Cone, who, with his wife, Elizabeth Stuart, lived at Millington, in the town of East Had-dam, Conn. Seven of their nine children were baptized in the Congregational church at that place. He left there in 1795 to buy land in the state of New York. Supposed to have been drowned in crossing the Hudson river on his return by breaking through the ice. There is also a tradition that he was murdered. The family, with the exception of Statira and Elizabeth, removed to New York the next season. The children's names were: Iva, born May 22, 1768 (my grandfather), Elijah, Statira, Candace, John, Elizabeth, Rhoda, Lucy, born Sept. 12, 1783.  
I. C.
89. *Clark*. Who was the father of William Clark of Woodstock, Conn., who married Sarah Goodale of Norwich, Conn., Sept. 17, 1771? Marriage took place in Pomfret, Conn., by Pastor David Ripley.  
S. M. B.
90. *Fowler*. Wanted the ancestry of Edmond Fowler, born about 1800. His mother was Sarah Fowler of Avon, Conn., whose will, in 1835, mentions daughter Elmira, son Edmond, and Edmond B., Cordelia D., and an infant, all children of her son Edmond, daughter Elizabeth, wife of Jubee M. Willson, daughter Sarah, wife of John Childs. He lived in Hartford and married Diadamia Bradley.  
W. F. C.
91. *Linsley-Pond*. Wanted the maiden name of Sarah Pond, widow of Samuel Pond of Windsor, who married (2) the first John Linsley of Branford.  
F. C.
92. *Ketchum*. Wanted all information relating to the following family: Thomas Ketchum, born in a place then called Whiteside?, L. I. in the year 1748. Was married to one Mary Doughty, and moved to a place called Nine Partners, Dutchess Co., N. Y. I am unable to locate any place in Long Island called Whiteside, and am also unable to obtain any earlier record of the family.  
S. L. K.
93. (a.) *Flint*. Wanted the ancestors of James Flint, frequently called "junior" in records. He lived in Windham, where he died in 1824, aged 80 years. His wife, Damaris Brewster, daughter of William and Damaris (Gates) Brewster, died Aug. 6, 1806,—her tombstone in Windham cemetery. They had three children, a son and two daughters. The son left home at an early age. One daughter married Nathan Taylor and also left Windham. The other daughter, Charlotte Flint, married Thomas Bingham of Windham, and both died there, he in 1854 and she in 1833.  
This James does not seem to connect with the large family of Flints at Windham, although he married and spent most of his life there.



(b.) *Kirby*. John Kirby is said to have been in Hartford in 1645, and removed from there to Middletown. He died in April, 1677, leaving a widow, Elizabeth, and several children, one of whom, Susanna, married Abraham Cruttenden of Guilford. I should like to know the name and parentage of Elizabeth, the wife of John Kirby.

(c.) *Thompson*. Lydia Thompson, born July 24, 1647, was the daughter of Anthony Thompson of New Haven. I should like to know the name and ancestry of Lydia's mother, who is said to have been Anthony Thompson's second wife. Lydia married, Sept. 20, 1665, Isaac Cruttenden of Guilford, Conn.

(d.) *Draper*. Roger Draper of Concord, Mass., had a daughter, Lydia, born Nov. 11, 1641, who married John Law in 1660.

I have not succeeded in finding the ancestry of Roger Draper and should like to do so, and also know the name of his wife, the mother of Lydia. K. B. Y.

94. (a.) *Guthrie*. Who was John Guthrie, who married Abigail Coe in Stratford, Conn., June, 1727-8? Was he a descendant of James Guthrie, sole legatee of the will of John Richardson, dated May 7, 1683, according to Suffolk Co., Mass., Record of Wills, vol. 1, p. 416.

(b.) *Barnes*. Who were John Barnes and Mary Betts, who were married in New Haven, Nov. 16, 1669? Their daughter, Susannah, married Thomas Wolston, Dec., 1701.

(c.) *Sherwood*. Who was Rebecca, wife of Lieut. Isaac Sherwood, of Fairfield, Conn.? She died at Green Farms, Conn., May 3, 1761. Lieut. Isaac Sherwood, died at Green Farms, Feb. 25, 1768. (See *Buckingham Genealogy*.)

*Five dollars each will be paid for answers to the above queries*

*if accompanied by proofs or documentary evidence.* H. C. A.

95. (a.) *Jordan*. Who was the (a) father and (b) grandfather of Stephen Jordan, born at Hubbardton, Vt., 1778, presumably the son of Samuel Jordan and Lydia Spurr of New Haven and married presumably to Sylvia Shaw of Vermont.

(b.) Who was the (a) father and (b) grandfather of William Kittelle, born 1743, at West Greenwich, R. I., a resident of Taunton, Mass., Hancock, Mass., and Stephentown, N. Y., and who married in 1755 Mary Carr, daughter of Robert Carr of West Greenwich, R. I., and Rebecca Brayton of Coventry, R. I.

(c.) Who was the father of both (a) Pelatiah Daniels, Sr., born 1725, Durham, Conn., died 1808 and buried at Hartland, Conn., and his wife (b) Abigail Daniels of Colchester, Conn.?

(d.) Who was the (a) father and (b) mother of Sarah Meeker, born, Durham, Conn., 1754; died, 1794, and buried at Hartland, Conn.? Married, 1772, Reuben Daniels.

96. *Atkins*. Wanted the ancestry of John Atkins, who settled in N. C. on Cape Fear river, near Fayetteville, about 1770 or 1775, having gone south after first settling in Mass. or Conn. L. S. A.

97. (a.) Joanna Gaylord, born Feb. 5, 1652-3 (daughter of Walter Gaylord and Mary Stebbins). When, in 1716, did she die, and where? She was the widow of John Porter, Jr.

(b.) Thomas Perrin of Lebanon, Conn., born about 1685, died Sept. 17, 1753; married, first, about 1707, Sarah —; she died; he married, second, at Hebron, Conn., Jan. 27, 1742, Sarah Hartwell; she died July 11, 1742. He had a son, Stephen, born at Lebanon about 1708; a son, Thomas, Jr., born at Lebanon, Conn.,



about 1713, and a daughter, Hannah, born at Hebron, Conn., Nov. 8, 1721.

(1) Whose son was Thomas Perrin, Sr.?

(2) What was his first wife's full name?

(3) Whose daughter was Sarah Hartwell?

(4) Where, in 1713, was Thos. Perrin, Jr., born?

(c.) Mary Stanley, born about 1625, married, about 1650, John Porter of Windsor, Conn. She was the daughter of Thomas Stanley.

(1) When and where was Mary Stanley born?

(2) When, in 1650, was she married?

(3) When was John Porter born?

(d.) Samuel Talcott, born at Glastonbury, Conn., July 23, 1733, died there in 1780, son of Capt. Samuel Talcott and Hannah (Moseley). He married, first, 1757, Mary Smith; she died. He married, second, Sarah —.

(1) When, in 1780, did Samuel Talcott die?

(2) When, in 1757, did he marry Mary Smith?

(3) Who were her parents and when was she born?

(4) What was his second wife's full name?

(e.) Lieut. Samuel Orcutt, born at Stafford, Conn., May 4, 1730 (was son of William Orcutt and Sarah —). He had a daughter, Susan, born 1758, who married Capt. Timothy Edson, 3d, born at Stafford, Conn., March 25, 1754 (son of Timothy Edson and Lydia Joy).

(1) What were Lieut. Samuel Orcutt's grandparents' names?

(2) What was his mother's full name?

(3) When, in 1758, was Susan Orcutt born?

(4) When was Susan Orcutt married to Timothy Edson?

W. T. D.

## ANSWERS.

50. (b.) *Stephens*. Vol. 6, p. 449. "Who were the parents of John Squire Stephens (or Stevens), married, Jan. 5, 1793, Anna, daughter of Abner and Hannah (Dyer) Woodworth of Salisbury, Conn.? Lived in Canaan and Norfolk, removed to Pompey, N. Y., about 1806."

The Dighton, Mass., Records give the following:

"Justus Stephens, the son of Joseph Stevens, by Lydia, his wife, was born Feb. 10, 1737-8."

"1764, Jan. 10, Justus Stephens and Bathsheba Willbore of Raynham, entered their intents of marriage."

The Raynham, Mass., Records give these births:

"April 11, 1766, Squire, first son of Gustus Stephens and Bathsheba, his wife."

"1767, March 15, Ebenezer, 2d son of Gustus and Bathsheba Stephens, his wife."

"1771, March 29, Joseph, 3d son of Gustus Stephens and Bathsheba, his wife."

In the note book of the late Mrs. Antoinette Stevens of Canaan, Conn., I found this entry among the deaths:

"July 21, 1803, Bathsheba, wife of Justus Stevens."

There is a family tradition that the Dighton and Stonington families were related. Mrs. Antoinette Stevens belonged to the Stonington branch. From the similarity of names and ages, it seems possible that the Squire Stevens may be the John Squire Stevens asked for.

P. S.

70. Answer. Prudence White's ancestry is to be found in Elder John White genealogy. She was born in Cromwell. C. C. A.

Second answer. Prudence White was the daughter of Ebenezer White, who married Ann,

daughter of Joseph and Ann Hol-  
lister.

Ebenezer was the son of Joseph White, who married, April 3, 1693, Mary Mould, daughter of Hugh and Martha (Coit) Mould.

Joseph White was the son of Capt. Nathaniel White, who married (1) Elizabeth — (the mother of his children), and (2) Mrs. Martha Mould, widow of Hugh Mould and daughter of John Coit and wife Mary.

Capt. Nathaniel White was the son of Elder John White, one of the first settlers of Hartford.

Mrs. H. W. T.

79. Answer. *Bartholomew-Williams*. Sybil, who is called Bartholomew or Williams in Bronson's *Waterbury*, was Sybil Thompson, widow of Bartholomew Williams. She was the daughter of Caleb and Rebecca (Hickox) Thompson, born April 8, 1732, and mar-

ried, first, Bartholomew Williams, who died in 1759, leaving three children. She was ten years older than her second husband, Daniel Hickox, whom she married Jan. 15, 1766, he being then 24 years old and she 34,—a widow with three children. Her identity has been a puzzle for years as the difference in age was so great and the statistics so meager.

81. Answer. (b.) Martha Lathrop, who married John Moss, Jr., in 1677, was born in New London in Jan., 1657, daughter of Samuel and first wife, Elizabeth Scudder, and granddaughter of Rev. John Lathrop, who came to America on ship "Griffin," Sept. 18, 1634, and died in Barnstable, Nov. 8, 1653.

- (c.) Abigail Cole, who married Benjamin, was probably the Abigail Cole, daughter of Joseph and Abigail, whose birth is recorded at Wallingford, Jan. 18, 1703.

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## F I R E S I D E S T O R I E S

BY

JUDGE MARTIN H. SMITH

Judge Smith told in Number Two of this volume about Old Ti, the negro slave whose name is almost legend in the village of Suffield. These stories will be continued during the next volume and made a feature, developing closest intimacy with character and customs of the early part of the nineteenth century—EDITOR

**I**N his later days Old Ti held important offices. He was the janitor of the Congregational church; he was the bell-ringer as well; he was the sexton and grave-digger. But the office he most delighted in was that of tythingman. We all know what an ecclesiastical janitor is. We cannot always say "Of such is the kingdom of heaven" for he does not always equalize the tempera-

ture of the house to the demands of the various temperaments assembled. The old are too cold, the young are too warm. There is too much dust and too little sunshine. There is too much draft here and too little there. He does not always exercise good judgment in seating strangers. He has even been known to fill most aristocratic pews with very plebeian sinners.

We all know what a Bell-ringer is; a strong-armed man whose weight, added to his muscles, vibrates the bell that calls men and women to worship, and maybe to repentance; whose tense sinews toll the bell that tells us of the passing of souls; whose relaxed tendons ring the merry peal of the marriage bell. Old Ti had an idea that the size of the congregation depended much on the quality of his ringing. He had a different way of ringing for each event—death—funeral—wedding—fire—public-assembly—and so on. The minute his bell rang, all within its sound stopped to listen and speculate on the nature of the news.

We know what a Sexton is; the serious-minded man, plainly-dressed man, that digs our graves, and stands by with serio-solemn face as our loved ones are lowered; he lets the sods fall carefully, oh how sadly, on the casket that contains so much of our lives; and then smooths down the sacred mound as we go silently and full of sorrow from the place where our loved ones sleep. He was reverent and careful, for he expected to be soon with those he laid away, in that glorious land where there is no distinction between master and slave, white and black.

But what was a Tythingman? His business was to see that the roystering boys did not shout on the streets so loud as to disturb the meditations of their seniors; that no drunken man cumbered the highway with his uncertain steps, or polluted the air with his maudlin refrain; that no hoydenish damsel, never so covertly, should flirt with the opposite sex, which sex has always been supposed to be ready for a flirtation. He was always present at weddings to keep

the mirth within due bounds and he never neglected to rescue the perplexed bridegroom from the ruthless hands of the irrepressible young men.

The Tythingman was always at the funeral as the assistant of the pastor. He conducted the funeral, except the religious services, and always led the procession to the grave, preceding the pastor. At funerals then there was no music or flowers.

The Tythingman must be at the Town meeting of course. How could such a day terminate happily unless the pastor opened it with prayer, and the Tythingman hustled about from morning to night? The boys must be kept from the town hall for their place was across the highway, where they played a game as much like the modern game of base-ball as varioloid is like small-pox. The Tythingman must needs keep a sharp eye on them. Then the gingerbread man, who was sure to be present at all public gatherings, sometimes needed advice. It was a busy day for the order-keeping man.

But the "training day" was one that tried his soul in no metaphorical sense. The shouting of the officers, the jocoseness of the men, the jibes of the boys which in a limited degree were permitted on such days, the bewildering women and provoking girls, made it a day of fuss and feathers, of uniforms and ununiforms, of muskets and broomsticks, of drum and fife and strutting majors. Happy was the good Tythingman that could go home that night feeling he had done his whole duty.

And of such were Old Ti's duties in the days when the present grandfathers were boys.

[*To be continued.*]



# ART NOTES



SCULPTOR BOARDMAN IN HIS STUDIO

Working on a relief of Donald G. Mitchell's grandchildren—Bust at right is of "Ik Marvel," the Dean of American Letters

As an artist above the commonplace, and one whose works are becoming better known, may be named Mr. Frank Crawford Boardman. Mr. Boardman was born in Hartford. He studied at the Yale School of Fine Arts, afterwards at the École des Beaux Arts of Paris, under Mr. Jules Élie Delauney. He painted for a time in Venice, and on his return to America found ready sale for his pictures, which attracted attention and demanded admiration.

As a sculptor, his ability is such that he has served some time as Instructor of Modeling at the Yale Art School. His studio—the subject of the accompanying cut—has been a most interesting place to visit, unique in its appointments. The life-sized bust in our reproduction will be recognized as that of Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel). The panel on the easel at which Mr. Boardman is working is a relief of two grandchildren of Mr. Mitchell. Another example of Mr. Boardman's work, which some day will be of valuable historical interest, is a life-sized statue of Dr. T. T. Munger of New Haven. Mr. Boardman has recently exhibited with the Society of American Artists and at the Academy in New York City. At present he is painting in Columbia, Tenn. There is a charm most captivating about Mr. Boardman's work, and the unaffected simplicity and directness of his own nature appears again in his pictures. He expects soon to return to his native state, where he will no doubt receive the encouragement and patronage which Connecticut so readily affords her talented sons.

The strong individuality which stamps the work of Hermon Atkins

MacNeil at once places him among the distinguished sculptors of the age, as the many honors he has received would indicate. Mr. MacNeil's residence is now in Riverside, N. J. He has a studio in New York City. He was born at Chelsea, Mass., and taught three years at Cornell; also three years at the Chicago Art Institute. He has studied in Europe, and has won various scholarships, and is a member of the National Art Society, the National Sculpture Society, and the Society of American Artists. Mr. MacNeil has made a specialty of Indian subjects, the "Sun Vow" and "Moqui Snake Dance" being among his important works. His last production, which through his courtesy we are able to publish in the fore part of the magazine—"The Indian's Greeting to the White Man"—was made for the City of Portland, Oregon, and evidences the artist's absolute mastery of his profession.

The Yale School of Fine Arts has given instruction to three hundred and ninety-seven students during the past year.

The Winchester Fellowship, which is supported by the income of \$20,000, affords a year's study in the ateliers of Paris and another wherever designated by the faculty. This honor was won by Mr. H. M. Luquiens, son of the late Professor Luquiens of New Haven.

Frank D. Millett, in his lecture at the closing exercises of the School, while praising American art, regretted the lack of high ideals and art atmosphere in this country, which are requisites to the highest attainments.



## THE FIRE WORSHIPPERS; AN ART PANEL

THE Zend-Avesta, or bible of the ancient Persians, contains "the theological, physical and moral ideas of Zoroaster, their law-giver, and the ceremonies of divine service as established by him." He taught that Ormasdes sprang out of the purest light, and among all things perceived by the senses, that element most resembles him. Ormasdes, who resides as far beyond the sun as the sun is far from earth, created six gods, viz., benevolence, truth, order, wisdom, wealth and beauty. He decorated the heavens with stars and placed Sirius at the head as guardian. Arimanios, whose birth was out of darkness, is the opposing evil spirit, but eventually the god of light is to prevail; all unhappiness will disappear from the earth; and all nations will speak one universal language. We shall not need to eat, nor will we cast a shadow; everything will be immortal, in consequence of man's prayers.

The earlier beliefs and customs have in a great measure passed away, but many still exist, and there are fire-priests and sun-worshippers today. The models for the accompanying illustration are persons whose parents are at the present time followers of Zoroaster, sun-worshippers of Persia.

This brings us to the subject in hand, which has more to do with art

than religion. The modeling of Luca and Andrea Della Robbia has long held the highest place in the art world, and reproductions of many of their more important panels have made us familiar with their work. Those who have seen their friezes and other ornamentation on buildings in Italy will remember the distinctive impression they made upon them as being wholly unlike any other architectural decoration.

The Hartford Faience Company of Hartford, Connecticut, have been experimenting for several years in an endeavor to take up this sort of work where Della Robbian disciples left it in the seventeenth century, carrying it on in the same spirit, even to a higher standard of excellence. With this end in view they have succeeded in producing a finish for their product in clay without that high glaze which characterized the earlier work. This is a decided advance in artistic effect. Having accomplished this, the company decided to make up some pieces in faience, in high relief, closely following the Della Robbias. They employed Mr. Louis Potter, a Trinity man of the class of '96, to work out the theme and do the modeling for a mantel, the point of interest to be a panel, five feet high and ten feet long, placed directly over the shelf. Mr. Potter very happily selected the Fire-Worshippers, or Sun-Worshippers, as



his subject for the panel. Through his models Mr. Potter was able to obtain draperies, caps and other garments absolutely in keeping with the subject; the mitre worn by one of his kneeling figures has been used by a priest of the order.

For the base of the mantel there are four large pilasters, between two of which, one either side of the opening, appears this inscription:

*Left side:*

"Once again thou flameest heavenward;  
Once again we see thee rise;"

*Right side:*

"Thee the godlike, thee the changeless,  
In thine ever changing skies."

So satisfactory were the results of this whole undertaking, that the Hartford Faience Company decided to send the mantel and fireplace to the St. Louis Fair.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the work. Mr. Potter's selection of subject is most excellent. The significance of the design, reviving, as it does, the spirit of mediæval times, and its picturesque and well balanced composition at once emphasize it as a work of intellectual power. His figures are alive with the spirit of worship, and one intuitively takes on the feeling of reverence, in praise of the "brightly shining sky, the eternal luminary, the self-created, where all the heavenly spirits rise by hundreds and by thousands to spread his splendor and send it down the earth."

All the conception and work of the artist might have been spoiled, however, by the unskillful handling of the artisan, as it is not so much the subject as the manner in which it is presented that establishes the influence of a work of art. There has been the

most sympathetic co-operation. The technique and coloring is such as to strengthen the structural dignity and enhance the *motif* of the modeler. The soft finish lends a poetic charm; the gradation in tone against the background is remarkable, this dull surface being far more decorative, and capable of richer harmonies than is the glaring enamel of the mediæval period. The silky smoothness far better renders the texture of fabric. The surface has much of the quality of old ivory, but the mingling of other tints, without floridness, renders a serenity and force to the work most fascinating and sculpturesque.

A number of eminent artists have expressed the highest approval of the work. It is of notable importance that this is the first piece of work of this sort which has been done in either this country or abroad in the last two hundred and fifty years.

The Hartford Faience Company intends to follow out the idea, making up mantels and mural decorations, selecting different subjects of the classical order appropriate to their surroundings when placed.

What a gigantic stride toward the perfecting of architecture in this country might be made by the revival of the embellishment of the facades and the outside sections of public buildings by means of relief ornamentation as suggested by the great Florentine artists! Designs typifying great events, reproductions of noted men, or symbolic composition quickened by the subtle touch of color to render them more expressional and impressive would lend beauty and dignity to our buildings; for architecture and sculpture, some one has said, "are as closely allied as the blossom and the tree."

H. R.





MRS. ANNA L. BLANCHARD

## TAPESTRY PAINTING AND ART DECORATION

**T**APESTRY weaving is the survival of an art of the middle ages. Shakespeare speaks of tapestry in Henry IV, Act II, Scene IV, as "arras," a name applied from the famous center of the industry at Arras, France.

Tapestry painting is a modern development in the arts and was professionally introduced about fifteen years ago. It is a distinctly American art and today commands an important position in decoration. In the later part of the eighties, American connoisseurs were giving much attention to old woven tapestries and exhibitions were held in several of the principal cities.

"It is beautiful work," exclaimed Mrs. Anna L. Blanchard, who was then, as now, progressively engaged in the application of art to decoration, "but even more charming effects can be secured on woven hangings with oil paints."

Returning to her studio she began experiments and succeeded in securing equally brilliant effects through the medium of the brush. There was no tapestry material obtainable in this country when the artist undertook her first experiment and she produced her first painting on silk rep.

"It is magnificent work," exclaimed the critics, "there is a great future for such hangings in America."



The painting brought a remarkably high price. The artist, encouraged by her success, closed her studio and went abroad, traveling in France and Italy, visiting the famous galleries and studying the original masterpieces. She then returned to this country and introduced the first real tapestry paintings known to art.

The family home of Mrs. Blanchard was at Colebrook, Connecticut, where four generations are today buried. Mrs. Blanchard has become distinguished in her work and her present studios at 236 Fifth Avenue, New York, are headquarters for the art of tapestry painting, where facilities are possessed for the production of her beautiful work in the line of tapestries, paintings, oil and water colors, friezes, art panels and ceilings in interior decorations, and

also miniatures. Mrs. Blanchard has been an established artist twenty-five years, and has always held a prominent position in this special field of industry. She has aimed at the highest standard of artistic production in her field, her success in which is well shown by the increasing patronage of the leading families of the country.

Mrs. Blanchard conducts in conjunction with her business, a school of tapestry painting, which is attended by a number of fashionable ladies of the metropolis. The beautiful and artistic productions shown here are representative of that progress to which this field of endeavor has been brought. The productions include the high art of Berlin, Paris and London, where Mrs. Blanchard has established important connections.



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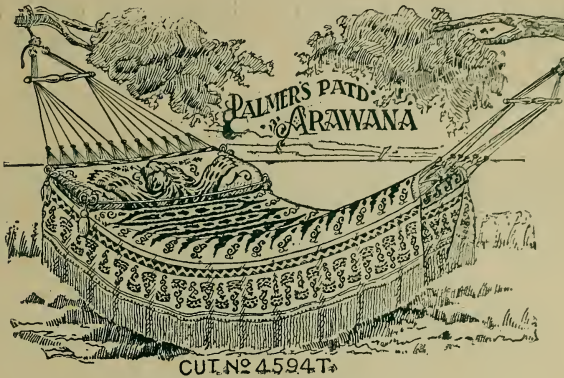
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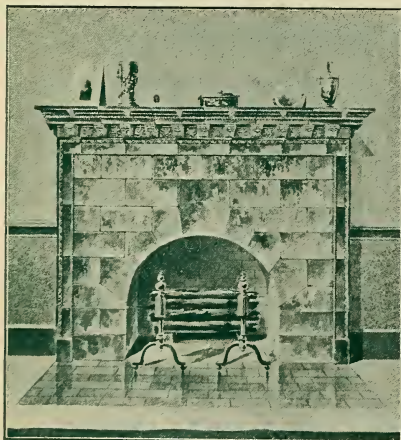
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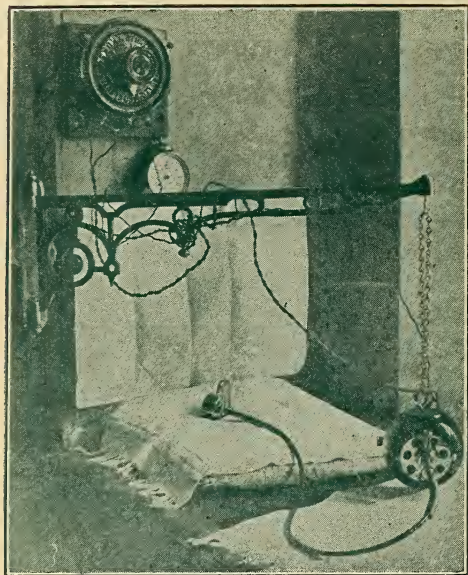
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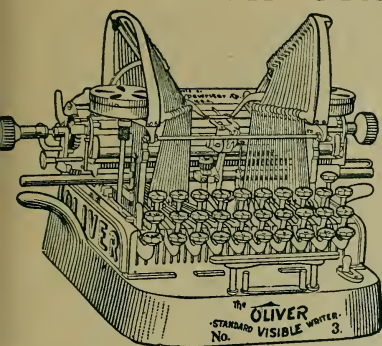
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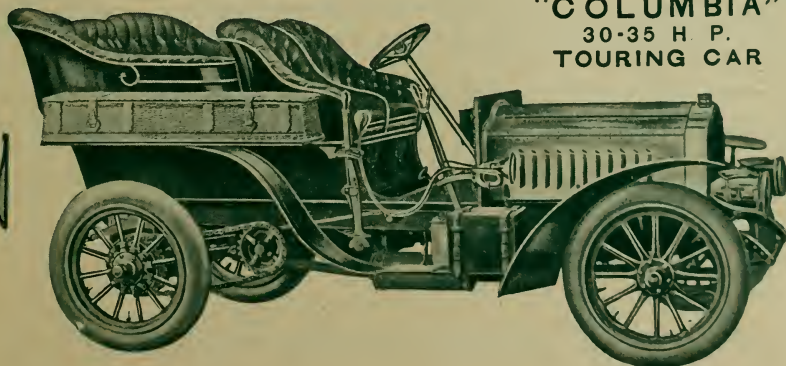
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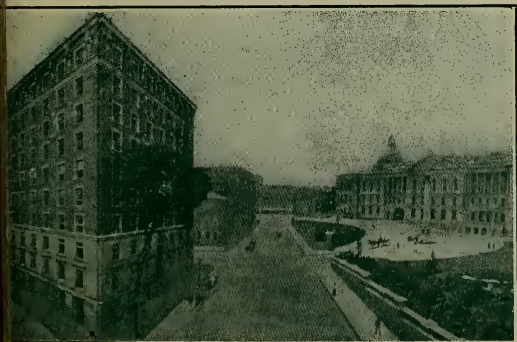
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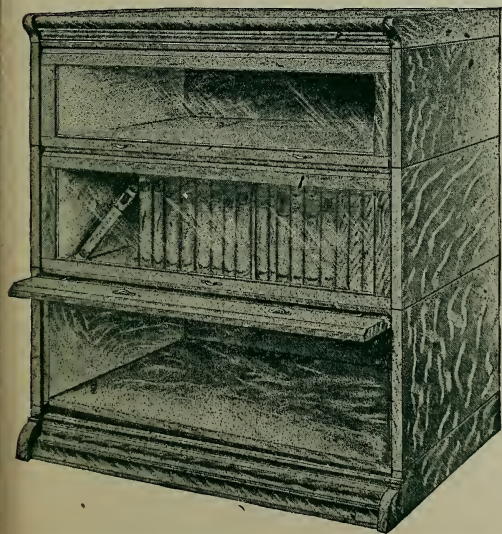
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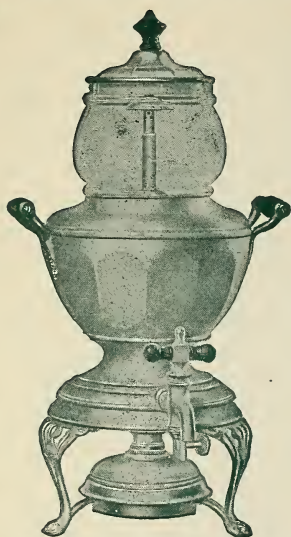
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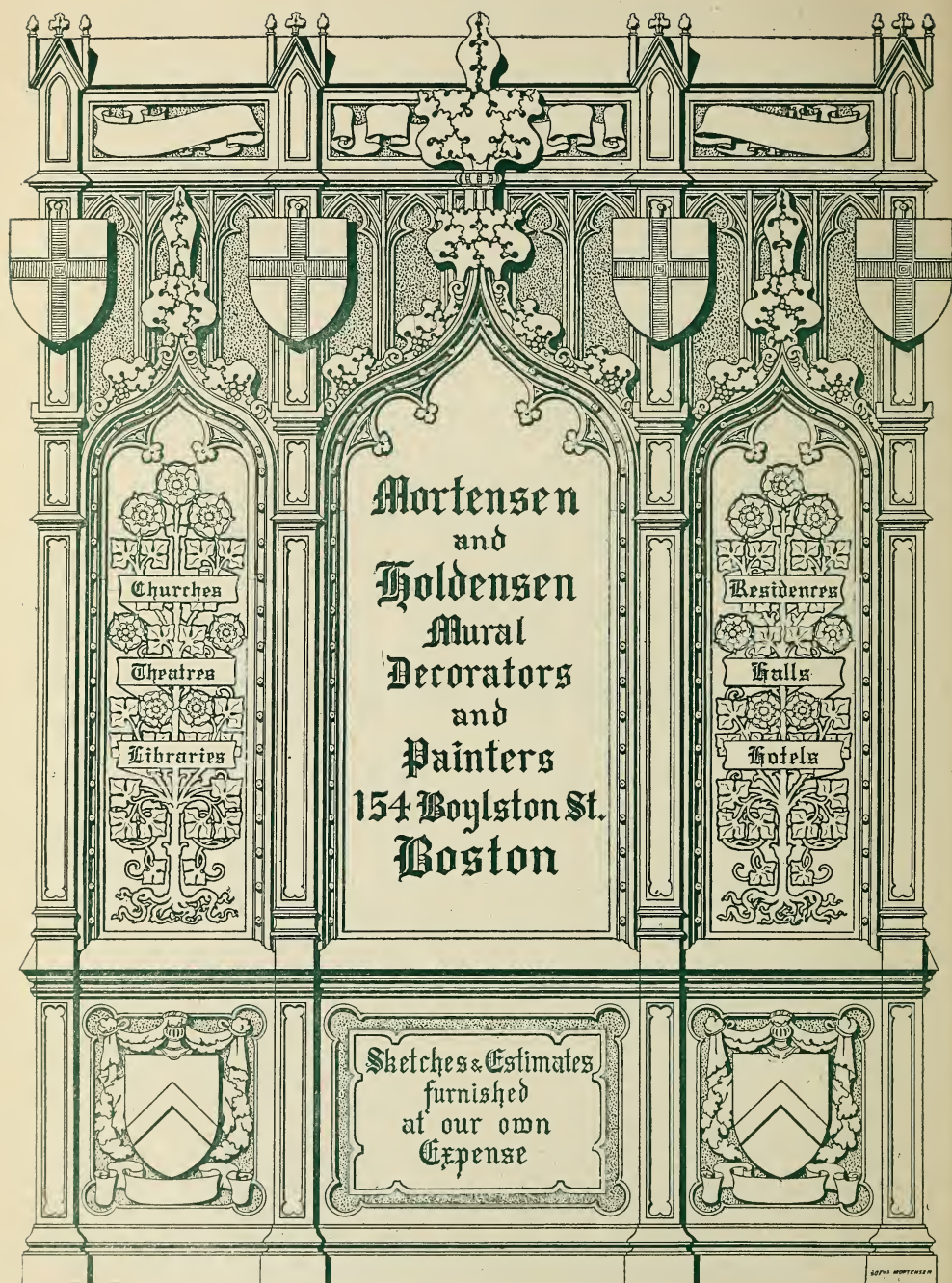
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PRINCIPAL.

## MEN WITH PRIDE

WE CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO THE FACT THAT THE BEST HOMES IN CONNECTICUT CHERISH THE CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE. THE EXECUTIVES OF THE STATE GIVE IT HEARTIEST ENDORSEMENT. OUR ADVERTISING CARD SHOULD BE IN ITS PAGES. WE DESIRE TO PLACE YOUR BUSINESS ON RECORD WITH ALL THAT IS

## BEST IN THE STATE

1851

1904

# Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company

of Hartford, Conn.

Purely

Mutual

Policies

to protect

the family.



Assets,

\$17,000,000.

Annuities

to support

the aged.

JONATHAN B. BUNCE, President.  
WILLIAM A. MOORE, Secretary.

JOHN M. HOLCOMBE, Vice-President.  
A. A. WELCH, Actuary and Ass't Secretary.

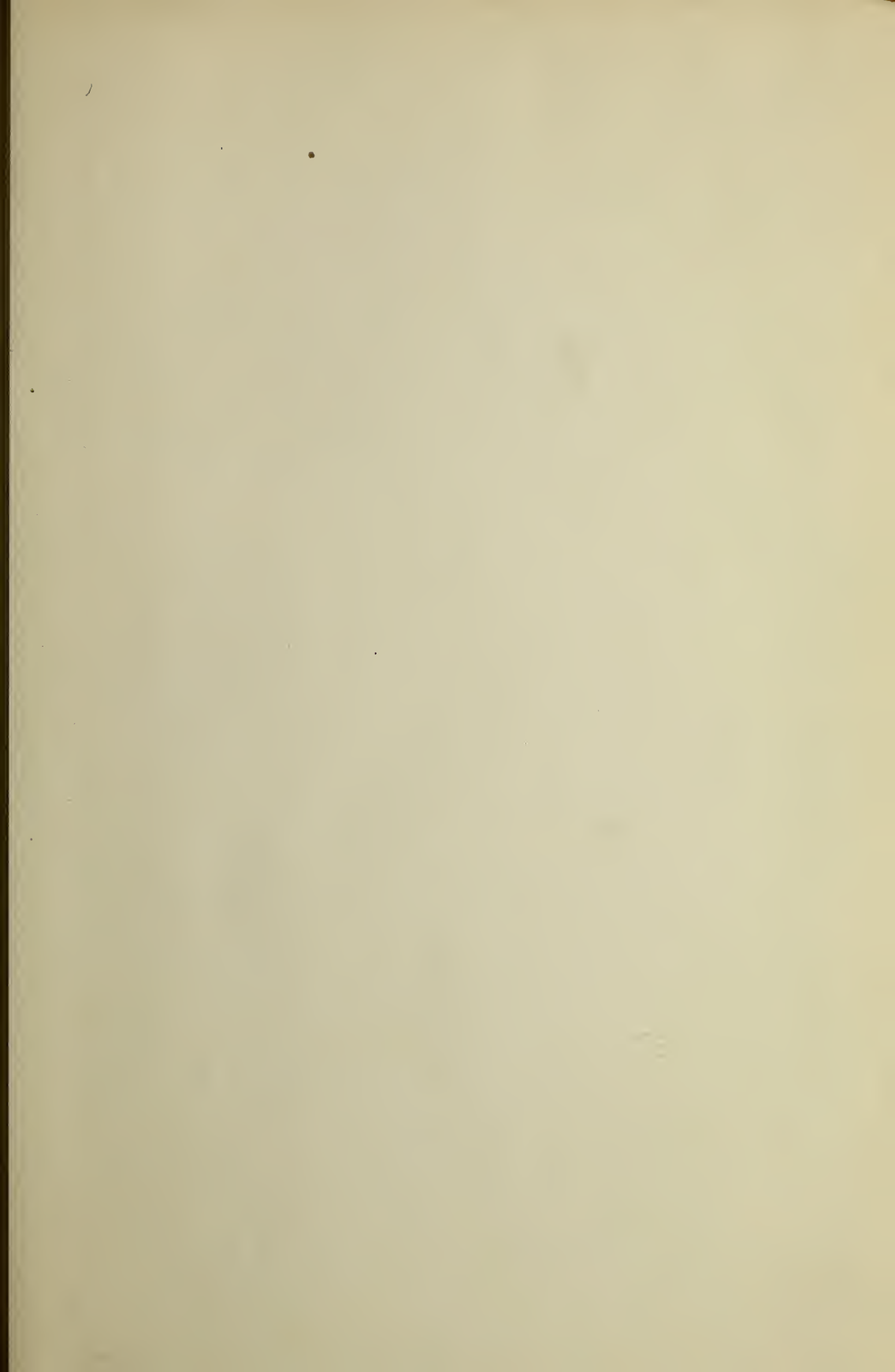
## THE HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO. HARTFORD, CONN.

Net Premium Income, 1903,	=	=	\$10,073,790.00
Total Assets, -	=	=	\$14,542,951.78
Surplus to Policy-Holders,	=	=	\$5,187,796.37

The "HARTFORD" paid in full its heavy losses arising from the conflagrations named below:

New York,	1835	Chicago,	1871	Jacksonville,	1901
St. Louis,	1849	Boston,	1872	Paterson,	1902
Philadelphia,	1850	St. Johns, N. F.	1877	Baltimore,	1904
Portland,	1866	Ottawa, Ont.,	1900		

Losses Paid Since Organization, Over \$81,000,000.00





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