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THE
CONNECTICUT QUARTERLY

An Illustrated Magazine



DEVOTED TO
THE
LITERATURE HISTORY, AND PICTURESQUE FEATURES
OF
CONNECTICUT



VOL. II

JANUARY TO DECEMBER, 1896



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THE CONNECTICUT QUARTERLY.



This Number Contains ✂ ✂
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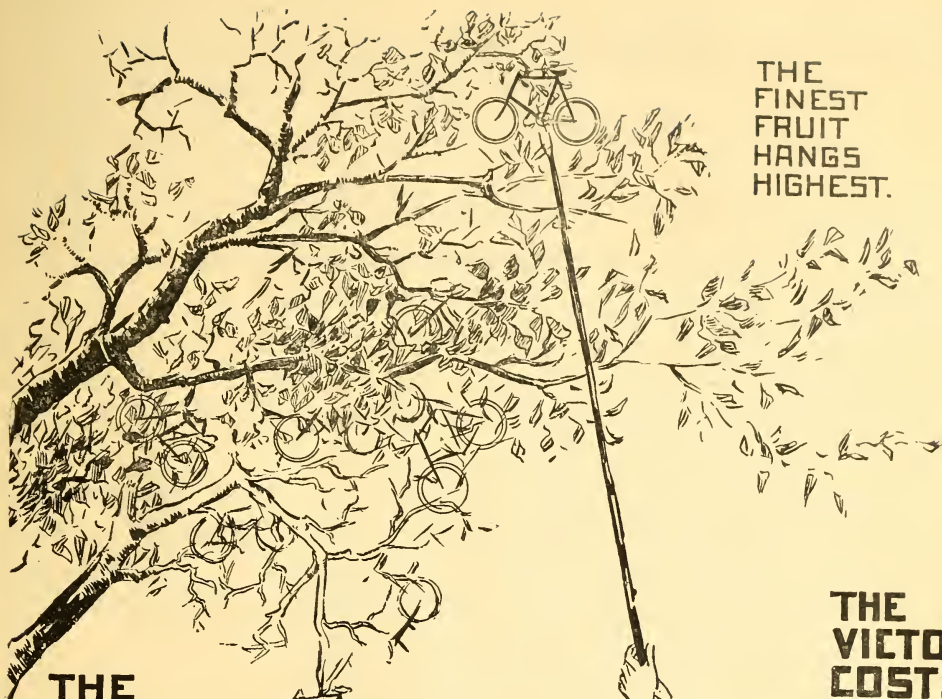
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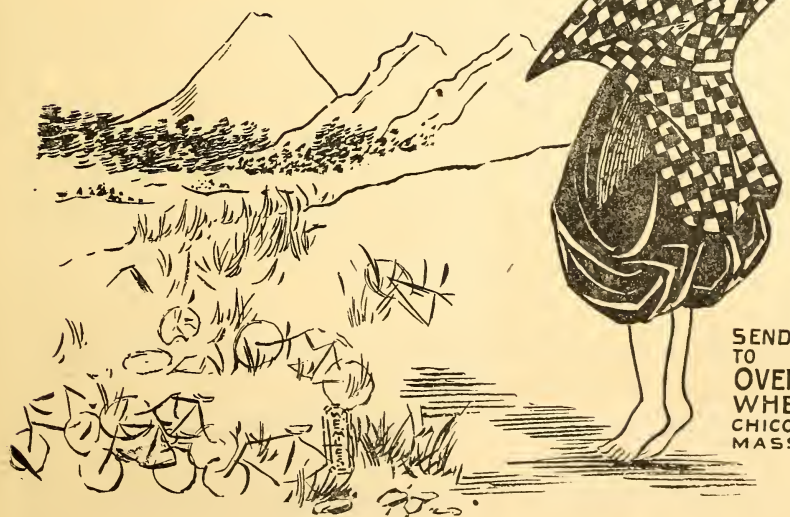


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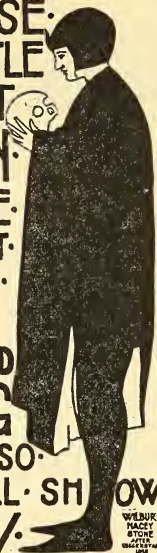
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GEO. C. ATWELL, Managing Editor.

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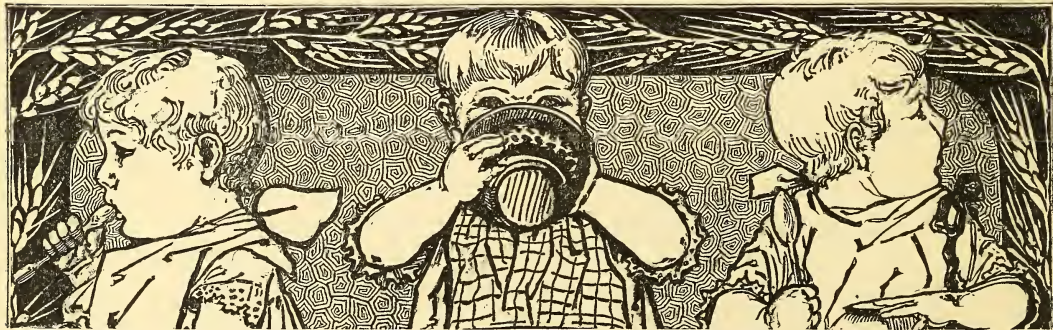
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AT RESERVOIR PARK, WEST HARTFORD. — (See Page 43.)
(Reservoir No. 1 from Rear Side.)

The Connecticut Quarterly.

"Leave not your native land behind."—Thoreau.

FIRST QUARTER.

Vol. II. January, February, March, 1896.

No. 1.

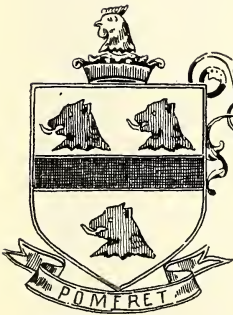


PICTURESQUE POMFRET.

"Sweet vale of Pomfret, 'tis to thee I offer now my poesy."

"You must to Pomfret."
KING RICHARD II.

BY JOHN ADDISON PORTER.



ARMS OF POMFRET
SCHOOL.

(Copied from those of the
Earl of Pomfret).

WHATEVER may have been the decision of Richard's followers in regard to the historic Pontefract* of old England, certain it is that many a visitor has made his or her journey to the New England village of Pomfret, pleased for the time being and glad to return. The place is outside the circle of fully-fledged, fashionable watering-places represented by Newport, Bar Harbor, Lenox, and Tuxedo. Nor does it strive especially to establish a claim to recognition in the list of minor pleasure-resorts. Yet Pomfret has charms of its own which are espoused by those who have the choice of what is best in rural life, either for visiting or settlement.

Historically, Pomfret is an interesting study. It lies in one of the most picturesque regions in Connecticut, and about its past cluster not a few noteworthy incidents. The settlement of the town dates back to the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the pioneers came to Windham County, and the Indians still held possession of the land. The pathfinders who, in 1684, started New Roxbury,† now Woodstock, from Roxbury in the colony of Massachusetts Bay,

* The English Pomfret is in Yorkshire, West Riding, on the River Aire. Its famous castle, the scene of royal festivities and tragedies, is now in ruins.

† According to Drake's history of Roxbury the original burying ground there is one of the oldest in New England, the first interment having been made in it in 1633. "Here," says Drake, "since the

and a part of whom, a few years later, came over into the Mashamoquet* country, or modern Pomfret, were people of good descent,† worthy character, and strong individuality, who left a favorable impress on succeeding generations.

As hardy tillers of the soil and earnest church members in the earliest times, patriotically in the French and Indian war and the Revolution, industrially and socially since then, the men and women of Pomfret have borne their part always worthily and sometimes conspicuously, in the development of the country and state. It will not be possible to treat of all, or even of the most important of these events within the limits of this sketch, but a few leading facts may serve as an introduction to the descriptions that are to follow.



OLD GROSVENOR TOMBSTONE AT
ROXBURY, MASS.

and was included in that "hideous and trackless wilderness" so disparagingly alluded to by one of these first colonial emigrants. Notwithstanding this aspersion, which was not unnatural considering the dangers and fatigues of the journey, the land was really a fertile and beautiful one, abounding in fish and game and very easily cultivated. The rough track for many years known as the Connecticut Path, crossed these Wabbaquasset Hills, and a branch of it ran through Pomfret and Woodstock.

The best part of the Wabbaquasset's holdings came, by letters-patent from the Crown, into the possession of



ISRAEL PUTNAM'S WOLF-DEN IN POMFRET.

earliest days of the settlement, the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep, and we cannot traverse it without seeing names alike venerable and memorable in New England annals. Here, side by side with the Apostle Eliot and Robert Calef, were laid the Dudleys, the Warrens, and many others of lesser note."

* Indian for "At the great fishing-place."

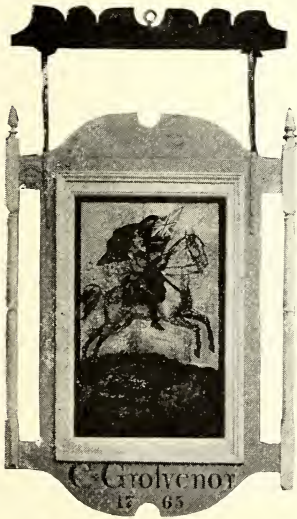
† An address delivered at the 150th anniversary of the founding of the First Church of Christ in Pomfret, held October 6, 1865, says, "The people of Roxbury were of the best that came over. They were not of the 'poorer sort.'" These Puritans came fresh from the teachings of John Eliot, their pastor, who had himself explored and preached in this section, the Nipmuck country.

Captain James Fitch, Jr., of Norwich, through Owaneeco,* the second son of Uncas, the "chief sachem of these parts," who originally laid claim to all this Nipmuck (or fresh-water Indian) district. Fitch, on May 5, 1686, sold for £30 lawful money of New England 15,100 acres of this wilderness land to a dozen Roxbury purchasers, represented by Samuel Ruggles, Sr., John Chandler, Sr., Benjamin Sabin, John Grosvenor, Samuel Ruggles, Jr., and Joseph Griffin. During the summer of this year the tract was located on the Mashamoquet River, and the patent issued for a township by the Governor and company of Connecticut. Drawings for the sites were subsequently made by the shareholders, but the Indian war and the assumption of the government of Connecticut by the unpopular Sir Edmund Andros, delayed a settlement upon the



POMFRET'S FIRST POST-OFFICE.

newly acquired Roxbury purchase, as it was then called, till after 1694. Meantime, however, one venturesome, hardy pioneer, Captain John Sabin, a brother of Benjamin Sabin of Woodstock, had courageously crossed the line by himself, purchased 100 acres of Fitch for £9, in 1691, and set up a house, with very likely a stockade around it. The site of this has been located in the northeastern corner of the present limits of the township of Pomfret. Here Sabin treated with the Indians, over whom he acquired great influence, to such good effect, that the Earl of Bellemont, at that time Governor of Massachusetts, wrote a letter † urging Governor Winthrop to grant Sabin a present. The Connecticut authorities afterwards made recognition to the value of £5 of his valuable services in keeping the Indians peaceable, and Bellemont himself sent Sabin a souvenir to prove his esteem and good will.



CALEB GROSVENOR'S
TAVERN SIGN.

The Indian war being now over, the first settlers

* The original deed was recorded in the records of the county court of Suffolk, Mass. This document and the memorandum of Owaneeco and his oldest son Josiah, may still be seen in the town clerk's office at Pomfret.

† This interesting letter, dated 1700, is still preserved at the Capitol in Hartford. Sabin remained for many years the leading citizen of North Eastern Connecticut.

came straggling into their purchase, and among them were the Garys, Chandlers, Perrins, Grosvenors and others whose names are honorably perpetuated in Pomfret. Forty families settled here and ancient statements show that there were four forts or places of refuge to protect the inhabitants from the savages.

Town organization was somewhat slowly effected, for it was not till 1713 that



TALLY-HO! — MARCUS M. KIMBALL, OF BOSTON.

the citizens of Mashamoquet applied to the General Court of Connecticut, through Messrs. Sabin and Grosvenor, for an act of incorporation, which was promptly granted, and the name Pomfret * given.

Meanwhile, land in the same territory south of the Mashamoquet, was sold by Fitch to Sir John Blackwell of England, a noted Puritan and friend of the Common-

wealth, a son-in-law of General Lambert, treasurer of Cromwell's army, and member of Parliament. The settlement and the new purchase conflicted territorially in part, but the Mashamoquet proprietors, with surprising obligingness, agreed that this tract should forever constitute a separate township for Blackwell and his



BRIGNOLI-WILKES — RECORD 2.14 $\frac{1}{4}$.

* This was probably chosen by Governor Saltonstall who, "with other English possessions received from distinguished ancestry, held the manor of Killingly near Pomfret, England." — History of Windham County.

There are several interesting traditions in regard to naming of the English Pomfret. One is to the effect that when, in 1154, on Sunday, the feast of Ascension, William, archbishop of York, was returning from Rome, where he had received the pall, he was met by such crowds of people who had assembled to crave his blessing, that a bridge over the Aire broke down and great numbers of them fell into the water. The holy prelate was greatly moved by the sight and prayed for them so fervently and with such acceptance, that not one perished.

heirs. The General Court of Connecticut had, in fact, granted a patent for a town, to be called Mortlake,* in honor of Mortlake in Surrey, England, which was a favorite resort of Cromwell's followers. Sir John Blackwell undoubtedly located his small American colony in this "wilderness" for the main purpose of establishing a retreat for dissenters from the persecutions of King James. The accession of William and Mary, however, freed his followers from the dangers which threatened them. Blackwell himself returned to his native country, and Mortlake relapsed into its primitive condition during the succeeding quarter of a century.



AZIZA — ARABIAN MARE ; AT POMFRET STOCK-FARM.

A subsequent distinguished purchaser, Jonathan Belcher, afterwards Governor of Massachusetts and New Jersey, and founder of Princeton College, divided part of the property into two large estates, named respectively Kingswood and Wiltshire, for his own occupancy. Overtures for union with Pomfret, made at different times and with various conditions, all failed completely. The inhabitants of Mortlake were really within the limits of Pomfret, but always remained wholly without



RATHLIN — GEORGE LOTHROP BRADLEY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

* For these and other facts here mentioned in connection with the settlement of Pomfret and its subsequent development, the present writer is very largely indebted to the scholarly researches of Miss Ellen D. Larned of Thompson, a gifted writer and an accomplished antiquarian, whose two large and entertaining volumes, the *History of Windham County*, form the standard work on the subject and are, in many respects, a model of what such a work should be.



POMFRET MINERAL SPRING.

its jurisdiction. They could neither vote, pay taxes, record deeds, or perform military service in Pomfret. Mortlake manor, in short, was a feudal holding—what we would call now-a-days, a case of “one man power.” Its aristocratic and autocratic rights and privileges, indifference to its neighbors’ affairs, and severance from the progress of the remainder of the community, made it at last “an intolerable grievance” to the good people of Pomfret. For over half a century the breach was never healed and the final amalgamation or absorption of the less by the greater, came as a blessed relief to all concerned. The case is a unique one in the annals of this state, and probably has few equals in the history of the country.

As such, it is well worthy historically of fuller treatment than it can receive here.

The early town life of Pomfret flowed on peaceably and intelligently, following the usual course of similar settlements in Connecticut. Selectmen and other town officers were chosen, a church built, and a school opened. By 1725 a bridge had been laid over the Quinebaug River, a road made to Providence in Rhode Island, and Pomfret was represented in the General Assembly of Connecticut. Its neighbor Woodstock remained for sixty years a part of Massachusetts.

In 1739 Israel Putnam, a young man coming from Salem, Mass., bought a part of the Wiltshire estate and began the cultivation of his farm. His brilliant career in after years belongs not to Pomfret or Connecticut alone, but to the whole coun-



GLEN ELSINORE — MRS. RANDOLPH MARSHALL CLARK, BOSTON.

try. Without boasting, it may be said that Pomfret at this time surpassed most Windham County towns in culture and refinement. Its “United English Library for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge,” founded in 1739, and which was destined to live for sixty years, was the first association of its kind in the eastern part of the state, and one of the first in the colony of Connecticut.*

* Yale had a good collection of books at this time, and Lyme and Guilford had made attempts in the same direction. The first town library in Connecticut was started at Durham in 1733. But the large places, such as Hartford, Norwich, and New London, were still unrepresented by libraries.

In industry, the town, in due time, made good progress. Cargill's mills, the site of the future flourishing city of Putnam, early became noted for skill in grinding and malting. Bravely and well in the stormy days of 1774 and the remaining years of the Revolution, till peace was established, Pomfret, under the inspiring leadership of Old Put,* bore its share of the war, both in men and contributions. It was the rendezvous for raising a regiment for the fight at Bunker Hill. Pomfret's post-office, the first between Hartford and Boston, was established January 1, 1795, and kept by Lemuel Grosvenor, who remained in service for forty years. The original desk in which the mail for this and other towns was distributed, may still be seen in a perfect state of preservation at the Ben-Grosvenor.



TOWER AT ELSINORE.

Now began the era of Pomfret's greatest prosperity and relative importance. The place was the center of business for the surrounding region, and next to Windham was the most important town in the county. "It was in my childhood," wrote an old resident but recently deceased, "the thoroughfare of travel between New York and Boston, and was enlivened by the daily line of stages from Hartford to Boston and Providence, and from Norwich to Worcester." The tavern was well patronized, there were three stores, with many customers, a lawyer's office



HAMLET LODGE — MISS ELEANOR VINTON.

* The Wolf-den incident, not without romantic exaggerations, but founded on solid facts, is too well-known to need repetition here. Putnam did gallant service in the war with the French at Lake George; he had been raised from the ranks to a Lt.-Colonelcy, and at Bunker Hill was a General. At that time he was the most popular of all American soldiers, not excepting Washington. His later career, while not so prominent, is highly creditable. To the end he retained the confidence and regard of his army associates, and was respected and loved by all at home. It is well to bear in mind these facts at a time when, for some unaccountable reason, the object of some writers seems to be to defame the memory of this brave and true American.

with students, and what might be called a medical school, conducted by a prominent doctor. No wagons were then used in this or other parts of Windham County. The people walked or rode to church on horseback. The Sabbath was very strictly observed and enforced by law, and transgressors were severely fined.



POND AND BRIDGE AT HAMLET.

Pomfret aspired to be the shire town. In this hope the agitators were disappointed, but the population steadily increased, the "Landing," in the south part of the town, did a brisk business, the future Putnam again expanded, and local society won a reputation for brilliancy and exclusiveness which sometimes called down upon its chief residence section, the epithet of "Pucker Street." New families of distinction and means, some of them from other parts of Connecticut and others from Massachusetts* and Rhode Island, located themselves on these beautiful hill-sides. Fashionable belles and beaux came from Newport and Providence and helped to make the Pomfret Assemblies noted far and near.

But the days of the supremacy of the "hill towns" were numbered. The epoch of steam machinery and the introduction of railroads marked their hopeless downfall. Pomfret, with a mother's love and pluck worthy of a better cause, having seen Abington society shoot off from her sturdy parent stock, fought unsuccessfully against the inevitable wresting from her of her children, Brooklyn



DUNWORTH — LOOMIS L. WHITE, NEW YORK.

* Among them was John Hancock, governor of Massachusetts and president of the Congress which issued the Declaration of Independence. In 1786, during the Bowdoin interregnum, he occupied his purchase in Pomfret as a country-seat, lived there for nine months at one time and entertained many distinguished guests.

and Putnam. The latter day social development of Pomfret was then of course undreamed of, and at first its progress was slow. It was not until well into the '70's that the modern era began, which has gradually transformed a sleepy old country village into a wide awake-resort.* The enjoyment of summer trips with friends led to an increasing reputation and an enlarged circle of visitors. Each influx of these people to the few simple boarding-houses caused a clearer understanding of their needs, and gradual extensions for their accommodation. But all was and is comparatively simple still at Pomfret in the matter of fare and lodging.

A dozen years ago came the edict of society, more sensible than most, that Americans should, in the English fashion, live in the country a good part of each year. Pomfret's future was assured socially, when people of means and position, having the entrée of society in the large cities, began to see and utilize its possibilities. They quickly made places for themselves, bought old farms, changed over the houses, or built new ones. And so from year to year the evolution has kept on—never swift or startling, but on the other hand, always quite regular and noticeable from season to season. Less care might have failed to do justice to the place. More elaboration would certainly have spoiled it.

The traveler who comes to Pomfret expecting to find either the grand or the rare in nature will be sure to be disappointed. There are

no mountains hereabouts nor hills rugged enough to pass properly for such. The lakes and ponds, while clear, are comparatively small, and the rivers and streams, still bearing for the most part the Indian names which characterized them two centuries ago, are objects of affection to the angler rather than the artist. The forests primeval have of course long since disappeared, victims of the busy axe and noisy saw-mill. The old stone walls, it is to be regretted, are fast being used for the building of ambitious villas and modern improvements. Even the highways are becoming prosaically bare and the lover of the picturesque sighs in vain for the thickness and fragrance of the old fashioned hedges. But something there still is about the landscape of the region as a whole—its openness, graceful



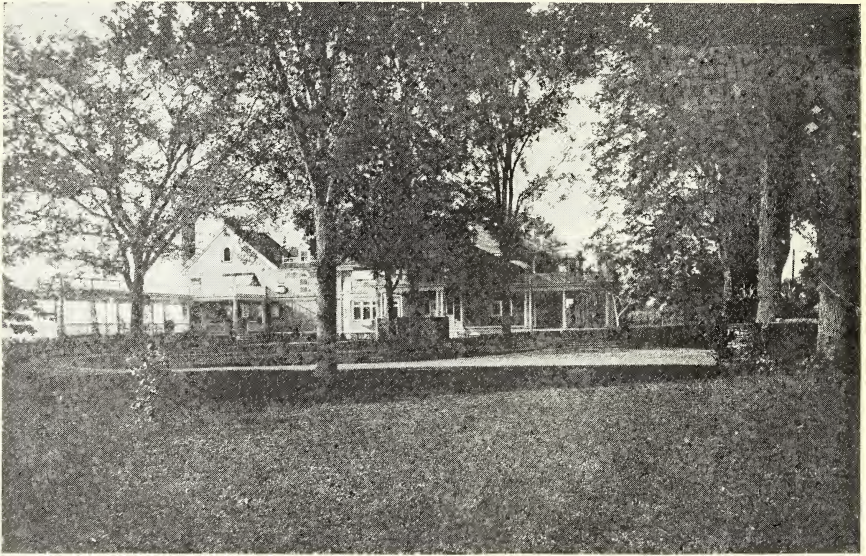
AVENUE OF PINES — DUNWORTH.

* To Providence people mostly, to Dr. Alexander H. Vinton in particular, and especially to the members of the Hoppin family and its numerous connections, is credit due for this. Foremost among Pomfret's leaders of this class, who gave an impetus to every good work was the late Mrs. Washington Hoppin, formerly of Providence, whose fine character, executive ability, and faith in Pomfret's future, here found full vent and lasting appreciation.

contour, and evident richness of soil—that renders it positively and irresistibly charming even to critical eyes.*

Countless ridges of the high whaleback or Drumlin hills—a rare and interesting formation, here seen at its best, the geologists tell us—meet the eye in every direction, and between them lie bright orchards and rich corn-fields and fertile, well-watered meadow lands, which for grazing perhaps have not their equal, and certainly not their superior, in all Connecticut. Dotted here and there on the hillsides and in the valleys, are comfortable, well-kept farm-houses and capacious barns showing a well-won prosperity. Glimpses of park-like woods and vistas and clumps of trees of infinite variety—for nearly all species flourish in this rich clay soil—seem in many instances laid out by the hand of man for æsthetic purposes rather than utility.

In a word, it is one of the natural garden-spots of the state—the ideal peace-



THE MEADOWS — THOMAS S. HARRISON, PHILADELPHIA.

ful New England landscape. To match it one must go to Hampshire or Devon, the paradise of the mother country in June. Pomfret lies in the valley of the winding Quinebaug and its surrounding neighbors, Woodstock, Thompson, Brooklyn, and Hampton, are scarcely inferior to it in natural advantages. Good roads between them render this an excellent riding and driving country, though, alas! first-rate saddle-horses seem to have become an extinct species hereabouts. Fine, even fashionable, equipages, in considerable variety, now grace the thoroughfares during the season, or, more strictly speaking, the seasons, which are at their respective heights in June and September. The interim will most likely have been spent at the seaside by the gayer city folk, who on their return bring a fresh invoice of ideas and a new influx of guests, both of which add vim and charm to Pomfret's social side, that may have dozed somewhat in the lazy quietude of

* Dr. Dwight in his travels in New England speaks of this region as one of the handsomest he had met with. The hills have been concisely described as "oblong, with their shortest axes from east to west, remarkably exact and singularly elegant." The stones upon the surface were brought by the drift formation.

mid-summer. The month par-excellence in this latitude, however, is October, when, for mellowness, tonic air, and richness of foliage, Pomfret does not yield the palm even to the Berkshires.

The inevitable "wheel," now propelled by female as well as by male riders, has found its way up these hillsides. Four-in-hands have made their appearance, and the merry tally-ho wakes the echoes. One prominent resident drives three spirited steeds abreast when he shows his guests the beauties of the surrounding country. Pomfret makes no especial pretensions to being a sportsman's

paradise; but there are trout still in the brooks and bass in the rivers and lakes and during the fall, partridge, woodcock, and quail furnish an excuse for many an invigorating tramp over the hills and valleys by the men. "Hunters' luncheons," in which the ladies join, are an ideal here not infrequently realized.

Of recent years the trotter has been much in evidence, a product of the Pomfret Stock-Farm, of which Brignoli-Wilkes, with a record of $2.14\frac{1}{4}$ is the acknowledged king. Here also one can see the Arabian tent-mare "Aziza," imported by the present owner with special permission of the Khedive of Egypt.

Graceful as gazelles, fleet as the wind, intelligent, docile, and with pedigrees running back to the mists, no wonder that the children of the desert make household pets of these beautiful creatures, and a law of the state prohibits their sale to foreigners. This stock-farm, with its thirty-five brood mares, numerous barns and stables, and costly private race-track for training purposes, has been one of the completest and best known establishments of its kind in Connecticut.

Bowditch's nursery for trees and shrubs supplies not only the immediate neighborhood, but sends many choice specimens to the larger watering-places of New England. Of manufactories, or other vocations than that of farming, Pomfret is entirely and blissfully



CHRIST MEMORIAL CHURCH (EPISCOPAL).



CHRIST CHURCH PORCH.



PRIVATE BURIAL LOT, NEAR CHRIST CHURCH.

innocent and the running of any manner of shop, it would actually despise. For its daily supply of market-wares the town draws entirely on its enterprising neighbor, Putnam, condescending, however, to allow the telegraph and the telephone to connect it with the outer world, and in this era of progress and express trains, boasting of two or three mails a day.

Viewed from the railway station Pomfret does not do itself justice. The long, high hill-side with its avenue of close-growing, sturdy maples, bears a close resemblance to Harrow-on-the-hill of English school fame. Well-kept lawns and bright fragrant flowers; comfortable, home-like inns and typical churches; dignified, old-fashioned mansions, presenting various approved styles of country architecture and facing each other for a mile or more on either side of "the street"—all form a part of the attractions of modern Pomfret. Seen separately, no one feature is particularly impressive. The charm lies rather in the harmony and completeness of the *ensemble*. Each place here has the ample grounds so necessary to give an air of naturalness to rural life. Pomfret bears on its face the unmistakable signs of being the abode of people of culture. No town of its size in Connecticut represents more wealth, but this is used unostentatiously and in perfectly good taste.



LA PLAISANCE — MRS. JOSEPH W. CLARK, BOSTON.

The main and only thoroughfare of Pomfret street is already filled. Future residents must literally, therefore, take to the hills. So numerous, however, are the fine sites and so moderate has the price of land remained, that there could be no cornering of the market even by the shrewdest speculators. Where so much is worthy of



CLARK BRIDGE, OVER "PARADISE BROOK."

detailed mention, it is hard to specify in brief. Rathlin, the large estate of Mr. George Lothrop Bradley—formerly of Providence and now of Washington, D. C.—has a magnificent site, overlooking the Brooklyn and Abington valleys. The house itself, of the Queen Anne type, is spacious and elegantly furnished, and during the season is always a brilliant center of much and delightful hospitality. Mr. Bradley is fortunate in having on his estate a mineral spring of remarkable purity and valuable medicinal properties, which years ago brought it into high favor with the local inhabitants. Recent analyses by experts show



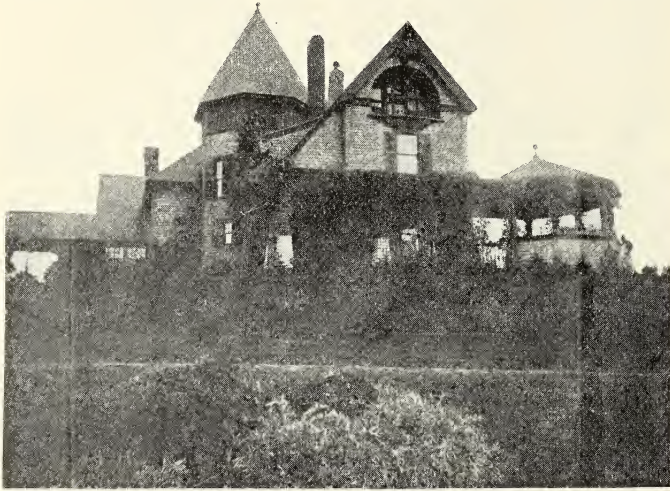
THE CORNER — HOPPIN FAMILY HOMESTEAD.

that the properties of this spring closely resemble those of the celebrated Poland water.

On the "lower road," or drive toward Abington, is Glen Elsinore, Mrs. Randolph Marshall Clark's fine residence and extensive grounds, whose superior natural advantages have been greatly enhanced by the most skillful landscape-gardening. From the east piazza, stone-buttressed terraces, many graveled walks and superb rose-garden, a beautiful view is obtained of the houses on the hill and a glimpse of the fair valley beyond. A small but picturesque rubble-stone

tower with thatched roof and overhanging vines, adds quaintness and charm to the leafy glen and quiet pond which form the southern boundary of the estate.

On the opposite side of the highway is Hamlet Lodge, another beautiful



INGLESIDE — CHARLES J. HIGGINSON, BOSTON.

homestead, belonging to Miss Eleanor Vinton. The site has been occupied for more than a century and the place handed down in the same family for three generations. It was here that Dr. Vinton passed his latter years — an influential broad-churchman, a close and sympathetic student of nature, beloved by a large circle of friends.

Rarely now-a-days, excepting in England, are such grand old trees found anywhere as those at Hamlet Lodge — giant oaks, spreading beeches, and tall, stately cedars — standing singly or grouped together with artless grace on the lawns and in the rougher fields of the home park. Winding paths, a flower garden, a rustic bridge, and arbors complete a place which is perfect of its kind.

At the center of Pomfret street, opposite the trim Congregational church and the Ben-Grosvenor, one may see at Dunworth the establishment of Loomis L. White, the New York banker, a lawn as velvety as that of Magdalen College quadrangle and an avenue of trees as beautiful in their way as Addison's walk on Christ Church meadows. Everything about the place, with its greenhouses, broad verandas and terrace, is bright, cheerful, home-like — characteristics of their genial and public-spirited owner, who is always happy in welcoming his friends. Dunworth Lodge, the new and attractive adjoining property of William Viall Chapin of Providence and New York, is also a headquarters for much delightful entertainment. The view of the valley to the west of Pomfret is particularly fine

from the windows and piazza of Dunworth Lodge.

Thomas S. Harrison's, The Meadows, which stands near the Pomfret Stock-Farm, of which he is the owner, is a large and dignified old colonial mansion, so successfully re-arranged and enlarged as to



HOELFELD — EDWARD A. SWAIN, PROVIDENCE, R. I.



ORCHARD HOUSE — MRS. WILLIAM H. ELLIOTT, PHILADELPHIA.

command metropolitan luxury. Mr. Harrison is a resident of Philadelphia, but of recent years has spent a considerable portion of his time each year at his country home, in superintending the cultivation of his extensive property and adding to the local improvements of Pomfret.



RESIDENCE OF JOHN ADDISON PORTER, EDITOR OF "THE HARTFORD POST."

Across the road is the Episcopal Christ Memorial* church which, with its vine-covered stone sides and stained glass windows by Tiffany, is admired by

* Built in 1882 by Miss Eleanor Vinton and Mrs. R. M. Clark, as a memorial to their father and mother, Dr. Alexander Hamilton Vinton and his wife, Eleanor Stockbridge Vinton.



HARRIS HOUSE — WHERE WASHINGTON STAID IN POMFRET.

all who have seen it. A choral service by the boys of Pomfret school adds to the enjoyment of attendants on Sundays. The Rectory near by is another fine specimen of the work of a talented Providence architect, Mr. Howard Hoppin. On the other side of the church one may notice a very artistic oaken, ivy-clad, portal — in every detail a bit of the mother country — which forms the entrance to the burial lot of one of the prominent families of Pomfret's summer colony.

Exquisite flowers, tenderly cared-for and attractively displayed, are found



GLADWYN — COMMANDER C. H. GOODRICH, U. S. N.

at La Plaisance, Mrs. Josephine W. Clark's costly colonial residence, which crowns a part of the southern slope of Pomfret hill. Broad acres carefully planted with



BARK MEADOW FARM—G. LAWRENCE PERKINS, NEW YORK.

young trees stretch away toward Paradise brook and the stone bridge over it on Clark road. The Corner, the Hoppin family homestead, standing at the junction of the roads which lead to Woodstock and Putnam—an unpretentious structure externally, but one which always offers good cheer within—is a favorite rendezvous for the sociable element of Pomfret in summer. It is the present home of Augustus Hoppin, author and artist, and his niece, Miss Louise C. Hoppin.

But the list of places worthy of description for their general attractiveness, and offering noteworthy individual features, might be extended far beyond the



THE BEN-GROSVENOR ; NEAR THE CENTER OF POMFRET STREET.



THE POMFRET INN (FORMERLY MISS VINTON'S SCHOOL).

ground of scattered oaks and the denser woods beyond; Elmwood Farm, the old home of Louise Chandler Moulton; the noble elm at Pen-y-bryn; the attractive quaintness and ambient foliage of the old colonial house,* now the residence of Robert Harris, Esq., of Providence, where George Washington stayed on his visit to Pomfret. The Knoll at Gladwyn and the gentle slope of Hillside; or further on the outskirts, sentinels for Abington and Putnam, Westwood and Bark Meadow Farm, the latter recalling by its name the scenes and incidents of a century and three quarters ago. These are some of the gems of picturesque Pomfret. Not the least element of their attractiveness is the fact that each place possesses such a strong individuality. Some are large and costly, other small and simple. In their entirety they are all the more winning because they present such a contrast to one another.

It must not be supposed, however, because there is much intimacy between the householders of Pomfret, that transient visitors are unwelcome or that there is no means of providing for their entertainment. On the contrary, comfortable

cottages are for rent.

Several boarding-houses offer home-like accommodations. The Ben-Grosvenor — accessible, commodious, and popular — furnishes a large and select coterie with what they want. The Pomfret Inn — well-built, well-kept, and new — promises to become a model of its kind and testifies to the growing



MATHEWSON PLACE, ON THE ROAD TO WOODSTOCK.

*The date of this visit was Saturday, Nov. 7th, 1789. Washington came from Uxbridge *via* Thompson and was accompanied by Major Jackson and Secretary Lear. These gentlemen rode with the president in the state carriage and a retinue of four servants followed on horseback. The tavern was at this time kept by Mr. Grosvenor.

popularity of the place. For big, showy, and noisy hotels, conservative Pomfret has no desire, and they would have no chance of success in Pomfret. The story is extensively circulated, not without some foundation, that prominent and fashionable strangers on seeking admittance



POMFRET CLUB HOUSE AND GROUNDS.

to one of these quiet little Pomfret establishments, have sometimes stood aghast on calmly being asked for their credentials. Such tendencies may be carried to an extreme, and if so, are of course to be deprecated; but hitherto Pomfret's leaders have erred on the safe side. To such as have any claim for recognition, they are hospitality itself.

Liberal provision is made for the entertainment of visitors at the Pomfret Club, which was incorporated in 1893 under a special act of the Legislature. It is governed by a board of gentlemen and ladies and kept open from the first of June till the end of October. The premises include a fine club-house, designed by George Keller of Hartford, and six acres of valuable land well situated in the center of the town, a part of which will eventually be laid out in walks and gardens. Tennis and croquet are already well-provided for; bowling and archery

are in contemplation, and golf and polo are talked of as possibilities in the future. In the temporary home, in one wing of the club-house building, is the well-selected and efficiently managed Pomfret Library Association, which is kept particularly well-supplied with current literature, is fitted out with not a few complete sets of the standard and classic authors, and which, under the efficient management of the board of lady managers, makes itself generally useful and agreeable both to strangers and residents. Library days in Pomfret have come latterly to possess some of the functions of afternoon teas, though the latter are frequent in the season and are intermingled with a round of dinners, receptions, and even an occasional ball.



"WAIT-A-WHILE."

Pomfret Hall, joined to the club-house by a broad and shady veranda, is the scene of the numerous dances, musicales, lectures, fairs, plays, and operettas which have done so much to stimulate the public spirit of the place and win a reputation for their authors.

An improvement society cares for the village walks when they need repairing, and the obliging actors and actresses look after the welfare of this time-honored organization when its funds run low. The generosity of a land-owner has built

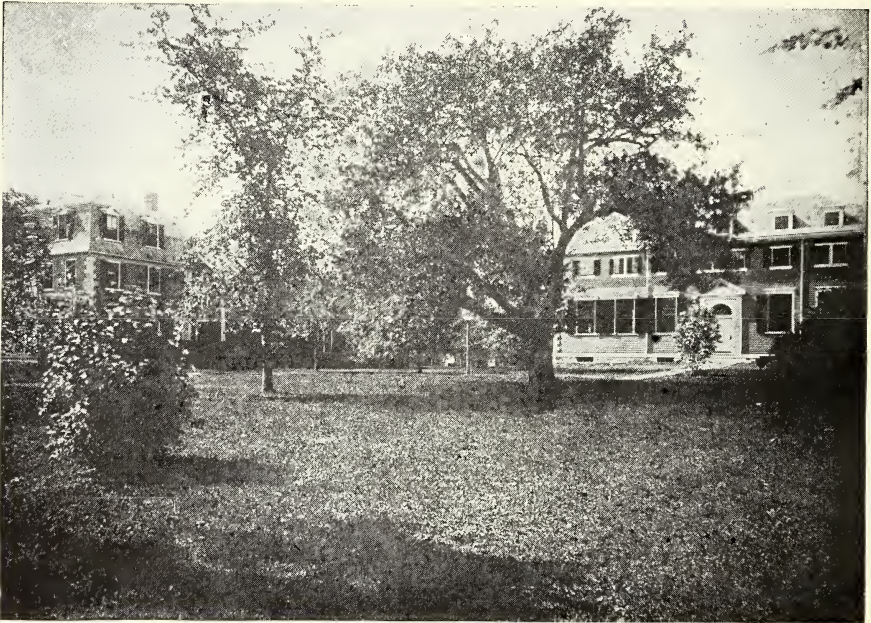


BOAT-HOUSE ON THE QUINEBAUG RIVER.

a tower for viewing the fine landscape from Tyrone hill, and the thoughtfulness of a visitor provided a rustic seat under an old sweeping elm on the road to Putnam, where the pedestrian may "wait-a-while" to enjoy the beauties of nature nearer at hand.

The Pontefract Club, or boat-house on the Quinebaug river, conducted under the auspices of

the Pomfret Club, is at a restful, picturesque spot, where the gentle stream winds through the meadows and the shade of tall trees and a balcony over-hanging the placid water tempts the visitor to sweet contentment of mind and lazy recreation. Being within easy coaching distance of the town, jolly luncheons,



POMFRET SCHOOL — WILLIAM E. PECK, HEAD-MASTER.

occasional regattas, and drives home by moonlight are well-observed customs of the place.

Pomfret is doubly fortunate in having near the other end of its borders, Roseland Park—the generous gift of Mr. Henry C. Bowen,—with its oak and pine groves, and limpid, blue lake. Putnam's Wolf-Den—than which there

are few spots more famous and eagerly visited the country over—furnishes an equally engaging opportunity for a patriotic pilgrimage or an attractive picnic; and Alexander's Pond for a delightful drive with the chance of fishing and boating. From the top of Prospect hill one may get a splendid bird's-eye view into Massachusetts and Rhode Island. There are over one hundred miles of well-kept highways in the township of Pomfret, plenty of wood-roads, and bridle-paths innumerable, so enticing to the equestrian.

To be quite sure of getting all of the very best there is in such a life and such a country, one should come early and stay late; some indeed of the summer colony are apt, occasionally at least, to remain a good part of the winter. You must, at all events have seen the feathery freshness and inhaled the delicate aroma of the apple-blossoms in May and felt your pulses thrill, your eyes glisten and lungs deepen at the tonic of the air and the flaming glory of the trees on the hillsides in October. The visitor ought, in short, from the start and to the end, to be completely in touch with both the place and the people, or their subtlest charm will elude him. But it is peculiarly easy to give yourself to this quiet happiness in Pomfret. Nature here is smiling, but not overawing. She does not exact or expect too much. Society there is and of the best, but it is not so gay as to be burdensome. Your friends—real friends—are about you. The climate soothes while it does not fail to invigorate. You love the place and its ways and are the better for it.



MRS. BETSEY BOWERS—A POMFRET CENTENARIAN.

In ye olden time Pomfret was renowned for the conservatism of its church, the brilliancy of its assemblies, and the excellence of its schools. Surely, history loves to repeat itself. Pomfret people still take a pride in their churches, the Casino hops are both lively and somewhat exclusive, and while an excellent girls' school, which until recently thrived here, is now located elsewhere, a still larger boys' school has within the past two years taken its place. A more ideal site for a collegiate academy, located as this is, midway between the great universities of Harvard and Yale, it would be impossible to find. The air is pure, the water good, the country just such as boys love to wander over or use for playing-fields. Pomfret School* is located in one of the finest old Colonial mansions on the street and has annexes and a large dormitory built and fully equipped for its needs. Seventy boys are now in attendance under the head-mastership of William E. Peck, for many years in successful charge of the popular St. Mark's at Southboro, Mass. Prominent city families are sending their boys to be prepared for college at

* Pomfret School has chosen for its coat of arms, those of the Earl of Pomfret. The colors are black and red. Athletic contests on the home grounds are held with rival preparatory schools. A school paper, "The Pontefract," has just been started.

Pomfret and as the boys themselves are enthusiastic over the management and location of the school, its future seems assured.

The longevity of some of Pomfret residents is noteworthy, as for instance Mrs. Betsey Bowers, who will complete her centennial year if she lives till the third of next March. She has occupied the same house for 58 years, is perfectly well and eats three good meals a day, with the kindly aid of a digestion which, a friend of hers writes, "does not weaken before lobster *à la* Newburg and triumphs over the richest of cake and plum puddings." Mrs. Bowers not infrequently goes out to church, still enjoys sleighing, reads biographies covering four volumes, and wishes her sleeves made as large as any young lady's !

Much more might be written without perhaps giving the reader any clearer idea of the beauties and attractions of picturesque Pomfret. Not every one is certain to like the place, but those who do soon become devotedly attached to it. Climate, the natural advantages of the landscape and cultivation are all praiseworthy; but the people themselves are, after all, the chief inducement for going there. The yeomanry is thrifty, frank, approachable—no better can be found in the commonwealth. The imported element is remarkably cosmopolitan, for so small a place. In a word, the society is bright, active, and bent on amusement. The two streams do not blend completely, but they flow on, side by side, in utmost good nature and mutual esteem.

" Still when the woes of life assail,
I sigh for thee, sweet Pomfret vale."



THE QUIET HILLS.

DRINK deep, the spirit of the quiet hills;
Teaching they have for our too restless lives.
Could we but fix so fast our restless wills,
That softest sun nor storm that maddest drives
Could move us from the unalterable right,
We too might breathe, some holy eventide,
With hearts wide open, that divine delight,
To our own inconsistent longings now denied.

A TYPOGRAPHICAL GALAXY.

BY MARCUS A. CASEY.

“ True fame and dignity are born of toil.”

THOMAS MAC KELLAR.*

The most eminent authorities assert that the first printing in the Colony of Connecticut was done at New London by the Englishman Thomas Short, in 1709, the result of his laudable effort being Governor Gurdon Saltonstall's † Fast-day proclamation, issued June 15th, in the eighth year of Queen Anne's reign. It was fifty-five years thereafter that Thomas Green set up a printing-press in Hartford, and began the publication of the *Connecticut Courant*. Despite the half-century lead held by the sister town of New London, the prestige and power of her press did not much longer retain the supremacy. The printers of Hartford were persevering and diligent, and they quickly became the recognized peers of any fellow-craftsmen in the colony.

In the olden time the newspaper office was likewise the book, pamphlet, and “job” office. There, beside the weekly paper, were printed the sermons, tracts, almanacs, handbills, and whatever else was required by the local population. The printer in those days was regarded as a person of considerable consequence. He was frequently editor, business manager, foreman, compositor, and pressman, all in one — or, as described by Philip Freneau in 1796 —

“ Author, pressman, devil — and what not.”

When the triumphs of modern inventors and the wealth of matériel now obtainable are contrasted with the meager facilities of the pioneer printers, the creditable work which they accomplished seems truly wonderful.

Notwithstanding the primitive condition of things typographical, the old-time printer was in some respects a happier man than his successor of to-day. He had but few competitors, was never annoyed by strikes, nor exposed to the blandishments of the “drummer,” and, under a merciful Providence, the “estimate” fiend had not then materialized.

The necessary limitations of this paper preclude any extended allusion to the early “typos.” It is probable that a general history of the “Press” of Connecticut will at some time be published. Such a volume could not fail to be of exceeding interest, and it is to be hoped that some able historical writer will ere long become interested in the subject.

In the brief sketches hereinafter presented of a few printers whose lives have been somewhat closely identified with the history and progress of Hartford, reference will be made only to those who commenced to do mechanical labor in

* Printer, type-founder, and poet.

† With that instinct peculiar to the journeyman printer, Short improved upon the orthography of the Governor's baptismal name by making it read “Gordon.”

NOTE. — Many thanks are due to all who have kindly furnished portraits, data, and information, without which this retrospect must altogether have failed.

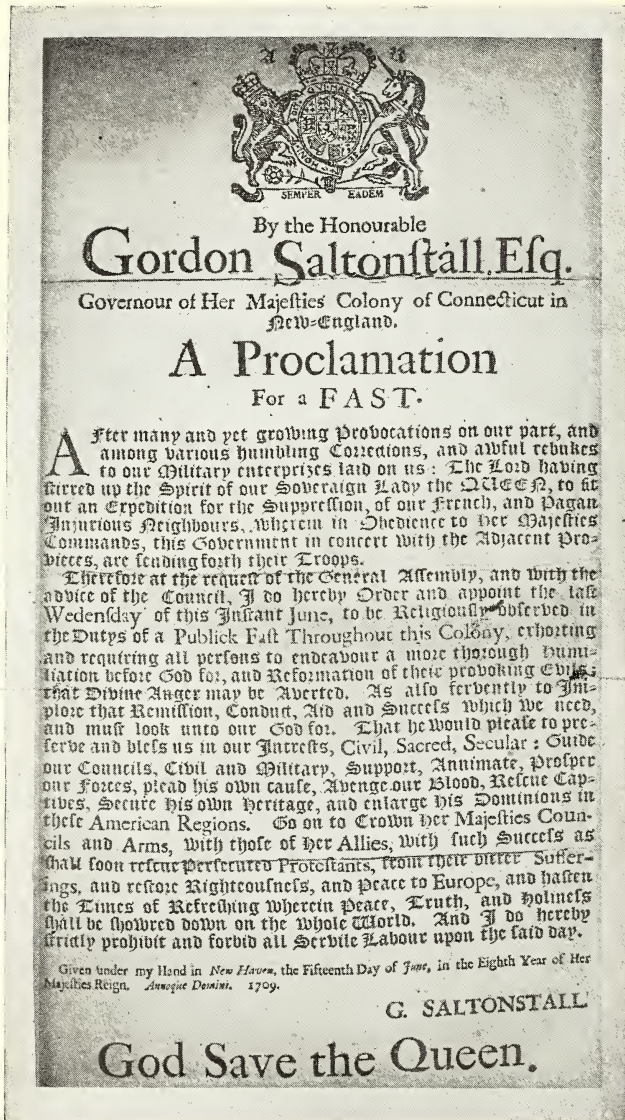
the printing-office, and worked their way up to positions of more or less importance; hence, the names of some prominent owners and business partners either do not appear at all, or are only mentioned incidentally.

The fact that the subjects for biographical mention should have been in every instance selected from a single city of the state, is entirely due to the writer's inability to cover a broader field, and in nowise prompted by motives of local preference.

Perhaps no man ever lived in Hartford who was more instrumental in the practical education of young men—who served in their generation as printers, editors, ministers, public officers, and business men—than Philemon Canfield. In the succeeding sketches his name frequently appears in connection with those of others, who either began business life in the printing-office under his fatherly care and instruction, or were in his employ at some time.

Philemon Canfield was born in Roxbury, Conn., July 31, 1786. His grandfather, Rev. Thomas Canfield, and his father, Thomas also, were worthy ancestors. Young Canfield was possessed with a desire to become a

printer, and ultimately learned the business at Sing Sing, N. Y. About the time he "graduated" as journeyman, the differences existing between this country and Great Britain, which culminated in the war of 1812, were beginning to disturb business seriously. In search of a better position, he rode on horseback from



REDUCED FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST PRINTING DONE IN CONNECTICUT.*

* Copied by permission from "The Fast and Thanksgiving Days of New England," by Rev. W. DeLoss Love, Jr.

New York to Buffalo. After a brief stay in the latter city, he went to Philadelphia, where he obtained remunerative employment; and, amidst the historic surroundings so long the scene of Benjamin Franklin's life and labors, he received impressions which contributed not a little toward establishing his character and giving bent to his active and useful life.

About the year 1814 Mr. Canfield came to Hartford. He established himself in business as printer and publisher, and was so successful that in a few years he stood among the foremost in the business, being one of the first to introduce steam power presses in New England, and to print from stereotype plates.

Among the works issued from the presses of Mr. Canfield were many of the writings of Samuel G. Goodrich ("Peter Parley") and Mrs. Sigourney, Olney's Geography, schoolbooks published by D. F. Robinson, F. J. Huntington, and others, subscription books, such as "The Family Tourist," "The Universal Traveller," and "The World's Book of Natural History," all of which had an extensive sale.

In 1839 Mr. Canfield disposed of his entire plant — the largest establishment in Connecticut — to Case, Tiffany & Burnham.

Mr. Canfield began the publication of *The Christian Secretary* in 1822, and continued it until 1837, when it was transferred to other hands. Having been early identified with the antislavery movement, when to be opposed to the "peculiar institution" was to be unpopular, he in 1852 succeeded John D.

Baldwin in the publication of *The Republican* (a free-soil paper established by William H. Burleigh), which was afterward sold to *M. H. Bartlett & Co., the paper being absorbed in the *Evening Press* in 1856. In the temperance cause Mr. Canfield was also a pioneer, and a successful worker with tongue and pen.

For several years Mr. Canfield was associated with Rev. Gurdon Robins in the bookselling and publishing business in Hartford. In 1842 he removed to Rochester, N. Y., where he had established a bookstore and publishing house.

Mr. Canfield was an enthusiast in his original business. He delighted in attending to every detail with the patience and exactness of one who had thoroughly mastered all the various branches, and was satisfied with only the best results. The "register" of the pages, the even distribution of "color," the clearness of impression, the quality of paper, the proper spacing and display of type, were of as much consequence to him in the days of Ramage presses, inkballs, and stuffed buckskin rollers, as in later times, after he had introduced power presses, composition rollers, and many other improvements, into his establishment.

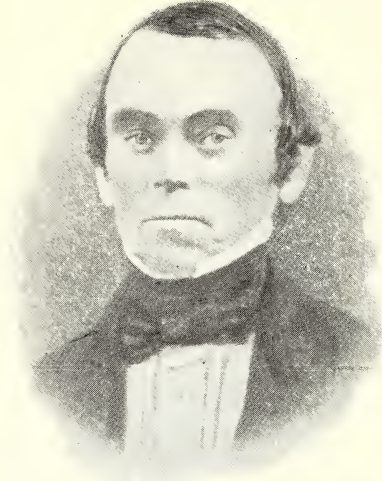
Mr. Canfield attained the age of seventy-eight years, dying in 1864. He was a truly religious man, unwavering in his convictions of right, and characteristic for his honorable methods in all the affairs of life.



PHILEMON CANFIELD.

* He of tower fame.

About the year 1800 a Litchfield family named Russell removed to Bradford county, Pennsylvania, at that time regarded as in the "far-off West." One member of the family was a boy of ten years, named



JOHN RUSSELL.

John. From the place where the family settled it was only a little way up the Susquehanna river to Owego, N. Y., and, after a time, John went there to learn the printer's trade. In 1810 he returned to his native state, and a few years later engaged in the printing and publishing business at Hartford. The people of that city have long had abundant reason to congratulate themselves upon his coming, for he was the father of their own Dr. Gurdon W. Russell.

Mr. Russell was quite successful as a publisher. Probably the two best-known books which bore his imprint were a history of the war of 1812 and a life of Andrew Jackson.

In 1826 he and Benjamin H. Norton formed a copartnership, and the firm became the publishers of the *Hartford Times*, then in the ninth year of its existence. Mr. Norton retired from the firm in 1828, and in the announcement it was stated that "the former editor will continue to superintend the paper, which will pursue in politics the course it has maintained, adhering to true Republican principles by supporting General Jackson for President." The statement may be regarded as a trifle anomalous to-day, but it was entirely proper in that epoch of American politics.

Mr. Russell continued the publication of that paper until some time in 1836. It was in 1833 that a semi-weekly edition was first issued, the paper being enlarged in the following year. From 1828 to 1836 Gideon Welles was connected with the *Times* as a leading editorial writer.

Some years after his retirement from the *Times* Mr. Russell removed to Wisconsin, where he resided until his death, in 1856.

Although William Boardman was a prominent Hartford merchant for nearly forty years, it is not probable that very many are aware that he was in early life a printer. Mr. Boardman was a native of Lenox, Mass., and at the age of sixteen went to learn the printer's trade in the office of the *Hartford Times*, then owned and published by Samuel Bowles (grandfather of the present Samuel) and John Francis, the agreement being that he should receive twenty dollars a year, "with board, washing, and mending." In the summer of 1824, when Mr. Bowles founded the *Springfield Republican*, Mr. Boardman went with him to Springfield, the removal being accomplished by placing the press with all materials necessary for use in the business, and the household furniture, on a flat-boat, in which they were "poled" up the Connecticut river. Journeyman Boardman helped to put in type and print a part of the first issue of the *Springfield Republican*. In one of his letters to his father in those days, he said: "Mr. Bowles leaves home to-morrow, and I am to take the whole charge of the paper in his absence."

In 1828, in company with William Faulkner of Norwich, he began the publication of the *Norwich Republican*, of which he was also the editor. Ill health compelled him to retire from his position after the first year.

In 1830 he published the *Tolland Advocate* for an association in Tolland, Conn. In 1832, in company with Alfred Francis, he published the life, writings, and opinions of Thomas Jefferson, written by B. L. Rayner, the printing and binding being done in Wethersfield. A large edition was published, and the book, sold by subscription, was received with much favor by the public.

In 1834 he was employed by John Russell as foreman in the office of the *Hartford Times*.

In 1841, in company with John Fox, he established in Wethersfield one of the first manufactories in New England, for roasting, grinding, and packing coffee and spices for the wholesale trade. This partnership was dissolved in 1844, and in 1845 Mr. Boardman undertook the same business on his own account. His business increasing, he removed in 1850 to Hartford, and associated with himself his two sons, under the firm name of Wm. Boardman & Sons.

Mr. Boardman was interested in many enterprises aside from his regular business. He was, with the firm, the builder of several fine private structures in the city. He also, in company with others, constructed several vessels of large size. He was a director in a number of insurance companies, manufacturing corporations, and banks. In 1858 he assisted J. M. Scofield in establishing the *Morning Post* in Hartford.

He held several offices in earlier life, such as state prison director in 1834, representative from Wethersfield in the legislature of 1852, and was again appointed state prison director, and also commissioner for Hartford county by Governor Thomas H. Seymour.

In 1885, after the death of his wife, Mr. Boardman built the Boardman memorial chapel, in remembrance of her. He survived his wife for about three years, dying Nov. 3, 1887, in his eighty-third year. Mr. Boardman was distinguished through life for his benevolent works, and by his will made bequests to many charitable and religious institutions.



WILLIAM BOARDMAN.

The publication of the *New England Weekly Review* was begun at Hartford in 1828 by Hanmer & Phelps. George D. Prentice was its first editor. In 1830 Edwin D. Tiffany, a young man of twenty, from Sturbridge, Mass., obtained employment in the composing-room. He began work as a "half-journeyman," in the printers' parlance of the time. In the same year Mr. Prentice left the

Review, going to Kentucky to write the life of Henry Clay, and, subsequently, to become editor of the *Louisville Journal*, which supported Clay for the presidency. Mr. Prentice had been among the first to recognize the ability of John G. Whittier (then about twenty-three), and to prophesy his renown. It was through Prentice's influence that his successor on the *Review* was none other than the young Quaker poet. Whittier—who while in Hartford was extremely homesick—was of a retiring disposition, and spent nearly all his evenings in the "sanctum." He frequently invited young Tiffany to come in and chat with him, and the poet-editor and printer became warm friends. In after years those conversations in Whittier's sanctum were often referred to by Mr. Tiffany as among the happiest incidents of his life.



EDWIN D. TIFFANY.

An experience of two years in the office of one of the most popular newspapers in New England naturally stimulated a taste for journalism, and in 1832 Mr. Tiffany returned to Massachusetts and conducted a weekly paper in Southbridge for twelve months, a period quite long enough to satisfy him that the field was an unsuitable one for his more matured ideas and growing ambition. Returning to Hartford, he worked for a time as journeyman on the *Anti-Masonic Intelligencer*, and later for Philemon Canfield.

A few years before his death, Mr. Tiffany, in a private conversation, told some of his experiences as a pressman, and gave the history of his first business venture in Hartford. Any reader who knew him intimately can imagine with what dry drollery and quaint humor he related the story:

"J. Hubbard Wells was a Hartford printer. His father, John I. Wells, the Quaker, was the inventor of the

Wells press. When the father died, Hubbard continued the business, and added book printing to it by desire of many local book publishers.

"Speaking of presses—the first I worked on was a Ramage, the kind Ben Franklin used to struggle with. I had some experience with a Wells press next in the office where I began my trade. Philemon Canfield used the Brattleboro' presses; they made more noise than forty steamboats.

"David F. Robinson, the father of Hon. Henry C. Robinson, was a book publisher who gave Hubbard Wells a great deal of work. F. J. Huntington was another good customer. I was a pressman at the Wells establishment. Every inch of room in the building was utilized. Some of the presses were close up under the roof. It was so hot there in summer that the rollers melted. That was where I worked at first. Afterward Mr. Wells took a room down by the bridge, and I worked there. Then the whole establishment was brought together in Catlin's building on the corner of Main and Asylum streets. It was there that

I was made foreman of the press-room. Very soon that office became too small, and we moved into the Mitchell building, where the *Courant* building now stands.

"Not long afterward Mr. Wells had an opportunity to purchase a large printing establishment in Cincinnati, and he urged me to go in with somebody and buy him out. Well, to make a long story short, Newton Case and I went into partnership—that was in 1836—the firm name being Case, Tiffany & Co., and bought the Wells establishment, paying all the cash we could raise, Mr. Wells trusting us for the balance of the amount due. Alanson D. Waters was soon taken into the firm, retiring two years later, when Leander C. Burnham was admitted, and his name tacked on after Tiffany's. Burnham died in 1848, when the original firm name was resumed. In 1839, we were able to purchase the largest establishment in the state, Philemon Canfield's. We consolidated the two establishments in the old jail building on the corner of Pearl and Trumbull streets, and thus, without knowing it, founded the present Case, Lockwood & Brainard company. I expect there will always be a printing-office on that corner."

The first "Hartford City Directory" (1838) was printed by Case, Tiffany & Co., for Melzar Gardner. Curiously enough, Mr. Tiffany's name only appears in the imprint upon the title-page. Mr. Tiffany retired from the firm in 1857. Afterward he was for three years president of the Merchants and Manufacturers bank, of Hartford. Upon the organization of the First National bank, in 1864, he was made its president, and continued to fill that office until 1876. From that date Mr. Tiffany was occupied wholly with private business matters until his death. He died suddenly, April 12, 1890, aged 80 years. Throughout his fourscore years of life Edwin D. Tiffany was an industrious worker, unostentatious in his ways, possessed of a rare fund of humor, and a true New-Englander.

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The youngest apprentice in the office of the *New England Weekly Review* in 1830, was an orphan boy, lately from Wethersfield, who had walked up to Hartford with a cash capital of twenty-five cents in his pocket. He was a sturdy, black-eyed boy, called "Jimmy." One of his many duties was the delivery of the *Review* at the houses of subscribers, and like other boys who held a similar position, was termed the "carrier." It was the custom in those times, and for a good many years after, to issue from the weekly newspaper office on New-Year's day a "Carrier's Address" to patrons, in poetic form. Toward the close of the year, Mr. Whittier wrote an address, which was quite unlike the majority of its kind, for it was a real poem. An extract from it will be read with interest, as a specimen of his early work, it never having been published in any collection :

"A Year hath gone—but not alone—
A thousand joys have passed away ;
A thousand rainbow-dreams which shone
On beings beautiful as they ;
Young eyes that welcomed with their smiles
The coming of the gone-by year,
Have closed like flowers of summer-isles
Beneath a wintry atmosphere !
And forms that mingled in the dance,
That floated down the lighted hall,
Of raven tress and sunny glance,
And voices like a zephyr's call,
Have gone, departed year, with thee—
Gone with the haughty and the brave—
Manhood and helpless infancy,
Down—down to one eternal grave !
So let it be. Why should we shed
A tear above the beautiful ?—

The wakeless slumber of the dead
Is rapture when the heart grows dull ;
And life is but a weariness—
A yearning for that better sky,
Which, as the shadows close on this,
Grows brighter to the longing eye.
Eventful year !—thy charts reveal
Its records to the wondering eye,
The scepter falls—the high throne reels,—
A moral earthquake moveth by !—
The whirlwind of excited mind
Has hurried o'er the ancient land ;
And chain and fetter forged to bind,
Have fallen off from neck and hand ;
And man is rousing in his might
And trampling on the oppressor's rod,
And bowing only in the sight
And worship of the eternal God."

On the first day of January, 1831 — when Hartford had a population of perhaps eight thousand — “Jimmy” was wading through the deep snow delivering the *Review* and the “Address” together. The boy might not that day have realized the fact, but, with that address under his arm, he was unquestionably the most highly honored carrier in the land. Forty-five years afterward, the author, whose fame then extended throughout the reading world, replied to a letter of inquiry regarding the address in the following words :

DANVERS, 12th mo., 29, 1876.

Dear Friend :

I have received the beautifully illustrated sketch of thy company's establishment, with a letter referring to my residence in Hartford, and thy own reminiscences of the Hanmer & Phelps printing-office and the *N. E. Review*. I remember writing the Address for thee, and regret that I have not a copy of it, though I have an incomplete file of the *Review* at Amesbury.

I am very glad to hear of the prosperity of the “Carrier,” and with all good wishes of the season,

I am very truly thy old friend of the *N. E. Review*,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

To JAMES LOCKWOOD.

Two years later a veritable copy of the address was found, which was handsomely framed, and presented on Christmas day to Mr. Lockwood, who regarded it as the most valuable gift received in his lifetime.



JAMES LOCKWOOD.

James Lockwood, born at Wethersfield in 1813, was the son of Samuel Lockwood, a sea-captain. Losing both father and mother in boyhood, James's early experiences were severely trying up to the time he obtained employment in the printing-office, and he had been obliged to undergo many privations.

The publication of the *New England Daily Review* was begun in May, 1833. It fell to the lot of James Lockwood to strike off the first copy of a daily newspaper printed in Connecticut, and for several months he “worked” the entire daily issue on a hand-press.

Like most other young printers of the period, Mr. Lockwood worked for a time in the office of Philemon Canfield. In 1836 he entered the employ of Case, Tiffany & Co. His name and occupation were given in the first Hart-

ford directory. For seventeen years he was employed as compositor, pressman, and foreman in the same office, and in 1853 was admitted a partner in the firm. The firm name was changed in 1857 to Case, Lockwood & Co. When the Case,

Lockwood & Brainard company was organized, in 1874, Mr. Lockwood was made its vice-president, which office he held until his death, which occurred January 13, 1888, having been connected with practically the same establishment for fifty-two years. A complete record of his life and work would be virtually a history of the advancement of his chosen art during that period.

The following extract is from a discourse by his pastor, which was an eloquent tribute to the memory of a just man, an association with whom for more than twenty years the writer of these sketches will ever regard as an honor:

"Our friend was happy in the society of good men. He honored the church as an organization for propagating truth. He was in cordial and practical sympathy with the smaller churches of our denomination in this state, because he realized the value of association among Christian believers. . . . His valuable services for twelve years as treasurer of the Baptist State Convention of Connecticut, are sufficient proof of his willingness to share in service with others for objects in the Kingdom of our Lord, which he cherished in common with theirs. . . . For more than half a century he has been identified with the business interests of this city. From 1836 to 1888, he has traversed a period of absorbing interest in the nation and in the world. To-day we notice chiefly that which belongs to his personal history. The 'carrier boy' rose step by step during these years to the influential and responsible position he held at his death. He is a good example of the possibilities of our American life, whose prizes may be won by an humble boy, if righteousness be his polar star."

At the Winchester Centennial celebration, held at Winsted in 1871, one of the speakers in his preliminary remarks said: "Forty years ago I was a printer's devil—a harmless imp, I trust, but still a devil." The ex-"devil" quoted from was C. A. Alvord. Although he was a "New-Yorker" for many years, he began his business career in Hartford, and after his retirement resided there until his death, in 1874. It is a coincidence that both he and James Lockwood should have been born in the same year, and that their names appear in the first Hartford directory. Winchester was his birthplace, and through life he was especially interested in all matters connected with his native town. Not long before his death, in two communications to the *Winsted Herald*, he urged the construction of a driveway around the border of the beautiful lake in the borough, to make still more inviting a place naturally beautiful and attractive. It is probable that the people of Winsted are much indebted to him for their cherished "boulevard" of to-day.

Corydon A. Alvord came to Hartford in the fifteenth year of his age, and served an apprenticeship with Philemon Canfield, remaining in that gentleman's employ until he retired from the business. Mr. Alvord afterwards occupied the position of foreman in the printing-office of Case, Tiffany & Co. In 1845 he went



CORYDON A. ALVORD.

to New York and began business for himself at the corner of John and Dutch streets. It is said that New York publishers, recognizing his extraordinary genius for fine presswork, assisted him materially at the outset in procuring a plant and establishing a business. Later he was located for a short time in Gold street, after that removing to Vandewater street, where he ultimately conducted one of the largest and best-equipped book printing establishments in this country. To enumerate all the fine works issued from the Alvord press during a period of some twenty-five years, would involve the compilation of a catalogue. One of the finest books ever printed by Mr. Alvord was "Armsmear" (familiar to Hartford readers), prepared by Dr. Henry Barnard for Mrs. Samuel Colt. A wealthy gentleman in New York at one time was about to order a book printed by the celebrated Whittingham of London, to ensure the degree of perfection which he desired. Some friend advised him to confer with Mr. Alvord before giving the order to the British printer. It is hardly necessary to add that the book was printed in America. A History of Vassar College, by Lossing, was a very beautiful illustrated work brought out by Mr. Alvord. Another, James Wynne's "Private Libraries of New York," was as fine a specimen of printing as ever came from an American press. Mr. Alvord was an active member of the New York Typographical society, and sometime president of the Typothetæ.

Mr. Alvord returned to Hartford in 1867, but carried on his business in New York until 1871, when he disposed of the establishment to the New York Printing company.

A series of sketches, entitled "Reminiscences of Hartford," written by Mr. Alvord, were published in the *Courant* a year or so before his death. Historical and genealogical matters were much to his taste, and his wide range of information, combined with his rare conversational powers, rendered him one of the most entertaining of men.

The oldest journalist in New England, and probably in the United States, is Alfred E. Burr, of Hartford. Mr. Burr is descended from good old colonial stock, and the names of three of his ancestors, Benjamin Burr, Thomas Olcott, and John Marsh, are placed among those of the first settlers of the town upon the monument in the old Centre Church burying-ground. The name Burr was originally spelled Beurre (an evidence of its French origin). Both the Burr and Olcott families' coats-of-arms are still preserved, as relics only.

Alfred E. Burr was born in Hartford, March 27, 1815. He attended the public schools in early boyhood, and later received more thorough instruction at a private school. His father, James Burr, was engaged in the East India trade near the close of the last century, when two of his brigs were captured by French privateers, and another was lost in a gale off Barbados. To meet his obligations, he sold a large and valuable tract of land upon which the central portion of the city of Cleveland is now situated. These losses rendered him financially unable to support his large family in the manner he desired. At the age of thirteen Alfred entered the employ of George Goodwin & Sons, then the publishers of the *Connecticut Courant*. Young Burr's capability was quickly recognized by the Goodwins, and before he was twenty-one years of age he filled the responsible position of foreman in the office. In 1836 the proprietors of the *Courant*, who had become much attached to him, and fully appreciated his ability and integrity, proposed to sell him the paper on very unusual and favorable terms, an offer that few young men without means would have had the moral courage to decline. The offer was coupled, however, with the conditions that he should attend a certain denomina-

tional church, and adopt the political faith upheld by the paper. Both of the stipulations were distasteful to Mr. Burr, and he was obliged to reject what was intended as the kindest of proposals.

The *Hartford Times* was then published as a weekly and semi-weekly paper. Early in the year 1838, Jones & Watts, the publishers, failed in business and suddenly left the city. Soon after, John M. Niles, Gideon Welles, and one or two others, came into possession of the *Times* establishment. They induced Henry A. Mitchell, then state's attorney for Hartford county, to resign his office and take charge of the *Times*. He became sole proprietor of the paper in May of that year.

In November, 1838, Mr. Burr called at the *Times* office and inquired of Mr. Mitchell if he would dispose of a half-interest in the paper. He suggested to the proprietor that the paper could be greatly improved, mechanically at least, and referred to several existing features in its publication which might be advantageously changed. Gideon Welles was present on that occasion, and it was then that he and Mr. Burr formed an acquaintance which ripened into a lifelong personal friendship. Mr. Welles subsequently admitted to Mr. Burr that he had urged Mitchell to sell him the half-interest. During a later interview with Mr. Mitchell an agreement was entered into, to take effect January 1, 1839, at which time Mr. Burr took charge, ostensibly, of the mechanical department of the *Times*, although, during the following two years, he did considerable editorial work, particularly in connection with the news service. Near the close of the year 1840, Mr. Burr purchased the other half-interest of Mr. Mitchell, and took full possession of the establishment on the first day of January, 1841. On March 2d of that year he began the publication of the *Daily Times*, as a morning paper. No prospectus had been circulated, but after a brief canvass three hundred subscribers were obtained, and the new daily was issued. But there was a demand for an evening paper, especially from the workingmen, and about two weeks later Mr. Burr changed the morning to an evening journal. In the course of a year the daily circulation reached a thousand copies, and in two years about two thousand.

Mr. Burr had no working capital at that time, and no one to "back" him. He had given six per cent. notes on purchasing the small plant, which had grown steadily under his management, and it required hard work and the strictest economy to meet the current expenses and pay interest as it became due. But his industry and indomitable will prevailed, and he succeeded in making improvements in the paper and reducing his indebtedness each year until he was clear of debt. His ambition was to make the *Times* the foremost paper in the state. He spared neither labor nor expense in pushing the paper ahead, often refusing nominations for the highest offices within the gift of the people of the state, preferring to make his paper successful rather than to accept political honors. In later years his past



ALFRED E. BURR.

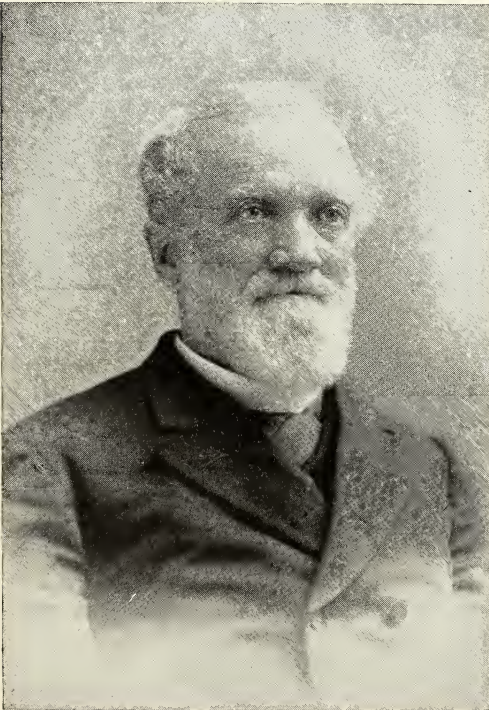
labors upon the *Times* have been justly rewarded. He has never failed to accord due praise to his brother, F. L. Burr, for his invaluable services in the editorial department, and to claim that much of the success of the paper, during the past forty years, is due to his vigorous and facile pen. Doubtless a great majority of the *Times'* readers most heartily concur with Mr. Burr's opinion. Several years ago Mr. Burr placed the business management of the paper in the hands of his son, W. O. Burr, who has proved himself entirely competent to successfully fill the position so long held by his father.

Mr. Burr has been president of the Dime savings bank since it was chartered. He is a director in the Connecticut fire insurance company and in the Case, Lockwood & Brainard company. He has served two terms in the Connecticut legislature, was president of the State board of health from the date of its organization until 1894, president of the State Capitol building commission, and was a member of the State board of pardons.

Throughout all the years of his busy life he has generously sacrificed much of his valuable time, and labored zealously for the benefit of others, and, aside from his journalistic and business career, he has taken a genuine interest in the progress of public affairs, where his hand and brain and position have been faithful and potential influences in all that concerned the welfare of his native city, the state, and nation.

There was one man in Connecticut, certainly, who foresaw the inevitableness of civil war in this land when most people at the north regarded a southern rebel-

lion as highly improbable. As early as January, 1861, just after South Carolina had passed the ordinance of secession, he addressed a letter to Governor Buckingham, emphasizing the demoralized condition of the state militia, and the meager and useless condition of our army matériel in the event of war. In June of the same year, being a member of the committee on military affairs in the house of representatives, he presented a minority report, which, though having no immediate effect, embodied the principles upon which our present efficient militia system, as well as that of some other states, was founded.



ELIHU GEER.

That man was Elihu Geer. For a quarter of a century before the war—during ten years of that period holding the rank of brigadier-general—he had labored faithfully to render the troops of the first brigade more thoroughly equipped and better prepared for war than they had theretofore been.

The story of General Geer's life is not without interest. His grandfather, Elihu Geer, was a soldier throughout the seven eventful years of the Revolutionary war. His father, Howard Geer, a Hartford builder, was temporarily engaged in the year 1817 at Lyme, Conn., where Elihu was born.

In boyhood Elihu Geer worked for a short time in a Mr. Benton's printing-office, located on Ferry street, in Hartford. He there learned to set type, was roller-boy, and juvenile factotum. His employer permitted him to print a small paper, entitled "The Whole Hog," of which Elihu was editor and publisher. The paper was sold quite extensively among the boys for one cent per copy. Discontinuing the "Hog," he was regularly apprenticed to learn the printing business with J. Hubbard Wells.

In 1838 Mr. Geer became proprietor of a printing-office in Hartford, and in 1841 purchased the right to publish the city directory, of which three numbers had been issued—1838-'39-'40. He compiled, printed, and published the Hartford city directory from that time continuously until his death in 1887. The first thin 18mo, a mere pamphlet, with one thousand six hundred and twenty-five names, was published when the "twin" capital city had a population of about ten thousand, and hardly more than two streets, running parallel with the river, with a few lanes connecting them, and others leading to the water. The octavo volume last published before his death contained nearly six hundred pages and more than twenty thousand names, about one-third of the volume being devoted to local, state, and national statistics.

In 1850 Mr. Geer removed his printing establishment to the business premises which he occupied during the remainder of his life. It was there that four of six sons grew up his disciples, as it were, in the "art preservative." As an illustration of the advancement in our great manufacturing interests during the last half-century, it may be mentioned that he printed the catalogue first issued by Messrs. P. & F. Corbin, of New Britain, a paper-covered pamphlet about three by five inches in size, a facsimile of which is shown in their late sumptuous quarto publication of seven hundred pages.

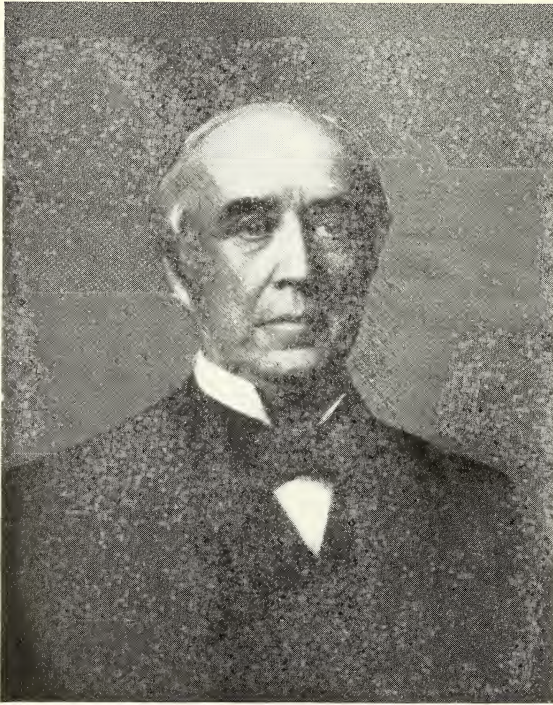
Mr. Geer had considerable experience as a publisher. In 1839 he founded the *Congregationalist*, conducting it for two years, and then selling the paper to a Boston house. He also began the publication of the *Literary Harvester* in 1840, the *Hartford Weekly Journal* and the *Hartford Evening Journal* in 1843 (sold to the *Courant* two years later), and the *Connecticut Bank Note List* in 1849, the first publication of that class, which was discontinued in 1875.

It was during the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. Horace Bushnell that Mr. Geer became connected with the North Congregational church in Hartford. In 1860 Mr. Geer removed his family residence to Hadlyme, and represented the town of Lyme in the Connecticut legislature in 1861, and again in 1870. He was a most active and valuable citizen of that town, as well as of Hartford, interesting himself deeply in the welfare of each, and securing by his influence and energy several valuable public improvements.

It is not likely that a very great number of the people who transact business at the State savings bank, in Hartford, have hitherto known that the present urbane treasurer of that institution passed a goodly portion of his life amid types, and presses, and paper, and in an atmosphere redolent of the doubtful perfume of printers' ink. Such an experience, however, is a matter of history; and, from memoranda largely furnished by Dr. Henry Barnard, the leading incidents of Mr. Stedman's life are here presented.

John W. Stedman, born at Enfield, Conn., April 14, 1820, was removed in infancy to Hartford by his parents. He attended the old Centre (or Stone) school until the age of eleven, leaving it, quite inopportunistically, to work in a country tavern, store, and post-office in South Wilbraham, Mass. After a year's service there,

he returned home just at the time his father was upon his deathbed. The necessity of securing remunerative employment soon became apparent to the fatherless boy. Having read Franklin's autobiography with a deep interest, he resolved to become a printer. Applying at several offices in Hartford, he was invariably told that he was "too young," and for another year was temporarily engaged at different places in various capacities. In the fall of 1833 he secured a place as roller-boy in the office of Philemon Canfield. The following year Mr. Canfield employed him for general work about the office, and ere long appointed him assistant to the foreman* of the power press-room. He remained in the press department until the spring of 1836, when he began work in the composing-room.



JOHN W. STEDMAN.

From a pastel by Fenety, in possession of the Conn. Historical Society.

in the state—it is not surprising that the old organ of the democracy of eastern Connecticut should at once have given signs of rejuvenescence, that its business interests should have revived, its credit been restored, and the young editor, with a character for personal rectitude and business integrity established, should have acceptably placed himself at the head of the party in this section, prepared for the earnest and sometimes heated political campaigns that were to ensue. Here, then, was seen 'a man diligent in his business,' trustworthy, of courteous manners, fit to stand before the highest, repeating in himself the lesson ever present to the self-respecting man of every walk in life."

* C. A. Alvord.

† Of all the adult force then connected with their establishment, Mr. Stedman is the only one now living.

In 1838 he entered the employ of Case, Tiffany & Burnham,† remaining with that firm until August, 1844, when he removed to Norwich, having purchased, wholly on credit, the *Norwich Aurora* printing establishment. That transaction involved ten years of uninterrupted care and arduous labor on the part of Mr. Stedman, before the debt was paid. The three predecessors in the business had wholly broken down and abandoned it. A gentleman who had long been his intimate friend, thus wrote of his resurrection of the *Aurora*: "Coming equipped with an experience of eleven years with the best masters of the printers' art in the state, with habits of continuous and untiring diligence, and a mind already well-stored with the knowledge and culture to be derived from books—having been an assiduous reader, and to-day the owner of one of the finest private libraries

In 1850, a bank commissioner of the state, elected that year, was found to be indebted to a bank, and therefore disqualified to hold the office. Governor Seymour appointed Mr. Stedman his successor. After a careful study of the banking system, he entered upon the duties of his new position, and served throughout the term. The legislature of 1852 renewed his appointment for another term. He has since recalled the interesting fact that at the time of his first appointment there were but nine savings banks in the state, with a total deposit of \$3,100,000, while there are now (1895) ninety, with a deposit of about \$150,000,000.

In the spring of 1852 Mr. Stedman was chosen to represent the third congressional district in the Baltimore democratic national convention for the nomination of a President and Vice-president. In 1853 Judge Waite of the Supreme Court appointed Mr. Stedman one of the receivers of the insolvent Eastern Bank, of Killingly, the duties of the appointment requiring considerable of his attention for more than four years. In July of that year he was appointed postmaster at Norwich, holding the office until July, 1861.

During his residence in Norwich Mr. Stedman ever took a deep interest in the cause of common school education. His vivid recollection of the inadequate educational advantages experienced in his youth had deeply impressed him with the importance of a thorough schooling for the young. He was early placed upon the board of education of the city, and for many years, and until he removed to Hartford, was annually elected its president and executive officer without opposition.

When the civil war broke out in 1861, the people of Norwich, in a mass meeting, appointed a committee of seven to promote enlistments, and to provide for the families of enlisted men. As one of this committee Mr. Stedman served until the close of the war, and rendered faithful and efficient service.

In 1868, having then a thoroughly equipped printing-office for newspaper and general work, Mr. Stedman disposed of the establishment to a joint-stock corporation, retiring then finally from the printing and publishing business on his personal account. The sale included the ownership of the city directory, established by him in 1860, and which is still annually published as "Stedman's Norwich Directory."

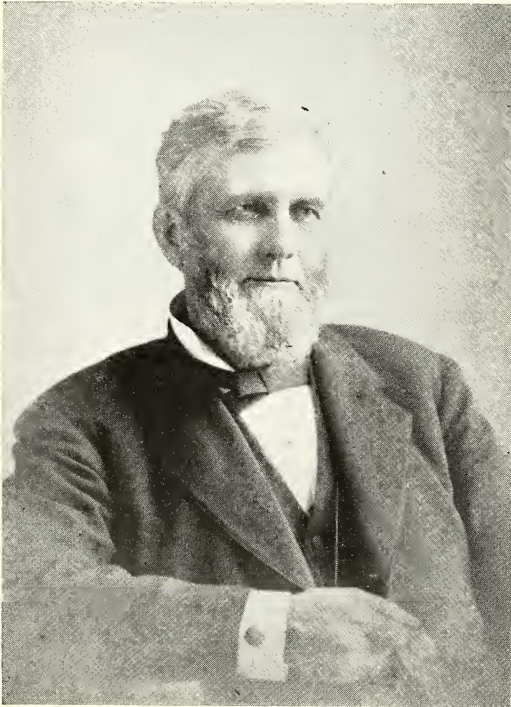
The Connecticut legislature, in 1873, elected Mr. Stedman one of a special committee of three to investigate the condition of the savings banks of the state, and to report at the next session. The report was duly made, and while it was under discussion, Governor Ingersoll appointed Mr. Stedman to the office of insurance commissioner of the state. At the expiration of his term, Governor Hubbard reappointed him to the same office. Before the close of his second term, in May, 1880, treasurer Sperry of the State savings bank died, and the office was tendered to Mr. Stedman and accepted. His previous connection with the banking interests of the state, and his experience as a trustee of the Chelsea savings bank of Norwich from its commencement, were strong arguments in favor of his selection for the position. This appointment rendered necessary his removal from Norwich with his family, and he again took up his residence in the city where he began his business life nearly fifty years before.

Upon his return to Hartford, Mr. Stedman joined actively with the friends of the Connecticut Historical Society, and for the year ending June, 1890, was its acting president in place of Hon. Robbins Battell, who had been elected but did not serve. In 1890, Mr. Stedman was elected president of the society, and was thereafter annually reelected until 1894, when he declined a reelection.

The friend, before referred to, thus wrote of Mr. Stedman after his removal from Norwich: "There are things eulogistic that had better be said after a man's death, but we must proceed to the close. The proverb has it that 'a man that hath

friends must show himself friendly,' or what seems to the writer an equally proper rendering, one to *have* friends must show himself friendly. In either sense the truth here suggested is eminently applicable to the subject of this sketch. He is peculiarly a friendly man in heart and manner. His advice and aid were constantly being sought and freely given to the anxious and necessitous while a resident of Norwich, and their blessings go with him now he has left them. He secretly delivered the poor in their distress, was a shield to the weak, and a liberal contributor to every call of benevolence."

When Gideon Welles was summoned to Washington to enter Lincoln's cabinet, he found himself confronted with problems which no secretary of the navy had ever before been called upon to solve. He was expected to put down rebellion



WILLIAM FAXON.

upon the waters, to blockade the coast, the bays and rivers, and to provide war-craft which should be equal to the great emergency. No wonder, then, that he should immediately realize the necessity of having near him a man whom he could implicitly trust, and one who should possess business qualifications of the highest order. Back to Hartford the Secretary's overtaxed mind reverted. There, in the office of the *Evening Press* (of which he was one of the founders), he believed was the very man — William Faxon. After a little time Mr. Faxon was persuaded to accept the position of chief clerk in the navy department. How well he filled that important station, and subsequently that of assistant-secretary, has been graphically told by his longtime friend and associate, Charles Dudley Warner: "It was the knowledge of his perfect integrity, clear mind, his fidelity, his ability to see through any sort of crookedness, his readiness and quickness, and his un-

common facility in the dispatch of business, that caused Secretary Welles to select him for his assistant. It is only just to say that the success of Mr. Welles's administration was largely due to William Faxon. Neither man sought notoriety; and it is one of the most creditable parts of our national history that the navy department, during the civil war, was highly efficient without the least ostentation of efficiency. If the inner history of the war were truly written, and credit were given where credit was never claimed, Faxon's name would stand very high in the list of those who deserve most honor. To say that he was incorruptible, is to say what all men know; but how much was due to his vigilance, his industry, his unflagging executive force and even judgment, is not perhaps so well known. He carried into his official business the same good sense and unpretentious integrity that governed his private life."

William Faxon was born at West Hartford in 1822, and at the age of fifteen years began work as apprentice in the office of the *Courant*. John L. Boswell was editor and proprietor at that time. After young Faxon had been in the office about a year, another apprentice was taken — since somewhat widely known as publisher and horseman — one Robert Bonner. In 1853, after an absence of about three years, Mr. Faxon returned to the *Courant*, soon becoming a member of the firm of Boswell & Faxon, which existed until Mr. Boswell's death in the following year. Not long afterwards Mr. Faxon purchased the *Weekly Express*, at Amherst, Mass., which he edited and published for about one year. Returning to Hartford, he and E. M. Pierce became the managers of a new paper, the *Evening Press*. For this paper Gideon Welles wrote the political articles chiefly. Mr. Pierce soon retired, and it was then that Joseph R. Hawley began his career as journalist, the name of the new firm being Hawley & Faxon. The members of that firm then little thought that one was so soon to become a general in the army and the other to be second in command of the navy of the United States. In 1861 Mr. Faxon became chief clerk of the navy department, holding that position until the retirement of Assistant-Secretary Fox. Secretary Welles promptly promoted Mr. Faxon to the office, which he held until the close of Andrew Johnson's administration.

After the close of the war Mr. Faxon made an extended tour through Europe and to the Nile. His letters descriptive of his journeyings were full of interest. He made a second foreign trip a few years later.

In 1878 Governor Richard D. Hubbard appointed him bank commissioner. His work in the state bureau was characterized by the same business ability and methodical system which had rendered his services so valuable in the navy department.

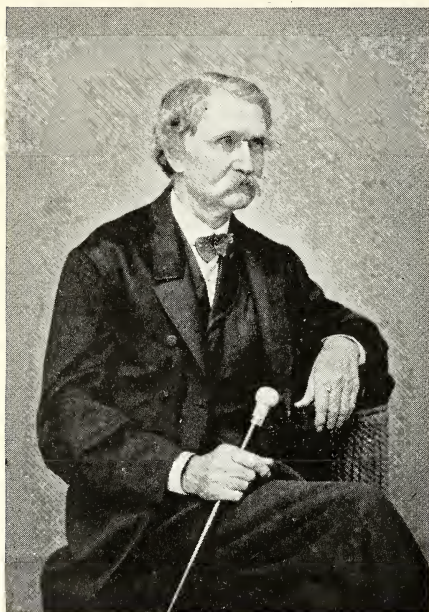
Mr. Faxon was appointed postmaster of Hartford in 1881, but declined the office, having already consented to take the presidency of the Hartford Trust company, which position he successfully filled until his sudden death by heart disease in September, 1883.

Mr. Faxon was a man of exceptionally fine taste, and had a high appreciation of art, architecture, and natural scenery. He possessed a very extensive collection of paintings and pictures of various kinds, embracing modern Rome, the ruins of ancient Athens, the Parthenon, Pantheon, Coliseum, Leaning Tower of Pisa, and very many of those ancient edifices, still standing or in ruins, which show how great was the genius and how rich the architectural skill of the ancients. He had also a rare collection of autograph letters of great men, including a letter written by each of the presidents of the United States. He was ever genial, an interesting companion, a steadfast friend, and typical American gentleman.

Let no one suppose, after reading the foregoing, that it is only necessary to learn the printer's trade in early life to become wealthy or famous later on. In fact, the impecuniosity of printers, in general, has long been proverbial. Many, who were quite the peers of their early associates in the printing-office, have seen themselves outstripped in the race of life by others, who, at one time, were not reckoned candidates for future success or glory. One of the luckless number, long known as "Dr. Syntax"* — endowed with much natural ability, gifted with a fine literary taste, and always an agreeable and honorable man — was, alas! through the best years of his life handicapped by the same dire misfortune that has quenched so many bright lights in all ages. He was both compositor and press-

* So called because of the strict grammatical propriety of his language.

man, and among others, his office associates during one period were John W. Stedman, James Lockwood, and C. A. Alvord. The "Doctor's" final working days were passed "at the case." During the last twenty years of his life, notwithstanding



CHARLES TULLER ("DR. SYNTAX").

his infirmities, he was an indefatigable worker in the cause of temperance. He was never married (albeit a lifelong admirer and friend of woman), and at the last was cared for by the kind friends with whom he had found a home for many years. He died in 1893 at the age of eighty-two. Peace to his ashes.

Another quite different character was David Phippeney, invariably called "Dave," and during the latter years of his life generally referred to as "Old Phip." His is one of the names in the first directory. In the prime of manhood, he was considered one of the handsomest men in all Hartford. Possessed of a magnificent physique, with his black hair falling in natural ringlets down upon his gilt-buttoned blue coat, his was a striking figure, and he is said to have been quite irresistible. He worked the old-fashioned hand-press with great skill and phenomenal rapidity. When Dave worked for John Russell, in the *Times* office, his employer's

son, Gurdon (Dr. G. W.), was occasionally his roller-boy. In early life Dave followed the sea for a time, and his experiences, especially among the Pacific islands and their inhabitants, were a never-failing source of conversation when he was with friends. Nautically speaking, it may be said that all through life Dave was accustomed to "splice the main brace." He died in 1881. Whether the ancient practice referred to prolonged Dave's life to the age of eighty-four, is a question for teetotalers to answer.



CONSOLATION.

THE memory of a kindly word
 In days gone by,
 The fragrance of a faded flower
 Sent lovingly,
 The gleaming of a sudden smile
 Or sudden tear,
 The warmer pressure of the hand,
 The tone of cheer,
 The hush that means "I cannot speak
 But I have heard!"
 The message of a single verse
 From God's own Word;
 Such tiny things we hardly count
 As ministry;
 The givers deeming they have shown
 Scant sympathy;
 But when the heart is overwrought,
 Oh, who can tell
 The power of all such tiny things
 To make it well.

RESERVOIR PARK, WEST HARTFORD.

BY JAMES SHEPARD.

It matters not how highly the parks in or near the city may be appreciated and enjoyed, there is always a desire for a journey by trolley, carriage, wheel, or on foot, and there is an added charm in a journey which has some attractive object in view. Reservoir Park, whose main entrance is on Farmington avenue, five miles from the city hall at Hartford, is one of the most desirable places for an outing that there is in the state. The pumps at Hartford that took river water from a well one hundred and forty feet from the Connecticut and had labored heavily for twelve successive years, were put to sleep, when, on January 2, 1867, at 2 P. M., water was first taken from Reservoir No. 1 at West Hartford. This was the beginning of Reservoir Park, which now has over nineteen miles of public drives, over three miles of private road, and five of the most beautiful mountain lakes that were ever clustered together in one system. The city also has Reservoir No. 4 in New Britain and Farmington, the Brandy Brook canal and surrounding drives, but so completely isolated from the rest as not to be considered a part of Reservoir Park.

There were scoffers and doubters when it was proposed to build Reservoir No. 1 on what was known as "Trout Brook," as will be seen by the following, clipped from a Hartford paper about that time :

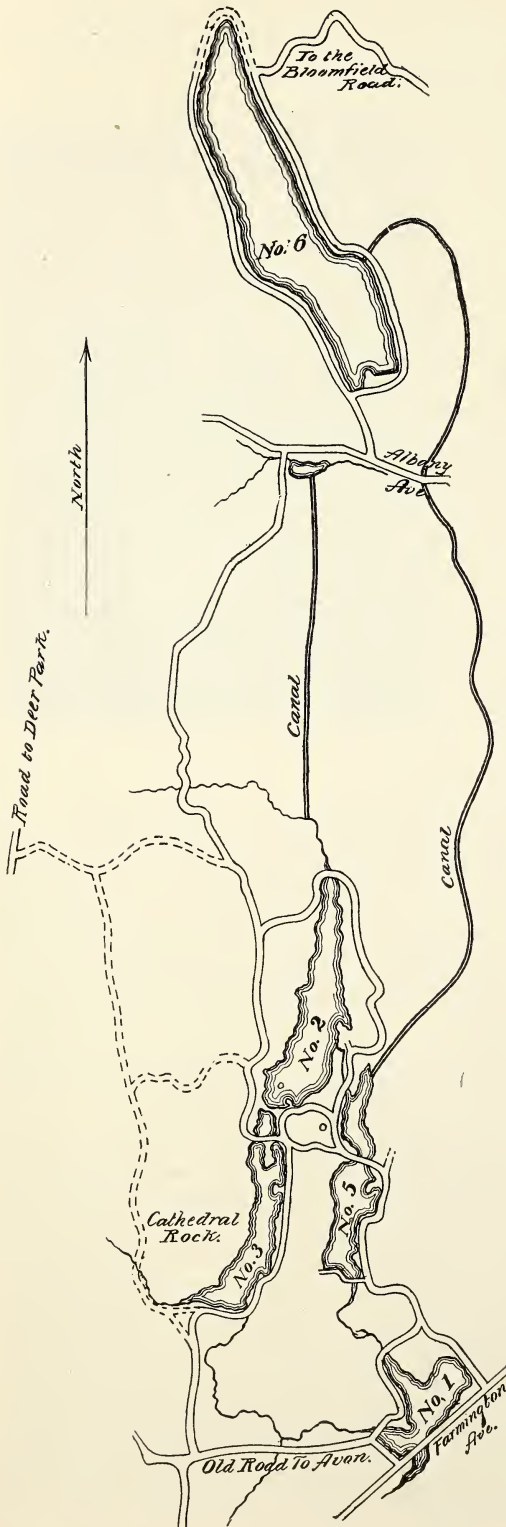
TROUT BROOK

"I am Trout Brook ! But when you look,
You look for a river in vain,
For there is no water within a mile and a quarter,
Unless it happens to rain !
I am only fed by a water-shed,
And my very name is a sham,
So that, to my scandal, both sides make a handle
Of the devil's device and cry — dam !"

The writer, perhaps, did not realize that a water-shed is the first terrestrial source of all water supplies and in spite of his alleged lack of water, the sleeping pumps have but seldom been aroused from their slumbers since that time.

The location of the lakes, drives, and canals are shown by the accompanying map, which, although not wholly made from actual surveys, is accurate enough for the purposes of this article. The lakes are numbered in the order of their construction. No. 1 is on Farmington avenue, at an altitude of two hundred and sixty feet above the Connecticut river, is thirty-four feet deep, and covers thirty-two acres. No. 2 is in the forest on the mountain, one and a quarter miles north-westerly from No. 1, covers forty-nine acres, is forty-one feet deep, and the city own forty acres of the adjacent water-shed. A canal connects it with mountain streams near Albany avenue. No. 3 is nestled closely by the precipitous side of the mountain, almost directly under Cathedral rock, about one mile northwest of No. 1. It was completed October 30, 1875, covers twenty-five acres, and is thirty-six feet deep. No. 4, lying southerly of No. 1 and separated from it by three and one-half miles of public highway, and therefore not shown on the map, is eight and

RESERVOIR PARK, WEST HARTFORD.



one-quarter miles from the city, covers one hundred and sixty acres, and is twenty feet deep. No. 5 lies on Mine brook, between Nos. 1 and 2, and was constructed in 1884. No. 6, the new reservoir at Tumbledown brook, is two miles north of the water-shed for the other lakes, covers when full, one hundred and nine acres, and is thirty feet deep. A canal connects it with No. 5.

From the building of the first reservoir the place was frequently visited by the public, and as the lakes multiplied the visitors became more numerous, so that the place naturally became a park. Large bodies of water are generally places of resort. Most men like water—to look at. The numerous lakes and beautiful drives here have brought this place into great public favor.

The principal and most frequented driveways are indicated on the map by full lines, while the rougher, wilder, and more enchanting mountain drives to the west of the clustering lakes are indicated by broken lines, and a portion of the drive not yet completed at the upper end of No. 6, is indicated in the same way. The private driveway is not shown. Most of the drives gracefully wind their way through the forest where some of the trees stand guard by the wheel track to see that the driver follows the proper curves. The roadways are in excellent condition, the best for light driving of any roads in the state, free from stone and smooth as a floor. No work has been done in the park other than building the reservoirs and roads, except cutting a little underbrush, providing a few seats and tables, and a fountain for horses, and hence the great charm of the park is its natural beauty made easily accessible. It is not a city park in such a sense as to be under the care of the Park Commissioners. Its park features are

only incidental to the water supply, and it is solely in the care of the Board of Water Commissioners.

The water flows from Nos. 2 and 6 into No. 5, and from that into No. 1. As it flows over the dam of No. 5 it falls upon a pile of small pieces of trap rock and



DRIVE WEST OF RESERVOIR NO. 6.

immediately vanishes from sight, as shown by one of the accompanying plates. The water is thus purified by being partially filtered and thoroughly aerated. One fellow said it was irrigated.

All of the mountain drives are grand. The one leading west of Reservoir No. 2 is especially fine. Some of the way its tortuous track is barely wide enough to let a wagon pass between the projecting rocks on each side. If one does not care to drive over it, they will be well repaid to enter it a few rods and see a beautiful little forest alcove with superbly decorated walls. If one follows on up the hill they may see at the right the stone pointer elevated above the roadway and pointing towards Hartford. It is a good example of the columnar structure of trap rock. It has fallen over on one side so that its columnar divisions are no longer vertical as they originally were. The elements have caused many pieces to break and cleave off on the natural seams, leaving a single unbroken columnar piece

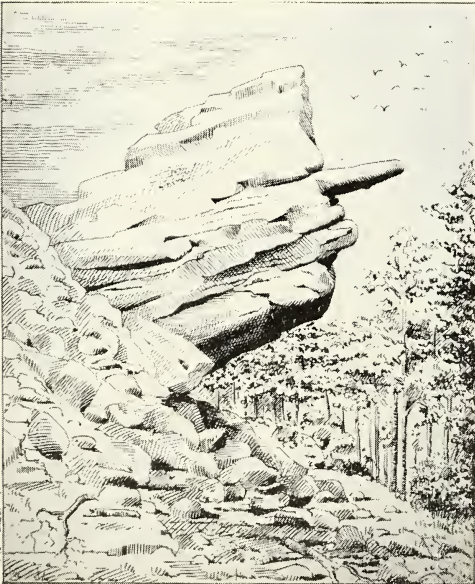


DAM AND DRIVE EAST OF RESERVOIR NO. 6.



EASTERN APPROACH TO RESERVOIR NO. 6.

standing out like the index finger of a stout, strong hand. Turning northward from this middle mountain road one can drive on the summit of the mountain through the forest, interspersed with evergreens, and turn eastward to the drive leading to Albany Avenue, or westward to the town road near Mr. Booth's and from there may drive on the town road northward to Deer Park on Albany Avenue, or southward to the old Avon road, or he may linger in the grove to enjoy the magnificent view from the precipice, a little south and west of Mr. Booth's, or go



THE STONE FINGER.

across the lots a little to the northwest of Mr. Booth's and see on the apex of the mountain a boulder as large as a house. There is no rock nearer than two or three miles that it could have been detached from. Turning southward from the middle mountain road we pass through a laurel drive with rocks in the wildest confusion. Partly down the hill on the right is what was once an enormous rock whose foundation was firmer under the middle portion than at each end and hence its own weight caused it to split apart and form the two rocks which now stand side by side with a narrow passage between them. Still farther south and directly opposite a cavernous ledge is a well-beaten foot-path that by a short walk leads to the top of Cathedral rock. The great broad floor surface is cleanly swept and tastefully decorated with a

network of projecting seams that divide the solid rock into the still firmly united vertical columns. On the top of this rock, which is only about one quarter of a mile from No. 3, about four hundred feet above it and nearly eight hundred feet above the sea, is an ancient traveler in the shape of a huge boulder, taking a rest for a few thousand years, yet standing ready to jump into the lake on the slightest provocation. It is two and a half miles from any higher rock. It overlooks Hartford, far east of the Connecticut river, far southward of New Britain and all the country surrounding these two cities. The road leads from Cathedral rock to the foot of Reservoir No. 3, where one may take the red road (made of red shale) to the old Avon road, or, crossing the dam, go around the east side of this reservoir to any



BOULDER ON CATHEDRAL ROCK.

desired part of the park. Within the circle described by the drives near Reservoirs Nos. 2, 3, and 5, are some fine clear springs of cool water and a swamp that has all the peculiar charms and terrors of many other swamps. Poison sumac is plenty, here. We are always on the lookout for poison, so, when searching for floral treasures here, we kept our eyes on the sumac as the Boston police are said to have kept their eyes on John L. Sullivan, taking care that we did not touch the sumac or even come very near it ; but when the air is still, those who are susceptible to its influences may get poisoned in spite of all such precautions. There is, however, no danger unless one leaves the paths and ventures into the heart of the swamp. Drive or walk where one will and nature's cheerful greetings are ever ready to give pleasure to all who are ready to receive it. If one takes the park drive to Albany Avenue and to Reservoir No. 6, they will find a woody road for the whole distance. It may be approached from the Bloomfield road, leaving the town highway several rods north of the corner, where a white stone post is set to mark what is now the town line between Bloomfield and West Hartford. One man living here has never lived in any house other than the one he now occupies and yet, during his life in this house, the town lines have so changed that he has lived successively in

ENTRANCE TO MIDDLE MOUNTAIN
DRIVE.



OVERFLOW FOR RESERVOIR NO. 5.

three different towns, viz., Farmington, Windsor, and Bloomfield. This change of town lines explains the remark in a certain genealogy concerning a family from this section, that they "appear to have removed from Farmington to Windsor." The park drive runs westerly from this floating locality through open fields of diversified character. One of the accompanying plates shows the road-

way with a great army of cedars on the right, and dimly in the distance at the left is the great dam that bounds the east side of the reservoir. Barberry bushes abound here on all sides, laden in springtime with golden floral wreaths and in the fall with coral-like chains of bright red berries. Even west of the lake on the mountain side they are abundant, and one might well imagine that he was near the seashore, for such quantities of barberries, remote from old house-places and so far from the sea, is a very unusual circumstance. The road east of the lake is on the top of the dam, and here an unobstructed view of Hartford and its surroundings may be had.

Many other interesting features of the park might be mentioned, but after giving a directory of its principal features the others will be best enjoyed by those who find them out for themselves. Every one who loves outdoor life should see the park. Those who see it once will desire to see it again and again, and all will agree that the city of Hartford has just cause to be proud of its Reservoir Park.



ROCK-BOUND.

BY ANNA J. GRANNISS.

Brave little flower — I wonder at it so !
I've seen its favored sisters as they grow
In cultured beauty ; there, kind, watchful eyes
Shield from rough winds, and shade from burning skies.
Here, from a crevice in a lonely rock,
These tiny petals graciously unlock ;
Content to bloom, unnoticed and unknown,
Their strange environment unyielding stone.
A two-fold text does this wee exile teach.
It makes the most of all that comes in reach,
And making so, the cleft it nestles in
Lovely and fair, just for its having been.
A few small grains of sand, and lo — it grew,
And finds enough, its daily share of dew.
Each gift God sends it takes and treasures up,
And offers back to him in its small cup.
I am rebuked of this wise little flower ;
I will take heed ; repentant from this hour,
I'll take the gifts God sends me, more or less,
And if I may, so take them as to bless
All such as come, by sorrow, pain, or strife,
Within the narrow boundaries of my life.
I will not pluck the flower — it were a grief,
A sacrilege to mar its lightest leaf ;
After to-day, may be its hidden seed
Will bless another soul, like mine — in need.
It came not here by chance or accident ;
It was a thought, a beautiful intent,
Bounded on either side by flinty stone,
God set it here, and bid it bloom alone ;
Then gently led me, drew me, here to see
The sweet life lesson he had set for me.
I bow my head upon the rock, and pray,
Not that my hindering walls dissolve away,
But that I find a crevice, howe'er dim,
Through which the light may draw me up to him ;
And that these very walls which close me in,
Be less unlovely for my having been.
This little flower has taught me how to live ;
How sweet it is to take, and taking, give.
Here do I hold my life, an empty cup,
That at each dew-fall, God may fill it up.

A TEAMSTER BOY IN THE REVOLUTION.

Extracts from a Private Journal.

BY ELLEN D. LARNED.

Very unlike the chronicle of our Yale student are the jottings of his contemporary—a farmer's son from the northeast corner of Connecticut. In place of the neat, prim, leather-covered little volume we have only yellow and crumpled leaflets, and the contents are even more dissimilar. Our Joe starts out for service, March 4, 1777. Two older brothers have already served their country in regular fashion. Joe, with a little more snap and spring in him, elects a different calling. Apparently he knows and cares very little about the causes and progress of the war, but he likes to be about horses and enjoys the fun of hunting Tories, and so he has enlisted as a Continental teamster. The initial page of the diary is missing. Our record finds him trudging over the hills on his way back from furlough—a stout lad eighteen years of age.

"Dec. 3, 1777. I sat out from Killingly and went through Pomfret, Ashford, Mansfield, Coventry, and put up at a very good tavern; then through Bolton, East Hartford, and Farmington to old Capt. Coles'. 5. A stormy day; through Southington and Errintown and Litchfield to one John Clemmons. 6. Through New Milford and Newbury and got to Danbury about dark. 6-10. Busy going round to various places for supplies and taking care of cattle—oxen and horses; living very poor; have no cook and no time for cooking. 15. Go to Bethel. 16. Go to Stamford through Norwalk, stay at a bad place—the man clever but a Devil for a wife. 18. Thanksgiving Day but no rest for me. Bad dreams trouble me. 21. Went over a dreadful bad mountain into Dutchess County to Col. Vandeborough's and loaded seven barrels of flour: passed through Oblong—"

Very much discontented for several days; dreams fifteen nights a-going about one place—Home—occasionally sleeps in a bed. Gets a cook and feels better.

"Jan. 1, 1778—

'And now to let you know
How we live, says Joe,
We live like a king to what we did,
For Mrs. Peck cooks for us.
And so, my lad, it is not so bad,
But yet it is not the thing, you know.'

"One thing more, New Year's day Mother Peck baked rye and injun bread for us Continentals, but the brandy is almost gone, and what shall we do? Good New Year's supper—rice pudding and baked beef. 20. Mad to see so many Tories about. 22. Went for hay to Hanford's barn—a Tory that has gone to the Regulars. Bought twelve sheets of paper and an almanac for a dollar. Saw a lady with a roll upon her head at least seven inches high. It looked big enough for a horse: wool enough in it to make a pair of stockings. Feb. 2. Saw two of my countrymen and heard from home. 8. Went to Fairfield and saw brother John; got a good dinner of scallops, pork-sides, and bread—have the chicken-pox. Like boarding at Capt. Hoyt's, but Peck's folks were diabolical Tories. March 4. Just such a day as when I entered service one year ago; ate a little Continental pork to give it a farewell; delivered over my oxen and am a free man. Went to dressing flax with Herrick; live well, have good cider and a bed to lie on; feel like a free person. Nobody shall say when I shall drive team. 8. First Sabbath day I have had my liberty for above a year. Snipes

whistle, frogs peep, and Joe whistles, too. 10. Went to Danbury to sell my flax ; ordered by constable to take a prisoner and keep him, who had helped himself to some rum ; was ordered to make restitution or take ten or twelve lashes ; chose the whipping ; stript down to his shirt and then stood down to his knees to take it, and then Colman did freely forgive him, and would not strike him a blow. Herrick and I were paid 14s. for expense and trouble."

The sweets of liberty were soon exhausted. Joe is now in great trouble, could not get his pay for service, or sell his flax. His breeches are giving out ; living on cost and earning nothing ; bargains away his old horse for £8.00, and he but eight years old ; lies on the floor again ; wishes he was at home, poor boy. Sees blue-birds, robins, and black-birds, and tries to fly home after them, gets light-headed, almost crazy, and after a hard struggle agrees to drive team again for Capt. Morgan. Still the times are not much better ; has bad pork and beef, and pities Continental oxen.

"April 5. Heard of a Tory and seven of us went and took him in his own house. He had been to the Regulars. 18. Went after some cloth to make some trousers and could not get any and mine are just good-for-nothing ; borrow a petticoat of Mother — Ointed for the itch and stood ninety minutes, felt very poorly. 20. Another misfortune, Capt. Hoyt's house burnt and I have lost my knapsack ; contents, one inkhorn, a snuff-box of wafers, a gimlet, a pair of shoes, a case bottle of West India rum, forty-seven pounds flax, one frock. 22. Fast throughout Continental army ; did no work and drew butter for the whole month. Went to the meeting-house and heard a band of music." (Probably the trousers had been patched up in honor of the occasion. "My Breeches, O my Breeches," is still his mournful wail.)

"April 24. Eat victuals now at schoolhouse and lie at Major Taylor's on a feather bed. 25. Bought cloth for breeches, gay ; straddled two horses at once and run them till I fell through and hurt myself. 29. O, I have got no breeches, and to-day boiled or washed cloth to make some to-morrow. 30. Got my breeches ; take care of sixteen horses. May 1. Went with Herrick and others to ketch Isaac Read, a Tory, that had broke from guard at Fishkill, and I stood sentry and as Hannah Frost was to make a sign I was to muster Hoyt and send him for men, and so I did, and just after the moon did rise they came, and we searched the house but could not find him, and then we came to Joseph Dibbel's and took him and Daniel and searched two more houses and found nobody and then we came back to Ezra Dibbel's and had some West India, and then I with five others did search Glover's house and Dibbel's Mill. This Tory had been taken for forgery. June 1. Took \$66.00 of Capt. Morgan for three months' wages. 3. Set out for Killingly. Herrick on horseback carrying the packs, I came a-foot, through Woodbury and Waterbury, over the mountain ; through Southington and Farmington to Hartford, Bolton, and Coventry to old Father Simeon's, where I staid all night ; then through Ashford and Pomfret to Cargill's Bridge and Esq. Dresser's, and got home sun two hours high. Next day went to training at the meeting-house."

Though this boyish record may seem very puerile, it has its value in depicting one phase of Revolutionary service and in showing us something of the make-up of the American forces. This boyish, flighty Joe was but a type of hundreds of farmers' boys, engaging in service in the same careless spirit. "Thirty days' soldiering" in Sullivan's Rhode Island campaign (August, 1778), closed our friend's military career, but he lived to appreciate the wonderful results of the war, and rejoice that he had taken even so small a part in it. The record begun by him in 1777 was continued nearly seventy years.

IN THE DAYS OF OLD FATHER GEORGE AND HIGH BETTY MARTIN.

BY ESTELLE M. HART.

Though the pages of history fail to throw any light upon the personality of the individuals whose names head this article, nevertheless, a happy vision of jovial old age and radiant youth rises up before us, when, as we listen to a grandmother's tale of old time merry-makings, the dear soul smilingly says: "And we danced Old Father George and High Betty Martin." And she further tells us, perhaps, of the times of her mother's mother, and of how these two merry saints presided over the festivities of even those distant days.

There are other names of old contra dances handed down to us, the very sound of which is suggestive of the abandon of mirth and good spirits—the Rolling Hornpipe, Miss Foster's Delight, Petty-coatee, The Ladies' Choice, and Leather the Strap.

Hearts were young and feet were light, even in those stern old times of our New England ancestors, and though King George was on the throne of England, it was Old Father George who held a mystical rule over the hearts of youthful Puritans.

We are told that, though dancing schools were forbidden by the authorities at various times and places, dancing could never be repressed, but was indulged in by our worthy great-grandfathers on all suitable occasions—huskings, quiltings, spinning-bees, weddings, the launching of a ship, the raising of a house, and the ordination of a minister (!) being accounted such.

The fiddle was the only musical instrument ordinarily in use at these times, and fiddlers were always sure of occupation; when one could not be obtained, however, the music was furnished by a whistler; or, sometimes, the company hummed the familiar airs to which their feet kept time.

Just before the Revolution, we find references, in old diaries, to the use, in the houses of the wealthy, of an instrument quaintly designated as a "fortepianer;" but this was very rare and costly, and the fiddle held a place of honor in the hearts of the dancers, for many a year.

Not much less merry than the dances were the games, which also served to pass the hours of an evening's frolic. Here, too, the very names suggest the rollicking abandon of spirits which was indulged in on such occasions—Rimming the-thimble, Grinding-the-boûle, Cut-and-tailor, Brother-I-am-bobbed, Wooing-a widow, being some of them. "Forfeits" were held in high regard, a favorite being, "Kneel to the wittiest, bow to the prettiest, and kiss the one you love best."

Refreshments were served without much formality; apples and cider were staple articles, and, on a cold night, a red-hot iron was plunged into the great glass or pewter mug of cider, and the flip went round.

Weddings, naturally, were times of the greatest jollity. The record of the number of dances, sometimes performed at such festivities, is almost past belief. In Weeden's Social History of New England, he states that, "At a wedding dance in Norwich,* more elaborate than usual, with ninety-two guests, there were recorded ninety-two jigs, fifty-two contra dances, forty-five minuets, seventeen hornpipes."

* Connecticut.

One looks back, with envy, to the days of dances and gallants whose muscles and spirits were equal to such a strain. There was a quaint old custom sometimes observed at weddings — that of having a sister of the bride dance a jig in the great iron kettle, to signify her good wishes for her sister, and her own willingness to be the next in the family to leave the parental roof.

Besides these rollicking merry-makings, in which people of all social conditions were fond of taking frequent part, the capitals and cities were the scenes of much more formal balls and “assemblies.” These seem to have found special favor in the colonies south of New England, and we read of assemblies of fortnightly occurrence, in Philadelphia, during the winter. These were very select, the price of a season ticket being three pounds, fifteen shillings. No young woman under eighteen was considered of suitable age to attend. Partners were chosen by lot, and were usually partners for the evening.

There was a record from the ancient diary of one Major Samuel F. Formon, printed in a number of the Historical Magazine, some years ago, which is so quaint that it will bear quoting again. It refers to an assembly once held at Louisville, and also contains valuable suggestions in regard to suitable conduct at the refreshment table, on all such occasions: “The Manager who distributed the numbers, call’d Gent. No. 1. He takes his stand. Lady No. 1, she rises from her seat, the Manager leads her to the floor & introduces Gentⁿ No. 1 — & so on ’till the floor is full. . . . At the refreshments, the Gentⁿ will, by instinct, without Chesterfieldian monition, see that his better half (for the time being) has a quantum sufficit, of all the nice delicacies, & that without cramming his jaws full until he has reconducted her to the ball room — then he is at liberty to absent himself a while.”

Another writer tells us that the refreshments were usually rusks and tea, but the evident restraint under which the Louisville gallants were expected to hold themselves, while with their ladies, would indicate the presence of more tempting delicacies at their festivities.

It was the custom, we are told, to have the gentleman invited to tea on the following day, with the parents of the young lady who was his partner of the previous evening, and that these were most elegant and formal events.

It is to be hoped that the young man was well versed in table manners, for it would have been thought as rude for him to refuse to partake of any delicacy passed him for the third or fourth time, as it would have been for his hostess to fail to urge him to accept it, unless he was able to indicate that his wants were fulfilled. It would seem that this would naturally lead to disastrous results, but, among people of caste, a set system of signals — the arrangement of the knife and fork and the position of the plate — afforded an indication that the guest had been adequately supplied, and serious complications were thus avoided. An anecdote is told of the occasion upon which the Prince de Broglie, visiting this country in 1789, dined with the lady of Robert Morris. The point of table etiquette of which the prince was certain, was that he must never refuse what was passed him; but of the system of signs he was ignorant. It was only after he had swallowed the twelfth cup of tea, that the lady at his side, seeing that the situation was becoming serious, whispered to him to place his spoon across his cup.

Among the stern records of struggle and self-denial and privation of those early days, these little glimpses of the lighter side of life come to us with something of relief. We love to think that there was room for merriment in the hearts of those old ancestors of ours, whether they were among the number to tread the stately measures of the minuet at a fashionable assembly, or of those to trip the merrier steps of Old Father George and High Betty Martin at a country frolic.

OLD TIME MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.*

V.

BY N. H. ALLEN.

In the foregoing chapter an allusion was made to the extraordinary growth of music in this country during the century about to close. It was there shown that the programs of music offered the public a hundred years ago were not such as to excite our admiration now, or be recognized as an important factor in the evolution of American musical art. No higher aim was evident than to furnish evenings of pleasure spiced with some innocent fun; and the advertisements were generally to the effect that every effort would be made to satisfy the *Ladies and Gentlemen* who patronized the concert givers, and that they would be sure to get the worth of their money. Most of these old advertisements are quaintly worded, and all are very deferential. Something better than this, to be sure, occurred in Boston as early as 1786. The *Musical Society*, under the leadership of Mr. Wm. Selby, the organist of the Chapel Church, now known as King's Chapel, gave a concert of "Sacred Musick" for the benefit and relief of the prisoners confined in the jail. The overture to the *Occasional Oratorio*, "composed by the late celebrated Mr. Handel," together with selections from the *Messiah* were performed, when the regular morning service of the church was proceeded with. Anthems were interspersed, and much of the service music was written by Mr. Selby. Later in the service he performed on the organ one of Handel's Organ Concertos, and the announcement in the *Massachusetts Gazette* had it that, "Lastly, the musical band will perform a favorite overture by Mr. Bach." This performance was given in the forenoon, and tickets were sold at three shillings each. This is a very early mention of the performance of classical music in this country.

With the strong revulsion from the established religion in England, music, and especially church music, received almost a death blow, so that, as Dr. Burney puts it, "The organ builders, organ players, and choirmen, were obliged to seek new means of subsistence; the former becoming common carpenters and joiners, and the latter, who did not enter into the King's army, privately teaching the lute, virginal or such miserable psalmody as was publickly allowed." And there were those in high places who used their tongues and pens relentlessly against such persons, and without discrimination classed them with the buffoons and common mirth-makers. One of the most conspicuous of these persecutors was Stephen Gosson, rector of St. Botolph's, who, in 1579, published a little book entitled "The School of Abuse, Containing a pleasaunt invective against poets, pipers, plaiers, jesters, and such like catterpillers of a commonwelth." An imitator of Gosson, but with none of his wit, was Wm. Prynne, who wrote in the bitterest vein. There was nothing in his invective that could, in any sense, be called "pleasaunt." When it came to music his sense of hearing was always defective; in political matters he was so unpleasantly obtrusive as to get very roughly handled, and finally had his ears cut off.

* Copyright 1896 By N. H. Allen.

A tree denuded of its branches still has life at its roots, and sap enough to put forth shoots, and in time, perhaps, become a better tree than before; the lopped branches will die. So musical art recovered in England long before anything of importance had been done in this country. It has been sufficiently shown that the slender achievements before the beginning of this century do not count for much in the present summing-up of the important factors in the growth of music in America. It took a much longer time for the prejudice towards refined church music, as expressed by Sir Edward Deering in the House of Commons in 1644, to die out in this country than in England. "Sir Edward, who had the merit of bringing into the House of Commons the bill for the abolition of Episcopacy, asserted in print that one single groan in the Spirit is worth the Diapason of all the church music in the world."*

It has probably not occurred to many who know the fact, how the old custom of "lining out" the hymn, which was in vogue so long in this country, was first brought into use. It was resorted to simply as a necessity. The *Directory*, drawn up by the assembly of divines at Westminster, and adopted in 1644, has this rule: "It is the duty of Christians to praise God publicly by singing of psalms together in the congregation and also privately in the family. That the whole congregation may join herein, every one that can read is to have a psalm-book, and all others, not disabled by age or otherwise, are to be exhorted to learn to read. But for the present, where many in the congregation cannot read, it is convenient that the minister, or some fit person appointed by him and the other ruling officers, do read the psalms line by line before the singing thereof." Again, as has been shown, the tune was scarcely ever sung in the same way by any two persons. Handed down by tradition, and learned by ear, it is not surprising that the early singing in New England of even the few tunes in use, was simply chaotic; and with their sturdy manner of maintaining opinions, it is not surprising that all attempts to improve this state of things, and apply the simplest rules for correct singing, were resented by New Englanders not so very many years ago.

"The preacher gives out the tenth psalm, and then everybody sings a different tune, as it happens to turn up in their throats. It's a domineering thing to set a tune and expect everybody else to follow it. It's a denial of private judgment." GEO. ELIOT (*Felix Holt*).

It is probable that the custom of lining out was maintained for many years when persons who could not read were looked on askance. A custom so old, established as a necessity, could not be easily abandoned after the necessity ceased to exist. It did not get its death blow until near the end of last century. When tune books were first used, four-part harmony was too much of a mystery to the compilers, and the tunes were about as often written in two as in three parts. The tune itself was sung by the men, and the part which we now give the tenor was sung by the women, which gave it a curious overhead effect which they called *counter*. This custom of singing counter stretched well into this century in many parts of New England; but it will be remembered that Mr. Amos Bull, in 1795, gave warning that his book, *The Responsary*, would be "set with second trebles instead of counters." During the controversy over singing by rule and singing by rote, the objectors to the new way could not find enough against it to carry their point, and must needs cast reproach on the characters of those who favored it and those who were willing and eager to learn it, for they were, of course, chiefly the young people. Of ten objections set forth by Rev. Thos. Symmes, in an essay printed in 1723, to which he gave able answers, I select four as follows:

* Hawkins.

"That the practice of it *gives disturbance*, rails and exasperates men's spirits, grieves sundry people, and causes them to behave themselves indecently and disorderly."

"That the names given to the notes are *barudy*, yea, blasphemous."

"They spend *too much* time about learning; they tarry out a night disorderly, and family religion is neglected by the means."

"They are a company of *young upstarts* that fall in this way and set it forward, and some of them are lewd and loose persons."

The "new way" won, but there was left over that damaging prejudice towards music itself, which was general rather than exceptional up to the end of last century, had not died out during the first half of this century, and, indeed, occasionally shakes its rattles at the present day. One stumbles upon it in unexpected places, as for example, in the diary of John Adams. In 1758, he writes of a "promising youth" who had just entered the profession of law: "This fellow's thoughts are not employed on songs and girls, nor his time on flutes, fiddles, concerts, and card tables; he will make something." But the old fellow had to come down into Connecticut to get his greatest delight from music. Writing from Middletown, June 9, 1771, he says:

"Went to meeting with Dr. Eliot Rawson, and heard the finest singing that I ever heard in my life. The front and side galleries were crowded with rows of lads and lassies, who performed their parts in the utmost perfection. I thought I was wrapped up. A row of women, all standing up and playing their parts with perfect skill and judgment, added a sweetness and sprightliness to the whole which absolutely charmed me."

Mr. Adams must have spent a Sunday in Hartford on this trip, for, writing from New York under date of August 21, he says:

"Went to meeting at the old Presbyterian Society; the Psalmody is an exact contrast to that of Hartford. It is in the *old way*, as we call it—all the drawing, quavering discord in the world."


Organs were in use in Episcopal churches in New England over fifty years before one was heard in a Congregational or Puritan church. Stiles's Diary of 1770 makes mention of one played for the first time in July of that year, in the Congregational church at Providence, R. I., and adds: "That was the first instance of such music in any 'Dissenting' church in all British America."

King's Chapel in Boston was the first church in New England to have an organ. It was a small affair, of English make, and was presented by Mr. Thomas Brattle about 1714. This was used until a new instrument, said to have been selected by Handel, was imported in 1756, when the old one was sold to St. Paul's Church, Newburyport. There it did service eighty years, and was then sold to St. John's Church, Portsmouth, where a part of it is still in use. With the advent of the new organ at King's Chapel, the situation of organist was offered to a Mr. Euston of London, with a salary of thirty pounds colonial currency, and it was thought that with "dancing, music, etc., it would be doubtless sufficient encouragement." Mr. Euston, who was recommended as "a person of sober life and conversation," entered on his duties about Christmas, 1714. The second organ set up in New England was that presented to Trinity Church, Newport, R. I., in 1733, by Bishop Berkeley; there it did service one hundred and eleven years, and for one hundred years there was no other organ in Newport. The third organ in New England was placed in Trinity Church, Boston, and the fourth in Christ Church, Boston. When this organ was procured for Christ Church in 1736, Dr. Cutler's assistant, who was sent to England for orders, was requested to bring back an organist who had some trade, a barber if possible, "whom the congregation might improve in his occupation."

The fifth organ in New England was that purchased for St. Peter's Church in Salem in 1743, which was used until 1770, when Mr. Thomas Johnston of Boston sold the society a new one, taking the old instrument as part-payment. It is generally supposed that the first attempt by any American to build an organ was made by Mr. Edward Bromfield, Jr., in 1745; but this is denied by Spillane, who shows that not only was the Salem organ above alluded to built by John Clark, so far as known an American, but that one Matthias Zimmermann built an organ in Philadelphia, at least as early as 1737. It is said that Mr. Bromfield did not live to complete his instrument, and that Mr. Thos. Johnston was the first to build and set up organs in churches. From the "American Historical Record" we learn that besides being an organ builder, he was a music engraver and a painter of escutcheons. He was also a member of the Brattle Street Church choir in Boston. The date of his death is given as 1768. His successor in organ building was Mr. Josiah Leavitt. The only information I have thus far been able to glean of an organ in this vicinity built before 1800, is of one which he built for Worthington parish, a part of the town of Berlin. The *Courant* had this advertisement:

ORGAN.

The public are hereby notified that Mr. Josiah Leavitt of Boston, organ builder, hath lately been employed to construct an ORGAN for Worthington parish, which is completed and set up in the Meeting-house. The Organ will be opened by said Leavitt on Thursday the 8th of November instant, at which time a sermon will be preached on the occasion, and Music will be performed. After the exercises there will be a collection for the benefit of said builder.

 The exercise will begin at 1 o'clock P. M. Worthington, Nov. 1, 1792.

The purpose of these papers is to give an outline sketch of the progress of music in and around Hartford from the earliest times, but it seems necessary to make many excursions to far-away points in order to make clear, if possible, the general condition in the colonies, as there seems to have been an interdependence that does not now so much exist.

To give sufficient local coloring to this installment, a few characteristic and peculiar advertisements may suffice. Solomon Porter advertised in the *Courant*, under date of Jan. 3, 1799, that he

Has for Sale, at His Store on State Street, Hartford,

An extensive assortment of dry-goods, hardware, etc., on the most reduced terms, for cash or short and approved credit. Also, at York prices, a large variety of *Musical Instruments*, suitable for church, military bands, or private amusement, with Books of Instruction, Reeds, Strings, Mouth-Pieces, Bows, Bridges, etc.

This is offset in quaintness by an advertisement in the *Newport Mercury*, more than twenty years earlier:

James Rivington of New York advertises Keyser's pills, Jesuit drops; also, a certain cure for the bite of a mad dog, together with guitars, fiddles, violincellos, German flutes, tabors, and pipes, hautboys, most kinds of music. Orders supplied by the first vessels to Newport or any other place.

Newport took an early interest in music, and the Bishop Berkeley organ in Trinity Church had a good deal to do with it. They had good English organists, who came over to play it, and Mr. Wm. Selby, whose concert in King's Chapel, Boston, in 1786, was mentioned near the beginning of this paper, was organist in Newport, in 1774. It was not uncommon for organists in those days to teach dancing, and Mr. Selby advertises a dancing school in the *Newport Mercury*.

The *Courant* of June 18, 1792, has a dancing school advertisement, which is peculiar because of the extraordinary hours at which the young ladies were expected to be present.

JOHN HAMILTON HULETT

Respectfully informs his friends and the public that he intends opening a dancing school at Mr. Flagg's, opposite the North Meeting-House, on Wednesday the 20th of June. The days of tuition are Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, from 6 o'clock in the morning until 8, for the young ladies, and from 8 o'clock until 10 in the evening for the gentlemen.

Hartford, June 18, 1792.

It may be that Mr. Hulett had a day's work to do for hire between the two sessions of his school and chose such time as he could control.

Another dancing master's advertisement in the *Courant* is interesting because of the conditions set, which, for the times, were probably thought nowise remarkable.

MR. LANCON

Respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen of this City, that a *Public Ball* will be held at Mr. Goodwin's long room, on Wednesday the 27th inst., when his pupils will perform the newest and most fashionable dances. Tickets for the admittance of each gentleman to be had of Mr. Goodwin or Mr. Lancon at *one dollar* each, for which, Coffee, Lemonade, Wine, etc., will be provided during the Pupils' Ball, which will open at 7 o'clock and continue till 10, after which the room and music will be at the service of those Ladies and Gentlemen who honor him with their company. Any gentleman *then* calling for refreshments will please discharge the expense himself.

[Here follows a long and wordy announcement of another term.]

Hartford, Feb. 22, 1799.

A collection of church music advertised in 1799, has also local interest :

Sold By Solomon Porter,

HARMONICA CÆLESTIS,

In two, three, and four parts, words adapted to each, comprehending not only the metres in common use, but the particular metres in the *Hartford Collection of Hymns*, the tunes correctly figured for the organ and harpsichord, with an introduction to music, chiefly collected from the greatest masters in Europe, and never before published in America.

By JONATHAN BENJAMIN.

Published according to *Act of Congress*, Hartford, Oct. 14, 1799.

This advertisement indicates that many instruments for the house were owned here, and there must have been organs too. At this date there were twenty organs in Boston, which is put down as a remarkable number. I hope before future numbers appear to get more information about the introduction of church organs in Connecticut. At present I have not succeeded in proportion to the effort made.

It will be observed that Mr. Benjamin provides the tunes in his book with figures under the basses. This was a system of figures comprehending what is now known as *Thorough Bass*, by which the player, with only the air and the bass given, could play full chords. It is a system long since fallen into disuse, except that in the teaching of *Harmony* it is still necessary. In olden times the terms were confounded, and what should probably be known as *Harmony* was then always termed *Thorough Bass*.

Harpsichords and the newer instruments, piano-fortes, must have been owned here in considerable numbers at the end of last century. The former differed from the latter chiefly in that the strings were twanged by little crow-quill "jacks," while in the piano-forte mechanism the strings are struck by hammers of felt. The teachers who advertised at this time mentioned only the piano-forte.

MR. FALA,

Teacher of music from New York, respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen of Hartford, that he intends teaching the Piano-Forte, Violin, etc. Those Ladies and Gentlemen who will favor him as pupils may depend on the utmost attention. His terms may be known by applying at the Theatre, or at Mr. Lee's Boarding-House.

Hartford, Aug. 12, 1799.

As this advertisement is dated in the theatre season, it is probable that Mr. Fala was a member of the theatre orchestra.

Another advertisement of teaching the "Piano-Forte, Violin, Violoncello, Flute, etc., etc," is that of *Mr. Ives, Music-Master*, and dated in January, 1799.

A MYSTERY SOLVED.

(*A Tale of Bristol.)

BY MILO LEON NORTON.

INTRODUCTORY.

Many years ago there stood on the outskirts of Bristol an old, dilapidated, and tenantless farm-house. The huge chimney of stone protruded from the low roof which sloped to the rear, forming the "lean-to" so common to colonial architecture. The weather-beaten clapboards in many places were warped by the summer suns, blown away by the winter winds, or were hanging by a single hand-wrought nail to the oaken studding. The windows had long before fallen victims to the remorseless elements, and the still more remorseless small boy, whose instincts then as now inevitably led him to shy stones at a vacant building until every pane of glass was shattered.

Having served its day as a general storehouse for farm implements and rubbish, its owner finally disposed of it for a song, and it was torn down, the decayed timbers and lumber being converted into kindling wood, or used for other purposes. Some of the paneled wainscoting is still preserved, evidencing the patient and skillful handiwork of the carpenters of the last century, comparing very favorably with the rapid machine work of the present time.

In removing some of the timbers in the attic, one portion of which had been used as a sleeping room, a small tin box was found in a niche in the wall, where for seventy-five years it had remained undisturbed. The box contained a diary, or journal, written in a lady's hand, and bearing the name of the lady with dates of entries. From the hands of the finder it came into possession of the writer, who has many times pondered over the strange story recorded on the time-stained and evidently tear-stained pages. The names given in the following narrative will not give any clue to the identity of the persons mentioned, as the descendants of some of these persons still dwell among us.

The story revealed by the diary, which evidently was not intended for any other eye but that of the owner, is incomplete, but tallies with certain traditions and data known to the writer, so that by means of information from these various sources a complete and connected narrative can now be written. The discovery of the skeletons of the Indian and horse in the same shallow grave near the big boulder on Hull street supplies the last link in the chain and locates to a certainty the "big rock" and the "spring near to," mentioned frequently in the diary.

The young lady, whose diary reveals the strange story that follows, was the daughter of one of the early settlers of the town. Her name, which, in accordance with the custom of the times, was taken from the Scriptures, we will call Rachel, though that was not the real one. Some of the real names of others involved may be found upon the ancient tombstones of the north and east cemeteries, or at East Plymouth.

* Originally printed in *Bristol Herald*.

THE STORY.

One summer day, several years prior to the Revolutionary war, a young man whom we will call Richard, because that was not his name, and who resided upon the hill called Chippens, took down a long-barreled flintlock queen's arm from its hooks, carefully loaded and primed it, and set out for the heavily timbered lands bordering the Pequabuck river north of the park grounds to look for deer. He was descending a steep hill to the east of the prominent sand bank near "Cuss-Gutter," when the noise occasioned by a violent struggle reached his ears. Hastening to the spot he found a huge panther and an Indian engaged in deadly conflict, each struggling for the mastery, the Indian getting the worst of the fight, as the teeth of the ugly beast were imbedded in his shoulder and its sharp claws were making fearful gashes in his bare breast and body. To shoot the beast was impossible without endangering the life of the Indian. So quick as thought Richard drew his keen hunting knife and plunged it into the panther's heart. Gradually the jaws of the fierce beast relaxed and were with difficulty removed from the bleeding shoulder of the Indian. Richard threw off his coat and waistcoat and tore his linen shirt, made and woven by his mother's own hands, from his back. Cutting it into strips he bound up the wounded shoulder and succeeded in staunching the flow of blood. Strong and brave as he was, the Indian was faint from exhaustion and loss of blood, and but for the timely arrival of Richard would have soon been overpowered by the animal which he had wounded and which had turned and sprang upon him.

The hill near where this occurred was long after, and until recently, called "Painter hill," painter being the name by which the panther was known in colonial times. Richard assisted the Indian to his own home, where he was cared for until able to return to his tribe—upon the banks of the Tunxis at Farmington. Before leaving, however, the Indian displayed his gratitude by presenting Richard with a bear's tooth, stained by the juices of plants and notched in a peculiar manner by a tomahawk.

"If ever you want help," he said in his broken English, "send me that tooth. Me come."

At that time the Tunxis Indians were a harmless and quiet people, seldom molesting the property or persons of the white settlers. In their journeyings between Farmington and Waterbury or Litchfield, they would often call at farm-houses for food and cider, the latter of which they were especially fond. Although the cause of much terror to the children and timid women, they were really inoffensive. They bartered their baskets and bead-work for powder and balls, and for blankets and cloth, as well as for "fire-water," which has long been the bane alike to civilized and to uncivilized humanity.

The first entry in Rachel's diary bears the date of "Aug't ye 3d, 1777." The war spirit was then at its height, and many of the young men of New Cambridge, as Bristol was then called, had enlisted in the colonial army. Rachel states that on that day she had met unexpectedly the man she loved. She had been picking blackberries in a pasture lot near her home. A footstep near caused her to look up into a pair of eyes set in a manly face. It was Richard. They had met at husking bees, and at apple-paring bees. He had seen her home from "singing-skule," and had taken her out sleighing in winter. He had proposed and been accepted. But there was a cloud over their young lives. Richard was the son of a churchman and a tory. His own sympathies were with the English church and the English king. With all his heart he believed in the apostolic succession, the thirty-nine articles, and the divine right of kings. To rebel against the king was to rebel against God. "Honor the king," said the Scriptures.

On the other hand, Rachel was the daughter of a patriot and Puritan. Her brother had shouldered a musket, and under the gallant Putnam was fighting against the hated British oppressors. Hers was a loyal heart—loyal to her country, to her Puritan faith, and, strangely perverse, to her lover. He had been forbidden the house. She had been forbidden to speak or even think of him by her stern father. "You shall never marry a tory," he had said with clenched fist and set teeth. "I would sooner bury you than see you the wife of a traitor, and of a popish churchman."

Well she knew that from this decision there was no appeal.

So she pours out her heart's grief to her diary. A great struggle was going on in her young breast. Her lover had urged her to fly with him to the provinces, where they could dwell in peace until the cessation of hostilities.

"I cannot fight against my king," he said, "nor can I fight against my country." Already officers were seeking him, and he had eluded them for weeks by hiding among the ledges and caves of Harwinton. He was suspected of conveying information to the enemy, something of which he was entirely innocent. But suspicion was aroused, and he must fly or be in constant danger of arrest, and even death.

But he must have one more interview with Rachel; so by a circuitous route through the woods he had reached the vicinity of her home, and had watched and waited for an opportunity to speak to her.

What should she do? Love called her to forsake home, country, everything, to fly with the one man dearer than life to her. Duty, loyalty, patriotism, called her to stay. She could not answer him then. So with tears and burning kisses they parted. On the morrow she would give him answer.

Though in constant danger of discovery he hovered near, spending the night in a barn, and breakfasting on a few scraps of food that he had brought in his pocket.

Long that night, after her candle had burned itself low in its socket, had she lain awake and thought and prayed. She slept at last and dreamed troubled dreams. Then she awoke again. There was one place she had not yet gone to for counsel—her Bible.

Stealthily she arose, and wrapping a shawl around her took her candle and descended to the kitchen. There were no matches in those days, so she carefully uncovered the embers smouldering in the fireplace and blowing them into a blaze lighted her candle and returned to her room. Then she knelt by her bed, with her closed Bible upon the coverlet, and with a fervent prayer opened it at random. Her eyes fell upon these words—Ruth to Naomi: "Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people and thy God my God." She felt that was in reponse to her prayer. That should be her answer.

At the appointed time they met. She took her pail to go for more blackberries, but in the pail she had concealed rye bread and cheese, and some crisp doughnuts made by her own fair hands, for well she knew that her lover would be hungry. Hungry as he was, he was still hungrier for her answer. She repeated Ruth's words. He gathered her to his heart and held her there a long, long time. Then he partook of the lunch she had provided for him and detailed his plan of escape. She was to meet him the next night at midnight at a certain rock near a spring of clear, cold water. It was some distance from her home, but she knew the way well. There he would be in waiting with horses upon which they would make their way to the coast, where he knew a British vessel was waiting to take on board some tories from neighboring towns and to convey them to a place of safety.

"The best laid plans of men and mice
Gang aft aglee,"

sang the Scotch bard. It was so in this case.

On returning home cautiously, he found that a guard had been placed at his father's house. Scattered tools lay in the field where the men had been at work when warned by the sound of a horn that danger was near. His mother had blown a loud blast on the dinner horn when she saw soldiers approaching. Her husband and his hired men and neighbors were safely hidden in the tories' den, secure from the search of their would-be captors. Richard quickly retraced his steps until he reached the forest, then turned and followed a wood-path which led in the direction of the den. He had gone but a few rods when a soldier sprang up in front of him calling loudly, "Halt!" as he leveled a musket at his breast. At the same instant two more soldiers arose, and while still covered by the musket of the first approached him and demanded his surrender. Richard saw that resistance was useless. His heart sank. All his hopes of escape were dissipated. His delay in seeing Rachel had been his ruin. But he did not reproach himself. He might still escape. Any such escape was, however, far from the intent of his captors. They were impressed with the importance of securing him, believing him to be a spy, and they took good care of him.

The nearest jail was at Hartford. Here he was to be confined until his trial. In the excited state of the colonies a rope was almost sure to end his career. Securely bound, he was mounted upon his own horse and strictly guarded was started upon the road through Farmington to jail.

As they left the yard of his home, his mother and sisters weeping and wringing their hands, his wrist touched what seemed a small lump in his waistcoat pocket. Quick as a flash he remembered what it was. It was the bear's tooth given him by the Indian whose life he had saved.

"One more word with my mother," he pleaded to the officer, who readily consented. Calling her to him he bent over her tear-wet face, whispering as he did so: "Send this bear's tooth in my pocket to Ponset, the Indian, and tell him to rescue me when I go through Farmington."

His mother deftly removed the bear's tooth from her son's pocket, undiscovered by the watchful guard. She knew the fidelity of the Indians to their promises, and that Ponset would risk his life in any attempt to save her son. Still it was a desperate chance.

As soon as the soldiers were out of sight she ran to the den where her husband and two sons were concealed. John, the next younger than Richard, was a stalwart youth, like his brother a mighty hunter, and well acquainted with the country for miles around. Without delay John was despatched with the tooth and the message to Ponset. He did not follow the public roads, but took a short cut across North Chippen's hill, passing the green water spring where the copper mine is now, then directly to the Farmington meadows, which he crossed, concealed from sight of the houses on Farmington street by the bluff to the east of the river, where long afterward the canal was dug. He soon reached Round Hill, the headquarters of the Tunxis tribe. Visits of white people to the camp were not frequent. It was now dark. He did not know what kind of a reception he would get, but it was a case of life and death and he did not hesitate. A burly brave lay stretched upon the ground near a fire brightly burning. He raised himself upon his elbow as John hurried up.

"I want Ponset," said John.

The Indian pointed to a hut not far away. A squaw stood by the door.

"Ponset?" he enquired.

She threw aside the dirty blanket that served as a door and called the name of the Indian wanted.

With a grunt of surprise and indignation at being disturbed Ponset protruded his head and grunted again sullenly.

Without a word John handed him the tooth.

Instantly his whole manner changed.

"What? Where?" he exclaimed.

In a few words John made him understand what was wanted. Hastily slipping a hunting knife into his leathern belt, and in the half-savage, half-civilized costume he wore, he led the way to the river, where a canoe was in waiting, into which they jumped and poled their way across the shallow stream. Up the bank, across the fields they ran until the "street" was reached. Would they be too late?

There had been delays on the road as the soldiers had marched with their captive. There were in those days numerous wayside inns and the tap room of these inns were places of great attraction to the soldiers. Several times they had paused to quench their thirst with New England rum, and when they had reached the tavern on Farmington street elated by their success in capturing a dangerous tory, and still more elated by the potatoes generously provided by the patriotic landlords and frequenters of the taverns they had visited, they were in a very hilarious condition indeed, a state of mind not shared by their captive. Two men guarded Richard while the others repaired to the bar-room. The two were watchful, but unsuspecting. Richard suddenly discovered two shadowy forms in the shade of an elm only a few yards away. A signal was given by one of the men. Richard expressed a desire to dismount a moment, and the guard readily consented, one of them holding the horse, while the other accompanied him. Richard walked directly toward the tree behind which his friends were concealed. As they passed it John suddenly struck the guard a violent blow on the head, which sent him sprawling upon the ground. Meanwhile the wily Indian had cut the cords that bound Richard and before a word could be said, or an alarm be given, they were rods away, running for dear life and liberty. With this start pursuit was unavailing. Guns were fired and the whole population turned out, but conducted by the fleet-footed aboriginal, who was followed by the none the less fleet-footed pale faces, it would have been as easy to overtake an affrighted deer as the fugitives.

Westward they flew, keeping in the shadow of the trees skirting the river until a place of security was reached. Here they paused a moment for breath and consultation. They were near the road in Scott's swamp and as they talked the sound of a horse's hoofs clattering along the road at a leisurely pace attracted their attention. As it drew nearer it proved to be riderless. It was Richard's own horse, escaped during the confusion and on his way homeward. He was easily stopped by his master's voice. New hopes animated the breast of Richard. He might still meet Rachel and his plans be carried out. But it would not do for him to be seen, and parties would soon be scouring the country in pursuit. It was decided to send Ponset to meet Rachel, bearing a message from Richard with the horse, while the two brothers proceeded on foot to the home of a tory whom they well knew, where another steed could be procured for Richard. The Indian would then accompany Rachel to a place agreed upon near the present schoolhouse in East Bristol, and John would return to his home to relieve the anxiety of friends there. It still lacked more than two hours of the time agreed upon for the meeting at the big rock. The Indian was well acquainted with the locality, having frequently quenched his thirst at the copious spring near it while on his hunting expeditions. That same spring has been used for years to furnish water for a house on South street.

At midnight Rachel rose quickly from the bed on which she lay, all dressed ready for her journey. A small satchel all packed in readiness she took with her. Her stout, home-made shoes she carried in her hand as she noiselessly descended the stairs, took down the bar that secured the front door, and stepped out into the night.

Noiseless as she had been, a quick ear heard her footstep. It was that of her father.

Into the road she passed down the gravel path between the box borders and the cinnamon rose bushes and the purple phlox and fragrant pinks. Then she stopped and put on her shoes. A father's keen eye watched her from the window. With one look at her home she brushed aside the tears and hurried down the road.

It took but a moment for her vigilant father to put on his clothes, seize the trusty rifle that hung with powder horn and bullet pouch over the mantel, and to follow his daughter out into the night. Her purpose divined itself to his mind in a moment. She was going to elope with the tory! He would put a bullet through his heart, was his fierce and determined purpose.

Rachel never looked back, dared not look to the right nor the left. A vague fear took possession of her. Yet she hurried on. A foot-path through the fields led to the big rock. She walked swiftly.

Her father followed swiftly, but noiselessly.

She had not quite reached the rock when the shrill neigh of a horse greeted her. Her heart gave a wild bound. With Richard she would not fear. She could face death with him and never flinch.

The outlines of a man and horse could be seen a short distance away. She walked up to them. Then she sprang back with a start. It was not Richard!

Her father was fast approaching unperceived.

Ponset spoke a low word of assurance. He told her of the capture and escape of her lover. That he awaited her at the foot of the mountains toward the sunrise.

Without a word she mounted the horse, and had just gathered up the reins, when the report of a rifle rang out on the still night air. The Indian dropped dead in his tracks. Instinctively she looked back. Her father sprang forward and looked upon the prostrate form.

"I thought it was that traitor!" he exclaimed. "What does this mean?"

"I am going to him," she said.

"You shall not!"

"I will."

"Rachel, listen to reason," said her father, surprised and a little awed by the bravery and determination of his hitherto obedient child. Meanwhile he was rapidly reloading his rifle.

"I love him," she said. "You would have murdered him as you have his messenger. I will go." She turned the horse's head and striking him a quick blow with her hand started down the path.

Enraged beyond endurance her father placed the rifle to his shoulder, aimed at the horse's neck and fired. The noble beast plunged a few steps and fell, throwing his rider violently to the ground. Stunned by the fall she lay unconscious.

"My God! I have killed my child!" cried the father.

He ran to the spring, filled his hat with water and returned. Bathing her pallid face he soon restored her to consciousness. Silently he led her back the path she had come to the house. Calling to his wife who was now up and alarmed at the unaccountable absence of father and daughter, he placed the pliant girl in a chair. Then he lighted a lantern, took a shovel and repaired to the scene of the



"THE BIG ROCK AND SPRING NEAR-TO."

tragedy. Digging a shallow grave he dragged horse and man into it, and before the first gray streaks of dawn, he had removed all traces of the affair. The place was unfrequented, and well has the grave kept its secret.

Richard waited and watched. He paced uneasily up and down the road, but no Rachel came. His brother had returned home. All night he waited and wondered. At last as the gray tints of the coming day began to appear, he dared delay no longer, but with a heavy heart, put spurs to his horse and did not pause until he had covered many miles. He at last reached the coast, found the vessel as he expected, and made his way to Nova Scotia.

Shipping upon a merchantman he was captured by an American privateer ; escaped, reaching the West Indies ; again shipped to England, where he arrived safely. Restless and careful only to forget the past, he sailed for China ; then embarked in a whaler, and so finally, after ten years of wandering, returned to his own country, landing at Boston. He then resolved to return to his home. Traveling on horseback he at last reached Bristol, but no one knew the bearded and bronzed adventurer. Stopping at an inn his first inquiry was for the girl who had failed him on that memorable night. She was living, a quiet, sorrowful, industrious, "old maid." The father was dead. He was struck with palsy one day at church and was taken home a corpse. His next inquiry was for his family. All were living and well. The hatred of Tories was still fresh in the minds of the people, but all violence had ceased. Putting out his horse he wended his way up the well-remembered road to the house where dwelt Rachel, his Rachel ! What thoughts, what emotions crowded through his mind. The door was open. In a low arm chair sat a woman, still fair, but with a sad, far-a-way look in her face. She was paring apples. Richard stood upon the threshold and looked at her. Finally he spoke her name, with the old tenderness, "Rachel." The pan of apples fell upon the floor with a crash, and the apples rolled in all directions. The voice she knew, but the speaker !

"Rachel, don't you know me?"

His hat had fallen off. It was the same brow, the same eyes, the same curly locks. Yes, she knew him. He held out his arms to her, and with a wild cry of joy she fell weeping upon his breast.



STONINGTON,

From Watch Hill.

BY ANN HURLBURT.

Across the bay, when sharp against the sunset
The purple-shadowed hills in silence sleep,
Rise masts and spires from dusky waves of leafage,
Like some fantastic city of the deep.

Between the purple of the open water
And fiery gold and crimson of the bay
It floats, as if the restless breezes blew it
In with the mist wreaths from the Far-away.

And hark ! Across the sea of molten jewels,
Full throbbing to the glory overhead,
Roll the slow notes of distant church bells, calling,
Low, sweet, and clear, as voices of the dead.

Who knows but if the far-off dead are gathered
In the soft twilight from their scattered graves,
From weed-hid caves, and beaches, man-forgotten,
Or shell-strewn wonderland 'neath foreign waves ;

Back to the harbor sought so oft at even,
Dreamed of at midnight beneath alien skies,
As oft in boyhood, slowly homeward drifting,
They saw it, soft against the sunset, rise ;

And half unconscious to their childish vision,
Jerusalem the Golden hovered there,
With gates of pearl, wide streets of golden splendor,
And jewel walls self-poised in misty air.

Into the shadow fades the fairy city ;
Far in the drifting mists the sea birds cry ;
As the lone ocean fires the dim horizon
And pallid stars peep out along the sky.

The dawn will find a village quaint and quiet,
A whaling port whose life has ebbd away.
With traces here and there of old time glory,
But not the city of my dreams, across the bay.

MEMORIES OF MERIDEN.

II.

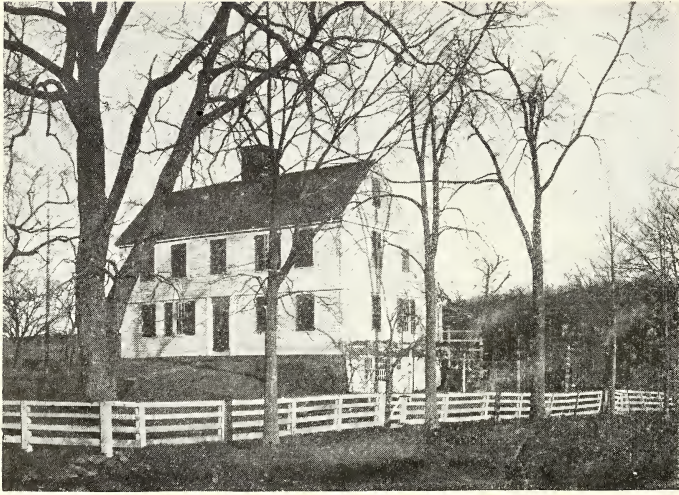
BY FRANCES A. BRECKENRIDGE.

All the important details of the early settlement of the town of Meriden, while it formed a part of the town of Wallingford, are hopelessly lost. There only remain certain traditions, gleaned from the memories of aged persons long since entered into their rest. Patriotic as were the people in those early years when they were fairly roused, they seem to have had very little faith in the future of their own particular province. To be sure, the tillage of the land, the garnering of fruits and cereals for food, wool growing, and the raising of flax, the home spinning and home weaving which converted the raw substances into material for clothing, for the making of which the thread, at least the coarser thread, must also be spun, and the home making of the homespun cloth into garments, left little time for the record of events other than births and deaths. However, it is certain that the section now included in the town and city of Meriden bore from the very first its present name. As to the origin many guesses have been made; but, as many New England towns were named in loving and perhaps homesick memory of English localities, it is at least not unlikely that some such reason dictated the choice in this instance. As the years went on it was seen to be a "good land with wood and water" and a desirable farming country; possessing also a blacksmithery, and a tiny repository of tea and coffee, rum and molasses, which constituted the luxuries of the period. A rude distillery transmuted the comparatively harmless cider, of which every thrifty farmer's cellar contained rows upon rows of barrels, into the more potent and evil-smelling liquid, cider brandy. With all these signs of prosperity, the settlers found themselves entitled by their numbers to town privileges, and applied successfully for such. Naturally, Wallingford did not much relish the loss of so much territory with its tax-paying population. Much local jealousy and ill feeling was the outcome, and lasted for years. This feeling was obvious in the intercourse between the two places even



MONUMENT IN FIRST CEMETERY
IN MERIDEN.

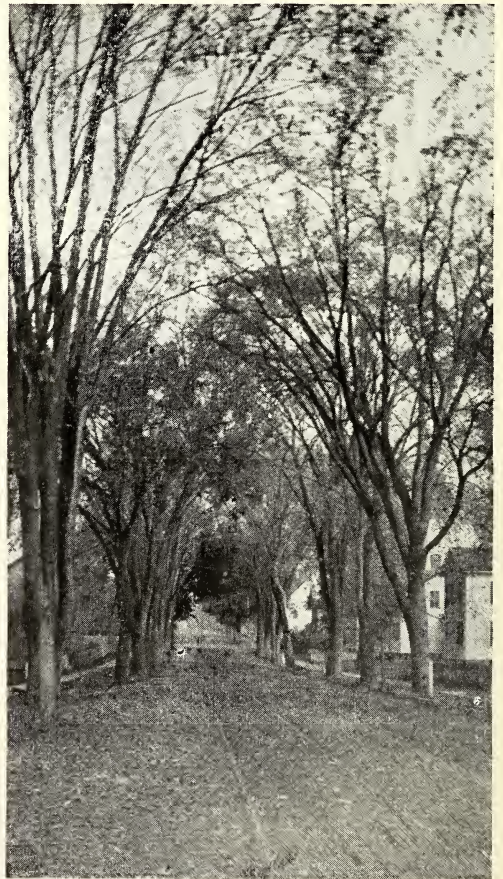
Inscribed on north side — Erected by the town of Meriden, 1857. On east side — In memory of the first settlers of the town of Meriden, who were buried within and near this enclosure and whose names so far as known are inscribed on this monument. The meeting-house in which they worshiped, the first erected in the town, stood about 50 rods west of this memorial. On the other two sides are inscribed the names.



BOYHOOD HOME OF GENERAL HENRY BENHAM.

unates were numerous in proportion to the rest of the citizens. The old lady would conclude by saying: "Somehow, they did not live long. They died off as though they had been poisoned off; in two years they were nearly all of them gone," which led to an insinuation that the fact was not exactly to the credit of the new incorporate. The nucleus of the city of Meriden was then at the present junction of Ann and Curtis streets. A little way east of Curtis street rises an eminence whose gradual slope reaches an altitude of about five hundred feet above the sea level. This hill is known to the hordes of boys who frequent it as "Buckwheat Hill;" but in the early years it was known as "Meeting-house Hill;" and sixty years ago as "Burying-ground Hill." Upon its slope is a living spring which supplies an ever-flowing stream, known to this day as "Meeting-house Brook." Here, just upon the slope of the hill stood the first meeting-house. The old lady referred to had seen the remains of the old house, "but it was gone before my time," said she. At the spring the early settlers slaked their thirst, after their long walks or horseback rides to the Sunday service; for at that early time, there was no vehicle other than a most primitive ox cart to be found within the town lines. The old burying ground which gave the hill one of its names, lies near the

as late as 1840. All the difficulties possible were raised to hinder a division. An ancient lady, whose age, if living, would reach sixteen years beyond a century, told the writer that one condition made and accepted was, that the new corporate body should take an undue proportion of the town poor, and it seems an odd thing, that in those "good old times," these unfort-



CURTIS STREET.

summit. The neglect and vandalism of half a century ago were fast destroying all vestiges of the graves. The ancient brown headstones were carelessly broken, and portions of them even built into the surrounding wall, when the suggestion of preservation for the few remaining records met with approval. A monument, with as many names as could be recovered, now crowns the slope. But many who were laid, no doubt with bitter grief and tears, to their last rest upon the then lonely hillside, sleep there still, forgotten and "nameless here forevermore."

Few as were the people, death must have visited them not seldom, for the God's acre on the hillside held more inhabitants than did the dwellings on the level below. When the aged one or the infant of days had been laid in the unlined elmwood coffin, with its hard suggestive outlines, with hands and feet tied, as



A CURTIS HOMESTEAD.

was the custom then, it was borne on the shoulders of men, for the office of bearer was then a literal one, up the face of the steep hill, and, undefended by outside shield or dainty blossoms, the hard earth was thrown upon it, and the mourners went home, to a life almost as hard and cold as the clods above the buried one. It must have been "a survival of the fittest." Only a superhuman sort of baby could have outlived the bare cold floors, and the lack of softness and "cuddling."



THE LEMUEL J. CURTIS PLACE.

At the foot of this hill there stands one of the best types of the New England farm-house of a century ago. In this house General Henry Benham of the United States Army, well known in our civil war, and sometime commandant of the Charlestown navy yard, spent a part of his forlorn boyhood. Compelled by his miserly stepfather to take refuge in the garret, the not at all prepossessing but studious and ambitious lad was often

dependent on the kindness and charity of rather unsympathizing neighbors for the actual necessities of life. He was a disagreeable youth, but his indomitable will and a certain personal magnetism compelled respect. In spite of all sorts of counter influences and drawbacks, his individual pride not the least among them, he at length won the patronage of the late Ralph I. Ingersoll, and was by his influence sent to West Point.

His early history is a romantic one, but has been written elsewhere. Curtis street is now a straight-sidewalked, elm-arched thoroughfare, with electric lights



THE CURTIS HOME.

select a name for the new Curtis baby. Of his large family, Samuel, Elisha, Benjamin, and Amos built houses, and settled within a few rods of the parent dwelling, thus giving the street the name which it has ever since retained. The road was at that time the only direct highway to Wallingford center. Here, his descendants have lived ever since, and two of the old houses are still standing, with the great chimneys, brick ovens, and stone hearths, worn by the big iron bean-porridge pots, and the long-legged skillets, of the days of big backlogs, and hard-wood coals, of great brown loaves baked in the brick ovens, and buttermilk shortcakes baked before the fire. A third dwelling as old as the others has been modernized, and is now a picturesque villa-like residence. Upon Curtis street stands the modern brick house built by Lemuel J. Curtis, the founder of the "Curtis Home," for the maintenance of which he gave a fund of half a million. The buildings belonging to this Home are large, substantial, and handsome; the management is liberal, and the funds are, as far as human foresight and forethought can make them, secure from loss. The East cemetery contains the plain granite obelisk, on which is engraved his

and cars to match; but when the barn-like, almost hovel-like meeting-house stood on the hillside above it, there were only two dwellings upon it; one of them was the home of Daniel Curtis and his wife, Mindwell Hough. The house stood some distance east of the present street line. It has been told of him that when each of his numerous sons were born, he would take his Bible, and from it



ENTRANCE TO EAST CEMETERY.

name and those of his two daughters. The gateway at the entrance of this cemetery is worthy of notice. Seen from the main street through the vista made by the short avenue of elms, it is picturesque. Hitherto it has been strangely overlooked by devotees of the camera. It is a replica of a gateway in an old English castle. Its adoption was suggested by the late Dr. Wheaton of Trinity College, a man of excellent taste and judgment, enriched by much learning, and broadened by extensive foreign travel.

The nearest way from the old center of the town to the settlement at "Fall Plains" (South Meriden), was partly by a road which led over "Holt-Hill," and partly by a footpath which traversed a rye field and a hillside famous for blackberries, and thence through a grove of hickory trees. At Holt Hill the first cutting and, indeed, the only one of importance, by the Hartford and New Haven railroad was made. Very wonderful it was thought, only rivaled by the "viaduct" across the turnpike some miles below. The passage cut through the red rock which underlies nearly, if not quite, all Meriden, was narrow but wide enough for the small engine and the diminutive passenger coaches with their two transverse seats and the doors at the side. Exceedingly progressive they were considered to be. The footpath led close by the "copper-mine pits." These excavations are now nearly filled up. They were once, nobody knows with any certainty by whom, worked for ore. Some very good specimens were taken out, and were in the possession of a family in the vicinity. They were, it is thought, given to the Wesleyan University. In comparatively recent years, bits containing visible traces of copper ore have been picked up from the surface of the ground, thrown out by the long-ago excavations. No one now living has any knowledge of what led at first to the rude mining or of the reasons for its relinquishment. Years ago, adventurous boys would descend into the then rather deep shafts, but the discovery that black snakes had pre-empted a claim there made the diversion unpopular. A Yale professor once said that Connecticut was rich in ores, but they lay so deep that mining for them would never pay. These old copper mines seem to have promised well near the surface. Whether the ore gave out or faith and patience were lacking, cannot be known. Their situation is within the beautiful grove of hickory trees which gives the cemetery its name. For the old rye field and blackberry patch is now "Walnut Grove Cemetery," beautifully laid out, and containing many fine monuments, and some substantially built mausoleums.

A road with dwellings thereupon now crosses the once lonely hill where the first settlers of Meriden built their first place of public worship, and from which they carried their dead to the burial place on the hill above. How in that comfortless structure, they must have shivered through the hour of the "long prayer," and the hour and more of the doctrinal sermon. But how lovely it must have been in the long Sunday hours of summer.

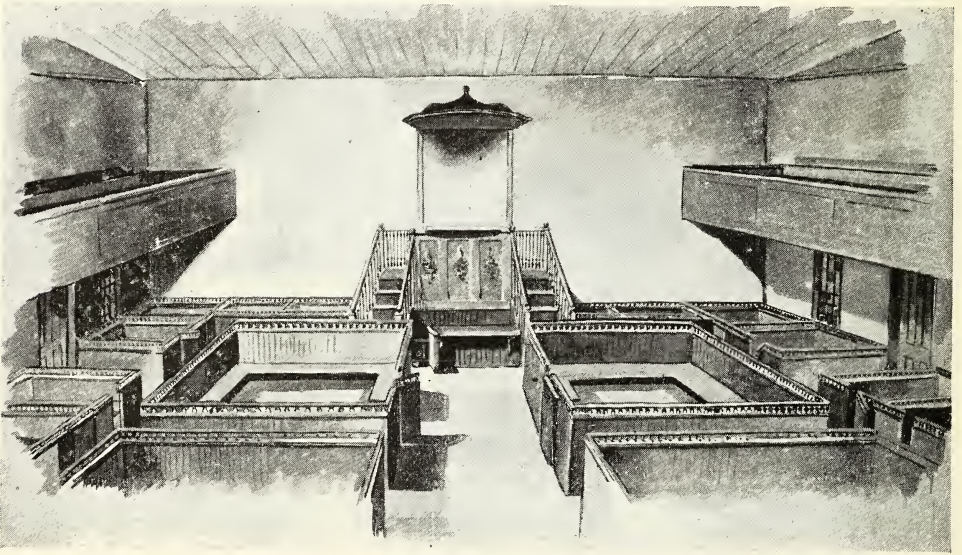
The next descendants of the pioneers of Meriden lie in the next oldest burial ground on Broad street. This ground will hardly receive another occupant. Two maiden ladies of great age were the last to be buried there within the last ten or fifteen years. In one corner of this old burial ground once stood the first Episcopal and the second Baptist place of worship in Meriden. Farther to the north, on Broad street, is the Center Congregational building, which still occupies the site given for that purpose more than a century ago.

NEW BRITAIN IN THE DAYS OF THE REVOLUTION.

II.

BY MRS. C. J. PARKER.

On a former occasion we visited in fancy the several sections of the parish, acquainting ourselves with the inhabitants and taking a look at some of their homes. Could we cross the threshold and have a glimpse of the actual home life, perhaps we should find more of comfort and good-cheer than we are apt to associ-



INTERIOR OF THE FIRST MEETING-HOUSE.

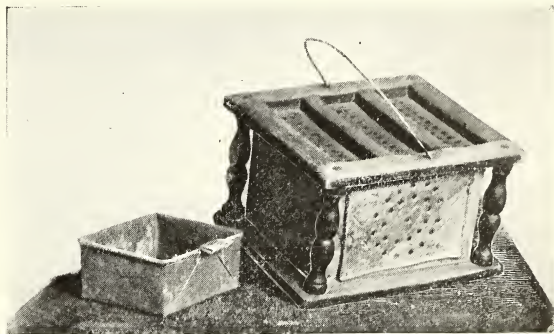
ate with the homes of that period. We have heard so much of the stern and gloomy natures of our forefathers, of the rigid discipline in family life, and of the "blue laws" (mythical perhaps) that controlled the state, we have come to feel that living must have been a very sad pleasure a hundred years ago. But we forget that nearly every house was full to overflowing with young people, for large families were the rule, not the exception, those days, and wherever there is youth there is always joy. There may have been a little more restraint then than now, a little more fear of law, human and divine, it is just possible, but we may be sure there were sports and merry-makings, although few reports have been handed down to us.

Before we review the actual part of this parish in the revolution, let us for a moment consider the church. Although the three sections of the parish were widely separated, there was, at the time of the war and for many years after but one "meeting house." This was built in 1756 and stood near what is now, with

singular infelicity, called "Paradise Park." It was a plain, barn-like structure, having few attractions without or comforts within. Here the people gathered with a zeal and regularity quite unknown in modern times. If we have read Dr. Smalley aright, no excuses having for their basis the "weather" or "distance" or "traveling" would have been accepted by him in lieu of attendance at church. The elders came on horseback, the younger people afoot, often carrying in their hands their precious Sunday foot-gear, which was not put on until the meeting-house yard was reached. When Dr. Smalley entered the front door he was accustomed to give a little stamp of the foot, which was the signal for the elders and principal men to rise and greet him as he passed along the broad aisle to the pulpit. The church was entirely without warmth excepting what was furnished by the foot-stoves of the women. (But perhaps a people who could accept some of the doctrines* of those times, did not mind the weather!) Dr. Smalley in his preaching, faithfully expounded law and doctrine. He used to say, "If you wish to have a revival begin, preach the law; if your revival begins to wane, preach the law; if you wish to secure sound conversions, preach the law."

A half hour at noon for rest and lunch at the "Sabba-day house" near by, fortified them for the cold truths of another long sermon in the afternoon, after which they returned home to round out the day by saying the catechism. Can we

imagine this congregation on a bleak December morning singing "O day of rest and gladness"? But it was many years later before there was any inspiration to write this and kindred hymns that so enrich the worship of to-day. That they had music of some kind at their services is shown by a vote of the society in 1786, that in order to "Improve the singing (what a very modern sound that has!)" the Prudenshall Committee might

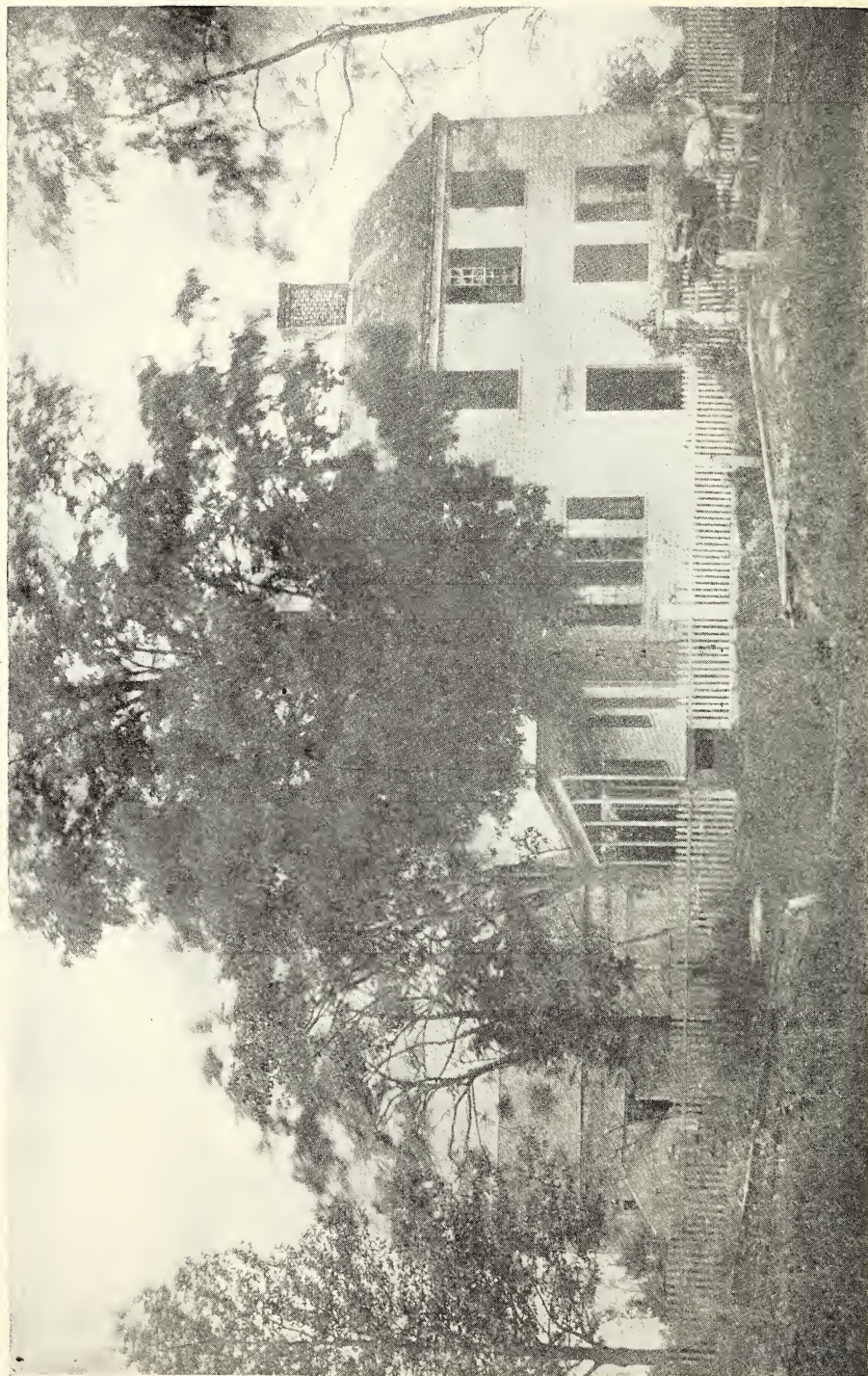


A FOOT-STOVE.

draw a sum not exceeding six pounds for the Incouriging of singing, and to procuer such Instrewments of Musick as they think Proper and Decent." Whether this munificent sum was spent in teaching the demi-semi-quavers then in vogue, or whether it was invested in such "Instrewments" as pitch-pipes and sanctified fiddles, cannot now be determined. Well, probably the music of that day was very unmusical, and the sermons, which dwelt on the fear rather than the love of God, were long and heavy; nevertheless, the people found in this old church the comfort and sustaining help they needed.

Those who take up Dr. Smalley's sermons to-day expecting only to smile at his old-fashioned theology, will the rather be impressed with his deep thought and sincere piety, and will understand why he is classed with the ablest of New England divines. There is a strong desire to record some stirring event of Revolutionary days, some heroic deed or incident that belongs peculiarly to New Britain history. Alas, it is astonishing how great events and great personages of Revolutionary times avoided this particular spot. We may walk the length and breadth

* "Elect infants dying in infancy are regenerated and saved by Christ through the Spirit, so also are all other elect persons. Others, *not elected*, although they may be called by the ministry of the Word, yet they can never truly come to Christ and therefore cannot be saved."



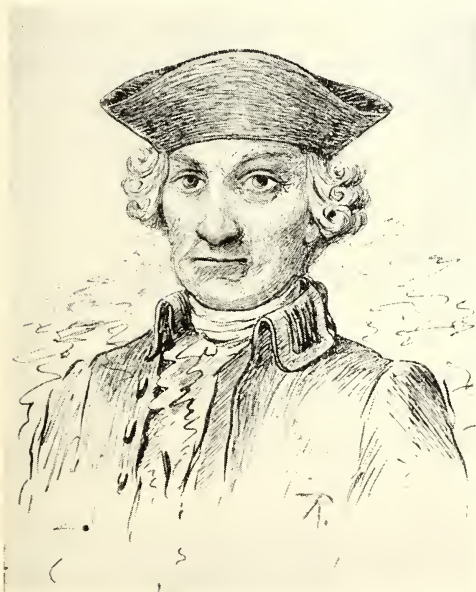
THE HOME OF GAD STANLEY, 2D.

of the city without feeling that we are treading on historic ground. We have no "Mecca" within our borders which we as patriotic pilgrims may visit, no sites which may serve to keep fresh in our minds the heroism of our forefathers. There was never the sound of conflict in the limits of the town, never was a "red-coat" seen upon our streets unless it was when Thomas Sugden, a British deserter, laid siege to and captured the heart of Percia Mather. That he deserted the British army and married a New Britain girl, proves him to have been a man of sense and justifies this brief mention of him. So after all there was one *engagement* within our borders.

Though there are no striking instances of heroism to record, the sentiment of the people was strong in opposition to British tyranny, and they generously responded to the call for men and means to carry on the war.* Religion and patriotism went hand in hand those early days, for the meeting-house yard was the "parade ground" of the military companies, and we find the same names on the roll-call of heroes that were prominent in the church. Three companies from this place and Farmington were in action against Burgoyne, and at some time during the war nearly every young man of this parish was in the service. When, in 1774, the port of Boston was closed by order of parliament, a committee was at once appointed to "take in subscrip-



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN PATERSON.



COLONEL ISAAC LEE.

tions of Wheat, Rye, Indian Corn, and other provisions, and to transport the same to the Town of Boston, to be distributed by the Select Men to those who needed help in consequence of the blockade of the harbor." In fancy we see Captain Gad Stanley and others on that committee going from house to house collecting provisions to send to the "Town of Boston," and we wonder if that place ever had a realizing sense of its indebtedness to this little parish. We think of it all with amusement, but we know it spoke of a true patriotism and probably called for as great sacrifice on the part of contributors as for their descendants of to-day to give hundreds of dollars to some worthy cause.

In 1775, when British ships-of-war cannonaded Stonington and other sea-coast towns, couriers were despatched among the colonies to warn them of their danger. News that armed vessels

had appeared off New London reached New Britain one Sunday afternoon just at the close of the service. Ignoring the fact that Dr. Smalley was something of

* Camp's History of New Britain.

a royalist,* Captain Stanley immediately stepped into the aisle and gave notice for his company to meet next morning on the "Parade." As Dr. Smalley left the pulpit and joined a group of his people discussing the news, he exclaimed, "What, will you fight your king!" In the excited state of feeling, this unwise remark might have caused a tumult if Col. Isaac Lee with wise and pacific words had not interposed.

The militia of this and other towns was not wholly unprepared for service. The experience of the old French war had shown the people the necessity of some military training, and companies had been organized and to some extent provided



HOME OF COLONEL ISAAC LEE.

with arms, previous to this time. Captain (afterwards Colonel) Gad Stanley, who was at the head of one company, quickly proceeded to the field and did good service for his country. At the famous battle of Long Island in 1776, he was distinguished for his bravery and skill. This was a disastrous day for the American forces, all of whom were raw recruits while the enemy were the disciplined troops of England and Germany. Col. Stanley maintained his position as long as possible, and at last when retreat was ordered, he succeeded by a wise manoeuver in leading off his regiment

safely past the British forces. During the war a son was born to him and the news was sent with the request that he should name the child. In due time came the answer:

"If he appear a likely lad,
It might be well to name him Gad."

The child that inspired this burst of poesy became the father of Frederic and William Stanley and others, so we conclude he was a very likely lad indeed.

After the war Col. Stanley returned to his home in Stanley Quarter. He was a man of ability and intelligence, and, with one exception, was the wealthiest man in the parish. He was representative from Farmington and Berlin, and served in nearly every important office in the town. From the following incident it would seem that he showed in family affairs the promptness and decision that characterized him as a military man. After the marriage of his daughter Mary (or Polly, as she was called) to Oliver Dewey, the young people proposed a journey to North Carolina. Col. Stanley, thinking that on the trip she might be exposed to the small-pox, a disease at that time greatly feared, insisted on her going first to the hospital on the old Farmington road, where patients might take the disease in a mild form and be properly cared for. The young couple entreated not to be sep-

* Dr. Smalley afterwards became loyal to the cause of the colonists.

arated, and the bride shrank from such an experience, but all was of no avail. "To the pest house she must go." She remained there a few weeks and had the small-pox "according to orders," after which the journey south was taken in safety.

Particular mention should be made of Major-General John Paterson, who was one of the most distinguished of New Britain's early citizens. Soon after the battle of Lexington he raised a regiment and was early in the field, serving with honor throughout the war. He was not only noted in military service, but was honored with the friendship of Washington. He was one of the court chosen to try Major André, and at the close of the war was one of the founders of the Society of the Cincinnati. After his marriage to Elizabeth Lee (which was spoken of in the first part of this paper) he lived at the Paterson homestead on East street until he removed to Lenox. In the center of the town of Lenox there is a handsome monument to his memory, and on a memorial tablet in Lenox church it is written, "His love of country was unbounded, his public spirit untiring." The accompanying picture of Gen. Paterson was taken from the bas-relief on the monument at Freehold, N. J., showing the group of generals who composed the famous "Council at Monmouth" in 1778. He is represented as listening attentively to General Lafayette, who is explaining his plan of action to the council.

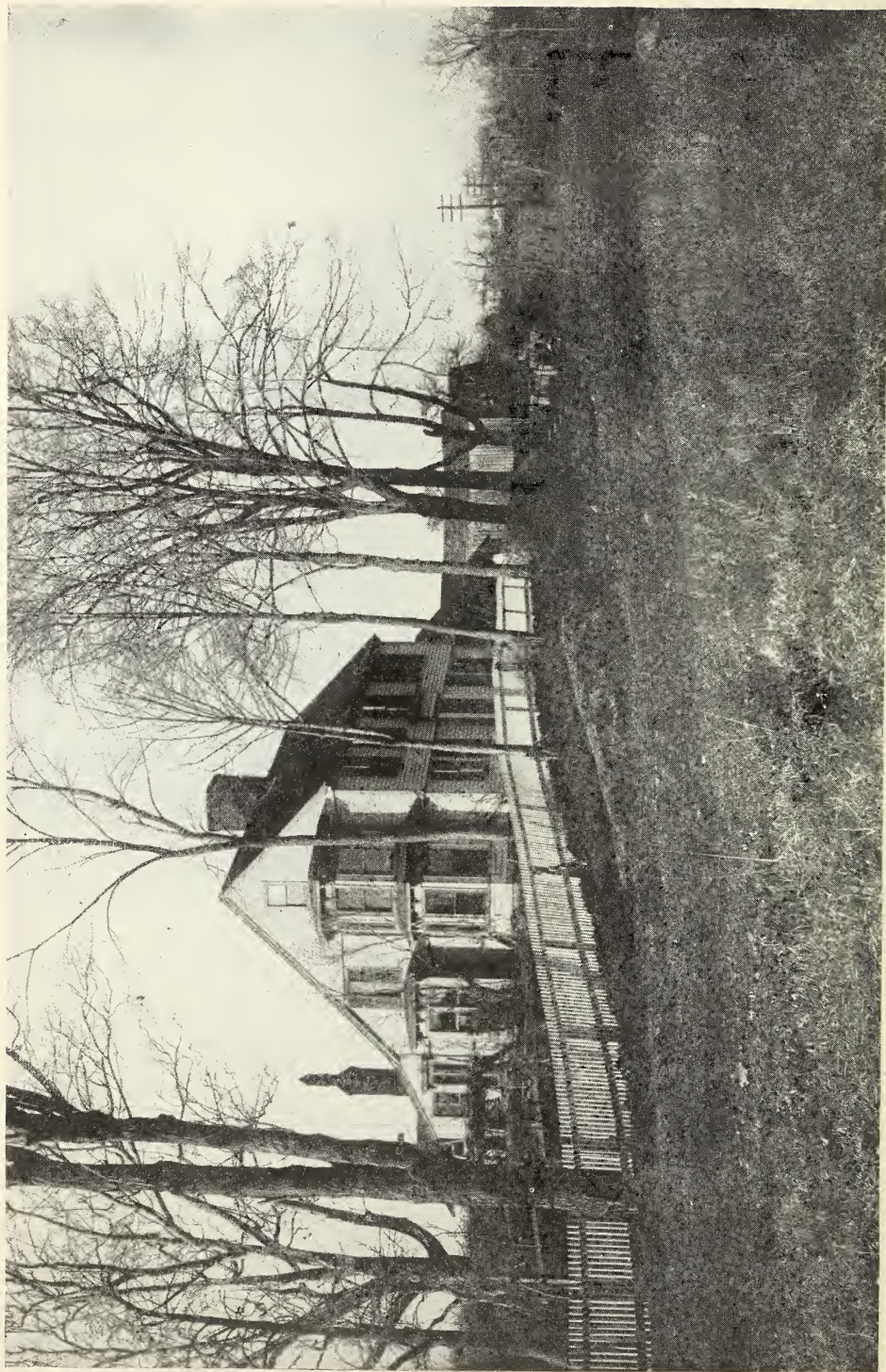
Another leading citizen of this period was Col. Isaac Lee, who gave New Britain its name, when in 1754 it was "set off" from Farmington and became a separate parish. Col. Lee did not enter the army but he served his country faithfully in the legislature twenty-four years, and for many reasons deserves to be classed with the patriots of the times. For thirty years he was the principal magistrate of the place, his word and decisions having almost the force of law. The records he kept of church and town history during his forty years' service as clerk of the Ecclesiastical Society, are of great interest and value. They are in his handwriting and are carefully preserved at the New Britain Institute. In point of influence he was second only to Dr. Smalley, both of whom were held in such reverence that when they passed in the street the children made obeisance and the men uncovered their heads.

Col. Lee is the hero of a poem written by Emma Hart Willard called "Bride-Stealing," which in the main is a true incident. In quaintest language it tells of one of the old-time customs.*

The house Col. Lee built and occupied so many years is still standing on North Main street, but like many others of that period, has passed into the hands of the stranger and foreigner within our gates. When we think of these old houses with their solid frames, firm and sound as on the day of the "raising," of their heavy oak beams, good for another half century, we cannot help wishing that one house among the number, by private or public enterprise, might be repaired and preserved from decay. A genuine "old colonial" house in our city would stand for the men and deeds of a former century, be an object lesson in history, and also have many uses to recommend it to the practical mind.

Of the fifty patriots from this parish who were in the Revolutionary war, there is only the briefest mention; but between the lines we read a story of hardship and suffering of which modern warfare, with its more humane methods, gives us little idea. Some perished in battle, some suffered in British prisons, and some returned here to die of their wounds or of disease contracted in the army. Enough may be gathered from the old records to show the patriotism of our forefathers, and their names and services are carefully recorded, but historians evident-

* See page 81.



HOME OF MOSES AND LYDIA ANDREWS.

ly considered the foremothers, who, no doubt, were equally brave and patriotic, of very little account. We know from tradition that the women of that age were expected to be submissive and industrious and to attend strictly to the ways of the household. Aside from their domestic duties, their abilities were not very highly rated. It is a fact that a minister in a neighboring town said with all gravity, in one of his sermons, "Women are quick of apprehension, but weak in judgment," and the statement was meekly accepted. We think of woman's position to-day and say, Verily, "the world do move"!

We know that with Spartan-like courage the women of this parish prepared husbands and sons to enter the army while they took upon themselves the burden and work of the home. We read of one mother* who fitted out six sons for the army, and we feel that the women were as patriotic as the men. But we would not indulge in sentiment or invest them with qualities that perhaps they did not possess. We know that different ages call for and develop different abilities in women, and that in every age there are noble souls who respond to the need of the hour, whatever it may be. We can but wonder what the women of '76, whose energies and ambitions were bounded by the walls of home, would think of their sisters of the nineteenth century. With what amazement would they look upon our societies, missions, clubs,—things that were never dreamed of in their philosophy!

If they could view the cares and responsibilities of the latter-day woman, not only in the home, but in the church, in society, and in public and professional life as well, I am not sure but they would be devoutly thankful they lived a hundred years earlier, when they had only the Indians and the Revolutionary War to look out for.

In these glimpses of the past we must include the "old part" of Fairview cemetery which was given to the town in 1755 by the descendants of Stephen Lee, as a burying-place for the dead. Here rest many of the forefathers, so near to the street that we might almost greet them in passing, and yet so far removed from

* Lydia, wife of Moses Andrews.



1.—Tombstone of Rev. John Smalley, D.D. 2.—Tombstone of Col. Isaac Lee. 3.—Tombstone of Lydia Andrews.

IN FAIRVIEW CEMETERY.

the busy life of to-day that we seldom turn our thoughts or footsteps thither. Unmindful are they of the changes wrought in the swiftly moving years since they lived and labored; unbroken is their long sleep by the sound of business and travel that almost invades their resting place. The tombstones in their memory stand here and there in "or-little regard to bound-families. Despite our we can but smile at many of the stones. any symbolic meaning seem to be the favorite express nothing in par-attachments suggest quite sure the familiar angel" was never in-tion.

We stoop to read illegible, on the mossy, tell in plainest prose of even the occupation of measured verse, give warning to the heedless or ask a thought of passers-by. The following by its simplicity and rhythm fairly sings itself into the memory, and to its appeal we can "no less" than respond:



"Now I am dead and out of mind,
Upon this stone my name you'll find.
And when my name you plainly see,
You can no less than think of me."

On the headstone of one of the patriarchs we read :

"He served his generation with diligence and fidelity,"

and this I think tells the life story of many who sleep here.

But here is the electric car at the very gate of this "city of the dead," and the sound of its bell calls us from our revery. A moment's ride and we are in the midst of the stirring, thriving city of to-day, which, if not rich in historic associations or many things of which other cities boast, yet claims a goodly heritage in the memory of those who laid its foundation stones.



BRIDE-STEALING.

A Tale of New England's Middle Ages.*

BY EMMA HART WILLARD.

THE BRIDE.

Our heroine's name, we grieve to say,
Was unpoetic Tabitha ;
Yet 'tis reported she was fair
As Ellens or Louisas are.
With cheek as ruddy, eye as bright,
With form as fine, and step as light,
In full expectance, too, of fortune,
The daughter of rich Isaac Norton.
And she could brew and wash and bake
And weave and knit and mend and make,
The little or the great wheel twirl,
And was, all said, "a working girl."
No wonder, then, despite her name,
Suitors, or rather "sparks" there came.

THE BRIDEGROOM.

Grave and sedate, of twenty-three,
Of giant mold was Isaac Lee.
So slow his parts, 'tis said that once
In school the master called him dunce.
But then, to pass the matter by,
For salvo made this prophecy :
"Like winter apple he'd be found,
Slower to open, but more sound."
His ancestors, true men of fame,
From Colchester, in England, came.

THE GUESTS.

'Tis well remembered of that wedding,
Not one was slighted at the bidding ;
And on they came, in troops along,
A merry and a jocund throng.
First, decked as bridegroom grave should be,
And mounted well, rode Isaac Lee ;
His father, Doctor Lee, with dame

* This poem was read on the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Farmington, in 1840. In the evening of that day there was an antique party, in the costumes of the olden times, during which this humorous story of an event well preserved in tradition, was presented. It is said to be a true account of a veritable transaction, the persons named being real actors therein, the author being a daughter of the "Little Sammy" mentioned, and a large number of the company descendants of the other persons. The interest and amusement awakened by the recital may be imagined.

On pillion snug, soon after came ;
 His uncle, Deacon Jonathan,
 With Reverend Burnham, next rode on ;
 And thither hied in friendly part,
 Norton's next neighbor, Ensign Hart,
 Whose comely spouse was, when he took her,
 The modest maiden, Mary Hooker.
 They walked with firm and even mien,
 Their little Sammy in between ;
 And of those Harts, the whole three brothers
 That wived three Hookers, came with others ;
 Thomas and John and Hezekiah,
 Isaac and Nat and Zechariah ;
 And there came Demings, Cowles, and Footes,
 Beckleys and Buckleys, Norths and Roots,
 Gilberts and Porters, sons and fathers,
 Pecks, Smiths, and Booths, with Judds and Mathers,
 The Lewis and the Andrews clan,
 And all the Stanleys to a man.

THE WEDDING.

Now all the wedding guests were met,
 And all in order due were set.
 Uprose the pair, uprose the priest ;
 They owned their union, and he blessed ;
 Then pious exhortation made,
 And long with solemn fervor prayed ;
 And when the knot full fast was tied,
 He led the way to kiss the bride.
 Then cake went round and other matters,
 Handed on well scoured pewter platters.

Next screamed the tuning violin,
 Signal for dancing to begin ;
 And godly fathers thought no sin,
 When priest was by, and at a wedding,
 " Peggy and Molly " to be treading.
 Nay, priest himself, in cushion dance,
 At marriage feast would often prance.
 The pair, of course, led up the ball,
 But Isaac liked it not at all ;
 Shuffle and cut he would not do,
 Just bent his form the time to show,
 As beaux and ladies all do now,
 And when the first eight reel was o'er,
 Stood back to wall and danced no more.

His eye upon young Burnham * fell ;

* A rival candidate for the bride's favor. He was the son of Rev. Mr. Burnham, the officiating minister, and had planned, in revenge for her preference of Isaac Lee, with the help of his associates, to carry her off in the midst of the festivities. It was one of the rude methods then in vogue, of retaliating some slight, real or imagined, received from the parties.

He watched him close, and read him well ;
 Among his set detected signs,
 Then warned his bride of their designs :
 " Beware," he whispered, " Burnham's gang ;
 Villain ! he'll one day surely hang.
 They mean, my gentle love, to steal thee,
 Be silent, nor let looks reveal thee ;
 Still keep by me, and fear no harm
 Beneath the shelter of this arm."
 She said, " I *will* obey, not *must*,
 Thy head, thy arm, thy heart I trust."
 Burnham approached ; " Should he have pleasure
 With the fair bride to tread a measure ?"
 " Sorry she was, but, truth be spoken,
 The heel-tap from her shoe was broken ;
 Yon ugly chink upon the floor
 Had snapped it off an inch or more."
 With look displeased the youth withdrew, ;
 Much doubting if she spoke him true.
 To Mercy Hart away he posted,
 Who came and thus the bride accosted :
 " O Tabby, come along with me,
 I'll show you something rare to see."
 " Indeed, dear Mercy, I can't go,
 My stay-lace "—and she whispered low.
 " Well, then, Miss Lee, if you can't come
 And see your friends, we'd best go home.
 In vain ; she could not tempt the bride.
 To quit like Eve her Adam's side.

THE ASSAULT.

Now came the parting good-bys on,
 Lee whispered few words, and was gone,
 And in a short five minutes more,
 By movement quick, she gained her door,
 Drew fast the bolt ; but straight pursue
 With riot the confederate crew.
 One mounted on fleet steed was near,
 The bride when stolen, off to bear.
 Now at the door with shout and din,
 They called aloud to let them in.
 " Quick, open, or the door we brake !"
 Down falls the door with crash and crack.
 What saw those graceless felons then ?
 A timid woman ? Ay, a man !
 And more than man he seemed to be,
 As armed with club stood Isaac Lee.
 Darted his eye indignant fire,
 Thundered his voice with righteous ire :
 " Back, villains, back ! the man is dead
 Who lifts a hand to touch that head."
 They stood aghast ; a moment gone,

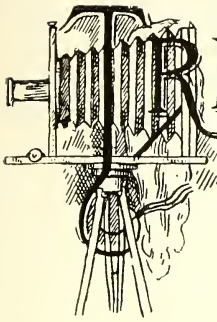
Mad and inebriate, all rushed on.
 "Seize *him*," cries Burnham, with a scoff,
 "While I take her and bear her off."
 Ere the word ended, down he fell,
 Lee's giant blow had lighted well;
 And quick and oft those strokes descended.
 And when that battle fierce was ended,
 Three men lay on the floor for dead,
 And four more, wounded, turned and fled.

Dead they were not, but bruised full sore.
 The bride and bridegroom, bending o'er,
 With care and cordial, life restore.
 Others came too; the wounded raised,
 And Isaac's valor loudly praised.
 None thought him made of such true stuff,
 But hoped the rascals had enough.
 All said 'twas right, and south and north
 Abjured bride-stealing from henceforth.

His neighbors Lee soon elevate
 In church, in army, and in state,
 And make him, spite of his desire,
 Colonel and deacon and esquire.
 And in the last it well appears
 He judged New Britain thirty years.
 When wearied out with public duty,
 His Tabby still to him a beauty,
 He to all rulers a bright beacon,
 Would office quit save that of deacon.
 His townsmen would not hear his plea,
 But he perforce their judge must be.
 Lee well resolved his cares to doff,
 Straight penned request to let him off
 To General Court at Hartford sitting,
 Who judged it hard and ill befitting
 To force a man, whate'er his skill,
 Office to hold against his will.

And so his acts as magistrate
 Spread all through this part of the state;
 Of his wise judgments you might hear
 In Christian Lane and Fagonshire,
 In Woman's Misery, if you ask it,
 Or Sodom, where the Wyers made basket;
 And not a man that you should meet
 In Cider Brook or Brandy street,
 Or Pumpkin town, or Pudding hill,
 Or Lovely town, or where you will,
 But knew the fame of Colonel Lee.
 Nay, some so zealous friends had he,
 Through the green woods his acts they ringed 'em.
 To Pilfershire and Satan's Kingdom.

MIRRO AND TRIPOD



V. IN BURLINGTON AND BRISTOL.

BY GEORGE H. CARRINGTON.

(Concluded.)

It was Saturday night when we drew up by the village store. After climbing the Burlington hills, and after listening to the smart man from the city, who was standing on the store steps, discourse on the dull times and poor business, oracularly inserting his views with a big I, freely used, we sought and found a comfortable place to stay until Monday morning.

After the exercise of the week we were glad of the opportunity for rest and spent the Sunday quietly. Huggins regaled himself by eating what he called "those little red oyster-can apples," the cemetery here evidently having no attractions for him—it was a bleak and desolate-looking place on a lonely hillside—though he might have found more interesting and curious inscriptions there than he did in Hartland.

The educational institution, a small, red building with white trimmings, was carefully examined, and we have since regretted that we did not go to another district where there was a schoolhouse with seats running around the room, near the wall,—the genuine old-fashioned schoolroom. They were there then, but have since been removed.

Burlington differed from most of the towns visited in having a greater variety of names among the inhabitants.

At least, we did not notice any such predominance of one or two names, as of Woodford in Avon, Case in Canton, Humphrey and Eno in Simsbury, and Hayes and Viets in Granby.

Monday morning was clear and cool, one those delightful, exhilarating mornings of the latter part of summer, a presager of autumn. It seemed so calm and restful, driving over the hills, everything in quiet harmony with the deserted houses we passed. Some of these interested Sir Philip, and he must photograph them. Though he did not claim to be an antiquity, he admired the antique, and a quaint doorway or window claimed his attention. There is always something pathetic in an abandoned farm-house. A house seems typical of human life, and what it should be, reared amid rejoicings, but with much labor; strong in its middle age with its well-seasoned timbers, giving protection to the household from the storms and cold without, shedding warmth and cheer within; having a life of usefulness, and serving the purpose well, it follows



*"A lilac spray, once blossom clad,
Sways bare before the empty rooms."*

the inevitable law, "to which all on earth must incline," grows old, and lapses into decay. Whittier wrote of "The Forsaken Farm-House," and how well he expressed it in the following lines:

Against the wooded hills it stands,
 Ghost of a dead home, staring through
 Its broken lights on wasted lands
 Where old-time harvests grew.

Unplowed, unsown, by scythe unshorn,
 The poor, forsaken farm fields lie,
 Once rich and ripe with golden corn,
 And pale green breadths of rye.

A lilac spray, once blossom clad,
 Sways bare before the empty rooms,
 Beside the roofless porch a sad,
 Pathetic red rose blooms.

His track, in mold of dust and drouth,
 On floor and hearth the squirrel leaves,
 And in the fireless chimney's mouth,
 His web the spider weaves.



THE FORSAKEN FARM-HOUSE.

Of healthful herb and flower bereft,
 The garden plot no housewife keeps;
 Through weeds and tangle only left
 The snake, its tenant, creeps.

The leaning barn about to fall
 Resounds no more on husking eves,
 No cattle low in yard or stall,
 No thresher beats his sheaves.

So sad, so drear! It seems almost
 Some haunting Presence makes its sign;
 That down yon shadowy lane some ghost
 Might drive his spectral kine.

On the way through Whigville and Polkville, with their numerous streams and picturesque falls and mills, to Bristol, we passed the old pine tree made historic by the tradition that during the Millerite excitement of 1843, Asahel Mix, whose house stood near, being a firm believer in the doctrine, was seen clad in an ascension robe up in the tree on the day they had set for the Lord's coming. This tree we must photograph, and to make the picture realistic we wanted Sir Philip to rig up, climb the tree and pose; but Sir Philip was unaccommodating and declined, in spite of our persuasions and explanations that probably he looked enough like Mr. Mix to have the photo pass for a genuine one taken in '43.

As we have since learned that there was a wide diversity in their personal appearance, we think it is better to be honest, and not try to deceive, and in our desire to be strictly truthful, we have since inquired if the incident referred to was true, and have received the following from a gentleman in Bristol, whose word can be relied on and taken as authority:

"Concerning the excitement of '43, and what was done at that time, I only know by hearsay. 'The tenth day of the seventh month,' Jewish time, October 10,

1843, was fixed upon as the final day of the world's history. The believers met at the house of one of their number for some days previous to the expected event and held solemn preparatory services. There were no ascension robes prepared by these people, they regarding the 'white robes' as 'the righteousness of the saints.' Many stories and lies were told concerning the Millerites in those times. Among them was one to the effect that on that memorable day, Asahel Mix, who lived in the 'copper-mine' district, just north of Polkville, in this town was seen in a large pine tree near his house, clad in an ascension robe, in readiness to be 'caught up to meet the Lord in the air.' The fact in relation to the matter was simply that his well-sweep, which was attached to the tree by an iron rod, was out of order, and Mr. Mix got up into the tree to fix it. He was



THE MIX TREE.

clad in no robe of any kind, except his ordinary everyday habiliments, that part of the story being supplied from the fertile imaginations of those by whom it was reported. I think the tree is still standing with the iron rod still in it. The house was burned many years ago."

This illustrates the unreliability of tradition, and shows how facts become perverted in passing from one to another. Many people now living remember the excitement of those times, relative to the predictions of the Millerites, and the faith the believers evidenced in expecting their fulfilment. It calls to mind the old refrain :—

"For eighteen hundred forty-three
Is the year of jubilee,"

though it must have been anything but a year of jubilee to those whom it scared half to death, who neither dared to believe nor disbelieve, but were in constant doubt.

An old well-wheel served to revive a thought of olden times, and this time it was John who was moved to exercise the camera. He remembered Sir Philip's un-



AN OLD WELL-WHEEL.

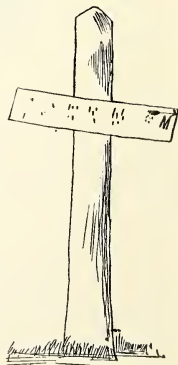
commodating spirit relative to posing, so did not ask him to simulate the act of drawing water, but requested a friend whom he met to do so. Next to the well-sweep must have come this arrangement, a wooden wheel set in crude bearings, over which a rope and chain were wound, a bucket on one end and a stone on the other. From this it was a simple process to get to the windlass turned with a crank, drawing one bucket, or the iron pulley wheel, with a bucket on each end of the rope.

In contrast to the weather-worn, undecipherable guide-boards we had seen during our journey, we came across one that really merited recognition. Besides the clearness of its directions, the background was so picturesque that we halted to take it. Even the fact that it did not designate the distance might be considered as a virtue in a guide-board. It could not then be accused of

falsity by the weary traveler, who thinks the distance lengthening out, as he grows more tired, and says: "The guide-board lied, as guide-boards always do."

We were on the homeward road, with but a few miles more to travel. Huggins murmured that he had enjoyed the trip immensely, but he might have liked it a little better had it not been vacation time. Then we understood why he had so often been preoccupied, why that far-away look in his eye, why that tinge of sadness to his countenance and that gloom in his heart. The schools were closed, and the few inquiries he had quietly made had failed to reveal the whereabouts of Clara, his friend of old time school days.

But we all had much to look back upon with pleasure, and decided that it was a "dividend-paying" trip. The regrets were few and immaterial, and we can recommend that for a genuinely pleasurable outing, a driving trip is *par excellence*, and almost any part of our state, with its diverse scenery, its



A COMMON KIND.



A MODEL GUIDE-BOARD.

numerous streams and waterfalls, its hills and dales, give ample opportunity for such a trip, full of healthful enjoyment.

Late in the afternoon, as the summer sun threw long shadows of the trees across the road, we drove into the town from which we started and were home.



THE HOMEWARD ROAD.

SOME OF NEW HAVEN'S COLONIAL HOUSES.

BY HARRY H. PALMER.

One of the inevitable results of the growth of New Haven is the gradual destruction of many ancient landmarks that are valuable because of their historical associations, as well as by reason of the fact that they were important features of the city's exterior form. One by one these old buildings have disappeared, remaining, indeed, long after the men who made them famous passed away, but, like them, finally swept aside and almost forgotten. The earth on which their framework rested now bears the weight of costly mansions or tall and solid blocks of iron, stone, and brick that promise to have a much longer if no more useful life.

These old buildings saw the town expand from a mere village into a great city; they witnessed the growth of the elms which James Hillhouse planted; they felt



THE TROWBRIDGE HOUSE.

the narrowing and crowding which was forced upon them by the growth of the city. Stirring scenes they witnessed, noble men and women they sheltered from the storms of winter and the suns of summer. But now they either exist no longer or have ceased to have any interest for the inhabitants of the city except, perhaps, for those who love to linger in the past, and meditate upon the glories of old New Haven. The home of a famous man or woman always possesses a peculiar interest.

The very buildings in which great statesmen, poets, or soldiers have lived, seem to share something of the interest that attaches to their lives and achievements. It is the home of Washington that draws thousands to Mt. Vernon; and the little cottage in which Grant spent the last days of his life has made Mt. McGregor famous. The old Craigie House overlooking the banks of the River Charles, will be visited with eager interest as long as it remains to suggest the life and thoughts of Longfellow. One feels the inspiration of precious associations in wandering through the rooms where the great and good have dwelt, as if the presence that made them famous were still to be found there.

So, too, the home always partakes of the characteristics of the home-maker. It matters not who has constructed the edifice, nor whether its form be of wood or brick, nor whether its rooms be low and small and few in number, or many and elegantly furnished, the interior of the home at once suggests and illustrates the dominant characteristics of the people who dwell there. The men who built the first homes in New Haven were, like most of the early settlers of New England, serious,

Credit should be given for the excellent pictures of many of these old buildings to Miss Susan M. Gower of New Haven, who has collected many facts about them. Miss Gower's photographs are highly prized by those who have them.



THE BEECHER HOUSE.

and shared with them the same sentiments. They dug the foundations of the town and their descendants builded upon it an enduring structure. One monument of their wisdom is the Green. Another lasting memorial to the wisdom of later New Haven is the elms. Of the Green and the noble trees the city is proud. New residents soon learn to love them and no one would endure for a moment a suggestion of their destruction, although there are evidences of a desire on the part of some members of the community to restrict the one and neglect the other.

The original settlement of New Haven was mainly included within the large square bounded by State, George, York, and Grove streets. The Green occupied the central block of this square, and it was surrounded by eight other squares of equal dimensions. The houses which were put up were, on the whole, of a better class than those of the average New England settlement, being types of the best colonial house architecture of New England. The



THE WOOSTER HOUSE.

early settlers were engaged in trade mainly, and they were ambitious to make a good appearance and live well. They therefore built what was considered exceedingly fine houses at that day, and furnished them lavishly, entertaining much. The houses were surrounded by spacious grounds. The lots on Church street extended back to what is now Orange street, although there was no street there at that time. There they met the rear of the lots which fronted on State street. On the Green was the central meeting-house, and in 1747 was built the first court house on the Green. President Clap of Yale occupied a spacious residence on College street near the corner of Chapel, where stood the one college building which made up Yale. His nearest neighbors were farmers. A cobbler named Mix had a little shoemaker's



THE BENEDICT ARNOLD HOUSE.

store where Battell Chapel now stands, and William Scott the barber, was one of the first squatters on the land now occupied by Peabody Museum. Most of the inhabitants of the northern and western sections of the settlement were farmers. The tradesmen lived nearer the water.

The oldest house now standing in New Haven is the Trowbridge house in the rear of 175 Meadow street. It was built in 1684 by Thomas Trowbridge, Jr., and it appears on the map of New Haven of 1748 as occupied by Stephen Trowbridge. It remained in the hands of the Trowbridge family for many years, and was removed from the front to its present location a few years ago.

An historic spot of much interest is the vicinity of the corner of George and College streets, where John Davenport preached his first sermons. On this spot still stands a house which was built in 1764 by David Beecher, a descendant of Isaac Beecher, one of the original colonists. David Beecher lived in the house

until his death and his descendants owned the property until after 1800. Lyman Beecher, father of Henry Ward Beecher, was born here in 1775.

Across the street from the Beecher house and a little farther down the street stood the Wooster House, until last year when it was torn down to make way for the new Zunder school building.

This house was the property of Major-General David Wooster, who was born in Stratford, March 2, 1710, and was graduated at Yale in 1738. On the year following his graduation war broke out between England and Spain, and Wooster entered the provincial army as lieutenant. In 1745, he was a captain in the regiment of Col. Burr, which participated in the capture of Louisburg, and was finally promoted to the rank of brigadier-general during the French war. When peace was restored he engaged in trade in New Haven in partnership with a classmate, Aaron Day, and during his connection with Mr. Day he resided in the house on George street. Later he removed to what is now Wooster street. The George street house became the property of Michael Baldwin in 1769, and he and his descendants occupied it until long after the close of the century.



THE BONTECOU HOUSE.

A cluster of houses of historic interest is to be found to-day in the vicinity of Olive, Water, and Fair streets. Chief among these in point of popularity is the Benedict Arnold house. This is unquestionably the best known of all the colonial houses of New Haven. Whatever may have been true as to the esteem in which Benedict Arnold was held in New Haven during his residence here and his life as an apothecary, he certainly left sufficient notoriety to mark the house he lived in. No door-plate or historic slab is needed to mark this house. Every boy in town knows its location although it is now



THE ADMIRAL FOOTE PLACE.

sadly transformed, having been converted into a storage room for lumber. Benedict Arnold built the house about 1771. It was here that he brought his bride, and here that he lived until those events which led to its confiscation by the government.

The house was very substantially built, and contained, among other things, some fine fireplaces and a commodious wine cellar. The grounds were extensive, the outlook pleasant, and the place in every way was a desirable one in which to live. Noah Webster bought it in 1798. James Hunt was a later resident and owner.



THE PINTO HOUSE.

The old fireplaces, of which there were many, were removed a year or so ago.

Not far from the Benedict Arnold house, on the northeast corner of Wooster and Olive streets, stands a house which dates back prior to the War of the Revolution. It is a wooden structure and is now three stories high, but was originally of but two stories. The house was raised and a new story inserted shortly after the Revolutionary war, so that it is over one hundred years old in its present shape.

This house was built by Capt. Peter Bontecou. The exact date of its erection is not known, but it was not far from 1770. The Bontecou family lived in New Haven from 1694, when one member of the family fled from France and made his home in this city. There is a local tradition to the effect that this house was built by the elder Bontecou, who was a refugee from France, but that is not the case. The family was a family of sailors. Captain Bontecou used to bring cargoes of rum, sugar, and molasses from the West Indies, being a prosperous merchant and trader. One difficulty confronted him. He was unable to find a suitable place in which to store his cargoes. That was before the days of bonded warehouses, cold storages, or immense sub-cellars. But Captain Bontecou was equal to the emergency. He built a big cellar under his new house—big as a ship's hold—and in it he stored his rum, sugar, and molasses, until such time as he could dispose of it. The cellar was built before the war broke out. It was not the only cellar of that kind in New



THE RUTHERFORD TROWBRIDGE HOUSE.

Haven. It must be remembered that this house stood measurably close to the water's edge, not on the beach, but close enough so that Captain Bontecou did not have to haul his cargoes very far overland to reach their dark destination. It is probable, as will be seen by an incident to be narrated later, that no other house

stood between this one and the water's edge, and in passing, it may be said that Captain Bontecou's possessions included the land on which St. Paul's church now stands, as well as considerable other land in the vicinity.

Was Captain Bontecou a smuggler? Possibly. The king's taxes were very oppressive, and all taxes are unpopular. Smuggling was not an uncommon vice—or shall we say virtue?—of the noble old men who settled in New Haven in the early days. Captain Bontecou was an active Frenchman, and he probably did no



THE HILLHOUSE HOUSE.

more than some of his neighbors. His house stood within a long stone's-throw of Benedict Arnold's, and he was anxious to make money, irrespective of the king's needs. Smuggling was not regarded as a high crime and misdemeanor in those days. Men of high station used to avoid paying taxes just as they do now. Possibly Captain Bontecou's cellar, the big cellar under the house that now stands on the corner of Wooster and Olive streets, has contained goods that never paid the taxes due upon them.

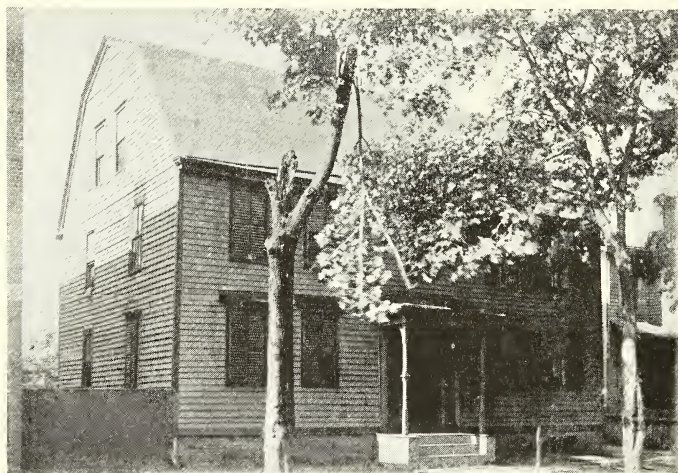
But Captain Peter Bontecou did not receive much benefit from the cellar under his house. The war broke out while he was on a voyage to the West Indies. He entered New York Harbor at the time it was in the possession of the British and was captured and confined in the prison ship *Jersey*, but afterward escaped and made his way through Long Island. However, he contracted smallpox and died at a tavern in Huntington in 1779. He was born in 1738 and was married in November, 1762, by the Rev. Chauncey Whittlesey, to Susannah Thomas, daughter of Jehiel and Mary Thomas, of New Haven. His widow survived him by twenty years.

Many other members of the Bontecou family have lived in New Haven, but the family name is now practically extinct, but one member bearing that name liv-

ing, and she is old and infirm, having long ago lost her memory. The men were mostly followers of the sea, and some of the male descendants, but bearing other names, are now in the United States navy.

It is related that at the time of the British invasion Captain Peter's father was still alive, but could not flee to the country, as did his neighbors. Polly Augusta Bontecou remained with him. When the drunken soldiers invaded the house they ripped open all the furniture and tore up the bedding in order to secure hidden valuables. They were much incensed against the old Frenchman, called him a

rebel and threatened to hang him. The women in the house, however, diverted the soldiers' attention by giving them plenty to eat and drink. They forgot about the old Frenchman and turned their attention to Miss Bontecou, who was very handsome and attractive. They made preparations to take her away with them, and would have done so had not her sister sent word to the commanding officers of



THE PARSONAGE OF THE BLUE MEETING-HOUSE.

the invaders, whose headquarters were on the site of the old city market. The officers sent a guard and the ladies were not further molested.

A pathetic incident happened near the beginning of the present century. One of the Captains Bontecou, James by name, was off in the brig *Freeman* on a voyage to the West Indies. As the time when his vessel should return drew near, his wife, who was Joanna Clark, daughter of Samuel and Anna Clark, looked for the boat. One day she pressed her face against the window pane and, peering down the harbor, descried the familiar form of the brig *Freeman*. But she noticed that the vessel carried her flags at half mast. She hastened down to the docks with others, and awaited the landing of the brig, the supposition being that a member of the crew was dead. But what was the sorrow of this poor wife on being told that she was a widow, and on seeing her husband's lifeless body carried from the ship he commanded. He had died of yellow fever on July 12, 1806. These were some of the memorable occasions connected with this old Bontecou house which now has lost whatever air of romance it may once have carried, having degenerated into a commonplace hotel.

On the corner of Fair and Union streets, in the same locality as the Arnold and the Bontecou houses, is the house known as the Admiral Foote place. This was built between 1780 and 1785, the exact date being unknown. It was erected by Captain Hull, the grandfather of Admiral Foote, who was, like Peter Bontecou, a West Indian merchant and ship master. The house has little interest except in connection with Admiral Foote, as it was not a fine example of colonial architecture. On one corner, partly hidden from view by the beer sign that advertises the saloon which now shares with a peanut-vender's stand the occupancy of the house,

is a shield which states that Admiral Foote was born in this house, but it is doubtful if that is true. He was probably born in Cheshire. He did visit the house when a boy and lived there afterward. The house remained in the family for many years. Now it is in the midst of a notorious neighborhood, the Italian quarter. Union street and Fair street have unsavory names.

But the spot in which this house stands has an interest aside from the fact that Admiral Foote lived there. On this site stood in earlier times a noble mansion famed throughout New England, being one of the most sumptuous colonial houses in the country. It was the home of Isaac Allerton, in memory of whom to-day there is a granite tablet erected in the wall of a brick building near by. The house was widely known as the "house of the four porches," having porches on the north, east, south, and west sides of the house. Inside, the house was magnificently furnished for that time. It had fourteen large fireplaces and a large hall running through it. The famous Madame Knight, on her horseback trip from Boston to New York, during the colonial days, was a visitor at this house, and afterwards wrote of it as the finest she had seen between Boston and New York. There are no records as to the final disposition of the house. Whether it was destroyed by fire, or wrecked in a storm or gradually went to pieces is uncertain, and the date of its demolition is not known. There has been and still is great interest in this question and historians of New Haven's colonial houses have not yet abandoned the search for the facts concerning its fate. It is certainly a singular fact that so well known and costly a structure should have disappeared without leaving any trace of its departure behind.

There are two brick houses still standing in New Haven that are of colonial origin. The oldest is at No. 535 State street, just north of Grand avenue. It was built of imported bricks by Jacob Pinto, of Spanish descent. The date was about 1745. It was the first brick house New Haven ever saw. It is said that a shot fired by the British as they were leaving in 1779 passed through the house. The house remained in the Pinto family as late as 1829.

The second brick house built in New Haven was the Rutherford Trowbridge house, at 295 Water street. This was built in 1774, and is still owned by the Trowbridge family. It was saved from destruction during the invasion by Captain Rice, a tory, who was a strong friend of Mr. Trowbridge.

At 83 Grove street stands a house built by James Abraham Hillhouse in 1762 and it is in fine preservation and has the advantage of still being in a good neighborhood, unlike some other fine old colonial houses. Mr. Hillhouse died in this house in 1775 and his widow lived there until her death in 1822. James Hillhouse, their nephew, who was adopted by them, spent the early years of his life there.

A very old house about which little is popularly known, is the parsonage of the "Blue Meeting House," which now stands at 40 Ashmun street. The Separate Society, or White Haven Society, as it was afterward called, erected the building in 1748, on the site of St. Thomas' church on Elm street. It was first occupied by Mr. John Curtiss, who preached for the society. In 1751 it was deeded to the Rev. Samuel Bird, who had been chosen pastor of the Separate Society, and he lived in it until his death in 1784. From 1768, when a dismissal from his charge had been granted him, he carried on a general mercantile business, converting his study into a store. In the invasion in 1779, the house was despoiled by the English. It was held by his descendants until 1849, when it was sold for \$100, and removed to its present location. Whitfield often lodged here on his way between Boston and Philadelphia, and gave encouragement and counsel to the "Tolerated Society" or "New Lights."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

In this the initial number of a new year, the second year in the life of our magazine, we start out with the assurance of a substantial and kindly interest in our undertaking from the many subscriptions received and ever-increasing sales. One year ago we started with an edition of 2,500. A small number, to be sure, but more than any one predicted we would sell. Of this number we issue four times the number first started with, a small number still, but a fair increase for one year in a local field. It shows the interest people feel in matters pertaining to their state, especially in the historical line; a patriotic feeling of local pride they have in seeing their state well represented.

The question has often been asked, "What will you do when you exhaust the material in Connecticut?" We must answer, "We cannot exhaust it." At first glance the question seems plausible enough, but like many another subject, the more it is studied the more it is to be found therein. It is not a question of what to get, but what to select, and what to use first. Verily, "there's the rub." We would like to give all parts of the state first representation, if we could. We cannot, and must therefore ask those that do not come first to have patience. We will get to them soon as we can.

There having been new arrangements made since the last number was issued, the former editor is no longer connected with the magazine. The general policy of the magazine will be continued the same as outlined in the last number. The departments we desire to make of general interest to our readers by having them deal with subjects directly within our province. The fiction and poetry in the magazine we wish to harmonize with the other subject matter and have distinctly a Connecticut flavor.

Owing to the development of the magazine along lines which have been indicated by the tastes of the public, it has been deemed advisable to discontinue the publication of "Scrope." The space we were able to devote to it did not do it justice, and the abundance of new material at hand would of necessity crowd it too much for publication in a periodical coming out but once in three months.

As we have remarked before, our aim is to constantly improve, to get out a better number with each succeeding issue, and to give the people a magazine which will be the best work on Connecticut ever published.

HISTORICAL NOTES.

In this department we shall aim to give interesting extracts from old papers and books, worthy for one reason or another to bring to the attention of our readers.

Well authenticated incidents of general interest, especially if they have never been printed, will be welcomed from our readers.

THE LAST OF OUR REVOLUTIONARY WIDOWS.

Mrs. Patty Richardson died at her home in East Berlin, Tuesday, December 31, 1895. She was born in Connecticut, February 1, 1801. Her second husband, G. M. Richardson of Cambridge, Mass., at the age of sixteen years ran away from his father's home in Cambridge, Mass., and helped throw up the redoubts on Breed's Hill the night before the battle of Bunker Hill.

Mr. Richardson received a pension as a minute man by special act of Congress, and this devolved upon his wife. Mrs. Richardson was twenty-nine and her husband fifty-six years of age when they were married. She was the eldest of the eight widow pensioners of the Revolution, and the last one residing in Connecticut.

CONNECTICUT JOURNALISM IN 1705.

A year is past since the printer of this paper published proposals for reviving the *Connecticut Gazette*. 'Tis needless to mention the reasons why it did not appear sooner. He returns thanks to all those who favored him at that time, and hope they are yet willing to try how far he is able to give them satisfaction. A sample of it is now sent abroad, in order to collect a sufficient number of Subscribers barely to pay the charge of carrying it on. When such a number appears—it shall be printed weekly and delivered to subscribers in town and Country, at the rate of *two-pence*, for each paper, which is *Eight Shillings and Eight Pence*, for one year. And no addition shall be made to the price when the Stamp Act takes effect, if it is then encouraged so as to be afforded at that rate. Subscribers are not desired to engage for any particular time, so that they can stop it when they please.—A special post is appointed to carry it out of the common Post-Roads.—Advertisements shall be printed at a moderate Price, according to their length.—All kinds of Provision, Fire Wood, and other suitable country Produce will be taken as pay, of those who cannot spare money, if delivered at the Printer's Dwelling House, or at any other place which may accidentally suit him. The Printer hereby invites the benevolent of all parties to send him an account of whatever novelties they think may be useful to their countrymen. The shortest hints on such subjects, however written, will be gratefully received and faithfully communicated to the Public if convenient.

Besides the help he hopes to receive from different Correspondents in this colony and elsewhere, the Printer has sent for three sorts of English Magazines, the *Monthly Review* of New Books, and one of the best London News-papers; these together with American Intelligence from Nova Scotia to Georgia, inclusive, and also from Canada, cannot fail to furnish him with a constant stock of momentous materials and fresh advices to fill this *Gazette*.—

BENJAMIN MACOM, at the Post Office,
New Haven.

July 5, 1765.

BEAR IN HARTFORD.

Hartford, September 22, 1766.

There are the greatest number of bears come down among the towns that ever was known; they destroy great quantities of Indian corn, and make great havoc among sheep and swine. Last Tuesday morning a large he bear was discovered in an enclosure opposite the Treasurer's and being pursued, he took to the main street, which he kept till he got to the lane that turns eastward by the south meeting house, (notwithstanding his being pelted from every part of the street, with stones, clubs, etc.), and was followed into the south meadow where he was shot. The number of people that were out of doors, to see so uncommon an animal in the town made it dangerous to fire at him in the street. In the evening he was roasted whole, and a large company supped on him.—*New London Gaz.*—Oct. 10th, 1766. No. 152.

MANSFIELD.

This town was named, it is said, from Major Moses Mansfield of New Haven, who, in the Indian wars, routed a party of Indians somewhere in this region. In consequence of this exploit, he received a grant of a large tract of land, now comprised in the limits of this town. The tradition is, that Major Mansfield received his name, Moses, from the following circumstance: His parents, who resided either in North or East Haven, in crossing the East river in a canoe, were upset, and their infant, whom they were taking across the river in order for baptism, floated away from them. Being well wrapped up in blankets, the infant floated down the stream and lodged among the rushes, where he was taken up, having received no injury. His parents intended to have named him Richard, but from the circumstance of his being taken from the water and the rushes, he was called *Moses*. He was a major of the militia, which was the highest military office in the country; he was also a judge of the county court, and an assistant judge of probate.—*From Barber's Connecticut Historical Collections*—page 551.

AN OLD BIBLE.

There is still extant, in the possession of a Windsor family, a copy of the Geneva edition of the Bible of 1599, comonly known as the "Breeches Bible," because the fig-leaf garment made by our first parents in the Garden of Eden, and which in the King James' Version is called *Apron*, is herein given as breeches. This Bible was brought to New England by Jonathan Gillett, Senr., and afterwards passed into the hands of the Holcomb family, probably through Lois, who was the daughter of Jonathan Holcomb by his second wife, widow Mary Gillett, whom he married June 28, 1721. In the family, this Gillett-Holcomb Bible was familiarly known as the "Bear Bible," because it was once, in the olden days, placed in a window to keep the sash raised, when a bear, endeavoring to effect an entrance, clawed it, leaving the marks of his claws so deep upon the edges of the leaves, that they are still very plainly to be seen.

In this Bible occurs the following manuscript record :

"My Father Gillett came into new-inglan the second time in June the yeare 1634 and Jonathan his sonne was born about half a year after he came to land."

— *Stiles History of Windsor, Vol. 2, page 289.*

NOTE. — Another one of these Bibles was mentioned in our "Notes," of Vol. I, No. 1.

THE WINTER OF 1779-80.

In the very rigorous winter of 1779-80, many deer perished in Harwinton, from inability of getting food. Those which were killed by hunters here, were in so emaciated condition that their value was solely for skins. Since that time no deer have been found here. Snow fell during forty days in succession. It lay four feet deep, even in March, covering fences, and had then become so hard that horses and oxen traveled on its surface. For weeks, at an earlier period, all travel, except by men using snow shoes, had been suspended. At Goshen, snow shoes were that winter in such demand that horses were killed to obtain, from their rawhides, materials for making these indispensable articles.

— *History of Harwinton, page 126.*

WALLINGFORD LAND RECORDS, VOL. 21,
PAGE 320.

"Know all Men by these Presents that I Rachel Johnson of Wallingford in the County of New Haven for Divers Good Causes me thereunto moveing and more Especially Because I Beleive that all Mankind ought to be free do by these Presents manumit my Servant Maid Dolly who is near about Eight years of age that is I Do Amply Franchise her when she shall arrive at Eighteen years of age and make her Absolutely Free from all the Bonds and Obligations that She is under to me as I am the sole owner of said Dolly at this Time According to the Laws of this State and furthermore I do Promise that I nor any in my Name and Stead Shall make any Manner of Claim on the said Dolly after She arrives at the Age of Eighteen years but then all the Obligations is by me Desolved and She become as one Born Free. In Witness hereof I have hereunto Set my hand and Seal this 24 Day of September 1778

RACHEL JOHNSON [SEAL]

STREET HALL

GILES HALL

This manumission is approved by us Selectmen in the Town of Wallingford.

Received to Record November 11. 1778. Entered ys"

CALEB HALL

Clerk

SAMUEL STREET

STEPHEN ANDREWS

LABAN ANDREWS

JAMES HOUGH

} Select-
men

BENEDICT ARNOLD — Wants to buy a number of large, genteel, fat Horses, Pork, Oats and Hay. And has to sell choice Cotton and Salt, by quantity or retail; and other goods as usual.

— *New Haven, January 24, 1766.*

The paper on which this Gazette is printed, was manufactured at Norwich, a proof that this colony can furnish itself with one very considerable article which has heretofore carried thousands of pounds out of it. This should excite every lover of his country to promote as much as possible this laudable undertaking, by saving all their linen rags.

— *New London Gazette, No. 161. Dec. 12, 1766.*

FROM THE SOCIETIES.

We should like to have reports from the patriotic and historical societies of Connecticut for this department so we can represent the State as completely as possible. In future we hope to devote more space to it.

Mrs. Sara T. Kinney, of New Haven, has been elected State Regent of the Connecticut D. A. R., to succeed Miss Susan C. Clarke, whose sad death at Atlanta, on October 20, 1895, is sincerely mourned throughout the State. She was universally respected and loved.

The new Chapter that she organized in Meriden but a few days before her death has adopted her name as the name of their chapter.

THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

The Katherine Gaylord Chapter, D. A. R., of Bristol, are fortunate in being able to claim at least twelve direct descendants from the Pilgrims of the Mayflower, and also one own Daughter of a Revolutionary Soldier, Miss Mary J. Robbins, who has received from the National Society the beautiful souvenir spoon presented to all our daughters. The Chapter has also received lately, as a gift from the Vice-Regent, Mrs. M. L. Peck, a handsome silver-mounted walnut gavel, made from a piece of a tree which is now growing on the site of Forty Fort, near Wilkesbarre, Pa., where the Chapter's heroine, Katherine Gaylord, suffered so much at the time of the Massacre of Wyoming. The grave of Katherine Gaylord has been unmarked in the old Burlington cemetery for nearly fifty years, and the first efforts of the Chapter were directed to raising funds for a monument, which is now in place, bearing this inscription:

Katherine Cole Gaylord
wife of
Lieutenant Aaron Gaylord
1745-1850

In memory of her suffering and heroism at the Massacre of Wyoming, 1778, this stone is erected by her descendants and the members of the Katherine Gaylord Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

CLARA LEE BOWMAN, *Secretary*.
July 3, 1895.

The Connecticut Society, Sons of the American Revolution, will continue for the coming year the series of prizes offered last year for essays by public school pupils on historic subjects. The "Continental Congress," is the topic for high schools, and "Burgoyne's Campaign," for grammar schools.

CONNECTICUT HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The first meeting after the summer recess was held on the first of October, 1895. A paper written by Major Asa Bird Gardner on the expedition to Havana, 1762, in which so many Connecticut troops perished, was read by Mr. Joseph G. Woodward.

At the November meeting a paper was read by Hon. Orville H. Platt on the encounter in Congress between Matthew Lyon of Vermont and Roger Griswold of Connecticut, which was both amusing and instructive. A stone pipe once belonging to the Indian chief Philip, and now the property of Mr. A. C. Anderson of St. Paul, was exhibited by Ralph W. Cutler.

Mr. Lemuel Welles of New Haven read a paper at the December meeting on the causes which led to the constitutional convention of 1818. Much of the material for the paper was gathered by Mr. Welles from manuscript sources, and it showed a thorough study of the subject.

At each meeting several new members were admitted to the Society. The Society's library continues to be the popular place for genealogical study that it has long been, and is visited almost daily by people from out of town. A number of new genealogies and local histories have been recently placed upon the shelves.

A. C. BATES, *Secy.*

GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

"There is a *Moral and Philosophical* respect for our Ancestors which elevates the character and improves the heart." — *Webster*.

Those having queries they desire to have answered are advised to send them to us; it may be the means of settling many doubtful and unknown points. Every querist is requested to enclose with queries ten cents in postage for replies and enquiries. All queries and notes for this department should be sent henceforth to Wm. A. E. Thomas, Trinity College, Hartford, Conn. Owing to some changes since the last number was issued, the plan (proposed in the October number) of bringing down the history of the leading local families from their first settlement in the State to Revolutionary times, will not be carried out at present. It is earnestly requested that our readers co-operate with us in answering queries.

1. *Pierson*.—Sergt. Abraham Pierson (of Stephen) of Derby, Conn., d. May 1, 1758, æt. 77. Who was his wife?
2. *Blakesley*.—Deborah Blakesley, b. Mar. 15, 1713, at New Haven, Conn. She was daughter of John Blakesley, and granddaughter of John and Grace (Ventrus) Blakesley. What was the name of her mother?
3. *Roberts*.—Jonathan Roberts of East Haven, Conn., had daughters: Mary, Rebecca, and Thankful, b. 1730; and son Jonathan, b. 1733. What was his wife's name and who were his parents?
4. *French*.—Francis French of Derby, Conn., m., 1661, Lydia Bunnell. Who were her parents? C. A.
1. *Merwin*.—Deborah Merwin, m. January, 1717, Eliasaph Preston of Wallingford, Conn. Who were her parents?
2. *Mathews*.—Sergt. Caleb Mathews of New Haven, Conn., m. Elizabeth Hotchkiss. They moved to Wallingford, Conn., Cheshire parish. Who were his ancestors?
3. *Hopkins*.—John Hopkins of Waterbury, Conn., m. Hannah ———. He was son of Stephen and Dorcas (Bronson) Hopkins, and grandson of John and Jane Hopkins of Hartford, Conn. I desire to learn the full name and parentage of Hannah and Jane.
4. *Warner*.—John Warner, Jr. (of John), was a freeman at Farmington, Conn., 1669; lived in Waterbury in 1703; d. in Farmington, 1706. The name and parentage of his wife is desired. J. S.
1. *Wyatt*.—Hannah Wyatt, b. 1760 [prob. dau. of — and Temperance (—) Wyatt, b. 1736]; settled at Ballston, Saratoga Co., N. Y., m. 1782, Hiel Savage, b. 1759, in Middletown; moved in 1763-4 with his father, Ebenezer, to Lanesborough, Mass. The ancestry, names, and parents of Hannah Wyatt are desired. V. F. S.
1. *Skinner-Bill*.—Richard Skinner of Bolton, and wife Mary, had Richard, b. 1730; Jerusha, b. 1733; Elias, b. 1736; Martha, b. Nov. 7, 1738. Jonathan Skinner, also of Bolton, wife Joannah, had children b. at same period as those above. Martha Skinner m., 1763, at Lebanon, by a Bolton minister, to Oliver Bill, 1737. Desired the names of the parents and gr.-parents of Richard Skinner. Was Martha, b. 1738, the one who m., 1763, Oliver Bill? Dr. Earl Bill (of Oliver), b., 1770, in Lebanon; m. Sarah, dau. of "Lt. Jackson." Who was this "Lt." Jackson? E. P.
1. *Fountain*.—Aaron Fountain (of Aaron and Hannah) m., about 1721, Elizabeth. Her maiden name is desired.
2. *Perry*.—Elisha Perry, son of Elisha (John) and Ann (Saunders) Perry, m. Mrs. Hannah Sherwood (née Fountain) before Feb. 12, 1762, and had 1, Milla; 2, Chloe, m. (?) Zalmom Benedict; 3, John; 4, Ruhamah or Amy, m. 1st, ———; m. 2d, Obadiah son of Isaac Chase; 5, Ann, m. Lieut. James Lockwood. Whom did Milla and John marry? Who was the first husband of Ruhamah?
3. *Chase*.—Isaac Chase, m. Thankful Maker, and had Isaac, b. Oct. 20, 1750. This family lived either in Northwestern Fairfield or Southwestern Litchfield, Conn. Whom did Isaac, Jr., marry?
4. *Perry*.—John Perry, son of Ezra and Elizabeth Perry, m., about 1682, Elizabeth. Her maiden name is desired. Their children were John, Joanna, Timothy, Experience, Ezra, Arthur, Elijah, Jacob, and Elisha.
5. *Saunders*.—Anna Saunders, m. Sept. 20, 1725, Elisha, son of John and Elizabeth Perry. Was she the dau. of Thomas and Deborah Sanders, m., Jan. 6, 1695, Sarah Freeman. Their issue is desired.

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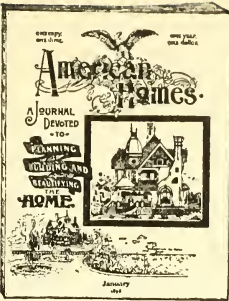
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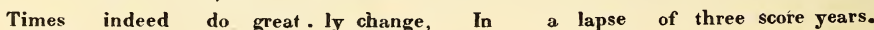
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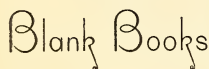
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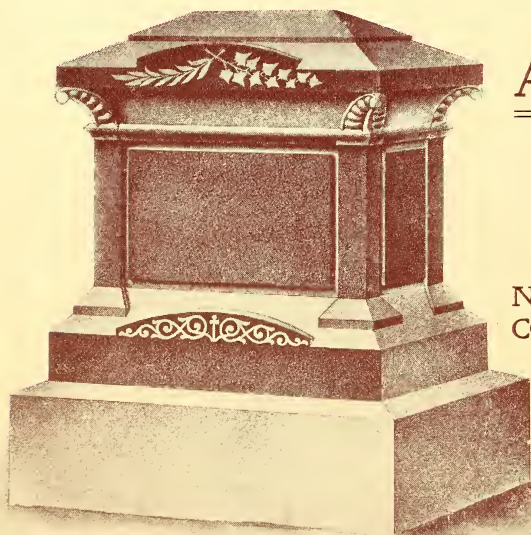
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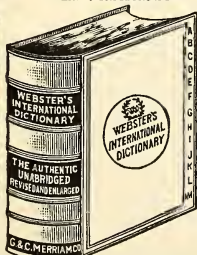
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SECOND QUARTER.

Vol. II.

April, May, June, 1896.

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The town is bounded north by Massachusetts; west by the fair stream above mentioned; east by Norfolk; and south by Cornwall.

The township was sold at auction, in New London, January, 1738, and in May, 1740, the first settler arrived.

The name of this pioneer was Samuel Bryant. He came with an ox-team from Stamford, Ct., with John Franklin as teamster. Mr. Bryant had six sons; his seventh child, also a son, was the first white child born in this town. In June of the same year Daniel and Isaac Lawrence, with their families, came to spy out the land; they were soon followed by the Hewitts, and from that time the settlement of the town went on rapidly. In 1741 a church was formed in what is now South Canaan, and consisted of four persons,—Jacob Bacon and wife, Isaac Lawrence and wife.

The turnpike between Boston and the Hudson passed through part of the town, so that portion of it soon became a center of various industries. One of the first, perhaps the first, nice house built was erected by Captain Isaac Lawrence in 1751; and it stands to-day, to all appearances as solidly as ever; it has been remodeled, and rejuvenated; but the old frame still carries the modernized superstructure, as proudly as when the workmen laid down their tools, more than a hundred and forty years ago.

The old well-scoop is still in use, if one prefers a draught from "the old oaken bucket," to one drawn from a modern faucet, equipped with the latest thing out in filters. For many years this house was used as a "Tavern," where the stages stopped,



EAST CANAAN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

the town,—namely, 1741. . . . Then follows the age and death of the patriarch (at over 90) It would seem as if they were buried there; and many people take that idea. It is odd to put a family record on a spot where it is sure to be trampled under foot."

When the disagreement came, between the mother country and her robust child—who could no longer be kept in swaddling bands—Canaan promptly responded, sending into the field many of her sons.

It must have been a stirring time, as troops were marched through the town; sometimes their own soldiers; at others mercenaries; and it is most interesting to follow, so far as we can, the footsteps of a few of our revolutionary heroes. To the northwest of the town there stands an old house, where lived and died the man for whom it was built,—Jonathan Gillette.

as they passed through Canaan, towards Hartford, Poughkeepsie, and Albany.

Over the great front door still hangs the iron lantern frame, from which "the light of other days" used to shine, guiding the weary travelers to this welcome hostelry. Under this same door lies the broad stone doorstep, on which we can read the name of Captain Isaac Lawrence, his wife, and their eleven children,—seven sons and four daughters.

The taste for large families seems to have been handed down, among other good things, in this particular line, as in 1850 we find there were more than 600 descendants of this father in Israel. In Hawthorn's notes, 1838, we find these words: "At Canaan Conn., before the tavern, there is a doorstep two or three paces large in each of its dimensions; and on this is inscribed the date when the builder of the house came to



THE JONATHAN GILLETTE HOUSE.

His father also, Jonathan Gillette, was already in the army, as captain of marines on an American man-of-war; dying in the service. The son enlisted, when but eighteen years of age, as a drummer boy, and was marched with his company towards New York. At Horseneck, near Greenwich, they were taken prisoners, and brought on to New York, where they were confined in the old



THE OLD DOUGLASS PLACE.

sugar-house; here he was kept for ten months. Gillette and three comrades, who enlisted with him, fared better than many of the prisoners, as he made himself



THE BROMFOX.

known to a Mr. Hutton, a warm friend of his father; who saw that they had food, and through whose good offices Gillette was eventually exchanged for an English soldier.

It seems that Jonathan Gillette senior, and this Mr. Hutton were Masons; and the grip of those sons of the square and compass proved a blessing to the boy, as it has to many another before, and since. After Gillette's release, he again enlisted; faring better, and serving till his company was disbanded.

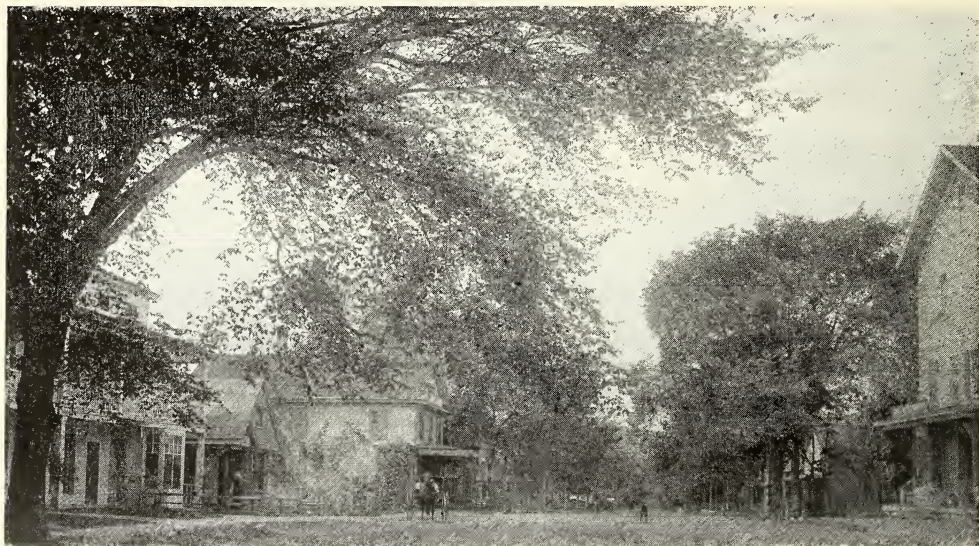
Years afterwards, the old sugar-house was taken down,



WOOD ROAD ON TOM'S MOUNTAIN.

and a patriotic gentleman looked up the surviving prisoners ; there were only ten living, and to each of them he sent a cane, with an ivory head, on which was engraved his name.

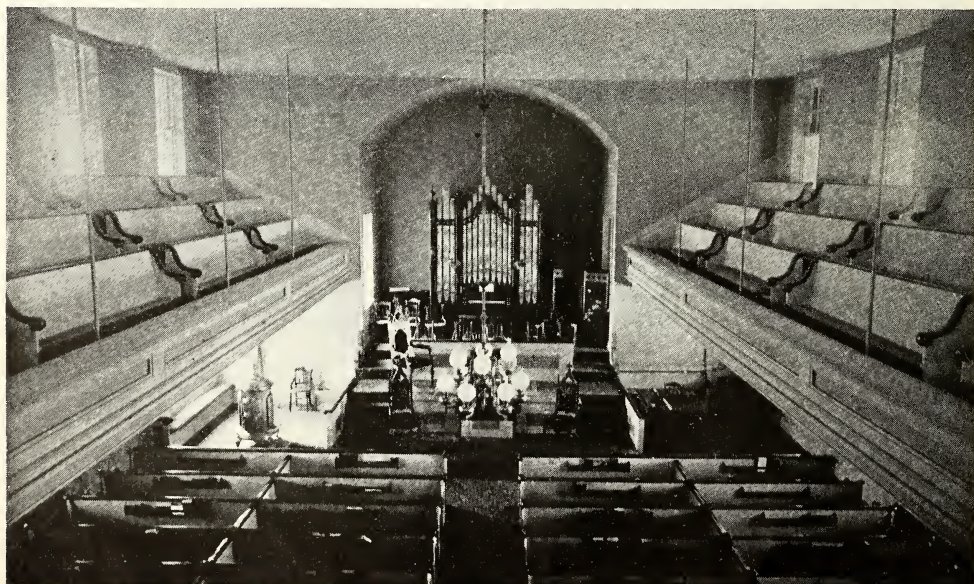
Those sticks were made from one of the beams of the old prison. The cane



MAIN STREET.

given to Jonathan Gillette is now in the possession of Mr. Henry Gillette of Hartford. The name of the donor was not known.

Some distance south of the "Gillette House" stands another landmark,—the "Old Douglass Place."



INTERIOR OF EAST CANAAN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Here a company of Hessian soldiery were housed for some days, as they were marching from Boston to New York.

They were prisoners; and the huge fireplace is still in use, round which they sat, and in which they cooked their rations. The story is that some of them tried to es-



STREET VIEW.

cape, were recaptured, and confined in the cellar.

There — so goes the tale — used to be seen in the stone walls staples to which the malcontents were fastened.

It may be that this last item is but legendary; no matter, Hessians and drummer boys are not the only links that bind the good old town of Canaan to the historic past.

From here also went to the front Nathaniel Stevens. He, with four brothers and a brother-in-law, Samuel McClary, were all soldiers during the revolution. McClary was a member of Sheldon's "Light-Brigade," which constituted General Washington's body-guard. McClary was mustered in at Boston, remaining there till it was evacuated. From there he went to Long Island with Washington, where they were defeated; and was one of those who accompanied the



SOUTH CANAAN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

chief when he crossed the East River at midnight.

He was next at West Chester, N. Y., and was one of the guards over the ill-fated Major Andrè, whose execution he witnessed. From there he went with Wayne to take Stony Point, and was again in Washington's command when he crossed the Delaware on Christmas night. McClary says, "After we



CHRIST CHURCH. — EPISCOPAL.



INTERIOR CHRIST CHURCH.



ON MAIN STREET.

vens, who entered the service May, 1775, and the next year served as commissary under the immediate command of General George Clinton.

In 1777 he was with General Putnam, and in 1780 was raised to the position of Deputy Commissary under General Washington. This responsible position he held until the dissolution of the commissary department in 1782. Colonel Stewart was commissary-general; and in his letter to Mr. Stevens,

crossed the river I rode near General Washington; he was quite silent, and very grave."

McClary was in the battles of Trenton, Princeton, and Valley Forge. Was present at the surrender of Cornwallis, and with General Washington through the entire war; being discharged at Newburgh 1783.

We must now return to Nathaniel Ste-



THE NATHANIEL STEVENS PLACE.

giving him the place of deputy, he says:

"I received yours of March 20th endorsing General Howe's, General Clinton's, General Schuyler's, and Mr. Fitch's letters; these weighty testimonials as to your fitness to serve the public are to me entirely satisfactory." Retiring from honorable service, Captain Stevens built the house now standing, in fine repair, in East Canaan. It is one of our most attractive places, and stands to-day as a memorial of a bygone generation of patriots; also a witness to the thrift and sagacity of Captain Stevens' descendants, who honor themselves by honoring the memory of those who loved and served their country.



UNION RAILROAD STATION.



METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

On this same road, "East Canaan Street," stands another old time home, where Captain Edmund Dunning spent a long life. When but a boy of sixteen Dunning enlisted, and was soon afterwards detailed as assistant to General Washington's cook. Here he remained some time, and in after years delighted his family and neighbors with many anecdotes and personal recollections of those stirring times, and of Washington himself.

Whether he served in the army and was wounded is not remembered, but he was one of those who received a pension.

After the close of hostilities he was sent a commission as captain of the militia; it is signed by Connecticut's first Governor, Jonathan Trumbull, and bears date 1803.

Coming down this pleasant street, and following the windings of Canaan's picturesque stream, known to us as the "Blackberry," to the Indians as the "Bromfoxit," we pass a house where the great-granddaughter of Captain Gershom Hewitt lives.

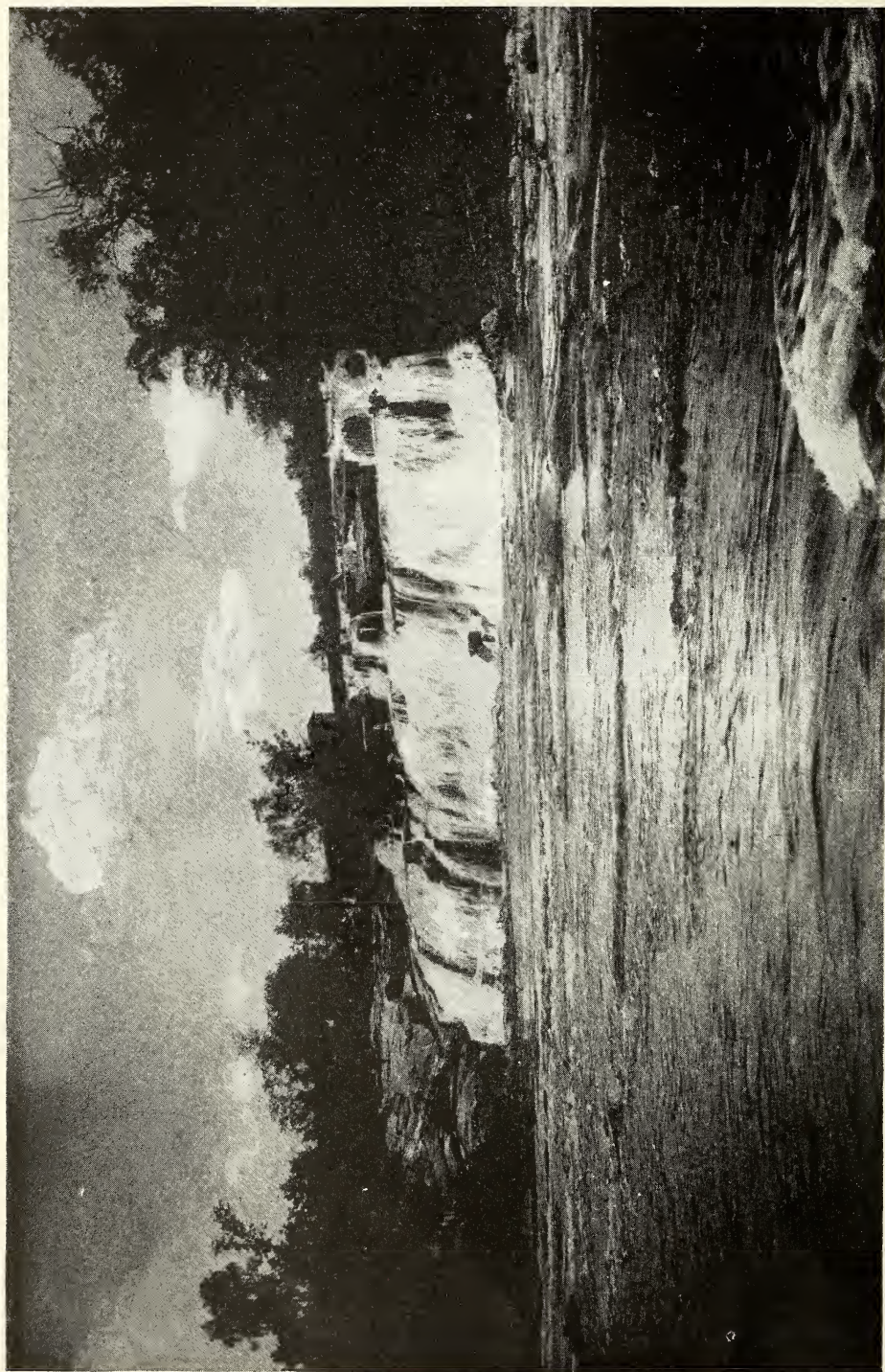
This Captain Hewitt served under Colonel Ethan Allen, when Fort

Ticonderoga was surprised and taken, May 19, 1775.

Before the assault Hewitt entered the fort, as a spy.

He was dressed, and behaved like a simple countryman, looking for an aunt from "Vermount."

CANAAN.



CANAAN FALLS.
(In the Housatonic at Falls Village, South Canaan.)

His part was played so well that no suspicion was aroused. He was allowed to enter, and wander about at will ; the soldiers even entertaining him, they were so amused by his simplicity.

He pretended never to have seen a cannon ; asking what those long iron things with holes in the end were for. After getting all the information he could, he wandered out, in further quest for the missing "Aunt."

After the fort was taken the captain of the guard told Hewitt, that had he had the least idea who he was the day he entered the fort, he would have killed him.

Captain Hewitt used to tell the story of the surrender of Ticonderoga with great animation ; and when he came to the place where Colonel Allen was asked by the British commander by what authority he demanded their surrender, and gave the fine reply : "In the name of the Great Jehovah, and the Continental Congress" — the old man would rise up, stamping his foot in excitement, while his voice rang out like a battle cry.



THE EDMUND DUNNING PLACE.

A brother of this Gershom Hewitt served as a private, and was killed in the massacre of Wyoming. In camp, field, and kitchen, as officers, and in the ranks, Canaan has had her full share of brave sons, who counted not their lives dear when

the country they loved called them to fight her battles ; dying if need be in her defense.



PILGRIM CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Doubtless there are other names deserving a place on the roll of honor ; but even to mention them all is quite impossible ; we can but pick a flower here and there, when the field is starred with blossoms.

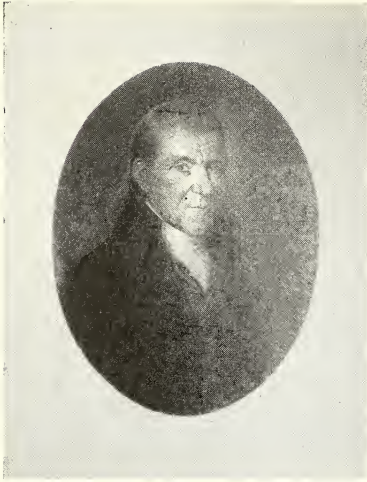
Canaan was a place of many industries, in the long

ago ; let us bring some of those who were in the fore-front as business leaders into our lives again, for a few brief moments.

No doubt there are those still living who will remember "Ishams Woolen Factory," in East Canaan, where a superior quality of goods was made.

Besides this there was a cotton mill and puddling works, all of them doing a good business ; though they were not obliged to resort to the various tricks of trade in vogue and on the increase to-day, forced in the hot-bed of competition.

Still following the windings of the bonny Bromfoxit, we come to one of the most interesting centers of activity in the town. Here was, for long years, a "slitting mill," in which "nail rods" were slit from bars of iron, and from which "wrought" nails were hammered.



SQUIRE FORBES.

The man who built and owned the slitting mill was Samuel Forbes; known far and near, for many years before his death, as "Squire Forbes;" a man of much enterprise, great business capacity and energy, also a man of sterling honesty and uprightness. When the slitting mill was built, there were but two others in the country: one near Boston, the other in Maryland.

The production of nail rods, in Canaan, brought much business into the place; men coming from all the "region round about" to purchase bundles of the rods.

In the old State prison of Newgate, hammering nails was one of the employments of the inmates, who were obliged, no doubt sorely against their will, to combine usefulness with punishment, so that even in those far-away days Canaan was doing her part to vary the monotony

of those who were retired from public life for longer or shorter periods.

Samuel Forbes was the pioneer iron-worker of this part of the state; discovering and operating the mine in Salisbury (our neighbor), which bears the name of the "Forbes ore-bed" to this day. In Lakeville, two miles from Salisbury, he had a forge, where many cannon were cast during the revolutionary war, varying in size from four to forty-five pounders. In Canaan he had a forge and anchor works; and it is tradition that part of the chain which was stretched across the Hudson, to prevent the ships of the enemy from ascending the river, was forged in Canaan by Squire Forbes. Many are the stories told about this



THE SQUIRE FORBES HOUSE.

busy worker of the past.

It is handed down in the family, that Benedict Arnold, passing through Canaan, at the head of some troops, and being weak from a recent wound, rested for a few days under the Squire's hospitable roof, rejoining his command later.

The house was on the turnpike, and a conspicuous place; it is wreathed in tradition and made interesting by story; but we are almost afraid



ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH.—ROMAN CATHOLIC.

to put on paper all the nice things that have been handed down as household treasures to the later generations, lest some genius for dates and statistics should arise, blowing aside the mists in which some of our legends may have taken form, and rudely depriving us of our inheritance of romance.



A FARM-YARD SCENE.

One man, very famous afterwards, was interested with Squire Forbes in the Salisbury ore-beds; and was also for a time his book-keeper.

This man was Ethan Allen, a native of Connecticut, destined to play so fine a part in the war of the revolution. It is sixty-eight years since Samuel Forbes slept with his fathers. And there are still three persons here who remember him distinctly.

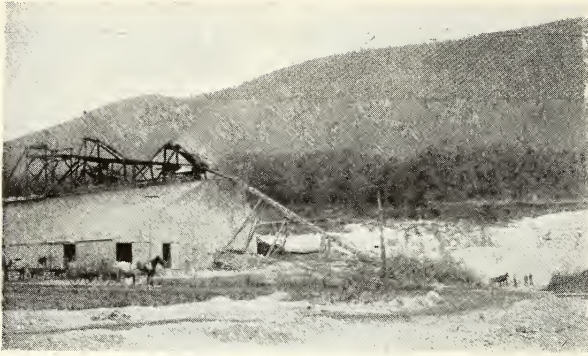
"Time would fail me to speak of Gideon, and of Barak, and of Samson; of David also:" so we must turn from the past, laying our little memorial wreaths on the graves of those who are gone but not forgotten, though they have passed over to the majority, giving place to others, who are carrying on the interests of our busy town. In the war



A LIME QUARRY.

of the rebellion Canaan responded nobly, giving freely to the country her bravest and best. Among the long list of honored dead, we name but two. Colonel David L. Cowles, who fell at Port Hudson.

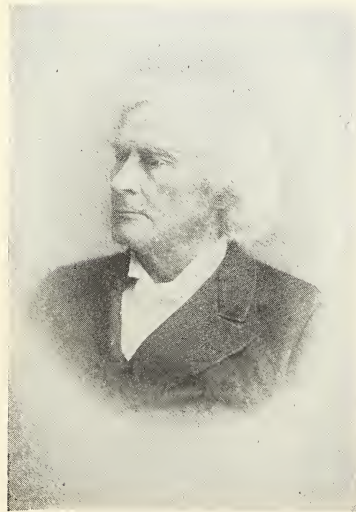
This gallant soldier sent his dying message to those he loved: "Tell my mother, I died with my face to the enemy; Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." So passed from earth "a true patriot, a loving son, a brave officer, and a sincere Chris-



CANAAN LIME CO.'S KILN.

Church at East Canaan, marrying for the second time in the town, and spending the last years of a busy life, as a resident, he can never be forgotten. It is a little more than two years since Dr. Eddy left us, answering to his name in the last great roll call.

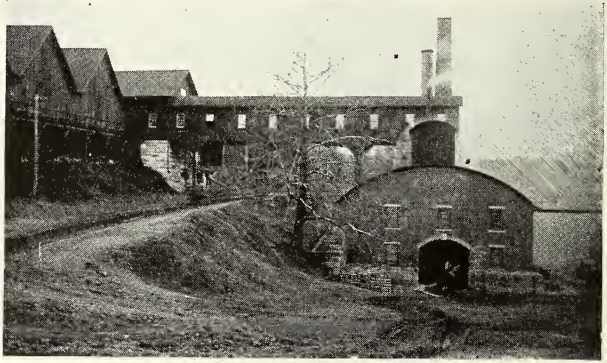
Chaplain of the Second Connecticut Volunteers, he was taken prisoner after the first battle of Bull Run. Carried South, he was taken from place to place, till he had been an inmate, for longer or shorter periods, of *five* Confederate prisons. After twelve months of confinement he was most unexpectedly released. Worn and haggard though he was on his return, his magnificent physique gradually regained its wonted strength. Those who were privileged to know him to the last felt, that even though the four score years were reached, "His sun had gone down while it was yet noon;" for "His eye was not dim, nor his natural strength abated."



REV. HIRAM EDDY.

tion." The David L. Cowles Post of the G. A. R. in this town is a memorial to him, and the other brave men who answered their country's call. "Lord, keep their memories green."

Although the Rev. Hiram Eddy, D.D., was not a native of this town, he has been identified with us for so many years, that we must claim him as our own. For some years pastor of the Congregational



BARNUM-RICHARDSON CO.'S IRON FURNACE.

To-day, the chief industries of Canaan are iron and lime.

The Barnum-Richardson Company have three furnaces; and when all are in blast, the output is about 40 tons per day.

It is charcoal iron, and as the Salisbury ore is used, in part, the product is of very superior quality. One of the furnace buildings is seen in the illustration.

The lime business is carried on, at the present time, by five companies; of which Charles Barnes' Sons is the oldest.

This firm has been in existence since 1840, and is well known in the state for the excellent quality of its lime. One of the recent companies

has an oil-kiln; and they each produce an article of fine quality; proved by the ready market which they all find.

It would seem that in this way, at least, Canaan does her part in cementing



A PASTURE SCENE.

the homes and hearthstones of her sons and daughters; and yet with humiliation, we see that her divorce court still has a full calendar.

Connecticut is justly proud of her beautiful capitol at Hartford, and Canaan does not forget that the marble with which it is built came from one of her inexhaustible quarries.

The Bromfoxit or Blackberry river offers a fine water power; not to be despised even in these days of steam; and there are major and minor opportunities for the right man in the right place to make his mark. But should he be a misfit—"the round man, in the square hole"—even Canaan is powerless to aid. Lying on the junction of the Berkshire division of the



SQUIRE FORBES TOMBSTONE.

(The square block like a table.)

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad and the New England division of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad, the facilities for going and coming are excellent.

Our scenery is fine, the drives beautiful, as Mother Nature has been generous to Northern Connecticut. Canaan mountain, called by the Indians, Wangum, a

spur of the Green mountains, is interesting for the variety of its outline, and the beautiful sheet of water—Lake Wangum—lying on one of its summits.

We have four churches ; so there is no lack of variety in the theological feasts spread before all comers ; while the clerical exponents of the various creeds are living demonstrations of obedience to the divine command, "Let brotherly love continue." What an anomaly it would be, should the "land flowing with milk and honey" be the abiding place of fanaticism and religious discord.

Although the towns about us are supporting good boarding and day schools, Canaan steps to the front again, in wholesome competition.

We have an excellent high school ; while the Canaan Academy for boys offers a home where parents can place their sons, finding the advantages of education are combined with other essentials for the proper development of mental and physical growth.

Another good gift from Dame Nature to our town is her water supply. The chemist of the State Board of Health last year made an analysis of some Canaan water, and the result was exceedingly pleasant reading to water-drinkers.

Our "Douglas Library," containing about three thousand volumes, would be a blessing to any town, and is appreciated by us and our neighbors ; especially since it has been so nicely housed in a building, all its own, provided by the generosity of one of our citizens. It is now free ; has a fund by which it is increased from year to year, so that there is no lack of mental food for those who are blessed with that kind of an appetite.

The writer of this paper is not a native of Canaan, so ought not to be accused of undue partiality, or of trying to produce on paper the Garden of Eden ; but if any one in quest of that favored spot will visit us, we hope they will feel constrained to exclaim, like the Queen of Sheba, as she saw the glory of Solomon's Court, "The half has not been told me."



THE OLD BROWN MILL.

BY LOUIS E. THAYER.

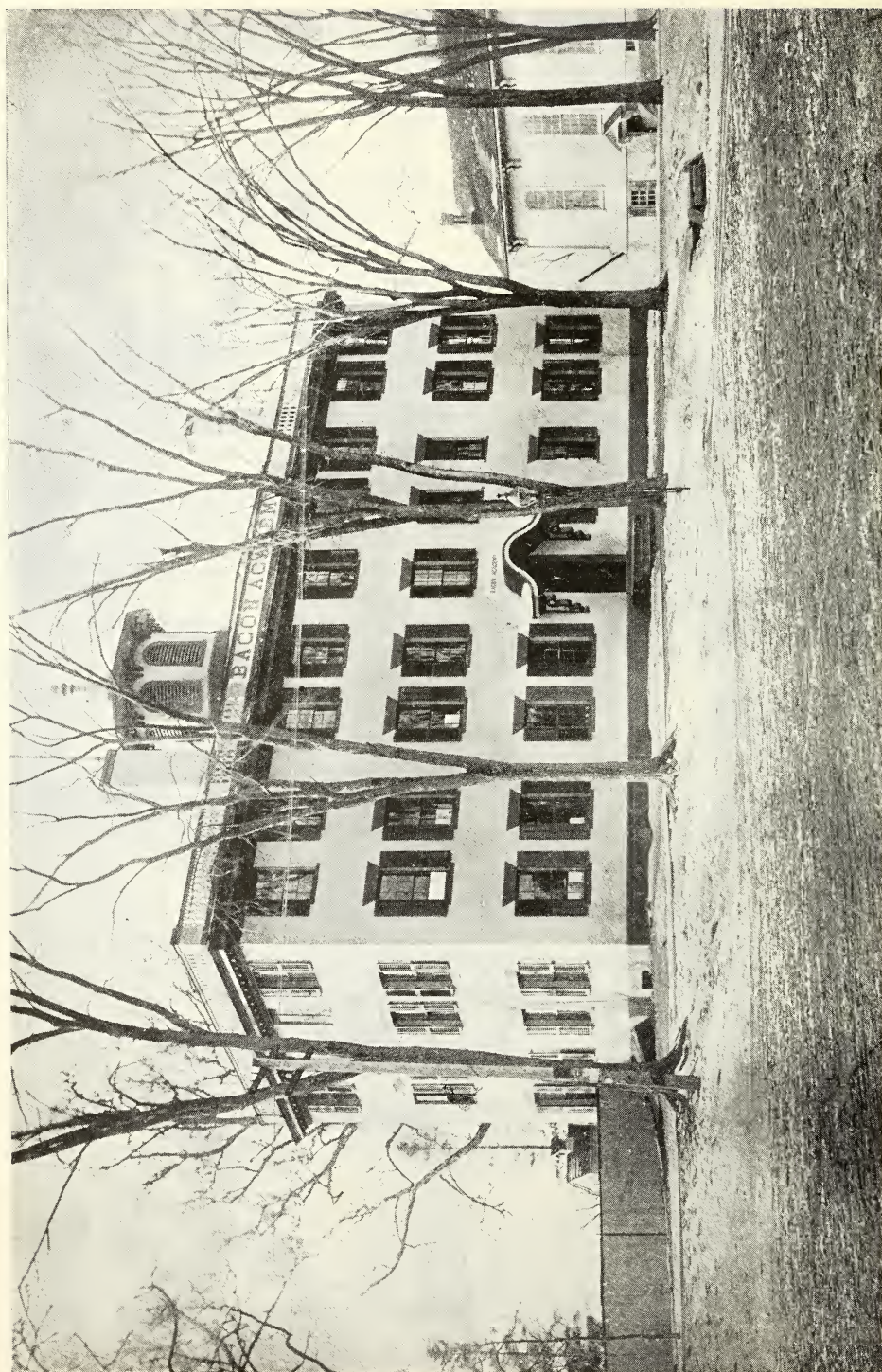


Of my boyhood scenes there is one alone,
Which about my life has ever thrown
A light that has cheered me in my care,
And driven away all dark despair.

As a vision it comes, in these after days,
When I feebly peer through time's black haze,
As a vision that shows me a sloping hill
Where stands, as of yore, the old brown mill.

Once more I stand by the old brown mill,
But the scene is changed and all is still:
The wheel no more at its toil goes 'round,
And the mill in a shroud of ice is bound.

How often 'tis so. The scenes that cheer
Our childhood change with each newborn year,
And the joyous paths of long ago,
We find are hidden 'neath ice and snow.



BACON ACADEMY.

BACON ACADEMY.

ITS FOUNDER — AND SOME ACCOUNT OF ITS SERVICE.

BY ISRAEL FOOTE LOOMIS.

“ Patron and Founder, grateful thought doth turn reverently to thee . . .
What throngs have drank the waters of the spring
That thou didst open here !

We see them come
Back through the mists of time.

Where now is sport,
They played, with merry shout, and flying ball,
And trundled hoop, or o’er the frozen flood
Glided with steel armed feet.

As these now bend
O’er Livy’s lore, or Homer’s glowing page,
Or the long task of figures, without end,—
They bent, perchance to hide vexation’s tear.—
They rose to men.

Some from the pulpit spake
The holy word of warning; some essayed,
Of Jurisprudence the unmeasured toil,—
Some, tending at the couch of wan disease,
Parried the spoiler’s shaft. To giddy youth,
Some from the teacher’s chair, wise precepts dealt.
Some, ’mid the statesman’s perils rode to fame,
And others tested in the marts of trade,
The value of the wisdom gathered here,
All were thy debtors.

Sure these classic walls
Should ne’er forget thee; but, with honor, grave
Thy name upon their tablets,— for the eye
Of all posterity.”

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

Chateaubriand, the French savant, makes this statement, “After planting a colony,—the English first build an inn,—the Germans build a beer hall,—the Spaniards build a chapel,—but the Americans build a schoolhouse.”

Whether the statement of the learned Frenchman be true or not, taken *in toto*, we would not call in question our part of his compliment, taken *seriatim*.

Like all the other towns which were planted in the early settlement of Connecticut, the proprietors and freemen of the ancient town of Colchester, after first “building a ‘meeting-hows’ for the worship of God”—made in their best way provision for the education of their children and the rising generation. They counted it “a barbarisme,” “not to be able perfectly to read the English tongue,” and to “know the capital laws and be grounded in the rules of religion.”

So, with an earnestness which looks noble to us of to-day, they did provide for education, sometimes jointly by the town and by parent,—then again considering

"what way may be best to have a school free for all"—now asking a load of wood,—or a few shillings from each pupil—now "appointing committees to build a 'School-hows'"—and appropriating money for such a building "near the church" and cheerfully "taxing themselves to pay the 'salary,'" so small it seems to us, to Nathaniel Foote and Nathaniel Loomis, teachers, who

" In their noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
As village masters, taught their little school."

They did not stop here, but made it the duty of the selectmen to see that children and apprentices should receive proper education and be "fitted for some lawful employment, and not become rude and stubborn."

They also provided that the selectmen should "see that children and servants should be catechised once a week, usually on Saturday afternoon," "in the grounds



HOUSE OF PIERPOINT BACON, 1896.

and principles of religion," so as to be able to answer the questions in "the catechism to their parents or masters, or superiors—or to any selectman." [How saintly (?) some modern selectmen would look discharging this last duty! Catechising a brace of boys in divinity!—and catching the response!]

Thus they lived till near the commencement of this century, and in this time there came to "the new plantation at Jeremy's Farm,"* sometimes called "twenty-mile river," and "Jeremy's river,"—new settlers from Weathersfield, Brainford, Glassenbury, Windsor, Hartford, and New London, mostly pious, intelligent, thrifty farmers.

From the last-named place came Pierpoint Bacon. Though having the name and blood of a most honorable family, which has given to the professions of law,

* This place was so named from Jeremiah Adams of Hartford, then known as "Jeremy" Adams. He had a tavern on Main street nearly opposite the Center Church, and owned a farm. It would appear from the records that the "steady habits" of some of the deputies to "the general court" from the country towns were sometimes broken by the contents of his decanters. At a town meeting held in Wethersfield March 11, 1662, it was voted "That the deputies of Wethersfield shall do what lyeth in their power to procure a license to some *honest man* in Hartford to keep a victualing house, besides Jeremiah Adams, that thereby strangers might have good entertainment at 'court times,' and at other public meetings." [Wethersfield Records.]

theology, and medicine, some of the most profound thinkers and leaders in America and England, yet he, it appears from what can now be gleaned about his life and preferences, seems to have belonged to that most worthy rank of good citizens who, "born to the great inheritance of labor," walk along the paths of life doing well every private or public duty, always behaving as if they knew that the eye of God was upon them. It is to such men that communities and states are largely indebted for healthy moral progress and stability.

He bought a good-sized farm in the town some three miles south of the church in Colchester, and there pursued the business of his life, a thrifty, frugal farmer.

Could one turn back the wheels of time, and see him as he went to the house of worship, we should see him, not in the "first seat in dignity," which was occupied by those of "age" and "dignity of descent," nor yet among those who occupied "places of public trust," but in among those of "pious disposition and behavior" and "estate."

An old townsman who knew him, and who is now dead, describes his appearance as follows: "He was a small man in stature, with keen, black eyes, and a very dark, swarthy complexion."

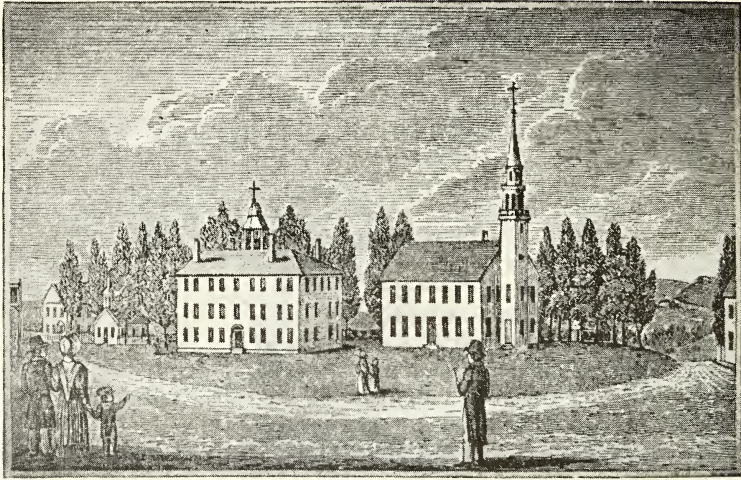
In carrying on his business, like many others in the towns of this commonwealth at that date, Mr. Bacon owned and worked negro slaves,* for this was before the agitation of the question of "the crime of buying and selling human flesh" had been begun and presented to the public conscience of the people of Connecticut.

A story is told of a bit of pleasantry indulged in by a neighbor at Mr. Bacon's expense, which was related by the same man who described Mr. Bacon's appearance. He had hired this neighbor to work with him and his slaves in the field. His neighbor wore a "bleached tow frock," but Mr. Bacon and his farm hands had plain, "unbleached frocks." While they were busy, a man from Norwich came to the field to see Mr. Bacon about buying a slave, and, being unacquainted with Mr. Bacon, went up to the man who had on the bleached frock and made known his errand. The neighbor, seeing a chance for some sport, pointed to Mr. Bacon, who was some distance away, and said, "There is a nigger that might suit you." Whereupon the would-be purchaser went to Mr. Bacon, who had all the time kept at work, and, touching him on the shoulder, said, "Sambo, will you be my slave?" In the scene which followed Mr. Bacon gave vent to his feelings, and the dilemma of the visitor can easily be imagined. The story was told on Mr. Bacon for years afterward in Colchester.

It was his practice to market all the products of his farm in New London, and, during his whole life in Colchester, as often as need required, he went there, taking his own dinner and some for his team, returning often very late at night (for it was some eighteen miles distant), to save any expense, that he might thus accumulate the means to carry out his purpose to found the academy which now bears his name over the door, through which so many have gone out to win great reputations and high places in the varied walks of life. There is no portrait of Mr. Bacon. He did not invest in pictures, but the house in which he lived and died is still standing, though quite dilapidated and unoccupied. A cut accompanying, taken from a photograph of recent date, shows his last abode. There is, however, in the picture of the academy as it now appears, a limning of his good intentions toward all who have lived in the town of his adoption since his day, and another cut, taken from

* In his will he made careful provision in the case of each one of his slaves, especially for those males who were not 21 and females who were not 18.

Barber's "Historical Collections," shows the academy as it appeared at the time of its completion, 1803.



THE ACADEMY, CHURCH, AND NEGRO SCHOOL, IN 1803.

(From Barber's History.)

From the "Historical Collections" we take the following: "In the first located society of Colchester there is a pleasant village of perhaps forty or fifty houses, having an elevated and healthful situation. The accompanying engraving shows the Congregational Church and Bacon Academy, situated on the western side of the open green in the center of the village. The small one-story building seen on the left is the conference house for holding religious meetings. The school for colored children is seen on the right under the trees. . . . Bacon Academy is so called from Pierpont Bacon, its founder. It was established in 1800, and possesses an endowment of \$35,000. . . . It is a free school for the inhabitants of the society, and is open for scholars from abroad on very accommodating terms. . . . There are usually about 200 scholars with four or five instructors. . . . This institution has ever been considered one of the most respectable and flourishing in the state."

Mr. Bacon, as he grew older, had by dint of hard work and economy gained a large fortune for those days, and added to his estate by purchase until he was the largest landholder in the first society of Colchester, owning four large farms. These, with his personal property, he devised and bequeathed, as the following extract from his will shows: "Item, my Will is, and I do give all the remainder of my estate, both real, personal, and mixed of every kind that I now have either in possession, reversion or remainder, and all that I shall die seized of. All this I give to the Inhabitants of the First Society in Colchester for the purpose of supporting and maintaining a school in said First Society at such place as the Inhabitants of said First Society shall agree upon near the Meeting House in said Society, a School for the instruction of Youth in Reading, and writing English, in Arithmetic, Mathematicks, and the Languages, or such other branches of Learning as said Inhabitants shall direct."

Pierpont Bacon

How the news of this bequest gladdened the hearts of the fathers and mothers then living in that society!

It was like the reading of the will of Cæsar in Rome!

No more was heard the sneers of some who had jested of "the stinginess of Old Bacon!" As he hoarded his well-earned profits he was every day nearing the river where he could turn and make this benediction after his life's toil to bless generations yet to come!

After the probating of his will, which was dated April 17, 1800, the inhabitants of the first society in Colchester moved, jointly with Col. Joseph Isham, the executor named in the will, in the matter of carrying out Mr. Bacon's will and testament.

A committee from said society to the General Assembly at Hartford carried the names of the following persons to be appointed by the General Assembly "To be first trustees of said Bacon Academy, to hold their offices *during good behavior*," and to be "a body corporate and politic, in fact and in name," by the name of "The Trustees and Proprietors of Bacon Academy," "seven of whom should be a quorum to proceed on business, and may adjourn from time to time." This committee appeared at the May session, 1803, and His Excellency, Jonathan Trumbull, Jr., Zephaniah Swift, Gen. Epaphroditus Champion, Hon. Roger Griswold, Rev. Henry Channing, Rev. Salmon Cone, Col. Daniel Watrous, Maj. Roger Bulkeley, Col. Joseph Isham (executor), John Watrous, M.D., Asa Bigelow, Esq., and Ichabod Lord Skinner were appointed to constitute the first board of trustees for the said corporation, who held their first meeting July 5, 1803.

From this date till the present day the influence of this school on the people who have received instruction there cannot be measured. It will be noticed by reference to the preceding passage taken from Barber's "Historical Collections," and be it said for the credit of the men of Colchester in those days who maintained it, that there was in this village for many years "a school for colored children," "just north of the church under the trees."

This caused a great number of colored people to come to Colchester to live, and, after the academy was completed, there they stood, the academy on the right of the church as a handmaid of the church, and "the little colored school under the trees" on the left as another handmaid, all three a trinity working together to "bring up the children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

A gentleman whose name is in the list of first trustees — Gen. Epaphroditus Champion, who was congressman from Connecticut from the Tenth Congress in 1807 to the Fifteenth Congress in 1817, inclusive, and consequently passing to and from Washington, D. C. — used to remark to the trustees that "wherever he went, east or west, north or south, *everybody, even the negroes*, were inquiring about 'Cowlchester,' Connecticut, and the way to get to it."

In the early years of the academy there were many students from the Southern states, sons of Southern gentlemen, who sent them here to be fitted for college, and if a record had been kept we should find names from nearly every state of the Union; previous to the war, on the roster of the academy.

The planting and nurture of such a school was a matter of so great interest that a sketch of the lives* of some of its active promoters should be given at this time.

First on the list was His Excellency Jonathan Trumbull, Jr., of Lebanon, Conn., second son of the "old war governor," — a graduate of Harvard in 1759; paymaster-

* It is evident from the appointment of these men, so prominent and taken from different parts of the state, that the school should be patronized by students from abroad.

general of the northern army under Washington, and in 1781 succeeded Colonel Hamilton as private secretary and first aid to General Washington until near the close of the war; was twice speaker of the Connecticut House of Representatives, from 1796 to 1809; was annually elected one of the twelve of the Council of Assistants of the State, and as such a member of the "upper house." In 1790, was representative in Congress, and in 1791, elected speaker of the United States House of Representatives, and so continued until 1794, when he was elected to the United States Senate. In 1796 was elected lieutenant-governor, in 1798 elected governor, and annually reëlected for eleven years, until his death in 1809. While holding this office he was also Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Errors of the state, — all of which give evidence of his great ability and integrity.

Second was Hon. Zephaniah Swift, who came from Massachusetts; graduate of Yale in 1778. He practiced law in Windham, Conn., — a man whom no lawyer would admit being unacquainted with by way of his published works. He was congressman from Connecticut from 1793 to 1797. In 1800, was secretary of the American legation to France; 1801, was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court; was Chief Justice of Connecticut from 1806 to 1819; was a member of the "Hartford Convention" of New England Federalists, 1814. He published "A System of Laws for Connecticut," "Laws of Evidence in Criminal Cases," "Digest of the Laws of Connecticut," 1822.

Third was Hon. Roger Griswold of Lyme, Conn., a graduate of Yale, where many of those who fitted for college at Bacon Academy have entered since. He was an eminent lawyer, elected to Congress from 1795 to 1805. In 1807, was made Judge of the Supreme Court of Connecticut; from 1809 to 1811 was lieutenant-governor, and then chosen governor, dying in office in 1812. The men of his time estimated him as one of the foremost men in the United States, in talents, political knowledge, and legal acumen.

Fourth was Gen. Epaphroditus Champion, who was born in Westchester, the second society in Colchester, April 6, 1756. He entered the Continental army April 9, 1776, as assistant commissary-general to General Trumbull, and served in this office under him, and afterwards under his own father, Colonel Henry Champion, about four years; elected to the general court as deputy from East Haddam, 1792 to 1805; elected to Congress on the general ticket to the 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th Congresses; was lieutenant-colonel of the "24th regiment," and resigned in 1795; was with Washington in the evacuation of New York, and at the battle of White Plains. His daughter, the late Mrs. Lucretia Deming of Litchfield, thus describes his appearance: "Dressed in blue broadcloth coat, with gilt buttons, yellow vest, ruffled shirt, white neckerchief, breeches buttoned at the knee, white silk stockings in summer, shoes with silver buckles, hair in a 'queue.' When he heard of Washington's death he said, 'I am glad he has done nothing to tarnish his great name.'" General Champion died December, 1834; his epitaph contains this sentence: "Talents, benevolence, and integrity characterized his spotless life."

Fifth was Rev. Henry Channing, native of Newport, R. I., graduate of Yale 1781; was tutor in Yale 1783-6; pastor of the First Church in New London from 1787 to 1806. He was an uncle of William Ellery Channing, D.D.

Sixth was Major Roger Bulkeley, lieutenant of the company which volunteered from Colchester in the time of the "Lexington Alarm," April, 1775. He afterwards had command of a train of ten teams, which took supplies from Connecticut to the Continental army, in 1777. He built and lived and died in the house known as the "Burr place," now owned by Charles Williams, Esq., Colchester.

Seventh was Rev. Salmon Cone, who was born in Bolton, Conn.; graduate of Yale, 1789; minister in First Church of Christ, Colchester, from 1792 to 1830; died 1834. An anecdote told of him and Rev. David Austin, who had become estranged from the Presbyterians, and whom Mr. Cone had allowed to preach in his pulpit, shows the "authority" of the old-time preacher. On seeing a crowd going into his church one week-day, he inquired of his family the cause of the stir among the people. Just then Mr. Austin came in to see him, and he asked the cause of the excitement. Mr. Austin replied, "A lecture." "*A lecture? I have not appointed a lecture,*" said Mr. Cone. "No," replied Mr. Austin, "I appointed it." "What!" says Mr. Cone, "you appoint a lecture in my parish without my consent?" Mr. Austin replied: "Brother Cone, don't be angry; the pigeons are down, let us spring the net on them."

Eighth was Colonel Joseph Isham of Colchester, who was the executor of Mr. Bacon's will. He represented Colchester many times in both houses of the legislature; was a life-long friend and treasurer of the Academy, until old age compelled him to retire from all public stations.

Of the others, Dr. Watrous was a prominent physician; graduate of Yale. He lived and died in the house now owned by the Hayward family. Asa Bigelow, Esq., was a farmer, neighbor of Mr. Bacon. Ichabod Lord Skinner was a Marlboro and Hartford man. He was a graduate of Yale, a surveyor, and builder of public works; a leading man in the State.

These were the men who planted and cared for the Academy in its early years.

At one of the first meetings of the trustees by-laws were adopted for the management of the school, and chapter first of the original by-laws gives the course of instruction as consisting of three branches. In the first branch instruction was provided for in "the learned languages — English grammar, logic, rhetoric, belles-lettres, mathematics, natural philosophy, moral philosophy, and astronomy."

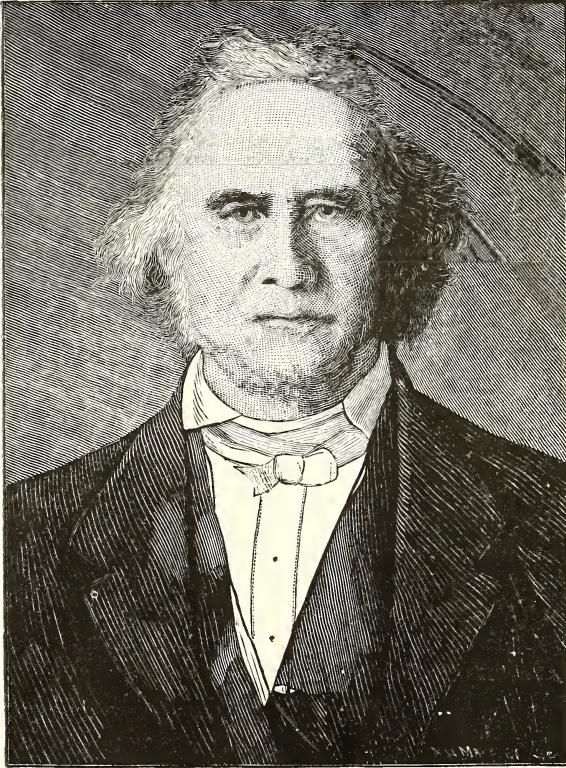
This high standard has always been maintained, with such changes as have been for the better to prepare pupils for more advanced study.

The preceptors of Bacon Academy, in the order of their service, are as follow, viz.:

1st, John Adams, 1803-1810.	H. T. Steele, 1846-48.
Rev. Salmon Cone,)	William Kinne, 1848-50.
Hezekiah Rudd,) 1810-13.	J. H. Brewer, 1851-52.
R. Burleigh, 1813-15.	David C. Kinne, 1851-52.
D. A. Sherman, 1815-17.	William Kinne, 1852-56.
J. Miller, 1817-22.	E. N. Chamberlin, 1856-57.
Elizur Goodrich, 1821-23.	P. J. Williams, 1857-59.
Francis Vose, 1823-26.	B. F. Parsons, 1859-62.
Charles P. Otis, 1826-36.	J. L. Shipley, 1862-64.
Rev. Myron N. Morris, 1836-38.	Willoughby Haskell,)
Edward Strong, 1838-9.	Alden A. Baker,) 1864-65.
R. D. Gardner, 1839.	Charles F. Bradley, 1865-67.
Rev. Myron N. Morris, 1839-43.	James L. Linsley, 1867-69.
Lewis H. Hurlbut, 1843-45.	Francis E. Burnette, 1869-75.
J. S. Wallis, 1845-46.	Geo. H. Tracy, A.M., 1875-87.
Edward Eells, 1846.	Otis Adams, 1887-88.
James R. Tucker, B.A., 1888, now Principal.	

Of the first preceptor, John Adams, LL.D., we have to say that he has the greatest record of the whole list.

He is very near the same to America that "Dr. Arnold of Rugby" was to England. He was born in Canterbury, Conn., September, 1772, died in Illinois, April, 1863. Graduate, Yale, 1795; was teacher in Canterbury three years. In



JOHN ADAMS, LL.D.

(By permission of American Sunday-School Union.)

1800 became rector of Plainfield Academy. In 1803, when Bacon Academy was opened to receive students, he was selected by its first trustees to be first preceptor, and build, so to speak, the foundation of its reputation. In 1810 his renown as an instructor of youth attracted the attention of the trustees of Phillips Academy at Andover, Mass., and they invited him to become their principal. He accepted, and for twenty-three years he was in this position, where he molded and gave impetus to more young men who have made great names for themselves in after life than almost any teacher in America.

In addition to his school work he took an active part in forming several of the great charitable associations that have attained national fame. In 1833 he resigned as principal and went to Illinois, which state was then fast being settled by emigrants and eastern people, and devoted his time to establishing Sunday-schools. It is difficult to tell which part of his life had the most benign influence in America.

So late as 1854 he received the degree of LL.D. from Yale. Few men can be found in this age of such rigid, conscientious integrity as this first preceptor of Bacon Academy. While Dr. Adams was in Colchester his son William was born, the late William Adams, D.D., the "silvery voiced" pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York, — one of the most gifted pulpit orators in the United States.

The next preceptor of note was Mr. Rudd, from 1810 to 1813. Mr. Rudd was a great lover of music, and we believe was father of the author of the national hymn commencing :

" Hail ! the bright and glorious day,
When our country in her might."

The next of the early preceptors of note was Charles P. Otis, from 1826 to 1836. He instructed a greater number of pupils of both sexes who have become famous than any of his predecessors or successors in office. The Hon. Lyman Trumbull, LL.D., of Chicago, in a letter of recent date, says: "Charles P. Otis

was preceptor of Bacon Academy during the last year of my attending school there, and to him I owe most for the education I received. I have always felt my great obligation to him. . . . Chief Justice Waite, late of the Supreme Court of the United States, was in the same class with me. . . . Thompson, who afterwards became a missionary, a very brilliant scholar, was also a classmate. I left Colchester in 1833, and cannot now recall many of the schoolmates of my youth."

James T. Champlin, D.D., fitted for college here at that time. He was valedictorian of his class at Brown University 1834, afterwards pastor of Federal Street Baptist Church, Portland, Me.; president of Colby University 1857-73. He published many text-books—"Demosthenes on the Crown," "Intellectual Philosophy," "Principles of Ethics," *et al.*

The next preceptor of note was Rev. Myron N. Morris, $\frac{3}{4}$ Yale, 1837, preceptor 1837-38; again, 1840-43. A very much beloved teacher and man. He afterwards was teacher at Andover, Mass.; trustee of Bacon Academy, 1851-64; principal Norwich town high school; pastor of Congregational Church, West Hartford, 1852-1875; member of Yale corporation, 1867-85; vice-president of Connecticut Bible Society; representative from West Hartford, 1872-75.



REV. MYRON N. MORRIS.

B. F. Parsons, preceptor 1859-62, whom the writer remembers with pleasure as a gentle helper and friend in "scanning" and expressing in English the beauties of Virgil's "*Æneid*" and Xenophon's "*Anabasis*," was a fine teacher. I never recall his pleasant face without these words come instantly to mind:

"Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris
Italiam fato profugus Laviniaque venit,"

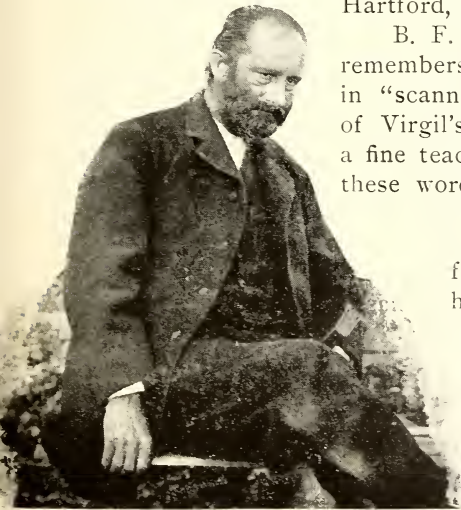
for it was the first recitation we attended under his direction.

Mr. Parsons, after his term of service, left the Academy, to the regret of many whom he had instructed, and with him went one of the brightest of the former students, as his wife, Miss Leonora Bartlett.

J. L. Shipley, preceptor 1862-64, who died in Springfield, Mass., quite recently, kept bright the reputation of the school.

He, too, like his immediate predecessor, took a wife who was educated at the Academy,*Miss Margaret Weeks, a great favorite among the students of that time.

Deacon Alden A. Baker was preceptor 1864-5. His relation to the Academy was first as student, next as teacher and preceptor, then as trustee and treasurer for many years, and at present a working friend and promoter of its welfare. To him and the late Dr. S. L. Chase, trustee, should be credited the neat appearance of the building.



DR. S. L. CHASE.

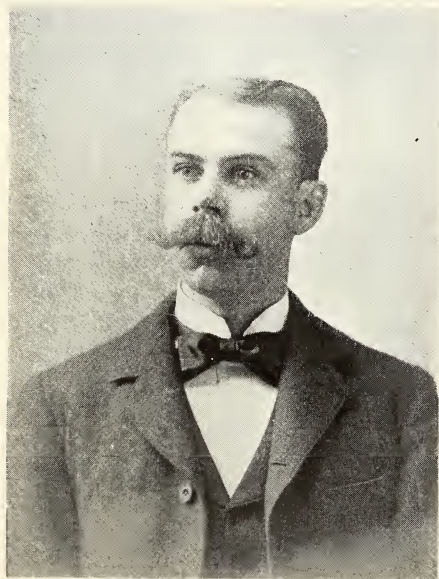
Prof. James L. Linsley, preceptor 1867-69, will be remembered by his pupils as of a kindly heart and a Christian gentleman—a fine instructor for pupils who needed no governing.

F. E. Burnette, B.A. graduate of Amherst, preceptor 1869-75, did his office credit while at the head of this Academy, and is still “working at the forge of the teacher,” head-master of the Putnam High School.

George H. Tracy, A.M., preceptor 1875-87, graduate of Williams, class '66, for twelve years at the head of the Academy, the longest term of service of any preceptor in the first century of the Academy, is son of Wm. Tracy, D.D., graduate of Williams College, '33, a missionary of the A. B. C. F. M., stationed at Tirrimangulum, India, where he died. There Professor Tracy was born, 1842, and lived in his boyhood.

His life shows us what strange things happen. It is enough to “almost persuade” one to believe without any doubt in “foreordination.” He was sent to America to be educated, and after the death of his parents did not return. After graduation at Williams College he was for three years at Durham, Conn., as principal, then came to Colchester as preceptor. He did much to increase the influence of the Academy. He was the first proposer of a four-years course, graduation, and diploma. Mr. Tracy had a deep religious interest in his pupils, leading many by personal exhortation to walk in the paths of religion. Among these was Rev. John Swift, B.A., who fitted for college under his tuition, whom he was personally interested in converting. Mr. Swift, after being ordained, went out to Japan to superintend the establishing of Y. M. C. associations through that fast-advancing country. How do we know but what the Lord sent this little Tracy boy from tropical India to convert a servant to go to Japan, to put Christian machinery at work there, to convert that vast population to Christianity?

After Prof. Tracy left Colchester he was for five years head-master of the High School in Bristol, Conn., then principal of the High School at Waterbury, Conn., where he still resides.



PROF. JAMES R. TUCKER.

James R. Tucker, B.A., preceptor since 1888, a graduate of Yale, was the first preceptor to put in practice the four-years academic course, and to have diplomas showing the proficiency of graduates. A good specimen of his method of fitting and equipment for college may be found in the person of Edward M. Day, B.A., Yale '94. He is in the class of '96, in the Law School, being, *facile princeps*, the winner of the coveted “Betts prize” among his classmates.

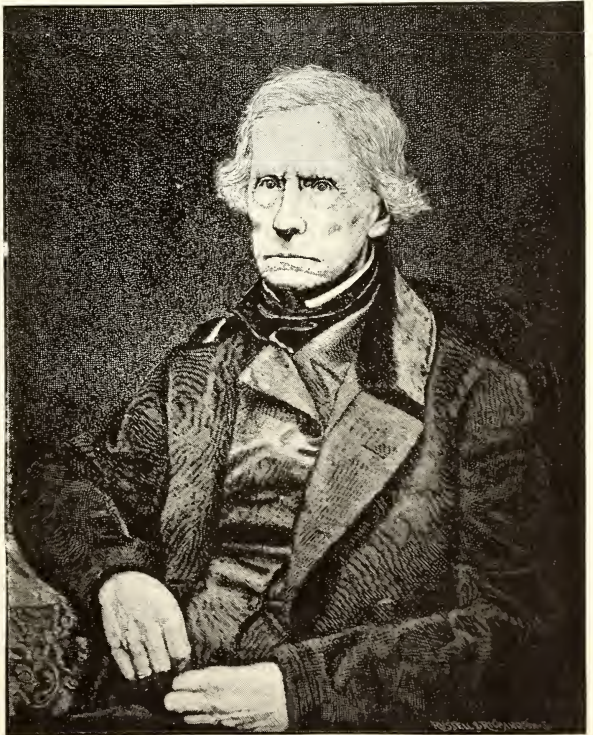
When we look over the roll, and see among the citizens who have received the benefits of early training at Bacon Academy, whether of those now living, or of those who have passed over to that other realm, we find some of the results of Pierpont Bacon's “final investment” for his property.*

* Mr. Bacon's will was not satisfactory to some of his relatives, and as he had no children, his relatives expected a “plum” when he died. After Col. Isham had proved the will and it had been approved by the Probate Court, an appeal was taken from probate. The will was sustained. This suit delayed the opening of the academy to 1803.



SCHOOLROOM IN ACADEMY.

The name which first occurs to mind is that of Deacon Asa Otis, who was born in Colchester, and received his early education there. When he was about to engage in business he had an opportunity at Richmond, Va. During his active life in Richmond he accumulated princely fortune. He was a very plain unassuming gentleman, and is the only man who has, as yet known, given the Academy any addition to its fund. Mr. Otis gave the Academy by his will \$10,000, and made the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions the residuary legatee of his property, which was about one million dollars. He died in New London, March, 1879, at the age of ninety-one, having only a short time previously made his will. He had no children, having never married, and none of his relatives thought of trying to interfere with his last wishes. We only wish he had given the Academy more, for, years before, the Academy had



DEACON ASA OTIS.

given training to Rev. Wm. Thompson and Rev. George Champion, pioneer missionaries, serving in Africa, in Zululand, and, quite recently, Rev. Charles N. Ransom, who is now in their service at Natal, South Africa, where Champion had been in 1834, until ruined health compelled him to return, and Swift, the emissary of the Y. M. C. A.'s of America to Japan. The gifts of the Academy to the missionary work are equal to that of Deacon Otis.

He belonged to the first church in New London. It was his practice to give in charity without having it known. One of his methods was to visit the market

in New London on market morning, and pay for baskets of provisions for others whom he knew to be in poor circumstances. He kept with him up to his death, his body servant, "Preston," whom many will remember seeing at Mr. Otis's home in New London. "Preston" was so important that but for his *color*, one might think that he was the owner of the place.

The oldest person now living who was a student at the Academy is Mrs. Abigail (Foote) Loomis, own cousin of Deacon Otis,



MRS. ABIGAIL LOOMIS.
(*The Oldest Living Graduate.*)

hale and of good memory, at the age of ninety-eight. She was a student under the instruction of Mr. Rudd, the second preceptor. To her clear memory of events which occurred very early in this century, the writer is indebted for some of the incidents of the early history of the Academy.

Speaking by contrast, we mention Howard Melville Brown, the youngest graduate of the Academy, aged sixteen, son of Hon. E. M. Brown of Brown Bros., the extensive paper manufacturers at Comstock's Bridge, Conn.

The ancestors of Mrs. Loomis built mills soon after Colchester was settled in 1700, and lived on the site where the great mills of Brown Bros. now stand, near which place Howard M. Brown was born; and the "honors" of the Academy are mostly "between" the student lives of these two who were reared quite near the same spot.

Hon. Lyman Trumbull, LL.D., is the oldest living student at the Academy, whose fame is national. He was born in Colchester, Oct. 12, 1813. His education



HOWARD M. BROWN.
(*The Youngest Graduate.*)

is accredited by himself, as previously stated, solely to the Academy. He began teaching at the age of sixteen, and was principal of an academy in Georgia at the age of twenty. He studied law and was admitted to practice in 1837, at Belleville, Ill. In 1841, was Secretary of State in Illinois. In 1848, was elected judge of the Supreme Court. In 1854, was elected to Congress from his district, but, before Congress assembled, was chosen United States senator. In 1860 he was brought forward as candidate for President, but had no desire to be so considered, and when his most intimate friend, Abraham Lincoln, was nominated, he worked with great earnestness and effect for his election. In 1861 he was again put in the Senate of the United States, and there, during those perilous times, he supported his friend Lincoln, and the union of the states. In the Senate he was one of the first to propose the amendment to the Constitution of the United States, for the abolition of slavery.

Hon. Eliphalet Adams Bulkeley, born in Colchester, June, 1803, fitted for college at Bacon Academy, graduated at Yale, 1824. He studied law with William T. Williams at Lebanon, Conn., was admitted to practice, and settled first in East Haddam, Conn. Was there president of East Haddam Bank; judge of probate; representative to the assembly twice; and senator from his district twice. In 1847, he removed to Hartford, and was school commissioner for Connecticut. In 1857, was elected member of the legislature for Hartford, and by almost unanimous consent became Speaker of the House—one of the most dignified presiding officers that the legislators of Connecticut have placed in the speaker's chair. For many years he was associated with the late Judge Henry Perkins, in the law firm of Bulkeley & Perkins, and later in life organized the Connecticut Mutual Life



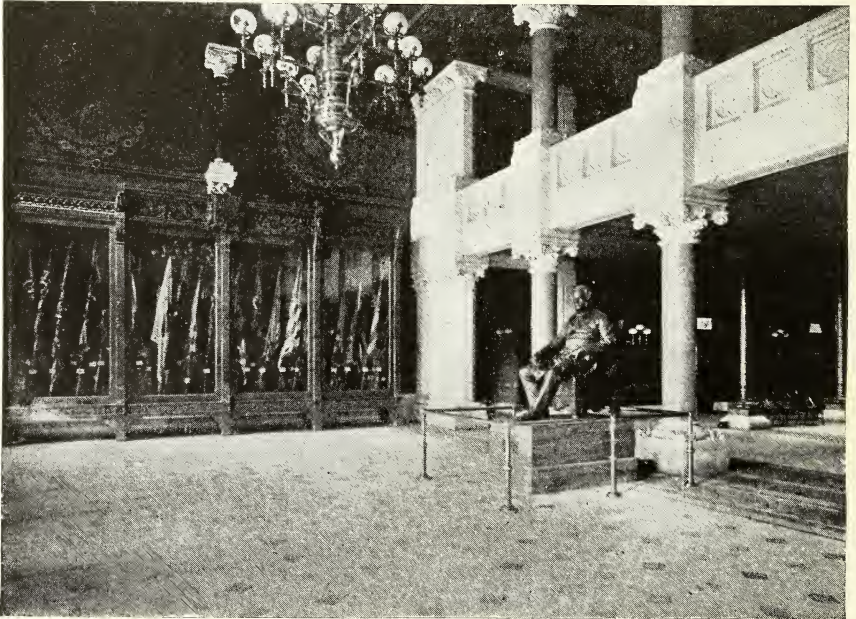
HON. ELIPHALET A. BULKELEY.

Insurance Company, and was its first president. He afterwards organized the Aetna Life Insurance Company, of which he was president for many years. Judge Bulkeley died in Hartford 13th of February, 1872. He was for many years president of the Board of Trustees of Bacon Academy.

Hon. Morrison R. Waite, born in Lyme, Conn., November 29, 1816, was fitted for college at Bacon Academy, graduated at Yale 1837, in the class with William M. Evarts, Benj. Silliman, and Sam'l J. Tilden, studied law with his father and completed his studies with Samuel N. Young at Maumee City in Ohio in 1839. On being admitted to practice he formed a partnership with Mr. Young at Maumee City. In 1850 they removed to Toledo, O., and for thirty years he was the recognized leader of the Ohio bar. He first attracted national attention as counsel for the United States before the tribunal of arbitration at Geneva, Switzerland, 1871-2, his associates being Caleb Cushing and Wm. M. Evarts. He argued the case of the liability of the British government, for allowing Confederate cruisers to be supplied with coal at British ports. By his robust logic he carried every point raised.

He was nominated by President Grant for chief justice of the Supreme Court of the United States and was confirmed by a unanimous vote. He is regarded as being one of the ablest men who have held that office.

Hon. William A. Buckingham, born in Lebanon, Conn., May 24, 1804, received a part of his academic training at this school. At the age of twenty-one he went to Norwich, Conn., where he became a successful manufacturer and merchant. He was mayor of Norwich, 1849-'50-'56-'57, was elected Governor of Connecticut in 1858, and each succeeding year till 1866. During the war Governor Buckingham co-operated most heartily with President Lincoln. Although known as the "war governor," he was by nature eminently a civilian, deacon of the church in Norwich, a man of the noblest qualities, gentlest manners, and kindly disposition, president of the American Temperance Union,—one of the corporate members of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. After his time of service as Governor expired he had two years of private life, then was elected United States Senator from Connecticut. His bronze statue is in the Capitol



STATUE OF HON. WILLIAM A. BUCKINGHAM IN STATE CAPITOL.

at Hartford, surrounded by the tattered battle flags and guidons of the many regiments which he equipped and sent to the front, in the war for the Union cause, in suppressing the great rebellion.

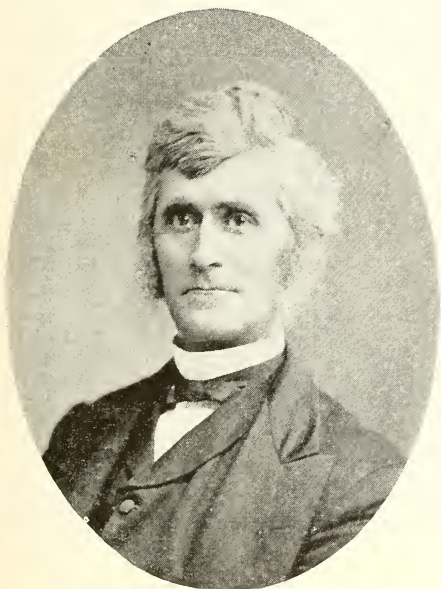
Hon. John T. Wait, born August 27, 1811, was a student at Bacon Academy and fitted for Trinity College, Hartford. Studied law with LaFayette S. Foster, Norwich, began practice in 1836; was State's attorney for New London County, 1842-'44-'46-'54; has been president of the New London County Bar Association since its organization, 1874; was first elector-at-large on the Lincoln and Johnson ticket; member of State Senate 1865-6, being Chairman of the Judiciary Committee and president *pro tempore* of the Senate; was Representative in 1867 and Speaker of the House; in 1876 was elected to Congress from the Third District, Conn., and did fine service for eleven years, serving in the Committees on Foreign Affairs, Commerce, Elections, and other House committees, in the joint committee to secure greater efficiency in the signal service, geological, coast, and geodetic surveys, and the hydrographic office of the navy department. He was chairman of

the select committee to attend the unveiling of the statue of Prof. Henry at Washington, a well-deserved compliment, for he was one of the most respected men in Congress during the whole time of his service. He was untiring in giving attention to any business for his constituents, something which many Congressmen forget after they arrive in the Capitol. "The Hon. John T." was one of the best men that Connecticut ever sent to Washington.

Hon. Henry Champion Deming of Hartford, born Colchester, 1815, fitted for college at Bacon Academy; graduated, Yale, 1836, Harvard Law School, 1839; served in the Legislature, 1849-'50-'51; Senator from First District, 1851; mayor of Hartford, 1854-'58-'60-'62; October 1861, Speaker of the House of Representatives, Connecticut; 1861, commissioned colonel of the 12th regiment; went with Butler's expedition to New Orleans. His regiment was first to enter the city, and was given the post of honor at the Custom House. He was on detached duty, acting as mayor of New Orleans from October,



HON. HENRY C. DEMING.



REV. EZRA H. GILLETT.

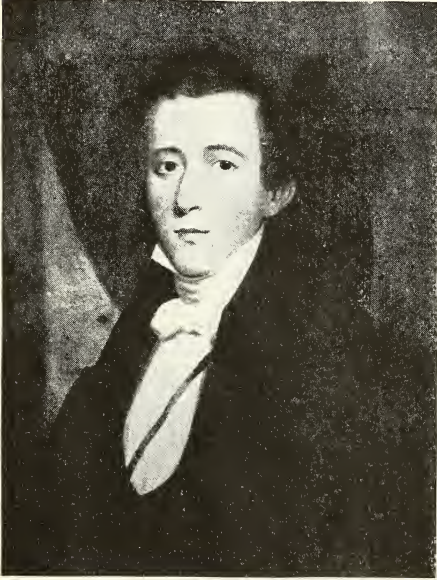
1862, to February, 1863, then resigned, returned to Hartford, was elected to Congress from the First District, Connecticut, two terms, served as Chairman of the Committee on Expenditures of the War, and Committee on Military Affairs. In 1866 was delegate to the Loyalist convention in Philadelphia; from 1869 to the time of his death, 1872, was internal revenue collector for his district. He was one of the most eloquent, graceful orators in New England, a gentleman of the

finest culture and instincts, and the most refined literary taste. He translated and published Eugene Sue's "Mysteries of Paris," and "The Wandering Jew," and delivered an eulogy on Abraham Lincoln, by invitation of the Connecticut Legislature, in 1865, which was replete with his marvelous eloquence.

Rev. Ezra H. Gillett, D.D., born Colchester, July 15, 1813, fitted for college at Bacon Academy; graduated, Yale, in 1841, Union Theological Seminary, 1844; ordained pastor of Presbyterian church, Harlem, N. Y., the same year; in 1868, professor of political economy, ethics, and history in the University of New

York. He contributed many papers for the "American Theological Review," "Presbyterian Quarterly," published a "Life of Christ," "God in Human Thought," "Ancient Cities and Empires," and "England Two Centuries Ago."

Hon. Leverett Brainard, born in Westchester, Conn., was educated at the Academy. He went to Hartford to commence his active business life in 1853 as secretary of the City Fire Insurance Company. In 1858 he became a member of the firm which was incorporated in 1873 as The Case, Lockwood & Brainard Company, one of the largest printing establishments in New England. He is connected with many of the largest financial and manufacturing interests in and about Hartford. In 1884 he represented the city in the Legislature, serving as Chairman of the Committee on Railroads, was Chairman of the Connecticut Commission to the World's Fair, and Chairman of the Committee on Manufactures, the most important of the working committees. He is at this time Mayor of Hartford, being the third mayor of that city (Deming and Bulkeley preceded him) which the Academy has had as students in their



REV. GEORGE CHAMPION.

youth. In comparison with other mayors of the city, those educated at Colchester stand with good records. Mayor Brainard takes great interest in the city of his adoption.

Rev. George Champion, born in Westchester, Conn., fitted for college at Bacon Academy, entered sophomore class at Yale, graduated 1831. After three years at Andover Theological Seminary, was ordained in Colchester. Rev. Dr. Bacon of New Haven preached the sermon. Mrs. Sigourney wrote for the occasion a hymn. He and his wife sailed from Boston Dec. 2, 1834 for Zululand as missionaries of the A. B. C. F. M. His grandfather, Gen. Henry Champion, a man of great wealth, tried without avail to dissuade him from going. He was the only heir to his name. He offered to send five missionaries in his stead; George's reply was, "If I stay it will be said that only the poor go. You send five and I will make the six." After a voyage of 67 days they arrived at Cape Town, he being one of the first missionaries to South Africa. "Then," says his journal, "with eyes fixed upon the benighted heathen land, as we entered the harbor at Natal, we sang the hymn:

"O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look my soul, be still and gaze."



DR. E. B. CRAGIN.

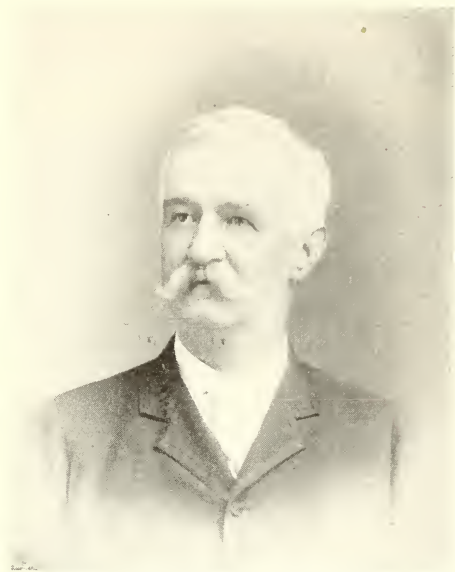
"These moments were rich in blessing. We have safely arrived at our field, and our hearts leap for joy." He learned the Zulu language, built at his expense a mission house at Port Elizabeth, established schools, and was one of three to translate the Bible into the Zulu language. The work was disturbed by fighting between the Boers and Zulus. After four years he returned to America, to wait for peace. When here he preached in Dover, Mass., where he was seized with hemorrhages of the lungs; sailed for St. Croix, West Indies, where he died soon after his arrival, from disease contracted in Africa. He was described by those who knew him to have been most beautiful and lovely in his life.

Hon. Morgan G. Bulkeley, another of the Bacon Academy students, born in East Haddam, was merchant in Brooklyn, N. Y., in early life. On the death of his father he removed to Hartford, became president of the United States Bank, and later, president of the Aetna Life Insurance Company, one of the great corporations founded by his father. He was four times elected mayor of Hartford; was elected Governor of Connecticut in 1889, and



HON. CHARLES N. TAINTOR.

Judge Taintor has filled public offices in New York with great credit to himself and friends. In 1881, he was appointed by Governor Cornell member of the Board of Commissioners of Emigration, and served at the port of New York until 1889, when he was appointed a police judge by the mayor of New York, a man, if we are rightly informed, who was a democrat, and Judge Taintor is a republican. He continued in this office for about seven years, until the reorganization of the department by the Legislature. Judge Taintor is director in the Astor Place Bank, also of the Riverside Bank, New York. In the bill now pending in Congress, appropriating \$5,000,000 for a new United States Custom House in New York city, he



HON. MORGAN G. BULKELEY.

served for four years in that office. His reputation as a financier stands among the first in New England.

Hon. Charles N. Taintor, born at Pomfret, Conn., moved with his parents to Colchester in 1848. He fitted for college at Bacon Academy, graduated at Yale, 1865. In 1867, he engaged in publishing, in New York city, and has since been in that business with his brother, Judah Lord Taintor, who was also educated at the Academy.

is one of the three named as commissioners to execute the trust of building this great structure. He is also trustee of the Grant Monument Association. He was chosen by the republicans of the seventh congressional district of New York to be delegate to the national conventions at Chicago in 1884 and '88. He is a member of the Union League Club, University Club, Republican Club, Yale Alumni Association, and a prominent member and officer in the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, president of the Bacon Academy Association, and it goes without saying, that he is a great friend of the Academy. Of the many others who have been students at this school, the want of space for so extended an article debars from more than mentioning. Mrs. Swift of Colchester, formerly Miss Almira Lathrop, to whom I am indebted for the names of some of the earlier students, especially of lady students,—and who taught the writer his “ab-abs,”—the Misses Mary, Matilda, and Sarah Leffingwell, for many years eminent teachers in New York and Rich-



FRANK D. HAINES, ESQ.

mond, Va.; Miss Mary Gillette, mother of the wife of Prof. Beardsley of the Hartford Theological Seminary; Miss Lydia Morgan, afterwards wife of Judge Bulkeley, so well known in Hartford to the time of her death, in connection with the charitable associations of the city; Miss Martha Woodward, who became the wife of Rev. Joseph W. Backus; Miss Elizabeth Brooke, now the wife of Hon. Francis Miles Finch, Judge of the Court of Appeals in New York; Harriet Trumbull, now wife of Prof. Brush, of the Scientific School at Yale College; Miss Rebecca Peters, afterwards teacher in the Academy, now wife of Reuben Smith, Esq., of Cleveland, Ohio; Rev. David Trumbull of Valparaiso, Chili; Hon. Charles E. Brownell, manufacturer, president of bank of Moodus, Conn., graduate of Yale 1852; Hon. Joseph Hammond of Rockville, Conn.; Miss Catherine Olmsted, now wife of Hon. E. S. Day,

Colchester; Mr. and Mrs. William E. Baker of Hartford; Frank D. Haines, Esq., Executive Secretary of Governor Coffin; Daniel Haines, Esq., secretary of the Middlesex Banking Company, Middletown, Conn.; Charles W. Haines, Esq., a leading attorney at Colorado Springs, Colo.; Miss Phebe Taintor, now wife of Edward Gates, Esq., South Orange, N. J.; John C. Shepherd of Chatham, Conn., former student, and afterwards teacher in the Academy, and an eminent teacher of youth for many years; Edward F. Bigelow, editor and proprietor of extensive printing establishments in Middletown and Portland, Conn.; and Dr. E. B. Cragin, who graduated at Yale in 1882, took the five-hundred-dollar prize for best examinations at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, served upon the staff of Roosevelt Hospital a number of years, is now Secretary of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and is one of the most successful and celebrated specialists in his line in this country. These and hundreds more make up the roll of those who claim Bacon Academy for their *alma mater*.

It is a matter of regret that no one of those who received education at this Academy, some of whom have become millionaires, has seen fit to endow it with a large fund, and put it on a financial equality with many other institutions which

have been established in this country. Others have surpassed it in the number of students which they register, but few have a better record of results as seen in the subsequent lives of their pupils.

How it would rejoice the hearts of the great number of students now living who have received training at this Academy, if this should occur to their *alma mater*. Who is the man that will take the lead in this matter? It must naturally be one of the older students, for the younger ones have not the means yet to do it. In order to maintain its place in the coming century and this electric age of the world which we are just entering upon, it absolutely needs this new blood and impetus to enable it to keep in the fore rank of preparatory schools.

The location of the Academy is certainly in its favor for receiving this help to increase its sphere of work, its corps of instructors, its capacity for usefulness.

Colchester is a beautiful village. In its appearance, as a place of residence, in the culture of its families, and the moral tone of its citizens, it will come close to first place when compared with any village in the United States.

It is a fine place of residence for youth of both sexes in the formative, educational period of their lives, being so free from the many temptations which sometimes overcome young men in the larger towns and cities.

For this very state of the case the inhabitants of this delightful village are indebted to the influence of the Academy more, probably, than to any other agency.

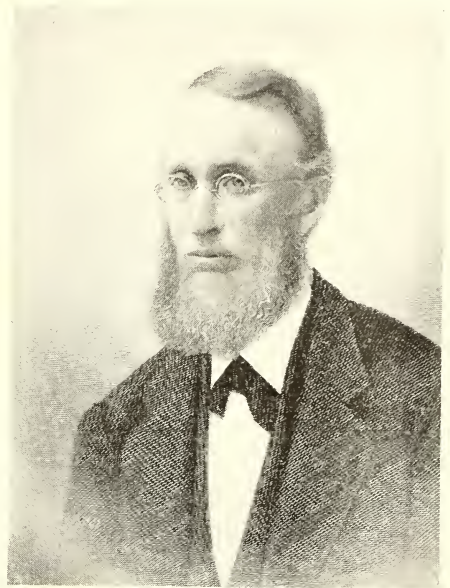
Although so secluded, and favorable for the education of youth, it is easily accessible by a branch of the Air Line division of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

It is but three hours' ride from either Boston or New York, and so equally accessible from other places, being but thirty miles from Hartford or New Haven, and less than twenty from Norwich and New London.

The picturesque country near the village, with every variety of scenery, especially in the west portion of the town in the valley of the Salmon River, which has been told of in song by the poet, J. G. C. Brainard, is scarcely excelled by any other part of New England.

Dr. Barnard of Hartford, one of the oldest and most illustrious educators now living, says, after an experience of more than sixty years: "It is extremely difficult to persuade men to endow institutions which bear other men's names."

Probably that is true, for it is natural that men should desire posthumous fame for themselves, rather than to perpetuate the names of others; but the students from Bacon Academy can afford to waive this objection, as has been done in the case of Elihu Yale at New Haven, and put the Academy into new buildings on the higher ground on Pleasant Street; and those who feel the warm blood of youth recouring through their veins, as they recall these early scenes and the halcyon days at Bacon Academy, can now not only grave deeper the name of Bacon on the tablet of the academy, but place their own beside it.



DAVID S. BIGELOW, ESQ.
(Present President of Board of Trustees.)

THE OLD RED SCHOOLHOUSE.

BY A. H. SIMONS.

The old red schoolhouse was the crown
That capped the highest hill in town.
It calls to mind those former days,
Our grandsires trod in learning's ways ;
'Twas where they ciphered numbers through,
And solved deep problems hard to do,
Then found in games to boyhood dear,
Escape from study too severe ;
In forest shade, — " the wolf to spy " ;
Adown the hills on sledge to fly ;
In near-by field with ball and bat,
To play at " two and three old cat " ;
And there as fox, with pace not slow,
To chase the geese across the snow.

That men should teach the winter school,
Became the universal rule ;
Much brawn the teacher must possess,
Though he might have of knowledge less.
The switch was large and toughened through
And freely plied whenever due.
One thing promoted discipline,
And held the roguish nature in.
It was the never-failing rule,
Two strokes at home for one at school.

The schoolhouse was a place where met
Staid learned men of every set ;
The doctor came, the lawyer too,
And clergyman, each with his cue ;
But 'twas the school committee man,
Who terrified the little clan.
Just twice he came in every term,
To tell them what and how to learn,
And show the school and teacher too,
How very, very much he knew.

How generous teachers then were found,
They aired spare beds the district round !
To spend those long cold wintry nights,
Oft teachers went on queer " invites " ;
At close of school one winter's day,
A bonny lass was heard to say :
" We've butchered pigs and killed the cow,
We're ready for the teacher now."

This boarding round was not all vain,
The child's and parents' hearts they'd gain :
And were they what they ought to be,
The family life in some degree
Would rise, expand, and nobler be.

Among our teachers, not a few,
Were noble souls as e'er we knew ;
In school they more than science taught,
Taught manhood's worth in life and thought.
And if we could, we'd let them know
How through our lives their teachings flow.
But they'll not lack their meed of praise ;

Their work will live in other days,
And with an influence sublime,
Will leave its mark throughout all time.

In legends old we're often told,
How powers above their calling hold.
The story runs that Jove one day
Calied to him those who thought that they
Had service rendered to mankind ;
And whomsoever he should find
Had done the greatest good below,
On him a crown he would bestow.

So, one by one, he called them forth,
To show their own peculiar worth.
The painter comes with brush in hand ;
" The beauties of the sea and land,
I show," he said, " and all the grace,
That e'er adorned a human face."
He stands aside. The sculptor then
Declares : " I, more than that, make men,
In form and guise with beauty rife,
They lack but breath to give them life."
And now the poet takes the stand,
To claim the good his works command :
" Some merit sure to me belongs
I write and sing a nation's songs ;
The highest thought of angel ken,
Finds fit expression from my pen."
Then achievements great were sung,
By the orator with silver tongue,
" O Sovereign Lord of all, none can
So near approach to thee as man
Whose glowing thought and tongue of fire
Do listening throngs, as one inspire.
To think and act as he may will ; —
Impelled by him, his purpose fill.
This is a power so much like thine,
The orator must be divine."

The contest ends, none others dare,
Their deeds, though great, with these compare.
All eyes are fixed on Jove, most high,
While his are on a form near by,
Of one whose furrowed brow and face,
Bespeak a soul of thought and grace.
" What hast thou done, thou man of age ?
Thy looks betoken thee a sage "
At this command, he modest, then
Declares " I've but a teacher been,
My pupils were these noble four,
As have been many hundreds more."
" Enough," cries Jove, " thy work exceeds,
In worth, all these competing deeds.
Put on his head the glittering crown ;
At my right hand, let him sit down ;
For he that hath true teacher been,
Is made thereby the prince of men."

THE AXE AND HOW IT IS MADE.

BY ALBERT L. THAYER.

Illustrated by Gardner A. Reckard.



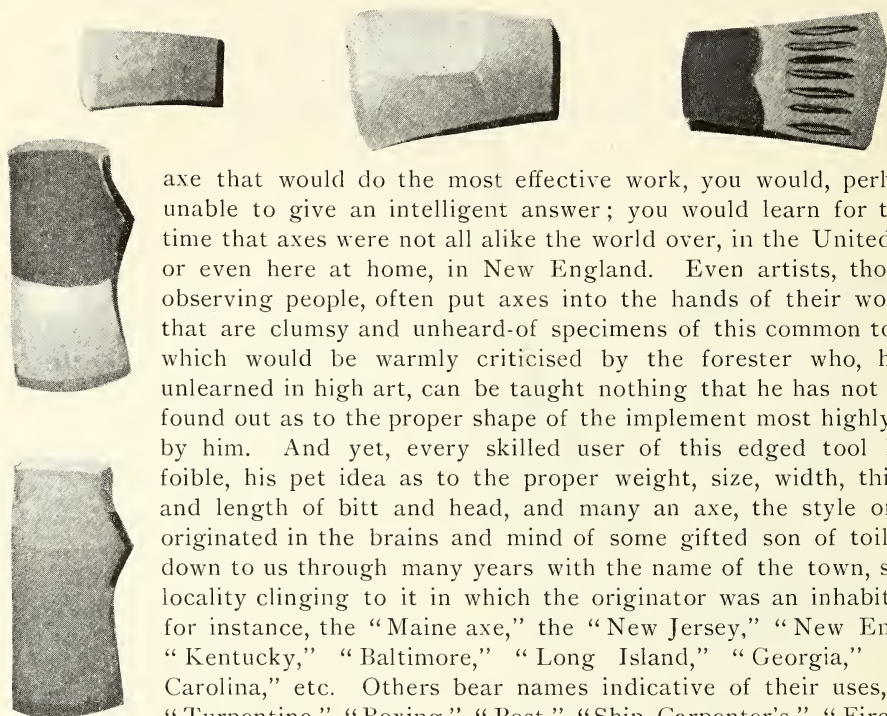
ULCAN, the god of fire and metal working, was the earliest maker and user of the axe, according to mythology. Down deep in the bowels of the volcanoes Etna and Lemnos, he wrought in his workshop with his workmen, the one-eyed Cyclops, about him, fashioning from the red-hot metal such implements or parts of armor and shields as the demand or occasion seemed to warrant, and his skill was widespread. We read that Vulcan took an axe and clove with it the skull of Jupiter, thus bringing into being the goddess Minerva, who sprang forth fully armed, ready for dire war or the gentler arts of peace.

Down through the ages of myth and realism we trace the axe in stone, bone, copper, and iron, until in Genesis we learn of Tubal Cain, who is spoken of in the fourth chapter as "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron," and we cannot but think of him as a maker of the axe as well as of other tools. Herodotus mentions the use of iron tools in the construction of the pyramids, and although we may not here find the axe mentioned specifically, yet there is no reasonable doubt that it was a well-known tool then. Reference to the axe is frequent in Scripture, in both the Old and New Testaments. It has been merely to prove the early existence of the axe and to establish its longevity that we have extended our meager research into the far-away past, but it is the axe of the present, that common prosaic tool of every-day life, which we propose to consider in detail.

One of the commonest implements known to man at the present time is the axe. Every householder has one. Just where it is at the present time, or just what its condition will be when found after a prolonged search, probably not one in a hundred can tell, for the axe is a much abused and frequently lost tool; a wretched outcast when not needed, lying out in the snows and rains, rusted and blunted, with its handle riven and splintered, and edge nicked, with scars that tell of many a fierce contest in untutored hands with nails and the frozen ground or cemented cellar bottoms and icy sidewalks. And yet, in all its commonness it is strange that so little is really known of the axe by its average owner. The skilled chopper knows his axe thoroughly, and, like the rifleman who cherishes his rifle with tender care and solicitude, so *he* keeps his axe bright and ready for use.



If you were asked to describe your axe, the width of cutting edge, the length, width, and thickness of poll or head, or to give an idea as to the proper shape of an



axe that would do the most effective work, you would, perhaps, be unable to give an intelligent answer; you would learn for the first time that axes were not all alike the world over, in the United States or even here at home, in New England. Even artists, those very observing people, often put axes into the hands of their woodsmen that are clumsy and unheard-of specimens of this common tool, and which would be warmly criticised by the forester who, however unlearned in high art, can be taught nothing that he has not already found out as to the proper shape of the implement most highly prized by him. And yet, every skilled user of this edged tool has his foible, his pet idea as to the proper weight, size, width, thickness, and length of bitt and head, and many an axe, the style of which originated in the brains and mind of some gifted son of toil, comes down to us through many years with the name of the town, state, or locality clinging to it in which the originator was an inhabitant, as, for instance, the "Maine axe," the "New Jersey," "New England," "Kentucky," "Baltimore," "Long Island," "Georgia," "North Carolina," etc. Others bear names indicative of their uses, as the "Turpentine," "Boxing," "Post," "Ship Carpenter's," "Firemen's," "Butcher's," etc., but we are treading on dangerous ground here and branching away from the common or "Yankee" chopping axe, the mission of which is chiefly and purely to fell trees and work the same into wood and timber.

At the North an axe of light weight is the desideratum, say 3 to $3\frac{3}{4}$ lbs., with a very thin and wide bitt, and a poll $\frac{3}{4}$ to $\frac{7}{8}$ or 1 inch thick, while in many parts of the South, axes with narrow bitts, and polls $1\frac{1}{8}$ to $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches thick, with a weight of $4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. and even 7 lbs., are in demand.

The axe of our fathers was wrought by sturdy blows of hand, hammer, and sledge on an anvil, without the intervention of machinery. Even now, we have those who, wedded to the traditions of their forbears, still procure their chopping axes from some old hand craftsman, skilled in the old ways, who tediously transforms the bar iron and steel into the axe by hand labor of the severest kind, and afterwards laboriously grinds the tool to a semi-keen edge on an ordinary grindstone, turned by his helper, and then tempers it over a charcoal fire, thus completing a comparatively rough though oftentimes *good* tool, and leaving the polish to be put on by the user at his work; but these old fellows, user and maker, are rapidly passing away, and the shops which a few years ago rung to the merry chime of hammer and anvil, and heard the babble of country sage and patriot, are fast going to ruin and decay. The day of the *old-time* forger of axes is gone; machinery that never errs or tires turns out a more symmetrical axe with the aid of intelligent and careful mechanics, and at a greatly reduced price to the consumer, than did the old and now greatly revered *skilled* workman of years ago, and though the traditions of the past may come to us with soothing effect in these days of stir and bustle, and charm us by their quaintness and restful flavor, yet the changes in modes and operations of axe-making are in the lines of real progress, and have proved blessings to the masses.

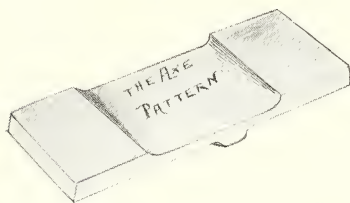
'Tis not many months since that I heard an old-timer talk and air his knowledge of axe-making, and express his contempt of modern methods. "You can't get a good axe now-a-days," he said. "Axes are made in too much of a hurry; Why, when old ——" (naming reverentially the curtailed family name of an axemaker to the manor born, and who long since has been laid away to sleep in the quiet country burying place) "When old —— used to make an axe, he would be all day about it, an' he'd hammer the steel edge till it was black an' shiny, an' so smooth it didn't need any grinding, only a little on the edge; *that* refined the steel better'n it gets refined now-a-days; an' the temp'ring was better. I don't take any stock in this thermometer business" (referring to tempering ovens kept at an even temperature). I have a great respect for these old fellows, and often humor their whims, and draw them out, for I know there's a story back of all this talk, waiting to be told, or reminiscent vaporings of a time that has a halo floating over it — a sort of sanctity — a golden age, so to speak; days when time was not so fleet nor so precious but that it might be trifled with and wasted a bit in neighborly chat about the forge, or pleasant chaff and interchange of news and ideas; but the practical age is here *now*: months fly only too fast, and the forger who learned his trade of axe-making by "serving his time," has given way to machinery and less skilled labor, and he stands no better chance than he who becomes expert after a short apprenticeship "drawing bitts" under a trip hammer, or, "hammering heads" under a drop, and the "puncher" and "nipper" whistle and sing happily at their work, untroubled by the thought that no complete axe would be produced if it waited for them to make it. Let us take up the manufacture of the *American* or so-called *Yankee axe* in the routine of its various operations, from the bar iron to the finished state.



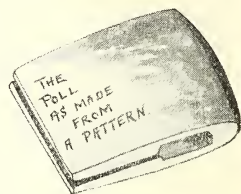
AN OLD TIME AXE SHOP.

As you enter the grounds of a great axe manufactory, over which are scattered the various buildings that make up the plant, you are stunned almost by the myriad noisy trip hammers that pound the dies with their heads of iron and steel as though they were frantically engaged in driving into the earth the huge hammer blocks which receive the giant blows. On every hand are huge piles of iron of almost every dimension known to the trade and used in the production of axes. Such sized bars are used as will most economically make the poll or head of the axe. I use the word "economically" advisedly, for prices are very close and competition, though often quoted as the life of trade, is very aggressive, yet the honest axe manufacturer will not sacrifice his good name at the expense of quality in order to make his profits larger. There must be no more waste than actually necessary, therefore, each sized axe must have its poll made from a bar of iron about the width and thickness of axe head desired, say about one inch thick (or a trifle less)

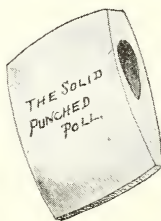
and three inches wide for a four-pound axe. The bars are heated and fed into huge machines which cut them into desired lengths, and these pieces are then punched and formed by this machine into heads or polls of axes with the eye roughly shaped. The very earth shakes under your feet to the throbs of these great monsters as they force the heated metal to its proper shape, and your thoughts (if you are scholarly rather than a plain practical mechanic) go back to the fabled age of which we have already spoken when Etna and Lemnos throbbed and groaned in great throes from Jupiter's metal working, and echoed and re-echoed



the blows of the Cyclops on the huge anvil where the heated metal was hammered into desired shapes. All axe polls or heads are not made in this way, however; many manufacturers use a so-called "pattern," which is in shape as shown in drawing.



The iron bar is first cut to proper length, and is then subjected to pressure in the center under hammer, drop, or machine of other device, and is drawn thin enough to form the "strap," as the part about the eye is called; when thus formed this pattern is then bent (with the depression on the inside) until the thick parts come together as here are then welded, uniting with the top of the poll a piece of iron or and the axe is then ready for the

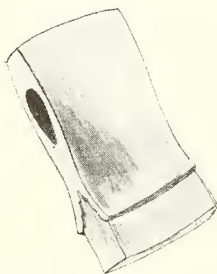


shown; the parts below the eye steel to form the axe. At the steel is welded to form the head, finisher.

Although much in vogue, it method cannot be so prolific in and eye are formed and punched and many an eye formed by the at the bottom which opens into a driven and wedged into place, thus ruining the tool for all practical uses.

is plain to be seen that this good results as where the head from solid iron, as here shown, pattern method has a poor weld sorry seam when the handle is

The "steel" is made in two ways, and like many a deception in this life that appears well on the surface, so the axe that shows the most steel often contains the *least*. One form, and the best *without doubt*, is the so-called "solid or inserted steel." This is a piece of steel with corrugations at the top so that it can be held firmly in place when united with the poll. When the steel is first inserted the unformed axe looks somewhat as shown. Steels are formed under a trip hammer or drop, the "scarfed" edges being truly drawn in a second by the skillful hammersman who allows the steel to receive three or four blows on the edge, drawing the steel toward him at each blow, thus pinching it into a series of steps or corrugations on the edge that is to be inserted into the poll. To the onlooker, this is a

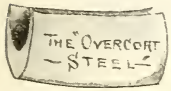


THE INSERTED STEEL.

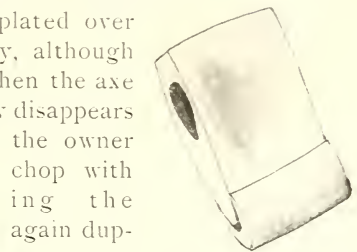


fascinating operation, and although apparently simple, yet the novice, should he try to make a "steel," would hammer it into such shapes as to render it unfit for further use except for scrap, even if he were fortunate enough to escape injury from flying tongs twitched from his hands, and sent whirling into space by a foul blow. As can be readily seen, with an axe made in this way, the iron of the poll shuts down over the steel and holds it firmly in place, thus making a sure weld, and, although not so much steel is in sight as

in axes made by the next process described, yet there is really twice the quantity. The other form of steel used in axes is called the "overcoat steel," and is shaped as in cut, the edge of the poll fitting into the corrugation of the steel as shown in



to the sorrow and dismay of who finds himself trying to a soft *iron* axe, and not know-reason thereof is liable to be ed the same way, by the fine ance of the tool, and the story of the dealer who is often the dupe of an unprincipled manufacturer, who only puts into an axe about half the steel that is used in the first method mentioned. *Remember this when you buy your next axe.*



THE OVERCOAT.
STEEL IN PLACE.

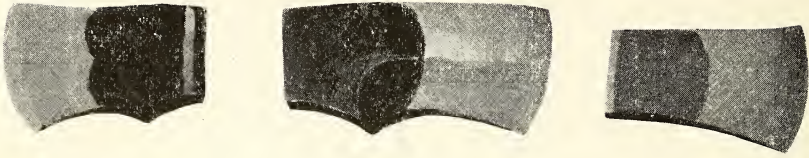
the owner chop with ing the again dup-appear-plausible himself

From the poll department, after a rigid inspection, the axe heads are taken to the bitt drawing department. As you first stand at the entrance of this long building you are simply stunned and blinded. Red-hot fires range their way on one side of a row of anvils, and grimy smiths are constantly taking from their glowing coals axe polls heated red, and passing them with long tongs to foremen who stand



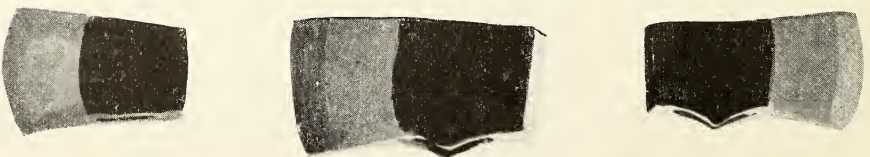
ALONE IN THE FOREST FAR FROM A STORE.

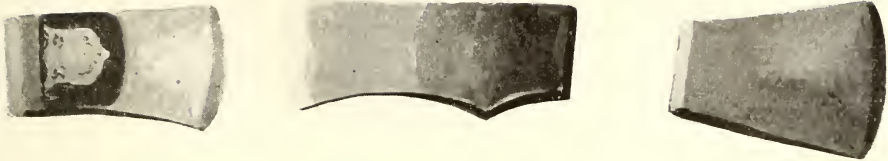
waiting to receive them ; a transfer is quickly made, the foreman deftly turns the poll on its head, seizes a long-handled chisel, and placing its sharp edge on the edge of the poll, the heater, with quick blows of the sledge, splits the poll for an inch or more in depth along the entire edge. Into this furrow the steel is placed, and the sides of the poll are hammered down to hold it in place ; a welding compound is sprinkled along the edges where steel and iron join, another heat is taken, and then the axe comes forth from the fire at the proper time, to be wrought and welded under the trip hammer, and thus is fashioned *approximately* the shape you cannot fail to recognize as the coming axe.



There is no more particular part of axe manufacture than this: a novice would be unable to detect the proper welding heat that would be sure to produce a perfect amalgamation of the iron and steel. It takes long practice under a good tutor to make a first-rate heater, a slight misweld and the axe is practically worthless so far as its value as a chopper in the hands of an expert is concerned. Alone in the forest, far from a store, the heart of the woodman would sink within him, should a part of the steel edge of his axe cleave from the iron with which it ought to have been firmly united, and after such an accident, the unfortunate manufacturer will probably lose forever the trade of such a man, and with it the good will of others of the ilk who view the fracture, shake their heads and try another brand of axe when next they purchase. In the bitt drawing department the axes are subjected to another close inspection. No axe is allowed to go through that is not supposed to be first class. (I am taking it for granted that the company is one which values its name and reputation, and would not knowingly put out a poor tool.) After such inspection the axes are taken to the head hammering department; here the eye receives its final shaping and the head is hammered to its proper pattern for the style of axe desired. Some axes have straight heads, some curved, some are quite thin, others very thick; perhaps you have never noted these differences, not having had your attention called to them, they may seem trifling to you, but to *others* (the users especially) they mean a great deal, these slight deviations carry into practical use the theories which the chopper can explain to you so clearly that you will want an axe made for your own use that shall embody all these fine points, and for a time, perhaps, you will endeavor to create an axe that shall, by its new shape and style, displace the almost innumerable patterns in the market, and cause your name to go down to posterity as one who was a great benefactor to the human family.

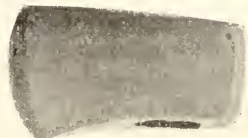
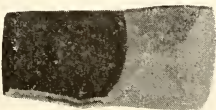
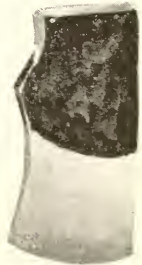
The hammering of the head is still extensively carried on even in modern establishments, in the old-fashioned manner, the poll being formed by the blows of hand hammer and sledge entirely; but in many of the present day elaborately equipped plants, *pressure* is brought to bear, and the head or poll is quickly shaped in dies. Drops are used which let heavy dies fall from a height of three feet or more upon the axe which is placed on a die in which is cut the proper axe impression, and the tool is thus completed with, perhaps, the aid





of small hammers run by power, which strike rapid blows upon the poll, smoothing and finishing it to the satisfaction of the foreman. In this department the axe is again inspected and compared with the pattern to make sure that the outlines are correct; gauges are used in each department, and step by step the axe is brought to its final finishing stages with the same careful tests and inspection necessary to ensure the perfect tool.

From the hammering, we follow the axe to the grinding department. Here the tool undergoes many operations, the outline is made regular by "scribing," which is a term used to denote this particular work. The axe is "press ground," which is the first grinding of bitt and head on a coarse grindstone. As you gaze down through the shop where fifty or more huge grindstones rotate swiftly, you wonder how the men who sit on spring-boards over the stones can work in such a place mid swift-running belts and reeking moisture. Innumerable small pipes constantly spout water over the stones to keep the grit wet down, as well as to improve the cutting qualities, and a foggy, damp atmosphere pervades everything. The operation of grinding is an interesting one to watch, however; the forged axe is placed under the spring-board, and the grinder presses his whole weight upon it and soon brings the rough forged tool to shape; he rolls and rocks the axe this way and that, releases and looks at it frequently, noting at a glance just where it needs touching to perfect the shape. Under these manipulations the axes are soon brought to the pattern desired, and when finished are taken to the inspecting room for gauging and critical examination. Such axes as are up to the proper standard are now sent to the tempering department, where that great essential, the proper degree of toughness or "temper" necessary for a strong cutting edge, is given. There is no more important operation than this, for no matter how beautiful the tool, how nicely it may be ground, how sharp the edge, *all* is for naught if the steel crumbles or bends in use; only men who thoroughly understand this branch, and who are careful and painstaking, are employed in this department, and sometimes there will be one who is so superior in the tempering art to his fellows, that he becomes locally famous as an expert. I mind me now of one aged man who had a widespread reputation as an axe temperer; he always wore a tall beaver hat while at his work. It was not an

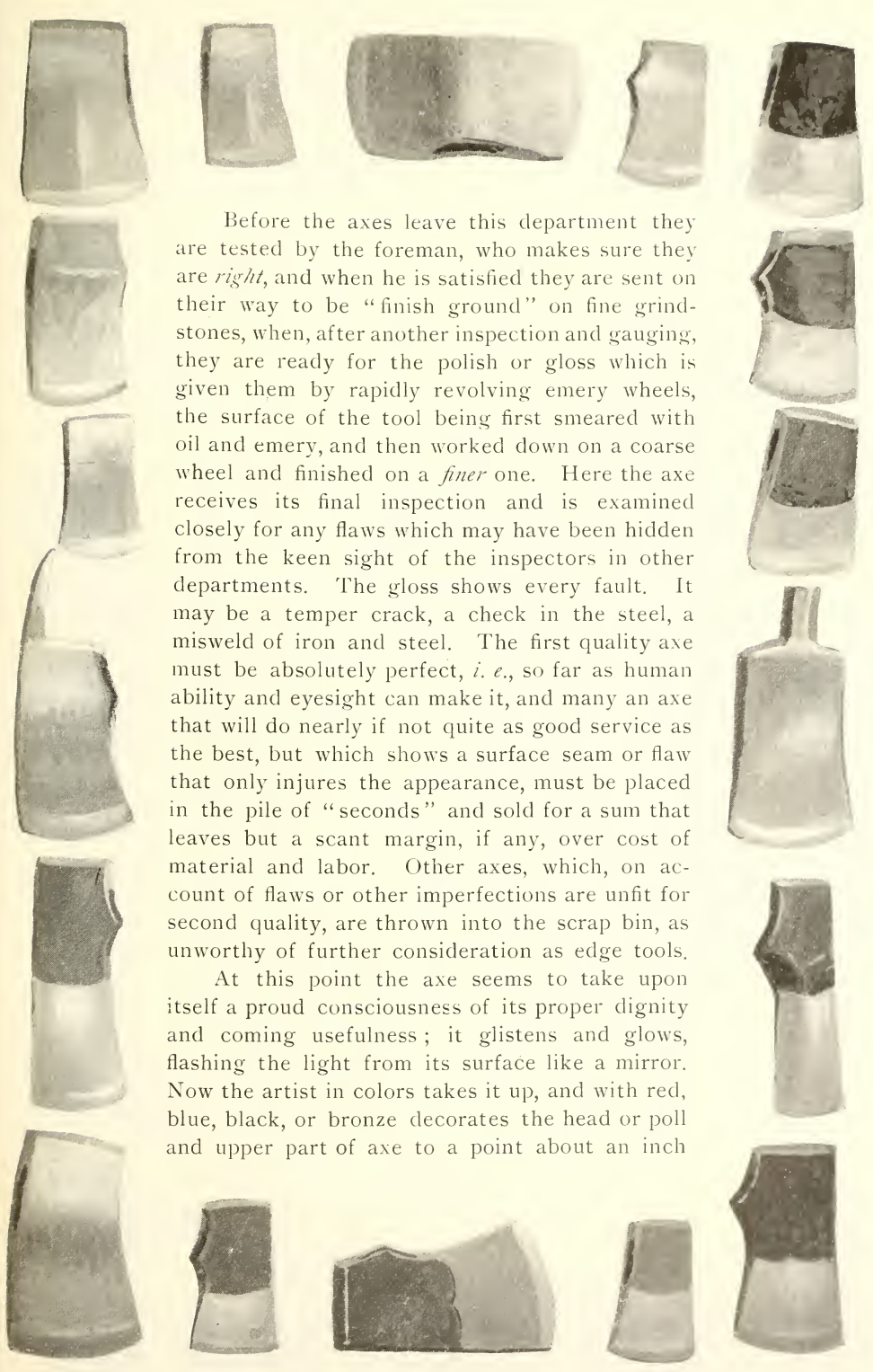


uncommon thing in those days of open fire tempering for the countrymen to bring in half a dozen old axes or more on a string, like so many fish, to have them "done over," or relaid, the operation consisting in cutting out what remained of the old steel and putting in new, then finishing the axe by the same processes as in the making of new ones; almost invariably the customer would add as a finale to his instructions, "I want the old gentlemen with the tall hat to temper 'em," and often would the owner of the axes wait until he saw the old workman perform this operation and thus make sure that only *he* did it, and then, well satisfied, would stroll



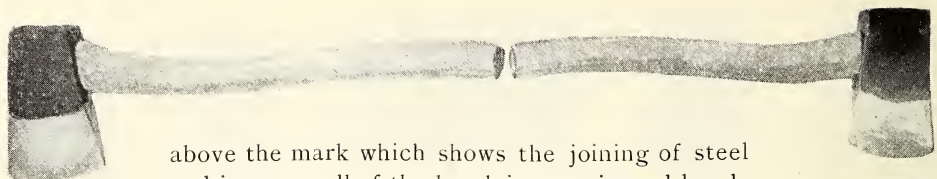
THE WOODMAN.

"up street" to see the sights, content to take the rest of the work on faith. In the process of tempering, axes are first heated to an even cherry red, and then are plunged into a strong brine; this hardens the steel, making it so brittle that a slight blow breaks the edge easily; the axe is then re-heated until a uniform pigeon blue covers the steel surface, when the operation is arrested, the axe is allowed to cool, and the temper is accomplished. Should the workman be color blind, he would fail to detect the proper color, he would call the temper right when there was no uniformity, but a mingling of beautiful colors, red, straw, and blue. The outcome of such a temper would be soft and hard spots in the axe bit, resulting in breakage and bending, and perhaps something worse, destroying the good nature of the user, and causing loss of trade to the manufacturer.



Before the axes leave this department they are tested by the foreman, who makes sure they are *right*, and when he is satisfied they are sent on their way to be "finish ground" on fine grindstones, when, after another inspection and gauging, they are ready for the polish or gloss which is given them by rapidly revolving emery wheels, the surface of the tool being first smeared with oil and emery, and then worked down on a coarse wheel and finished on a *finer* one. Here the axe receives its final inspection and is examined closely for any flaws which may have been hidden from the keen sight of the inspectors in other departments. The gloss shows every fault. It may be a temper crack, a check in the steel, a misweld of iron and steel. The first quality axe must be absolutely perfect, *i. e.*, so far as human ability and eyesight can make it, and many an axe that will do nearly if not quite as good service as the best, but which shows a surface seam or flaw that only injures the appearance, must be placed in the pile of "seconds" and sold for a sum that leaves but a scant margin, if any, over cost of material and labor. Other axes, which, on account of flaws or other imperfections are unfit for second quality, are thrown into the scrap bin, as unworthy of further consideration as edge tools.

At this point the axe seems to take upon itself a proud consciousness of its proper dignity and coming usefulness; it glistens and glows, flashing the light from its surface like a mirror. Now the artist in colors takes it up, and with red, blue, black, or bronze decorates the head or poll and upper part of axe to a point about an inch

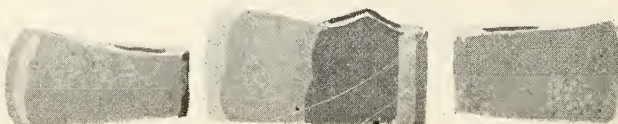


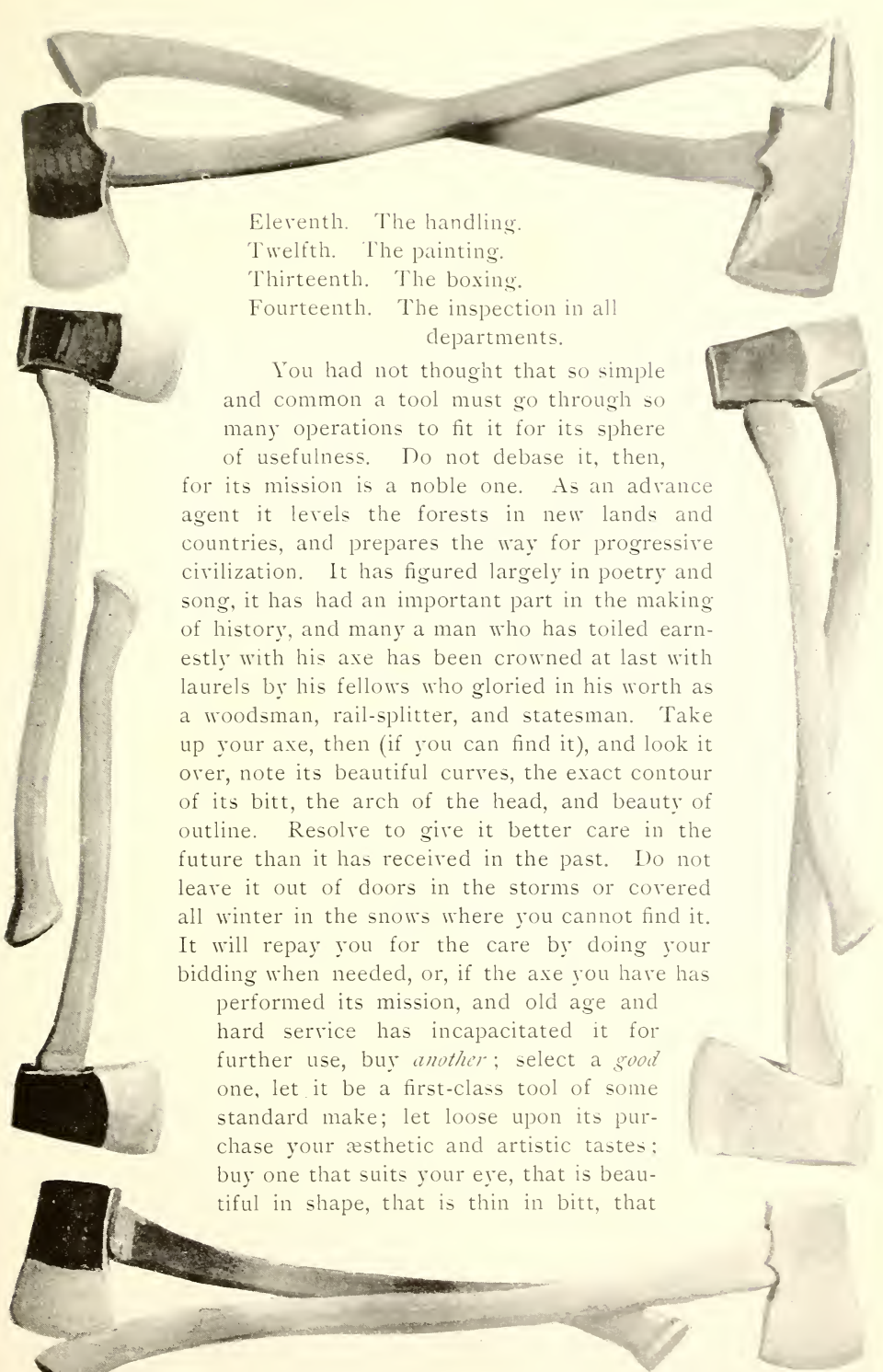
above the mark which shows the joining of steel and iron; a roll of the brush in experienced hands and a semicircle of bright paint presents a charming contrast to the polished steel, and a gilt label, with perhaps a fancy title or a Hercules, or other fabled personage, will perhaps still further decorate and adorn the tool, though I notice that the old-time makers often think it poor taste to use gaudy decoration, and stick to plain labels which bear their imprint and address, leaving the tool itself to prove by works its true worth.

The axe is now complete, but where orders are received for axes with handles the painting is left until the handles are inserted and wedged in place, as the operation of handling would otherwise mar the artist's work.

With regard to handled axes it might be well to speak in passing of the smaller sizes which are so handy about the house and barn; the weights range from one and one-quarter to two and one-half pounds, and commencing with the smallest their names are respectively, Camp Hatchet, Tomahawk, Hunter's Hatchet No. 1 and 2, Quarter, Half, Three-quarters, Boys' No. 1 and 2, and Miners. These are all miniature copies of the axe, have short handles, and are very popular and well known to the trade. We have thus followed the operations of axe-making step by step. We have seen,

- First. The cutting of the bar iron for polls.
- Second. The making of the poll.
- Third. The making of the steel.
- Fourth. The insertion and welding of the steel.
- Fifth. The hammering of the head.
- Sixth. The rough grinding.
- Seventh. The tempering.
- Eighth. The finish grinding.
- Ninth. The coarse polishing.
- Tenth. The finish polishing.



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- Eleventh. The handling.
 Twelfth. The painting.
 Thirteenth. The boxing.
 Fourteenth. The inspection in all
 departments.

You had not thought that so simple and common a tool must go through so many operations to fit it for its sphere of usefulness. Do not debase it, then, for its mission is a noble one. As an advance agent it levels the forests in new lands and countries, and prepares the way for progressive civilization. It has figured largely in poetry and song, it has had an important part in the making of history, and many a man who has toiled earnestly with his axe has been crowned at last with laurels by his fellows who gloried in his worth as a woodsman, rail-splitter, and statesman. Take up your axe, then (if you can find it), and look it over, note its beautiful curves, the exact contour of its bitt, the arch of the head, and beauty of outline. Resolve to give it better care in the future than it has received in the past. Do not leave it out of doors in the storms or covered all winter in the snows where you cannot find it. It will repay you for the care by doing your bidding when needed, or, if the axe you have has performed its mission, and old age and hard service has incapacitated it for further use, buy *another*; select a *good* one, let it be a first-class tool of some standard make; let loose upon its purchase your æsthetic and artistic tastes; buy one that suits your eye, that is beautiful in shape, that is thin in bitt, that

hangs on the handle just to your liking, or in woodcraft parlance that "fits the hand," and when you return home with your purchase have a certain place where it can be kept and when needed always found; wipe it carefully if it gets wet; do honest, legitimate work with it on wood and kindlings, and use the *old* axes for nails and hoop iron. Look no longer, then, upon the axe as a despised thing. Your example has debased it, it has been pernicious and the tool has been the sufferer. Do what you can, then, to raise it from the odium cast upon it by the householder, and the long unanswered question of "Where's that axe?" will be laid aside forever and need be asked no more.



DAY DREAMS.

BY ELIZABETH ALDEN CURTIS.

Revery is sweet,
 An isle of retreat
 To the earth-trammeled soul.
 In its comforting shades
 The life struggle fades,
 And we reach the far goal.

From the hovering haze
 Of soft vernal days,
 Our air castles peep,
 And our lives are in chime
 To the pastoral time,
 And the tinkling of sheep.

The deep tolling knell
 Of a far-away bell,
 Sets the heart all a thrill;
 And the golden light streams
 O'er our rapturous dreams
 In a luminous rill.

May revery
 Ne'er set us free
 From her glistening webs.
 On the mystical strand
 Of her peace-giving land
 All bitterness ebbs.

OLD TIME MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

BY N. H. ALLEN.

The organ which did service in Trinity Church, Newport, for more than a century was not accepted cheerfully when first presented by Bishop Berkeley to the town in Massachusetts bearing his name. Indeed, it was so stoutly opposed that it lay in its original packing several years ; and as sentiment had not changed, it was taken to Newport, where the people were readier to accept it, and it there became known as a famous instrument.

In Middletown there was a case with similar features. The Episcopalians had been slowly increasing in numbers before 1750, and had long desired to erect a modest church edifice, but there was opposition from the authorities, and no suitable lot could be procured because of it. At length a low, boggy piece of land was granted, as good for nothing else ; but there were men of force, notably the brothers-in-law, Joseph Wright and Richard Alsop, who were ready to go ahead, rather than wait longer, and by draining and filling make a safe spot on which to erect a church. Christ Church was finished in 1755, and Richard Alsop imported an organ from England and presented it to the parish. In 1785 his brother, John Alsop, then residing in New York, presented a bell, and this bell is still in use in Trinity Church. This organ, ornamented with

the crown and mitre, stirred up strife enough, and no doubt increased the ill-will that was manifested towards this church for many years. It remained in place, however, until near the end of the century, and soon after its removal the church edifice itself was destroyed. In Hartford, the first organ was in Christ Church. It was built not far from 1800, and was a home product. George Catlin was the maker, and his shop on the Windsor road was about opposite the north cemetery. This organ was a small affair, hardly more than five or six feet square, a mere "box of whistles." It does not appear that it was purchased outright at first ; for the agreement with Mr. Catlin was, that he should receive two dollars per Sunday for its use, out of which he was to provide a suitable person to play the instrument. It evidently became the property of the parish later, for in 1812 another organ was built by Catlin and Bacon, which cost five hundred dollars, and the old organ was taken by the builders at a valuation of one hundred and fifty dollars. In 1829 a subscription was started for the purpose of raising seven thousand dollars, a part of which was to be applied to the purchase of a third organ when the



HENRY W. GREATOREX.

new church should be finished. This organ was the one built by the Hook Brothers of Boston, on which Downes and Wilson played so many years and which has but recently given place to a fourth and much larger instrument. Before the third organ was purchased, some orchestral instruments were used, and money was appropriated to hire a teacher of singing, and the name of Mr. Ives, mentioned in the last chapter, appears as one of these teachers. Christ Church maintained at the time a musical society, from which the choir was no doubt recruited, and which gave occasional sacred concerts in the church.

From 1795 to 1799 the First Ecclesiastical Society, now popularly known as the Center Church, voted fifteen pounds yearly "for the encouragement of psalmody." From 1800 to 1807 the society voted fifty dollars yearly for the same purpose, and from 1808 to 1813, one hundred dollars yearly; thence on to 1825 with the exception of one year, with a yearly appropriation of seventy-five dollars. In the records of the society may be found the following entry:

"At a special Meeting of the First Ecclesiastical Society in the Town of Hartford, legally convened and held at the North Conference House in said Hartford on the first day of June, 1822, warned at the request of the subscribers for an Organ for the Brick Meeting House in said society

"Andrew Kingsbury, Esqr., was Moderator.

"Voted, That this Society will cheerfully accept of an Organ now ordered to be cured and put up by the said Society for the use of the same, and will when said Organ is prepared prepare a place for the same in their House of Public Worship, keep said Organ in proper condition for use, and a suitable Organist for the same."

[Does this mean that the organist was to be kept in proper condition for use?]

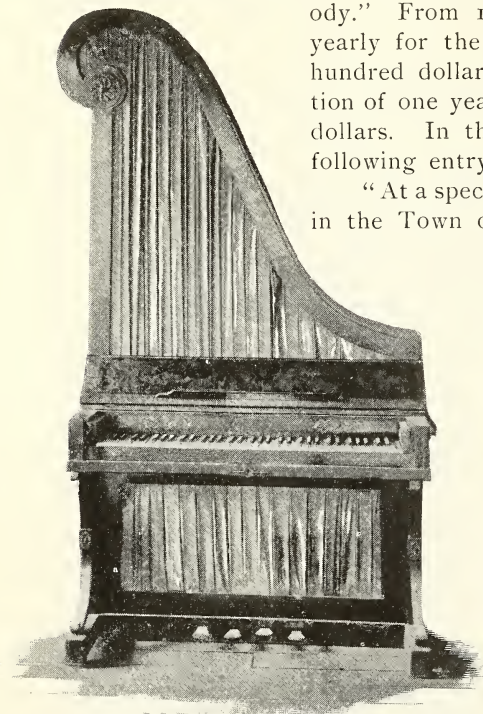
"Voted, That Mr. Lynde Olmsted be appointed in conjunction with the Society's committee to carry into effect the above vote."

Another entry in the records of the year 1822 is as follows:

"Upon the Petition of Daniel Colt, as President, Flavel Goldthwaite, Thomas Smith, George W. Bolles, and Christopher C. Lyman, as officers of the Jubal Society of Hartford, whose object is the improvement of the members of said Society in the scientific and practical knowledge of Music, etc., praying for the use of the Meeting House four evenings in the year, to exhibit their performances, with liberty to sell Tickets of admission for defraying the expenses they may incur, etc., as per petition on file. It was on the Petition—

"Voted, That the Society's Committee be authorized to permit the Jubal Society to perform Sacred music in the Meeting House with open doors, and with liberty of a Contribution, but without any sale of Tickets."

I hope to get further information about this society for a subsequent chapter. It was probably the first choral society in Hartford of any importance, and pre-



AUSTRIAN PIANO.

pared the way for the Beethoven and other societies which performed oratorio. No mention is made of the builder of the first organ for the Center Church. It may have been built by Catlin and Bacon, but if ordered elsewhere, I am inclined to think it was furnished by William Goodrich of Boston, successor to Leavitt and forerunner of Appleton, and for his time the most successful organ-builder in New England.

In 1824 the society voted "to pay Lynde Olmsted one hundred dollars for his services in promoting Church Music the year past."

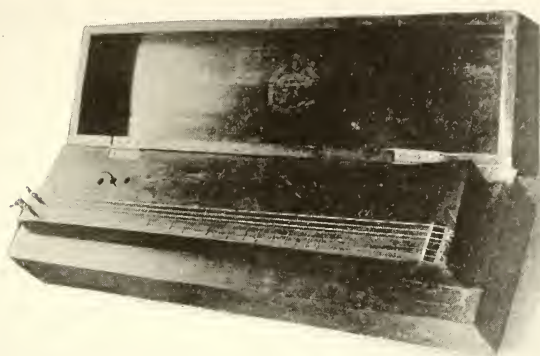
The three following years, two hundred dollars were voted for an organist, and one hundred for "Church Musick."

At the Historical Society's rooms may be seen a subscription paper which was circulated in 1822, for the purchase of a bass viol for the Universalist Church,

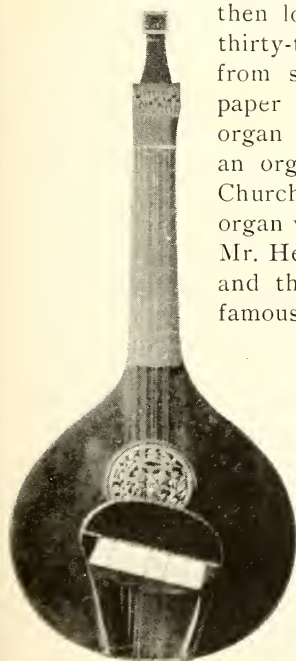
then located on Central Row. The list contains thirty-three names, and the sums subscribed range from six dollars down to fifty cents. With this paper is also preserved a bill of Hall & Erben, organ builders, dated New York, Jan. 15, 1827, for an organ set up at that time in the Universalist Church. The bill is made out to Wm. Connor. The organ was brought here in a sloop from New York. Mr. Henry Erben, the junior member of this firm, and then a very young man, afterwards became famous as an organ builder, and built many fine instruments. There are two of his organs now in use in Hartford, that in St. Patrick's Church, a very large instrument, and that in the Pearl street Congregational Church, which when new was probably the best organ in the city. If I mistake not, this Hall & Erben organ, built for the Universalist society, was, after many years' use, rebuilt by McCollom, who had a shop on Market street, and about whom more will be written later.

Taking a little jump to 1835, one comes upon an event of unusual importance and

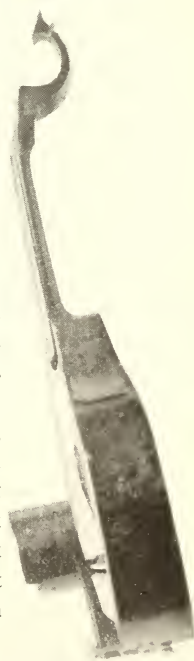
interest in the musical annals of Hartford. Thomas Appleton of Boston had been commissioned to build an organ for the Center Church, which was to have three manuals and a heavy pedal, and was to be in all respects the equal of any organ in the country. The instrument was brought from Boston in the schooner



COLUMBIAN HARP.



ENGLISH LUTE.



ENGLISH LUTE.
(SIDE VIEW.)

Lydia, which arrived at the foot of State street on the 2d day of April. On Sunday, the 17th of May, it was heard for the first time, and a great deal was made of the event. Lowell Mason, then at the height of his reputation, was invited to give an illustrated lecture on church music, and with him came Geo. James Webb of Boston to play the organ. A large chorus choir had been organized and drilled by Mr. Benjamin C. Wade of Springfield, Mass., and for this occasion all the other choirs of the city were invited to be present and take part. This was on the Monday following the first use of the organ, and was an occasion in which the whole city took a lively interest. Samuel A. Cooper was engaged at once as organist, and was an efficient worker, and from time to time gave oratorios with his choir. Neukomm's *David* was a work then in vogue, and was given by Mr. Cooper several times. He remained three years, and was succeeded by Henry W. Greatorex, an English organist, who was engaged for the place before leaving England. Mr. Greatorex was considered a remarkable player for the times, and enjoyed an unusual popularity. He remained but two years, left the city for a short period, and returned to play the organ in St. John's Church, remaining there several years. He subsequently went to Charleston, S. C., where he died. The name of Greatorex was popularly known throughout the country, twenty-five or thirty years ago, by a collection of original anthems and hymn tunes which he published. Greatorex came of a musical family. His father, Thomas Greatorex, was a highly educated and prominent musician; at one time organist of the cathedral of Carlisle, and for twenty-seven years conductor of the so-called *Ancient Concerts* in London, after which he was appointed to succeed Dr. Cooke as organist and master of the boys at Westminster Abbey. The likeness of Mr. Henry Greatorex, here given, is said to be excellent by some who knew him well. He was succeeded at the Center Church by Mr. Otto Jacobsohn, who played one year, and was followed by Mr. Joseph Monds, who remained five years. The next organist was Dr. James G. Barnett, who held the post twenty years. I shall have a good deal more to say about Dr. Barnett in the next chapter, when the history of the Beethoven Society is given, and shall then present a portrait of him. Since the last number of the *QUARTERLY* appeared, I have stumbled upon some rare and curious old instruments, to a description of which I will give the remainder of the allotted space.

In the Historical Rooms at Bristol is an upright piano that should interest the musical antiquary greatly. But little can be gleaned of its history, and it must speak for itself. It was made in Vienna by one Lautmann, and it has features that seem contradictory in trying to determine its age. The action, *i. e.*, the hammers, jacks, etc., give evidence of great age. Judging by cuts given in various books, the hammers are very similar to those used soon after the piano-forte mechanism was invented. The Italian Christofori is said to have invented the piano-forte in 1709. Marius, a Frenchman, exhibited his invention to the Academy in Paris in 1716, while Schroeter first made his known in Germany in 1717. It is said that each of these men wrought in ignorance of the other's doings.

The Bristol piano, however, has a compass of six octaves, which is evidence of a considerably later date. Of course there is no iron bracing of any sort, as iron was first used for that purpose in American pianos, and not earlier than 1820.

The stringing is very light, and the tone could never have been strong. But much of the interest in this old piano lies in the accessories. There are four pedals, and in the space below the action is a drum and cymbals worked by the pedals, and also a harp imitation, which is probably something applied to the strings where the hammers strike them. The exterior, even in its present ruinous state, gives evidence of former beauty. There are many applied ornaments in

brass, and the front, both above and below the keyboard, is filled in with silk, which was once red, in wide plaiting. The instrument is evidently a hundred years old, and possibly much more than that.

Mr. Richards, who will show visitors the collection in which this piano stands, has an old instrument at his home, which he calls a Columbian harp. It is a rather rude affair, and a cut is here given. It is built into the box which serves as its case, is perhaps two feet and a half long and ten inches wide. The case is the rudest part of it, for the wood never knew the touch of a plane, and shows the original marks of the saw by which the boards were cut from the log. Inside more care has been taken, and the wood is well selected and finished. It has six or eight strings, about one-half of which have frets under them, and in this respect it is like a zither in principle. It is provided with *f* holes, like a violin, and apparently has a sounding-board throughout half its length. It is evidently an instrument of little musical value, and is interesting chiefly as a curiosity.

Another instrument of even greater interest than the Austrian piano is the one described below by Mr. Marcus A. Casey, who has kindly permitted me to insert his copy.

Judge William L. Loomis of Suffield is the possessor of an ancient musical instrument known as the English lute, probably derived from the Spanish bandola. So far as is known, there is no other specimen in this country save the one in the United States National Museum at Washington. The body of that instrument is a little longer and more "pear-shaped" (as the lutanists say) than Judge Loomis's. The instrument in the museum was presented to Eleanor Parke Custis, step-daughter of Washington, by the General himself, and was played by her. It is now among the Washington relics. Both instruments were made by Longman & Brodrip, No. 26 Cheapside and 16 Haymarket, London.

Judge Loomis's lute belonged to his mother, who was an expert player, to the extent of its capabilities. As will be readily seen, the metal strings are struck by six hammers beneath the keyboard, on the principle of the piano-forte. The system for tuning is extremely complicated, and there are many reasons, apparent to musicians, why the instrument early fell into disuse. The workmanship and varnish are exceedingly fine, equaling that of many historic violins. The ancient instrument is tenderly preserved in the original case made for it.

Judge Loomis was at one time urged to present his instrument to the Smithsonian Institution, that it might be preserved in companionship with the Custis relic. The Judge felt obliged to decline the request, stating in his reply that "its early associations, and not its intrinsic value, has caused it to be retained within the family and household, and no one at present could think of parting with it. It would be like removing the hearthstone, or the old brick oven, or the crane in the fireplace." Here and there, all through the Loomis mansion, are many articles of ancient design and use, including old china, bowls, vases, antique silver, old and curious paintings, chairs, tables, clocks, etc.

It is the intention to give more information as to the early organs of Hartford and vicinity in the next paper, and also of the musicians who were active in the first half of this century.



FALLS OF THE TUNNIS.

BY L. W. CASE.

Illustrated by K. T. Shelton.

Adown thy rocky aisles pour
on forever

Thy sparkling waters.

Tunxis, in thy pride :

Embosomed in his shades,
and faithless never,

The grim old Forest's
wild and joyous bride !

I dream me when an Indian
hunter came

As I to gaze upon thy
gladsome face,

And sought no longer then
the fleeing game,

But tempted by thy smiles
forgot the chase :

Forgot his warriors waiting in
their camps

Far o'eryon Eastern moun-
tains, where his squaw

Prayed the Great Spirit that
the "heavenly lamps"

Burn bright for him, her
chieftain and her law :

Forgot his pappoose, in the
cradle swung

Above the reach of panthers, stealthy-eyed :

Forgot the shouts with which the heavens rung,

When late his braves laid low the Pequot's pride :

Forgot the vaunting days of youth, when first

He tried his hazel bow, the arrow sped,

Which flew betipt with certain death, as erst

His father's cleit the soaring eagle's head ;

Forgot the weird emotions of his heart

When oft the dusky Venus came, and laid

Her soft and glowing cheek on his, apart

'Neath aromatic hemlocks' am'rous shade :

Forgot the Manitou, and spirits dread

That hovered always near his doomed race :

Forgot the living, and forgot the dead —

Within thy silver ripples' witching grace :

And there, entranced upon the granite isle

Thy foaming waters kiss in merriment,

Basked in a maize-enrip'ning sun the while,

And to thy beauty deep adoring bent :



FALLS OF THE TUNXIS.

And in unbroken tremor of delight
 Breathed out his soul upon the autumn air
 Till morn had faded into ghostly night,
 No more to rise upon the hunter there —
 But with thee fain his spirit lingers still
 And guards thy passes, as the gateways dear
 Through which his happy tribe come down at will
 From out their spirit "Hunting Grounds" anear.
 And these around thee gathering now I see,
 On this unclouded, soft, September day,
 In joyous dance, in merry revelry,
 And laving in thy cool and fragrant spray.
 They seek the soft recesses of the grove
 Which lordly bends above thy banks in sheen,
 Where frost-touched maples spread their tints above —
 Rose, purple, every-hued — the hemlock's green ;
 And frolic there, or daily in the sun
 With wanton wiles, or o'er their battles tell
 With mimic rage — and feign for scalps they've won,
 The countless shadows of thy bosky dell ! —



And so in idling joys I pass the hours,
 Enthused with charms of Nature blest in thee ;
 O Tunxis ! would I had a poet's powers
 To wreath thy beauties for eternity ! —
 But ah ! I do recall with dread when thou
 Thy smile didst chill, one day, to anger's
 frown,
 A day when stormy clouds hung o'er thy brow,
 And icy boulders grated in thy crown.
 It was in early Spring : mad freshets tore
 From distant lake and from the mountain
 side,
 With melted snows and rains, and onward bore
 Huge logs and "drift," in stemless currents
 wide,
 And rushed with torrent roll and ceaseless roar
 Upon thy naked breast — and all the wood,
 And mountains high, gave forth their grand
 encore,
 As thou didst headlong dash the giant flood !
 For thou art Power and Beauty, both, allied —
 Like Venus unto forceful Vulcan given —
 A monster he, in rage — but she, his bride,
 The dearest star that beams in all the heaven !



NEW HAVEN HARBOR.

BY CHARLES HERVEY TOWNSEND,
Of Raynham, New Haven, Conn.

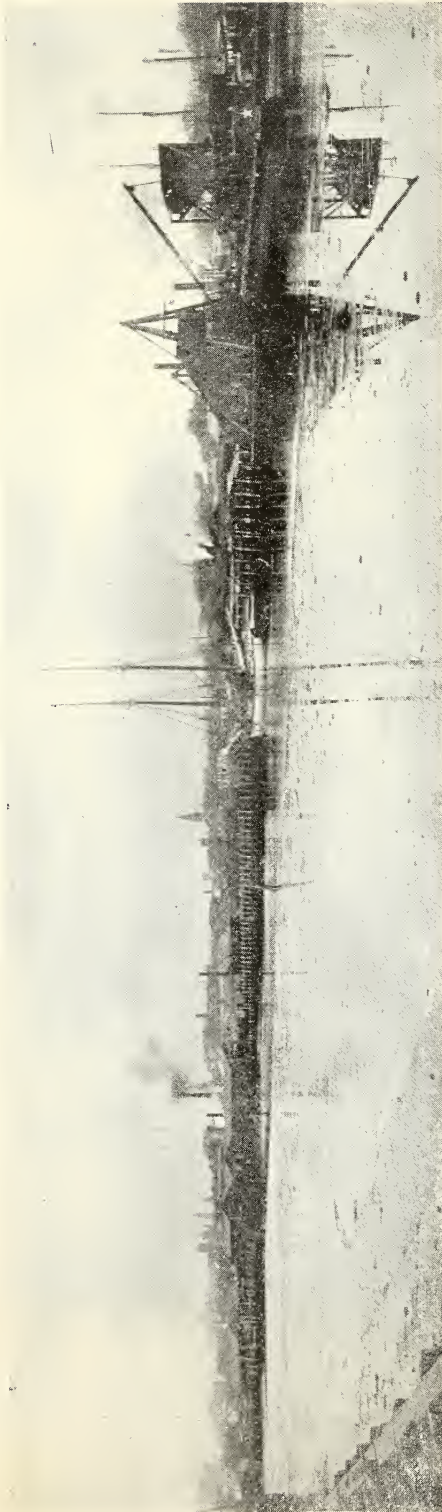
Adrian Block, the celebrated Dutch hydrographer for the Dutch East India Company, then stationed at New Amsterdam, gives us positive proof of his having visited our beautiful and spacious harbor, through the medium of a valuable chart which was constructed on a voyage of exploration, and deposited on his return to Holland in the Lokas Kas of the State General in the Royal Archives at The Hague. This voyage was made during the summer of 1614, when he explored this place in his yacht, *Onrust* (*The Restless*), of sixteen tons burthen, which he had built the winter before, and was probably the first vessel constructed in these parts by a European.

This region he named Rodenbergh (Red Mount), no doubt suggested by the appearance of the two prominent bluffs, East and West Rocks, as seen by him from his vessel's deck, studding the coast range. It is probable that Block sailed up this harbor and explored its shores in his yawl, leaving the *Onrust* at anchor in the quiet roadstead off the Oyster Point of our day. We judge from his report that his stay in our harbor was brief, and he soon pursued his voyage eastward, locating numerous shoals and islands.

Previous to 1614 our harbor was frequently visited by Europeans, while on their voyages of exploration or trade with the Indians, the English claiming by



END OF LONG WHARF.



right of Cabot discovery (although he never set foot on the shore), the French from Varrazano reports, and the Dutch by Hudson's explorations and purchases from the Indians.

It is quite likely that Block's voyage was followed up by one or two visits yearly from Dutch vessels for the purpose of trading with the natives in furs, which was found to be quite a valuable speculation, so valuable, indeed, that the Dutch kept very quiet about it, evidently fearing that the English might interfere should they know of it.

The events which led up to the settlement of Eaton, Davenport, and their followers at Quinnipiac seemed to have had a providential guidance, as viewed in retrospect. Arriving from England for the purpose of planting a new colony at the time the expedition sent to suppress the troublesome Pequots had returned to Boston with the reports of their task accomplished, and the additional report of a favorable country inhabited by friendly Connecticut Indians, the Quinnipiacs, Eaton was at once dispatched to explore the country and bring back word concerning it. He immediately sailed, and found the country greatly to his liking, chiefly and foremost for the reason of its advantageous aspects for commercial purposes. Being a merchant, and his company well equipped for trade, the harbor was of prime importance and determined the location of his colony. The region suited him so well that he took the precautions of establishing an undisputed claim by leaving a small party to stay through the winter, while he returned and made preparations to join them in the spring, and also by writing "to the most honored Governor, Deputy Governor and assistants of Massachusetts Bay Colony," in a letter dated on the 12th day of the first month, 1638, that it is the intention of his company to remove hence to Quinnipiac, saying, "We hope in mercy and have sent letters to Connecticut for a speedy transacting of the purchase of the part about Quilli-piack from the natives *which may pretend title thereunto,*" etc.

These natives, the Quinnipiacs, having been reduced by a plague to about one hundred and fifty people, among them only forty-seven men, and wanting protection from neighboring tribes, who had exacted heavy tribute from them, were very glad to confer with the English, and arranged for sundry articles of exchange and protection from their enemies, to give certain lands to Eaton and his company.

The records of the town in its early days abound in allusions to its commercial interests, and long before the settlers had named their town New Haven, stringent laws to regulate commerce had been enacted by the Court, and the English coat-of-arms had been placed on the water-front to notify outsiders of its true ownership.

The chief requisite for successfully carrying on trade was soon found to be suitable wharf accommodation, and in 1644 "come Richard Malbon, John Evance, and George Lamberton to inform the Court, that having seriously considered the damages which hinder vessels from coming neare the towne, they will undertake (upon conditions named) to build a wharfe, to which at least Botes may come to discharge their cargoes."

The wharf which they were authorized to build stood on the present site of the City Market.

The landing places at the earliest settlement of the Colony were on the creek west of Meadow and George streets. It is well known that the founders of our Colony landed far up the stream near the junction of College and George streets. That was called the upper landing. A more important one was near or at the point where Whiting street crosses the creek. There was quite a large bay extending up to this point.

For the building of the wharf of Richard Malbon and others, the Court ordered that they should have "four days' work of every male in town from sixteen years old to sixty, those that cannot work to hyre others to work in their stead, and those that can to work in their own persons."



THE NEW LIGHTHOUSE AND EAST BREAKWATER.



(From a painting by G. A. Reckard.)

THE OLD LIGHT HOUSE.

This project, which called for such a conscription, seemed, indeed, to have been a commercial necessity.

This and other small private wharves in the creeks were used by the people for a few years, but before long they realized the necessity for a wharf in the harbor to accommodate vessels as well as boats and lighters, and in 1663 Mr. Samuel Bache had a grant of "about fifty or sixty feet" (for a warehouse), and as far down into the flats as he should see cause to build a "wharf or dock." This may be considered as the first wharf built in the harbor, and was really the commencement of Long Wharf. It was added to in 1683 — nineteen years later — by Mr. Thomas Trowbridge obtaining a grant, and building adjacent thereto and eastward, and from these two grants, all since granted to Union or Long Wharf take their start from the shore.

What little had been built up to this time was added to in 1710 and 1717, and by the end of 1731, the people realizing the necessity of making a combined effort and building one great wharf, there were donations by various persons, and the wharf had become a fixed fact and taken the name of Union Wharf, which continued to be its proper name for years, though it was popularly called Long Wharf as early as 1738, when it extended into the harbor about twenty-six rods.

In 1760, the Union Wharf Company was formed and lasted until 1802, when a re-organization took place.

In 1770, a pier about eighty feet square was built by popular subscriptions, on the west side of the channel of the harbor, where vessels could lie afloat at all stages of the tide. There was an effort made in 1772 to connect this pier with the end of the wharf, then about one-third of a mile apart, but, the war coming on, nothing was done until 1810, when about fifteen hundred feet were built by William Lanson, a colored man, who quarried the stone at East Rock, and, by means of a scow, put it in place and filled in with mud from the harbor, which has stood solid to this day. Relative to this building by Mr. Lanson, Mr. Thomas R. Trowbridge, in his exhaustive paper on Long Wharf given before the New Haven Colony Historical Society, from which many facts in this article are taken, tells of a man in a western hotel being overheard to remark that "Long Wharf was the longest wharf in the world, that it was over five miles in length and was built by a colored man."

The actual length is 3,480 feet. It was built to nearly its present termination in 1812, the final termination being reached in 1855. Since 1802 there has been upwards of \$80,000 spent on it, and before that time thousands and thousands of dollars were spent and lost of which we have no account. Every dollar of receipts up to 1799 had been expended on its improvement and extension, and large amounts had been necessary to repair parts swept away by the water at the time of storms.

When twenty-six rods long a portion of the grant was sold for an equivalent valuation of £530 for the whole wharf, and when a few years ago the Consolidated road bought it for \$100,000, it may be considered that they secured it at a bargain.

As a commercial city, New Haven owes its chief importance to Long Wharf, and rightly have the citizens fostered it and had its well-being always at heart. It has been one of the most important institutions of the city, and not groundless has been the pride of the wharf merchant in the realization that the building of such a structure, great to undertake at our time, but a far greater undertaking at the time it was done, was completed in the early part of this century.

Since then there have been over one hundred and fifty acres of land reclaimed from the harbor by wharves, bridges, and filling-in to the sea-wall. As far back as the railroad office building now stands, considerably west, and east along Water street to Tomlinson's bridge is "made" land. The canal basin, which has been

filled in and wharfed to the channel, making canal dock, and the numerous docks and wharves and bridges between there and Tomlinson's bridge, with the amount of land from the railroad office building to the water-front, including the land where the railroad station and car-shops now stand, give us some conception of the changed appearance of the water-front of the present day from that of early times.

One of the most prominent objects in the foreground on approaching our harbor is the new lighthouse on the west end of the east breakwater. The light is fifty-seven feet above the sea-level. A bell on the lighthouse is struck by machinery at intervals of fifteen seconds in thick weather.

The old lighthouse at Morris Point, built in 1840, on the site of an earlier one, is a handsome structure of stone, painted white, with its black lantern elevated ninety feet above sea-level. It is a picturesque landmark dear to the New Haveners, and should never be taken down. It is now used as a United States Signal Station, and could be restored, in case of necessity, to its ancient use.

The length of the harbor along the channel in a north and south direction is about four nautical miles, and the width from Fort Hale to Sandy Point at high-water is one nautical mile. The average depth of the channel, at low tide, is fourteen feet. The United States Coast Survey of a chart of 1846 gives the depth of the channel at low-water at Crane's Bar as seven feet, and on the chart of 1875, sixteen feet is indicated by low-water at the same place. By the excavations now, it is intended to make it from two to four feet deeper. This will add six and one-half feet of draught for vessels, counting the mean rise of the tide, allowing vessels of 22 ft. draft to reach the wharf.

Its important location midway along the Sound, the enormous amount of commerce passing through the Sound made it most essential that the breakwaters at its entrance be built to afford a safe refuge for shipping in time of storm. This was begun and is now going on, with other harbor improvements, after years of hard work and constant agitation by New Haven's foremost citizens in getting requisite appropriations from Congress.

Upon making a tour of the shores from Oyster Point, where an ancient Indian village stood, around to the old lighthouse, one is constantly reminded that he is treading on historic ground, and here in the times of peace and war took place eventful scenes.

Here in the ancient wood and stone mansion of the Morris family, and partly destroyed by the British July 5, 1779, the town records of East Haven were kept for sixty years. From this house were taken in the dead of night Captain Amos Morris and his son by a raiding band of Tories from Huntington, L. I., to New York, to be confined in the Jersey prison ship.

Nearly opposite the residence, and built soon after 1760, of heavy boulders of the same conglomerate granite that composes the shore is the Old Wharf, the site of the ancient salt works. It is said to have been built by giant Indians who came from the east end of Long Island to assist Thomas Morris in the undertaking.

The famous cargoes that have been landed, the many ships that have sailed away, some never to return, the events of the various wars from the time Fort Hale and Fort Wooster and their predecessors did effective service in protecting the town from invaders, the burning of the stores on Long Wharf by the British when they took possession of the pier, establishing there a flotilla to cannonade the town, the use of Grape Vine Point for Camp Ferry, one of the four conscript camps of the state, during the latter part of the civil war, and numerous other stirring and important events, impress one with the necessity of honoring the past and appreciating the present by acknowledging what New Haven Harbor has been and is to the city of New Haven.

A STUART IN EXILE.

BY ELLEN D. LARNED.

The last slice of unappropriated Mohegan land east of the Quinebaug in northeast Connecticut, was sold to four Plainfield gentlemen in 1699. This "Owaneco Purchase" comprised the south part of the present town of Killingly. In time it was divided into shares that were made over to sons of the original purchasers and other Plainfield residents. Its first settler was Jacob Spalding, who took possession of his allotment upon coming of age in 1721. He brought to this new home his young bride, Hannah Wilson, said to have come from Plymouth Colony. She had a brother living in Providence, where, quite probably, she may have met Mr. Spalding, as there was much intercourse between Plainfield and Providence.

It was a pleasant region, but beyond the outpost of civilization. The early settlers of Plainfield and Killingly had made their homes along the Quinebaug and Moosup valleys. The purchase lay some two miles back from the Quinebaug and was much infested by Indians who still clung to their old rights and hunting grounds. Jacob's triumph over the Indian who attempted to pick a quarrel with him is related by Barber in his "Historical Collections of Conn." One of Jacob's grand-daughters preserved some other incidents depicting their early privations and struggles. During the first year it was impossible to raise sufficient food to carry the family through the winter. Repeated snows had blocked up the narrow paths leading to the distant settlements. Lowering skies and piercing east wind foretold a heavier storm approaching. Supplies for men and beast were nearly gone. Should they be shut in but for a few days starvation was inevitable. One course was left to them, and making hurried preparation they sallied out in the bleak winter afternoon for the father's house in Plainfield. We see the little procession toiling through the drifts. "Jacob ahead with the oxen to break out a path, the cows followed, and then Grandma Spalding with her baby in her arms."

Some years later there was another season of privation, a failure of crops from drought and frost two successive summers. On one occasion, Jacob, who had gone to mill at Moosup, five miles distant, was detained over night by a sudden snow storm. There was little food in the house. The children had been pacified during the day scraping what they could from an enormous beef bone. This bone it may be said, picked clean and white from every particle of flesh and gristle, served as an object lesson to generations of greedy children. Now the children had been lulled to sleep, and the mother guarded them with anxious heart. The Indians had been prowling around all day, angry and quarrelsome, demanding food and drink that she was unable to give them. In the storm and darkness her quickened ears detected stealthy footsteps. They were around the house; they were preparing to burst through the wooden shutters that served for window. Glancing round the room for weapon of defense, her eye caught the great beef bone. Quick as a flash she seized it, and as the first Indian stuck his ugly head through the opening, with all the force of desperation struck him full on the mouth. "Ugh! Ugh!" he cried, tumbling to the ground, and all scampered off in hasty retreat.

Industry and patience overcame frontier trials and privations, and in a few years the family was in a flourishing condition, with sufficient land under cultivation, abundance of stock and outbuildings, and a large roomy house built after the prevailing fashion. A sudden blow deprived it of its head. Mr. Spalding was instantly killed by a fall from his cart. Mrs. Spalding was left in very comfortable circumstances — a farm for herself and one for each of the two children. She was a woman of pleasing appearance and fine character. All widows married again in those days, and she was especially eligible. The stranger who won the prize came from the adjoining township, Voluntown. This narrow, straggling strip of land on the border of Rhode Island would hardly seem to offer attractions to a superior class of settlers. But in the northern part, in the vicinity of Moosup River, were fine farms and favorable openings, which were mostly appropriated by a number of Scotch emigrants comprising ancient and highly respectable families.

Among these new settlers, about 1730 appeared one who seemed “among them but not of them” — a sojourner or visitor, perhaps, who took no part in labor or town affairs, and held himself aloof. *Girk*, the name by which he was designated, seemed strangely inappropriate. Riding about the country with his friend and host, Dixon, they chanced to call at Mrs. Spalding’s. Her pleasing manners and ready sympathy attracted the lonely stranger, and as their acquaintance increased he confided to her willing ear his story of exile and misfortune. His true name was Edward Stuart. A lineal representative of the royal line and banished house, he had been compelled to leave home and country and hide himself away, hoping for some chance to retrieve his fallen fortunes. He was of fine person and courtly manners, in striking contrast to rival rural suitors. Those were days of romance and sentiment. Few women would have resisted such overtures. Against advice and remonstrance from friends and relatives, Mrs. Spalding plighted faith with the alluring stranger. He had papers to show that appeared satisfactory. His friends in Voluntown vouched for his veracity and standing. They were married with much ceremony by Rev. Mr. Dorrance, in the Spalding mansion that then became the residence of the exiled Stuart.

This affair, as might well be supposed, excited much interest and speculation. The plain country people of Plainfield and Killingly greatly disapproved the marriage and scouted Stuart’s pretensions. They liked him none the better “for his gold-laced waist-coat and shirt so fine, it could be drawn through a ring,” and prophesied that he would waste the estate and bring the family to ruin. But to those who saw him intimately the validity of his claim became more and more apparent. He is described as tall and stout, of light complexion and commanding countenance. His dress and demeanor were elegant and courtly. He spoke French with great fluency, danced, fenced, and played on the violin. He went armed night and day, and had a sword of most extraordinary strength and temper, and “would, upon occasion, show his strength and skill in the use of it.” He had a kingly inaptitude for labor, and equal aptitude for enforcing it from others. Accustomed to read the daily family prayer from the English church book, he always added to the prayer for the King, and “for all other members of the Royal Family.” Doubtless, he had in mind the old Jacobite song :

“Long live our Royal Lord — the Faith’s Defender ;
Up with the King and down with the Pretender.
But which Pretender is, and which is King,
Why really, that is quite another thing.”

To the one daughter of this marriage, born June 29, 1735, “he gave the name of Mary, Queen of Scotland, as being her descendant.” Soon after her birth he went

abroad for eighteen months, but failed in any design he may have projected. Soon after his return he persuaded his wife to sell the farm she held in her own right, giving him the proceeds. This act confirmed the ill-feeling against Stuart. Friends and neighbors were indignant with Mrs. Stuart for thus robbing her daughter of her birthright. Mary Stuart was growing up a beautiful child, and a great favorite in the community. Her half brother, Simeon Spalding, was now old enough to understand the significance of what was passing. Naturally, he had no love for the foreign step-father, who made him carry him all over the farm in his cart while he gave orders. Thinking over all his airs and waste of his mother's property, on one such occasion, he purposely tipped over the cart, hoping, perhaps, that Stuart might meet the fate of his own father. But he rose up instead in such wrath that the boy was afraid to face him, and ran away to his friends in Plainfield, where he remained some months.

Stuart's affairs were now approaching a crisis. With funds procured by the mortgage of the farm his wife had given him, he was preparing for another venture across the ocean. His proceedings, though carefully guarded, excited the suspicions of the community. The class of people who came to see him was objectionable in character, and he was forbidden by the town authorities "to entertain one Sherrod." He was watched, followed, and threatened with arrest and inquest. Mrs. Stuart's health was seriously affected by anxiety and distress of mind. The estrangement of her son, the approaching separation from her husband, the distrust and enmity of her neighbors, were too much for "her gentle spirit." When Simeon returned home he found her greatly changed and broken, and the household in commotion. Stuart, who had been for some days concealed, was preparing for departure. His mother "was as pale as a sheet" and greatly agitated. "She was up all night assisting him away." He went "to the Chesapeake," and had friends or followers in Maryland. Thence he sent a letter to his wife, informing her that he was on the eve of sailing for Europe, expressing the hope that his fortune might be better, but whatever it might be "it would not be too good to share with her." This was the last word or tidings of Edward Stuart. Whatever might be said of his other pretensions he showed to the last a real and strong attachment to the woman who loved and trusted him. With regard to these pretensions, it may be said that Stuart never claimed, as was reported by neighbors, that he was "heir to the throne of Britain." But he did claim to be of Stuart blood, associated with those who were plotting and laboring to restore the Stuart dynasty to the throne. In view of all the circumstances, it seems more reasonable to accept his own version of the story as true in the main, than to assume that any pretender could personate such a character. The date of his departure tallies remarkably with the first abortive attempt made by Charles Edward. In 1743, a great invasion was prepared from France. Charles Edward was summoned from Rome to command an army of veterans, "having the great Marshal Saxe to lead the troops which were to drive the Elector of Hanover from his usurped throne." The expedition sailed from Dunkirk early in 1744, but a great storm destroyed or scattered the fleet, and wrecked all hope of immediate restoration. If Edward Stuart had planned to aid in this enterprise he doubtless met the fate of his associates.

Mrs. Stuart survived his departure but a few months. Mary grew up in the "old Spalding House," sharing the home of her brother and sister. She was a lovely and attractive girl, strongly resembling her father in personal appearance. In time she married a respectable young man, William Earle of Brooklyn Parish. But the evil destiny of the Stuarts pursued her. Soon after the birth of her second son a midnight fire consumed their dwelling with all its contents. With difficulty

they escaped through a window, throwing the children first upon a blanket, and wading half a mile through the "deep snow in their night clothes with bare feet" to the nearest neighbor. In hopes of making up in some degree this heavy loss, Mr. Earle enlisted in the expedition against Havana in 1762, commanded by Col. Putnam, but with many others died of yellow fever. Mrs. Earle had no fortune of her own and her husband's estate was insolvent. She supported herself and her boys till her marriage with David Dodge, a young man of good family but reduced circumstances, a carpenter by trade. Finding plenty of employment in building for the great men of the neighborhood, Colonels Malbone and Putnam, some years passed in comparative comfort. A son and daughter were added to the family. The older boys, after the usual fashion of the day, went out to serve as apprentices.

But with the breaking out of the Revolution new trials came. The young Earles, though only fourteen and sixteen years of age, were induced to enlist without the knowledge and consent of their parents. They were well-grown, spirited lads, florid in hue and hair, "Stuarts in everything," said old people of Killingly. Their going to the war was a terrible blow to Mary Stuart, who had inherited her mother's keen sensibility. Her fears and forebodings were too fully realized. The lads suffered even more than the ordinary fatigues and privations. One was brought home and brought up from the very gates of death by the devotion of his step-father. Both were home for a time, and then re-enlisted for three years' service in the Connecticut line. Their young brother David remembered most vividly through life the agony of his mother when she took leave of them. Both died in camp during their term of service.

The remaining years of Mary Stuart's life were burdened with labor and sorrow. Mr. Dodge with large outlay engaged in the manufacture of continental wagons, but lost all that he had through the depreciation of currency. Renouncing his trade he moved from farm to farm, by economy and hard labor making a scanty living. Mrs. Dodge was greatly broken in health and spirits, her nervous system seriously deranged. Amid the trials of later life she had the comfort of promising and devoted children. Her daughter married in Hampton, Conn., and was greatly esteemed for character and piety. Her son, David L. Dodge, went out early into the world, taught school for a time, and engaged in various business ventures, culminating in the establishment of a mercantile house in New York. Sons and grandsons of equal ability and probity have added lustre to the name, and whether or not he descended from a race of kings, we know that he has founded a line of merchant princes.

A PANTHORN ROMANCE.

BY JESSICA WOLCOTT ALLEN.

A bright June morning, the fifteenth, the Farmington Town Records say, in the year seventeen hundred and seventy-four, a young man in Panthorn said to his brother ; "I'm going up to the Town Meeting with Uncle Jonathan. We have suffered enough at the hands of those Britishers and this Boston Port bill is going to be the 'last straw.' "

The speaker's eyes flashed and his whole manner showed great excitement, but his mother said with deliberate calmness, "Josiah, you must think less about these insults to the colonists. Talking with your Uncle Jonathan does you no good. We are obliged to submit to the King, and with what grace we can the better."

"Perhaps you speak well, mother. I prize your words, but I do believe that the time is not far off when we will be ready to fight if needs be rather than bend to such unreasonable demands."

"Oh, speak not of war, Josiah. This country is but barely out of its cradle and unfit to battle with an adult nation."

She clasped and unclasped her hands nervously and her face showed lines which were indicative of past sorrow. Her mouth was curved to smiles but other lines bespoke more trouble than her nature was intended to bear. Her husband Josiah died before this son was born, and the young Josiah had been both a comfort and a burden to his mother.

After five years of widowhood she married Ebenezer Hawley of Farmington, but her son had been brought up to know his own father through Keziah Root's remembrance of him.

It was very early in the morning when the above conversation took place, and now she placed a large bowl of porridge on the table saying, "If you really have the mind to go to the meetin', Josiah, you must eat now, for your uncle always takes an early start for the long step to town."

"Yes, good mother, but sit thee down too, for else the porridge lacks flavor."

"There, no more of flattery. Your tongue will tell you by the half of a grain of salt if the porridge is right and it's naught else I have to do with the eating of it."

The door opened and a young man about Josiah's age came in saying : "Good morning, good-wife. Are you going up to the meetin', Josiah?"

"Yes, yes, Wadsworth, I shall be one of them," he answered, his face kindling with both enthusiasm and indignation.

"Amos Barnes says this means war," said Theodore, "and if that comes, doctors as well as fighters will be wanted. I think you and I will have to hurry with our studies and be ready to go, Josiah."

"Well, when we get on the road we will talk of it. Mother has heard more than she likes already this morning."

This caused Keziah to explain : "This continued abuse of the colonists might be carried so far as to justify war but the heads older and wiser than thine shall lead the meeting to-day and decide these great questions in the future."

The simple meal was finished and after a drink of cider the two young men joined a group of men coming up the road and started for Farmington. We can imagine that there was considerable animated conversation during that long walk,

for its fruit was shown in the proceedings of the meeting when and where it was voted :

"At a very full meeting of the inhabitants of the Town of Farmington, legally warned and held in said Farmington the 15th day of June, 1774, Col. John Strong, Moderator, voted that the Act of Parliament for blocking up the Port of Boston is an invasion of the Rights and Privileges of every American, and as such we are Determined to oppose the same with all other such arbitrary and tyrannical acts in every suitable Way and Manner, that may be adopted in General Congress ; to the Intent we may be instrumental in Securing and Transmitting our Rights and Privileges inviolate to the Latest Posterity.

"That the fate of American freedom greatly depends upon the conduct of the inhabitants of the Town of Boston in the present crisis of public affairs. We therefore intreat them by everything that is dear and sacred, to preserve with unremitted vigilance and resolution till their labors shall be crowned with the desired success.

"That as many inhabitants of the Town of Boston must in a short time be reduced to the utmost distress in consequence of their Port Bill, we deem it our indispensable duty by every effectual and proper method to assist in affording them speedy relief."

Of the thirty-four on the committee appointed to "take in subscriptions" of wheat, rye, Indian corn and other provisions," we see thirteen were those who had taken that long walk from Panthorn. Although "poor as Panthorn" was a proverbial expression, these poor people shipped 149 bushels of grain to Boston "for the relief of the industrious poor."

During the long walk home the young blood bounded quicker and yet quicker in the veins of the men, and they pledged themselves that if war came they would leave the old doctors to care for the poor Panthorns, and they would labor in the fields and hospitals.

The strong feeling aroused by the Port Bill grew steadily stronger until indignation became a more powerful factor in the fight with the red-coats than the poor firearms which were wielded.

Not far from Josiah's home was the more pretentious one of Mr. Lemuel Lewis. When he was forty-nine years old there were only six in the town whose property was listed higher than his, and two of them were Lewises. His Puritan grandfather came over in the ship *Lion*, which also brought Gov. Winthrop's "sweet wife" Margaret. The family traced their descent from the French Louis, and if this genealogical record appears unnecessary to the thread of the story you will understand it better in the light of an apology for the "high feelin's" of Lemuel Lewis' oldest daughter Merab.

She was a beautiful girl and bore evidence of her gentle ancestry, her hair and eyes were said to be "black as coals," and, although quite tall, her hands and feet were very small and shapely.

The neighbors said that Josiah Root was more fond of watching those pretty hands as she sat at her spinning-wheel than he was of reading Dr. Todd's old manuscripts or of caring for the herbs he had in the garden. Even people waiting to give the young doctor their life's blood, were frequently obliged to "stay a bit" till Josiah could come around the back way from Merab's house.

After his return from the town meeting he no sooner had eaten his succotash, rye and Indian bread, with his "flip of beer," than he started over to talk with Merab of the "doin's."

She sat by her spinning-wheel and he looked at her pretty hands and then up

into her face as she rose to greet him and, more impulsive than wise, he expressed the first thought which she inspired.

"I saw many a lass on the way to town this morn, Merab, but none methought looked fair as thee."

"I'll offer thee a stool, Josiah, but I never thought greatly of thy judgment or thy taste."

Ignoring the failure of his compliment he turned the subject saying, "'Tis a bit too warm for comfort, think you not."

"I could guess that much of folks that have naught but their comfort to think on."



Dr. Root's pocket-book, razor, punch glass, decanter, scales, mortar and pestle, account book, and old bottle, which he brought home from the Revolution. The spread on the stand was his silk handkerchief.

"Thy guessing served thee but poorly this time, Merab, for I never had more to think on. And beside, I came to tell thee something of my thoughts if there's time to hear me."

"Thy thoughts being so busy mayhap thy hands 'll take a turn some day," was the sarcastic reply. He winced but said calmly, "some day thou 'll know that hours spent in study are not to be sneered at," and "Oh, no," she interrupted with a ringing laugh — "not if thy mother will furnish the porridge and cider."

A tinge of red swept over his pale face making his blue eyes look still deeper blue and his light hair more golden.

Jumping up from the stool he said quickly but without any sign of anger, "I wanted to talk in a sensible way, but it's without use in trying, and I'll bid you good-day, Merab."

Now it was her turn to be really a trifle uneasy, although he lost the satisfaction of noticing it.

"Sit down, Josiah," she said in more persuasive tone than was her wont—"I am waiting to hear all the news that shall come from thy slow lips."

He resumed his seat and began by expressing the opinion that there would soon be a general war which would affect all the colonists. He concluded by watching her closely and saying: "If we are wanted Dr. Wadsworth and I have vowed that we will go."

Unexpectedly yet unmistakably her face brightened—"Oh, Jerusha Cowles was telling me the other day that soldier boys had fine clothes and looked, oh, so grand."

"Well, if it isn't like thee, Merab Lewis, to think only of their clothes," said Josiah indignantly.

But she was too young to think of the horrors of war or to carry the burdens of the colonists on her pretty shoulders.

"Lack-a-day, thou'lt be giving up thy herbs and bleeding then and instead be cracking a blunderbuss for thy brain work. I'll beg thou'lt take aim direct at me lest I be shot in thy practice."

"Why no, Merab, I shall take my lancet and herbs instead of powder and bullet pouch if I go. Surgeons must go to war, and Dr. Todd says it's the greatest field for usefulness as well as learning."

"May it all be so, but if I were a man I should like better to fight and come home a general. Fie, you'll repent, doctor, when you see how it will be the soldier boys that the girls will dance with after the war."

"I have no thought of the dancing, lass, it's only of war I now can think or talk, neither am I going to please the girls," he added, not without a half suggestive glance toward the one before him.

His hand was on the latch and feeling the need of no more of her sympathetic conversation he said a gentle "Good even" and was gone. If we questioned his musings upon the success of the visit we should find that his principal thought was that he would show her that even a doctor might amount to something if war came.

The young doctor had failed to surprise Merab into showing any concern about his going to war, but in spite of her stinging words she seemed dearer to him than ever before, and his ambition was doubly quickened by the thoughts of pleasing her and serving his country.

That she should have so little faith in his ability to amount to anything was a spur in his side that goaded him on when a placid satisfaction would have held him contented.

It was late into the night and his tallow dip had burned out when he laid aside the old manuscripts of Dr. Todd which he had been reading.

All his reading had been done on a very few pages; at the top of the first you might read "Cuncernin The dressing of Woonds" (original spelling). When his confused head lay upon the pillow there floated before him visions of bright eyes and bleeding wounds. Small wonder that the next morning Keziah should have said, "If I read not Merab's mind better I should have said, thou'rt courting late, Josiah."

"I'm glad thou knowest her mind so well, mother, and it was truly late when I slept last night," replied the dutiful son.

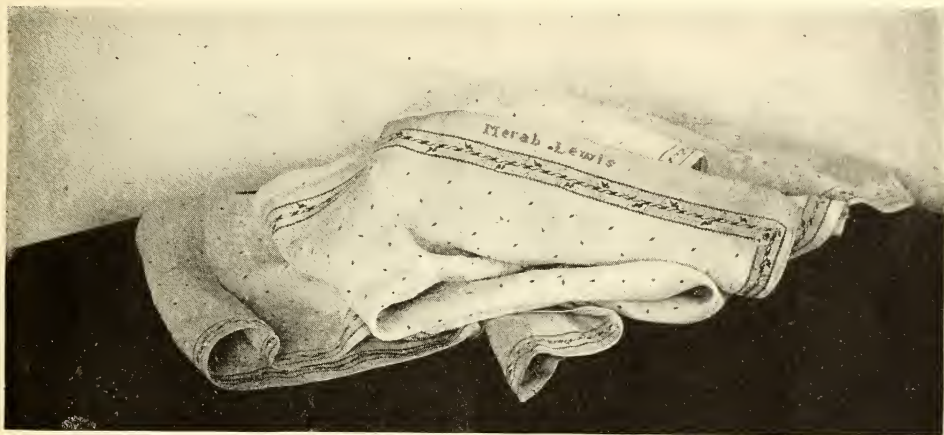
That evening about the Lewis fireside there was talk of the prospects of war. Lemuel Lewis assured his wife that he should be on hand to "whip the red-coats if there was need of the Connecticut colonists helping out," and turning to Merab he said: "Daughter, if I were a comely lass like thee I'd give Josiah Root more encouragement."

"Well, father, he talked with me this day of war, and I *did* encourage him to fight and not to take a garden full of herbs along instead of a blunderbuss."

"I was not meaning encouragement to fight, but since you mention it, is't not as worthy and needful to bind up the wounds of comrades as to inflict them?"

"I know not about that, but I know I like not his old pills and lancet and bleeding and I have set my heart on marrying a general, and have no use for a doctor one way nor another."

"Tut, tut, daughter, thou'rt none too good for a plain doctor, and it's a bad thing to have thy feelin's finer than the linen thou spinnest."



MERAB'S HANDKERCHIEF.

"That can't be said," quickly spoke up Martha, his wife. And turning to a bag which hung on the wall upon a large wooden peg, she passed him a beautiful linen handkerchief woven in red and white with Merab's name marked in cross-stitch in one corner.

Her father pretended to examine it critically, but when he had done so, without comment he turned to his wife and said: "Martha, fill up the flip glass and I'll be off to bed."

Drs. Root and Wadsworth did not have long to wait for their country's call. The next year about one hundred men marched from that parish to New York, and although the record of their names has been lost, it is most probable that these two men were among the number.

It is supposed that Lemuel Lewis was one who went to Boston in response to a call for men after the battles of Lexington and Concord. After six months' service he was home again, but after a short stay he returned to the army.

Different soldiers from the parish brought word that Dr. Root was doing wonderfully well, and one soldier from Col. Douglass' regiment reported that his Colonel had said "Root is a born surgeon."

After two years of service Dr. Wadsworth returned, to remain, and Dr. Root was appointed his successor.

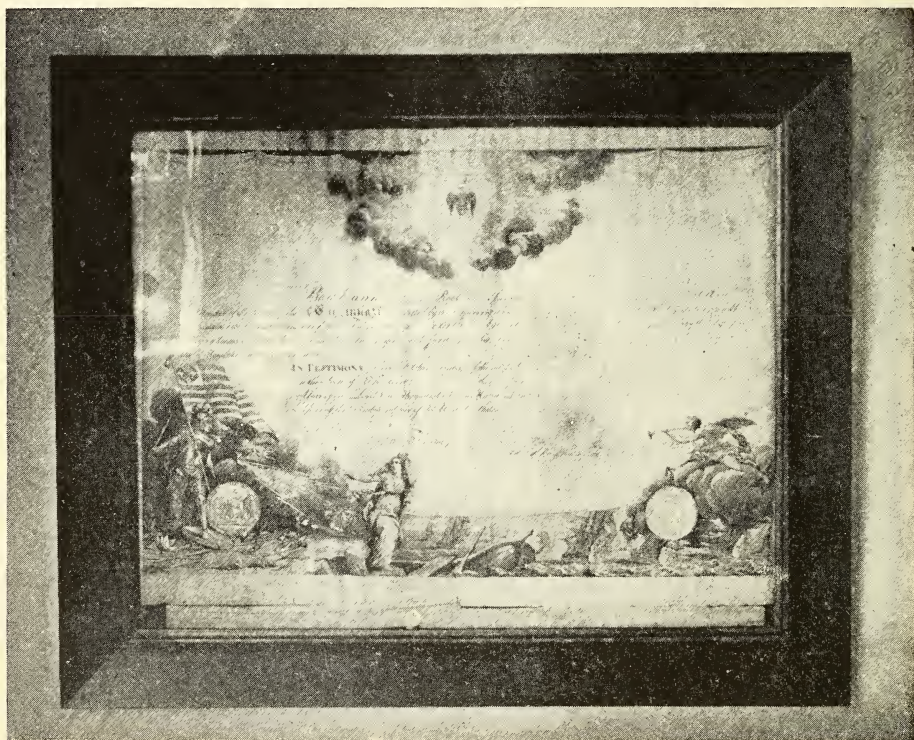
In June, 1781, the French army, under command of Count Rochambeau, encamped in the town. They were on their way to take part in the siege of Yorktown. Marshall Bertier was the Count's aide, and the army numbered about three thousand men.

Every family in the town assisted in furnishing them the best of food, and Parson Robinson in his memoirs tells how some officers took tea with him.

The greatest event of their encampment, to the young women, at least, was a ball given by Landlord Barnes, at his tavern.

The question of dress created as much excitement among those belles as a ball with only a day's warning would to-day.

Merab, like the others, was obliged to fashion her costume in great haste. "Mother, if I could only wear your wedding dress, 'twould become me well, and there's no time to send away for aught I would like." Her black eyes pleaded with her voice and her mother said: "Well I did mind, lass, that the last doll-baby I saw dressed from Old England was not far fashioned from my blue silk, and it's welcome you are to wear it." Her gold beads circled her neck, and not the least admired by the Frenchmen were the high-heeled and pointed-toed slippers which



CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP, SOCIETY OF CINCINNATI.

she wore. Uniforms ever did and will appeal to the feminine heart, and who could describe or make account of the flutterings occasioned by that ball. Merab showed sufficient interest in her old-time friend to inquire of one of her partners in the cotillion if he had ever heard of Surgeon Root. "Oui, oui, mademoiselle, dis life he do gife me, Oui, mon Dieu voir!" And pushing a lock of his hair off from his forehead he showed the fresh healed scar where had been an ugly wound.

Their conversation was quite limited on account of the difficulties of the language to each, but young people can never utterly fail to understand one another.

That night as she lay on her pillow she fell to wondering how the doctor would look in a French uniform — but what nonsense, she reasoned, what honors or gay uniforms could there be for a plain doctor!

Still, it must be confessed, she took some satisfaction in thinking that in his position he did not stand the chance of others of being killed. The second time

her father came home he had seen Josiah and said that he seemed much worn with his constant attention upon the sick and wounded. "Why don't you send him some word, Merab?" said her father.

"I have had no message from him and I do not intend to court his favor."

Lemuel Lewis dared say no more.

When the glad news of the surrender of Cornwallis reached Southington (for the Panthorn parish was now a town so named), all the soldiers were expected home, but Dr. Root did not appear.

He had enough to do to keep him busy and little to call him home, and it was a year later before his friends greeted his home coming.

After peace had been declared, the officers of the army were called together "to form a society to commemorate the success of the American Revolution and to perpetuate sentiments of patriotism, benevolence, and brotherly love and the memory of hardships experienced in common."

The meeting was called at Baron Steuben's, on the Hudson, the Baron presiding as senior officer.

We have no proof that the Apothecary General (to which position Dr. Root had been promoted) was there, but he was one of the Council of War, and, as such, was undoubtedly there with the other officers.

He became a member of the Society of the Cincinnati, and so brought home honors which even a proud girl bearing the name of Lewis could not overlook.

We should have liked to have been able to have listened to her condescending "Yea," but as that pleasure was denied her grandchildren we must be content with the marriage record of good Parson Robinson, who records :

"April 8th, 1786. Josiah Root and Merab Lewis."

LOVE AND FAME.

BY SOPHIA B. EATON.

Long years ago for fame I sighed,
To reach its topmost height I tried,
And sought the world's acclaim.
Alas! one moment quenched, my thirst
Returned again as at the first;
Unsatisfying aim.
A shadow o'er my pathway fell,
I looked around, but could not tell
Nor see from whence it came.
A touch of hand, a presence near —
I turned, attent with listening ear —
"Fear not my child, for Love is here
And Love is more than Fame."
Yes, Love is more because complete,
And Love is more because so sweet,
But it is not the same;
No striving now, I rest content,
The soul's deep inner strength unspent,
The bow all day remains unbent,
Quite useless, since Love came.

JACOB HEMINWAY, THE FIRST STUDENT OF YALE COLLEGE.

BY EDWIN STANLEY WELLES.

To Jacob Heminway of East Haven belongs the unique distinction of having been the first student of Yale College. It was reserved, however, for John Hart of Farmington, whose family have borne an honored record in the Annals of Connecticut, to be the first graduate student, but he entered the institution some six months later than Jacob Heminway.

In March, 1702, Jacob Heminway, then eighteen years old, began to study under Rector Pierson in Killingworth (now Clinton) and he "solus was all the college the first half-year," as President Stiles quaintly records it. In those early days of its feeble existence, it was not the vigorous institution known by the name Yale College, but it was simply the "Collegiate School of Connecticut." Yet even the term "Collegiate School" could not have seemed exactly appropriate to young Mr. Heminway when he went over some twenty miles or more to Killingworth to study with Rector Pierson at the parsonage.

It must have seemed more like studying with a tutor, and in fact such was really the case.*

Probably the solitary student had days of feeling very lonesome during those first six months in Killingworth; but Rector Pierson from all accounts was an uncommonly agreeable gentleman to study under. In 1694, he had succeeded to the pastorate of the Rev. John Woodbridge, whose dismissal from Killingworth fifteen years earlier had caused some very unpleasant divisions in that little place. But under the kindly ministrations of Mr. Pierson, the divisions melted away and the church became happily united. He was still preaching in his church, greatly beloved by his people, when Jacob Heminway began his studies with him, and he did not relinquish his charge for the few remaining years of his life.† Killingworth, originally called "Kenilworth" from the place by that name in Warwickshire, England, from which tradition states that some of the first settlers came, was plentifully supplied with Indians, who lived in the southern part of the town, and on the banks of the Harnonasset and Indian rivers. Perhaps the young student whiled away some of his leisure hours in visiting them and observing their curious customs. It would be interesting to ascertain what the studies were that Jacob Heminway pursued. Roughly speaking, they were in the main theological, for the trustees, upon the election of Mr. Pierson to the rectorship, passed the following rules for governing the school: "1st, That the Rector take special care, as of the moral behavior of the students at all times, so with industry to instruct and ground them well in theoretical divinity; and to that end, shall neither by himself, nor by any other person whomsoever, allow them to be instructed and grounded in any other system or synopsis of divinity, than such as the trustees do order and appoint; but shall

* In the fall of 1702, Rector Pierson had Daniel Hooker of Farmington to assist him as Tutor.

† While the question of his removal to Saybrook was still being agitated, Rector Pierson died, to the great grief of all who knew him, March 5, 1707.

take effectual care that the said students be weekly (at such seasons as he shall see cause to appoint) caused memoriter to recite the Assembly's Catechism in Latin, and Ames' Theological Theses of which, as also Ames' Cases of Conscience, he shall make or cause to be made, from time to time, such explanations as may (through the blessing of God) be most conducive to their establishment in the principles of the Christian Protestant religion."

"2d, The Rector shall also cause the Scriptures daily (except on the Sabbath) morning and evening to be read by the students at the times of prayer in the school according to the laudable order and usage of Harvard College, making expositions upon the same; and upon the Sabbath shall either expound practical theology or cause the non-graduated students to repeat sermons; and in all other ways, according to his best discretion, shall at all times studiously endeavor in the education of the students, to promote the power and purity of religion and the best edification of these New England churches."

But it must be distinctly borne in mind that the college was not founded to be merely a theological school, even if in its beginnings it was more that, than anything else. The clear-sighted clergymen who drew up the petition for a charter, expressly stated that the Collegiate School be one "wherein youth may be instructed in the Arts and Sciences, who through the blessing of Almighty God may be fitted for Public Employment both in Church and Civil State." In those days the laity were supposed to need a solid grounding in divinity, and the more so if liberally educated.

It is doubtful whether Master Heminway had access to the small college library which at the start consisted of about forty volumes in folio. The Rev. Mr. Russell of Branford had been appointed librarian, and the books were kept with him for nearly three years after the founding of the college.

So young Mr. Heminway had to turn to the book-shelves of the Rector for his reading, and it is likely that he fared on a soundly theological diet during all his student days, and as he was fitting for the ministry, this arrangement could not have been very displeasing to him.

The first commencement, according to Clap's Annals, was held Sept. 13, 1702,* in Saybrook, at which the degree of Master of Arts was bestowed upon five young men, one of whom had been privately educated, and the other four had been graduated from Harvard College. This and several of the succeeding commencements, were held privately at the house of the Rev. Mr. Buckingham, because the trustees had forbidden all public commencements, to avoid the expense and "some other inconveniences attending them," whatever those may have been. It is an old tradition, kept alive by President Stiles, that the length of the curriculum until about 1710 was three years, the classes being styled "Senior Sophisters," "Sophomores," and "Freshmen." In the middle of September, 1704, Jacob Heminway was quietly graduated from the Collegiate School with two others, Phineas Fiske and John Russell.

The exercises, no doubt, took place at the house of Mr. Buckingham in Saybrook, and were private as had been the custom. Meanwhile the villagers of East Haven were beginning to consider the advisability of asking the young graduate to settle in his native place, and to become their first minister. In Dodd's East Haven Register we learn that "at a meeting of the village 20th Nov., 1704, it was voted to look out for a minister to carry on the publick worship of God amongst us; and it was voted, 1, To seek to Sir Heminway that he would give them a taste of

* Prof. Dexter puts it, Sept. 16, 1707.

his gifts in order to settlement in the worke of the ministry," "and, 2, Voted to desire John Potter, Sen., Caleb Chedsey, and Ebenezer Chedsey to treat with Sir Heminway, to get him if they could, to give them a taste of his gifts in preaching the word." A month later on, the 19th of December, at a meeting of the village, the following action was taken: "They having had some taste of Sir Heminway in preaching the Word, did declare their desire to have him go on in the worke of the Ministry amongst us in order to settlement; and toward his encouragement they engage to allow him after the rate of £40 by the year to pay. And, voted that George Pardee and Caleb Chedsey signify our desires and propositions to Sir Heminway and take his answer and make returne." The committee at once conferred with Mr. Heminway, and reported the same evening "that Sir Heminway does comply with their motion, God's grace assisting, and does accept the proposition, and desires some consideration with respect to wood." They agreed in January, 1705, to pay him £50 a year, and thus matters went on until the close of the year 1706, when a committee consisting of William Luddington and John Potter was appointed "to treat with Sir Jacob Heminway to see whether he will goe on in the worke of the Ministry amongst us." Mr. Heminway with commendable promptness replied in writing that same day as follows:

"Gentlemen, whereas you have given me notice by two men that you desire me to carry on the work of the ministry in order to settlement among you, I do, therefore, hereby give you notice that so far as God shall enable me thereunto, I am heartily ready and willing to gratify these your desires upon these conditions: 1. That you give me £50 yearly and my wood. 2. That you build me a good and convenient dwelling-house within two years time, or give me money sufficient to do the same, one half this year ensuing and one half the next. 3. That when it is in your power, you give me a good and sufficient portion of land.

"From my study, 2d Decr., 1706, yours to serve,

JACOB HEMINWAY."

These terms were accepted by the village in a meeting held that same month and a tax of four pence farthing was laid to carry them out.

The next year, 1707, the village built the dwelling-house on a five-acre lot at the southeast corner of the green. It was 40 feet long, 20 feet wide and half an acre was allowed for the site. It is interesting, by the way, to note the wages paid in building the house, which were 3 shillings a day for a man and 6 shillings for a team. Surely, the ministers of that period in New England were favored above all other classes. In worldly goods they were not stinted, if their parishioners could possibly help it. Lands were freely set out to the minister as soon as he settled among them. The case of Mr. Heminway was no exception to the rule. The village gave him, in 1709, the house and lot it stood on, 12 acres on the cove road, 12 acres in the bridge swamp, 30 acres in the half-mile, £50 per annum and sufficient wood, "if he performs the worke of the Ministry so long as he is able; or if it be our fault that he is forced to leave us, it shall be his. But if it be his fault, or he leaves the place, or is hindered in the worke, then the property is to return to the village." It is not so very strange that a minister preferred to spend all his days in one parish.

On the 8th of October, 1711, the church was gathered, and on the same day Mr. Heminway was ordained its first pastor. In the meantime, a temporary meeting-house had been built which was set across the east end of the school-house, thus visibly testifying to the indissoluble union of church and school as earnestly believed in by the people of that day.

But this small structure was superseded in 1719 by a more commodious building 40 feet long, 30 feet wide, and 20 feet high, "juttet one foot at each end with a strait roof."

On the 19th of October that year, the village met and voted, "that the new meeting-house should be seated." And so, at last, Mr. Heminway was fairly launched on his long pastorate of fifty years.

Almost nothing is recorded of these years of faithful service in this quiet parish. That the work inaugurated by the young man of twenty-one prospered with the progress of the years, there can be no question. We can imagine him performing his duties with the fidelity and gravity common to those times. We know, however, that he took some part in affairs outside of his parish.

On May 8, 1740, he preached at Hartford the annual election sermon which was published, with the title, "The Favor of God the Best Security of a People, and a Concern to Please Him Urged," from the text, "When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." Proverbs xvi, 7.

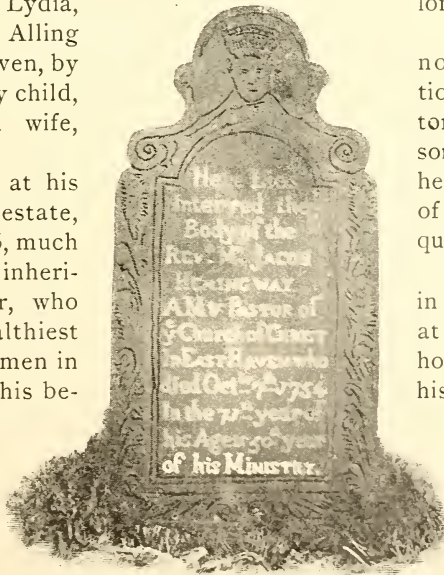
Professor Dexter* says of it, that "it is plain, solid and practical without any attempt at striking effect," which gives one the impression of a man of strong common sense, and of sound penetrating judgment, worth listening to in those days of practical questions both in church and state.

Three years later, in 1743, we find him moderator of the general association at its annual meeting.

He was opposed to the revival methods of the Rev. George Whitefield, then arousing the land with his fiery zeal, and was one of those among the members of the New Haven County Association that printed a "declaration concerning the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield."

He was twice married; first in 1712 to Lydia, daughter of Captain Alling Ball, Jr., of East Haven, by whom he had his only child, Lydia; his second wife, Sarah, survived him.

Mr. Heminway at his death left a large estate, amounting to £6,556, much of which he probably inherited from his father, who was one of the wealthiest and most influential men in the place. Among his bequests was one of £20 to the church in East Haven, "for the support of the Lord's table among them,"



but this fund seems no longer to exist.

Strangely enough, no books are mentioned in his inventory. That he possessed some seems certain; that he was a good student of human nature seems quite as certain.

His remains were buried in the old graveyard at East Haven near the house in which he passed his uneventful life, and the curious stranger may still see his plain tombstone with the brief inscription apparently so characteristic of the man.

* For many of the facts relating to the life of Jacob Heminway, the writer is indebted to Prof. Dexter's sketch of Jacob Heminway in his "Yale Biographies and Annals."

HISTORICAL NOTES.

In this department we shall aim to give interesting extracts from old papers and books, worthy for one reason or another to bring to the attention of our readers.

Well authenticated incidents of general interest, especially if they have never been printed, will be welcomed from our readers.

CONNECTICUT HISTORY.

The pages of the *CONNECTICUT QUARTERLY* furnish a continuous history of our State. This is just the place to publish well-illustrated articles on historical subjects hitherto neglected. The field is wide and full of most interesting subjects. Much valuable historical matter lies hidden away in old documents and journals, and many of the old family traditions so full of interest are passing out of the minds of the present generation.

If you have any treasures of this nature hidden away in the dark, bring them to light and let our readers share the pleasure of hitherto unpublished history.

Leading events of the American Revolution taking place in Connecticut during April and June :

April 25, 1777.—Danbury raid April 25th to 27th.

April 27, 1777.—Battle of Ridgefield.

April 28, 1777.—Skirmish at Crompo Hill.

June 14, 1776.—Connecticut instructs her delegates for independence.

June 19, 1779.—Battle at Greenwich.

WOLF DEN ASSOCIATION.

A meeting for the purpose of organizing the Putnam Wolf Den Association was held at the office of Judge Warner, February 21st. The organization was effected with the following officers: President, W. Grosvenor; treasurer, J. H. Carpenter; secretary, Judge E. M. Warner; executive committee, John Addison Porter and Timothy E. Hopkins.

It was voted to raise a fund of \$2,500 by popular subscription. Eighty acres of land containing the historic wolf den will be purchased and cared for by the association.

A MEMORIAL FOR CANTON SOLDIERS.

For many years the people of Canton, Connecticut, have expressed a desire for the erection of a monument dedicated to the memory of the men who in days past have gone out from the town and borne arms in behalf of the nation.

To enable that sentiment to crystallize into practical shape and in order to form the nucleus of a voluntary organization—which all past and present inhabitants of the town, all kinsmen of our soldiers, and all friends of the enterprise everywhere are earnestly asked to join—whose purpose it is to aid and promote the erection of such a monument.

A few citizens met together and formed a society known as "The Canton Soldiers' Memorial Association."

The ideal way to build a memorial is, that every one interested in the plan should contribute something, and feel a personal interest and ownership not otherwise possible. Every little helps, and no one should hesitate because their gift is small.

It is the earnest desire of the Association that the list of soldiers shall be as complete as possible.

Send all applications for membership to E. A. Hough, Collinsville, Conn.

Send all subscriptions to J. H. Bidwell, Collinsville, or B. F. Case, Canton Center.

Send all information about lists of soldiers in the War of the Revolution, War of 1812, War with Mexico, or War of the Rebellion to W. E. Simonds, Collinsville, Conn.

Richard Lord Jones, a lad of Colchester, Conn., enlisted in the Revolutionary Army when he was only ten years of age. He was in Samuel B. Webb's regiment, and was taught to play the fife by the bandmaster. He was sent for at one time by Mrs. Washington to sing for her at a dinner party. She gave him a continental three-dollar bill, which is still in possession of his descendants.

THE FIRST AMERICAN-BORN GOVERNOR.

Thomas Fitch was the first American-born Governor. He was born at Norwalk, Connecticut, graduated at Yale in 1721, and settled in his native town. He was chosen an assistant the first time in 1734, and held the office for twelve years. From 1750 to 1754 he was Lieutenant-Governor of the Colony, and from 1754 to 1766 he held the office of Governor. He was also chief Judge of the Colony for four years.

In October, 1742, Mr. Fitch was appointed by the legislature, in connection with Roger Wolcott, Jonathan Trumbull, and John Bulkley, to make a revision of all the laws of the Colony.

The following is from the inscription on the monument of Governor Fitch, in Norwalk :

"The Hon'ble Thomas Fitch, Esq. Gov'r of the colony of Connecticut. Eminent and distinguished among mortals for great abilities, large acquirements and a virtuous character ; a clear, strong, sedate mind ; an accurate, extensive acquaintance with law, and civil government ; a happy talent of presiding ; close application, and strict fidelity in the discharge of important truths ; no less than for his employments, by the voice of the people in the chief offices of state, and at the head of the colony. Having served his generation, by will of God, fell asleep, July 18th, Ann. Domini, 1774, in the 75th year of his age."

BISHOP SEABURY'S CENTENNIAL.

In New London, February 26th, at St. James' Church, religious services were celebrated commemorative of the death of the Right Rev. Samuel Seabury, the first Episcopal Bishop of the United States. Samuel Seabury was born in Groton, he was one time rector of St. James church, New London, and was Bishop of Rhode Island and Connecticut several years. Many clergymen were present at this celebration, and among the sermons preached was one by Rev. W. J. Seabury of the General Theological Seminary of New York — a great grandson of Bishop Seabury. A choir of eighty voices furnished music. The vessels used in the Holy Communion were those in use during Bishop Seabury's incumbency of the parish.

On the north side of the chancel is the tomb of Bishop Seabury, made of Nova Scotia stone, and bearing the arms of the diocese and an inscription from the felicitous pen of Rev. Samuel Jarvis, D.D.

HARTFORD'S NEW THEATRE IN 1795.

The new Theatre in this city was opened on Monday evening last, with a celebrated comedy, entitled the Dramatist, preceded by a handsome and pertinent address by Mr. Hodgkinson. From the specimen that has been given of the abilities of the performers, and the assurance of the managers, that they will so conduct the Theatre, that it may be justly styled a school of morality ; it is presumed that it will be a great source of instruction and amusement to those who visit it ; and we will hazard the assertion, notwithstanding the prejudices that have entertained against it, that as an amusement, it is the most innocent, and, as a source of instruction, it is the most amusing of any that we have ever yet experienced. While the theatre is well conducted, on chaste principles—when vice is drawn in colors that will disgust, and virtue painted with all its alluring charms, it is hoped that it will meet the approbation and encouragement of the citizens, and of the neighboring towns.

— *Connecticut Courant*, Aug. 10th, 1795.

Prologue on the establishment of a new Theatre in Hartford. Written and spoken by Mr. Hodgkinson, 1795.

Here, while fair peace spreads her protecting wing,
Science and Art, secure from danger spring,
Guarded by freedom — strengthened by the laws,
Their progress must command the world's applause.

While through all Europe horrid discord reigns,
And the destructive sword crimson her plains :
O ! be it ours to shelter the oppress,
Here let them find peace, liberty, and rest ;
Upheld by Washington, at whose dread name
Proud Anarchy* retires with fear and shame.

Among the liberal arts behold the Stage,
Rise, tho' oppos'd by stern fanatic rage !
Prejudice shrinks, and as the cloud gives way,
Reason and candor brighten up the day.
No immorality now stains our page,
No vile obscenity — in this blest age,
Where mild RELIGION takes her heavenly reign.
The Stage the purest precepts must maintain :
If from this rule it swerv'd at any time,
It was the People's, not the Stage's crime.
Let them spurn aught that's out of virtue's rule,
The Stage will ever be a *virtuous school*.
And though 'mong players some there may be found,
Whose conduct is not altogether sound,
The Stage is not alone in this to blame,
Ev'ry profession will have still the same :
A virtuous sentiment from vice may come !
The libertine may praise a happy home ;
Your remedy is good with such a teacher :
Imbibe the precept, but condemn the preacher.
— *Barber's Connecticut Historical Collections*,

page 56.

* The Western insurrection.

FROM THE SOCIETIES.

We should like to have reports from the patriotic and historical societies of Connecticut for this department so we can represent the state as completely as possible.

A PLEA FOR HISTORICAL SOCIETIES.

There should be some kind of a historical society in every town in Connecticut, to study the history of the locality, and carefully preserve historical and genealogical records, and the many manuscripts and relics that can be brought to light by diligent workers in almost any section of our state.

There are many things of general interest that should be placed in the keeping of the Connecticut Historical Society and many that properly belong to the County Historical Societies in different sections of the state, but there are many relics and papers that should be kept in the towns where they have been hidden away so many years—treasures that should be brought to light and placed where they may be appreciated and enjoyed, and still be safely kept.

We hear of rare and valuable historical relics being sent out of our state, as in the recent event, when a most unique collection had been in one Connecticut family for two hundred years, and the owner presented the entire valuable collection to the National Museum, at Washington, D. C.

In this collection are handsome home-made quilts of linen and wool, heavy brown linen curtains, beautifully designed in raised figures; hats, bonnets, shoes, and elegant dresses and shawls of the Colonial period.

There are also many articles of domestic use and many other interesting relics, but most valuable of all a large collection of religious books that are exceedingly rare.

This is not only a great loss to New London County, upon the eve of the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of New London, but lovers of the antique throughout the state must feel a sense of personal loss, mingled with our pride in Connecticut being able to so enrich the National Museum.

THE FAIRFIELD COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The Fairfield County Historical Society, located at Bridgeport, Conn., recently issued their ninth publication, a very creditable volume of nearly two hundred pages, well illustrated. The principal matter comprises an account of the opening exercises when the fine new building, now known as the Barnum Institute of Science and History, the gift of the late P. T. Barnum, was dedicated to its present uses. The title to one-half of this property is in the Fairfield County Historical Society.

Other valuable papers consist of inscriptions in the oldest cemetery in Norwalk, Conn., with illustrations and a good index. There is also a valuable paper on the Rev. James Beebe, 1747-1785, of North Stratford.

At present the Society is making a copy, by the courtesy of the Clerk of the Church of Easton, Conn., of the records of the Church of Christ in North Fairfield—which was the ancient name of this church. These records contain the account of the action of the General Association of the ministers of Connecticut in 1774 at Mansfield, Conn., which action was completed a year later at New Haven. This will add another to the valuable copies already obtained by this Society of the records and registers of the churches of Fairfield County. Already the Society has obtained complete copies of Stratfield and North Stratford (now Trumbull).

The Society has held interesting meetings during the winter, and its Museum and Library, which are open three afternoons in the week, are well attended. Its rooms are freely granted to the use of the Daughters of the Revolution, Mary Silliman Chapter, the members of which find inspiration in the patriotic surroundings of the Society.

EDWARD DEACON, *Curator.*

CONNECTICUT HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

At the January meeting of the society Mr. Homer W. Brainard read a paper on David Brainard, the missionary, which showed a close and careful study of the life of this interesting and worthy man.

Judge Sherman W. Adams read a paper at the February meeting on the "Native Wild Mammals of Connecticut," giving a full list of all species now or formerly found within the limits of the state, interspersed with many interesting historical notes.

At this meeting an oil painting of Bear Mountain, Salisbury, the highest land in the state, was presented by Mr. and Mrs. Carl Stoeckel, son-in-law and daughter of the society's former president, the late Hon. Robbins Battell. On the top of this mountain Mr. Battell had caused the erection of a granite monument, bearing a suitable inscription showing the height of the spot.

Mr. Thomas S. Weaver presented the manuscript genealogies of early Windham families, prepared many years since by his father, the late William L. Weaver.

Dr. Thomas Knowlton Marcy presented a manuscript account book of his great grandfather, the honored Col. Thomas Knowlton, containing, among other matters, a full roll of Col., then Captain, Knowlton's company in 1775. Permission was granted the Society of Colonial Dames to hold a colonial exhibition in one of this society's rooms, the object of the exhibition being to obtain money for the purchase of needed historical books.

At the March meeting remarks were made by Mr. P. H. Woodward upon the recent decease of the society's former president, Hon. John W. Stedman, and a committee was appointed to prepare and report suitable resolutions respecting the society's loss in his death.

The paper of the evening was by Mr. Edward D. Robbins on a "Tory View of the Declaration of Independence." The paper closely followed its title, showing the view that a tory might have taken of that document, with his reasons for such view. It was listened to with much interest by all present.

Preparations are now being made to dispose of the society's duplicate books and pamphlets by an auction sale, to take place, probably, in May next.

ALBERT C. BATES, *Librarian*.

COLONIAL DAMES' LOAN EXHIBIT.

The Entertainment Committee appointed at the annual meeting of the Connecticut Society of the Colonial Dames of America, held Nov. 19, 1895, has arranged to hold a Loan Collection Exhibition, and has issued the following circular to members of the Society:—

"At the annual meeting of the Connecticut Society of the Colonial Dames of America, it was resolved that there be held a loan exhibit for the purpose of raising therefrom a sufficient amount of money for the purchase of books of reference, historical and genealogical, to be by said Society placed as special deposits in the libraries of the New Haven and Connecticut Historical Societies. In pursuance of this resolution there was appointed a committee on entertainments and meetings. This committee, having had several conferences, has determined upon holding the loan exhibit in Hartford the third week in April, and in New Haven the first week in May. With this end in view, the committee desires that all members of the Society shall interest themselves in the collection of old colonial treasures belonging to that period prior to the year 1783. Old furniture, unless associated with some historic personage or possessing value from its unique shape, is not desired for this collection. Laces, silver, wearing apparel, fans, jewelry, china, fire-arms, books, prints, portraits, miniatures, and articles of that ilk are solicited. It is requested that all loans be made for three weeks. All expenses of transportation will be defrayed by the Society, and those making such loans may be assured of every safeguard being placed about them while in its possession. Watchmen will be on service night and day, and as far as is possible all articles will be placed in cases or behind ropes.

"This being the first exhibit of the kind in Connecticut, it is earnestly hoped that a generous contribution will be offered, and the collection do honor to one of the first 'Colonial States.'

"By order of the committee:—

"Mrs. Morgan G. Bulkeley, Chairman, 136 Washington Street, Hartford; Mrs. Thomas Brownell Chapman, Secretary, 10 Park Terrace, Hartford; Miss Rebecca Gibbons Beach, 76 Wall Street, New Haven; Mrs. William Beebe, New Haven; Mrs. Franklin B. Glazier, South Glastonbury; Miss E. Griswold, Lyme; Miss Florence T. Gay, Farmington; Miss Hamersley, 155 Washington Street, Hartford; Mrs. Henry L. Hotchkiss, 55 Hillhouse Avenue, New Haven."

SONS OF THE REVOLUTION.

A meeting of the Sons of the Revolution in the State of Connecticut was held in January, when six persons were admitted to membership. A number have since made application and their claims will be considered at the approaching meeting.

The General Society will meet in Savannah, Ga., on April 19th, and the delegates appointed from Connecticut are: Hon. Morgan G. Bulkeley of Hartford, Mr. Satterlee Swartwout of Stamford, Mr. A. Floyd Delafield of Noroton, Col. G. B. Sanford, U. S. N., of Litchfield, Mr. Henry Lincoln Rowland of Waterbury.

REV. H. N. WAYNE, *Secretary*.

SEVENTH ANNUAL BANQUET, S. A. R.

The meeting of the Connecticut Sons of the American Revolution held in Waterbury on February 22d, was one of the largest and most enthusiastic ever held by the Society. Four of the six members of the state's delegation in Washington were present, and many other prominent citizens.

General S. W. Kellogg of Waterbury was toast-master, and shortly after his address introduced the other speakers.

Jonathan Trumbull of Norwich, President of the Society, spoke in response to the toast, "Sons of the American Revolution."

Hon. Lynde Harrison spoke of "Washington's Farewell Address."

Hon. John A. Porter made a "Plea for Old Put."

Senator Orville H. Platt and General Kellogg made a plea for a better history of Connecticut. Surely there is no more attractive field anywhere for the intelligent historian, and few where he has so far worked to less purpose.

Senator Platt paid an eloquent tribute to Roger Sherman, the statesman who shed so much luster on Connecticut by his services in establishing our system of government. Not enough prominence has been given to the work of Connecticut men in the construction of our governmental system, and it is, indeed, singular that no adequate history of Roger Sherman's life and achievements has been written. "Connecticut stands almost criminally negligent in its lack of historical writing," said Senator Platt.

Able addresses were made by other prominent members. There can be no question of the educational as truly as the social value of these gatherings.

ORGANIZATION AT NEW LONDON OF THE NATHAN HALE BRANCH OF THE CONNECTICUT SOCIETY OF THE SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, NO. 6.

On October 12, 1895, this article appeared in the *New London Day*, calling the eligible "Sons" in the vicinity to come forward for organizing:—

"A Patriotic Revival," etc.

The plea for a local branch society called forth the most encouraging expressions of approval. Many not members of the State Society but eligible for membership, expressed a strong desire to join the State Society and the local branch when organized; it being necessary to first become a member of the State Society before affiliating with a local branch.

Notices were sent to the members of the State Society residing in the southern section of New London County to assemble in the rooms of the New London County Historical Society, Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 6th, at 5 o'clock. At this meeting officers *pro tem.* were elected: Walter Larned, Chairman, Ernest E. Rogers, Secretary. Sixteen signatures were signed to the petition to the State Board of Managers asking authority to associate as a branch society; and a committee consisting of Ernest E. Rogers, Dr. F. N. Braman, and Dr. F. W. Farnsworth, to obtain nine more signatures.

Thirty charter members were obtained, and after authority had been granted by the State Board of Managers for the branch to be formed, and the constitution approved, the permanent organization was held, and officers elected:—Walter Learned, President; John G. Stanton, Vice-President; Ernest E. Rogers, Secretary; W. Saltonstall Chappell, Treasurer; J. Lawrence Chew, Historian.

The annual meetings will be held on Sept. 6th, which date commemorates the burning of New London and the battle of Groton Heights.

Although there were many worthy names from which to choose a name for the local branch, the branch made a happy choice in choosing Nathan Hale, for surely the New London Society is entitled to it. It was there that Nathan Hale sustained the office of preceptor of the Union Grammar School, and from whence he marched forth to his immortal fate. Those who knew Capt. Hale in New London described him as a man of many agreeable qualities. He was often the guest at the mansion of that most patriotic man, Nathaniel Shaw, Jr.,

the naval agent of the Colony. Miss Caulkins, in her history of New London, records: "As a teacher, Capt. Hale is said to have been a firm disciplinarian, but happy in his mode of conveying instruction, and highly respected by his pupils. The parting scene made a strong impression on their minds. He addressed them in a style almost parental; gave them earnest counsel, prayed with them, and shaking each by the hand, bade them individually farewell." How different from the bold manners of the traitor Benedict Arnold, born only a few miles from the birthplace of Nathan Hale, and who burned the ancient town of New London! Happily, the Union schoolhouse escaped the conflagration, and is standing to-day in a well-preserved condition on Union Street.

Special meetings will be called by the President as occasion may demand; but the annual meetings on September 6th will be the grand rallying-days of the Society. In addition to the charter members, between 30 and 40 persons have applied for membership.

Mr. Walter Learned, the president of this branch, which, it is hoped, is destined to act a prominent part in the patriotism of the state, will deliver the historical oration at the celebration, on May 6th, of the 250th anniversary of the founding of New London by the illustrious John Winthrop the younger. The extensive plans for the celebration have been laid on a large scale, and the occasion promises to be the largest celebration of the kind ever held in eastern Connecticut.

ORDER OF FOREIGN WARS.

The Connecticut Commandery of the Military Order of Foreign Wars was organized on February 13th by the adoption of a constitution and by-laws, and the election of the following officers:—

Commander, Hon. Morgan G. Bulkeley; Vice-Commander, Mr. A. Floyd Delafield; Secretary and Registrar, Rev. Henry N. Wayne; Treasurer, Hon. Erastus Gay; Chaplain, Rev. Alex. Hamilton; Members of the Council: Col. Henry C. Morgan, Col. William A. E. Bulkeley, Mr. Frederick J. Huntington.

The object of the Order is to perpetuate the records of men who fought in the War of the Revolution, the War of 1812, Tripoli and Mexican Wars.

Membership depends upon descent from a commissioned officer and in the male line only.

The Order is now organized in Connecticut, New York, and Pennsylvania, and very shortly there will be a meeting in New York to organize a National Commandery.

REV. HENRY N. WAYNE, *Secretary*.

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

From the annual report of Mrs. Sara T. Kinney, State Regent for the D. A. R., we learn that there are in Connecticut thirty fully organized working Chapters with a membership of 1,800. The gain since February, 1895, has been 615, which speaks well for the interest in this state.

Connecticut is the "banner state," New York standing second on the list, and Pennsylvania third. The *Ruth Wyllys* Chapter of Hartford has a larger membership than any other. The *Mary Clap Wooster* Chapter of New Haven has made larger gains during the year than any other, forty-five new members having joined since February, 1895.

Two hundred and forty copies of the American Magazine (the national organ for the D. A. R.) are taken in this state. Connecticut will this year pay into the national treasury fully \$2,000.

Sixteen honorary members of the society are reported, all of them daughters of revolutionary soldiers. In New London County several societies of Children of the American Revolution have been organized.

With a total membership of 112, the Ruth Hart Chapter of Meriden is sponsor for a Society of C. A. R., which calls itself the *Lyman Hall* Society, and on the 22d of February they celebrated Washington's birthday in grand style.

The following telegram was sent to the meeting of the National Society of the C. A. R., which was in session Saturday the 22d of February, in All Soul's Church, Washington:

"Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, President of the National Society, C. A. R.—

"Lyman Hall Society, C. A. R., assembled in Meriden, Conn., to celebrate the day, sends patriotic greetings to National Society, C. A. R. Deut. 32:7."

The quotation from the scriptures is a very apt one, and is as follows:

"Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations; ask thy father and he will show thee; thy elders and they will tell thee."

MARY CLAP WOOSTER CHAPTER, D. A. R.,
NEW HAVEN.

During the year there have been six meetings. At the annual meeting held October 9, 1894, the following officers were unanimously elected: Regent, Miss Gerry; vice-regent, Mrs. M. F. Tyler; registrar, Mrs. G. F. Newcomb; recording secretary, Mrs. E. C. Beecher; corresponding secretary, Mrs. E. H. Jenkins; treasurer, Mrs. William Beebe; historian, Mrs. F. G. Curtis; board of management, Mrs. Kinney, Mrs. Salisbury, Mrs. Foote.

A programme committee was appointed whose duties are to provide papers or other suitable entertainment for each meeting. It was voted that the registrar be empowered to provide application cards, which each applicant should sign, and which should also be signed by a member as voucher before application papers were furnished.

The December meeting was held at the New Haven House. After several minor points of business were attended to, Mrs. De Bussy and Mrs. Champion were chosen delegates to a state conference in Meriden, and Mrs. Sperry and Mrs. Kinney to the Continental Congress at Washington. Then we listened to a very interesting paper by Mrs. Luzon B. Morris, on Benedict Arnold.

Mrs. Tyler in behalf of the Chapter presented Mrs. Newcomb with a jeweled badge of the society as a token of appreciation of her interest and service as registrar. An hour of social talk followed. Tea was served.

The third meeting was held February 13th, at the house of Mrs. Sperry. The death of our nominal regent, Miss Gerry, was formally announced. Owing to her advanced age (ninety-two) she had never been able to attend the meetings.

Mrs. Tyler was unanimously appointed regent and Mrs. Morris vice-regent. Owing to the resignation of Mrs. Beecher, Mrs. Miller was chosen recording secretary. The gift to the Chapter of several articles belonging to the Gerry estate was reported. Included among these was a steel engraving of Elbridge Gerry, a portrait of his eldest daughter, and a soup tureen used in his early housekeeping days.

The report of the state conference was given, followed by an able and interesting paper on Revolutionary Music by

Mrs. Newcomb, which was illustrated by recitations by Mrs. Bradley, and the singing of songs by a chorus of six ladies.

On March 23d an extra meeting was held at Mrs. Tyler's house to listen to the report of the delegates to the Continental Congress. A very comprehensive resume of each day's doings was given by Mrs. Kinney. Miss Hitchcock gave a sketch of the social side. Mrs. Tyler spoke of changes in the constitution and the efforts being made to build a Continental Hall.

Our regular April meeting was held on the 19th, and the historic date was duly honored. A large collection of colonial and revolutionary relics belonging exclusively to the members of this Chapter was exhibited in the parlor of the Church of the Redeemer, and papers were read describing many of the articles. Miss Clark, our State Regent, and Mrs. Coffin, wife of our Governor, honored us with their presence. A gavel made from a baluster-rail in the house to which Mary Clap Wooster went as a bride one hundred and fifty years ago was used for the first time. It was presented to the Chapter by Mr. Horace Day. Tea was afterward served by ladies dressed in continental style.

At the urgent request of the Chapter Mrs. Newcomb repeated her paper on Revolutionary Music in Warner Hall before a large invited audience.

The state convention was held June 6th at New London, and twenty of our Chapter attended it.

On June 14th, Flag Day, a meeting was held at Connecticut cottage, Woodmont, by invitation of Mr. J. D. Dewell. The literary exercises began with a very able paper by Mrs. Champion on the "History of Our Flag from the Settlement of the Country to 1850."

It was clearly illustrated by copies of the various flags used previous to the adoption of the United States flag in 1777, and the changes made afterwards were also shown. The next paper "Our Flag from 1850 to the Present Day," by Mrs. Jenkins, was followed by the "Army and Navy Flags and the Signal Corps," by Mrs. Galpin.

April 22d we were invited to the dedicatory exercises of the new armory of the Second Company Governor's Foot Guards. This company has shown us the greatest kindness possible in giving us the use of their handsome parlor for our meetings.

July 5th we had the pleasure of witnessing the exercises held by the Sons of the American Revolution at Beacon Hill, where a tablet was unveiled in honor of those who fought one hundred and sixteen years ago at this spot.

At the annual meeting of October 8, 1895, the officers who had served the previous year were unanimously re-elected. The regent and several members attended Miss Clark's funeral at Middletown.

A special meeting was held November 4th to elect delegates to a state convention to be held for the election of a new State Regent.

A regular meeting was held December 16th, the anniversary of the Boston tea-party. Mrs. Jenkins read a note from Miss Clark's family acknowledging the receipt of the resolutions of sympathy sent by the Chapter. Mrs. Champion read the report of the state convention at which one of our members, Mrs. Kinney, was unanimously elected State Regent. Mrs. Holt was elected librarian. It was decided after careful consideration that the Chapter should publish Mrs. Champion's paper "Our Flag" in book form.

Miss Hitchcock read an excellent paper upon Miss Clark, showing something of our loss and appreciation of her. Mrs. Tyler introduced the new State Regent, Mrs. Kinney, who gave a delightful resume of the D. A. R. and Connecticut days at the Atlanta Exposition. Miss McAlister followed with a full account of the Boston Tea Party.

The next meeting was held February 11th. "Our Flag" was on sale. The programme for the afternoon began with a recitation by Miss Grace Salisbury of the "Ballad of the Liberty Tree" and "The Battle of the Keys." Short papers on family traditions were read by Mrs. Garfield, Mrs. Bradley, Miss Darrow for Mrs. Curtis, Mrs. Perkins, Mrs. Durham for Miss Stowe, Miss Merwin for Miss Hughes, Mrs. Herbert Barnes, Mrs. C. Deming, Miss Day, Miss Morse, Mrs. Street, Mrs. Crane. Singing was interspersed.

There are one hundred and thirty-one members of this Chapter. The meetings have a high average attendance, and we feel that the object of the association is carried out.

H. S. MILLER, }
E. F. JENKINS, } *Sec'ys.*

RUTH WYLLYS CHAPTER, D. A. R., OF
HARTFORD.

Ruth Wyllys Chapter, D. A. R., of Hartford, is the largest in the state, and has a membership of one hundred and sixty-five. Eight of our members have resigned during the past year to join other Chapters; three joined the Abigail Wolcott Ellsworth Chapter of Windsor, one becoming its registrar, and two members of the local board. Mrs. A. Willard Case is regent of the Oxford Parish Chapter in South Manchester.

One of our members is a descendant of Jeremiah Wadsworth, the friend of Washington, who did so much to aid the cause of independence by his financial wisdom and careful management of the supplies of the troops. The ancestor of another member was Judge Advocate on General Washington's staff, Col. William Tudor of Boston. We have one daughter of a Revolutionary soldier, Miss Tirzah M. Parsons, who is one of our most interested and patriotic members.

At our annual meeting in October, our regent, Mrs. Holcomb, presented the Chapter with a beautiful gavel made from the Charter Oak, handsomely mounted and engraved.

The trend of the society has thus far been in a literary direction, and some fine papers have been prepared by members of the society and others.

Miss Talcott told us all about Ruth Wyllys, our "patron saint." Mrs. John H. Brocklesby wrote a very able and admirable paper on the "Boston Tea Party." Miss Julia Burbank, one entitled "Washington and Rochambeau." Miss Mary L. Bartlett, one on the "American Colonies and the Idea of Independence." Mrs. Charles F. Johnson wrote of the "Wadsworth Family from 1719 to 1790." Dr. G. L. Walker read a very interesting paper before the society, entitled "Old Hartford Burying Ground," and the Rev. Frank S. Child of Fairfield presented a paper entitled "The Colonial Parson," which was followed with one by Mrs. A. H. Pitkin, entitled the "Revolutionary Parson."

As yet, nothing has been done in the way of commemorative work, and we are anticipating the time when we can show some such work in memory of our patriotic ancestors.

MRS. ALBERT HASTINGS PITKIN,
Recording Secretary.

RUTH WYLLYS CHAPTER, D. A. R., OF
HARTFORD.

A meeting preliminary to the third annual meeting was held at the Conn. Historical Room, October 17th, to hear reports of committees respecting changes in the constitution.

The question at issue related to the system of succession in office. These were so divided that half should go out each year.

The recommendations were accepted after careful consideration, and the matter was left for formal acceptance at the annual meeting.

The third annual meeting of the D. A. R., Ruth Wyllys Chapter, was largely attended October 31st.

The society accepted the recommendations of the preliminary meeting. The new method made a few changes in the board of officers. Mrs. Holcombe continues to be regent to the general satisfaction of the Chapter.

After business was dispatched Hon. Jonathan Trumbull of Norwich addressed the company. His subject was "The Defamation of Revolutionary Patriots." He had small sympathy with Tories, or with those who would qualify their condemnation in that it had a reactionary effect upon the reputation of the patriots.

His paper was apparently an answer to one presented during the past year to the Conn. Historical Society, which defended the Tories from many aspersions cast upon them, and which suggested some needless severity and even wrong-doing on the part of the patriot party. These latter statements he indignantly repelled.

The sixteenth general meeting of the Ruth Wyllys Chapter was held at the usual place Dec. 30, 1895.

After routine business, attention of the meeting was called to Rev. F. S. Child of Fairfield, who spoke upon the "Colonial Parson of New England." This was very interesting, and was typical of the work which has followed the present interest in historical study.

The seventeenth general meeting was held at the Historical Room, Feb. 10th.

Delegates to the congress of D. A. R. at Washington, Feb. 18, 19, 20, were elected, and later Mrs. A. H. Pitkin read a paper on "The Churches in New England in the Revolutionary Period." It had a local flavor, describing religious

societies in Hartford and the towns in its immediate vicinity in all directions. Some long pastorates were mentioned, and the power of the church through its minister was delineated in an interesting manner.

JULIA BRATTLE BURBANK,
Cor. Secy.

ANNA WARNER BAILEY CHAPTER, D. A.
R., OF GROTON AND STONINGTON.

The Anna Warner Bailey Chapter, D. A. R., of Groton and Stonington, has added seven honorary members during the past year, who are daughters of revolutionary soldiers; each of these honorary members receiving a souvenir spoon from the National Society.

Our Chapter has distributed one hundred petitions throughout Connecticut, with which we have memorialized Congress for the purchase of part of Groton Heights not enclosed within the boundaries of Fort Griswold. Our regent, Mrs. Cuthbert H. Slocomb, consummated the purchase of the most of it on Memorial Day, 1894, by forming a patriotic syndicate for the prevention of further desecration of this ground, until the United States should be authorized to redeem the land.

We have many valuable revolutionary relics, and some very interesting documents. We are custodians of the Groton Monument House, keeping it open from May 15th to November 15th. Last summer our visitors' book received 4,096 names, fully one-third more going away without registering. Here we have started the sale of historical and commemorative china.

An excellent portrait of Mother Bailey was prepared for the Atlanta Exhibition.

In May, 1895, our Chapter undertook the forming of societies of "The Children of the American Revolution." Our regent nominated a committee of six ladies, with Cora Vincent Avery, chairman, and before the first of September, six flourishing societies had been started.

Finding our state, though rich in flags, was without a legalized emblem, we memorialized the state legislature, and received the assurance that a state flag should be adopted, and that the Anna Warner Bailey Chapter should have the honor of presenting the first legalized banner to the state.

CORA VINCENT AVERY, *Secretary.*

RUTH HART CHAPTER, D. A. R., OF
MERIDEN.

On February the 14th the Chapter met to celebrate the ninety-first birthday of its oldest "true daughter," Mrs. Mary Todd Hall, and to present her with the beautiful spoon which the National Society gives to every daughter of a revolutionary soldier.

Mrs. Hall is bright and active both mentally and physically. Receiving with her was Mrs. Betsy Parker Gerald, another "true daughter," who will be eighty-nine years old the first day of May.

The exercises of the afternoon were opened by the regent, Mrs. Davis, who presented the spoon to Mrs. Hall. The response of the latter was an original poem written by her daughter and recited by her granddaughter. This referred to the spinning-wheel and flag represented on the spoon and to the linen which had been spun and woven by Mrs. Hall. After the poem an appropriate song called "The Old Church" was sung.

As peculiarly fitting on that day, an outline of the origin of St. Valentine's Day was read, and this was followed by an old love letter dated 1807, which was very bright and pleasing.

The carved mahogany dining-table and set of dishes used by Mrs. Hall when she went to housekeeping were shown, as well as piles of linen spun and woven by her. Some pieces of exquisite needlework, too, and most wonderful of all, a bedspread embroidered at the age of eighty-six! While refreshments were served an opportunity was given for social chat and of meeting the "true daughters" of whom we may be justly proud.

Two weeks later an informal talk was made before this Chapter and its friends on "The State and Development of Music in Colonial and Revolutionary Times," by Baroness Anna von Rydingsvärd, State Regent of Massachusetts, and former regent of the "Boston Tea-party Chapter." The Baroness was formerly Miss Anna M. Davis, descendant of Captain William Davis, one of the earliest settlers of Boston.

The lecture was very instructive, as well as interesting. Madame von Rydingsvärd regretted that we had no distinctly national music. She described briefly the state of feeling in England

and other parts of Europe, particularly Spain, regarding music at the time the Pilgrims came to this country, telling how it had well-nigh been driven from the churches. The animosity was such that finally the music of the early settlers dwindled down to five tunes, and as an example of these "Windsor" was sung by a quartette.

Attempts were made by a few enlightened souls to improve upon this old style, but they apologized for their temerity in introducing their compositions. Several examples of these were sung and were very dirge-like.

The music written by Dr. Thomas Symmes, Wm. Billings, and others, was then briefly outlined with the effect these writers had upon the period. Many psalms were paraphrased by Billings and sung as martial music during the Revolutionary War. He also introduced pitch-pipe and musical exhibitions. Connecticut was mentioned as having a number of musical writers. The clergy did more towards improving and keeping alive music for us than any one else, and endeavored strenuously to bring about a better state of church music.

To illustrate Revolutionary War music two boys played "Yankee Doodle" on fife and drum, and as a contrast that favorite of the late war "Marching Thro' Georgia."

Madame von Rydingsvärd had a charming voice and sang very delightfully several selections illustrating different parts of her talk. At its close, a member of the Chapter recited "The Girls of '76," in a most pleasing way and then the audience sang "America."

Refreshments were served and an informal reception held, giving all present an opportunity to meet the Baroness and officers of Ruth Hart Chapter.

EDITH LOVE STOCKER,
Historian.

MILICENT PORTER CHAPTER, D. A. R.,
OF WATERBURY.

The Milicent Porter Chapter, D. A. R., of Waterbury, met at the home of the Misses Spencer, on the anniversary of the Boston tea party. The event was commemorated by a paper by Miss Katherine Spencer. Dainty refreshments were served, and "tea" was very properly excluded upon this occasion. The house was decorated in Colonial style, and olden time costumes worn.

The Chapter was fortunate in having with them the Rev. F. S. Child of Fairfield, who gave an interesting and instructive account of the "Colonial Parson."

The Chapter has now seventy-six members, five of which, including three delegates, attended the February Congress at Washington, D. C. This Chapter has a living daughter.

EMILY G. SMITH, *Registrar.*

THE ESTHER STANLEY CHAPTER, D. A. R., OF NEW BRITAIN.

The February meeting of the Chapter convened at the home of Miss Alice Stanley on Friday afternoon, the 7th.

An interesting paper was read by Mrs. John B. Talcott on "Farmington during the Revolution." The events of the month were given by Mrs. E. H. Davison.

A short article was read by Mrs. F. H. Allis, entitled "A Revolutionary Traveling Library."

Mrs. Charles J. Parker read to us a poem taken from the *American Monthly*, called "The D. A. R. of To-day."

Thirty ladies were present at the meeting of the Esther Stanley Chapter, on March 6th, at the home of Mrs. A. H. Stanley. A communication was read from the librarian general regarding resolutions passed at Continental Congress. Mrs. Charles Parsons gave the events of the month. A most delightfully written paper by Mrs. J. A. Pickett was heartily enjoyed by all present. A pleasant social hour passed, and the meeting adjourned to meet the second Friday in April.

MRS. C. E. WETMORE, *Secy.*

ANNE WOOD ELDERKIN CHAPTER, D. A. R., OF WILLIMANTIC.

The Anne Wood Elderkin Chapter, D. A. R., of Willimantic, recently gave a very successful Colonial Loan exhibition. A remarkable display of interesting relics were shown. Among them was a watch loaned by Mr. H. R. Lincoln, owned by his great-great-grandfather, Judge Jesse Root, who was born in Coventry, 1736, and died in 1822. Judge Root was lieutenant-colonel in the continental army, a member of the continental congress, and chief justice of Connecticut.

The oldest document in the exhibit was a deed, loaned by Mrs. A. G. Turner, which was given Josiah Dewey by an American Indian, two hundred and seventy-two years ago. Mrs. J. W. Hillhouse showed a volume of "The Spectator," published in 1713, and a wash-bowl and pitcher owned by Lorenzo Dow, the famous preacher, who was born in Coventry, October 16, 1777.

The six members of this Chapter, who are all granddaughters of revolutionary patriots, gave a reception to the Chapter late in December in honor of Mrs. A. Loring Avery, the daughter of a Revolutionary patriot. The regent, in behalf of the National Society, presented a beautiful souvenir spoon to Mrs. Avery. The ladies were dressed in colonial style, and many antique jewels and laces were worn.

KATHERINE GAYLORD CHAPTER, D. A. R., OF BRISTOL.

The Katherine Gaylord Chapter, D. A. R., of Bristol, held their annual reception on the evening of January 31st. The parlors of the Methodist Church had been hospitably offered for the occasion, and the beautiful rooms were decorated with palms and the national and society colors. About three hundred invitations had been issued and the scene was a brilliant one.

The special interest of the occasion was the presence of Mrs. S. T. Kinney, State Regent of Connecticut, and Mrs. O. V. Coffin of Middletown, who assisted the regent in receiving the guests.

Short literary exercises followed, which consisted of a welcome from Rev. Mr. Buck, pastor of the church; a graceful address by the State Regent; a sketch of the life of Patrick Henry by one of his direct descendants, Miss Alice Caldwell, and a paper upon "The Old Bristol Green," by the Chapter historian, Miss Root.

The Chapter now consists of eighty-nine members, and therefore was entitled to three delegates to the Continental Congress held in Washington, February 18th to 22d. Mrs. A. J. Muzzy, regent, Miss M. J. Atwood and Mrs. C. I. Allen of Terryville represented the Chapter, and all gave interesting accounts of the Congress at the regular February meeting.

CLARA LEE BOWMAN, *Secretary.*

GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Those having queries they desire to have answered are advised to send them to us; it may be the means of settling many doubtful and unknown points. Every querist is requested to enclose with queries ten cents in postage for replies and enquiries. All queries and notes for this department should be sent to Wm. A. Eardeley Thomas, Trinity College, Hartford, Conn.

"He who is not proud of his ancestors, either shows that he has no ancestors to be proud of, or else that he is a degenerate son." — *Grosvenor*.

ANSWERS.

1. *Merwin*. — Deborah Merwin was the dau. of Samuel and Sarah (Woodin) Merwin of Milford.
2. *Roberts*. — Jonathan Roberts married Bridget, dau. of John and Elizabeth (Harris) Hunnewell. Elizabeth was dau. of Capt. Daniel and Mary (Weld) Harris of Middletown, Ct.
3. *Pierson*. — Sarah _____ was the wife of Serjt. Abraham Pierson.

QUERIES.

1. *Fountain* — Perry — Chase: Aaron¹ Fountain, New London, Ct., 1680; m., 1st, about 1678, Mary Beebe, dau. of Samuel (John) and Agnes (Keeney) Beebe; m., 2d, about 1689, Susannah, dau. of Samuel (John) and Mary (Keeney) Beebe. Agnes and Mary (b. 1640) were daus. of William (b. 1601) and Agnes (b. 1599) Keeney. Aaron¹ appears in Fairfield, Ct., about 1695, and had Aaron² bapt. there June 5, 1698, m., about 1720, Elizabeth _____. Was she the daughter of Rev. Pierre and Margaret (La Tour) Pieret (Peiret, Peyret, Perit, Perret), who was b. Dec. 22, 1700? Aaron² settled in Green's Farms, Ct., and had Hannah³ b. there Apr. 2, 1729; m. there 1st, Jan. 1, 1749–50, Abel Sherwood; they had Molly⁴, b. 1759, m., 1783, Phineas Taylor, and thus became the grandmother of Phineas Taylor Barnum, the great showman. Hannah³ m., 2d, before Feb. 12, 1762, probably in New Fairfield, Ct., Elisha⁴ (b. June 25, 1731, in Sandwich, Cape Cod), son of Elisha³ (John², Ezra¹) and Ann (Saunders) Perry; and had Ruhamah, b. New Fairfield, Ct., June 6, 1773, m., about 1802, Obadiah (b. about 1771), son of Isaac (Isaac) Chase, and had Betsey Goldsmith, b. Oct. —, 1805, m., June 9, 1830, Joseph, son of John Maltby, had Harriet Elizabeth, b. May 23, 1832. J. W. E.

1. *Saunders*. — Richard Saunders mar., Jan. 6, 1695, in Sandwich, Sarah Freeman. What was their issue and her parentage? Robert Saunders m., Apr. 6, 1701, in Jamestown, R. I., Elizabeth Howland. What was their issue? Henry Saunders m. Ann _____. Who were her parents? They had Anna, b. Oct. 20, 1701, in Plymouth, Mass. Did she m., 1725, Elisha Perry? Estate of Henry Sanders of Sandwich, June 2, 1685; left a widow, 2 sons, and 4 daus. — Ply. Rec. What was his wife's name and the names of his children? The above instrument did not give their names.
2. *Hall*. — Gershom Hall (son of John) m. Bethia Bangs and had Bethia, m. Mr. Chess (Chase). Was this William² Chase, son of William, or Jacob³ Chase, son of William²? J. W. E.

1. *Hamlin*. — John Hamlin, b. Nov. 16, 1736, d. Nov. 26, 1821, lived in Farmington, now Plainville, Ct., in what is called White Oak District. He m., 1st, Eleanor Orvis. Who were her ancestors and from whence did they come? M., 2d, Abby Phinney; m., 3d, Hannah Page. Who were the ancestors of John and from whence did they come? His children were Timothy, Oliver, Phineas, Lemuel, John, William, Luke, Huldah, Lucy, and Abigail by first wife; Adna and Julia by second wife. S. W. F.
1. *Richardson*. — Martin Richardson of Coventry, b. June 13, 1773, mar. Lavinia Taylor; he d. Jan. 28, 1827; interred Grove St. Cemetery, New Haven. He had brothers Lathrop, Charles, Ezekiel, Mason, and probably others. Amos, of Coventry, had Nathan, Samuel, Lemuel, Jonathan, Capt. Amos, Humphrey, Zebulon, Louis, and Justin. Which of these was Martin's father and who were the parents of Lavinia Taylor? F. H.

1. *Pierson*.—Stephen and Thomas Pierson, Sen., (who witnessed the will of Rev. Abraham, 1668, and was ultimately associated with him) were early in Derby. What was their relationship? Rev. Abraham Pierson came to America in 1639.
L. B. P.
1. *Skinner*.—Jonathan and Joanna Skinner united, in 1736, with the Cong^l Church in Bolton, Ct., and had Asahel m. Sarah (b. July 11, 1742), dau. of Benjamin Trumbull, Sen., son of Benoni; she was sister of Dea. Asaph, of Gilead, and Rev. Dr. Benjamin, historian and first cousin of "Bro. Jonathan" Trumbull. Desired the ancestry, birth, and m. of Jonathan and Joanna; names, birth, marriage, and death of their children; birth, marriage, and death of Sarah (Trumbull) Skinner.
N. G. H.
1. *Colt*.—John¹ Colt, b. in Colchester, Eng., came to Dorchester, æt. 11; went to Hartford about 1638; may have m. a dau. of Joseph Fitch; went to Podunk and died in 1713; this is from Hinman; information is desired concerning the birth, m., and death of John²; John³, b. 1658, d. 1751; m. Mary, dau. of Thomas Lord of Lyme or Saybrook. Did the 11 yr. old boy come with his father or alone, as the record would imply? I would leave *his* record blank and give his present record to his son John. Then it would be John³ that went to Lyme and m. Mary Lord. I think Hinman or Savage says John² went to Lyme. In the Colonial Records Sept. 1, 1675, there is mention of a John Coalt being shot at by the Indians. Hist. of Windsor, p. 552, under date of Apr. 1694, John Colt, Sen., signs a petition. This would imply a John, Jr. May 12, 1709, p. 95, Colonial Records, John Colt was confirmed as Ensign of the train-band in Lyme and he was deputy from 1712 to 1729. He was appointed Lieut. in 1717, and Capt. in 1723. Now was this John² or John³?
2. *Woodward*.—Submit Woodward, b. about 1703, d. Apr. 1, 1788, probably in Haddam, Ct. She m., in 1726-7, John Marsh, of Braintree, a gr.-son of Alexander Marsh. Who were her father and mother?
W. H. C.
1. *Ely*.—Daniel Ely, father of the famous Conn. Rev'y officer "Col. John Ely" had four wives. Who were they or any one of them? His children are known.
1. *Green*.—Esther or Hester Green, of Millington, Ct., b. Dec. 25, 1753, and m. William Abbott (his 2d wife), of Union, Ct., Sept. 24, 1778. They moved to N. Y. state 1792; she d. Dec. 23, 1839, in Clinton, Oneida Co., N. Y. Who were her parents and ancestors?
W. E. A.
1. *Pulling*.—Boston records say Abraham Pulling m., 1703-5, Mary Ward. Who were his parents; from whence and where did he come? Fairfield, Ct., records say Abraham Pulling, b. 1703, m. 1743, Abigail Beers. Who were his parents? The name is spelt Pullen and Pullin.
H. P.
1. *Patten*.—Mary Patten, of Conn.,—who were her parents? She was b. March or May, 1742, and m., 1st, Daniel Pratt, of Bridgewater, Mass. He was a soldier in the Revolution and died June, 1778, "in camp." In 1779, Mary Patten Pratt m. Capt. John Shaw, of Raynham, Mass.
A. W. P.
1. *Lewis*.—Who were the parents of the wife of N. Lewis, of Goshen, Ct. His dau. m. Abraham Parmelee, of Goshen. After his death she m., about 1778, Dr. Titus Hull.
2. *Farnham*.—Wanted, the ancestry of Capt. John Farnham and Elizabeth Chapman, his wife. They had John, James, Charles, Russell, Elizabeth (m. 1st, D. Caulkins; m. 2d, John S. Peters, of Hartford), and Sarah.
W. L. M.
1. *Edwards*.—Richard Edwards (son of William the immigrant), m. Elizabeth Tuthill, of New Haven, Ct. What were the names of their children?
2. *Griswold*.—Elias Griswold, of Wethersfield, Ct., b. June 4, 1775, m., Nov. 28, 1801, his cousin, Welthy (b. Apr. 5, 1775, Ashfield, Mass.), dau. of a Colonel Flowers. The names of the parents of Elias are desired; also the first name of Colonel Flowers. Did he serve in the Revolution?
A. E. V.

1. *Bulkley*. — Dr. Charles Bulkley, eldest son of Rev. Gershom, b. 1663, settled, 1687, in New London. In the Conn. Colonial Records is found, "This court being informed of the ability, skill, and knowledge of Mr. Charles Bulkley, in Physic and Chirurgery, do grant him full and free liberty to practice physic." The name of his wife is desired. He died leaving one child, Hannah, b. 1690, m., May 18, 1709, Richard Goodrich; settled first in Glastonbury, afterward Middletown, Ct., probably "Upper Houses." She d. Sept. 23, 1720. G. P. D.
1. *Bulkley*. — Who were the parents of Edward Bulkley of Revolutionary fame? He was of Wethersfield. When was he born and when did he die? Was he the Edward who m. for his 2d wife Prudence, dau. of Elias and Prudence (Robbins) Williams? Was Edward son of Charles or Jonathan? Was Charles a Revolutionary soldier?
2. *Wilcox*. — The dates of the birth and death of Josiah Wilcox, Jr., of Avon are desired. He was the father of Salome (d. 1807) who m. David (d. 1831) Worth of Berlin. Was Josiah, Jr., a Revolutionary soldier? G. R. H.
1. *Blakesley*. — Who was the first wife of John Blakesley of New Haven? He was b. July 15, 1676; m., 1st, about 1697, ———; m., 2d, Aug. 6, 1724, Elizabeth, dau. of Nathaniel Potter; m., 3d, after 1736, Mrs. Susanna Hotchkiss.
2. *Culver*. — Ephraim Culver, m., June 27, 1802, Rhoda Gale of Bristol, Ct. Who were his parents?
3. *Jennings*. — Sarah Jennings m., 1st, Apr. 3, 1704, Nathaniel Hitchcock of Wallingford, Ct.; m., 2d, July 12, 1711, John Johnson. Who were her parents?
4. *Spencer*. — Joseph Spencer of East Haddam, Ct., bought land, 1753, in Farmington; lived there and in Bristol, Burlington, and Harwinton, Ct., from 1754 to 1819. Who were his parents and where did they move to from Harwinton? J. S.
1. *White*. — Daniel White (son of Daniel, of Nathaniel) m. Alice Cook. The names of their children are desired. Elisha Savage settled in Berlin, m. Thankful, dau. of Thomas and Susanna (White) Johnson. Whose daughter was Susanna? E. C. S.
1. *Clark*. — Ann, dau. of Nathaniel and Mary (Vrenne) Clark of Saybrook, Ct., m., 1st, Daniel Clark of Killingworth; he d. Nov. 25, 1778; m., 2d, June 25, 1781, Stephen Atwater of Cheshire, and resided there, as is supposed. When did she die and what was her age? Think she was b. not far from 1740.
2. *Clark*. — Asahel, son of Christopher and Penina (Nott) Clark of Saybrook, Ct., bapt. Apr. 14, 1776, m., it is thought, in Cheshire and had a family. He started with his family to go West, but on reaching N. Y. shipped as mate for the West Indies, where he died from yellow fever. His family, meanwhile, as is supposed, returned to Cheshire. Who was his wife, what were the names of the children, and what became of them? J. E. B.
1. *Churchill*. — John Churchill, son of Josias the settler, b. 1649, is said to have m., May 13, 1674, Mary Toucey or Touzey. Wanted proof of this.
2. *Curtis*. — Capt. Josias Curtis of Stratford, b. Aug. 30, 1662, m. Mary ———. Was her father Abraham Judson?
3. *Mason*. — John Mason (not Capt. John) of Hartford, m. Hannah ———. Who were her parents? Their dau. Lydia, bapt. Aug. 2, 1696, m. John³ Seymour of Hartford. Was Hannah's name Arnold?
4. *Merrill*. — Joseph Merrill, Sr., m., 1st, Mary ———. Who were her parents? He moved from Hartford to New Hartford, and m., 2d, Abigail Stone; m., 3d, wid. Martha Chapins. Mary d. probably before 1743; he d. Oct. 13, 1788. His dau. Clemence m. Noah Kellogg of West Hartford. What was the name and who were the parents of the wife of Noah Merrill of Hartford (of Isaac, of John the settler). He was first town clerk of New Hartford and was b. May 28, 1707; d. 1739. His dau. Mehitabel, b. May 25, 1734, m. Wm. Seymour of New Hartford.
5. *Wells*. — Who were the parents of Hannah Wells who m., Jan. 8, 1736, Joseph Hurlburt, Jr., of Wethersfield. Their dau., Abigail, m. Capt. Robert⁴ Wells of "Ten Rod," Newington. G. D. S.

ANCESTRY OF AMITY (GRAVES) SWORDS, WIFE OF FRANCIS DAWSON SWORDS.

Contributed by Joseph Forsyth Swords, Hartford, Conn.

John and Elinor Whitney, of Watertown, Mass., progenitors of the Whitney family of Massachusetts.

John Whitney was born in England about the year 1589, but the place of his birth and his parentage are yet unknown, and no connection has yet been traced between him and any other of the name who came to this country. Of his place of residence in England, it is only known that he and Ellen, Ellin, or Elinor, his wife, had three children, baptized 23 of May, 1619, 14 September, 1621, and 6 of January, 1623-24, in the parish of Isleworth on the bank of the Thames opposite Richmond, about nine miles west of London.

Their history or dwelling place from the beginning of 1624 to their embarkation for New England, is not known. They embarked with their five sons on the ship "Elizabeth and Ann," in April, 1635, at London, and in June, 1635, were inhabitants of Watertown, Mass., where she died 11th May, 1659, called "54 years old," but was probably 59 or 60 years old. He married 2d at Watertown, 29th September, 1659, with Judith Clement, who died before 3d of April, 1673, at which date he made his will. He died at Watertown, and his death is thus registered in the church records :

"Mr. Whetney, Widdower, deceased first of June, 1673, aged about eighty-four years."

This would prove that he was born about 1589, and that when he left England he was forty-five years old rather than thirty-five, as shown by the custom-house record of embarkation.

Children of John and Elinor (——) Whitney :

- i. MARY, baptized 23d May, 1619, at Isleworth, Middlesex, England. Died young, before April, 1635.
- ii. JOHN, baptized at Isleworth, Middlesex, 14th September, 1621, embarked with his parents in the ship "Elizabeth and Ann" in April, 1635, and was called by the custom-house record eleven years old, but was at least three years older. (Whitney, pp. 6 and 7, says, "John Whitney, Jr., of Watertown.") He married, probably in 1642, Ruth Reynolds, daughter of Robert Reynolds, successively of Watertown, Wethersfield, and Boston. Admitted freeman May 26, 1647, was selectman

from 1673 to 1679 inclusive. He died October 12, 1692. His will, informal and not proved, was written Feb. 27, 1685, subscribed in the year 1690, lodged for probate March, 1693. March 1, 1692-3, the heirs agreed that the will should be the rule of division with some few alterations. This will, evidently written by Mr. Whitney himself, is very curious, and although not on record, it may be found in the files in the Middlesex Probate office. One of the last clauses is as follows : "If any of my sonnes or sone in laws or daughters be quarelsom by going to Law or troublesom to thr brethren I say they shall lose the share of what I have bequeathed them. I desir they should live in love to God and one toward another." His inventory, dated Oct. 26, 1692, contained 18 lots of land amounting to 210 acres. Mr. Whitney first settled (1643) and always resided on a three-acre lot on the east side of Lexington street, on land granted to E. How, and the next lot south of the residence of the Phillips family and is probably the same lot now occupied by his great-great-grandson, Bradshaw Whitney. The ground is somewhat elevated and there is little doubt that it is the Whitney Hill sometimes mentioned in the records, Dr. Bond thinking it very probable that his supposition, p. 1031, respecting this hill is correct. His wife Ruth survived him, and administration was granted to her and her sons John and Benjamin. The land belonging to the estate was valued at £197 15.

- iii. RICHARD, bapt. 6th January, 1623-24, at Isleworth, Middlesex, England. Married 19th March, 1650-51, at Watertown, Mass., to Martha Coldam.
- iv. NATHANIEL, born about 1626 in England. Died probably young or without issue.
- v. THOMAS, born about 1629 in England, died 20th September, 1719, aged 90. Married 11th January, 1654-55, in Watertown, Mass., with Mary Kedall or Kettle.

vi. JONATHAN, born about 1634, in England, died in 1679 in Sherburne, Mass. Married 30th Oct., 1656, in Watertown, Mass., with Lydia Janes, daughter of Lewis and Anna (Stone) Janes.

vii. JOSHUA, born at Watertown, Mass., July, 1635 (Bond, p. 964, probably old style) or probably 15th July, 1635 (Whitney, p. 6, probably new style). He married with Lydia ———, of whom no records have been found. His second wife was Mary ———, who died at Groton, Mass., March 17th, 1671-72. He married 3d at Watertown, Mass., 30th September, 1672, with Abigail Tarball, daughter of Thomas and Mary (——) Tarball of Watertown. He settled early in Groton, where the births of three of his children were recorded, and on the breaking out of King Philip's War in 1675, returned to Watertown. His will, dated 17th April, 1713, and proved 6th October, 1719, mentions several children whose birth records have not been found, and it is difficult to decide with certainty their proper order.

viii. CALEB, born July 12, 1640, at Watertown, Mass. Died probably at Watertown, young, "Buried 12th July, 1640," says Whitney.

ix. BENJAMIN, born 6th June, 1643, at Watertown. Married Jane ——— probably in York. Died in Sherburne, Nov. 14, 1690.

Children of John and Ruth (Reynolds) Whitney:

i. JOHN, born 17th September, 1643, at Watertown, Mass. Married with Elizabeth Harris, daughter of Robert Harris and Elizabeth Boughey. She died 4th March, 1726-27, aged 83.

ii. RUTH, born 15th April, 1645, at Watertown, Mass. Married at Watertown with John Shattuck, who was born 11th February, 1646-47, and drowned 14th September, 1675, at Parsina Ferry, Mass. He was the son of William and Susanna Shattuck, of Watertown. His widow 2 married 6th March, 1676, Enoch Lawrence, son of John and Elizabeth Lawrence, born March 5, 1648-49.

iii. NATHANIEL, born at Watertown, Mass., 1st February, 1646-47. Married there 12th March, 1673-74,

with Sarah Hagar, daughter of William and Mary (Bemis) Hagar, of Watertown, where she was born 3d September, 1651. They settled in Weston, Mass., where she died 7th May, 1746, in her 95th year. He died in Weston, 7th January, 1732-33, aged about 86 years.

iv. SAMUEL, born 28th July, 1648, at Watertown, Mass. Married 16th February, 1683-4, at Watertown, with Mary Bemis, daughter of Joseph and Sarah (——) Bemis of Watertown, where she was born 10th September, 1644.

v. MARY, born 29th April, 1650, at Watertown, Mass. Died unmarried; was living in 1693.

vi. JOSEPH, born 15th January, 1651-2, at Watertown. Died 4th November, 1702, at Watertown. Married 24th January, 1674-5 at Watertown, with Martha Beach, daughter of Richard and Martha (——) Beach of Watertown, born 10th March, 1649-50, at Watertown.

vii. SARAH, born 17th March, 1653-4, at Watertown, Mass., died 8th June, 1720, at Watertown, Mass., married 18th October, 1681, at Watertown, Mass., with Daniel Harrington, son of Robert and Susanna Harrington, of Watertown, born there 1st November, 1657, and died 19th April, 1728. He married again after her death.

viii. ELIZABETH, born 9th June, 1656, at Watertown, Mass., died before 1712, married 19th December, 1678, at Watertown, with Daniel Warren, son of Daniel and Mary (Barron) Warren, of Watertown. He was born 6th October, 1653.

ix. HANNAH, record of birth not found.

x. BENJAMIN, born at Watertown, 28th June, 1660, married there 30th March, 1687, with Abigail Hagar, daughter of William and Mary (Bemis) Hagar of Watertown, where she was probably born about 1663. Said to have had second wife, Elizabeth.

Children of Nathaniel and Sarah (Hagar) Whitney:

i. NATHANIEL, born 5th March, 1674-5, at Watertown, Mass., died 23d September, 1730, at Weston, Mass., married there 7th November, 1695, with Mary Robinson, who died at Weston, 31st December, 1740.

- ii. SARAH, born 12th February, 1678-9, at Watertown, married 11th April, 1699, with Charles Chadwick, Jr., son of Charles and Sarah (——) Chadwick of Watertown, where he was born 19th November, 1674.
- iii. WILLIAM, born at Watertown, Mass., 6th May, 1683, settled at Weston, Mass., died 24th January, 1720-1, married 17th May, 1706, with Martha Pierce, daughter of Joseph and Martha Pierce of Watertown, Mass., where she was born 24th December, 1681.
- iv. SAMUEL, bapt. 17th July, 1687, at Watertown, Mass., was called at Stratford in the administration of his father's estate, 1733.
- v. HANNAH, bapt. March, 1688-89, at Watertown, Mass., married a Billing.
- vi. ELIZABETH, born 15th December, 1692, at Watertown.
- vii. GRACE, born about 1700, at Watertown, Mass., where she was bapt. 3d December, 1710, aged 10 years. Died 23d March, 1719-20, at Watertown, unmarried.
- viii. MERCY, birth not found, married a Greaves.

Children of William and Martha (Pierce) Whitney:

- i. WILLIAM, born 11th January, 1706-7, at Watertown, Mass., married 10th September, 1735, at Sudbury, Mass., with Hannah Harrington, daughter of George and Hephzibah (Fiske) Harrington of Watertown, where she was born 31st July, 1716. He second married 30th March, 1742, with Mary Chadwick, widow of Jacob Pierce, and daughter of

Joseph and Hannah (Bartow) Chadwick of Watertown, where she was born 16th October, 1713, and died 23d February, 1756.

- ii. JUDITH, born 15th November, 1708, at Watertown, Mass.
- iii. AMITY, born 6th October, 1712, at Watertown, Mass., married 14th October, 1730, with Lebbeus Graves of Sudbury, Mass., removed to South Killingly, Windham county, Conn. "Received in full communion" at First church of Killingly, Conn., by Rev. John Fisk, pastor, July 6, 1735. She died about March, 1760. He died about April, 1758. He was descendant in the fourth generation from Rear Admiral Thomas Graves of Ratcliffe, England, and Charlestown, Mass., who was born 6th July, 1605, came to the New England colonies about 1637, and died at Charlestown, July 31, 1653.
- iv. MARTHA, born 4th April, 1716, at Watertown, Mass., marriage with Timothy Mossman of Sudbury, Mass., published 6th January, 1734.
- v. SAMUEL, born 23d May, 1719, at Watertown, Mass., married with Abigail Fletcher, probably 20th October, 1741.

John and Elinor Whitney i.

John and Ruth (Reynolds) Whitney ii.

Nathaniel and Sarah (Hagar) Whitney iii.

William and Martha (Pierce) Whitney iv.

Amity* (Whitney) Graves v. Mother of Amity (Graves) Swords.

* Probably Amata ("Beloved").



BOOK REVIEWS.

"Praise to whom praise is due, justice to every one."

"Dumb in June" is a volume of verse by Richard Burton. The book proclaims Mr. Burton to be a lover of Nature and a careful student of *human* nature. "To fully enjoy "Dumb in June," one should be a poet himself, and he who has the greater knowledge of poetry will find the more harmony in Mr. Burton's verse. For this reason, perhaps, the average reader will not appreciate the poem which gives name to the volume and from which we quote the first verse.

Ah, the thought hurts at my heart,
Ah, the thought is death to singing,
Dumb in June! to lack the art,
The divine deep impulse bringing
Power and passion in their train;
To perceive the subtle wane
Of the waters erstwhile springing
Buoyant, brimful on the shore;
Ebb-tide now forevermore!
Song-tide o'er, no mounting moon
With her white lures to the sea
Surging once from depths of me,
Till the earth and sky seemed ringing
With the wild waves' melody,
With their large, unfettered tune;
Dumb in June!

Mr. Burton's book contains about fifty poems, showing great range of thought. We give one verse of "A Song of Life," which poem has about it much of the Bliss Carman spirit.

A song, boys, a song!
Death is here soon,
Death will cheer soon,
Death is nigh, and Love is strong;
So, boys, a song!

This book is now in its third edition, in which the typographical errors of former editions are corrected.

The poems are published by Copeland & Day, Boston, in their Oaten Stop series. Price 75 cents.

"Our Flag" is an address delivered before the Mary Clap Wooster Chapter, D. A. R., of New Haven, published in pamphlet form by that organization. The pamphlet treats of the history and changes of the flag from 1620 to 1896, and contains ten colored illustrations. An appendix, which has three illustrations, contains much useful information on the English flag and its alteration in 1801. This instructive work is for sale by Belknap & Warfield, Hartford. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

"Skipped Stitches" is a neat little volume of verse, written by Anna J. Granniss of Plainville. The poems are of a quality well calculated to please, and have that happy faculty of holding the reader's attention. Miss Granniss depicts the every day scenes of life in this work-a-day world in a manner appealing to the sympathetic feelings toward home and work common to all. "The Old Red Cradle," which has been sung with such tender pathos in Denman Thompson's "Old Homestead," was written by Miss Granniss and is included in the contents of "Skipped Stitches." Darling & Co., of Keene, N. H., are the publishers of the poems, and the press work is of the very highest quality.

Richard Burton was evidently in a happy humor when he penned his lecture on "Dogs and Dog Literature." At any rate, the composition bristles with such a humor. Mr. Burton delivered the lecture to the students of Trinity College, Hartford, last year, and now The Connecticut Humane Society of Hartford offers it to the public in pamphlet form. Price 25 cents.

"The Captured Cunarder," by Wm. H. Ride- ing, is a clever little story telling in a novel and interesting way of the daring capture of a great ocean steamship and of the damage done before her recapture. The audacity of the plot is equaled by the style of telling about it, giving to the whole transaction a plausible and not at all improbable color. It forcibly illustrates the truth of the opposite of "Forewarned is forearmed." Price 75 cents. Copeland & Day, Boston.

The pictures of Colonial and Revolutionary times drawn by the Rev. F. S. Child in his "An Old New England Town" are exceedingly interesting. The book shows much careful research and the author has a happy style in his narration of events. It impresses us with the important part played by Fairfield in the Revolution and is dedicated to the Eunice Dennie Burr Chapter, D. A. R., of that town. A special feature is the many splendid illustrations in the book from photo- gravure plates admirably executed. The book is just what it purports to be, sketches of life, scenery, character,—but they are so admirably drawn, and contain so much reliable historical material that it makes it a valuable book to have. Price in cloth \$2.00; edition *de luxe*, limited to 300 copies, \$5 00. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers.

"The Record of My Ancestry," is a book in album form which every person who takes pride in his ancestors ought to have. We know of no other book which leaves blanks for photographs. There certainly is "no branch of ancestral study more fascinating." It is adapted in every respect to its purpose. The book can be had of Rev. Frederic W. Bailey, New Haven, Conn.

"Ancestral Charts," is a book for recording ancestry in a compact form. Space is provided for coat armor. The price of the book (\$1.50) is within the reach of all those who can afford to hunt up their ancestry. Some work of its kind ought to be in the possession of every genealogist who aims at facts. The work is for sale by Eben Putnam, Salem, Mass.

By far the finest work of its kind that we have ever seen is "Old Houses of the Antient Town of Norwich," by Mary E. Perkins, a book of over 600 pages, containing over one hundred fine half- tone illustrations and thirty-four portraits reproduced by gravure plates from paintings and miniatures. It is printed throughout on heavy coated

book paper and is a splendid specimen of typographical work. It is bound in cloth with title printed in antique letters and border, forming an artistic covering quite in harmony with the spirit of the work. As its name implies, it is devoted to the history of some of the historic homes of Norwich, being one of a projected series of volumes, as the author explains in the preface, "which will give an account of the old houses of Norwich, their owners and occupants from the settlement of the town to the year 1800. This first volume includes all the buildings on the main roads, from the corner of Mill Lane (or Lafayette St.) to the Bean Hill road, at the west end of the Meeting-house Green."

The book is enlivened by numerous reminiscences and anecdotes, making it most entertaining reading, and containing, as it does, such a vast amount of valuable historical material, we feel that too much cannot be said in praise of it. There are eighty-eight genealogical records which must have entailed almost limitless labor and expense. Not the least interesting feature is the frontispiece, a colored map of Norwich in 1830 entitled "A Boyish Remembrance," drawn by Donald G. Mitchell. Other maps of value in the book is one of Norwich in 1705 giving streets, land divisions, houses, and owners' names, and one of 1795.

But whatever might be said, the book needs to be seen to be appreciated, and when the wealth of its illustrations and the immense amount of work and expense required in its preparation are taken into consideration, we think all will agree that it is worth every cent of its price, and every one interested in Norwich would be glad to procure one.

Copies may be procured of Noyes & Davis, Norwich, Conn.; Cranston & Co., Norwich, Conn.; and of Miss Mary E. Perkins, care Henry R. Bond, Williams Park, New London, Conn. Price \$5.00.

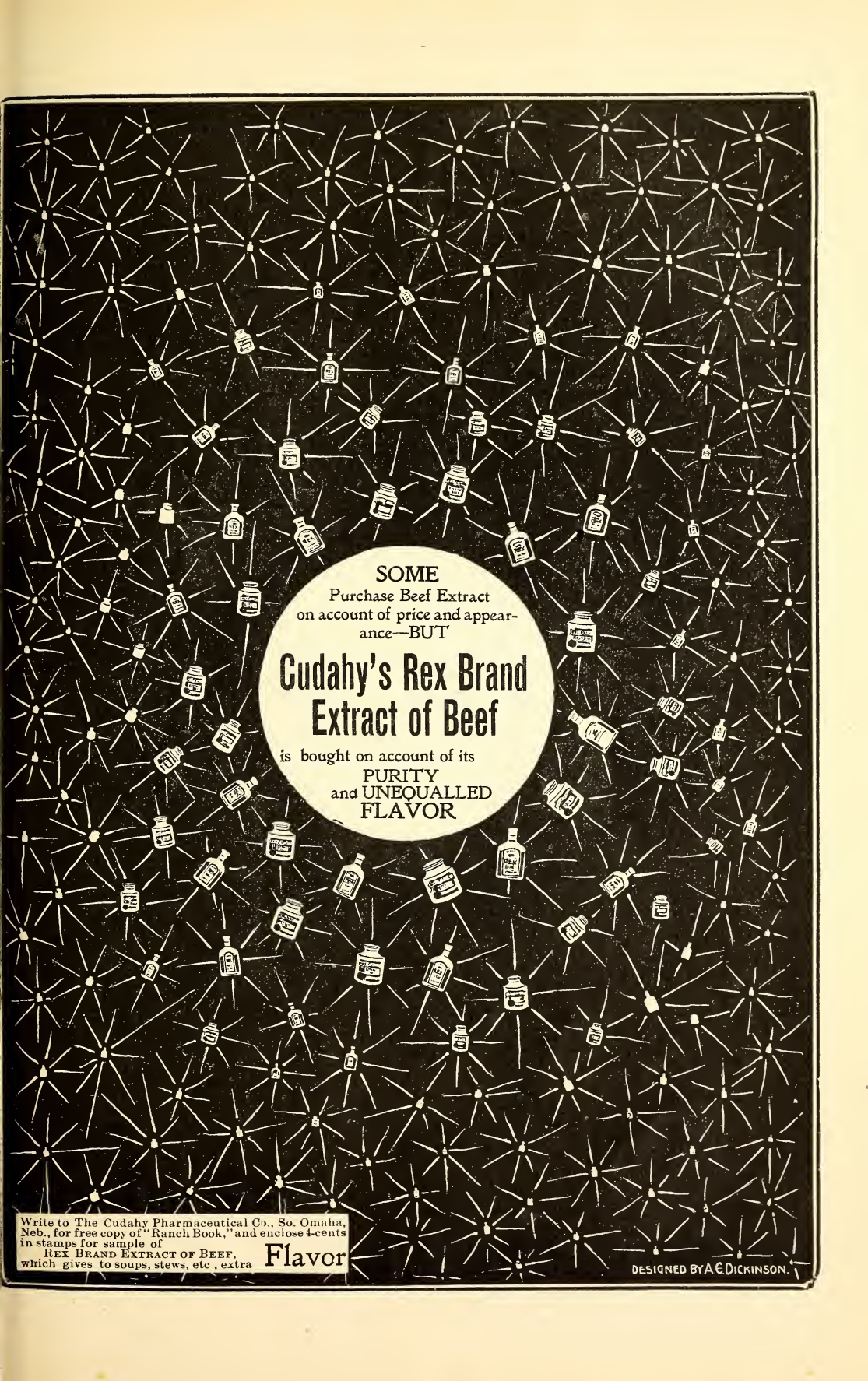
"Uncle Zenos, or Before and After the War," is a serio comedy in six acts, written by A. L. Thayer of Collinsville. The cast consists of twelve male and three female characters, with a chorus of male and female voices, and is well adapted to amateur work. The play has at times the true pathos, and yet a delightful humor sparkles throughout it. The scene of the play is an ideal farmer's home, of which Uncle Zenos, a good-hearted old farmer, is the head, and through many vicissitudes and romantic adventures the plot ingeniously takes the characters. Sample copy of the play will be mailed by the author on receipt of 20 cents.



In the current literature of this year it is a significant fact that there is so much attention paid to historical detail regarding the lives of some eminent Americans. The *Ladies' Home Journal* for March and April have articles on Washington. In the April number are the portraits of George and Martha Washington, reproduced from the Sharpless pastels in the Athenæum here at Hartford. *Lippincott's* for April has an article on "The Washingtons" and among the illustrations are reproductions of pastels of General and Mrs. Washington by Sharpless, this pair being owned by General Curtis Lee of Lexington, Va. All of these articles are of interest and are written to get at true facts, that we may see the character of Washington without bias. The *Peterson Magazine* has taken up Lincoln and brings out some entertaining facts concerning him, with many new pictures. It is a revelation surprising to many people that Lincoln ever had so many pictures taken as have been brought out by the magazines recently, notably *McClure's*. *Peterson's* also has taken up Robert E. Lee, and in a series of American Naval Heroes, John Paul Jones, an attractive character we all like to know more about, and to whom too little attention has been paid.

In "What a Great City Might Be" in the *New England Magazine* for March there is the strong, earnest plea for the hastening of the ideal municipal government shown to be entirely possible by its existence at the White City. The article is replete with contrasts of what we saw there and what we see in our own cities in every-day life, things that could and should be carried out in all cities, but, more's the pity, that are not. From the lesson it

taught in architecture, cleanliness, beauty, and order, the author elaborates upon the sense of security, freedom, and independence one felt there, as nowhere else. To quote from the article: "There was not another place in America where the American citizen could feel so much the pride of popular sovereignty as he could after he had paid his half dollar and become a naturalized resident of this municipality. Once within those grounds he was monarch of all he surveyed. He could go anywhere. He could see everything. He was welcome to all that he found inside those gates. He could feel for once in his life that he was not liable to be snubbed by the police, nor bullied by car conductors, nor brow-beaten by salesmen. His temporary citizenship entitled him to the same large privileges which are his by right in any permanent city, with this difference, that for once in his life his title was recognized, and his rights respected. It was a great experience for the patient, submissive, long-suffering American,"—and after speaking of things which the long-suffering American is accustomed to put up with, as follows: "If he attempts to cross a street the swift and death-dealing trolley or cable car will soon teach him that the public thoroughfare does not belong to him, but to some corporation. If he enters these or any other public vehicle, he realizes that they are run not to accommodate him, but to make money for somebody else. The sidewalks are not his, but the grocer's, the furniture dealer's, the house-builder's, and the street contractor's," the author closes with—"In the day in which the better, the best, American city shall become a common spectacle, we shall perceive how much sooner it came by reason of the vision of the White City, which we all beheld upon the shores of the great lake."



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Prof. Dixi Crosby, M. D., LL. D., who for thirty-two years was at the head of Dartmouth Medical College, belonged to the famous Crosby family of physicians, which for several generations has furnished more distinguished medical men than any other family in America. His father was Dr. Asa Crosby of Dartmouth, who procured the charter of the State medical society, of which he was for thirty years a conspicuous member; one brother, Dr. Josiah Crosby, invented the invalid bed and the method of making extensions of fractured limbs by adhesive strips; another brother, Dr. Thos. R. Crosby, was chief surgeon in Columbian College Hospital during the war, and later professor of animal and vegetable physiology at Dartmouth College; while Dr. Dixi Crosby himself was the inventor and discoverer of various important improvements in medicine and surgery, including a new and unique mode of reducing metacarpophalangeal dislocation, opening of abscess at hip-joint, etc., etc.

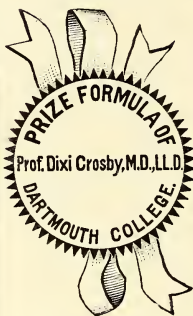
At the early age of twenty-four his extraordinary skill and success in overcoming disease had already attracted the attention of medical men throughout the world, and won for him the highest honors. His greatest achievement was the discovery of an original method for perfecting and compounding in permanent form what has become known as his "prize formula," and which, under the name of Puritana, is legally protected.

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Health Right.**

Because it makes the

Stomach Right.

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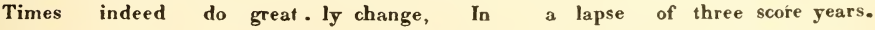
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650	For Loss of One Eye
25	{ Weekly Indemnity for
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	{ Limit 52 Weeks

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	{ For Loss of Sight of Both Eyes
	{ For Loss of Both Feet
	{ For Loss of Both Hands
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	{ For Loss of Either Leg
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Premium Notes and Loans on Policies in Force,		706,192.09
Loans on Collateral,		5,600.00
Cost Value of Real Estate owned by the Company,		858,950.29
City and Municipal and Railroad Bonds and Stocks,		2,185,435.63
Bank Stocks,		178,981.00
Cash in Office,		269.58
Cash deposited in Banks,		202,997.30

Add:

Market Value of Stocks and Bonds over cost,	\$41,205.31	
Interest accrued and due,	146,502.32	
Net Deferred and Outstanding Premiums,	151,393.68	\$339,101.31

Gross Assets, January 1, 1896,

\$10,116,436.81

LIABILITIES.

Reserve on Policies in force at 4 per cent. interest (Conn. and N. Y. standard),	\$9,487,291.00	
Claims by death outstanding,	54,430.00	
Premiums paid in Advance,	7,710.00	
Special Policy and Investment Reserves,	327,550.00	\$9,876,981.00

Surplus at 4 per cent.,

\$578,557.12

	1893.	1894.	1895.
Policies issued,	4,769	5,428	6,203
Insurance written,	\$8,835,062	\$9,960,858	\$11,237,658
New Premiums received,	225,960	290,939	307,719
Total Premiums received,	1,027,092	1,198,561	1,330,804
Policies in force,	21,420	22,797	24,990
Insurance in force,	33,631,523	36,381,049	40,460,331

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Funds reserved to meet all liabilities,	2,146,943.99
Net surplus over capital and all liabilities,	713,197.75
Total Assets, January 1, 1896,	\$3,860,141.74

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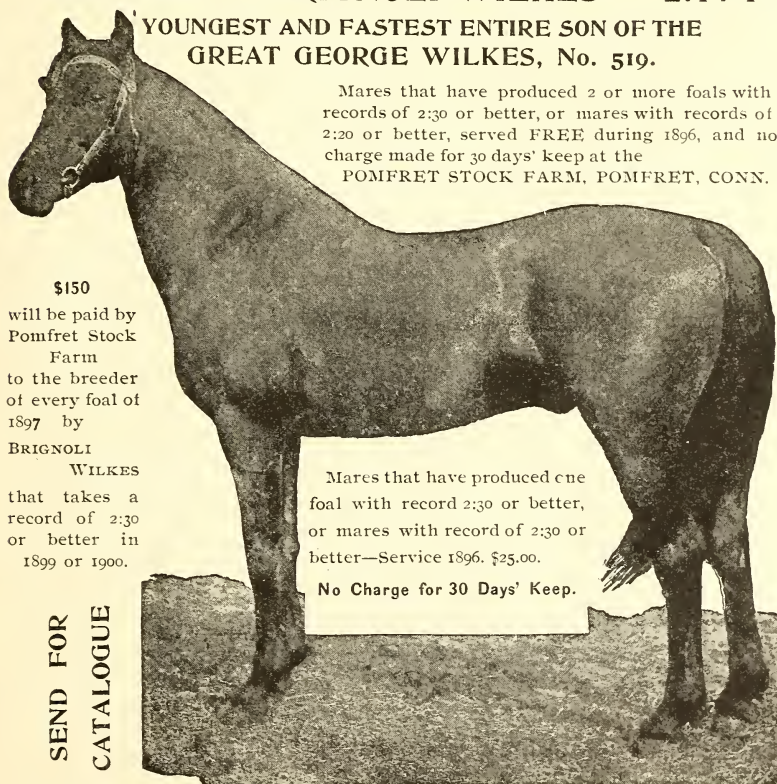
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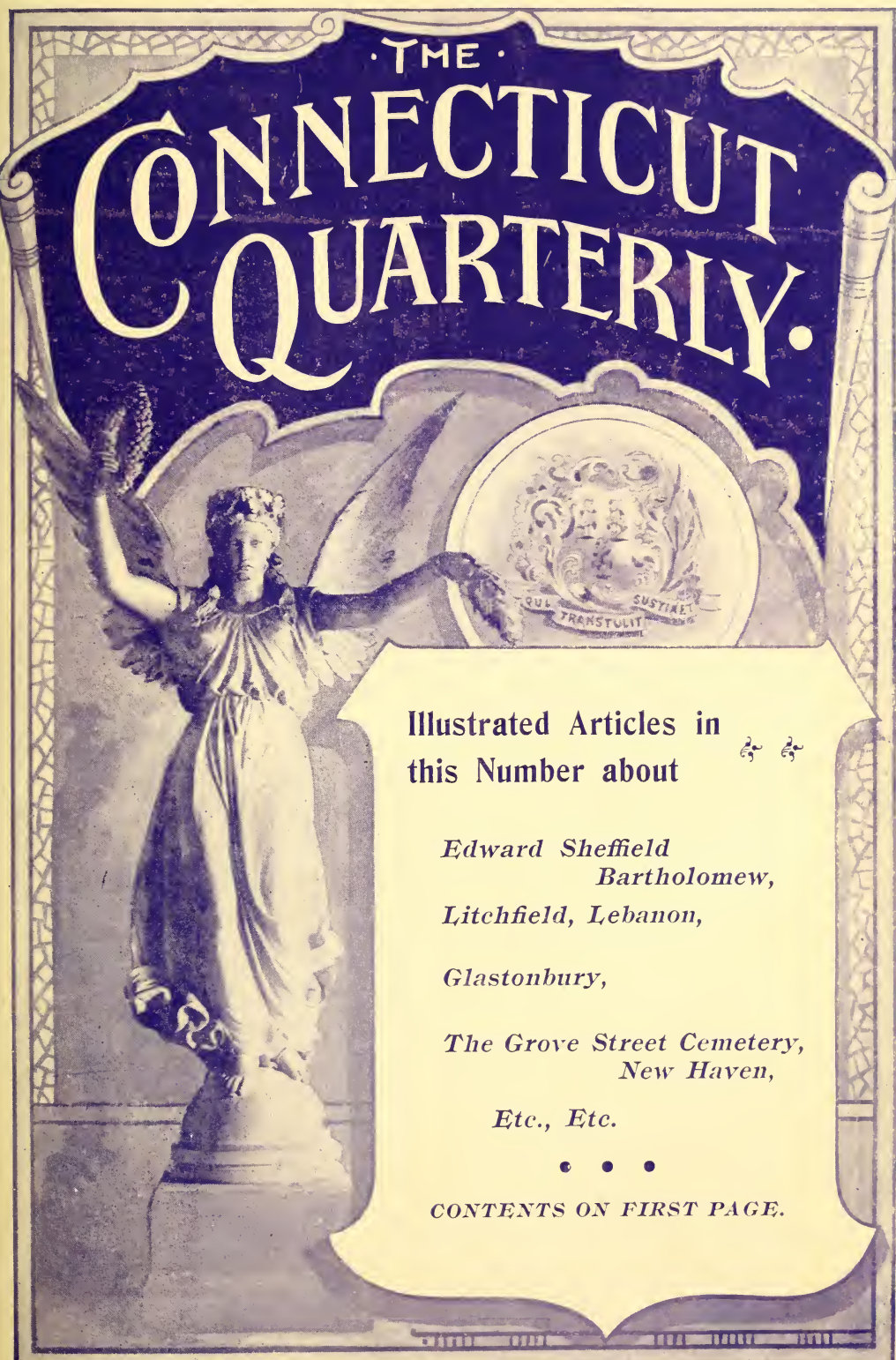
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Illustrated Articles in
this Number about

*Edward Sheffield
Bartholomew,
Litchfield, Lebanon,*

Glastonbury,

*The Grove Street Cemetery,
New Haven,*

Etc., Etc.

• • •

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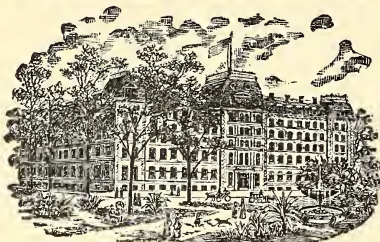
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SAPPHO.

(From a Statue by E. S. Bartholomew in the Wadsworth Athenæum, Hartford, Conn.)

The Connecticut Quarterly.

"Leave not your native land behind."—Thoreau.

THIRD QUARTER.

Vol. II.

July, August, September, 1896.

No. 3.

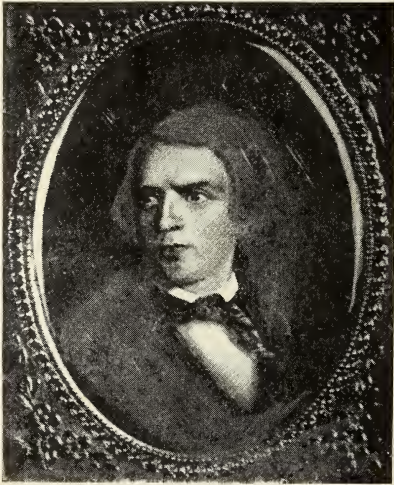


EDWARD SHEFFIELD BARTHOLOMEW.

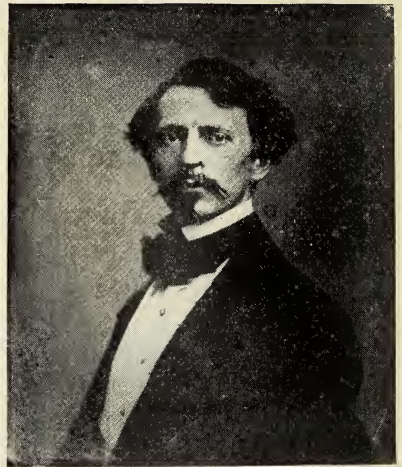
BY SUSAN UNDERWOOD CRANE.

Many strangers and even residents of Hartford visiting the art gallery of the Wadsworth Athenæum are attracted to the piece of statuary in the center of the rooms called "Eve Repentant," to whom the name of the sculptor is entirely unknown. In this swiftly moving world, thirty-eight years consigns to oblivion most artistic reputations; which reminds us that an entirely new generation tread the streets of Hartford to-day, whose ideas of art have been acquired by travel and observation of the best that wealth and culture can give, but who have little comprehension of the trials and difficulties attending an art student's education fifty years ago. If any poor young artist is encouraged to further endeavors by reading about Bartholomew's struggles for an artistic education, this little sketch of one of Connecticut's most promising young sculptors will not have been written in vain. Edward Sheffield Bartholomew, the sculptor, was born in Colchester July 8, 1822. He received his education at the Bacon Academy, a generously endowed institution in his native town, which he entered at an early age. It was then under the co-operative superintendence of Mr. Charles P. Otis and Mr. Samuel Fox, the latter being the principal instructor, who discovered the tendency of his pupil's mind towards the fine arts and encouraged it by the liberal use of the blackboard and chalk. At the age of fifteen years, he removed with his father, Abial L. Bartholomew, to Hartford, but the change was not altogether favorable to him, for he was extremely sensitive and reticent, and the necessity of meeting strangers was most irksome. He found the boys of his own age to have little in common with himself. His naturally sensitive nature was repelled by their peculiarities which made him misanthropic and tended to cultivate in him an unsympathizing individuality. He never overcame his repugnance to meeting strangers, occasioned, as he said, by his "first impressions of the world in Hartford." Soon after settling here he was apprenticed to a bookbinder, but the business was so utterly distasteful that he could not remain in it; he was, therefore, indentured to the late Dr. W. S. Crane for five years to learn the profession of

dentistry. This employment he found no more congenial, but he continued in it, at the urgent solicitation of his father, doing his duty manfully, with more or less unhappiness. About this time the life of Benvenuto Cellini fell into Bartholomew's hands. To most persons this autobiography is useful only as a vivid picture of the life of the middle ages, but to the young Connecticut enthusiast, it was an *inspiration*, proving what courage and self-reliance can accomplish. To use his own expression, Cellini's life "put the devil in him." In the meanwhile he developed a propensity to stare at all the pictures within his reach and drawing with chalk or pencil whatever struck his fancy, and liking nothing so well, he said, as being what a few of his friends thought him, "a regular vagabond," the prejudice against art and artists not having been wholly eradicated from the Yankee character at that time. There were no "princely Lorenzos" in Hartford—and his honored parents were too



AS A YOUNG MAN.



LATER IN LIFE.

E. S. BARTHOLOMEW.

(From pictures in the collection of his sister, Mrs. C. S. Davidson of Hartford, Conn.)

poor, with the care of a large and growing family, to give him the advantages he should have had to develop his undoubted talent. The necessity of earning his daily bread was his first duty. After serving his time with Dr. Crane he went to New York, and by doing mechanical dentistry for his support, studied at the "Antique and Life School of the Academy of Design" for one year. This seems to have settled his career in life and given his friends the key to his tastes and inclinations. When he returned to Hartford in 1845 he received the appointment as curator of the Wadsworth Gallery of Paintings, now the Art Gallery,—as congenial a position as an art student could wish. He made careful studies of figures on Etruscan vases and of the engravings from Raphael's cartoons, originally presented by the first Napoleon to the New York Academy of Fine Arts, and at that time deposited in the Wadsworth collection. He also took lessons in drawing and painting of Mr. A. H. Emmons, formerly of Norwich. It was during this time that he made the sad discovery of his color blindness,—his inability to distinguish between the various shades of blue and green. His former employer, Dr. Crane, had naturally artistic tastes and was constantly trying to assist struggling artists and musicians. He felt sure, if given an opportunity, Bartholomew would make a name for himself; accordingly he fitted up a corner of his dental laboratory for a



EVE REPENTANT.

studio, bought canvas and framing for his benefit, and encouraged him to cultivate his talent for painting. There are two pictures in the possession of Dr. Crane's family, which, tradition says, were painted at this time, one by Bartholomew which bears witness to his defective eyesight, the other by Mr. F. E. Church, a friend of Bartholomew, and a constant visitor at the primitive studio. Mr. Church was at that time a pupil of Thomas Cole, the celebrated painter, who was completing his



DIANA.

(From a Bust owned by Mrs. C. S. Davidson.)

"Mt. Ætna" in Hartford, now in the Art Gallery. Church and Bartholomew were always friends, and they might often be seen sitting on some church steps in the summer evenings or wandering in the country talking of their art. It was while he was painting a landscape, a friend remarked that he was filling out the trees and shrubbery with anything but the proper colors,—that Bartholomew was finally convinced of his defective eyesight,—a fact his friends had long been aware of. When the full significance of the defective vision came upon him,—the loss of all his cherished hopes, with characteristic vehemence and energy he gathered the painting, easel, palette, and brushes together and threw them into the farthest corner of the room. It was only another disappointment to be borne in the long struggle he had been making to become an artist. After days and weeks of deep depression of spirits he determined to try his hand at plastic art and began with a bas-relief of Mrs. Sigourney, to whose sympathy he was greatly indebted. He made very little progress, however, as his tools were entirely unsuitable for the work, and only such as he had in his dental outfit, the principal one being made by himself from a rat-tail file. Mr.

J. G. Batterson had become interested in him, urging him to persevere, and presented him with a block of marble and a complete set of graver's tools with which he labored incessantly, and produced a creditable bust of Flora.

It was his most earnest desire now to go to Italy, the mecca of all artists then even more than now, when so many opportunities of study for art students are to be obtained in our own country.

There seemed no way open for the gratification of his wishes, nowever,—but he lost no opportunity to gain all the knowledge requisite to his profession that this country then afforded.

He eagerly read everything pertaining to art and artists, and, having a reten-



THE CAMPAGNA SHEPHERD BOY.



THE MORNING STAR.

tive memory, he was at this time a remarkably well-read man, for one whose opportunities had been so limited. After three years at the Wadsworth Gallery, or in 1848, he went to New York to attend the anatomical lectures of Dr. Watt.

Here he met with the greatest misfortune of his life, one that would have utterly crushed an ordinary man. His laundress brought him his linen which in some way he learned had accidentally been left in the smallpox ward of the hospital, where he attended lectures. He requested her to take them away and wash them again, which she neglected to do. The result was he had the disease, which left him almost a physical wreck. He had been a handsome athletic young man, with large flashing black eyes, a nose indicative of character, a countenance full of expression, and an air and manner born of a consciousness of mental strength and talent. He rose from his bed fearfully marked and lame for life, the disease having settled in his hip. This misfortune naturally deepened the sadness and sensitiveness of his nature and rendered his life more and more unhappy.

Seeking to regain his health, he placed himself under the care of Dr. Weselhoft at the cold water sanitarium at Brattleboro, Vt., for seven months, but with no relief. He then went to Boston for the winter for treatment under

Dr. Hewitt and returned to Brattleboro for the summer with Dr. Weselhoft, who took a deep interest in his welfare. Here he worked at drawing and modeling with a devotion characteristic of him.

He returned to Hartford late in the autumn of 1850, gathered together his effects, a small sum of money, and, with the promise of a few orders from his Hartford friends (which were afterwards canceled), he sailed from New York on a fruit vessel of only three hundred tons burden, returning empty to Italy. "The Pegasus" must have been a most disagreeable craft, and what he suffered with the dirt and discomfort, the strange cooking where "everything was fried in oil," no one born and bred in New England can understand, unless they have experienced it.

After forty-six sea-sick days, during which he had not heard a word of English spoken, he begged to be set on shore. The Italians were certain he would die, and this seemed to them the quickest way out of a dilemma. Landing on the coast of France in the Mediterranean, he was immediately seized as a suspicious person, taken in a cart to Hyères, his person searched, his baggage overhauled, his mattress ripped to pieces to furnish evidence of his being a smuggler, or something worse, and finally he was sent forward to Toulon for further questioning. Liberated from surveillance



THE EVENING STAR.

at Toulon, he made his way on foot to Marseilles, a distance of thirty miles, went on board a steamer bound for Civita Vecchia, and in four days was in the Viccolo di Grici, in Rome, at work on his bas-relief "Homer led by the Genius of Poetry." The first year of his life in Rome was one of unremitting toil and privation, under the instruction of Signor Giorgio Ferrero, a celebrated instructor of sculpture who had published a series of illustrations of the statuary in the Vatican. Bartholomew was giving his principal attention to bas-relief, in which he excelled. The second year Ferrero sent him to Athens to study the

friezes of the Parthenon. He set out in the summer, visited Greece and nearly all the cities of the East, was entertained by the Carmelite Monks at Jerusalem, went to Egypt, and returned after an absence of four months with a great quantity of sketches of what he had seen. He had a very reliable memory for dates, incidents, and localities, which enabled him to retain valuable impressions of all objects of interest in the line of his travels. "He was an agreeable narrator," says George Wright, the artist, who had known him in Rome, "and gifted with the faculty of presenting the prominent characteristics of things in few words. Few excelled him in the



GANYMEDE.

strength and brevity of his speech, and on his return from the Holy Land, he nightly delighted the frequenters of the old Café Greco in the Via Fratina with his adventures and travels." The re-establishment of his studio, on his return, was distinguished by manifest evidences of increased powers. His execution was more happy, his designs broader and more sympathetic. His hand was becoming swift and strong, but he was rather too impatient of what he considered ignorant criticism, and his morbid feelings sometimes caused him to think he was neglected. He began his technical education so late in life, that he felt he had not time enough to accomplish all he sought to do, and was therefore too ambitious to take the place he felt sure belonged to him, in the front rank of American sculptors. After the second year, he was never in want of funds to carry on his studies, and if his Hartford orders had not been withdrawn

he would never have been troubled for money. Bartholomew was always sensitive in regard to the indifference manifested toward him in the earlier days of his struggle for an education, by Hartford people, though there were many (principally those who were unable to help him financially) who had the utmost faith in his brilliant future. Mrs. Sigourney was especially his friend, also Mr. Batterson and some others, but the fact remained that he did not receive the recognition he deserved in his own city until his career was assured and he had been endorsed by strangers. In a letter written from Rome by a friend of the Hon. Henry C. Deming is given an account of his industry and versatility. "I was astonished," the writer says, "at the variety I found in Bartholomew's studio, but when I came to look over his portfolios I found the key to the knowledge he shows. There were sketches of scenery and figures from all countries, crayon portraits of crowned heads of a dozen different nations, elaborate, anatomical, and beautiful architectural drawings, temples of Paestium, Athens, Asia Minor, Holy Land, and Egypt, and these are but a few items stored in the artist's brain and portfolios."

All this was the preparation for work which Bartholomew had the utmost confidence he could do in time. During the first year in Rome he met with no encouragement; but he asked no sympathy and he sought no friendships. Restricting himself to the smallest possible outlay, living in his studio to save the expense of lodgings, it is said his money had entirely given out and he did not know where to look for assistance, when relief came as suddenly as he had confidently believed it would. William George Read, a Baltimorean traveling in Italy for pleasure and instruction, saw the name "Bartholomeo" chalked upon an obscure basement door and chose to learn what was buried there. He was delighted with the evidences of talent he saw in the work, and it took but little time to buy what Bartholomew had finished and to order more. He also interested his rich friends in him and sent Mr. Enoch Pratt of Philadelphia to assure himself of the merit of his productions. Mr. Pratt most generously advanced money on work promised, which immediately put him at ease in regard to his financial affairs, besides paying in one instance double the price agreed upon for a piece of work.

As he became more prosperous he established a studio in the Via Barbuino, which was the resort of artists and travelers from England and America. He lived in the Casa Nuova on the Piazza di Trinita da Monte. Next below on the Spanish stairs stands the house of Keats,—his sleeping-room overlooked the window of the chamber where the poet suffered and died. Mr. Bartholomew came to this country twice in the seven years he was in Italy. The first time to superintend the erection of a monument he had made for Charles Carroll, and the last time he visited the many friends he had made abroad from New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. It is needless to say that to his mother these visits were most delightful. In the *Evening Press* of November 7, 1857, was published a letter written by Mr. Bartholomew in Hartford to the directors of the Wadsworth Athenæum, asking them to open the gallery free to the public, and recounting the advantages of such a course in educating the people to a higher appreciation of art. He gave an account of galleries in Europe, the liberality of whose management had been the cause of the growth of art, and the means of attracting to them students from all parts of the world. He ended his letter by offering to defray the expenses of the gallery while the experiment was being tried. What answer the directors made to him does not appear, but it has taken Hartford thirty-five years to accomplish what Bartholomew saw was for its best interest.

Wherever he went on this last visit, he was received with the honor which was his due, the long struggle for recognition being over. On the evening of Novem-

ber 18, 1857, the citizens of Hartford tendered the two artists, Bartholomew and Church, the honor of a public dinner at the Allyn House. Plates were laid for sixty. The Hon. Henry C. Deming, then mayor of Hartford, presided. Owing to the shortness of the notice, Mr. Church was unable to be present. Mr. Bartholomew sat upon the right of the presiding officer. The Rev. Prof. Jackson asked the blessing. Mayor Deming closed his speech as follows: "We are honored to-night by the presence of one, who, like Thorwaldsen, left his native country alone, poor, and comparatively friendless, with nothing to animate and encourage him but his confidence in his own genius and faith in God. He returns to us this day victorious, in the zenith of his fame, rich in the consciousness of inexhaustible creative power, rich in the appreciation of his townsmen. If they are charged with insensibility to the charms of painting and sculpture, they are not insensible to true and genuine manliness, in whatever field it is manifested. We paid no tardy or reluctant tribute to him who led to the heights of Chapultepec; but 'Peace hath her victories as well as War.' There is a moral heroism in surmounting obstacles in the way of poor and friendless genius, quite as noble as the glories of the battlefield. To the trophies earned in such contests, you, sir,"—addressing Mr. B.—"are entitled." Mr. Bartholomew assured his friends and fellow-citizens that their tribute was deeply felt, though he lacked the powers of oratory. "The medium through which I express myself is marble, and I shall be glad to show you in my studio at Rome what I have tried to say in the language you will all understand." Other speeches were made by Prof. Elliott, the Rev. Walter Clark, the Hon. Henry Barnard, and William James Hamersley. Dr. Butler responded for the medical profession, Mr. George H. Clark read a poem, and Mr. Erastus Smith, a personal friend of Mr. Bartholomew, made a witty and characteristic speech in response to the toast on "Woman."

Mr. Bartholomew returned to Italy December 9, 1857, loaded with orders from his many friends in this country, which he was destined never to fill. His health had been very delicate since his illness in New York. He had worked incessantly, often without proper exercise or ordinary attention to the laws of health. The winter before he came home he had suffered with ulcerated sore throat. On his return he was taken very ill again, and continued so through January and February. His physician, Dr. Frankau, advised him to leave Rome for the milder climate of Naples. His friends, S. S. Osgood, the noted artist, and wife, formerly of Hartford, were with him, and wrote a detailed account of his sickness and death to his mother, then living here. There were deep expressions of love for her, which was stronger than any other characteristic except his ambition to become a great artist. During the last year he had seen the realization of his dreams of success, but he had no time to enjoy it, or to rest from his severe labors. The long voyage home and return, taken for rest, had not proved beneficial, as it was too late in the autumn for his weak lungs. He went to Naples March 28th, in hopes of relief from the disease that was mastering him. During his last illness, when a clergyman called upon him to ask if there was anything he could do for him,—"Yes," he said, "pray for my poor mother." He continued to sink rapidly, and died on the 3d of May, 1858. There is a most interesting letter in the *Evening Press* of May 31st, by Mr. George Wright, who had been his friend for many years. He says: "Bartholomew possessed an extremely nervous and impatient spirit, that became morbid the instant he was ill. He was not without faults. He would often do and say things of which he would instantly repent and sorely for months, but I never knew a man of more spotless purity of motive, or of more sterling rectitude of heart. He was ever ready to do a kindness to any person, friend or enemy, who might ask for it.

True, he was impetuous, and terrible in his passion sometimes, but a kind and considerate word would melt him to tears. Childhood and manhood, simplicity and strength, were blended in his composition. His Eve, his Sappho, his Hagar, Homer, and Belisarius, show where his heart was, and how it had been influenced by his own trials." Mr. Wright speaks of the long walks he took with the artist in and about Rome, their conversations about Keats and Shelley. He was especially attracted to the character of Keats, and often talked of his sufferings as he leaned from his own window overlooking the house of the poet.

One evening when they were walking in the Protestant cemetery at Rome Bartholomew said, "I shall probably be buried in this place if I die here; but if there is one spot of earth that I would choose in preference to another for my last resting-place, it is the eminence on which stands the tomb of Virgil, overlooking the Bay of Naples." He had his wish, for there in the sight of that marvelous bay lies the body of that brave Connecticut boy who dreamed dreams and saw visions of beauty which he longed to put into form, and become an honor to his art and his country. Mr. Batterson has given many interesting reminiscences of Mr. Bartholomew as he remembers him both in this country and in Rome. He said he had more courage and persistence than almost any artist he ever knew. If he had a piece of work that required deep study and thought, he would lock his door, and with a crust of bread and a cup of cold tea, devote many days to incessant labor. He was especially fond of the Satires of Horace, and was given to wandering in the neighborhood of Tivoli where once was situated Horace's Sabine farm. Mr. Bartholomew's mind was stored with much knowledge that pertained to his art. It was no mere lumber-room, but well arranged and ready for instant use to illustrate the subject of his conversation.

In the summer of 1858 Mr. Batterson went to Rome and took charge of all Mr. Bartholomew's effects, caused some work to be finished, and had his models packed and sent to America. His foreman and friend, Pasquale Gezzi, who had been in his employ for some years, cut a copy of Eve Repentant for the Hartford gallery, the original being in the private gallery of Mr. Joseph Harrison of Philadelphia. Mr. Bartholomew had taken great interest in furnishing two copies of the celebrated antique statues in the Vatican, Demosthenes and Sophocles for Yale College, which were exhibited after his death in Alumni Hall in New Haven, June, 1858.

The London *Art Journal* gave a complete list of his works in 1859, and a fine engraving of his "Hagar and Ishmael," and in 1860 his "Ganymede," a plaster copy of which is in the cellar of the library building, it having been broken in its removal. In the list not previously mentioned are his "Calypso," "Sappho" (in the reading-room of the library), "Campagna Shepherd Boy" (owned by Mr. Enoch Pratt of Philadelphia, and a copy by Gov. Aiken of South Carolina), "Infant Pan and Wizards," "Belisarius at the Porta Pincio," "Evening Star," "Homer," including many others, besides many monumental works. His full-length statue of Washington belongs to Mr. Noah Walker of Baltimore. The London *Art Journal* of 1858 contained an obituary notice of Bartholomew, in which it said, "Had his life been spared there is no doubt he would have done honor to the country of his birth." The London *Critic* said, "His studio in Rome had long been among those most attractive to visitors of taste, and during late years had been filled by works on subjects very various, but displaying ability of treatment." S. S. Osgood, who did much to encourage Bartholomew from his first decisive step and who comforted him in his last sickness, says, "As I am an artist I can fully appreciate Bartholomew's *wonderful genius*; I look upon him as having *no equal* among all our artists, who are great and many."

Grace Greenwood wrote of him after his death: "Mr. Bartholomew was a singularly modest and sensitive man and shrank from general society with a painful shyness, caused by his illness, but the manhood of the spirit still stood erect and strong. The genius of the artist shone forth bravely above the wreck of manly beauty and strength. I knew him in his darkest days in Rome, but I never heard him utter an unmanly complaint, never a word of bitter dispraise of a more fortunate brother artist. His ambition seemed to me of the noblest character. He wished to be a great artist for the sake of art and his country." H. T. Tuckerman wrote of him: "Bartholomew was a manly enthusiast. His early life was a struggle with narrow means and uncongenial associations; when he found his vocation, all the earnestness of his nature concentrated thereon. With patient self-devotion, a generous interest in and appreciation of others, and a versatile and constantly enlarging scope and impulse, he possessed all the elements of success and enjoyment as an artist. Though most of his subjects were classical, many Scriptural illustrations occupied his mind, and his inventive were fast developing with his executive faculties.

Personally beloved and professionally gaining reputation and work, the early death of Bartholomew was deeply mourned in Rome and in Hartford. Of the peculiar claims of his genius perhaps the most individual merit has been justly indicated by the remark of one who knew him well, and recognized in his works and prevalent talent "an intuitive perception of the strongest and most statuesque aspect of a theme."

YEARNINGS.

BY ELIZABETH ALDEN CURTIS.

A thousand songs of lyric grace
Enchained lie within my restless soul,
I strive in vain to sing their rhapsodies
Whose rhythm is the throbbing of my heart,
Tho' I am one with them, and they a part
Of me, 'tis but a voiceless and a yearning whole.

When youth is ours, and childish radiance,
The earth in flower and life aburst with song,
Our baby hands are reaching ever on
To grasp the riper years for which we long.
And when the finger of remorseless time
Has left its trace upon the furrowed brow,
We strain our fading eyes to gain one glimpse
Of child-love and of faith — so precious now.

And then the incommunicable depths
Of that great sea which bears away our own,
Those dear-loved faces which so swiftly speed
Through doubts and sins into the vast unknown.
The secrets of the deep-fixed universe,
We seek to fathom through the sage's mind.
For toil-bent souls how long is life,
While those remarked of death, sweet earth-ties bind.

They shall not cease, these yearnings manifold,
Until upon our troubled sight there gleams
That promise of the after-time,
The jeweled city of our dreams.



BY DWIGHT C. KILBOURNE.

In 1715, John Marsh, a worthy citizen of Hartford, was appointed a committee to view the "Western Lands" and make his report. These western lands were a vast unexplored wilderness now known as Litchfield County with only a single settlement at Woodbury, which, from causes arising from Andross' usurpations, had come into the possession of various towns who refused to reconvey to the General Assembly. Rumors of their great fertility, wonderful lakes, grand mountains and immense forests came to the ears of the residents of the Connecticut Valley. So John Marsh, under this commission, left his wife, Elizabeth Pitkin, and their seven small children, to spy out this wonderful land, and started on what seemed to him a perilous journey, for the Indian lurked behind the forest trees ready for his scalp. He had had in his Hadley birthplace too intimate an acquaintance with their methods to think lightly of their presence, and then there were bears, panthers, and other unpleasant companions' likely to greet him. With his horse and flint-lock musket he started,—the first dozen miles through Farmington to Unionville was through a settled country, with good farms and houses, then crossing the Tunxis and entering the wilderness of Burlington, he could only follow over the hills the trails of the hunters and trappers, and wind his way from one summit to another as best he could, through the deep valleys and gorges of Harwinton. Reaching the Mattatuck he forded it a little below the railroad station at East Litchfield at the old fording place and began to climb the steep ascents to Chestnut Hill, and arrived there as the sun was beginning to hide itself behind the mountains beyond. Before him was as beautiful a panorama as mortal eye could rest upon,—the lakes sparkling in the sunset, and the broad meadows around them with the newly started grass, a living carpet of emerald spreading before him for miles, with here and there a fringe of fresh budding trees, all inviting the weary traveler to rest and refresh himself. Descending the hill he crossed the river near "South Mill" and pitched his camp for the night near the big spring at the southern end of Litchfield Hill, where, a few years later, he chose his home lot.

All of this fair region which he had seen was called by the Indians "Bantam," and comprises large portions of the present towns of Litchfield, Morris, Bethlehem, Washington, Warren, and Goshen, and for three days he explored the beautiful

fertile hills and plains. The Indians were friendly, the fish plenty, game abundant, and the spicy perfumes of the new opening buds and wild blooming flowers wafted to his old Puritan heart a new sense that softened his soul and let him enjoy for once these natural blessings, and instead of encountering dangers and tribulations,



LAKE FROM THE SOUTH.

his journey had been one of rest and pleasure. On the fifth day he returned to Hartford. What report he made of his trip is not now known except that his services and expenses were two pounds, which he received for viewing the "New Plantation."

That he made a favorable report is almost certain, for the next January Thomas Seymour of Hartford was sent to Woodbury to treat with the Indians about these western lands, and was gone six days, and succeeded so well in his negotiations that John Minor, the noted magistrate of ancient Woodbury, executed a deed of land, substantially that now called Litchfield, from Chusquenoag, Corkscrew, Quimp, Magnash, Kehow, Sepunkum, Poni, Wonposet, Suckquonokquum, Towecomo, Mansumpaush, and Norknotonckquy, for fifteen pounds. These Indians reserved sufficient land near Mount Tom for their hunting houses. Some other Indian names are mentioned in the deed, but probably the foregoing are sufficient for all genealogical purposes.

In May of the same year Thomas Seymour starts out again for examination. He begins by purchasing two quarts of rum, and after passing through Farmington and Waterbury arrives at Woodbury, by which time he requires a pilot and protection—



OLD MILL DAM.

for which he pays a pound and a half. It does not appear where he went, but probably to a small tribe of Indians in the southern part of the conveyed territory, among whom the Moravian missionaries had previously labored and con-



NORTH STREET.

verted to Christianity, and who were called "pheantam" or praying Indians, which gave the name Bantam to the larger lake and the adjacent territory, and Seymour ever afterwards called it so.

Having thus bought out the Indians, Marsh began to organize a company of settlers, devoting a year or more to this matter, and, in 1718, the company was formed, dividing the territory of 44,800 acres into sixty shares, fifty-seven to be



SIDEWALK ON NORTH STREET.



SOUTH STREET LOOKING NORTH.

sold to actual settlers, the schools to have one share, the minister one, and one for the support of the ministry, and John Marsh had two shares without price. The fifty-five shares sold for three hundred and sixty pounds, current money, about one and three-fourths of a farthing per acre. A "way" was laid out, exactly where does not appear, but soon after the new Farmington road was surveyed, which is



SOUTH STREET LOOKING SOUTH.



HOTEL AND PARK.

about the same as the present road from Litchfield to Hartford. At the May session of the General Court, 1719, Lieut. John Marsh of Hartford and Deacon John Buel of Lebanon with others were granted liberty to settle westward of Farmington at a place called Bantam, said town to be known as Litchfield and to have the figure "9" as a brand for its

horse kind. Why the name Litchfield was selected is not known, perhaps for the same reason that the Dutchman called his boy Jacob, because that was his name. Probably it was in some way suggested from Lichfield, the cathedral town in England, and the extra letter "t" put in by some clerk who had been studying up the Salem witchcraft trials.

The great geographical feature is the lakes. The smaller lying just at the foot of the town hill, having the euphonic name of "Little Pond," presents no attractions around it, and, except for good fishing in its waters would be little known. Just a mile from it the outlet of Little Pond enters the large lake, "Bantam." This charming lake is the largest in the state, covering over 1,200 acres, and surrounded on three sides by gently sloping hills, on whose surfaces are finely cultivated farms and small patches of woodland. To the north lies a low level country extending two or three miles to the Goshen foot-hills. This plain is sectionally known as Fat Swamp, Harris Plain, South Plain, and Little Plain. Extending into this level country is the long, smooth sloping ridge known as Town Hill, on which is the village of Litchfield.



CALHOUN ELMS.

In 1720, Capt. Jacob Griswold and Ezekiel Buck of Wethersfield, and John Peck of Hartford, removed with their families, and began the settlement, and the work of laying out the home lots began; for the deed provided that each grantee should



NORTH STREET FROM COURT HOUSE.

occupy a house sixteen feet square on his home lot before May 31, 1721, and most of the settlers came during the year 1721. The first town-meeting was held in December of that year, but earlier than this the town had called Timothy Collins



DR. BUEL'S.

to settle as their minister, which call he accepted and labored among the settlers for thirty years.

The building of the meeting-house was a town matter, and a vote was passed to build one,—to be 45 feet long, 25 feet broad, and 20 feet between joists, etc.,

and to be completed within three years. It was located in the center of the town, at the point shown in the cut of the United States Hotel and Park, where the gentleman is standing in the road east of the park. The frame was of great oak sticks hewn and mortised, clapboarded on the outside and ceiled inside. It was raised in 1723, and all the people in the town came to it and sat on the sills while Parson Collins prayed for its success. After the raising the people had wrestling matches and pitched quoits. Whether the committee were authorized to procure "rum, rope, and grindstone" to raise with, as they were in South Farms some years subsequent, does not appear.



SITE OF BEECHER HOUSE.

The building progressed slowly, and it was eight years before it was finished, although used for public worship sooner. On December 27, 1731, it was voted "to get a cushion or pillow for the pulpit, to be made with plush and stuff."

Equally necessary with the minister and the meeting-house was a grist-mill, and John Marsh and John Buel were granted thirty acres of land and the use of



OLD TANNERY.

Bantam River for a grist-mill. This they built on the road half a mile east of the center, midway of Town and Chestnut hills. The Echo Farm Mill now occupies the same site, with the same old dam. Over the pond is the iron bridge, and upon rebuilding the abutments for this bridge one of the old foundation stones, upon being exposed, presented the monograms "J.

B." "J. M." cut into its face. The grist-mill was an important institution in those days. Notices of the town-meetings were to be posted on the gristmill door, and while the farmers were waiting for their bag of meal, swaps and trades were going on, and hot-headed theological discussions. So numerous and prominent were the Buels and Marshes, years ago, that the old miller used to say that whenever a

stranger came he called him Mr. Marsh; if surprise was manifested he corrected by substituting Buel, and seldom made a mistake.

For a number of years a great contention existed as to whether the town center should be on Chestnut Hill or Town Hill, and after the meeting-house was located the Chestnut Hill side demanded the schoolhouse should be located on

their hill. It was voted to "hire a scool dame and build a scool House," but where?—was the question. Meetings were holden almost weekly, this one deciding it to be on Town Hill, and the next one at Chestnut Hill. A vote was passed that no vote should be passed when it was so dark the town clerk could



THE RAILROAD STATION.

not record the vote; another, to adjourn to a date when the sun was half an hour high. The difficulty was finally compromised by building two schoolhouses, one at each place, and hiring a school-dame to teach part of the time in one and part in the other, and Town Hill became, by virtue of its more rapid growth, the actual center.

The life of these pioneers was no easy one. The making of the New England village was a series of hardships. Log houses were to be built, barns erected to



THE MANSION HOUSE.

protect their cattle from the inclement storms and snows, fences to keep them from straying, trees to be cut down and burned, new fields to be ploughed with wooden ploughs, grass to be cut for hay in the Fat Swamp meadows. We can hardly conceive at this day the toils and privations of our forefathers, and withal the lurking savage was ready to kill them at every unguarded moment. The historian says: "The Indians, still at war with the English, prowled on the frontiers like ravenous wolves eager for their prey. Their yells at the war-dance, an ominous sound, were heard on the distant hills, and at midnight their signal-fires on Mount Tom lit up the surrounding country with their baleful gleam." The Committee of War at Hartford sent military to keep garrison at Litchfield. A fort was built on the ground now occupied by the Court House, where these troops were quartered, and four more forts were built by the citizens. One of them, called Fort Griswold, was just a mile west of the Center, in the meadow lately owned by Mr. E. P. Moulthrop, north side of the road; another on Chestnut Hill, west side of the road in the



MODERN LITCHFIELD.

meadow north of Holmes O. Morse's barn; another a mile north of the town, and the other on the southern end of South street. Mr. Joseph Harris, while at work on his farm now called Harris Plain, was killed by the Indians and scalped: his body was found near the single elm tree in the lot east of the schoolhouse, and placed in the primitive coffin of a hollow log, taken to the West burial ground, and there interred. Over his remains in 1830 a small monument was erected by voluntary contributions.

For a long time scouts were employed by the colony to protect this weak band of sixty settlers from the savages, and the following letter of Capt. John Marsh, never before published, may be regarded as a contemporary history of these events:

LITCHFIELD, June ye 1, 1725.

To ye Hon'ble JOHN TALCOTT, Gov'r.

Sir: Knowing full well ye interest that you, our lawful governor, dothe feel and hath often exprest about our little settlement in this wilderness, I am moved to write you about our affairs once more. Since I was honored by writing to you aboute twentie months ago, our four fouts or Garresons have been built, all but some mountes for the convenience of Sentinnels. The Garreson at the west our

townes men have named fourte Griswold, and the north one fourt Kilbourn because of the godly men who helped most to bild them. The other fourts one at the south end of the town and on Chestnut Hill. These Garresons have done our settlers great good in quietting their fears from the wild Ingians that live in the great woods.

But we have been so long preserved by God, from much harm, and we praise his nam for it, and take hope for the time to come. Many of our people morne for there old home on the Great River, but they are agreed not to go back.

About the moundes at the fourtes. I am enstructed by ye select men to make known to you their desires that the Collony shall pay for them.

With many and true wishes that God will preserve you and his Collony for the working out of his good pleasure

I am yours most truly

JOHN MARSH, *Town Clerk.*

Amid all these dangers and discouragements these hardy men were building for the future. They laid out broad streets both on Town Hill and Chestnut Hill.

The layout was very simple, two streets crossing at nearly right angles. That now called East and West streets was the meeting-house street, and was twenty rods wide—and until after the deaths of Hon. Seth P. Beers and Geo. C. Woodruff this width was never allowed to be trespassed upon—but now the magnanimous citizens are annually discontinuing narrow strips for the benefit of the adjoining proprie-



THE EAST PARK.

tors, without compensation. North Street was twelve rods wide and called Town Street. South Street eight rods wide, called Town Hill Street; this, owing to the swamp where the Mansion House corner was, was deflected to the east at the northern end so as to get it on hard ground, and is not exactly opposite Town Street. The little narrow street now known as Gallows Lane was called Middle Street, and is, or should be, twenty-eight rods wide. The wonderful shrinkage of highways can only be equaled by the shrinkage in values at the time of the annual assessment. No landholder was ever known to straighten a crooked fence by taking off his own land. It always comes out of the highway.

The Center, now the center park, was devoted to the meeting-house on the east, and the schoolhouse at the west, about where the load of lumber stands in the cut, looking up North Street from the Court House, and in 1751, when Litchfield County was formed, a court house was built between them. The schoolhouse was located elsewhere in a few years. The Court House was moved to its present site in 1798. The second meeting-house was built near the site of the first one in 1760-2, and is the one in which Dr. Beecher preached while in Litchfield. The edifice was 63 feet long, 42 feet wide, with a steeple and a bell. The third church was built on

another site in 1827-9, and the "Green" was cleared of buildings. The center of the broad meeting-house street was unsightly, full of loose stone and brush, and a general pasture for cattle, and about 1820 several of the citizens got permission of the town to enclose the ground and set out trees, and thus the East and West parks came into existence. At that time everybody pastured their stock in the street; the poor man claimed it was his inalienable right, and our streets were full of cows and swine and some horses. Public pounds were established by law, and the hayward was a much hated and despised individual—and many ludicrous and stormy scenes and wordy battles occurred if any one of these officials attempted to confine trespassing cattle. Since then the changes of sentiment and law have rendered the hayward's position one of honor rather than contempt. The park fences have disappeared, also many street fences, and our parks and lawns, on which the children may play, are ornaments to the village.

About the beginning of the century the citizens began to set out elm trees along the sides of the streets; these elms have now become very large, are exceedingly beautiful and attractive. Two large ones in West Street are shown that were set out by John C. Calhoun, the distinguished statesman of South Carolina, when pursuing his law studies here under Judge Reeve in 1805-6.

The following from Col. L. W. Wessells about some of the old trees is interesting:

"The fine elms in front of the residence of J. L. Judd on West Street were undoubtedly planted by John C. Calhoun, who roomed there when studying law with Judge Reeve. The tree on the corner of North and West Streets, and the finest perhaps in the village, was utilized as a whipping post, and my brother, the late Gen. Wessells, has often told of seeing a man tied to that tree and given forty lashes save one, as was the custom, probably about 1815. The immense elm on the corner of East and South Streets has, as long as I can remember, been the public sign post, where all legal notices are posted and all sheriffs' sales conducted.

"The large willow standing in the rear of the residence of Mrs. W. C. Noyes on North Street was always said to have grown from a riding switch stuck in the ground by her grandfather, Col. Benjamin Talmadge, who was a member of Washington's staff during the War of the Revolution. When a small boy, I have often seen him on horseback, a remarkably handsome figure and splendid horseman. He wore small clothes and top boots, with shirt ruffled at bosom and wrists, and we urchins looked upon him as something very nearly God-like. He made me a present of the first cock and hen of the Poland variety ever brought to Litchfield, and I was, of course, inflated with pride and the envy of every boy far and near.

"The present residence of G. C. Tracy was my birthplace, and as many as sixty-five years ago Oliver Wolcott, son of the last governor of that name, and a particular friend of my father, brought out, and I assisted him to plant, the apple trees still standing in the yard west of the house.



FIRE DEPARTMENT BUILDING.

"Doctor Gates reminds me of the fact that a primeval oak is still standing on the premises of Prof. Hoppin on North Street, formerly the residence of Judge Gould, who succeeded Judge Reeve as principal of the law school. I imagine it to be a rare thing to find a primeval tree in the center of a large village, and the professor is proud of his possession accordingly."

It is not, however, the early or present history of Litchfield that attracts the thousands of visitors to its open doors each year. Its magnificent scenery, its pure air, its hospitality and refinement are really the great attractions.

From the "Hill," or from any of its hills, most charming views are beheld, and, varying with every step, are continually interesting. Let us stand over



THE HAWKHURST.

on Chestnut Hill, near the old schoolhouse. Before you is the Bantam river, with the old mill and the mill pond; then the old and new cemetery, with its ever-increasing population and beautiful monuments; then at the right the Goshen Hills, with Ivy Mountain tower; then Dr. Buel's, Spring Hill,—Mr. Goddard's summer home,—the Van Winkle houses; and all along the elm-embowered North street are the spires and gables of the beautiful homes. The new Congregational church, the schoolhouse, the Bissell meadow, the Episcopal church, the Catholic church, and the houses on South street; then the lakes, and way beyond the two Mounts Tom and the Warren Hills. The artist can not grasp them all, but the eye can.

Or, go to Prospect Hill, a little northwest of the center, and look for many miles to the east, south, and west. Almost below you is the lovely village of Litchfield,—a jewel, clean and white, in the setting of leafy green. Beyond, and higher, is Chestnut Hill,—a picture of highly-cultivated farms in a frame of blue sky and sunshine; then Morris hills to the south, beyond the placid lake sparkling in the sunbeams; while to the southwest Big Mount Tom lifts his high head as unconcerned as when near two hundred years ago the lurid flames upon his bare

pate called the Indians to their chieftain's side for a deadly foray. Then, to the west, is Bare Hill, the pinnacle overlooking Waramaug Lake, the blue lines of Quaker Hill; then Mt. Prospect, with its stores of mineral wealth, copper, nickel, iron, and gold: then the misty outlines of the Catskills, Mohawk Mountain, with its disabled tower. Such is the vista that those who are fortunate enough to live in Capt. Van Winkle's new house can see each day,—an almost boundless view of nature, everywhere improved by art.

On our route to Prospect Hill we shall go up North street, the finest, possibly, of all the streets, and on which are old houses that are historic; a number of them antedate the Revolutiona-



COUNTY JAIL.

ry period, and are many of them now occupied by distinguished people. On this street stood the academy building of Miss Pierce's school, one of the early noted seminaries for young ladies, while at the head of the street was the residence of the late noted Dr. Buel, standing, as seen in the cut, at the junction of the East and West Goshen roads. It was once the residence of Theodore Catlin, a captain in the Revolutionary war. At the right, embowered in the dense foliage, is the Spring Hill Sanitarium, and, partially seen, the front of Dr. John L. Buel's new residence. Here, too, are the grounds of H. R. Jones, Esq., once the garden and yard of

Dr. Lyman Beecher, and in the view shown, where stands the gentleman on the lawn, was the house in which the Doctor lived and where Henry Ward Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe were born.



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Returning from Prospect Hill by way of North Griswold street, we reach West street. At the bottom of the hill is the Old

Tannery, a dilapidated old ruin, but once the seat of an important industry. When the farmer had his own leather tanned, and hired the cobbler to come to his house to make up the family stock of shoes, the tanner was an esteemed workman, so much so that he was obliged to get a license for the pursuit of his avoca-

tion from the Superior Court, to do which he must present samples of his work, and also recommendations from reputable tanners. The archives of the court here contain hundreds of such recommendations. On the other side of the street stands the pretty depot of the Shepaug Railroad, with the usual accessories of old brick sheds, coal-bins, and car-houses. So, grouped within a stone-throw of each other, are the relics of an almost forgotten past, — of the age of homespun — and the adjuncts of the high-pressure present, steam and electricity.

The hotels and boarding houses in the village are not numerous and are somewhat exclusive. The "summer boarder" has been cared for and taken in so long that the prices are high for first-class entertainment. Meanwhile the farmers outside open their homes to those willing to accept a farmer's fare and do not care for style, at very moderate rates.

The regular year-round hotel is the "United States," a two-dollar-a-day house. The original building was built more than a century ago by John Phelps, the ancestor of the Hon. E. J. Phelps of Vermont, the distinguished lawyer and former Consul-General to England. By successive additions it has so enlarged that it accommodates about a hundred guests; is heated by steam with modern sanitary improvements. The landlady, Mrs. Campbell, is a great collector of antiques, and many of the rooms are furnished with articles more than a century old. The Hawkhurst is a summer hotel, and a modern-built house, accommodates about a hundred guests, and is the center of the fashionable life in Litchfield. In all the various places about a thousand guests are entertained here each year. Two or three first-class livery stables are ready to "sell" you a rig for a short period, and the bicyclist will find, generally, good solid road-beds to travel on, but he will have to lead his "bike" up the hills. The pedestrians will find the roads long enough and wide enough for the pursuit of health and happiness.

Probably the most attractive and useful of all the public buildings is the Fire Department building, erected by a prominent citizen and dedicated to the use of the Fire Company and its honorary members. It is said to be the best one in the United States, and cost nearly a hundred thousand dollars. The exterior can be seen by the illustration. It is built of brick and stone as well as it can be done. It has practically four stories. The basement or cellar contains the heating and lighting apparatus and two fine ten-pin alleys. The ground floor has the fire apparatus, — hose, reels, ladders, etc.; also, in rear, a kitchen, furnished with twelve dozen of every kind of table ware, and a sufficient amount of cooking utensils, with a large range. The next floor has in front a large reading-room, supplied with all kinds of daily and illustrated newspapers, and the principal domestic and foreign magazines. In the rear is a billiard and pool room, with two tables. The upper story is a hospital for any fireman hurt in the discharge of his duty. This is fully supplied with all kinds of articles needed for its purposes.

Litchfield has, in addition to its other advantages, many of the city improvements, — telegraph, long distance telephone, railroads and stages, with exceptional mail facilities, a club house or casino, with tennis courts, ball ground, billiard table, and amusement hall; so the visitor may be as quiet as he pleases or he may have all the fun he wants. The religiously inclined can attend the Congregational, Episcopal, Methodist, or Catholic services; all have fine edifices and first-class ministers. Besides these attractions a first-class jail, which occupies the best corner of the town, accommodates a large number of county boarders in the winter months, and, while we cannot highly recommend its desirability, it seems to be well sustained, and is certainly kept in a perfect state of order and neatness.

Across the street the court-house bell is striking the hours of the day, and we

think of the days before the great fire, when the quaint old wooden buildings, with the old Mansion House standing on the corner, looked so peacefully to the wanderer, and almost long for the years gone by to return and bring back the forms and faces of the loved ones who trod the streets and graced old Litchfield with their dignified and holy presence; and the mind wafts off into the dreamy past, from which it is rudely awakened by sharp ring of the telephone bell and the call of the "hello" girl to the fact of modern Litchfield,—spruce-looking brick fronts, steam road-rollers, and Telford roads, with a wild agitation over a proposed trolley that may possibly land among us the tired children and feeble mothers of an ambitious neighboring city for an hour's outing under these noble elms and in the pure air of these everlasting hills.

FROM THE GRASS.

BY ANNA J. GRANNISS.

Bend low, sweet grasses, in the rain !
 Bend low, for when ye lift again
 Your little cycle will be run —
 Ye fall beneath to-morrow's sun !

Across the field of bending grass,
 A kind of murmur seemed to pass,
 As if each stem still lower bent
 In gentle answer of assent :

" We fall — and with to-morrow's sun,
 Another cycle is begun ;
 Poor mortal, know'st thou not, to give
 The best of life, is how to live ?

" The seed from which we sprung and grew
 Fell, when the keen blade swiftly slew
 The last year's grass. In turn, we yield
 Like seed, to clothe anew the field.

" These ripened stems, what would they here
 Left standing till another year ?
 We are, we shall be, we have been —
 We die not, being gathered in.

" Our life, within the seed concealed,
 Again will burst its shining shield ;
 Preserved, it holds itself in trust,
 And yet again will seek the dust.

" Tell us, and do ye mortals die ?
 These noble forms which pass us by,
 Contain they not some hidden state
 Unclaimed of Death insatiate ?

" Beneath us here, some of your kind
 Are sleeping. Will they never find
 A waking? When they are laid low
 Is nothing left by which to grow?"

Sweet grasses bending in the rain,
 We know so little who remain ;
 We hold our lives in sacred trust,
 And with assurance seek the dust !



"THE KINGDOM."



*Illustrated
by
Clara M. Norton.*

IN SATAN'S KINGDOM.

BY MRS. WILLIAM EDGAR SIMONDS.

It is becoming an exploded theory that there is such a place as Satan's Kingdom, but if the reader will visit a certain locality in New England he will find that it does still exist—at least in name. Why that particular locality was given this name, which it has borne for more than a century, I am unable to state with that certainty said to be required in a court of law; probably it was on account of the weirdness and wildness of parts of its scenery, which in places is so grand as to be worthy the best of names.

At present one dilapidated, tumbled-down house is about all that remains to show the place was ever inhabited. It is said of the man who last lived there that he had never been to church; his neighbors, considering his condition deplorable, labored with him until he was induced to once attend; after his return he informed his friends he should never go again, and, upon being asked the reason, answered that the minister had prayed that Satan's Kingdom might be destroyed, when he very well knew all his possessions lay there.

At the time of the occurrence of the events related in this story, two comfortable farm houses stood here side by side, at a point where scenery lacks all interest and attraction, it being that of a low, sandy plain. The highway ran directly past these houses, and across it was the river, which so often overflowed its banks in heavy rains as to wash out the road and render it nearly impassable much of the time. The town authorities paid little heed to this locality; and where sand and stone did not prevent, the grass grew in the middle of the street. The fact that it was a rarely traveled road rendered it a rendezvous for lovers, and on pleasant afternoons in summer it was no uncommon thing to see a carriage containing this interesting variety of human folk wending its way along the river-washed, briar-grown road to the beautiful scenery "further up the mounting," to use the ver-

nacular of the inhabitants of these two houses. It is safe to say that many a lover's troth has been plighted in Satan's Kingdom.

The scenery "further up the mounting" is such as to repay the climb which is the price of seeing it. You stand upon the crest of a gorge hundreds of feet deep, at the dark bottom of which flows the river through a narrow channel which it has been making for itself these thousands of years. The drop is so sheer and straight that you can toss a pebble into the stream, watch its flight for some seconds of time, and see it disappear in the dark water with a soundless splash.

Opposite — across the river — is another high point built up of cliff-like rocks with huge boulders standing out and looking as though they might at any instant let go their hold and tumble below with a crash and roar. One easily imagines

that others like them have done so in the past and been broken into millions of fragments, so rocky is the river bed, with sharp points jutting above the surface and causing the water to cleave and flow around them in swift currents white with foam. Ambitious little waves form and gently dash themselves against the shore, bringing to the ear, if one be near the river's bank, the lulling sound of the sea.



THE POWDER MILLS.

To follow with the eye the two chains of mountains which the river here divides until they are lost in the distance, creates a picture of which one's vision never wearies. The odor of the pines, the twittering of birds, and the hum of insects blend into a single seductive appeal to the senses, and the lover who cannot here tell his love, or the maiden who can find it in her heart to here say nay, are yet to be found. At this uplifting point Clara Louise Kellogg, America's sweet prima donna, has caroled some of her sweetest lays, her notes outswelling the music of the birds and the facile echoes wafting them in happy reverberations until they softly died on the bosom of the upper air. Here Rose Terry has caught the secret of some of her sweetest verse, and here one of the great painters of the age has drank in the inspiration which his masterly brush has re-created for the world.

But this story has to do with the old-time inhabitants of the two houses already mentioned, for whom the soft lowing of the cows was their sweetest music, the beat of the flail upon the barn floor the master stroke, and the *Connecticut Courant* their pabulum of literature. Farmers Wiswall and Brown had been neighbors ever since they could remember; they were born in the houses where they now lived, as were their fathers before them; they had married and settled upon these farms, content to struggle for the very meager subsistence they were able to bring from mother Earth.

A couple of miles below this settlement of two houses were the "Powder Mills," whose history had been punctuated from time to time by thunderous explosions which shook the mountains and furnished startling variety for this lonely place. They, too, are a thing of the past; near-by lines of railway have been laid; along their iron tracks the fiery monsters rush each day back and forth through Satan's Kingdom, and sparks from locomotives are too dangerous neighbors for gunpowder. The shrieks of the engines come back with mighty echoes from the rocks, and the massive boulders are sometimes desecrated by the brush of the patent medicine man.

Two miles below the powder mills, and adown the river, was the village where the two farmers carried their produce for sale, the chief periodical event in their lives being the weekly visit to this place—to them a veritable metropolis, the news they absorbed furnishing topics for conversation until the next visit. The two families attended church at Cherry's Brook—"to the Brook," they called it. While Cherry's Brook is not the name of this pretty hamlet on the map, it is the name by which it has been known in the local vernacular since long before it ever appeared upon a map, being originally so called from an old Indian, dubbed "Cherry" by the whites, who made his home by the little brook which flows through the settlement.



By fording the river, usually an easy thing to do at a point just below the farms of Wiswall and Brown, the church "to the Brook" was more readily reached than by any other route. The Cherry Brook community was one of farmers, and here our friends felt more at home than among the more aristocratic church-goers of the village below. Every pleasant Sunday morning these farmer folk could be seen in little groups outside the "meeting-house" before service, jack-knives in hand, whittling little pieces of wood to serve as toothpicks during the preaching. With the last stroke of the bell the jack-knives closed with a click, were consigned to trousers' pockets, and the whittlers wended their way to join the patient wives who had for some time been seated within, nibbling the "dill" brought in plentiful supply along with cookies and doughnuts for mid-day refreshment, in large black bags hung upon the women's arms.

Church-going was an all-day affair in those days.

At the date of the beginning of this story Farmer Brown and wife had a little son some three years old. A pair of twins, boy and girl, had just been born to

Farmer Wiswall and wife; the great, fat, bouncing boy seemed to have appropriated all the bone, muscle, and flesh that should have been equally divided between the two, and the girl, a puny creature, too feeble to be dressed or even cry, lay upon a pillow with her little spirit fluttering as though unable to decide whether to go or stay.

In our day a skilled physician would be called to assist such a spark of life in its endeavor to locate in the physical body, but at that time the suggestion would have been matter for surprise. No medical attendant had been deemed necessary to the coming into the world of this little life, and none was thought of to hinder it from going out. Now most careful attention would be paid to diet, temperature, and clothing; then Ann Fuller, who lived "further up the mounting," acted as physician, nurse, and housekeeper; and she treated the wee bit of humanity to doses of castor oil and catnip tea which would have fatally submerged any vital spark not clearly foreordained to endure.



Surely we do not die until our appointed time. Otherwise how could this little weak, forlorn specimen of humanity ever have struggled through? But it did, and never was there a greater contrast than between these two children, Reuben and Reubena.

How a child like Reubena ever dropped from the infinite into the Wiswall household passes common comprehension; may be the theosophists and societies for psychical research can decide. Farmer Wiswall and wife were commonplace people, good as gold in their way, and Reuben was actually stupid; but the sister was a delicate, fairy-like creature, instinct with refinement and beauty.

In their growth to boyhood and girlhood the children of the two houses were inseparables. Edward, son of the Browns, was a fine specimen, both physically and mentally; but Reuben Wiswall was not only dense in mind but huge in bulk, length and breadth nearly equal, a vision often stirring others to laughter, and the laughter always waking such resentment as she was capable of feeling in the gentle sister's heart. Edward began his education in the school "to the Brook," crossing the river each day on a small raft of his own building; and each night he imparted as much as he could of his acquirements to Reuben and Reubena. Later, Reuben became his companion on the raft and in school, but the walk to be taken after the river was crossed proved too much for Reubena on the few occasions when she tried it. Edward was only too glad to remain her instructor; he was likewise her champion and defender whenever they came in contact with the children "further up the mounting," who were rough, strong, and pugnacious.

It was an event in the lives of these children when their parents decided to send them to the village school, after the two farmers had talked the matter over and Farmer Wiswall had "allowed that Reuben had a mighty hankerin' arter books," and "Reuben" was his idol.

It was agreed that through joint use at home of Farmer Wiswall's colt and farmer Brown's horse, the Wiswall mare, "Old Dolly," could be given over to the children for a daily educational pilgrimage. The combination which they pre-

sented as they drove back and forth through Satan's Kingdom was something to provoke mirth. The old mare was long, lank, lean, and blind in one eye. The wagon was a high boxed affair of ancient construction, apparently once yellow, the backboard of which had necessarily been removed to accommodate Reuben's breadth of beam as he sat upon the wagon floor with his feet hanging down behind, for by no possible contrivance was he able to occupy the seat with Reubena and Edward. Nevertheless, three happier children were nowhere to be found.

Reubena reveled in her school; her father said she "tuk to larnin' jest like a duck to water." An observer might have deemed her wholly out of accord with her surroundings, but Reubena knew no suggestion of things otherwise; she appreciated to the full the love and tenderness hidden under the hard-working lives of her father and mother and was thoroughly happy.

Everything possible was done for her comfort and pleasure; no sacrifice was considered too great.

It was another event when an itinerant dealer called at Farmer Wiswall's to sell a "melodeon." The proposition called for serious consideration, as the purchase would badly deplete the little store laid by against the rainy day and traditional wolf; but when, on next going to church, it was learned that half the girls "to the Brook" had them, that settled it. Word was sent to the "melodeon man"; he brought the instrument for Reubena, and she found it in the parlor one day on return from school. Her joy was so great that the good farmer and his wife felt more than repaid for their sacrifice.

The "melodeon man" followed up his first attack by giving singing lessons, one evening in each week over "to the Brook," with instruction on the melodeon to those who had bought of him. So one more sacrifice was made and "to the Brook" old Dolly had to be driven after the return from school on this particular evening of the week. This was a great treat to the children. They were all fond of music and even Reuben could take part. The parents bubbled over with delight when, as soon happened, Reubena became proficient in "Trancadillo," "Bounding Billows," and "Tis Midnight Hour."



Almost the only trial which Reubena experienced in these days was her brother's inability to learn the slightest thing at school. She loved the great hulking fellow far beyond the ordinary and shielded him in every possible way from the jibes and taunts of his fellows. It was an odd picture, of an evening, to see the frail girl seated by this young Falstaff with a little four-legged stand between them bearing a single, sputtering, home-

made tallow-dip. With slate and pencil her nimble fingers jotted down the figures, and then, with earnest enthusiasm, she sought to make them mean something to her brother's meagre understanding. With long-enduring patience she explained the simple problem and then explained the explanation, but it was all Greek to poor Reuben; and when, after a while, he dropped out of the little school group, it was a relief to all. The back-board was put into the wagon again and old Dolly became quite fleet with only Reubena and Edward for passengers.



Great delights these drives to the two; if Reubena expressed a wish for flower or berry by the wayside Edward was down from the high wagon in a twinkling and Dolly easily learned this signal to stop. Reubena rapidly overtook Edward in the school lessons and a pleasant little strife grew up between them. They were always on opposite sides in the spelling matches, and, as a

rule, were the only ones left standing at the last, each holding the fort for a long time, but Reubena rarely failing in carrying off the honors at last, and Edward yielding with grace and good nature. On the home drive he was just as spry in jumping out for the flowers and berries as though he had not been beaten in the battle of words; he seemed to know instinctively that it was woman's prerogative to conquer on that field.

Time never stood as a "rolling year" to the hard-working parents of these children; it was hard sledging the whole twelve months, but there was a little extra pathos in their efforts to get something to serve as presents at Christmas time, a festival they had known very little of in their childhood. On one occasion Reubena had expressed a wish for a green barege veil which was a fashion of the time. So, by selling a little more butter and using a little less, pinching a little more here and a little more there, the veil was bought, rolled up and put into Reubena's stocking, which it filled to goodly proportions. Added to this was a little round tin box about the diameter of an old-fashioned penny, two of which it contained. These coins were Reubena's presents; rather meagre—the whole collect-



ion—most girls of to-day would think, but a queen was never happier than was Reubena on the day she first tied the green veil around the hood Ann Fuller

had knit and wore the outfit to school, every little while flirting the veil back from her face and then quickly drawing it down again, as she had seen her elders do.

The veil was not at all a source of pleasure to Edward Brown, who by reason, of it, missed the sparkling eyes into which he had been wont to look as they made their daily pilgrimage as well the peerless color of cheek and lip far and away beyond the skill of Titian or Rubens. It became a bugbear to Reubena herself, shutting off, as it did, the free air of heaven to which she had always been used; she grew to wear it thrown back, at last discarding it entirely except in weather when its protection was welcome.

It was a red-letter day in the families of Wiswall and Brown when they attended the exercises at the graduation of Edward and Reubena. Although they yielded to summer somnolence during the first part of the programme, they were wide awake enough later on when Reubena, in a new dress, the final produce of butter and eggs, read her composition, and Edward, dressed in his best suit, "spoke his piece." Proud parents they were. Farmer Wiswall could talk of nothing else for months; he declared "thar wan't none on 'em could hold a candle to Reuben-y," and Farmer Brown thought as much if he didn't say it, in regard to his boy.

The school days were now over. The drives came to be sadly missed by the two who had enjoyed them so much and so long. Old Dolly was once more put to the cart and made to work as though to make up for all the time she had frittered away with nothing to do but swing her tail to keep off the flies. The colt was sold and the weekly drives to the village for sale of produce with the Sunday journeys to church were all of which the overworked horses were capable. Edward Brown began full time work upon his father's farm at once and with a right good will. He had been engaged to teach the school "to the Brook" the next term,

which was considered a great opportunity. He bargained with himself to put money aside and, perhaps, go into a business, in the near future, in the village which seemed so large a place to these dwellers in Satan's Kingdom. Reubena assisted her mother in light household duties. She was too frail to attempt heavy work, but she became famous in cookery, an art in which many of those old-fashioned people excelled and might well be copied by the present generation. No dinner so well cooked or pudding so delicious as the ones concocted by "Reuben-y"—Farmer Wiswall thought.

Reuben, in these days, was not much of a help to his father on the farm, but as he was a success in catching trout, trapping rabbits, and snaring partridges, he was able to contribute not a little to the family larder.

Young schoolmates from the village sometimes made their way to Satan's Kingdom for a picnic in summer or a "molasses candy pull" in winter, but the



young trio were left a good deal to themselves and were quite content. Never an evening they did not spend together; and the days, weeks, and months rapidly rolled into the past.

It was a tradition that his Satanic Majesty had never been seen in the kingdom which bears his name, but it now happened that he was fairly represented. Returning from "the Brook" one day Edward Brown saw a smart looking "team" standing before the gate of his home and a little further on a still smarter looking man in earnest conversation with his father, both standing in the shadow of the big elm. His father was, as usual, whittling, but Edward knew on the instant that something was wrong. The interview was a prolonged one, and when it ended Edward saw a look in his father's face that he had never seen before and never afterward forgot. In some of his trips to the village Farmer Brown had made the acquaintance of the man from whom he just parted, a creature accustomed to prey on his fellows, who, by flattery and deceit, had interested Farmer Brown in a scheme for making money which seemed very attractive at the time, but which had proved his ruin. Little by little the ready money, savings of a lifetime of hard labor, had slipped away, and at last the farm too had been mortgaged. It was the foreclosure of this mortgage which had brought to the face of the father the look of agony witnessed by his son.

The blow was as crushing as it was unexpected. Friends sought to help, but matters had progressed beyond redress, and there was nothing to do but leave the old home. A widowed sister living in Massachusetts urged her brother to take charge of her farm, and thither the old couple went. It was an agonizing hour when they quitted the old hearthstone for good, and deeply trying to the friends left behind, for the two families had always been on terms of closest intimacy. As Edward Brown was still teaching "to the Brook," he stayed behind and was received into Farmer Wiswall's family, who were only too glad to have him with them; nevertheless it was a sorry time for them all.

About two months later Edward came home one night with a countenance more than usually thoughtful. Reubena noted it, being ever in touch with his moods, and when, after tea and in the deepening shadows, he asked her to take a walk to their favorite nook by the little waterfall, she readily consented; there, seated under the dome of a great boulder, he told her he had made up his mind to go to California. Reubena's heart stopped beating at this, for it flashed over her in an instant what life would mean without Edward. He told her that a Mr. Morrill, who had formerly lived at Cherry's Brook, but had been for many years in California, was making a visit to his old home and had visited the school on several occasions; on that afternoon he had offered him quite a lucrative position, if he would return with him to California. Edward told Reubena that he had conceived the hope of thus being able to buy back the old home and of giving his father and mother the happiness of ending their days in the home they loved so well, and he had decided to go.

This was not all he told her, and when they left the little nook the rocks and hills of Satan's Kingdom had added one more to their long list of plighted lovers. Edward's decision was a great blow to his parents, but he drew, in his letter, so vivid a picture of life renewed in the old home that a reluctant consent was given, and in a few days he was on his way to the Pacific coast with Mr. Morrill.

Reubena was lonely enough. She had not known or realized what a part of her life Edward Brown had become, because she had always had him, and she hugged close to her happy heart the thought that she was his promised wife. How pleased she was when his first letter came! It did not take her long to burst the

envelope and read the tender words that brought bright blushes to her cheek and glad looks to her eyes. She could hardly realize the new situation. Edward her lover — such playmates, boys and girls, as they had always been, with never a thought beyond,— but it was a happy sensation, and in the receipt of these letters she was content to wait.

As time passed, the letters became filled with the glories and beauties of the country to which her lover had gone, and Reubena, with a shade of dismay, detected a desire to always live in that beautiful land. In each missive, however, he wrote, "the goal is nearer," for he was succeeding beyond his dreams, but just as it was reached, after a wait which seemed an age to these young hearts, although it was wonderfully short in view of the results attained, good old Farmer Brown and his wife both died, he first, and she within a week after. Old people cannot bear transplanting, especially if the roots are as tenderly twined about early association as theirs had been; the double separation from their old home and their only child proved too much.



Meanwhile Edward Brown was on his way home. How different a home-coming it was from the one he had anticipated while planning to again settle his parents in their old home. He did not know until he arrived that they had passed on to a better land, and he was utterly dazed by the unexpected blow. It was the greatest trial which had ever befallen him; its pain, and the reason why such a thing could be permitted to happen, grapple with them as he would, and as for days and nights he did, remained to him an insoluble mystery. It was fortunate for his future that in these hours of suffering and fierce questioning, Reubena was his constant companion; and one day, as they were sitting near the little waterfall where he had first told his love, he gave up the struggle for present comprehension and asked Reubena to marry him and go back with him to California. She trembled from head to foot at the suddenness of his action, and the greatness of the change in her life thus opened to her gaze. That Edward had thought of returning to California had not entered her mind; to leave her parents seemed, for the moment, impossible. But Edward, now that he had resolutely turned his face to the future, pleaded his cause so eloquently that Reubena was won over to the plan. Straightway they went home to tell it, and although the mother's tears fell and the father's heart ached, they could not say nay, and Reubena went.

Transplanted to the beautiful town of Oakland, in the land of sunshine and roses, Reubena found herself in her true element, and expanded into one of the sweetest of human flowers. Edward Brown was soon able to build a pretty cottage next to the home of his most congenial friend, Mortimer McDonald, whose wife and little son contributed greatly to Reubena's happiness. Edward and Reubena had not been settled long in their new home when they received the following letter from Reuben:

"dear cistur i hev got marid to jain marier alden. i hed ter kas she wold'ent giv me no peace kas she didunt want to liv up on the mounting no longer. ma is well but pa aint. i ketched 2 rabbits and 1 koon last night but she aint no hand fer em

you affekshernait bruthir
reubin"

The missive was not dated and its chirography was such as to defy reproduction by anything except the photographic art. It was Reubena's first letter from home. She read it again and again, and the picture of her childhood's home grew vividly before her. She saw the rays of the afternoon sun aslant the kitchen floor where the patient, sweet-faced mother stood getting the supper; she heard the loud tones of Reuben driving the cows into the yard, where they waited for the father to finish a day of hard work by milking them. She saw and almost smelled the sweet pinks, just at the right of the kitchen window, where the mother always planted them, so that she could see them on the rare occasions when she had an opportunity to be seated. Then at the left she saw the three stone steps which led down to the garden where the hollyhocks and other perennials bloomed year after year, without paying the slightest attention to whether it took two years to bloom and three to run out; they were there every time. All this passed as a living picture before Reubena's vision. Little wonder that with a childhood so happy and a lover next door, she now idealized it all in the retrospect, including even poor Reuben, and that Satan's Kingdom became in her imagination the most beautiful spot in the world, and ever after so remained.

Farmer Wiswall and wife lived in a home made desolate by Reubena's absence. They walked about the flower garden, among the hollyhocks and phloxes, touching with tender remembrance the colors that were "Reuben's" favorites, tears rolling down their withered cheeks as they talked of her. And when Reuben came stalking into the house one day with Jane Maria Alden and told them he had "got married to her," they felt added desolation as they contrasted this rough, coarse girl with their gentle Reubena. But they could only accept the situation, and they did it with the same sweet grace with which Reubena had been given up when Edward Brown had pleaded.

Jane Maria Alden prided herself on being a "worker and a fretter," and she was both. She was often heard to say that a woman that couldn't fret "wa'n't no 'count." Nevertheless, that there was a kindly spot somewhere in her anatomy Farmer Wiswall and wife soon found out. She insisted upon doing all the hard work and taking the best possible care of the old people when they were ill, as was not rarely the case. Reuben soon ascertained his wife's opinion of a "lazy, shiftless creeter who won't do nothin' but set on the river bank and fish all day long;" she whisked him around into farm work at a lively rate. Indeed, at the end of the first year of his married life, he had lost much of his superfluous flesh and had assumed quite the proportions of an ordinary man.

About this time good Farmer Wiswall dropped in the harness. He was found in the hay-field in a dying condition. The tired, worn-out man did not linger long,

and then Jane Maria buckled the harness straight upon Reuben, and work was the order of the day with him from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same.

Reubena received the news of her father's death with a sad heart, for she had dearly loved him, but soon after a little daughter was born to her, and grief was swallowed up in the joy that only mothers know. Fond hopes and bright anticipations filled their hearts as the happy parents gazed upon their first-born, trying to determine whether the eyes were blue or black,—dear little eyes that were destined to shed some bitter tears. Meanwhile a little Kenneth McDonald had been growing up in the neighboring home. His first visit to little "Margaret" was an amusing affair; he put his arms about her and squeezed her until she grew black in the face, and the arms had to be unclasped by force, Kenneth insisting he "wanted her all for his own." To pacify him he was told he might have her, whereupon he came in the afternoon to carry her home in his little express-wagon. After considerable coaxing, however, he was persuaded to postpone the removal until Margaret was a little older, a proposition to which he consented only on the condition that he could come every day and see her.

When little Margaret was three months old, Reubena received another letter from Reuben, thus:

dear cistur

We hev got a leetle gal. she was born yisturday. i wanted ter kall it rubeeny but *she* didn't so she kalls it flory ann. ma was reel disapinted kas she says it luks jest like yer. ma is reel tikkled with it. no more.

rubin.

This letter was dated, and Reubena afterwards learned that her brother's child was born on the same day as her own, which she considered a great coincidence; and it was.

Little Margaret grew rapidly. She and Kenneth McDonald were constant companions and fast friends. Their grief was great when, in Kenneth's eleventh year, his parents moved to Mexico, taking the boy with them. Kenneth could not be made to see why he couldn't take Margaret with him since she had been given to him, and once more the arms had to be forced apart from their tight clasp about Margaret, she meanwhile pouring out her heart in tears.

After time, the great healer, had brought back a child's peace to Margaret's life, it became one of her chief delights to hear her mother tell of when she was a little girl like Margaret and lived next door to papa, and they were playmates just as she and Kenneth had been. Margaret had wondered in the most matter of fact way if she and Kenneth would get married just as mamma and papa had done. Reubena enjoyed these recitals as much as Margaret; distance lent enchantment to the home of her childhood, and she never wearied of telling how she went to the village school and to church at Cherry's Brook. She told the story so charmingly and with so much of love in telling it that it seemed to Margaret like a fairy tale; she often pictured in her mind the pretty mother playing with her twin brother about the home she so idealized, and "Uncle Reuben" became a hero to be worshiped in her youthful imagination.

Reubena had always sacredly guarded her brother's letters from even her husband's eye. She could not bear to see a single smile at her brother's expense, and Margaret had never heard the peculiar name of the locality where her mother had lived. "The Village" and "the Brook" were household words, but she had never heard of "Satan's Kingdom."

It was a welcome event to Reubena when the railroad across the continent was built, and thereupon she made an earnest appeal to her mother to come and spend the remainder of her days in the California home; but to the poor worn-out old lady a journey to Heaven seemed less of an undertaking, and thither she soon went. After this months and even years passed with no word from home. Finally, after the longest interval of all, there came a letter from Reuben saying "the little gal is ded," but giving no particulars.

Margaret's education was a matter of absorbing interest to her parents. Everything was done for her that love could suggest and money procure, for Edward Brown was a successful man; the little house had been exchanged for a more pretentious one and their social privileges were of the best. Margaret became a belle. All Oakland makes almost daily use of the magnificent ferry-boats that ply between that city and San Francisco. Margaret often did so, on shopping excursions, or to accompany her father home when the business of the day was done. No more beautiful girl than she in this great procession. Admiring glances followed her everywhere, but her head was never turned. She was always the same sweet, unassuming, genuine Margaret.

One day, as she was about to step upon the boat and her attention had been called aside, she nearly ran against a young man just in the act of stepping off. Both were confused and as each hurriedly tried to pass, it happened that they dodged from side to side in unison until the only thing left for both to do was to stand still and start afresh. The incident brought a smile to the faces of both, and as Margaret passed the young man lifted his hat. Margaret thought she had never seen so engaging a young man, and Kenneth McDonald knew he had never seen a girl so beautiful. But where had he seen her before? The handsome eyes of the young man seemed strangely familiar to Margaret and the haunting question so absorbed her that as she entered her father's office she ran flatly against her father coming out, which naturally provoked a recital of the encounter at the ferry-boat.

Then father and daughter went together to an entertainment with the result that it was past the usual hour when they turned their steps homeward, and dark when they arrived. As they approached the house they dimly discerned two figures seated upon the veranda, and a nearer view showed Margaret the young man of the ferry-boat seated by her mother. She was dumb with surprise for the first moment and in another was being presented to her old playmate and companion, Kenneth McDonald. Both were shy and embarrassed at first, partly because of surprise at the change each found in the other, and partly because of the ferry-boat pantomime; but the hearty laugh which followed, when the parents fully understood about the ferry-boat meeting, cleared the air, leaving behind cordiality and good fellowship. Something warmer than cordiality or good fellowship blazed within Kenneth; he would have given a very great deal to have exercised his former right of possession and to have clasped Margaret in the arms that had been forced apart on more than one occasion when they had hugged too closely.

He was on his way to New York to finish his education as a civil engineer and had stopped on his journey for the purpose of visiting these friends of his parents and renewing his acquaintance with the playmate of his youth. He could hardly realize that this magnificent beauty was the same little girl he had wanted "all for his own," while Margaret, on her side, could scarcely bring herself to believe that this elegant man was the little champion and defender of the days ago.

The visit of a day or two lengthened into weeks and might have passed on to

months had not a peremptory notice arrived from the parents in Mexico that he must proceed or the vacancy in New York would be filled by another. Kenneth had to go, but he had lingered long enough to lose his heart to Margaret who had given her own in return. The day came for him to leave, and once more the arms found their way about Margaret and once again were forced apart, this time by the clock on the mantel ticking off the last second before train time. Well-behaved trains are like time and tide : they wait for no man.

(To be continued.)



THE SUNSET HOUR.

BY SOPHIA B. EATON.

There is a time when Nature lays her wand,
Her magic wand, across the western sky,
When all at once, as though some artist hand,
With genius rare and softest touch, had blent
Coloring and shade with beauty's richest tints
O'er some unfinished picture, so, the sky
(But lately dull and scattered o'er with clouds)
Is tinged with all the splendor of the sun's
Departing shafts of mellow lambent light,
Which, garnered in his daily course, has hid
Within his bosom, gold to lavish forth
At evening's quiet hour when he departs.

Ah! then it is our minds can soar from earth
Unfettered as the wild bird free. Far, far
Through rifts of gorgeous clouds we seem to press
And almost reach the golden portals still
To us unope'd as yet, and closely sealed.

O sunset hour! To you belong the full heart's sigh,
Our purest thoughts, the earnest prayer
For holiness of life, for strength divine.
Why is this glimpse of untold glories, rich and rare,
Bestowed to mortal eyes? Ah! why the thrill
Of rapturous pleasure filling all the soul
As we behold the sunset sky, and drink
Our fill of deepest admiration, mixed
With blissful thoughts of glory unrevealed?

Why do we turn from such a scene so strong
In faith? so rested from ourselves, strong e'en
Once more to battle on, in life's stern war?
Ah, "God is love"! And still he gives to us,
The children of his love, rich gifts to cheer
Our onward way to Him; and this among
The best of gifts, methinks, the sunset hour.

NOTES BY AN OHIO PIONEER — 1788-'89.

EDITED BY ELLEN D. LARNED.

The towns of Killingly and Thompson, Conn., became interested in the project for the settlement of the Northwest Territory through the agency of Rev. Manasseh Cutler, D.D., an honored son of Killingly. His son Ephraim secured the names of some twenty reputable citizens as original members of the Ohio company. Four of these signers went out with Gen. Rufus Putnam. Our reporter, Theophilus Knight, set out a few weeks later in more independent fashion, and pens this account of his experiences some months after his return to Thompson. The supplementary letter of half a century later tells its own story. Mr. Knight is still remembered by our older residents as a quick-sighted, clear-headed, chatty old gentleman. He was an old-fashioned Whig in politics, much interested in the Harrison campaign of 1840. He was born Dec. 19, 1763, died Oct. 15, 1845.

“Plainfield, March , 1788. I then, according to my roving disposition, left friends to travel into the Western country. I traveled through a large extent of country and through a number of the states on the continent, among which were Connecticut and New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and, when I came home, through Maryland. While I was gone I was about thirty miles beyond any of the states, up the Muskingum river, where I saw a good deal of good land and a good deal of poor broken land that I did not like very well. I was there in the city of Marietta two seasons so that I saw something of the climate and liked it very well, and many other things, but upon the whole look on every side, I thought that the country was not so much better than any other that it would pay a man for carrying a large family to such a wild wilderness country as that, and inhabited with savages and wild beasts of the forest. I think that the best and most fertile country for so large a tract of land that I saw in my travels was the state of Pennsylvania. That is a level, fine country, but I did not find the inhabitants so agreeable as our New England people. The women do a great deal of the farming work. I used to see great splay-footed Dutch girls (for that state is chiefly inhabited with Germans) spreading dung, carting wood, swingling flax, etc., etc. I thought that the ladies did not strike my fancy at all, but, however, I do not consider myself under any obligations to have any concern with them. So I traveled through the country without any great deal of anxiety about the matter.

“I was forty days on my journey and I saw a great many things in traveling through the country that were worth making observations upon, but my circumstances and mode of traveling was such that I could not do as I should have liked to have done, but I think I learned a good deal of one thing and another that was pleasing.

“There were eight of us young men that had set out and had four horses and a wagon, and put our clothes, farming-tools, provisions into it, and off we set and had a very merry journey through the country. Part of the way we had eleven of us in company, and sometimes we were as merry as people need to be. Sometimes we met with disagreeable things, bad luck, bad traveling, etc., etc., but upon

the whole, we did pretty well. I left Marietta Nov. 12, 1789, in company with Arnold Clarke that belonged to Newport, R. I., and he was a very agreeable, pretty man, and we had a very good journey home. I arrived home the day three weeks that I left the rivers Ohio and Muskingum. We had fine weather for the season and a good journey, but I found it a long road and expensive, being so long among strangers. But always found people ready to wait upon us for our money, and furnish us with that which was good to eat and drink, I think much better than in general is at New England.

"Thursday, December, 1789. Got home from my tour in the Western country; was gone from home one year and eight months; found my friends in general all enjoying a good share of health. My father died in my absence; was all the near relative that died while I was gone. I found my friends all glad to see me to appearance, how they felt at heart I can't say. I will leave that for their own conscience to determine. As misfortune happens to all people in some degree, so I have my share among the rest. 26 June, 1791, had gone out from home on some business, was returning home, my horse fell with me and broke my leg."

It was during the confinement incident upon this misfortune that Mr. Knight penned this reminiscence of his Western journey. Other details are found in the subjoined letter written more than half a century later, but never before published.

"To JOHN S. WILLIAMS, Esq., editor and proprietor of *The American Pioneer* :

"SIR—Very recently in the post-office in the town I reside in I took up *The American Pioneer* extra and as I was one of almost the first adventurers into the then wilderness country I thought it might perhaps be some satisfaction to some people, perhaps to many in that state, to know that the man is now living that, with his companions that went out with him, built the first house or cabin that was built in the then Northwestern Territory by New England people (my companions that went out into that country with me are all of them in their graves).

"We did not belong to what was called the Ohio Company at that time. We fixed out, or our friends for us, and went upon our own hook. Gen. Rufus Putnam from Rutland, Mass., and Major White from Danvers, and Col. Ebenezer Sprout from Rhode Island, arrived there with their respective parties on April 7, 1788, and landed on the point of land opposite Fort Harmer, then an entire wilderness. I and my party arrived and landed at the same point on the 18th of May following. There were six of us young men from the town of Thompson where I now reside in the state of Connecticut went in company and we had a team of four horses and wagon. We were just forty days from the day we started from Thompson until the day we landed in the then Northwestern Territory, now state of Ohio. Three of my companions in that journey laid their bones in that country and three returned to New England. Sir, when I look back to that spot and make my reflections of what it was then and what I hear it now is, it seems as if it could not be that in one man's short career in this transitory life there could be such an alteration in the condition of that place. When I first landed in that place, when the people were all in from their labor I could see and speak to all the people in that place or settlement in five minutes; now more than one million souls!

"I saw in this week's publication from a Hartford, Conn., newspaper that the organization of the first Civil Court of Jurisprudence was held at Campus Martius, Sept. 2, 1788. That I was an eye-witness to. There were no suits of law to be tried, but they went through all the ceremonies of opening and adjourning the court. I was present at the landing of the first family that arrived in the settlement—Gen. Tupper and his family, and others from Chesterfield, Mass., Major

Coburn with his family, and Major Cushing and his family, all from Brookfield, Mass. In the course of the summer several families from Rhode Island, Capt. Deval and others, arrived. We were entirely without females in our settlement for over four months. I attended the funeral of the first man from New England that was buried in that settlement. He was killed by a fall off the bridge that was building between the town and the stockade. He was trepanned, but died soon after. His name was Joshua Cheever from Massachusetts.

"I was present at the first celebration of the American Independence that was celebrated in that territory; oration delivered by Rev. Manasseh Cutler. He has a son, Ephraim Cutler, who has been a man of considerable note in that state. For entertainment had a pike barbecued that weighed twenty-five pounds. I was present and attended the funeral obsequies of Judge Varnum, the most splendid funeral I ever saw. He was buried under a military escort by all the officers of the garrison, a company of United States troops, and martial music. Many old revolutionary officers and Indian chiefs in a bundance, headed by old Cornplanter, the Seneca chief, a very noted man of his tribe—but he is dead; died not long since. Then followed the common citizens of the settlement. A very long procession to travel in a forest. He was the second adult person that was buried in that state.

"I saw Major Doty and two companies of United States troops commanded by Captains Strong and McCurdy set sail from Fort Harmer to go down the river, and build a fort, where Cincinnati is now built, the greatest commercial city in any of the Western states. Pittsburg, I expect, is the greatest manufacturing city, but Cincinnati the most commercial. We purchased our boat a number of miles up the Youghagany river above what was then called Smeral's Ferry, where the Ohio Company built their boat to go down the river in the spring. That is thirty-six miles above Pittsburg, which was then a village containing a few log houses, right at the point of land between the two great rivers that form the Ohio. We started from there Friday night, with a boat loaded with eleven horses, two cows, a great Maryland wagon, all our provision for the summer, and thirty souls, all stowed away in a boat twelve feet wide and thirty feet long, and it was full. We went ashore at Wheeling a few minutes Saturday night. One or two houses was all I recollect seeing at that place, and what is it now? We arrived at our destined port Sunday night, just before sundown. We were just about forty-eight hours from Pittsburg to Marietta, a distance of two hundred miles. Our great Maryland wagon, eight horses, and one cow, and a number of our souls went on down the river to Kentucky. That was the last we ever saw of those people.

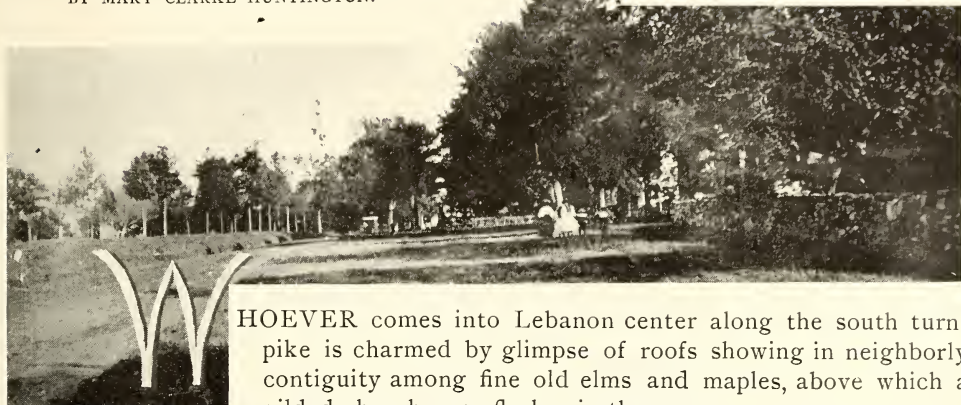
"Now, sir, if you can pick out any part of the above narrative that you think will be of any amusement to any of your readers, use it just as you please. He is an old man now in the seventy-ninth year of his age, and he won't have any disagreeable feelings if you look it over and then commit it to the flames, for I have outlived all my youthful companions in my native land, and I presume I should not find perhaps a single person in Marietta that would know me or anything about me. You say in your extra you wish to see name of writer. I subscribe it.

"THEOPHILUS KNIGHT,

"Thompson, northeast corner, State of Connecticut, 1841."

EARLY LEBANON.

BY MARY CLARKE HUNTINGTON.



HOEVER comes into Lebanon center along the south turn-pike is charmed by glimpse of roofs showing in neighborly contiguity among fine old elms and maples, above which a gilded church vane flashes in the sun.

Ascending the slope of well-beaten road is to catch the balsamic breath of a pine grove at the left and find one's self at once in the heart of the town—before lying a mile long green; a double roadway marked by stately trees, houses whose building date from ante-revolutionary days, and other houses of more modern architecture, and facing the road that runs east and west from Windham to Colchester the old gray-painted brick church, with its clock dials turned to the four points of the compass like watchful eyes marking the flight of time by deep-toned bell; and beyond, and on each side, and everywhere, the hills—wonderful in winter beauty of purple brown leaflessness softened by snow chrisms; a miracle of spring buddings when apple orchards swell into bloom; abounding in cool shadows and suggestions of retreat during summertime, and in autumn a splendid apotheosis of coloring.

The hills of Lebanon have been likened to the hills of Lenox, but unlike Lenox the old town does not waken to fashionable life with coming of summer. Restless rest-seekers have not descended upon it in numbers; no wealthy magnates are building themselves villas to be closed with the falling of the leaf, yet ever and anon come some who love nature for its own sake, and who know what wealth of historical interest centers in this quiet place.

The territory which now constitutes the town was claimed by the Mohegan chief, Uncas. After the destruction of the Pequot fort at Mystic by Maj. John Mason the bravery and power of the English so impressed Uncas that he seems to have felt their friendship could defend him against any foe, so from time to time he ceded lands to the colony of Connecticut.

The first proprietor within the town limits was Maj. Mason himself. In 1663 the General Assembly of the colony gave him for meritorious service five hundred acres of land in any unoccupied territory he might choose, and the gallant Major, who must have had an eye for the beauties of nature as well as for the trail of the Indian, looked away over the southwestern slopes of Poquechanneg recently ceded to the colony by Uncas, was pleased therewith, and the land was surveyed and formally conveyed to him in 1665. In 1666 the General Assembly gave Rev. James Fitch, son-in-law of Maj. Mason, one hundred and twenty acres adjoining Mason's tract, to which, for favors received, was added by gift of Oweneco, son and successor of Uncas, a strip five miles long and one mile wide. This area was

increased by a goodly purchase in the names of Josiah Dewy and William Clarke, and in 1692 Oweneco conveyed to four proprietors, Capt. Samuel Mason, Capt. John Stanton, Capt. Benjamin Brewster, and John Burchard a tract called "ye five mile square purchase." When to these holdings were joined three smaller sections known as "ye gore," "ye one mile propriety," and "ye great meadows," the several owners "adjudged these lands sufficient for a plantation," and "in order that ye Worshippee of goode bee there sett up, ye Kingdom of Christ enlarged," they marked out streets and apportioned the land in house-lots of forty-two acres, "With all other juste divisions of Uplande and Meadows as shall hereafter bee



THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

agreed upon," and among the names of individuals to whom grants were made is sandwiched this decision: "To ye Minister of Ye Gospel that shall settle here one lott."

We of the present day who love this fair Lebanon made for us out of a wilderness like to think that our ancestors were led by instinct for the beautiful to lay out two wide streets encircling a mile-long green, but the early annals of the town show that the now fertile green was then but a dense alder swamp, and "because of ye wetnesse of ye Soile" the settlers who came in so soon as the five-mile purchase was fully open for occupancy built their houses on the dryer ground of the edge of the slope extending back on each side. Thus between the lines of dwellings was left a swampy space, where cat-birds sang and nested among the alders, and where frogs held nightly spring concerts from the cool depths of more than one miasma-breeding pool. But malaria was not a fashionable malady two hundred and some odd years ago, and though the staunch settlers may have shaken often enough with chills, which must have prevailed to some extent in all the new places, they continued to fell trees and to clear out underbrush, to plow, to plant, to reap, using all their powers and energies to win from the unsubdued soil the necessities of existence.

Probably in the twenty-nine years elapsing between the time of the land gift to

Maj. Mason and the making of the five-mile square purchase some pioneers built log cabins about the slopes of Poquechanneeg, and with their wives and children braved possible perils from Indians and probable perils from wild beasts, and so did somewhat to make the place known to civilization, for, though in many cases the new "plantations" from one cause or another proved failures and were abandoned, the settlement of Lebanon seemed assured from the time of marking out the first streets and home lots. The proprietors organized, "choyse" their officers, held "legal Towne meetings," and kept their records in cramped writing, but though the musical Indian name of Poquechanneeg had early been changed by the Rev. James Fitch to Lebanon because of certain large cedars growing in his domain, it was not until 1697 that the General Assembly entered this item: "Ordered by this Court that ye new Plantation toe ye westward of Norwich bounds bee called Lebanon."

Now arises trouble about boundaries, and in 1699 the General Assembly made record of this sort: "Whereas, differences between Lebanon and Colchester hath proved much toe ye Prejudice of both places and impedimentall toe ye comfortable Proceedings in ye settlement thereof These proposals are ye nearest that can bee agreed unto." Then is given the permanent dividing line between the above-mentioned towns, which line must have been satisfactory as nothing more is heard concerning the matter.



THE OLD CLARK HOMESTEAD.

In 1700 the General Assembly made the following entry: "Free liberty is by this Assembly granted toe Ye Inhabitants of Lebanon toe embody themselves in Church estate, and alsoe toe settle an orthodoxe minister toe dispense Ye Ordinances of God toe them, they proceeding therein with ye consent of neighbor churches as ye Lawe in such cases doth direct."

Though from the time that the pioneer settlers built their log cabins religious services had been held each Sabbath at some one of the different homes, it was not until November of the above-mentioned year that the church was really formed and a site for a meeting-house "fixed and established forever" upon the highway running across the green. The town records show "ye sum of ten lbs." raised toward building what must have been a small and roughly finished edifice, and "an orthodoxe minister," Rev. Joseph Parsons, was called to preach predestination and the wrath of God toward evil doers. They wanted strong doctrine and plenty of it, these men with Puritan principles, and sat reverently through morning and afternoon sermons which extended into "seventhly" and "ninthly." Not so hard for grown-ups, animated by the spirit which sent their fathers to this country in 1620, but how little backs must have ached and little heads must have nodded despite the dreaded tithing-man, and the beat of drum calling folk to church must

have sounded dreary indeed in the ears of our ancestors of tender years. This meeting-house was pulled down and a larger one built in 1732, the second one having a belfry and a bell, which was quite a distinction in the days when few towns could afford anything of the kind, and in 1806 this church being in need of repairs was pulled down and replaced by the one now standing. During the hundred and ninety-five years since the church was formed there have been but nine pastorates!

None of the early Connecticut towns were organized under formal act of incorporation, but after securing the offices of a minister their next step was to ask that they might become invested with town privileges. Consequently the same session which conferred right of embodiment in church estate granted also "toe ye



THE WILLIAM WILLIAMS HOUSE.

Inhabitants of Lebanon all such immunities, privileges, and powers as generally other townes within ye colony have and doe enjoy."

But though Lebanon was now fully organized, with church, school, a military company called "a train-band," and was about to take its place by deputies in the General Assembly with other towns of the colony, its advance was hindered by uncertainty as to bounds and titles of lands. In 1704 the public records say "there were greate difficulties and troubles among ye Inhabitants of Lebanon through ye unsettledness of their Landes," and a surveyor was appointed to run the south line of the five-mile-square purchase. In 1705, after William Clarke was sent to the May session as the first deputy from this town and Samuel Huntington sent in October, the General Assembly passed an act giving all lands in question to the purchasers and proprietors, "their heirs and assigns forever." This act established peace, and brotherly love continued.

The tradition tells of a kind of stockaded fort to which the people could flee in times of danger and which was built near the center in the settlement's first days. It does not appear that there was much disturbance from Indians — those of



HOUSE WHERE LIVED GOV. JONATHAN TRUMBULL, SR.

this section being very friendly, in league with the English and dependent upon them, so a period of tranquil prosperity followed the establishment of boundaries.

The men of Lebanon "layed out" roads and built bridges; placed saw and grist mills, "voated at legal town meetings" that all horses should be branded and all cattle ear-marked; that the swine be allowed to go at large "when yoked and ringed as ye Lawe directs," they be kept out of the common field, and that all swine found therein "shall bee liable toe bee pounded — which latter injunction doubt-



HOUSE WHERE LIVED GOV. JONATHAN TRUMBULL, JR.

less was carried out in both senses of the word, for even in colonial days when blue laws prevailed what farmer could keep his temper upon finding pigs in his corn? They "voated" to widen the two principal streets by compelling every man "that hath a house that butts upon ye Streete toe cutt down ye bushes halph-way across and keep ye Streete cleare — that is toe say he shall holde Woods off his Lott;" and deciding that Heaven's first law should prevail upon earth they also "voated" that "as order is ye only way of management of Publick Concerns any Person in Towne meeting who speaks without leave of ye Moderator shall paye two Shillings and six pence in Country paye, and any Person so refusing toe doe shall have distress made upon his Estate for ye Money." It is to be presumed



BUCKINGHAM PLACE.

that after this all persons consulted the moderator, and so avoided more distress than life would naturally hold for them.

Besides so systematically conducting the business of the town these sturdy men fixed a bounty upon every "woolf" head; fought bears, wild cats, and "other beastes" — such as coons, muskrats, minks, and woodchucks, with which the forest primeval abounded and which did much damage in field and fold; they gathered their scanty crops of corn, rye, pumpkins, turnips, beans, and peas; they swingled their flax and hatched their tow; they ate of wild turkey, bear's meat, and venison until flocks should increase — rendering thanks "for such things as ye Lorde gives his people." The women spun and wove, and made and mended, keeping their hearts as well as they kept their houses — and children grew up in obedience to parents and fear of God; the girls, like the Vicar of Wakefield's wife, to read English without much spelling, and to be keepers at home; the boys to study Latin and public affairs, and to fall sensibly in love with the girls — whereupon at an early age they "were married together according toe ye ordinance of God and ye Legal Prescription of ye Commonwealth." Yet the natural heart of youth sometimes manifested itself in "unrighteous whisperings and smiles" during sermon time; in being averse to con essays under such names as "A Spiritual Mus-

tarde Pott toe Make ye Soul Sneeze with Devotion," and "Crumbs of Comfort for Chickens of Grace;" it is recorded that "certain boyes" beat a drum late one night under some one's window, and other "boyes" were fined for "gallopping threw ye Toll Gate without payment of Toll."

Many barrels of rum were disposed of — unpleasant results being most noticeable when the sons of Uncas imbibed too much of "the white man's fire-water"; cider flowed freely on "training days"; and from a bowl of strong punch the minister was treated when making calls upon his parishioners. We who live in the days of temperance crusades marvel whether some divine did not more than once find himself fuddled upon theological questions and a bit at sea regarding things secular also when he had been making many calls of a biting winter afternoon among over-hospitable people. Truly time makes ancient good uncouth!

Though little danger from Indians threatened this place itself some of the original settlers were killed in an expedition against the savages near Albany, and in 1709 during Queen Anne's war eleven men from Lebanon joined an expedition against Canada. In the troubles in which the mother country was engaged the colonies were of course involved, and Lebanon was among the foremost towns in the Spanish war of 1739, in King George's war; in the war with France in 1744; and in the French and Indian war, which began in 1754 and ended in America in 1759 with the conquest of Canada.



TRUMBULL TOMB.

But despite these drawbacks Lebanon gained rapidly in wealth and population.

From the first it paid heed to teaching the young idea how to shoot, and after 1743 a High school was kept for thirty-seven years in a gambrel-roofed brick schoolhouse on the green by "one Nathan Tisdale," whose fame as pedagogue brought pupils not only from surrounding towns and colonies but from North and South Carolina, from Georgia, and even from the West Indies. Tisdale's grave in the old Torrey Hill burying-ground is marked by a stone testifying to his many "virteues," and the lengthy inscription is surmounted by the head of a distressed looking cherub set between impossible wings. Yet even grotesque carving cannot kill the memory of one who did so much toward fitting youth for life.

Various trades were carried on here. Cloth was woven, and leather was tanned; boots and shoes were made to order by the town shoemaker, who took the measure of the feet needing to be shod; saddles and harnesses were made by the saddler; axes, hoes, scythes were fashioned at other shops; barrels and casks were turned out by the cooper; greater activity doubtless being lent to the town by the extensive commerce of land and sea carried on under Capt. Joseph Trumbull.

After the captain's son Jonathan was graduated from college his heart turned toward the ministry, but he soon resigned his parish in a neighboring town so that he might become the prop of his father's declining years, and the people of Leba-

non at once recognized his administrative ability by appointing him to obtain from the General Assembly leave to hold and regulate fair and market days ; and the same were held twice a year—traders coming from long distances ; people from surrounding towns pouring in ; the wide double streets being alive with the bustle and traffic consequent upon such occasions.

Other and more important offices crowded upon young Trumbull. The busy merchant fourteen times represented his town as deputy to the General Assembly ; three times filled the office of speaker ; was assistant for twenty-two years ; for one year was side judge ; and for seventeen years chief judge of the County Court of Windham county ; was for nineteen years probate judge of Windham district ; was once elected assistant judge, and four times chief justice of the Superior Court of the colony ; and for four years was deputy governor. It is not strange that having filled all these positions for his town and colony satisfactorily, he was chosen governor of Connecticut in 1769, which office he held for thirteen years.

Now the mutterings of revolution were in the air, and Lebanon was stirred. At a freemen's meeting in April, 1770, held because of the Boston massacre which occurred the previous March, a committee "met and voted and passed a draft of resolves or declaration of the rights and liberties which we look upon as infringed by Parliament;" then follows the draft, which reveals the hand of the firm and fiery patriot, William Williams. In August of the same year, a town meeting was called in reference to sending delegates to a general meeting of the mercantile and landed interests of New Haven, to consider proper measures for supporting the "Non-importation Agreement." They voted unanimously to send two delegates, one of whom was William Williams, and elected a committee "to inspect the conduct of all persons in this town respecting their violating the true intent and meaning of said non-Importation Agreement;" and the committee at once inspected a certain somebody who owned to having tea from Rhode Island,—“but yet he would not purchase any more or otherwise contrary to said Agreement, and would store what he had;" whereupon the town voted it satisfactory, and dismissed him. What a hot place for Tories and half-hearted patriots this must have been !

When the infamous Boston Port Bill took effect in June of 1774, Lebanon was not behind other loyal towns in showing sorrowful indignation. Bells were muffled and tolled a strange, solemn peal from day-dawn to day-close. The town-house door was hung with black, and the infamous Act affixed thereto; shops were shut and their windows covered with black, and a fast was kept by proclamation of the Governor. At evening "a respectable number of freeholders" met on short notice at the town-house, passing declarations of sympathy with Boston and resolves to do what they could to retain the just rights and privileges of the country.

But Lebanon citizens could do more than pass resolutions. When, on the Sunday following the battle of Lexington, April 19, 1775, a messenger rode here on a foam-flecked steed, entered the meeting-house in the midst of services, and cried out that the blood of their brethren had been spilled in battle and the crisis had come, scores of men sprang up in their seats,—volunteers for freedom ! The services were suspended; the people hurried from the church, anxious, agitated, yet thrilling with enthusiastic courage, and beat of drum called those who would to take up arms for their country. The store of Jonathan Trumbull was set as the center from which the soldiers who now went to the relief of Boston were supplied, and it was Trumbull himself, the loyal Governor of a loyal colony, who, with his sons and his son-in-law, William Williams, labored among a crowd of others to prepare and hasten forward the supplies.

From that time until the end of the war Lebanon sent many men to battle—

and some came back with honors of rank, and some came maimed for life, and some came not at all! And the women who stayed at home wept and worked, and loved and suffered; sent supplies of food and clothing, and prayers of pure hearts after their dear ones, and so held up the hands of those who fought for freedom.

One bright day in the following June, "Miller Gay," as he was familiarly called, heard a "holloa" wafted across the fence of his cornfield, and looked up to see a small keen-eyed man who sat his horse with military erectness, beckoning to him from the roadside. It was Capt. James Clark.

"I have left the Lord to look after my crops, Neighbor Gay," he said, "and I am getting up a company to join Prescott and Putnam; I want you as drummer."

Gay left his hoe standing in the row where he had been at work, and went in to consult his wife, who, rising from her spinning, kissed him and bade him go;



THE WAR OFFICE.

and Capt. Clark's company of a hundred men marched away to Miller Gay's drumming.

They made the ninety miles to Charlestown Neck in three days, and with two other Connecticut companies advanced up Bunker Hill at the moment when Putnam, despairing of reinforcements, ordered Prescott to sound the retreat. With these fresh companies on hand Putnam called for another stand against the enemy, but ammunition was exhausted, and the newly-arrived troops could only cover the retreat of their brave countrymen by pouring volley after volley into the British ranks,—Capt. Clark urging his men to stand ground so long as possible, firing himself until his musket was too hot to handle,—then allowing a stubborn falling back in the direction of the army whose retreat had really been a victory which stands as one of the great battles of the world.

Capt. Clark's name was among those of the leaders who fought bravely and well at Harlem Heights and White Plains, and after the war he came home with the shoulder-straps of a Colonel. What gladness beyond words must have been his, as upon the good steed which had borne him through many battles, he rode into the town of his boyhood once again! No roar of cannon and rattle of musketry now. No

groans of dying men through powder-smoke. Instead, the serene blue sky above, the peaceful fields about, and beyond at his home the welcome of wife and children awaiting him. It was long since he had heard from home, for in those perilous days the usual slow methods of communication by letter were often interrupted, and messengers did not always reach their destination, and because of his joy in his return his sympathies went out the more readily to some one whom he knew must have met with loss, as reaching the foot of Torrey Hill, he saw a funeral procession wind into the cemetery. He turned and followed after the people. He heard the "Dust to dust and ashes to ashes;" then, as he drew nearer, the people fell back with strangely startled faces, and he saw that it was his own wife who knelt weeping there by the grave of their little twin daughters.

The year before his death, when he was 95, Col. Clark was one of the forty survivors of the battle who were present at the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill monument by Lafayette, in 1825, on the fiftieth anniversary of the battle. Lafayette, who had been in Lebanon, especially noticed Col. Clark, and upon hearing of his three days' march from Lebanon and of his pressing into the engagement, he, in the warmth of his Frenchman's heart, kissed him, saying, "You were made of good stuff!"



HINCKLEY'S POND.

Somewhat away from the center and overlooking a superb sweep of hills, the old Clark homestead stands where it has stood for nearly two hundred years,—a house of ample, quaint rooms and sloping roof. Upon the corner of the highway leading to Windham, the house where lived William Williams, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, still fronts the pretty green as when the settlers raised its stout timbers; and further along the opposite street, near the house that was Governor Trumbull's home, the Stars and Stripes and a small French flag float in fair day breezes to mark the little gambrel-roofed War Office.

In this building, where Trumbull conducted his extensive commerce, the War Council of the colony held most of its sessions, and it became, by force of circumstances, not only military but naval headquarters. Across its threshold have stepped Washington, Lafayette, Count Rochambeau, Marquis de Chastellux, Baron de Montesquieu, Duke de Lauzun, Admiral Tiernay, Generals Sullivan, Knox, Putnam, Parsons, Spencer, Samuel Adams, John Adams, John Jay, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, and a host of other famous patriots, bearing messages of weal or woe, and counseling together in "the days that tried men's souls."

In the Trumbull tomb at Lebanon lie the ashes of the great and good war governor, Jonathan Trumbull, Sr.; his eldest son, Joseph, first commissary-general of the American army; his second son, Jonathan, private secretary and first aide-de-camp to General Washington, and afterwards governor of this state; his third

son, David, commissary under his brother throughout the Revolution, and his son-in-law, William Williams, who gave himself with tongue and pen and estate to the cause of the colonies—sending cattle and gold to Valley Forge during the gloomy winter of 1777, and knowing that if the cause of independence failed his head must pay the forfeit for his signature attached to the famous declaration. Not far from the Trumbull tomb is the grave of Col. Clark, who was buried with military honors; about him sleep many Revolutionary heroes. In what other little country burying-ground rest so many illustrious dead?

Another of the Trumbulls, who does not sleep with his fathers in the old tomb and of whom we must speak, is John Trumbull, the artist. Though distinguished for patriotic zeal and labors during the Revolution, he is best known as one of our most celebrated painters. In 1780, after holding important positions in the army, he went to England, with assurances of safety as a non-combatant, to study painting under Benjamin West—but soon after, through excitement caused by the



THE GOV. JOSEPH TRUMBULL HOUSE.

execution of Andre he was arrested and imprisoned eight months. Upon his release he returned to Lebanon, and when the war was over he resumed his studies under West—producing some of the finest historical and war paintings, and some of the best portraits our country can show. “The Battle of Bunker Hill,” and the “Declaration of Independence” are two of his best known paintings, and the most interesting of his portraits is the one of himself—which hangs in the Trumbull Gallery of the Yale Art School, where are fifty-seven specimens of his work. He spent his later years in New York, where he was connected with the American Academy of Fine Arts, and was buried in a vault prepared by himself on the Yale campus in New Haven, beneath the Trumbull Gallery.

There is a house to which Lebanon people point with pride as the birthplace of another governor of their state—William A. Buckingham, chief magistrate of Connecticut during our Civil War, and one of the noblest men who have claimed kinship with the town. His fine face as it is shown in later photographs brings

back vividly to the writer that same face looking kindly upon her, a very small and very much abashed maid, who, in meeting, he as her father's friend, took up in his arms and kissed. The place where he was born is known as the Buckingham place, and, shadowed by tall trees which lend an air of distinction to its architecture, it draws the attention of all who enter town by the south turnpike.

The streets of Lebanon are quiet enough now, but sitting beneath one of the ancient elms on the upper green it is not difficult to imagine six brilliant French regiments under Duke de Lauzun and Count Rochambeau quartered in town for many weeks—we can see smoke rolling upward from the huge brick oven where the soldiers' rations were cooked; gaily uniformed officers are moving about camp-houses behind the church; pennons are swelling in the June breeze, bands are playing, an orderly gallops across the green from the barracks near the stream which carried "Miller Gay's" grist mill and where a deserter was shot by order of the Duke. A fairly written story, which appeared in the *New York Sun* and was widely copied, credits this deserter with keeping tryst until so late an hour that his life was the penalty for being out beyond permission, but alas! history states that he stole a pig and fled to the woods because of the Duke's warning to the regiments that no further depredations among the town folk who so generously provided for them should pass unpunished. How gladly would we fancy him a chivalrous lover, forgetting as he looked in his sweetheart's eyes that time waited for no man, but "the pretty Prudence" melts into a fictitious heroine by comparison with cold facts, and the French deserter becomes as ignoble a person as "Tom, the piper's son," whom we learned to despise so long ago as we pored over the ballads of Mother Goose! We find ourselves wondering if Washington really will review the troops as we hear he is to do before the termination of his anticipated visit to his trusted friend and counselor, "Brother Jonathan," as he called the good old governor, thus giving to the states the name under which they often figure; we question as to whether the noble general's suit will bear token of Madam Trumbull's fine scarlet cloak which she so generously gave to be cut into trimming for the soldier's uniform; we have indistinct recollection of a story involving a cherry tree and a hatchet and a boy who couldn't tell a lie. Then we are rousing with a start, to find that instead of stage coach horn blowing adown the turnpike the ring of a bicycle bell is in our ears as a wheelman darts by; the Revolution is of the past; and we have dreamed ourselves half asleep here in the shade of this old elm, which, if it could but speak, might tell us more thrilling tragedies, more charming love stories, more state secrets, more delightful reminiscences of everyday life in the olden time than can anything ever written.



GLASTONBURY SKETCHES.

BY HENRY STORRS GOSLEE.

Over two hundred and six years ago, in the spring of the year 1690, the General Court of the Colony of Connecticut was the recipient of a petition. It was subscribed by twenty-four persons, residents of the original town of Wethersfield, residing and owning property on the east side of the Connecticut, or, as it was then known, the Great River. Although the General Court had been exercising



MAIN STREET — NORTH FROM WELLES CORNER.

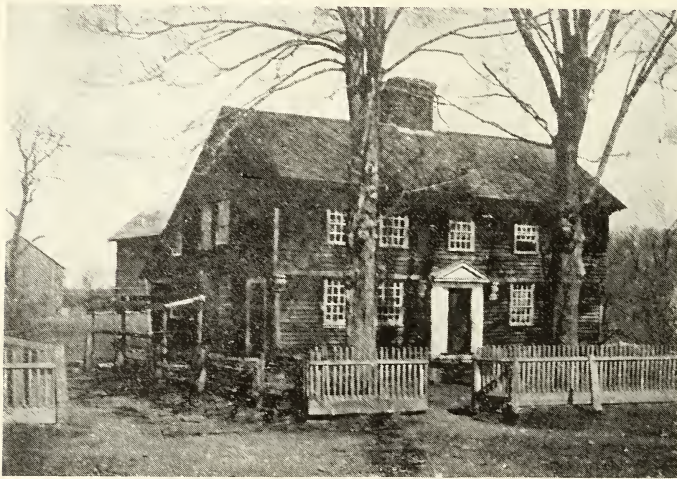
its varied functions, at the time this petition was presented, for a period of about forty years, it had never before had such a petition presented for its consideration.

It seemed that these thirty or forty householders living on the east side of the river, had determined to ask the General Court to be released from their obligations to the town of Wethersfield, and had taken this method of making their wish known to that body as it was the tribunal authorized to decide such matters. The parent town at a meeting held December, 1689, had materially assisted their residents on the east side of the river in their efforts to form a new township, by passing a vote which was in substance, that in case the General Court would grant their request, no dissenting voice would be raised by the town of Wethersfield, but that the inhabitants should continue a part of the township of Wethersfield, and should continue to contribute their proportion to all "publick charges" until such time as they shall have an "allowed minister" settled among them.

After becoming deliberation the General Court, on May 8, 1690, granted the petitioners an act of incorporation, and advised them to be "cautious how they

improved this privilege," and also embodied in the document the provision expressed in the vote of Wethersfield, regarding their duty to that town in the matter of public charges, and further stipulated that these charges should continue until they had a "good orthodox minister settled among them."

Two years later, in July, 1692, the "good orthodox minister" which it was necessary to settle among them, to be completely severed from the parent town, was found in the person of Rev. Timothy Stevens, a graduate of Harvard College. His salary was placed at sixty pounds a year, "current money," with ten pounds more to be added after five years. During his later ministry, however, we find by reference to the town records that in 1714 his salary was to be paid in grain, if the reverend gentleman would accept the same. Mr. Stevens did accept it, but, as Mr. Chapin in his history of the town observes, "it required no little equanimity of mind and spirit, not to be disturbed when the town charged him two shillings a



THE HOLLISTER HOMESTEAD.
(THE OLDEST HOUSE IN TOWN, BUILT 1675.)

bushel more for wheat on his salary, than they allowed it on his taxes; and one shilling a bushel more for corn and rye." Mr. Stevens continued as pastor of the church until his death, April 14, 1726, in the thirty-third year of his ministry. He was buried in the Green cemetery not far from the spot upon which stood the primitive church edifice, in which he so faithfully preached for more than a generation. We have conclusive evi-

dence that the original townsmen chose well when they selected Mr. Stevens, and the honored place which he held in the community was accorded to him not only because the custom of the times demanded that special favor and respect be given ministers of the gospel; but for the better reason that he was strong in the hearts of all townspeople. In the limited space which this article affords further reference cannot be made to Mr. Stevens or the line of worthy men that succeeded him in the pastoral office. The early history of the church and town are so closely allied that no attempt at a historical sketch of the town can be made without constant reference to both church and town affairs during the early years of the town's history.

The name of Glastonbury, or as it was spelled originally "Glassenberry," together with the decided measures which were adopted in favor of public worship and public education soon after the town was incorporated, as reference to our town records confirms, and combined with the fact that several of the leading citizens of the new town were from Glastonbury in England, or that vicinity, is one of the best evidences that the founders of this town intended that Glastonbury in the colony of Connecticut should be to the new colony and its neighboring territory, what Glastonbury in England had been for so many centuries in the



THE FALLS AT COTTON HOLLOW.

mother country, a place famous in religion and learning. The place where authentic historians declare the first church erected for Christian worship was established on English soil.



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

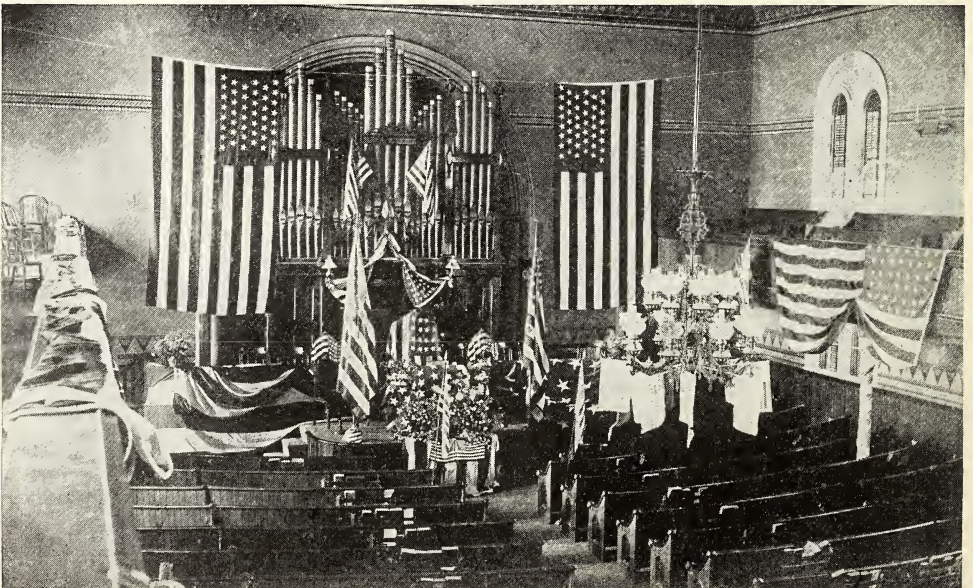
"They feared no fiery bigot's rule
While near the church spire stood the school."

The early settlers, however, were not particular to have the name of the new town spelled in the same manner as its namesake, and as the General Court did not trouble to decide the matter, from 1692 for nearly one hundred years the town was known as Glassenbury in conformity with the spelling adopted at the time the charter of incorporation was granted. Subsequently it was changed to Glastenbury, and in 1870 to Glastonbury, its proper method of spelling. It is pertinent to add that there is no other post-office by the same name in the United States, and no other town except Glastenbury in Vermont.

Mention cannot here be made of the subsequent history of the church and school, and these together with other matters of interest in the early history of the town, reference to which

is herein omitted, will be the subjects for some future papers for this magazine.

Brief allusion should be made to the Indians, who occupied in large numbers the section of the state in which the town lies. The red man was no stranger to



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH INTERIOR.

the small number of residents who were the founders of this town. But their relation to the Indians was close and always, as far as we have any record, remarkably friendly. The only recorded evidence of any indication of hostility on the part of



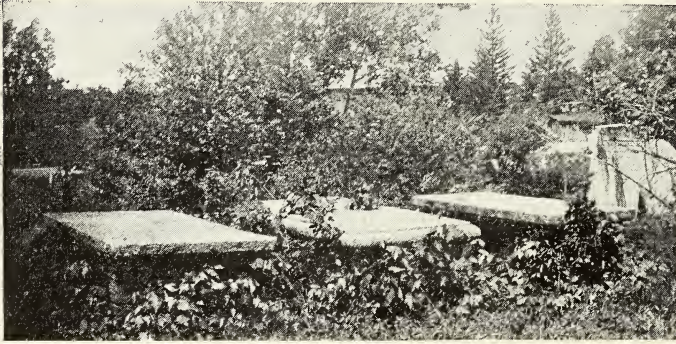
CONGREGATIONAL PARSONAGE AND RESIDENCE OF B. T. WILLIAMS.

the aborigines is the instance mentioned by Mr. Chapin in his history of the town. John Hollister, the ancestor of the family by that name, resided on the west side of the river, and was accustomed to come across the river to Nayaug, a name given to a large portion of what is now South Glastonbury, because the Nayaug Indians occupied it, without the protection of other white men. It is said that on one occasion a stalwart and muscular Indian, who claimed with apparent reason to be



THE WELLES HOMESTEAD.
(BIRTHPLACE OF GIDEON WELLES.)

the most athletic man of his tribe, confronted Mr. Hollister while he was working in his field. The Indian informed the white man that he had been told that the person whom he was addressing was the strongest man in the settlement, and suggested that they try their strength by indulging in a fight. This proposition received the assent of Mr. Hollister, and the combat was begun at once. At length both were nearly exhausted, and having agreed upon a truce they sat down upon a



GRAVES OF REV. TIMOTHY STEVENS AND HIS TWO WIVES.
(The one of his first wife, at the left, is the oldest stone in town, date 1698.)

log to rest themselves. The fighting was again resumed after a brief respite, and the two continued the contest until sunset. Finally, as neither could claim that he had vanquished his opponent, friendship tokens were exchanged between them, and all attempts at hostilities ceased forever after. Dr. Chapin significantly

adds that when it is remembered that all this transpired before William Penn settled Pennsylvania in 1681, and that all that he gained of peace and quiet through his upright treatment of the Indians, our fathers had secured a whole generation before his time, a share of the praises which he has received in such abundance is the just share, which should be allotted to our original settlers.

The "six large miles" along the east bank of the river, and extending from the river "three miles east into the wilderness," which was included in the original layout of the town of Wethersfield on this side of the Connecticut, was a favorite stamping ground for the red man, and the territory still farther east, subse-



ST. JAMES' EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

quently purchased and annexed to the town, was also a resort prized by them, as the region, especially in the eastern section of the town, abounded in hunting and fishing. The hills and brooks, or mountains, as the former were called, and are still given that distinction, were all very familiar to them, as the names which they gave them indicate, and many of these names have been adopted and are still used to distinguish the same natural objects.

Countless numbers of arrowheads and curiously shaped tools hewn out of flint and stone have been found for many years on the land bordering on the meadow,

along what is commonly known as the "meadow hill," and there are evidences that, at some localities where the arrowheads and other instruments used by them in warfare are especially abundant, the members of the tribe were accustomed either to prepare these implements themselves or have some skillful members of the tribe engage in this vocation for the benefit of all.

Probably no less than twenty tribes of Indians were to be found within a radius of about ten miles of the spot where the first settlers located.

A person looking at a map of this State will at once observe that Glastonbury is one of its largest towns. He will be still more impressed with this fact if he avails himself of a trusty horse and travels over a portion, at least, of the more than one hundred miles of highway within its borders.

The road problem has always been a perplexing one in this town, and has



WELLES TAVERN.

given our town fathers no little annoyance, but macadam has solved it in some sections, and will undoubtedly continue to do so in the coming years.

There is something about the scenery which greets the traveler as he climbs the picturesque hills in the eastern and southern portion of the town which appeals at once to that priceless sense which permits him to appreciate all that is beautiful and attractive in nature. The view from Chestnut Hill, in South Glastonbury, and eminences over which the traveler must pass on the highways, especially in the sections of the town just mentioned, are, upon the testimony of persons who are not residents of the town, unusually fine. Such opinions can perhaps be accepted without the local feeling of town pride, which is justly prevalent and never harmful, even if it does permit the proud resident to indulge in the free use of the superlative degree when using adjectives to characterize what he esteems to be the attractive features of his town.

It is said that few towns in New England possess such charming and diversified landscapes as the views which are presented from many of the hills in this town. Painter, camera fiend, and sketch artist can each find choice bits of scenery which will be of peculiar interest to each.

The main street of the town has few equals as a country street. Its generous

width, the thrifty farms and well-kept residences which flank it on each side have won many favorable comments from passing travelers.

With this very incomplete reference to Glastonbury's early history and a few of its natural attractions, we pass to consider two features of Glastonbury life, about which little has been written; and although to a fair proportion of our older surviving citizens the later portion of the period recalled is still vivid in their memory, more than a generation has arisen to whom the facts are little known. Reference is made to Glastonbury in the days of the stage coach and tavern, and in the time of the old state militia and the days of Regimental Training.

Many years before the first railroad was built in this state, the Hartford and New London Turnpike Company was incorporated. The object of the company was to establish a stage route between Hartford and New London. The distance in a straight line between the two towns was about forty miles, and the turnpike was laid out along this line as nearly as possible, regardless whether it required the stage to surmount the highest hill or forced it to traverse many sections of road undesirable in other respects. A short cut was all that was considered by those straight-lined prospectors, and the method of going around a steep hill or other hindrance was never thought of. Notwithstanding the steep hills and other obstacles, the distance was covered in a day, and the coach was under way again bright and early the following morning on its return trip.

Frequent changes of the horses which drew the coach made faster time possible. The first stop for this purpose outside of Hartford was made at Buck's Tavern in this town, at what is still known as Buck's Corner, and the old tavern house is still standing in good repair. The first gate-house where toll was collected is still standing, about two miles below Buck's Tavern, but this faithful sentinel of the road is now thoroughly disarmed, and is fast going into decay.

While taverns abounded in all portions of the state during this period, they were especially numerous along the route of a prosperous stage line. Only a short distance north of what was then, and is still known as Welles' Corner, upon the Main street of the town, there is still standing a large wooden house, which, for about one hundred years, was kept as a tavern. It had a more than local reputation, and was known throughout the western part of this state and in Eastern New York state and in Rhode Island, from which localities many of the passengers on the stage line came and went, as "Welles' Tavern." It was the first stop made by the coach outside of Hartford, and the passengers were accustomed to clamber out of the coach and enter the tavern to renew acquaintance with the occupants and indulge in a draught of New England rum, or cleverly prepared toddy for which the tavern was famous.

The tavern-keeper well knew the tendency of the traveler's appetite for such drinks, and never failed to delight this taste, which was a great item of profit to the hostelry. On the other hand, no tavern would have been regarded as worthy of the name by travelers or local patrons, unless it was well equipped with the favorite liquors of the day and their mixtures.

Let us try and place ourselves in front of the tavern and witness the arrival of the stage. It is the event of the day. The approach of the stage is heralded by a tally-ho, a long blast from which instrument awakens the barnacles or rounders at the tavern who are always to be found holding down a fair proportion of the office chairs, and warns those who are to board the coach upon its arrival to be in readiness for the trip. Soon four spirited horses drawing the heavy coach loom into view. It was common to see the coach carrying fifteen or twenty passengers, and not infrequently the conveyance was laden with several more than the latter

number. Little attention could be paid to the personal comfort of the passengers, as the stage carried a decidedly miscellaneous cargo, but the travelers of that day accepted the conditions, and happily noted the vast improvement this means of communication afforded over the time, when turnpike companies were not established or were much less general. Now the coach is drawn up in front of the tavern, and out scramble the passengers, to stretch themselves and relax from the cramped positions which their meagre seating allowance in the coach made necessary, and indulge in a round of the favorite beverage which they took no doubt for their stomach's sake and often infirmities. These infirmities did come often in many cases, either at every tavern or from a pocket edition of some favorite liquor.

After a stop of about ten minutes, the horses have been watered,—note the distinction in the case of horses and passengers,—old acquaintance has been renewed and new ones formed, and the stage is again under way. A moment's stop at the post-office on Welles' Corner for the mail, and the coach disappears from view, en route for New London.

Welles' tavern has a place in the town's history. It was the rialto of local politics. From the time of its establishment down to its latter and closing days under the ownership of Azel Chapman it was the center of political life and activity.

Here town, state, and national politics were discussed with the utmost freedom, and in some of the secret consultations which were held within its walls, by those influential in town affairs, town politics was shaped to their liking, and a candidate's chances of success at the polls assured, or rendered impossible.

It was the favorite resort for old and young when farm work would permit a brief respite. If a man was in search of his neighbor, experience taught him that as a preliminary step before attempting to search for him, he should take observation of the weather. If it was a bright, clear day, or one adapted for farm work, the person whom he wished to see would doubtless be found on his own premises. But if the weather was in any way ill-adapted for the farmer's occupation the seeker knew that the chances were decidedly in favor of the person whom he was desirous to meet being found at Welles' tavern, and if he was wise, he would act accordingly.

The price of the night's lodging at the tavern was the first question asked by the guest, unfamiliar with the scales of charges, and this important part of the visitor's knowledge was at once readily furnished. Supper, lodging, and breakfast were furnished for fifty cents, and as by far the larger proportion of the guests were transients this was all they wished to know. This assured them the two meals which they wished to make sure of, and provided for the night's rest, so that the travel toward their destination could be continued with man and beast renewed and refreshed on the morrow.

(To be continued.)

Lack of space in the present number of this magazine has made it necessary to divide this article, and the latter part of the paper will be found in the next issue of the *QUARTERLY* with more pictures of local interest. This portion of the article is unavoidably a restatement of facts connected with the early history of the town which have already been published, but which it would be impossible to omit without giving the article a noticeable incompleteness.



A Forest Walk.

POEM BY ALFRED B. STREET.

Illustrated by D. F. Wentworth.

A lovely sky, a cloudless sun,
A wind that breathes of leaves and flowers,
O'er hill, through dale, my steps have won
To the cool forest's shadowy bowers ;
One of the paths, all round that wind
Traced by the browsing herds, I choose,
And sights and sounds of human kind,
In nature's lone recesses lose ;

The beech displays its marbled bark
The spruce its green tent stretches wide,
While scowls the hemlock, grim and dark,
The maple's scalloped dome beside.

Sweet forest odors have their birth
From the clothed boughs and teeming earth ;
Where pine-cones dropped, leaves piled and dead,
Long tufts of grass and stars of fern
With many a wild-flower's fairy urn
A thick, elastic carpet spread ;
Here, with its mossy pall, the trunk
Resolving into soil, is sunk ;

There, wrenched but lately from its throne,
By some fierce whirlwind circling
past,

Its huge roots massed with
earth and stone,
One of the woodland
kings is cast.

D. F. Wentworth



“TO THE COOL FOREST’S SHADOWY BOWERS.”



All weave on high a verdant roof
That keeps the very sun aloof,
Making a twilight soft and green
Within the columned, vaulted scene.

Above, the forest tops are bright
With the broad blaze of sunny light ;
But now a fitful air-gust parts

The screening branches, and a glow
Of dazzling, startling radiance darts
Down the dark stems, and breaks below ;
The mingled shadows off are rolled,
The sylvan floor is bathed in gold ;

Low sprouts and herbs, before unseen,
Display their shades of brown and green ;
Tints brighten o'er the velvet moss,
Gleams twinkle on the laurel's gloss ;
The robin, brooding in her nest,
Chirps, as the quick ray strikes her breast,
And as my shadow prints the ground,
I see the rabbit upward bound,

With pointed ears an instant look,
Then scamper to the darkest nook,
Where, with crouched limb and staring eye,
He watches while I saunter by.

A narrow vista carpeted
With rich green grass invites my tread ;
Here, showers the light in golden dots,
There, sleeps the shade in ebon spots,

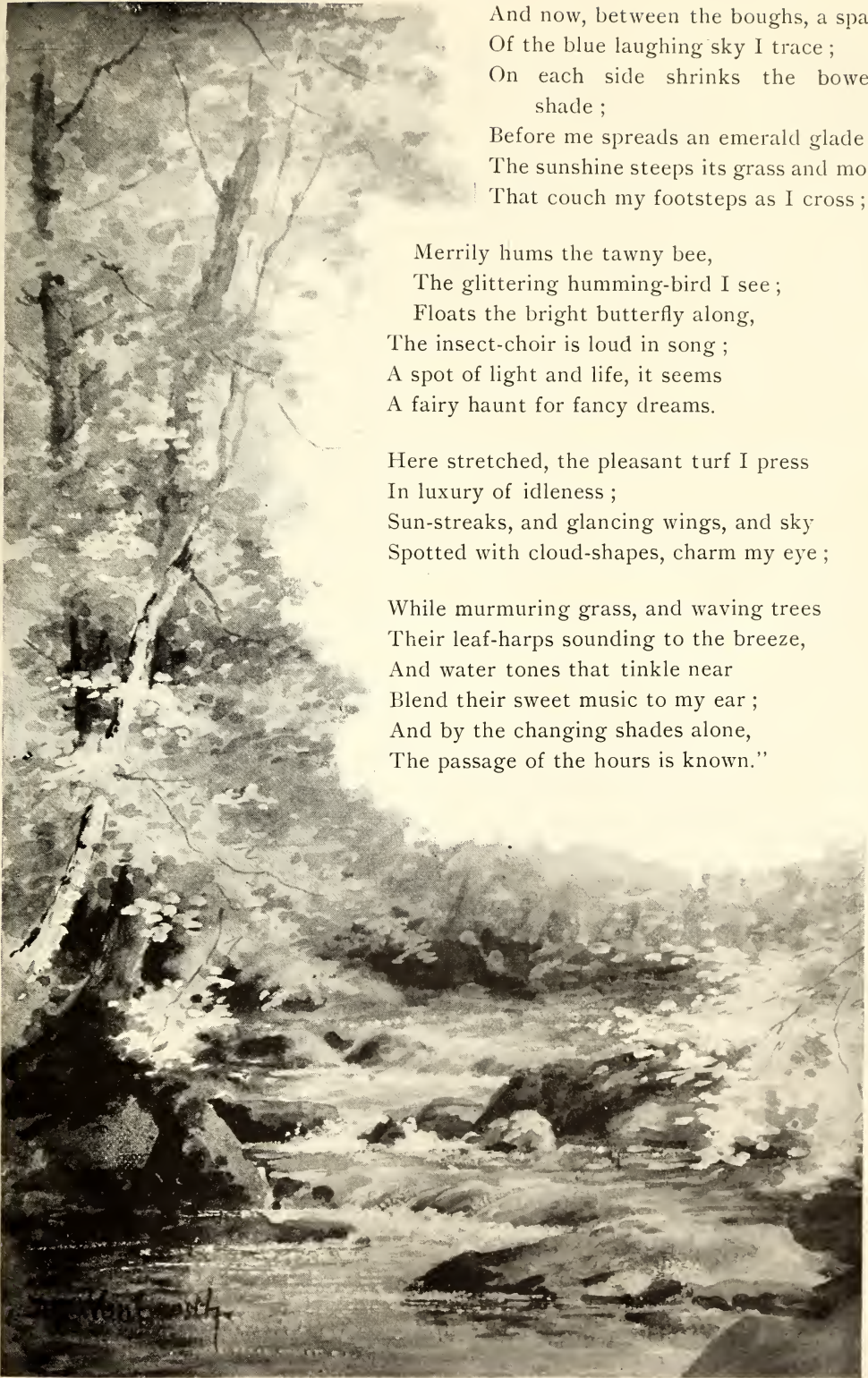
So blended that the very air
Seems network as I enter there.
The partridge, whose deep rolling drum
Afair has sounded on my ear,
Ceasing its beatings as I come,
Whirrs to the sheltering branches near •
The little milk snake glides away,
The brindled marmot dives from day ;

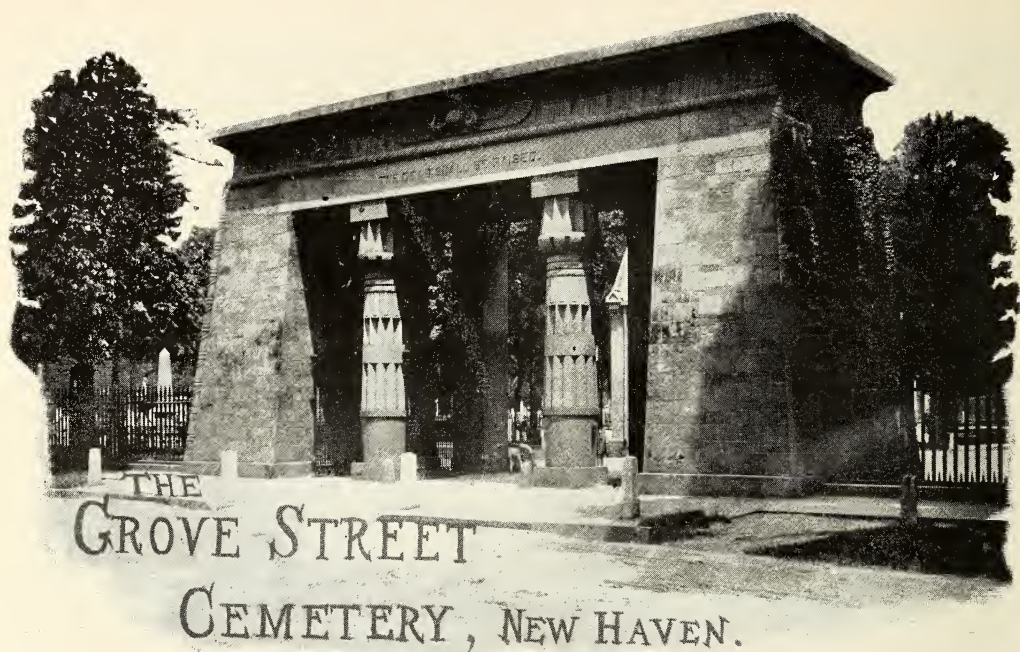
And now, between the boughs, a space
Of the blue laughing sky I trace ;
On each side shrinks the bowery
shade ;
Before me spreads an emerald glade ;
The sunshine steeps its grass and moss,
That couch my footsteps as I cross ;

Merrily hums the tawny bee,
The glittering humming-bird I see ;
Floats the bright butterfly along,
The insect-choir is loud in song ;
A spot of light and life, it seems
A fairy haunt for fancy dreams.

Here stretched, the pleasant turf I press
In luxury of idleness ;
Sun-streaks, and glancing wings, and sky
Spotted with cloud-shapes, charm my eye ;

While murmuring grass, and waving trees
Their leaf-harps sounding to the breeze,
And water tones that tinkle near
Blend their sweet music to my ear ;
And by the changing shades alone,
The passage of the hours is known."





BY ELLEN STRONG BARTLETT.

One hundred years ago, in July, 1796, that public-spirited citizen, James Hillhouse, caused the purchase and preparation of the burial ground known as the Grove Street Cemetery. His own body was laid there when his work was over ; and before him and after him have come to keep him company so many gifted and noble ones that with truth we read that "it is the resting-place of more persons of varied eminence than any other cemetery on this continent." The roll of honored names on its stones represents brain-power that has stirred the world and has done much to make the nineteenth century what it has been.

The place seems dedicated to the fame of learning and of noble lives, and as it is still in use by the descendants of the original owners, the crumbling Past and the well-kept Present meet there very strikingly.

It was the first burial ground in the world to be divided into "family lots," and every visitor must notice the prominence of the family feeling. Parents, children, and grandchildren are together ; those whose lives have been spent elsewhere have sought burial with their kindred, while the families that enjoyed sweet intercourse in scholarly pursuits and social courtesies are still neighbors in death.

The wall and gates are severely Egyptian in style, but over the massive pylons at the entrance, the words, "The dead shall be raised," testify that to the ancient yearning for a life beyond the grave has succeeded the triumphant faith of Christianity. Within is the mortuary chapel, and the golden butterfly on its front again points every passer to the soul's release from the burden of the body.

The cemetery is a quiet little square of seventeen acres, separating college halls on the one hand from the stir of business on the other. It is a cheerful city of the dead, with tall trees, high-trimmed, and with evidences of scrupulous care. Thoughtful visitors are always wandering along its avenues, peering here and

there for tokens of the olden time, or for memorials of revered instructors and loved classmates.

Let us walk down Cedar avenue, the "famous row." Here are pioneers of American scholarship, such as Benjamin Silliman, the elder, a man whose privilege it was to be indeed a Nestor in science, to open the way to the wide fields we traverse freely. The little, low, gray laboratory has disappeared from the face of the Yale campus, but does not every one who sends a telegram owe thanks to Silliman and Morse that within its humble walls they persisted in the experiments which resulted in the great invention? Professor Silliman was a keen observer, a delightful writer, a noble man; his name honors the stone on which it is inscribed. His son and successor, Benjamin Silliman the younger, is in another part of the ground; but in the same inclosure rests a Revolutionary dame, Mrs. Eunice



THE HILLHOUSE LOT.

Trumbull, "relict of Jonathan Trumbull, late Governor of Connecticut." She was the widow of the second governor from that illustrious family which contributed so much to the success of our war for independence, and she was the mother of Harriet Trumbull, who was the wife of Professor Silliman, and who lies here, too. Thus two families bearing the American patent of nobility, valor and learning, were united.

The mantle fell on no less a man than James Dwight Dana, the great geologist, who searched the secrets of the coral groves. His slight form and pure face, a presence seeming more spiritual than material, were a part of New Haven for many years. Now he rests here.

Next is the grave of Jedidiah Morse, the "Father of American Geography." A shaft bears aloft a globe, commemorating the service that Morse did in placing geography in the realm of systematic knowledge. Any one who has seen a copy of Morse's first edition, two stout octavo volumes bound in calf, will be apt to deem it at least as far removed as a great-grandfather from its modern descendant, the floridly embellished and tersely written school geography.

His work, which may have been called for by the needs of the girls' school which he had in New Haven the year after his own graduation in 1783, is many



TO JEDIDIAH MORSE, BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, AND JAMES DWIGHT DANA.

times amusing when the author least intends to afford diversion. The title page runs thus—

“The
American
Universal Geography
or a
View of the Present State
of all the
Empires, Kingdoms, States, and Republics
in the Known
WORLD
and of the
United States of America in Particular.”



TO THEODORE WINTHROP.

Some of the “particulars” are not unpleasant reading for Connecticut people; as for instance—“Connecticut is the most populous, in proportion to its extent, of any of the thirteen states. A traveler, even in the most unsettled part of the state, will seldom pass more than two or three miles without finding a house or cottage and a farm under such improvement as to afford the necessaries for the support of a family.”

Again, "In no part of the world is the education of all ranks of people more attended to than in Connecticut."

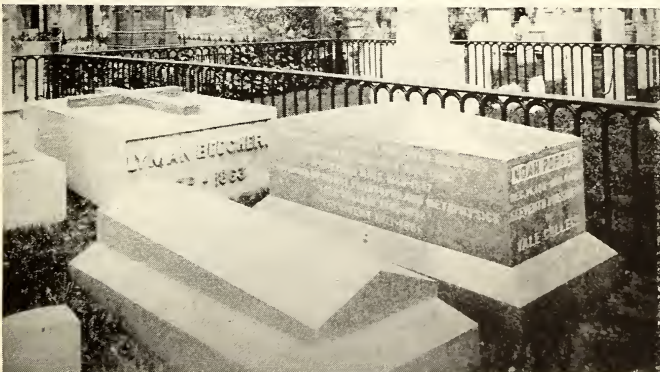
The high regard in which the legal profession has always been held here finds an explanation in his pages. "The people of Connecticut are remarkably fond of having all their disputes settled according to law. The prevalence of this litigious spirit affords employment and support for a numerous body of lawyers." But the lawyers were not to be left in undisputed possession of legal mysteries, for Morse says that, "In 1672 the laws of the colony were revised, and the general court ordered them to be printed, and also that every family should buy one of the law books; such as pay in silver to have a book for twelve pence, such as pay in wheat to pay a peck and a half a book, and such as pay in peas, to pay two shillings a book, the peas at three shillings the bushel."



TO ELI WHITNEY.

How intimately the pursuit of agriculture and the book trade were associated in those days! Morse sagely remarks, "Perhaps it is owing to the early and universal spread of law books that the people of Connecticut are to this day so fond of the law."

This is his testimony for the state which had the first school fund: "A thrift for learning prevails among all ranks of people in the state. In no part of the world is the education of all ranks of people more attended to than in Connecticut."



TO LYMAN BEECHER AND NOAH PORTER.

Now in 1896, there comes a voice from a son of Connecticut, who has spent nearly half a century in the sunny land of cotton: "As I grow older, my opinion is stronger than ever that the ancient state has done more for the education and general advancement of all the

people of this vast country than any other." Connecticut educators have a great past to live up to.

The salutary influence of the clergy, described as "very respectable," is noted as having preserved a kind of aristocratical balance in the very democratic government of the state.

What do the members of the medical profession and tobacco-raisers think of this "act of the general assembly at Hartford in 1647, wherein it was ordered,

'That no person under the age of twenty years, nor any other that hath already accustomed himself to the use thereof, shall take any tobacco until he shall have brought a certificate from under the hand of some who are approved for knowledge and skill in physic, that it is fit for him, and also that he hath received a license from the court for the same.' All others who had addicted themselves to the use of tobacco, were, by the same court, prohibited taking it in any company, or at their labors, or on their travels, unless they were ten miles at least from any house, or more than once a day, though not in company, on pain of a fine of sixpence for each time; to be proved by one substantial evidence?"

Oh! the vicissitudes of time!

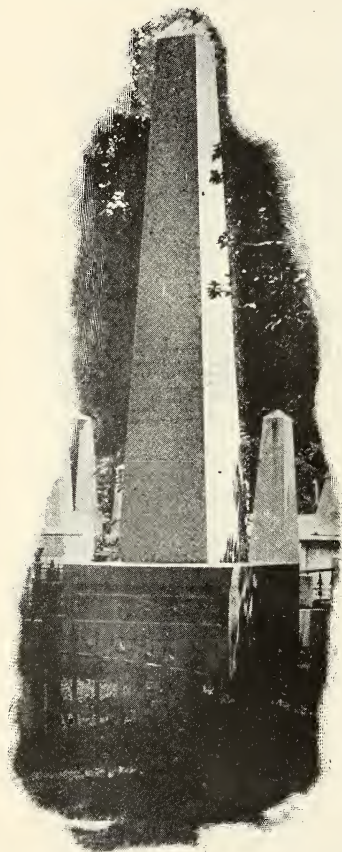
But the laws of Connecticut were again revised in 1750, and of them Dr. Douglass observed, "That they were the most natural, equitable, plain, and concise code of laws for plantations hitherto extant."

Morse died in 1826, after a varied life, which brought him honors, among them a degree from the University of Edinburgh, and the office of U. S. Commissioner to the Indian tribes. Here also is his wife, Elizabeth Anne Breese, granddaughter of President Finley of Princeton. So there is a family history in the names of Samuel Finley Breese Morse, Morse's illustrious son, whose first wife, Lucretia Pickering, took her place here at the age of twenty-five, not knowing

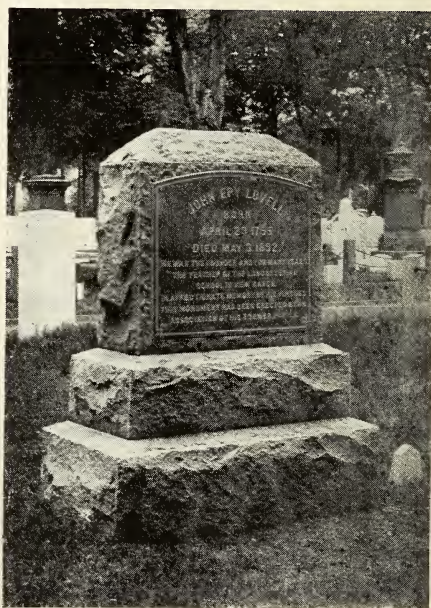
what fame was in store for her husband.

See this cross which bears the name of Theodore Winthrop—a name that summons the tragedy of the civil war, the blighting of a promising literary career, all too soon for achieving fame in battle. In that gifted man met the inheritance of the families that New England counts among her proudest possessions in the past, the Woolseys, the Dwights, the Winthrops. The call of Sumter roused the patriotism in the scholar's heart, and in three months promise and performance were alike ended. Much can be read between the terse lines, "Born in New Haven, Sept. 22, 1828. Fell in Battle at Great Bethel, Va., June 11, 1861."

College honors, travel in lands old and new, the love of friends, the unfolding of fame in letters, the glow of patriotism, all led to that supreme moment, when, leaping up to urge on his men, he fell. The pathos of his death casts a spell over



TO NOAH WEBSTER.



TO JOHN EPY LOVELL.

us when we turn the pages of "Cecil Dreeme" and "Edwin Brothertoft," of "Love and Skates," and of those descriptions in the *Atlantic* of that memorable first march to Washington, which made him speak to the whole nation after his pen and sword were laid aside forever.

Next is a name no less famous, that of Eli Whitney, "the inventor of the cotton-gin, 1765-1825."

We all know what Horace Greeley has so strikingly set forth, that the United States and the civilized world are richer because the inventive genius and courteous helpfulness of that young Yale man offered a friendly hand to southern labor. What modern commerce would be without

the cotton-gin, it is hard to say.

Lyman Beecher, great father of great children, lies near, beneath a block of stone bearing a cross in relief; and next are the Taylors, Dr. Taylor of theological renown, and his daughter, Mary, the wife of Noah

TO MARY CLAP WOOSTER.

Porter, who is beside the kind hearted, swift-footed, clear-headed, eleventh president of Yale. And in this neighborhood of death is the grave of Noah Webster, 1758-1842. Verily, he "being dead, yet speaketh," for do not millions of us implicitly obey his orders given in the famous spelling-book, and in the "Unabridged," inspired by him with a life which keeps it in vigorous growth while generations pass away? The speller attained a sale of sixty-two million copies long ago; and although his royalty was only a cent a copy, that supported his family for years.

Webster was a typical son of Connecticut in his versatility. Of Hartford birth, a graduate of Yale, he was teacher, lawyer, judge, politician, magazine editor, author of text-books, one of the founders of Amherst, and lexicographer, as occasion demanded. The renown of his dictionary perhaps causes us to forget that his words were a prime mover for the call for the convention which gave to the United States their revered constitution. He lived in sight of his final restingplace.

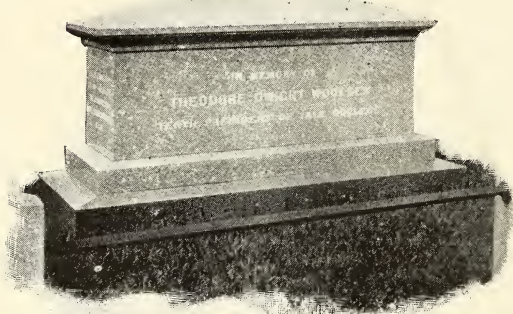


TO TIMOTHY DWIGHT.



On the opposite side is the grave of Joel Root, the model of high-bred integrity, whose adventures in a business voyage of three years around the world in the first years of the century read like a second Crusoe.

Turning to another avenue, we find an educator of a later generation, but of wide influence, John Epy Lovell, "founder and teacher of the Lancasterian school." He was born in 1795, and lacked but three years of a century of life when he died in 1893. For years he carried out in New Haven his peculiar ideas of methods of instruction, and although the "monitor system" is an educational fashion long since laid aside, the memory of the genial and talented teacher has been green. In 1889, Mr. Lovell appeared in the procession which celebrated the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the town. Every eye was turned on the veteran, who, in his ninety-fourth year, was already in the



TO THEODORE DWIGHT WOOLSEY.

halo of the past. He sleeps beneath granite blocks picturesquely piled, a monument given by an association of his pupils.

These stones commemorate the Clap family, "The Reverend and learned Mr. Thomas Clap, late President of Yale College," in days so far away (1740-1765), that he could show his enterprise by causing the first catalogue to be prepared for the library, that library so associated with the foundation and continued life of the college, by compiling the college laws (in Latin), and the first book printed in New Haven, and by securing the new charter with the style, "the President and Fellows of Yale College in New Haven"; Mrs. Clap, and their daughter, Mary Clap Wooster, "widow of Gen. David Wooster, of the Revolutionary Army."

She was the "Madam Wooster" whose namesake is the New Haven Chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution.



TO PROFESSORS LOOMIS, TWINING, AND HADLEY.

Another Yale president is in this scholastic ground, the first President Dwight. Of all the praiseworthy acts of his able career not one was more laudable than beginning the work of breaking down the old-fashioned barriers which separated classes and faculty. His "reign" naturally trebled the number of students.

Six headstones in a row, each one bearing the name of Olmsted, tell of death's ravages in one family of sons.

The father, Denison Olmsted, the loved professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy, before the days of specialists, and five sons, lie here.

Of the sons, all but one Yale men, one died at twenty-two, two at twenty-five, one at thirty, and one at thirty-five.

Near the rear wall is the burial-place of another revered Yale president, Theodore Dwight Woolsey. Perhaps the extent of his fame as a scholar was never better seen than when one of the Chinese embassies brought over as a gift to him his work on International Law translated into Chinese. Most pathetic is the inscription over the graves of the two daughters who died of Syrian fever in Jerusalem, only two days apart, "In their deaths they were not divided."

Three great scholars repose together in death even as they labored to-

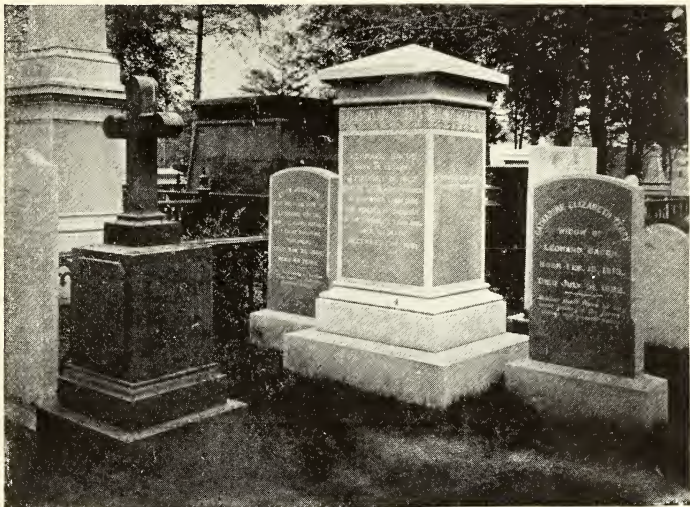
gether in life, Professor Twining, Professor Hadley, Professor Loomis. Professor Twining made the first railroad survey in the state, and therefore one of the first in the country. It was in 1835, for the Hartford and New Haven railroad. The books

which Greek and mathematical students have pored over for so many years have been the best monument for Hadley and Loomis. After the latter's burial, there came warning telegrams from the chief of the New York police, and a strict guard was necessary every night until the heavy base of the monument was laid, and there was no further opportunity to pry into the secrets of that powerful brain.

"Leonard Bacon!" What memories his name brings up of work and inspiration for more than fifty years of pastoral life in New Haven. Some one said of him that while really a man of low stature, he always gave the impression of being of commanding height. Such was the effect of his master-mind.

"After life's fitful fever," here sleeps his gifted and disappointed daughter, Delia Bacon, the prophetess of the Baconian theory of the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. A cross is the symbol above her, with these words, "'So

he bringeth them to their desired haven.' In grateful remembrance, this monument is erected by her former pupils."



TO DELIA BACON AND LEONARD BACON.



TO ELBRIDGE GERRY.

Rest, now, perturbed spirit, in that realm where perplexities are resolved into glad certainty.

Here is Elbridge Gerry, vice-president of the United States, and signer of the Declaration; and Charles Goodyear, the great inventor, one of America's bene-



TO GENERAL TERRY.

factors. He was preëminent in the talent which is a chief characteristic of Connecticut men, and his struggles for nearly thirty years with poverty and debt and injustice while he wrestled with the problem, the solution of which transformed caoutchouc into vulcanized rubber in its hundreds of useful forms, border on heroism. Like many other great inventors, he was rudely treated by Fortune, who bade him take fame and foreign

medals, while she poured the earnings of his brain into the hands of those who borrowed his ideas.

Gen. Terry and Admiral Foote, our heroes in the civil war, are here; and reminders of the Revolution are not lacking. The days of alarm and distress when Arnold was wreaking his vengeance on the home of his first wife, are brought to mind by the time-worn monument of the great-grandfather of ex-Gov. English, bearing the words, "Benjamin English, died 5 July, 1779, aged 74. He was stabbed by a British soldier when sitting in his own house."

In another part of the ground is the grave of Nathan Beers,

another aged man who met death in the same way during the same raid. Let us be thankful that the days of arbitration are at hand.

The old New Haven families, the Trowbridges, the Ingersolls, the Hillhouses, have come here for their long home; of governors who have honored the old state,



TO ADMIRAL FOOTE.

such as Governor Dutton and Governor Baldwin, the defender of the famous Armistad captives; of learned professors, such as Thacher, the Latin scholar, and Eaton, the botanist; of men eminent in all professions, such as Dr. Levi Ives, "the beloved physician," Henry R. Storrs, the jurist and orator; of benefactors, of patriots, the list grows as fast as one walks about. William Dwight Whitney, whose fame as a philologist and Sanskrit scholar is world-wide, and who was member of so many learned foreign societies that a whole alphabet seemed to follow his name, has taken his place among the illustrious dead. Joseph Earl Sheffield lies in sight of his home on Hillhouse avenue and of the buildings of the lusty, evergrowing Scientific School, which was his noble gift to Yale. His example of bestowing what he had to give while he was alive to



TO JOSEPH EARL SHEFFIELD.

watch the growth of his plan ought to be followed by millionaire philanthropists who wish to secure his success. The grandfather of President Cleveland, the Rev. Aaron Cleveland, was buried on Linden Avenue, in 1815.

The bones of New Haven's first governor lie near the Center church, where the earliest interments were made, but the monument is here with this inscription:

"THEOPHILUS EATON, ESQ., GOVERNOR.

Deceased Jan. 7, 1657, Aetatis, 67.

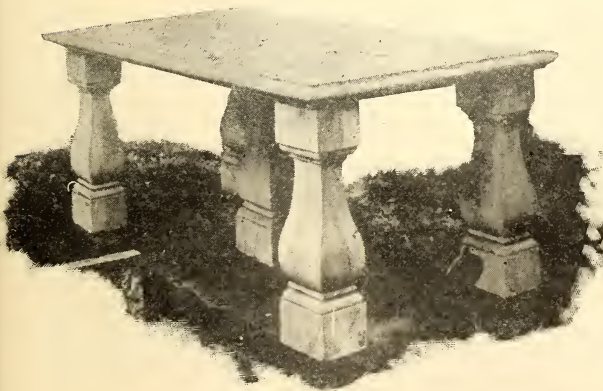
Eaton, so famed, so wise, so meek, so just,

The Phoenix of our world here hides his dust,

This name forget, New England never must."

Wherein the sentiment is more laudable than the poetry.

Is there a name more honored in Connecticut's revolutionary history than that of Roger Sherman, one of the immortal five who presented the Declaration?



TO ROGER SHERMAN.

He is buried here. The lines on his monument show that his fellow-citizens left him little time for private life. He was "Mayor of the city of New Haven, and senator to the United States." "He was nineteen years an Assistant and twenty-three a Judge of the Superior Court, in high Reputation.

He was Delegate in the first Congress, signed the glorious Act of Independence, and many

years displayed superior Talents and Ability in the National Legislature. He was a Member of the general Convention, approved the federal Constitution, and

served his Country with fidelity and honor in the House of Representatives and in the Senate of the United States."

We know that there is no flattery in the quiet eulogium that follows :

"He was a man of approved Integrity, a cool, discerning Judge, a prudent, sagacious Politician, a true, faithful, and firm Patriot."

Full of pathetic suggestions is the "college lot," where, in days gone by, those who died in the midst of their course, away from home, were laid, having found their long home in the town to which they came with aspirations for laying the foundations of great careers.

Most of these monuments are of like pattern and have been placed there by classmates. The inscriptions nearly all express in Latin the regret of these classmates, and have dates of long ago, when it was necessary that death and burial should occur in the same place ; but one is recent, 1892, and is the memorial of Kakichi Senta, Japan. An ocean and a continent separate him from his gentle, dark-eyed friends in that wonderful West of the Orient. On the tombstone of little Susie Bacon, who died in Switzerland in her fourth year, are her touching last words, "Der liebe Gott liebt Susie, und ich soll Ihn sehen."

There are not many of the mirth-provoking epitaphs which one sometimes sees in old churchyards. Sidney Hull and his five wives may draw a sigh from some, a smile from others.

But one of the most interesting features of this burial ground is the long line of ancient headstones resting against the wall. A great part of two sides is occupied by these memorials of the colonial dead, brought hither in 1820, when the graves in the Green were leveled. Here we read history by fascinating hints and snatches. The stones are sometimes of slate, but oftener of sandstone, which has proved in many cases a treacherous record-bearer by flaking off in layers, thus leaving a painful blank where once appeared the name and station of him "To the Memory" of whom the stone was raised. Many of them are bordered by scrolls and vines, and are surmounted by cheerful death's heads and cherubim. Some are the rude efforts of unaccustomed hands, trying to preserve the memory of dear ones, when it was difficult to carve even a few letters, and some show that, as years passed, the stone-cutter had taken his place as a recognized workman. By the irony of fate the date for which a curious visitor looks most eagerly is often the very part of the inscription which is illegible, but the stones belong to the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries.

In those days they were strenuous to insist on the social standing betokened by "Mr. and Mrs." as,

"MR. DAVID ATWATER,

A noted apothecary, and a firm advocate for his country, in defense of which he fell a volunteer
in the battle at Gumpo Hill, 1777."

Another shows that phonetic spelling had its adherents,

"JOSEPH ALLSUP

Deseased in ye 42 yeare of his age, January the 12, 1691."

There are many double stones and almost all have rounded tops.

Here is a "doleful sound" from the stone of Mrs. Betty Colt, who died in 1765, aged twenty-two,

"Passenjers, as you pass by,
Behold ye place where now i lie,
As you are now, so once was i,
As i am now, so you must be,
Prepare to die & follow me."

Sometimes the words proved too much for the sculptor and he was forced to divide such a word as "dyed," placing one part on one line and the other on another.

Allings and Atwaters and Mixes and Bradleys and Beechers abound, and the military titles of those who died in the early part of the eighteenth century remind us that peaceful homes were not secured without fighting. A glimpse of the loyalty to the old home is seen in the following :

"In memory of Mr. Josiah Woodhouse, who was born in ye city of London, in old England, and died in New Haven, Sept. 7, 1761, in his 43d year."

Some of these old stones have been broken in half lengthwise, and when one portion has entirely disappeared, the remaining half gives tantalizingly partial record. For example, of some nameless one, we have yet this tribute of aching hearts :

"Aged 19 years
Beloved in life
And much bemoaned in death."

The sole legend on another is, "A. B." On another,

"R., 1686, F. P."

These alphabetical memorials were full of meaning once to some fond ones ; now they only say that some one died, and some one lamented. One, like a part of a puzzle, gives us an opportunity to guess the whole :

JAMES RICE
friend of
and religious order
loved and useful
in his life
death sincerely lamented.
He died
the yellow fever
September 29, 1794.
65th year of his age.

Happy the man, who, when his life's records are shattered, can leave fragments that point to such a whole !

The sexton's bell rings, the gates will close, and we leave the honored dead to their eternal peace in the midst of that city which they blessed by their lives.



HISTORICAL NOTES.

In this department we shall aim to give interesting extracts from old papers and books, worthy for one reason or another to bring to the attention of our readers.

Well authenticated incidents of general interest, especially if they have never been printed, will be welcomed from our readers.

YANKEE DOODLE.

The Old Mansion Fort Crailo, the oldest house in the state of New York, is about to become the property of the National Society of the Colonial Dames. This is the house where "Yankee Doodle" was composed. It is near Albany, but on the opposite side of the Hudson.

General Abercrombie made it his headquarters in 1756, and there the Connecticut contingent reported for service in colonial times.

These Yankees, led by Thomas Fitch, the eldest son of the Governor of Connecticut, came on sorry-looking nags, but they were the best their farms afforded, and they wore no uniforms, but more precious than lace or buttons was the turkey feather which their wives and sweethearts had pinned to their hats. Such was the incident that inspired Richard Schuckburg, a young surgeon, to write,

"Yankee Doodle came to town
Riding on a pony.
Stuck a feather in his hat
And called it 'Maccaroni.'"

The word "maccaroni" being synonymous with our word "dude."

The words fitted the well-known tune of "Lucy Locket Lost her Pocket," and the jingle and air caught the fancy of the soldiers who would lead in any attack when roused by hearing this tune played.

ADVERTISEMENTS FROM OLD PAPERS.

A Likely Negro Wench and Child to be sold. Enquire of the Printer.

To be sold by the Subscriber of Branford, a likely Negro Wench, 18 years of age, is acquainted with all sorts of House Work; is sold for no fault.

—June 15, 1763.

In 1802 there was but one carpet in the whole town of Meriden.

OUR FIRST WOMAN'S CLUB.

The first woman's club organized in Connecticut, and the fifth in the country, was the Woman's Literary Club of New Britain. The first meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Charles Peck on Pearl street, Oct. 4, 1875. Boston and Philadelphia claim the lead in the organization of woman's clubs, then came the Sorosis, and soon after the club in Grand Rapids was formed.

The late Mrs. Thomas A. Conklin of New Britain was familiar with the Grand Rapids club and its work, and through her efforts this club was organized, the object being the study of history, art, and literature, and the science of education. For eighteen years this plan was followed, then American history was the topic, followed by the present course of study in sociology. In 1894 the name was changed to the Woman's Club of New Britain.

The meetings are held fortnightly, when most interesting and carefully prepared papers are read by the members. The membership is one hundred and twenty-five. Ten new members are added each year.

Jeremiah Spencer, born in Bolton, Conn., Feb. 5, 1770, was taken by his parents, with five other children, to Wyoming, Penn. In the summer of 1776 the father died. Two elder sons were killed in the battle of Wyoming, July 3, 1778, and the mother and four surviving children fled from the scene of desolation on foot for Bolton, where they arrived at the end of five weeks. Jeremiah was then in his ninth year, made the whole journey on foot, without hat, coat, or shoes. About 1803 he removed to Torrington, where he lived until his death. He joined the church on profession of faith July 4, 1858, in his 89th year, and died Oct. 22, 1863, in his 94th year.

BRIDE-BROOK.

The dainty little river or rivulet that bears this name is in East Lyme, and received its designation from a marriage ceremony that was performed on its bank in the latter part of the year 1646, or the early part of 1647. The couple linked together were Jonathan Rudd and some unknown fair one whom with little hazard of mistake we may give the gentle name of Mary. New London and Saybrook were then adjoining towns, though Lyme, East Lyme, and Waterford have since seated themselves between. The scene of this solemn betrothal was a solitary spot, far from any human habitation, unless it might have been of savage wigwams; the ground was covered with snow, and the solemnities must have been performed in the open air. Witnesses were not wanting on this interesting occasion. The air, we may believe, was full, and a goodly number belonging to the earth stood around, wrapped in their furry robes. John Winthrop, Esq., afterwards Governor of the Colony, was acting magistrate; a friendly cavalcade accompanied him from New London, which, with the bridal party from Saybrook, and a few wild faces peering curiously from the woods, made a company sufficient to relieve the wilderness of its silence and solitude.

This enlivening piece of romance, which comes like a breath from a bank of violets across the sterile ridges of our early history, originated from what the historian may consider a fortunate concurrence of untoward events. No person duly qualified to perform the nuptial service was to be found in Saybrook, and the route to Hartford was too much obstructed with snow to admit of travel in that direction. Application was made to Mr. Winthrop at Pequot Harbor to come to Saybrook and ratify the contract; but he had been commissioned by Massachusetts, and his settlement being under the jurisdiction of that colony, he could not exercise the functions of a magistrate within the limits of Connecticut. To obviate the difficulty, he proposed to meet the parties upon the border of the two governments, and there, under the open expanse of heaven, to rivet the golden chain. This arrangement not only gave novelty

and brilliancy to the ceremony, but made it an incident of historical importance, subsequently cited and accepted as reliable testimony in a case relating to the original bounds of the two plantations.

— *Caulkins' History of Norwich*, page 164.

BRIDE STEALING.

A groom who lost his bride upon the steps of the altar was Noahdiah Brainerd. Young Samuel Selden of Hadlyme, Conn., so runs the tale, observing a notice on the door of Chester meeting-house, stating that Noahdiah Brainerd and Deborah Dudley proposed marriage in that house on the following Lord's day, tore the notice from the door and substituted another, in which the names Samuel Selden of Hadlyme and Deborah Dudley appeared as proposing marriage upon the self-same day. When the wedding morning arrived, Captain Selden came early to the meeting-house, armed and equipped according to the law, and, observing that his notice was undisturbed, took heart of grace, and when Mr. Joseph Dudley, his wife, and daughter Deborah appeared, he advanced, addressing the latter affectionately, and led her up the aisle to the minister, who married them according to the solemn forms then obtaining. What the groom-elect, Noahdiah, was about all this time we are not informed, but as the Selden family history records that Samuel took his bride across the river the same day, without objection or resistance on her part, it certainly looked as if the fair Deborah, like the love of the "young Lochinvar," was not averse to a changeling groom, while the inscription upon the wedding ring, still preserved in the Selden family,— "Beauty is a Fair, but Virtue is a Precious Jewel," shows that Samuel fully appreciated the various charms of his daintily won bride. The strange sequel to this romantic wedding is that after many years of wedded life and the birth of several children, upon the death of her husband, Samuel, Deborah Selden became the wife of her first lover, Noahdiah Brainerd.

— *From Colonial Days and Dames*.

A COLONIAL ECCLESIASTICAL SUIT.
 Rev. Wm. Gibbs vs. Joseph Cornish.

In the year 1740 several members of the Simsbury Congregational Church withdrew, owing to the bitter controversy over the site of the meeting-house and organized St. Andrew's Church of Scotland. This is the oldest Episcopal Church in this part of the state, being some forty-five years older than any of the Hartford churches.

The Propagation Society sent over Rev. Wm. Gibbs as rector of the church. Tradition says that the good Puritan brethren made his path a rather thorny one, and the following writ tends certainly to confirm that idea.

This writ was issued by my great-great-grandfather, Judge John Humphrey. He was judge of Hartford county court, a member of the governor's council, for twenty-five years justice of the peace, town clerk, captain in the militia. He represented the town of Simsbury for twenty-three years in the legislature, and died while in attendance on that body at New Haven, and was buried beside Colonel Dixwell, the regicide. He was an uncle of General David Humphrey, Washington's aid, and afterwards minister to Spain and Portugal. The writ is as follows: "To the Sheriff of the County of Hartford, his Deputy, or either of the Constables of the town of Simsbury in said County greeting:

"In His Majesty's name summon Joseph Cornish of said Simsbury, viz.: of the society called Turkey Hills, to appear before John Humphrey, Esq., one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County aforesaid, at his dwelling house in said Simsbury on the fifteenth day of February next at one of the clock in the afternoon, then and there to answer unto Wm. Gibbs of Simsbury, above said clerk, minister of the Church of England, in a plea of the case brought on one statute law of this Colony in Law Book, page 169-170, intitled an act for providing how the taxes laid on professors of the church of England for the support of the Gospel shall be disposed of, and for exempting said professors from paying any taxes for the building meeting-houses for the present Established Churches of this Government, wherein among other things therein mentioned, it is enacted and provided:— That all persons who are of the church of England and those who are of the churches established by the Laws of this Government that live in the bounds of any parish allowed by this assembly, shall be taxed by the parishoners of said parish by the same rule and in the same proportion for the support of the ministry in such parish. But if it so happen that there be a society of the Church of England where there is a person in orders according to the canons of the Church of England, settled and abiding among them and performing Divine Service, so near to any person that hath declared himself of the Church of England, that he can conveniently and doth worship

there: then the collector, having first indifferently levied the tax as above said, shall deliver the taxes collected of such persons declaring themselves attending as above said, unto the minister of the Church of England living near unto such persons, which minister shall have full power to receive and recover the same in order to his support in the place assigned him, as by said Statute in Court may appear.

"Whereupon the plaintiff saith that the parishoners of said society of Turkey Hills at their lawful society meeting, held in said Turkey Hills parish, on the 5th day of August, A.D. 1757, granted a rate of two pence on the pound on the public list for the paying of ministerial charges, and appointed the Deft. a collector to collect the same. And also said society, at their lawful society meeting, held on the first Tuesday of December, A.D. 1757, granted another rate of one penny upon the pound on the common list, to be added to the two penny rate aforesaid, and appointed the Deft. to collect the same, which rates were for the support of the Gospel ministry in said parish; and the Deft. soon after had a rate bill made and delivered to him, including said rates, with a warrant, signed by lawful authority, requiring him to levy and collect of all the said parishoners named in said rate bill their several proportions of said rate or tax—and the plaintiff farther saith that one Darius Pinney, of said Simsbury, was one of the inhabitants of said parish and was named in said rate bill, and that his proportion of said tax was £0—17—4¾—all which the Deft. afterward levied and collected of the said Darius Pinney on the 11th day of June, A.D. 1759; which said Darius Pinney was before the granting said tax and ever since hath been and now is a professor of the Church of England, and he with others then had and still do make a public profession thereof—and the plaintiff further saith that he, the plaintiff, for many years before the granting said taxes was and hath ever since his first mission continued to be a minister in orders according to the canons of the Church of England, and is and hath been ever since his first mission duly appointed a minister over the church—the statute afore, he, the plaintiff, hath been for many years before the granting said taxes, settled and abiding and performing Divine Service so near to the place where the said Darius Pinney did before the granting said tax, and ever since hath and still doth live, that the said Darius Pinney can conveniently, hath and doth attend Divine Service in the Church of England under the plaintiff's ministry. And the plaintiff further saith, by force of the statute afore, he, the plaintiff, hath right to recover and receive of the Deft., the said Darius Pinney's proportion of said tax, and the Deft. ought to have paid the same to the plaintiff—yet the Deft. hitherto utterly refuseth and neglecteth to pay the same, though it hath been often

requested and demanded of the Deft. by the plaintiff, which is to the damage of the plaintiff as he saith the said sum of seventeen shillings and five pence money, and for the recovery thereof, with cost, the plaintiff brings this suit. Fail not and make due return of this writ with your doings thereon.

"Dated at Simsbury, the 8th day of January, A.D. 1760.

John Humphrey,
Justice of Peace."

MARY H. HUMPHREY.

CONNECTICUT'S REVOLUTIONARY RECORD.

Connecticut had the distinguished honor of being the only one of the thirteen colonies whose colonial governor, "Brother Jonathan" Trumbull, remained loyal to his country as opposed to the oppressive measures of his king. We may well feel proud of the Revolutionary record of our state, whose roster shows that she furnished 31,931 men to the cause of liberty and country, which number was only exceeded by Massachusetts.

E. E. R., in *New London Day*.

Oct. 12, 1895.

Leading events of the American Revolution taking place in Connecticut during July and September:

July 5, 1779. — Tryon's raid on New Haven.

July 8, 1779. — Fairfield burned by British.

July 12, 1779. — Norwalk burned.

July 21, 1780. — Governor Heath asks Connecticut for 1,000 militia.

September 1, 1781. — Battle of West Haven.

September 6, 1781. — Battle of Fort Griswold.

September 6, 1781. — New London burned by the British under Benedict Arnold.

September 30, 1775. — Skirmish at Stonington.

AN INTERESTING RELIC.

Mr. Edward Clark of Winsted is the owner of a curious old book, unique in its way and worthy of attention. It is a collection of manuscripts and pamphlets evidently "home-bound," sewed between pigskin covers. First comes a sermon, entitled "Sound Repentance the right way to escape deserved Ruine," preached at Hartford May 14, 1685, by Mr. Samuel Wakeman, pastor of the Church of Christ in Fairfield. This was printed in Boston in 1685 by Samuel Green. Next, a well-

written manuscript, "The Spiritual Travels of Nathan Cole," an autobiographical journal of his spiritual life. Nathan did not agree with the established churches, and held meetings at his own house, with a few other converts to his views. One of his trials was the persistence with which the church at Kensington tried to collect taxes from him for years after he had moved from there, and was helping support other churches. The book contains some quaint petitions to this Kensington church for abatement of such taxes. Here, also, is a copy of the celebrated sermon preached at Suffield by Israel Holly, "the next Sabbath after the report arrived, that the people of Boston had destroyed a large quantity of tea, belonging to the East India Company, rather than submit to Parliament Acts, which they looked upon as unconstitutional, tyrannical, and tending to enslave America." This was printed at Hartford by Eben Watson, near the Great-Bridge, 1774.

Semi-political and religious pamphlets and manuscript complete the book, mixed with poetry, copies of some of the Wethersfield church records, and scripture verses. Withal, a quaint relic of olden times, where we can read between the lines the trend of thought, the hard, angular life, and meagre literary privileges.

OUR FIRST POST-OFFICE.

The *post-office* system was first established in Connecticut in 1693, by special authority from the king. The mail went through the colony from Boston to New York *once every week*. The postage from Boston to Hartford was 9d.

The *Roman Catholics* of Connecticut are informed that a Priest is now in New Haven, where he will reside for sometime. Those who wish to make use of his ministry, will find him by enquiring of Mr. Azel Kimberley's, Chapel street.

-- *New Haven, Jan. 28, 1796.*

Just Imported from Dublin, in the Brig "Darby,"

A parcel of Irish Servants both Men and Women, and to be sold cheap, by Israel Boardman, at Stamford.

— *5th January, 1764.*

GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

Querists should write all names of persons and places in such a way that they cannot be misunderstood. Always enclose with queries a self-addressed, stamped envelope and ten cents in postage for replies and enquires. Querists are advised to write only on one side of the paper. All queries and notes should be sent to Wm. A. Eardeley-Thomas, Trinity College, Hartford, Conn.

We should be pleased to receive word of the state of the now-existing town and parish births, baptisms, marriages, and deaths; when they begin, what is missing, what churches are in the vicinity, and when organized. Also what cemeteries are in the neighborhood, and when they were first used. Tombstone inscriptions, and copies of town and parish vital statistics will be most thankfully received.

Any one having any information on the stage lines and routes through the state will please send it to this department.

"Happy is the man who can trace his lineage ancestor by ancestor, and cover the hoary time with a mantle of youth." — Jean Paul Richter.

Answers.

4. *White*. — We have received the list of children of Daniel and Alice (Cook) White; and the parentage of Susanna (White) Johnson.
5. *Griswold*. — A note about the early Griswolds has been received.

Notes.

1. There is a neglected burying ground alongside the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., about one-half mile south from Brookfield Junction, containing stones of the Carl, Camp, Dibble, Dunning, Glover, Gray, Northrop, Beebe, Smith, Stevens, Sturdevant, Wildman, and Wileman families. We should be glad to get copies of all these inscriptions.
2. *Hopkins*. — Stephen (1) (of *Mayflower*) had 3 sons and 6 daus.; Giles (2) m., 1639, in Yarmouth, Catorne Whelden; Stephen (3), b. 1642, d. Oct. 10, 1718, in Harwich; m., May 23, 1667, H. Mary Myrick; Judah (4), b. July, 1677; Mary (4), b. Apr. 15, 1692, in Eastham; m., Nov. 5, 1714, in Harwich, John, son of James, John (5) had John (6), b. 1751, Harwich; Macor; Judah (4) had John (5), b. 1704; moved to Guildhall, Vt.; then to Lyndon; then to Brattleboro; d. at Pike, N. Y., 1813; John (6) had John (7), m. Sarah — in Vt.; settled in New Fairfield, Ct.; John (7) had Stephen (8), m. Chloe Judd; Stephen (8) had Hiram Smith (9), m., 1837, Louisa (7), dau. of Abel Montgomery (6) (Abel (5)) Sherwood; Hiram S. (9) had Lewis Legrand (10), b. Feb. 24, 1842, in N. Fairfield; m., Sept. 18, 1865, Grace A. Croad of Edinburgh, Scotland; Lewis L. (10) has Mary Louise (11) and Stephen Legrand (11). Mr. Lewis L. (10) Hopkins is at present judge of probate for Danbury district.
3. *Chase*. — William (1), Gov. Winthrop's Fleet, 1630, m. Mary —; had William (2), b. 1622, England, m. abt. 1642, —; he d. Feb. 27, 1684-5, Harwich; had John (3), b. Apr. 6, 1649, in Yarmouth; m., abt. 1671, Elizabeth (2), dau. of Francis (1) Baker; had Isaac (4), d. May 22, 1759, Yarmouth; m., May 23,

1706, in Y., Mary (3), dau. of John (2) (Richard (1) and Alice) Berry; had Isaac (5), b. Mar. 28, 1714, in Y., m., Nov. 17, 1737, in Harwich, Thankful, dau. of John and Mary (Hopkins) Macor; had Isaac (6), b. 1750 near Danbury, Ct.; had Obadiah (7), b. abt. 1771, m., 2d, abt. 1802, Amy, dau. of Elisha Perry; had Alason Holmes (8), b. Jan. 15, 1804, Danbury, Ct., m. Mary Jane, dau. of Knapp Bedell; had Theodore Bailey (9), of New York city.

4. *Wanzer*. — Lieut. Abram (1); served in French War; m., 1st, a Miss Heusted; came from Long Island to New Fairfield, Ct.; had Moses (2), d. Aug. 10, 1772, in Sherman, Ct.; m. Elizabeth Knapp of Danbury; had Abraham (3), b. Dec. 16, 1748; and 9 other children, among whom was John (3), b., July 13, 1766, in New Fairfield; m., Apr. 1, 1792, Grace, dau. of Francis Dawson Swords; had Willis Haviland (4), b. Aug. 20, 1818, m., 2d, Sept. 4, 1844, Sarah Ann, dau. of Hanford Martin Kellogg; had Homer Leach (5), b., Mar. 3, 1850, New Fairfield; m., Oct. 8, 1878, in New Milford, Mary Alice, dau. of James A. Giddings; have Grace Giddings (6), b. Feb. 11, 1882. Mr. Homer L. Wanzer is a representative from New Fairfield.

5. Contributed by Mr. Joseph Forsyth Swords of Hartford, Conn.

GRAVES — KILLINGLY RECORDS; WINDHAM COUNTY.

Children of Lebbeck and Amity (Whitney) Graves.

Births.

- i. Amity, July 17, 1734.
 - ii. Reuben, Apr. 15, 1737.
 - iii. Hephsebeth, Jan. 19, 1744-5.
 - iv. Elizabeth, June 18, 1748.
 - v. Whitney, Nov. 22, 1751.
 - vi. Issacher, June 8, 1755.
- Children by Issacher and Jemima Graves.
- i. Richard, Apr. 4, 1780.
 - ii. Reuben, Aug. 16, 1781.
 - iii. Daniel, Jan. 20, 1783.
 - iv. Amity, Feb. 5, 1785.
 - v. David, Oct. 16, 1786.
 - vi. Artemas, July 20, 1789.

- vii. Anna, Feb. 2, 1791.
- viii. Jemima, Mar. 7, 1793.
- ix. Issacher, Apr. 20, 1795.
- x. Elijah, Feb. 16, 1800.

Only one death recorded in early records — Experience, wife of Richard Graves, June 30, 1745. No marriages recorded before 1800.

Probate Records from Plainfield, Windham Co., Conn.

Estate of Libeus Graves, late of Killingly, inventory dated Mar. 15, 1757, — additional inventory dated Apr. 6, 1758. (Book C.)

Letters of administration given Ammety Graves, on estate of Libeus Graves, late of Killingly, — dated Apr. 12, 1757.

Distribution of personal estate of Libeus Graves, — dated Apr. 8, 1760.

Hepsibah, Elizabeth, Whitney, Isicor, and William Graves, minor children, made petition for guardian, March 11, 1760. (Book D.)

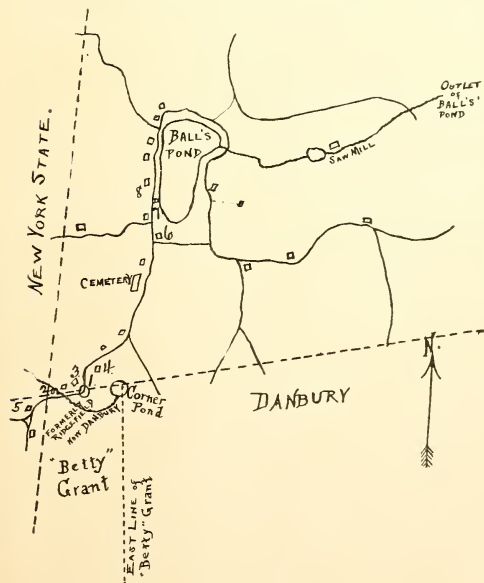
Record of Graves in his Majesty's service, 1755 to 1760; from Pay Rolls in Conn. State Library.

Josiah Graves, private in Capt. Jonathan Pettibones' Company of Col. Elihu Chauncey's Reg't., Sept. 8 to Dec. 14, 1755.

Nathan Graves, private, Sept. 8 to Dec. 8, 1755.	} In Lt. Col. Andrew Ward's Co. of Col. Elihu Chauncey's Reg't.
Ebenezer Graves, corporal, Sept. 8 to Dec. 8, 1755.	
Elias Graves, private, Sept. 8 to Nov. 8, 1755.	

By Act of Legislature of Massachusetts, passed July 6, 1787, Thomas Graves Russell, gentleman, changed his name to Thomas Russell Graves, being a lineal descendant of the Hon. Thomas Greaves, late of Charlestown, Mass.

6. Contributed by Mr. E. H. Pearce, New Fairfield, Conn.
New Fairfield — Ball's Pond District.



1. Where Abel Sherwood, b. 1720 (m. Hannah Fountain) and his son, Abel, b. 1754, lived. The road has been changed so that where the house formerly stood is now the center of the road. The highway now (1896) follows the town line from there to New York state. Mrs. Hannah (Fountain) Sherwood, m., 2d, before Feb. 2, 1762, Elisha, son of Elisha Perry. They probably lived there in number 1 as late as 1770. Information is desired of the death of Elisha and Hannah.

2. Where Mrs. Sophia Turrell, dau. of Thomas W. Sherwood (Abel, 1754), thought Granny Perry or Nash lived.

3. Where Nelson L. Fuller lives, 1896.

4. Where Habbeus Lacey lived.

5. Dea. Thomas W. Sherwood's home; where his daughter, Mrs. Sophia Turrell, lives, 1896.

6. Where Abel Montgomery Sherwood (Abel, 1754) kept a tavern in 1813.

7. Schoolhouse.

8. Where Mr. E. H. Pearce lives, 1896.

7. Contributed by Rollin H. Cooke of Pittsfield, Mass.

Early deeds in Berkshire Co., showing first deeds to Conn. men, with first deeds of the same in Lenox and Stockbridge.

Belding, Oliver, of Canaan, Ct., Mar. 28, 1774; Lenox, Mar. 9, 1781; Bryant, Augustine, of Canaan, Ct., Feb. 2, 1773; of Lenox, Feb. 12, 1779; Blin, Ephraim, of Farmington, Ct., May 13, 1768; of Lenox, Sept. 23, 1771; Blanchard, Theodore, of Salisbury, Ct., Sept. 2, 1783; of Lenox, Dec. 6, 1784; Booth, Lemuel, of Stratford, May 19, 1783; of Lenox, Aug. 31, 1784; Booth, Isaac, of Stratford, May 19, 1783; of Lenox, Aug. 31, 1784; Cooper, Asa, of New Haven, Oct. 14, 1772; of Lenox, Apr. 20, 1778; Culver, Caleb, of Wallingford, Apr. 6, 1770; of Lenox, Mar. 19, 1781; Cartwright, Christopher, of Sharon, Apr. 15, 1767; Churchill, Joanna, of Farmington, Apr. 15, 1775; of Lenox, Mar. 24, 1777; Dunbar, Samuel, of Wallingford, Jan. 21, 1771; of Lenox, Oct. 19, 1771; Foster, Jonathan, of Wallingford, Sept. 10, 1766; of Lenox, Mar. 24, 1772; Fisher, Luke, of Salisbury, Apr. 21, 1768; of Lenox, Nov. 17, 1772; Ford, Ichabod, of Norwich, Apr., 1777; of Lenox, Aug. 4, 1784; Grover, David, of Union, Feb. 7, 1784; of Lenox, Aug. 31, 1784; Hewit, John, of Norwich, Apr. 5, 1768; of Lenox, Mar. 25, 1777; Hollister, Ephraim, of Northington (Avon), Mar. 31, 1773; of Lenox, June 1, 1774; Hyde, Andrew, of Lebanon, May 22, 1779; Isbell, Noah, of Salisbury, Oct. 6, 1767; of Lenox, Nov. 16, 1772.

(To be continued.)

Queries.

1. Green. — Esther or Hester Green of Wallington, Ct., b. Dec. 25, 1753; m., Sept. 24, 1778, William Abbott (his 2d wife), of Union, Ct. They moved to N. Y. state 1792; she d. Dec. 23, 1839, in Clinton, Oneida Co., N. Y. Who were her parents and ancestors? W. E. A.

2. *Jones*. — Are any of the descendants of Benoni Jones of New Britain living? Chester Olmstead, the oldest son emigrated to Ohio before it was settled (1795-1810). Benoni m. an Olmstead, and it is thought lived in Hartford. The children were DeWitt Clinton, William, and Sarah. Querist please give name and address.
3. *Ferris*. — Jeffrey and John Ferris settled in Connecticut about 1640. Henry Boynton Ferris, b. Dec. 5, 1851, in New York city; m. May 13, 1874, in Buffalo, N. Y., Belle C. Buckland; son of Joshua Currey Ferris, b. Feb. 12, 1826, d. May 15, 1882; m. Feb. 13, 1851, in New York city, Lydia M. Boynton; son of Jonathan Ferris, b. Mar. 18, 1779, d. Sept. 16, 1838; m. Feb. 13, 1800, at Peekskill, N. Y., Jane Owens; son of Jonathan Ferris, b. 1732, Eastchester, N. Y.; d., 1798, at Peekskill; m. Rachel Dean, b. 1732; d. Aug. 8, 1798. The ancestry of this Jonathan is desired back to the first settler. Lydia M. Boynton, dau. of John Boynton (m. Lydia Fash); son of Isaac Boynton of Hollis, N. H. (m. Judith Macomber).
H. B. F.
4. *Tolles*. — Lamberton Tolles, b. in Bethany about 1750; d., 1821, in Plymouth, Ct., aet. 71; m. Abigail, dau. of Samuel and Ruth Brisco of Milford, Conn. He spent most of his life in Bethany, then Woodbridge, Ct. He had 3 brothers, Jared (sergt. Capt. Peck's Co., 5th Battalion Conn. troops, Amer. Rev.), Lazarus, and Daniel (all of Bethany). The name Lamberton is supposed to come through the marriage of some ancestor into the Lamberton family, first residents of New Haven. Who was Lamberton's father?
W. F. T.
5. (a) *Higgins*. — Israel Higgins, probably b. at Haddam, Ct. (or one of the Haddams); m. Henrietta, dau. of William (Joseph) Bradford. She was bapt. at Haddam Cong. Ch. Oct. 4, 1765. Israel and wife went to Glastonbury, Ct., where he died Aug. 16, 1814; she d., aet. 92. Desired, the ancestors of Israel, date of birth, marriage; and date of death of Henrietta, his wife.
(b) *Wells*. — Mary Wells m., Oct. 4, 1733, Elijah Worthington, of Colchester, Ct.; son of William and gd.-son of Nicholas, of Hartford and Hatfield, Mass. Desired, her ancestry.
(c) *Robbins*. — Abigail Robbins m., Nov. 28, 1733, Gershom Bulkeley, son of Rev. John of Colchester, and gd.-son of Gershom, D.D., of Wethersfield and Glastonbury. Desired, her ancestry.
F. W. B.
6. *Holmes*. — Who were the ancestors of John Holmes, who, in 1686, went from Roxbury, Mass., to New Roxbury, now Woodstock, Ct.? Who was the father of David Holmes, who em. Mar., 1782, from Torrington, Ct., and in 1818 resided in Mass., drawing a pension? C. H. T.
7. *Dickinson*. — Nathaniel (1) Dickinson, Wethersfield, 1637; Thomas (2) a first settler of Hadley, Mass., m. Hannah Crow; Thomas (3), b. Feb. 15, 1672; moved back to Wethersfield; m. ———; d. ———; Thomas (4), b. about 1713, m. Annie ———; d. ———; Thomas (5), b. Mar. 17, 1737, moved about 1759 to Norfolk, Ct.; m., 1760, Mary Stephens; d. Goshen, Ct. Wanted, name of wife of Thomas (3), names of children, date of death; surname of wife of Thomas (4), names of children, date and place of his death; residence of Thomas (5) before moving to Norfolk.
A. L. C.
8. *Avery*. — Samuel Avery of Norwich, m. ——— Charlton (it is thought), and their son Samuel, b. Aug. 31, 1784, at Norwich. Who were the parents of Samuel, Sr., and his wife?
H. F. T.
9. *Chandler*. — Who were the parents of Mercy Chandler, wife of Josiah Bartlett of Lebanon, Ct.; she d. Feb. 7, 1781 (or '86); he d. Mar. 16, 1782. He was b. 1701 in Marshfield, Mass., where his father, Ichabod Bartlett, had moved from Duxbury. He m., probably in 1722, Mercy Chandler, as their first child was b. in Oct., 1723. Place of residence and marriage have not been found. Their married life was passed in Lebanon.
C. L. P.
10. *Adams*. — Mary Adams (d. Sept. 20, 1754, aet. 78), m. Edward Spalding (b. June 18, 1672, at Chelmsford, Mass.; d. Nov. 29, 1740, at Canterbury, Ct.). Their first child, born in Chelmsford, and the rest in Canterbury. Children were Benjamin, Elizabeth, Ephraim, Jonathan, Ezekiel, Ruth, Abigail, Ebenezer, Thomas, and John. Who were her parents?
A. S. W.
11. (a) *Bartlett*. — Rev. Horace Bartlett, b. Jan. 21, 1793, at Chatham, Ct. (now Portland), related that his father d. when he was aet. 6½, and his mother was fifty when he was born. Who were his parents, their occupation, and can they be traced to the Mass. or N. Hampshire family? It is said they spring from the same family as Joseph Bartlett, who signed the Declaration of Independence. Were any of the ancestry revolutionary soldiers?
(b) *Tripp*. — The above Rev. Horace m., about 1812-13, Currence Tripp. He was at that time a carpenter and moved to Middletown. She had an ancestor who had charge of a cannon during the Fr. and Indian War. Can the Tripp ancestry be traced? The Tripps probably lived in Haddam and Essex.
J. O. M.
12. (a) *Wilcox*. — Samuel Wilcox, Jr., son of Samuel and Abigail (Whitmore) Wilcox, b. Feb. 20, 1683-4; m., May 19, 1707, Hester Bushnell. Desired, parentage of Hester, with date of their marriage, and her birth.
(b) *Cheney*. — Benjamin Cheney, m. Nov. 12, 1724, at Windsor, Ct., Elizabeth Long.

Desired, the parentage of Benjamin and Elizabeth, with date of their birth.

C. H. A.

The editor of this department is prepared to make personal researches at moderate rates. Correspondence solicited.

Mr. Eardeley-Thomas is engaged upon a history of all the Fountain Families in America before 1800; of the descendants of Ezra Perry of Sandwich, Mass.; of the de-

scendants of William Chase of Yarmouth, Mass.; and of Thomas Chase of Newbury, Mass.; and of Samuel Chase of Maryland; also he and Mrs. G. Brainard Smith of 320 Wethersfield Avenue, Hartford, Ct., are writing the history of the descendants of Aquila Chase of Newbury, Mass. Those bearing the above names or being descended from the above are requested to write us on the subject.

FROM THE SOCIETIES.

We should like to have reports from the patriotic and historical societies of Connecticut for this department so we can represent the state as completely as possible.

CONNECTICUT HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The paper of the evening at the April meeting was by the society's corresponding member, Rev. William Copley Winslow of Boston, on "Edward Winslow and his leadership in the Plymouth Colony," showing the important part taken by Winslow in the early history of that colony. The paper has since been printed by the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society.

At the May meeting Joseph G. Woodward read an interesting and highly patriotic paper on the subject, "Was General Samuel Holden Parsons a British spy?" which completely vindicated General Parsons from the charges recently made against him.

The annual meeting of the society was held May 26. The president gave his annual address, and the annual reports of the treasurer and librarian were read; all of which showed the society to be in a flourishing condition. A large number of interesting and important manuscripts have been received during the year. The old officers were re-elected, with the exception of the recording secretary, F. B. Gay, who declined re-election.

A committee previously appointed was given power to arrange with owners of collections suitable for a public museum, for the exhibition of such collections in the rooms of this society. It is hoped that this action may be the starting point of a public museum worthy of the city.

The annual field-day was appointed for June 17, the society accepting the invitation of the Conn. Society S. A. R., to be present at the unveiling of a memorial tablet at the old "War Office" in Lebanon.

ALBERT C. BATES.

Recording Secretary and Librarian.

NEW LONDON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The Records and Papers of the New London County Historical Society. Part II. Vol. II, published at New London, 1896, is a little volume full of interest. It contains

an "Historical Sketch of the Schools of New London from 1645 to 1895," by Hon. Benjamin Stark. This report is illustrated by excellent full-page plates; a portrait of the author, several of old schoolmasters and schoolhouses, also portraits of Leonard H. Bulkeley and Harriet P. Williams, who endowed the fine schools that bear their names. New London may well be proud of its fine schools, and this report of the schools from the founding of the town to the present day is exceedingly interesting.

This article is followed by a history of the "New London Society for Trade and Commerce," by N. Shaw Perkins, and a paper on "The Preston Separate Church," by Amos A. Browning of Norwich. Then comes the "Report of the Annual Meeting of the New London County Historical Society," held September 2, 1895, with a list of officers and members. From this we see the origin of the extensive celebration of the 250th anniversary of the founding of New London, in a motion presented to the society at the last annual meeting by Ernest E. Rogers. The report also includes a list of papers and relics received during the year, and a record of the business transacted by the society.

FOUNDERS AND PATRIOTS.

The Connecticut Society of the Order of Founders and Patriots was organized in Hartford May 9, 1896.

The officers are: Deputy Governor, Charles A. Jewell; Registrar, Edward E. Sill; Secretary-Treasurer, Charles M. Glazier, Hartford; Councilors, for three years, James E. Brooks, John E. Morris, Frank W. Mix; for two years, Jonathan F. Morris, W. F. J. Boardman, Henry L. Morris; for one year, William C. Russell, Francis D. Nichols, Charles A. Peltor.

The national society was formed in New York city in February, and at the first annual meeting on April 24th, Colonel Fred. D. Grant was elected Governor.

The objects and purposes of the society are historical and patriotic.

SONS OF THE REVOLUTION IN THE STATE OF CONNECTICUT.

A meeting of the Sons of the Revolution in the State of Connecticut was held in Hartford on March 24th. Six gentlemen were elected to membership.

A meeting was held in May to pass upon applications for membership, a large number of which had been received.

The new "Register," just issued by the Sons of the Revolution is very beautifully printed and is one of the finest books of the kind ever published.

H. N. WAYNE,
Secretary.

STATE CONFERENCE OF THE CONNECTICUT SOCIETY OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

The third annual social state conference of the Daughters of the American Revolution assembled in Hartford, May 26th, as guests of the Ruth Wyllys Chapter. The formal session opened in the morning in the Park Church, which was prettily decorated with palms and the American flag. Nearly five hundred members were present.

The meeting was called to order by Mrs. Sara T. Kinney of New Haven, state regent. An organ prelude was given by John S. Camp; Mrs. Henry T. Bulkley of Southport offered prayer. Alfred Barrington sang "The Two Grenadiers," by Schuman, with fine effect.

Mrs. J. H. Holcombe, regent of the Ruth Wyllys Chapter, gave the address of welcome. Mrs. Sara T. Kinney gave the response. Mr. Barrington sang two more selections. Then followed the business meeting.

Thirty-two Chapters of Connecticut were represented, and several guests from other states were present, including Mrs. Ethel B. Allen, state regent of Missouri; Mrs. Barber, state regent of Colorado; Mrs. Henry Treat Olmstead of Chattanooga, Tenn.; and Mrs. W. J. Thursby of New York.

In the afternoon the conference met in Foot Guard Armory, which was beautifully decorated with green and white, with palms, ferns, and flowers, and the colors of the society.

An elaborate lunch was daintily served. Then came the bright and witty after-dinner speeches, and charming music.

Mrs. Georgiana Hull Parsons of South Norwalk gave an address on "The Women of '76"; Mrs. Mary E. M. Hill of Norwalk spoke of "The Meaning of our Society"; Mrs. Kinney introduced Mrs. Angeline Loring Avery, a daughter of Solomon Loring, who enlisted in the Revolutionary war when he was fourteen years of age, and whose daughter, Mrs. Avery, was born when he was seventy-three years old. Mrs. Kate Foote Coe of Meriden gave a short talk on "Glimpses of Washington in Trinidad and Venezuela"; Miss Clara Lee Bow-

man of Bristol spoke on "Objects of work for Daughters of the American Revolution." Mrs. Harriet Beecher S. DeVan of Stamford, a granddaughter of Henry Ward Beecher, gave an address on "Objects and Aims."

There was good music by the Banjo Club, excellent singing by Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Tolles and Miss Elizabeth King. Altogether, this was one of the most delightful social meetings ever held by the Daughters of the American Revolution in Connecticut.

ABIGAIL PHELPS CHAPTER, D. A. R., OF SIMSBURY.

In June, 1893, Mrs. Keim, the state regent, visited Simsbury for the purpose of forming a chapter of Daughters of the American Revolution. A formal organization was effected in November, and the chapter given the name of Abigail Phelps, whose three sons, Captain David, Col. Noah, and Colonel Elisha Phelps, served in the war, the two latter being prominent in the Ticonderoga expedition.

The Chapter contains descendants of Governor Thomas Dudley of Massachusetts, Governor William Leete, Elder William and Ozias Goodwin, William Pynchon, Matthew Grant—ancestor of General Grant and John Brown—Colonel Noah and Captain David Phelps, two Colonel Jonathan Humphreys, Judge John, Major Elihu, and Hon. Daniel Humphrey, two Colonel Jonathan Pettibones, Captain Abel Pettibone, Colonel Munroe of Lexington, Colonel Denison, Esquire John Owen, Captain Job Case, Captain Fithin Case, Captain Eliphalet Curtiss, the Lords, Woodbridges, Whittings, and Wadsworths, and the Sewells, Winslows, and Lawrences of Massachusetts.

We are also honored by the membership of two veritable daughters, Mrs. Selina Belden and Miss Mahala Terry.

The same officers have held since organization, with the addition of vice-regent. Mrs. Charles Pitman Croft is regent; Mrs. Joseph Toy, vice-regent; Mrs. Joseph R. Ensign, secretary; Mrs. George C. Eno, treasurer; Miss Mary Winslow, registrar; and Miss Mary H. Humphrey, historian.

Meetings are held once a month at private houses or at the library. Papers have been written by the historian on the Pettibone, Whiting, Phelps, and Humphrey families, and reports of the congresses of '95 and '96 by Mrs. Fannie Eno Welch and Miss Mary Winslow. Washington's birthday and the anniversaries of Lexington and Ticonderoga have been commemorated, and a reception will be held at the home of the regent on Bunker Hill Day.

At the meetings varied programmes have been offered. Colonial and revolutionary letters have been read, selections from John Fiske's American Revolution and other historical works, and various articles on subjects pertaining to the days of '76. Musical and social features of the meetings

have been made prominent. Several meetings, particularly of a social nature, have been held at the home of our regent, Mrs. Croft, at one of which the Chapter met Mrs. Keim.

The chapter numbers about forty-five, and has been well represented at the Continental Congresses and at most of the Connecticut conferences.

The first contribution toward the Continental Hall at Washington—two hundred and fifty dollars—was made by Mrs. Antoinette Eno Wood, who has also presented us with a handsome frame, ornamented with the State Arms, for our charter.

We have also contributed toward the Mary Washington Monument and Mrs. Harrison portrait funds and various objects in the line of D. A. R. work.

On Memorial Day the chapter decorated with flags and flowers the graves of thirty-six soldiers of the Revolution, buried in the Simsbury cemetery.

MARY H. HUMPHREY,
Historian.

THE FAITH TRUMBULL CHAPTER, D. A. R., OF NORWICH

is the fifteenth Chapter in the State in the order of organization, having been formed in November, 1893,—its Charter, however, bearing date of April 26, 1894,—and now has the names of 94 ladies on its membership list.

The Chapter is privileged to bear a distinguished name, that of Faith Trumbull, who was the loyal and devoted wife of Governor Jonathan Trumbull, known as the Revolutionary War Governor of Connecticut, and the confidential friend of Washington.

She was the mother of six children, each of whom filled prominent positions during the Revolutionary period.

Their eldest son, Joseph, was Commissary-general in Washington's army; Jonathan, Jr. was paymaster in the army and afterward Governor of Connecticut from 1797 until his death, August 7, 1809—a period of nearly twelve years; David was assistant-commissary and the father of Governor Joseph Trumbull, who was Governor of Connecticut in 1849; the youngest son, John, was aid-de-camp to Washington, and the renowned artist who painted many historic paintings, including the four great national pictures ordered by Congress for the Capitol at Washington; the eldest daughter, Faith, was the wife of Maj.-General Jedediah Huntington, and the younger daughter, Mary, was the wife of William Williams, one of the four Connecticut signers of the immortal Declaration of Independence.

During the progress of the Revolutionary War it was necessary to make frequent calls for contributions to aid the Continental army; on one such occasion, when a contribution was to be taken in the Congregational Church at Lebanon, it is related

of Madam Faith Trumbull that she left her seat in Church and throwing from her shoulders the elegant scarlet cloak—a present to her from Count Rochambeau, the commander of the French allied army—laid it on the altar as her offering for the needs of the soldiers. The cloak was afterward cut into strips and used to trim the uniforms of many of the American army officers.

Faith Trumbull Chapter has held meetings at irregular intervals, sometimes on historic dates to commemorate events of the Revolution, at other times to listen to lectures or a familiar "talk" on pertinent subjects.

On several occasions the meetings have taken a social form for the mutual acquaintance and pleasure of the members. A few outings to historic places have proved delightfully interesting.

The Chapter was represented at the recent State Conference at Hartford by 17 members, and about 30 members were present June 17th. "Bunker Hill Day," at Lebanon, when the Sons of the American Revolution unveiled a Bronze Tablet in the old "War Office" where Governor Jonathan Trumbull and the Council of Safety held more than eleven hundred meetings during the Revolutionary War.

Eight members of this Chapter are descendants of Governor Jonathan and Madam Faith Trumbull, and one of the above members is also a descendant of the second Governor Jonathan Trumbull.

ELLEN GEER,
Historian.

ESTHER STANLEY CHAPTER, D. A. R., OF NEW BRITAIN.

One of the most interesting meetings of the Esther Stanley Chapter was held at the home of Mrs. William L. Humason on the afternoon of April 10th. Thirty-six members responded to the roll-call.

We were highly favored by a mandolin solo by Mr. James Foster, a son of one of our members. Three new members were elected, and we now number fifty-nine daughters. The leading events of the month were given by Mrs. H. B. Boardman. An interesting ancestral paper was read by Mrs. Frank Johnston; a poem, "Quakeress Ruth," was read by Mrs. William B. Thomson, and Mrs. Charles B. Stanley gave an account of the "Burning of Fairfield, Conn." The hospitality of our hostess was demonstrated in a very agreeable and refreshing manner, and after a short social talk the meeting adjourned.

At our regular May meeting, held at the home of Mrs. F. H. Allis, thirty-five ladies were present. After the events of the month had been given by Mrs. Page, an interesting paper was read by Mrs. M. C. Hart, upon her ancestor, Lieut.-Col. Tench Tilghman, aid-de-camp of General Washington. A poem was read by Miss Alice G.

Stanley, entitled "Tilghman's Ride from Yorktown to Philadelphia," and formed a pleasing sequel to Mrs. Hart's paper, which had given such a full and interesting account of Tilghman's life. Music, refreshments, and a pleasant social hour completed the programme for the day.

May 29th twenty-four members of the Esther Stanley Chapter met at Fairview cemetery, and after a few appropriate remarks from the historian, floral offerings were placed on the graves of Esther Stanley and the Revolutionary heroes buried in our midst. At the invitation of Mrs. H. D. Humphrey all adjourned to her home, where amid a profusion of old-fashioned flowers, a short literary program was rendered and a delicious ice enjoyed.

E. C. WETMORE,
Secretary.

SARAH RIGGS HUMPHREYS
CHAPTER, D. A. R., OF DERBY.

The Sarah Riggs Humphreys Chapter, D. A. R., was formed in October, 1893, at the home of our Regent, Mrs. A. W. Phillips. Our former State Regent, Mrs. Keim, and Mrs. Phillips, were instrumental in the formation of this Chapter, and by a most fortuitous concurrence of circumstances, the ladies who were interested at the outset were the ones to give it that character of stability and culture which it has ever maintained. From the time of its inception until the present time, our much-loved Regent, Mrs. A. W. Phillips, has been the ruling spirit, the soul of the organization. With an energy and zeal that never tired she visited the ladies of our town, interesting them by her well-controlled enthusiasm, which never goes to extremes, and, with a perseverance worthy of grateful recognition, aided in the search for Revolutionary ancestors, which has enabled our Chapter to increase in numbers so rapidly that at the present writing we have over one hundred members. It was also our good fortune to have for historian Miss Jane De Forest Shelton, whose enthusiasm and literary genius have left their impress on our Chapter, and whose impulse in the direction of acquiring historical knowledge has been of so great benefit, while the conscientious work of the registrar, Miss Louise Birdseye, and the excellent work of our other officers have been conducive to the progress of the organization in the right direction. A volume would not suffice to describe the merits of the many historical papers written by our ladies, the subjects being the dissensions between the mother country and the colonies, the battles of the Revolutionary War, the noted men who figured in that war, while neither Columbus nor Washington were forgotten on the anniversaries which commemorated important events in their lives; then, too, papers on town history, early coinage, and on abstract themes, showed the genius possessed by our ladies. The first year of the organization we had very little music, but since then

the double quartet of ladies, developed through the efforts of Mrs. Leonidas Alling, chairman of the Music Committee, and composed entirely of Daughters, the violin played with rare skill by Miss Fannie Osborne, the piano solos, and the sweet music of the mandolin club, have contributed much to the enjoyment of our meetings. Elocutionists from a neighboring town, as well as our own, have graciously used their talents to give us pleasure.

With one or two exceptions the monthly meetings have been held at the homes of the ladies, and it has been our pleasure to entertain visitors from a number of the Chapters of the State, while Mrs. Keim, our former State Regent, Mrs. Kinney, our present State Regent, and Mrs. Coffin, our Governor's wife, have graced our meetings with their presence.

The hostesses and the committee on entertainment have ever attended to their duties with a courtesy much to be commended, while the reception held in February, 1895, was a marked success, showing to the townspeople that the organization was no passing fancy, and, indeed, I think all will admit that it is one whose foundation is laid in true patriotism, and the desire to preserve the memory and history of those early struggles for independence to which we owe largely our present liberty and happiness. But the work of this Chapter, to which particular reference must be made, is two-fold, the historical library, planned and labored for so zealously by our Regent, that it now numbers four hundred volumes, the gifts of Daughters and friends outside the Chapter, and the last and crowning work, the reclaiming of what is called the Up-town Cemetery. To this the Chapter has appropriated one hundred dollars, and the gifts of friends have so increased the fund that much has already been done. Mrs. Chas. H. Pinney has superintended this work, and she has been unremitting in her care to see that every dollar was well spent, many times most generously supplying deficiencies. Such, in brief, is the history of the Derby Chapter, named for the gracious lady who was the mother of one of our brave Revolutionary heroes, Gen. Humphreys. So gentle and courteous, so generous and kindly disposed was she, that they called her Lady Humphreys, and it is a source of much gratification that her grave, as also that of her husband, Rev. Daniel Humphreys, has been kindly cared for by one of our enthusiastic Daughters.

JENNIE B. SAWYER.

MARY SILLIMAN CHAPTER, D. A. R.,
OF BRIDGEPORT.

The meetings of the Mary Silliman Chapter, D. A. R., have been largely attended.

Great interest has been taken in the Revolutionary data of each month given by the historian.

"Our Western Land" has been adopted as our chapter hymn, Mrs. Birdseye presenting printed copies.

Upon invitation of the Sons of the American Revolution the Mary Silliman Chapter assisted in the decoration of the graves of Revolutionary heroes on Memorial Day. Lineage papers have been read by Mrs. S. Y. Beach, Mrs. Elmer Beardsley, Mrs. James Burroughs, Mrs. C. H. Bill, Mrs. George Jameson, and the Misses Sarah Bartram and Booth.

Mrs. Howard Curtis, chairman of the committee on historical relics, has brought relics for inspection, and given interesting descriptions of them. Relics have been presented to the Chapter by Mrs. Orlando Bartram, Mrs. John Findley, Mrs. Samuel Banks, and Miss Booth.

The Lafayette meeting, December 9th, was of special interest and largely attended. Mrs. N. W. Richardson was present and told of the honor conferred upon her by shaking hands with Lafayette on the occasion of his visit to America in 1824, to lay the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument. The Chapter has, among its members, two genuine daughters of the Revolution.

Our delegates to the National Congress were Miss Sarah J. Bartram and Mrs. James Burroughs, who, upon their return, gave exceedingly interesting reports.

A question-box has been introduced and special attention is given to the musical program. Tea has been served after each meeting.

We have had the pleasure of welcoming the regents and members from other Chapters in the State.

We have 123 members.

JANE E. SEELEY,

Corresponding Secretary.

ORFORD PARISH CHAPTER, D. A. R., OF MANCHESTER.

The Orford Parish Chapter, whose organization was assured February 20, 1895, but not fully effected until May 4th following, has been steadily increasing in membership until there are now twenty-three names upon its rolls.

At the last annual meeting the same officers were elected as were appointed for the first year, and are as follows: Regent, Mrs. A. Willard Case; vice-regent, Miss Mary Cheney; registrar, Mrs. Louise Holt Moore; secretary, Miss Laura Mabel Case; treasurer, Mrs. Charles S. Cheney; historian, Miss Alice B. Cheney; local board of managers, Mrs. Frank Cheney, Mrs. M. S. Chapman.

The work of the Chapter thus far has been that of identifying and marking the graves of Revolutionary soldiers buried in the town, and at eleven graves markers designed and used by the S. A. R. were placed, and the graves decorated on Memorial Day. Several others have since been identified and will also be marked in the same way.

Orford Parish Chapter has two real daughters of Revolutionary soldiers among its members, Mrs. Mary Pitkin, now resid-

ing in Milwaukee, who will be 98 years of age August 30th, and her sister, Miss Harriet Hollister, 93 years old. Can any Chapter in Connecticut excel that record of having two "real" daughters who are sisters, and is not Mrs. Pitkin the oldest Daughter in the State, if not in the membership? What is most remarkable, she wrote a very graceful letter of acceptance in response to the invitation of the Chapter to become a member, in which she says: "I am thankful that so much of the true American principle remains with the descendants of those that gave us a free country."

MARIETTA STANLEY CASE,

Regent.

ABIGAIL WOLCOTT ELLSWORTH CHAPTER, D. A. R., OF WINDSOR.

On December 8, 1894, the first meeting of the society was held at the house of Mrs. Bell. Officers were elected, and a paper was read by Mrs. Pitkin, secretary of the Ruth Wyllys Chapter of Hartford. The name chosen for the Chapter was that of Abigail Wolcott Ellsworth, whose husband was chief justice of the United States and a personal friend of Gen. Washington. Since then we have held five meetings yearly.

The Chapter has adopted for its local badge a dark blue ribbon, bearing the inscription, "The Abigail Wolcott Ellsworth Chapter, No. 25, Windsor, Conn., 1894." This is to be worn with a pin made from an original forest-tree which stood until recently on the grounds of the old Ellsworth homestead. On the pin are the letters D. A. R. in silver. The charter is also in a frame made from the wood of the same tree.

The Chapter has now about twenty-five members, among them a daughter of a Revolutionary soldier, now in her ninety-ninth year.

The last meeting for this year was held June 11th, at the old Ellsworth house; the State Regent was present, and various incidents relating to the history of the house were read, after which the ladies were allowed to roam at will through the house, which contains many objects of interest. Late in the afternoon refreshments were served in the dining-room. The meeting was then adjourned until fall.

JENNIE LOOMIS,

Secretary.

KATHERINE GAYLORD CHAPTER, D. A. R.

The Katherine Gaylord Chapter of Bristol held a most interesting meeting on March 27th, devoting the time to different characteristics of the "Women of the Revolution," as illustrated in the following short papers: "Prominent women whose husbands and fathers had influence in the Revolution," Mrs. George Scott; "Organized bodies of women in the Revolution," Mrs. L. G. Merick; "Women rulers who took some part in the American Revolution,"

Mrs. Edward E. Newell; "Heroic Southern women in the Revolution," Miss Pierce; "Women of romantic connection in the Revolution," Miss Tuttle; "A stay-at-home heroine," original story, Mrs. Andrew Gaylord; "The women of '76," original poem, Miss Hanson.

After listening to these interesting papers all felt a new affection for the much-talked-of grandmothers of Revolutionary times.

The April meeting of the Chapter took the form of a debate on the question, "Were the Tories justified in their allegiance to King George?"

The disputants were Miss Root and Mrs. C. I. Allen, affirmative; Miss Atwood and Miss Hubbell, negative. The vice-regent, Mrs. M. L. Peck, who was presiding, gave judgment in favor of the affirmative side, from the weight of argument, but she was not supported by the house, for the daughters of patriots positively refused to vote for the Tories under any circumstances.

The May meeting celebrated the anniversary of the capture of Ticonderoga. A charming letter, with several pamphlets and poems, which had been sent by Mrs. Joseph Cook to the historian, Miss Root, were read.

"The Legend of Ticonderoga," told in prose by Miss Gordon Cummings, and in poetry by Robert Louis Stevenson, were then read by Miss Roberts and Mrs. W. E. Sessions, followed by a delightful paper on the "History of Ticonderoga," prepared by Mrs. Dayne, and short biographical sketches of Ethan Allen, Seth Warner, and Benedict Arnold, prepared and read by Mrs. B. F. Judd.

Miss Alice M. Bartholomew read a charming paper on "My Visit to Ticonderoga."

The D. A. R. Glee Club, under the leadership of Mrs. C. F. Barnes, furnishes music for the Chapter meetings.

The regular program for the year is finished, but a special meeting is called for June 17th in order to dedicate the monument to Katherine Gaylord, which was erected in Burlington last fall. The exercises will be held at three o'clock in the old cemetery, and will consist of an address on the life and work of Katherine Gaylord, by the Regent, Mrs. Muzzy, an account of "The Descendants of Katherine Gaylord," by Mrs. Alexander Wheeler of Bridgeport, a poem by Miss Hanson, and a paper on "Old Burlington," by Mrs. J. M. Webster of that place.

The Chapter will then be entertained by the ladies of Burlington, and after the supper the following toasts will be given: "Fads," Miss Root; Duet, "The Sword of Bunker Hill," Mrs. C. F. Barnes and Mrs. C. S. Treadway; "Sister Towns," Mrs. Turner; "Our Heroine," Mrs. Charles S. Cook, the last-named lady being the only direct descendant of Katherine Gaylord in the membership of the Chapter.

In addition to the literary work reported above it has been voted that the Chapter assume the care of improving the village green, once used as the old military train-

ing ground, but now somewhat neglected. It is hoped to transform it into an attractive park, and thereby perpetuate a link with the past.

CLARA LEE BOWMAN,
Recording Secretary.

NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY MAYFLOWER DESCENDANTS.

The New England Society of Mayflower Descendants, which was incorporated in New London, Conn., on March 7, 1896, has taken a broad stand in regard to membership, and is growing rapidly as a direct result of its liberal policy. There have already been enrolled over fifty members, representing all parts of the country, and the society has on file a large number of applications upon which it has not been able as yet to take action.

The society has shown much wisdom in the choice of a name, selecting one which does not seem to restrict its scope to any one State, and yet not so general in character as to lose all local significance. The early Fathers reared their first cabins in Plymouth, but in less than a dozen years they began their settlements in Connecticut, and were driving their cattle in various directions through the forests to other homes. But what new settlements so remote as not to be embraced in the present confines of New England?

Both ladies and gentlemen are eligible to membership in the society, and, although it is called the "New England Society," applications will be favorably considered from any desirable person in any part of the country who can prove his descent from a passenger on the Mayflower, and who wishes to preserve those New England associations which began with his Pilgrim Fathers.

The following extracts will give the rules which govern the reception of applications:

Purpose of Society.—The purpose for which it is constituted is to perpetuate the memory of the band of Pilgrims, passengers on the Mayflower, who landed at Plymouth Rock, Massachusetts, December 21, 1620; and to preserve their records, their history, and the memory of all facts relating to them, their ancestors and their posterity. The Compact, that memorable constitution of self-government, their constancy of purpose under severe trials, and their fortitude under privations, entitle the Pilgrims of Plymouth to the veneration of mankind, and form an example worthy of emulation for all time.

Eligibility—Requirements.—Every lineal descendant, over eighteen years of age, of any passenger of the voyage of the Mayflower, which terminated at Plymouth, Massachusetts, December 21, 1620, including all signers of the Compact, shall be eligible to membership. The candidate must be proposed and seconded by members in good standing, and elected at a regular meeting. Each member-elect, upon

notification of election, shall pay the initiation fee and dues for the year and comply with the requirements of the Constitution and By-Laws.

Proceedings on Applications. — Nominations for membership shall be made in writing to the secretary by a member of the society, and shall be seconded by another member, both of whom shall vouch for the nominee.

All nominations must be favorably reported by the Board of Assistants, before final application blanks may be issued to the nominee.

The nominee shall then file final blank, showing direct descent from a passenger or signer of The Compact on the Mayflower, and with the consent of the Board of Assistants, nominees and members may file additional papers showing descent, all of which shall be sworn to, and shall include references and authorities given in detail.

It is necessary to establish the identity of an ancestor by reference to remote Family Bible or gravestone records. The blank should be accompanied by a duly acknowledged affidavit, vouching for these records.

All application papers and evidence of lineage shall be referred to and examined by the Historian, and, after the lineage is approved, the nomination, with the application paper or papers, shall be reported to the society at the next regular meeting.

The members present shall vote upon the nomination by secret ballot, and the nominee must have two-thirds of the members present vote in the affirmative in order to obtain an election.

Every election shall be void unless it shall be followed by payment of the entrance fee or \$3.00, and dues of \$2.00, for the current year.

The officers are as follows: Governor, Benj. Stark; secretary and treasurer, Laurence W. Miner; historian, Miss Fannie Potter.

All inquiries in regard to the society should be addressed to the secretary, Mr. Laurence W. Miner, New London, Conn., who will be pleased to furnish preliminary application blanks upon request.

MILITARY ORDER OF FOREIGN WARS.

A meeting of the New York, Pennsylvania, and Connecticut Commanderies of the Military Order of Foreign Wars of the United States was held at the Brevoort House, New York city, on March 11th, to organize the National Commandery of the Order. The following delegates were present from the Connecticut Commandery: Morgan Gardiner Bulkeley, commander; A. Floyd Delafield, vice-commander; Rev. Henry N. Wayne, secretary and registrar; Rev. Alexander Hamilton, chaplain; Col. Henry Churchill Morgan, U. S. A., Frederick Jabez Huntington, and Hon. Erastus Gay.

A meeting of the Connecticut Commandery was held in Hartford on April 6th, at which Mr. A. Floyd Delafield was elected national vice-commander to represent Connecticut in the National Commandery.

Two gentlemen were also elected companions.

At a meeting held May 21st one member was elected. A meeting will soon be called when the many applications for membership recently received will be voted upon.

H. N. WAYNE,

Secretary.

CHILDREN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION—THOMAS STARR SOCIETY, C. A. R., OF EASTERN POINT, GROTON.

At the first meeting of the Anna Warner Bailey Chapter, D. A. R., held after the Continental Congress of the Daughters in 1895, its Regent, Mrs. Cuthbert Harrison-Slocomb, brought before the ladies the project of Mrs. Lothrop for the organization of a Society of the Children of the American Revolution, and through her energetic enthusiasm, seven of the Daughters of the A. W. B. Chapter, D. A. R., were induced to undertake the formation of local societies, and a C. A. R. committee, with Mrs. Slocomb as chairman, was appointed in order that the ladies might work more advantageously in the organizing and carrying on of societies. One of the ladies has not as yet been able to arouse any interest in her locality, so the Anna Warner Bailey Chapter, D. A. R., only mothers six societies, one in New London, one each in Westerly and Stonington, and three in Groton.

Of these six societies, the Thomas Starr Society, Eastern Point, Groton, was the first formed, and was also the first organized in Connecticut. Fourteen children eligible for membership met on the 15th of June, 1895, named the society and elected their officers. It was an enthusiastic meeting, as have been all the ten subsequent meetings of the society. All patriotic days have been celebrated. On the 6th of September the Society, by invitation, joined, in conjunction with the other local societies C. A. R., and the Anna Warner Bailey Chapter, D. A. R., in patriotic exercises at Fort Griswold, and were much profited by the addresses given by the State Regent, Miss Susan Clarke, the Hon. Edgar M. Warner of Putnam, and Mrs. Cuthbert H. Slocomb. After the exercises the ladies of the A. W. B. Chap., D. A. R., served their little guests with refreshments.

Connecticut, having organized the most societies, is entitled to the banner presented by Mrs. Lothrop to the society C. A. R., and Mrs. Slocomb, Regent of the Anna Warner Bailey Chapter, D. A. R., and a State promoter C. A. R., who, by her faithful and energetic endeavors, has been the cause of the formation of more societies than any other promoter (she has not confined her work to her own locality, but

has aided other chapters and ladies in the work of organization, even with her personal presence, has been appointed by Mrs. Lathrop its guardian.

On Memorial Day the Thomas Starr Society, the first organized in the State, was accorded the privilege of delivering into the keeping of Mrs. Slocomb this beautiful banner. The Thomas Avery and Col. Ledyard Societies joined them in a procession, and the children marched around the ramparts of Fort Griswold, passing the spot where Ledyard fell. Each child dropped a floral tribute and then proceeded to the Monument House, so beautifully transformed into a resting place for the weary historic sight-seer, and repository for historic relics, where the banner is to be kept, until some other promoter or State earns the right to its guardianship. Mrs. Slocomb received the banner from its bearer, Lucy A. Avery, the youngest girl in the Society, with a most impressive and appropriate address.

The Thomas Starr Society now numbers twenty members, and its meetings are well attended.

SUSAN BILLINGS MEECH,
President.

THOMAS AVERY SOCIETY, C. A. R., OF POQUONOCK BRIDGE, GROTON.

Upon the afternoon of June 20, 1895, Mrs. Daniel Morgan of the Anna Warner Bailey Chapter, D. A. R., opened her house at Poquonock Bridge, to the ladies and children desirous of organizing a local society of the Children of the American Revolution. As a result the second society in the county was formed. The name chosen was that of Thomas Avery, a young hero less than seventeen years of age, who lost his life while fighting by the side of his father, Lieut. Park Avery, at Fort Griswold, Sept. 6, 1781. Lieut. Avery, fearing his son might falter in the hottest of the battle, turned and said, "Tom, my son, do your duty." The boy cheerfully replied, "Have no fear, father, I will do my duty," and the next moment was stretched lifeless upon the ground.

One of the objects of this society is to place in proper condition the grave of Thomas Avery, which is now in a neglected condition. At an entertainment given for the purpose a good sum was netted, which will be devoted to this object.

The officers of the society are as follows: President, Addie A. Thomas; vice-president, Sarah H. Morgan; secretary, Dorothy M. Wells; treasurer, Frank B. Avery; registrar, William R. Wells; historian, Simeon Fisn.

The society, which began with nine members, has now a membership of twenty.

During the year eleven society meetings have been held. At each meeting an hour has been spent in singing patriotic songs, and in reading or reciting sketches of the life of some historic character, which has been decided upon at a previous meeting;

then follows an hour or more passed in partaking of refreshments and in playing games.

Three times in the year the local C. A. R. of Groton, namely, Thomas Starr, Thomas Avery, and Col. Ledyard, have been called together by Mrs. Cuthbert Harrison-Slocomb. First on July 4, 1895, at the home of Mrs. S. S. Meech of Eastern Point; second, on Sept. 6, 1895, when the Anna Warner Bailey Chapter, D. A. R., entertained the children's societies at Fort Griswold; and again on Decoration Day, 1896, when the Children of the American Revolution, after placing flowers on the graves of the heroes whom they honor, met at the residence of Mrs. Slocomb, and then marched into and about the fort, and, after saluting the flag and placing flowers upon the spot where Col. Ledyard was killed, marched to the Monument House, where Mrs. Slocomb addressed the children in her usual happy manner.

ADDIE A. THOMAS,
President.

COL. LEDYARD SOCIETY, C. A. R., OF GROTON.

The Col. Ledyard Society, C. A. R., of Groton Village, was formed in July, 1895, with the following officers: President, Mary Jane Avery; vice-president, Betsey A. Bouse; 2d vice-president, Mrs. C. H. Slocomb.

A secretary, treasurer, and historian were also chosen. The society now numbers sixteen members.

At our regular meetings we have readings and singing of patriotic songs, games, etc. In December we were entertained by one of our members. After the regular exercises the hostess summoned us to the dining-room, where we enjoyed a delicious supper. In May the society was entertained at the home of our president. We have joined the Thomas Starr and Thomas Avery societies in the union meetings of local societies of C. A. R.

On Decoration Day we put flowers upon the grave of Col. Ledyard, and in the afternoon were present and assisted in the exercises at the fort and Monument House.

We have an object to work for, and already have started a fund with which to erect a tablet on the house of Anna Warner Bailey, and we are all true Americans, who love our country, flag, and liberty.

MARY JANE AVERY,
President.

WILLIAM LATHAM, JR., SOCIETY, C. A. R., OF STONINGTON.

The William Latham, Jr. (Little Powder Monkey) Society, C. A. R., was organized July 18, 1895, with twelve members, all quite young, and now numbers fourteen members.

We have had several interesting meetings. As the children are far apart, we

can only meet on Saturdays during the school year.

We have tried to bring before the children the many historical events connected with Stonington, also the national holidays.

The Westerly C. A. R. Society met with us under the tree where the Rev. George Whitfield preached. Remarks were made by the Westerly minister and Judge Wheeler, and singing by the children. A tablet has been placed to mark this historic spot.

HARRIET E. NOYES,
President.

JONATHAN BROOKS SOCIETY, C. A. R., OF NEW LONDON.

The Jonathan Brooks Society, C. A. R., was the first in New London, and was organized on Flag Day in June, 1895. The first meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Frank H. Chappell. The Society had then twelve members, and now, June, 1896, claims to be the banner society in the banner county of the banner state, having sixty members.

President, Mrs. Frank H. Arms; secretary, Richard Bishop Smith; treasurer, Henry Holt Smith; historian, Edward Clark Johnston; assistant historian, William Cleveland Crump; registrar, Miss Alice Cooper Stanton.

Mrs. Arms, the president, is a member of the Anna Warner Bailey Chapter, D. A. R., of Groton.

The Jonathan Brooks Society has celebrated several anniversaries of battles fought for our country.

On July 4, 1895, they held a meeting (at the same hour Mrs. Lothrop held hers in Boston), at the New London Court House, built in 1784, when Hon. C. A. Williams gave an interesting address, followed by Hon. J. N. Harris and others. Good music formed a part of the program, and old and young entered into the spirit of the day in a good old-fashioned way.

September 6th, the anniversary of the battle of Fort Griswold and the burning of New London, the National Promoter, Mrs. Cuthbert Harrison-Slocumb, Regent of the Anna Warner Bailey Chapter, D. A. R., invited the children to make their first pilgrimage to the historic battlefield in Groton. Interesting exercises, consisting of speeches and music, were held, after which the ladies of the Chapter served a fine collation to their little guests.

Other days have been observed through the year, the Boston Tea Party, The Battle of the Kegs, Battle of Cowpens, Battle of Lexington, etc. Our Society had the honor of using for the first time the beautiful standard presented to Connecticut by Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, the National President. This was on April 18, 1896, in celebration of the Battle of Lexington; the 19th falling this year on Sunday, the 18th was observed.

The meetings have been held in several of the schoolhouses, permission having been granted by the president of the school board. The last meeting was held at the house of Mrs. Charles S. Starr.

The name of the Society, Jonathan Brooks, was chosen in honor of a patriotic boy, who was the first person to enter the town of New London on Sept. 6, 1781, after its evacuation by the British soldiers, and while the houses were still burning.

Each year until his death it was his custom to celebrate that day with appropriate ceremonies, long after the habit had fallen into disuse by his fellow townsmen.

The tomb of Jonathan Brooks is in the ancient burial ground, and on Memorial Day flowers were placed there by the loving hands of his little friends.

The house that was his home in the latter years of his life was one of the earliest built in town. It was recently taken down, and Mr. Israel F. Brown has made and presented to the children's society a gavel made of the wood of one of the great beams.

In a quiet way we are becoming familiar with the history of our country, and pledge our allegiance to our country's flag.

ANNIE HOLT SMITH,
Assistant President.

THE STEPHEN HEMPSTEAD SOCIETY, C. A. R., OF NEW LONDON.

The second society of the C. A. R. in New London was organized January 1, 1896.

Mrs. Marian R. Hempstead Stayner is the president, with six members of the Lucretia Shaw Chapter, D. A. R., as assistants.

The first meeting was held January 16th, in the senior class-room of the Coit-Street School, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion with flags, bunting, and patriotic emblems. The prime object of this meeting was the choosing a name for the society. There were twenty-seven eligible children present, and each one was requested to vote on the question. There were four names proposed, but that of Stephen Hempstead was chosen unanimously. It is with love and reverence we think of the brave man whose name our society bears. Friend and companion of Nathan Hale, he shared all Hale's hardships and hazardous undertakings, but escaped, while Hale was captured and hung. Yes, escaped, but what a life of ceaseless suffering was his! A participant in the battle of Groton Heights he was seriously wounded, and, taken for dead, was thrown into the death cart, which was already filled with the dead and dying, and hurled down the precipitous embankment toward the river. But this was not to be his end, for many long years he lived, his health completely shattered by all he had undergone, and, though he was never for an instant free from pain, the heroic way in which he bore all, shows of what sturdy fibre was his nature, and leaves to us an example of patient endurance. When an old man, though his frame was bent, his cheeks sunken, and hair whitened by the terrible suffering he had undergone, he often remarked, "All this, aye, and double this, would I bear for the sake of my country."

Such a life cannot fail to inspire us with lofty aims.

February 22d we celebrated Washington's Birthday in an appropriate manner. The children took entire charge of the decorations, and trimmed the rooms of the old Hempstead house, where the exercises were held, in a manner most creditable to themselves. In this house, which, by the way, is the oldest house in New London, having been erected about 1640-1643, Stephen Hempstead lived when a boy, and this fact adds greatly to the children's interest in it. At this meeting an elaborate literary program was rendered, followed by refreshments, conspicuous among the cake being one from the top of which waved twenty-seven small silk flags, one for each member of the society. A great deal of enthusiasm and patriotic feeling was manifested.

The next meeting was the celebration of the Battle of Lexington with appropriate exercises, one feature of the program being the relating of some fact or incident connected with the battle by each member of the society. On this day the president and secretary presented the officers and members with a badge consisting of a bow of red, white, and blue ribbon, with the name of the society printed on one of the streamers.

At the close of this meeting the society was presented with an elegant bunting flag, a gift from one of New London's patriotic citizens.

On Memorial Day we had no regular meeting, but the members, laden with flowers, met at the Coit-Street School, where bouquets were made to be placed on the graves of the dead heroes.

A wagon, kindly placed at the disposal of the society, was decorated with the folds of Old Glory, while the society banner of blue and gold ornamented the seat.

The flowers were placed in the wagon and sent to the Court House as a testimonial of respect to the W. W. Perkins Post G. A. R. A small delegation of children wended their way to the "Antientest burial place," where one of the members, in behalf of the Stephen Hempstead Society, C. A. R., presented to the Regent of the Lucretia Shaw Chapter, D. A. R., some flowers to be placed on the tomb of the sweet and loyal lady, Lucretia Harris Shaw, whose name the local Chapter bears.

It was impossible for us to celebrate Flag-Day, but later nearly every member was present at the lawn party given by the secretary of the society at her home. The lawns were beautifully decorated with flags, bunting, fancy lanterns, etc. An orchestra of children furnished excellent music, and a literary program, in which Old Glory figured conspicuously, was given. Refreshments were served on little rustic tables. There were thirty children present and the exercises concluded with a spider party.

On the north lawn thirty long pieces of twine were so arranged as to form an immense spider's web, on each end of twine

was fastened a tiny flag with a number upon it; each child taking one of these tiny flags began the task of disentangling their own particular line, at the end of which was a prize. A great deal of sport ensued, and shout after shout broke upon the soft summer air.

After all the prizes had been found, thirty tired, but happy, little voices blended in that glorious song, The Star Spangled Banner, after which it was voted to adjourn.

On the 4th of July a picnic will be held for the members, and, by that time, thirty-five members will grace our roll call, the society having been formed just six months.

Among our members is a direct descendant of Israel Putnam, and one from John Alden of the Mayflower.

MRS. JENNIE A. ALEXANDER SMITH,
Secretary.

LAURA WOLCOTT SOCIETY, C. A. R., OF TORRINGTON.

The Laura Wolcott Society, C. A. R., was organized at the home of Mrs. McCarty, March 3, 1896, through the efforts of Mrs. Grace F. Arms of New London. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. A. D. McCarty, who is a member of the Ruth Hart Chapter, D. A. R.; secretary, Harry Bigelow Hanchett; registrar, Bradley A. Welch; treasurer, Emma McNeil.

Mrs. C. H. S. Davis of the Ruth Hart Chapter, D. A. R., of Meriden, assisted in the organization. At the close of the meeting refreshments were served and a social hour enjoyed.

The name chosen was in honor of a young daughter of Governor Wolcott, who was a signer of the "Famous Document." Laura Wolcott helped to melt the statue of George III, and make it into bullets to aid the Continental army.

A meeting of our society has been called for June 20. A Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution is being formed in town, and much interest is being shown.

HARRY BIGELOW HANCHETT,
Secretary.

ISAAC WHEELER SOCIETY, C. A. R., OF MYSTIC.

The Isaac Wheeler Society, C. A. R., was organized with a membership of eight. At the present time it has grown to a society with thirty-two members.

Isaac Wheeler, for whom the society was named, went to the war with his father, Lieut. Isaac Wheeler, at the age of seven years as a drummer boy. Once he refused to drum, because he had no uniform like the rest of the men, so his father bought him a pair of red-topped boots. He never refused to do his duty again.

Meetings are held monthly, at which the following program is carried out: First, one-half hour is given to business, then a half hour in history, either in readings, papers, or questions, given by different mem-

bers of the society: patriotic songs are sung during this time also, the next half hour is devoted to amusements.

Once every week the eldest member of the society, who is twenty years old and a member of the National Guard of this State, drills the boys in military tactics in a hall, the use of which is loaned us by a kind citizen of the town. The boys are armed with home-made guns, regular cadet size.

Soon the meetings will be presided over by a member of the society, a different member each week; all forms and kinds of business will be brought up, so that we may become proficient in parliamentary usages.

Our youngest member, of whom we are very proud, was voted a member of the society at the age of ten days. He is also noted for being born on a national holiday, the 30th of May. He is not expected to drill with the boys for some time.

One of our rules is that we celebrate the national holidays in some manner.

On Washington's Birthday we held a social at the home of one of our members, at which a pleasant program was carried out.

This is a brief outline of the work we are doing. We hope to accomplish more in the future than we have in the past.

HARRY A. SIMMONS,

Historian.

COLONIAL DAMES' LOAN EXHIBIT, NEW HAVEN.

The second exhibition was given by the Colonial Dames in the rooms of the Historical Society, New Haven, May 6th to 9th, inclusive.

A Puritan tea was given at the opening of the exhibition. The ladies who presided were dressed in Puritan style, and tea was served from a thousand-legged table two hundred and fifty years old. May 7th was Revolutionary day, when blue and white were the colors. The glass candlesticks, and old pewter bowls filled with fennel-seed were loaned by Mrs. Sara T. Kinney. Chocolate was served by the Daughters of the American Revolution, the ladies being dressed in the costume of Revolutionary days. In the evening Mrs. George F. Newcomb read her popular paper on the "Songs of the Revolution," and the songs were sung by a chorus of women in Revolutionary gowns.

May 8th was Colonial day, and a full-dress reception was given in the evening, when the dames appeared in Colonial dress. Throughout the exhibition the rooms were beautifully decorated with old-fashioned flowers.

Owing to the great interest in the exhibition, it was continued May 9th, one day longer than originally intended. The great success of this exhibition, the largest collection of purely colonial relics ever shown in Connecticut, was largely due to the efforts of Miss Rebecca Gibbons Beach, who unselfishly devoted her time to the work for two months previous to the exhibition.

All relics received were limited to articles antedating 1785, and many were very much older, including two relics of Miles Standish, a butter-fly table, and a pipe, brought over in the Mayflower, 1620.

Among the most interesting relics was the favorite chair of Governor Treat, the chair in which he sat when he discussed with Andros, at Hartford, Oct., 1687, matters pertaining to the Charter, when "the lights were put out and the Charter hidden in the oak." There was also a chair of English oak, once owned by Governor Saltonstall, and an exquisite silver tray, tea-set, and other silver used in the family of Governor Fitch prior to 1773.

There was an interesting souvenir of Yale College in a silver cup of artistic design, with the following words inscribed thereon: "To Master Thomas Darling, Most worthy tutor, we, His class give this cup as a pledge of eternal love, 1745."

Among the articles loaned by Miss Sheffield was a fine tankard bearing the date 1726, owned by Timothy Jones and wife, Jane Harris, fourth in descent from Theophilus Eaton.

An exquisite little silver cream jug, made by Paul Revere, attracted much attention, and some rare old marrow spoons were exhibited.

The wedding dress of Mrs. Roger Sherman, beautifully hand-painted, was viewed with much interest.

A silver tankard once the property of Rev. John Davenport, and another great tankard bearing the date 1654 were especially noticeable.

An old sampler, probably the oldest in this country, was loaned by Mrs. E. A. Lithgon. It was brought from England in 1638 by William Sargent, and worked by his wife while at school. The picture is 21 x 17 inside the frame, is embroidered on white satin; over forty different stitches being used. It illustrates the story of Queen Esther, and twenty-one human figures are represented besides many horses, birds and flowers, and the Lion of Judea. In the lower left-hand corner Haman sits in the gateway and Mordecai on horseback. In the right-hand corner the Queen gives a feast to the King. In the center the Queen appears before the King, the King holding out his sceptre. In the upper right-hand corner the King has the Chronicles read to him. In the upper center Mordecai on horseback with a messenger running before him. In the upper left-hand corner is Haman on the gallows.

There was a beautiful collection of old watches, jewelry, and rare old laces and embroideries; and many old books and valuable papers, and a vast number of interesting relics we cannot even mention.

The fine collection of miniatures included the one of Washington painted by John Ramage, and two unique miniatures in hair.

A case of Washington relics was shown, also one of Washington's chairs, and some original papers in a suit in which Washington was counsel.

COLONIAL DAMES' LOAN EXHIBITION, HARTFORD.

The Colonial Dames of Connecticut are to be congratulated upon the success of the two exhibitions of Colonial relics, — one in Hartford in April, and the other in New Haven in May; both were of great edu-

27th, when a colonial tea was given, and continued until the evening of May 21.

On the evenings of April 28th and 29th tableaux "Through Colonial Doorways" were given at Unity Hall. This proved to be one of the most beautiful, artistic, and at the same time one of the most unique entertainments ever given in Hartford, and it is a source of regret that these beautiful



TANKARD.
(Owned by Mrs. Colt.)



DOUBLE DRINKING CUP.
(Owned by Mrs. Porter.)

cational value, and most pleasing from the historical associations connected with them. To many young people it was a wonderful revelation, not only from an historical point of view, but opening their eyes as nothing else could to see the artistic merit of the work of the olden time, which for grace and beauty has hardly been equaled in the present day, and has never been excelled.

The Hartford exhibition opened in the rooms of the Historical Society on April

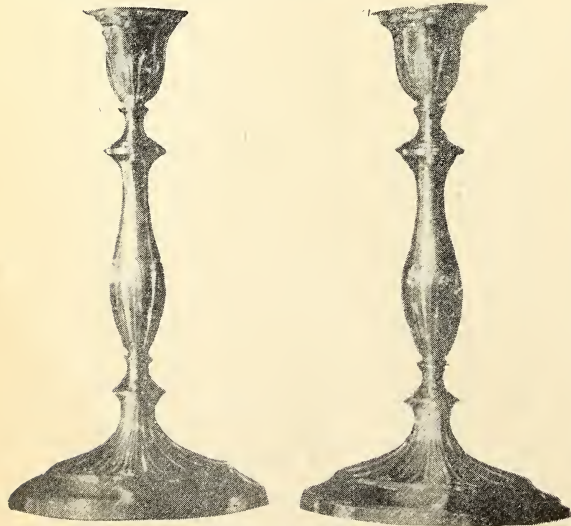


STOMACHER AND PIN.
(Owned by Miss Sheffield.)

scenes of life in the colonial days were not photographed.

At the closing reception yellow tulips and yellow ribbons made a pleasing bit of color, and a side-table, at which Nathan Hale had dined many times, held the great bowl of fruitade. The dames appeared in the dainty costume of "ye olden tyme." Many of the dresses were very beautiful. The one worn by Miss Sheffield once belonged to her grandmother, and was much admired. It was of pink and white striped brocade satin, trimmed with rare old lace.

Mrs. Samuel Colt, president of the Colonial Dames of Connecticut, exhibited many family treasures. Among them were quaint silver spoons, owned by Nathan and Desire Bull of Newport, 1745. Nathan being the fourth in descent from Gov. Henry Bull of Rhode Island, and Mrs. Colt the fourth in descent from Nathan Bull. A large handsome tankard with coat-of-arms emblazoned thereon, owned by James and Mary Perry of Newport, 1745, who were also great-grandparents of Mrs. Colt; a charming old teapot, high candlesticks, a porringer, pepper caster, a large cake basket with curious ornaments, and old cut-



CANDLESTICKS.
(Owned by Mrs. Colt.)

glass. A punch bowl of Lowestoft ware and two quaint cups were buried with other articles to hide them from the British during the war of the Revolution. Mrs. Colt exhibited several articles owned by her ancestors, General William and Esther Buckingham Hart, 1766, and some charming miniatures of dames and officers of the old days, also a lock of General Washington's hair in a gold frame. Some curious pottery and wampum found in the grave

1742. An octagonal silver pepper caster, owned by Deacon Joseph Blague and his wife, Mary Hamlin, in Saybrook, 1718, and used by seven generations of their descendants; a silver sauce-boat owned by Joshua and Mary Lathrop, 1686. Knee-buckles worn by John Hotchkiss of New Haven



THE JONES TANKARD.
(Owned by Miss Sheffield.)

of an Indian on the south meadows forty-five years ago when the dyke was built. Mrs. Colt also exhibited a curious collection of watches and some quaint, brilliant buckles. A beautifully embroidered white satin vest worn by Major William Hart of Saybrook, great grandfather of Mrs. Colt,



MILK PITCHER.
(Owned by Mrs. Porter.)

and a curious pin-cushion with decoration and date 1739 set in pins.

While looking at articles loaned by Mrs. Colt, a white-haired gentleman was much interested in the invitation tickets to balls and assemblies in Newport and Hartford, to Mrs. Colt's ancestors, printed on the backs of playing cards. Among the well-known names of the committee who signed them, was that of William Ely, the grandfather of the gentleman who was looking at them.

Among the many interesting articles exhibited by Miss Sheffield, was an exquisitely embroidered stomacher and the stomacher-pin worn by Madam Mary Hart in



THE NEWBERRY CLOCK.
(Owned by Mrs. Sperry.)

when he married Susannah Jones, 1755; the buckles were also worn by Rev. F. W. Hotchkiss, son of John, when he married Caroline Hart of Saybrook. Wedding slippers of 1742; many pieces of old silver and embroideries were also in this collection.

A rare old milk pitcher, spoons and old English and Dutch silver pieces were shown by Mrs. Josephine S. Porter.

Miss Taintor loaned some very choice pieces of antique silver, the low teapot being massive, unique, richly chased, and very attractive.

Mrs. John Bunce exhibited beautiful old china, Lowestoft, and Wedgewood.

Among the portraits shown, a fine one of Colonel Meigs in full uniform attracted much attention.

A silver pepper pot and cream jug, brought over by Gov. Thomas Wells, 1636, was loaned by Miss Christine Bates of South Glastonbury.

Mrs. Byron E. Hooker loaned a chair, owned by Colonel Lathrop. It was one of six embroidered by his daughter. The embroidery is beautifully done; the spray of pink roses and foliage is still well preserved in color, yet the work was executed in 1756.

Miss Julia Brandegee of Farmington loaned a quaint dress of garnet silk, made of silk for which her grandmother raised the silk worms, spun the silk and wove it, and made it into the dress which she intended giving to Martha Washington, but for some reason did not do so.

Among the eighty or more heir-looms of historic value loaned by Mrs. Henry T. Sperry, may be mentioned the following: The Newberry clock was owned by Gen. Roger Newberry of Windsor, and made by Amos Doolittle of Hartford, previous to 1762.

The late Dr. Lyon, who has an engraving of the clock in his book on colonial furniture, said it was the most beautiful in outline of any clock he had ever seen. The key with which the clock has been wound since 1762 has been used by succeeding generations to the present time, first by Gen. Newberry, Mrs. Newberry, their daughter, Mrs. John Sargent, Mrs. Abel Simmons, the granddaughter, Mrs. E. N. Loomis, and the present owner, the great-granddaughter.

The Wolcott chair was owned first by the first Governor Wolcott, not earlier, probably, than 1725. It was said that George Washington sat in one of the set of chairs, numbering six, four of which are still in good condition.

The Russell chair was owned by Rev. Wm. Russell who married the daughter of Capt. Roger Newberry of Windsor, father of Gen. Newberry. He was pastor of the Windsor Cong'l Church in 1751, when he built the house now standing upon the foundation stones taken from the old Palisado, which was built to protect the people from the Indians and from which came most of the articles in this collection.

Portraits which hang beside the clock were taken in 1858 from the portraits of Gen. and Mrs. Newberry, which were presented by Mrs. Rhoda Simmons of Windsor (daughter of Gen. Newberry), to Dr. John Newberry of Cleveland, late of Columbia College, N. Y., grandson of Gen. Newberry, painted 1790. They are very truthful. A piece of the dress worn by Mrs. Newberry (brown satin) at time of sitting for por-

trait, is attached to the frame. A piece of Mrs. Newberry's wedding dress, light blue corded silk, over which was worn a hand-wrought white lace over-dress.

The wedding shoe or slipper of Elizabeth Newberry, eldest daughter of Roger Newberry, who married the Rev. Henry Rowland of Windsor in 1794, is quite a curiosity.

Two interesting letters and an acrostic are framed between two glasses, one written by Roger Wolcott, an acrostic by his brother, Alexander Wolcott, 1708, and a letter by Roger Newberry, 1761. The acrostic is to Mary Richards, whom he afterward married, and Roger Newberry's letter was a love letter written to Mrs. Eunice Ely of Springfield, who became Mrs. Newberry.

The stomacher pin owned by Mrs. Newberry was one of the three loaned the exhibition.

The Yale diploma of John Sargent who married Miss Newberry, was signed by Roger Newberry in 1793.

Many valuable heir-looms, like a very fine chantilly lace shawl, a ginger jar owned by Capt. Roger Newberry, father of Gen. Roger, a curious piece of linen woven in biblical figures with their names in letters an inch long, known to be two hundred years old. An enameled pitcher (a lost art), 1736, etc., etc., are among this interesting collection.

Dr. C. J. Hoadly contributed a frame of "tea permits," necessary for one to have who wished to drink tea in 1776. One is dated Glastonbury, March 13, 1776, and signed by Dr. Hale certifies that the widow Lois Wright should drink tea.

The rare old china, including fine specimens of old whielder, salt-glaze, and tortoise-shell ware, the elegant old silver, the historic furniture and household utensils, articles of olden time dress so quaintly fashioned, the rare old books, and all the many articles that made up the exhibition, were viewed with intense interest.

NEW LONDON LOAN EXHIBITION.

During the recent celebration of the 250th anniversary of the founding of New London, the people gave a Loan Exhibition under the auspices of the Lucretia Shaw Chapter, D. A. R.

The whole lower floor of the old Court House was filled with interesting relics of the olden time, and the citizens may well be proud of the fact that nearly all of the relics are owned in New London and Groton, with the exception of the Turner collection sent from Torrington by a former resident. The exhibition continued from May 5th to the 9th, and was largely attended. The exhibition included a large collection of old china, one room being devoted entirely to blue and white china and old pewter bright as silver. A wonderful collection of framed silk embroideries, representing pictures. Many pieces of historic furniture, including several relics of Gov-

ernor Saltonstall. Many beautiful old miniatures, enough to form an exhibition in themselves. There were many articles of old time dress, dainty fans and rare laces, some exquisite ancient embroidered muslin dresses; an Indian suit of buckskin, the coat and waistcoat elaborately embroidered with beads.

A piece of handwoven bed curtain, 210 years old, once belonging to the family of John Williams, was shown in a frame; the design representing a country house, barn, and farmyard, haystacks, cattle, pigs, sheep, and chickens, with the farmer and his family.

A beautifully embroidered curtain in design of flowers, grapes, and leaves, bearing the date of 1754, was loaned by E. S. Ripley of Willimantic.

Mrs. C. H. Slocombe of Groton loaned a collection of elegant old European brasses; some of them being over 700 years old; a collection of rare old laces was also loaned by Mrs. Slocombe.

An original deed of land from Uncas to John and Daniel Stebbins, March 6, 1683, and an old deed on parchment with curious seals, and signed by Governor Endicott, were viewed with interest, also a diploma from Yale College granted to Thomas Fosdick, Jr., in 1749.

There were many old portraits, among them one of Governor Thurston, painted when he was a young man, and now owned by Enoch Crandall.

The collection loaned by E. Turner of Torrington contained many pieces of rare old china, and other articles of interest.

THE CELEBRATION AT NEW LONDON.

Each one of the past three months has witnessed a celebration of importance in our staid old commonwealth. Old is appropriate here in one sense, for should we not begin to feel aged and behave with becoming dignity and sedateness when celebrating 250th anniversaries, even though young and fresh in spirit and heart. On May 6th about 30,000 people visited New London to help the citizens of that fair place celebrate the 250th anniversary of the founding of the town. It was indeed a gala day there, the whole city being in holiday attire. Bunting and flags everywhere, all the stores, public buildings, and many private residences decorated. The previous evening the opening exercises at the armory were held, at which an historical address was given by Walter Larned, a poem read by George Parsons Lathrop, and speeches by Congressman Russell, Senator Platt, and Hon. Thos. M. Waller.

The unveiling of the Soldiers and Sailors Monument, given the city by Sebastian D. Lawrence, took place at 11 A. M. on May 6th, Senator Joseph R. Hawley speaking for the army, and President Smith of Trinity for the navy.

These speeches were admirable, full of patriotism, and calculated to press home to each one the significance of the beautiful monument which will stand among the people as a testimonial of history in which they and their fellow countrymen played a part.

And the object of such gatherings as these is not alone the commemoration of events for the ones who took part, nor the holiday festival aspect, simply to have a big time, but for the value they should be to the younger generation; to arouse an interest in matters of which they, perhaps, were hitherto ignorant, to enable them to learn as they could in no other way, the manner of life of the people who have gone before, that we of the present may awaken to a realizing sense of the blessings we enjoy.

purchased by the labors and privations of those true lives preceding us, and feel our responsibilities of handing down to posterity a legacy that shall give no cause for that posterity to say we had not learned our lesson well. This, then, should be the motive underlying all reading and learning about past events. That history is for use, as much for the benefit of the living as in commemoration of the dead.

And the men and women, boys and girls, could think on these things as they went about New London on that day, purchasing and reading the illustrated souvenirs and historical pamphlets that were sold on the streets, visiting the old mill, the court house, with its fine loan exhibition, the old Hempstead house, the house where Nathan Hale taught school, Fort Trumbull, Groton Heights, and many other places of which they could learn more in one brief day, when everyone and everything stood ready to impart information, than they could by many days' study at any other time. The enterprise and public spirit of a firm of prominent merchants deserve special mention, for fixing their store-windows to represent typical New England household scenes, one of Puritan times, the other of the present.

The parade in the afternoon was a grand affair. Military and other organizations from all over the state, attended by numerous bands, many high officials and dignitaries of the state and nation, made it a scene not soon to be forgotten. In the evening there was a magnificent display of fireworks, and those who remained until the following day, when the city was yet gay and crowded with people, and could see, as they rolled away on the train, the last of the whaling ships rotting away at the dock in the harbor, would realize that from the glory of those old-time days of pre-eminence had risen a young and progressive city, fully as glorious and prominent as the old New London of past years.

THE CELEBRATION AT LEBANON.

On June 17th several hundred people assembled at Lebanon to take part in the exercises incident to the placing of a commemorative bronze tablet in the old war-office at that place by the society of the Sons of the American Revolution.

In the morning, at 11.30, the graves of the Revolutionary soldiers in the old Lebanon cemetery were decorated and General Samuel E. Merwin of New Haven delivered an admirable address.

The ladies of Lebanon served a bountiful collation to the visitors, and all that attended will remember with pleasure their liberal hospitality.

At the afternoon exercises the address of welcome was given by Hon. Isaac Gillett, and responded to by Jonathan Trumbull of Norwich, president of the State Society of the Sons of American Revolution. Singing, the unveiling of the tablet by Mrs. E. B. Avery of Lebanon, a daughter of a Revolutionary soldier, and a scholarly and eloquent oration by Rev. Richard H. Nelson of Norwich, closed the exercises of as interesting a day as is seldom the lot of a town to enjoy.

The Tablet.

The tablet was designed by President Jonathan Trumbull of the society and E. E. Lord of New York. It cost \$400, and is in the form of a parallelogram, 22 x 36 inches. On the tablet is the following inscription:

1775. LEBANON WAR-OFFICE. 1783.

During the War of the Revolution Governor Trumbull and the Council of Safety held more than eleven hundred meetings in this building, and here also came many distinguished officers of the Continental army and French allies. Their monument is more enduring than bronze. Erected by the Connecticut Society Sons of the American Revolution. 1896.

The scroll at the left of this inscription bears the names of "Trumbull, Griswold, Dyer, Jabez, Samuel, and Benjamin Huntington, Williams, Wales, Elderkin, and West," the members of the original Council of Safety appointed by the assembly in 1775. On the scroll at the right are the names of the colonial officers who are believed to have met in the war-office. These are Washington, Putnam, Knox, Parsons, Huntington, Spencer, LaFayette, Rochambeau, Chastellux, and DeLauzun.

AT OLD SAYBROOK.

On July 1st the old Saybrook Church celebrated the 250th anniversary of its founding.

The present pastor, Rev. E. E. Bacon, gave the address of welcome, and the historical address was given by Rev. Dr. Amos S. Chesbrough. This church has considerable historical importance. Having been founded but fourteen years after the Hartford church, and Mr. Hooker and Mr. Stone of the Hartford church being present at the time of the organization to express their fellowship, it was especially fitting that the Rev. Dr. Walker should write the salutations of The First Church of Christ in Hartford, which were read by Rev. Dr. Lamson.

This church is known as the "Mother of Yale," and President Dwight gave an interesting address, comparing the college of those early times with the present.

Governor Bushnell of Ohio was present and addressed the assembly, speaking of the brave men who went from this commonwealth out into the western wilderness, and founded a great state. It was an occasion long to be remembered by the good people of Saybrook and their visitors.

LITERARY NOTES.

"New London," an illustrated pamphlet by Augustus Brandegge of that city, gives interesting details of the early history of that very interesting locality. It contains numerous halftone illustrations of grave-stones prior to 1700.

Judge Sherman W. Adams has had his valuable paper, "The Native and Wild Mammals of Connecticut," which was read before the Conn. Historical Society, printed in pamphlet form. The aim of the paper, as Judge Adams explains, is to deal with the subject from a historical point, showing the existence of mammals in Connecticut in the times of our ancestors, which are now extinct. The result of careful study and research, this paper is very useful and handy as a work of reference, besides being entertaining reading.

A book that every town officer in Connecticut will want is entitled, "The Connecticut Town Officer," by Hon. Wm. E. Simonds.

It was a happy thought of the author which inspired him to carry out the work of publishing this book. It is indispensable to everyone who should know the powers and duties of every town officer as provided by statute, being "an index-digest of all those sections of the Connecticut Statutes which specifically mention town officers—and some others—in connection with a power or duty."

Price of book, postpaid—in cloth binding, \$1; cloth sides and leather back, \$1.25; full sheep, \$1.50. Address, William E. Simonds, No. 2 Central Row, Hartford, Conn.

LITERARY NOTES.

At the present time, with so much excitement and talk pro and con regarding the silver question, one can do no better to get fair impartial ideas on the subject than to read the articles and editorials on the financial situation in the *Arena*. This magazine is a fund of thought on the leading vital issues of the day that well repays careful reading. And the best of it is the fearlessness and impartiality with which it speaks.

Notice the series of articles in several recent numbers on the "Telegraph Monopoly." A publication that has the courage to be outspoken against the abuses of any evil deserves credit and support.

A great variety of topics are discussed in this magazine, interspersed with poems, a serial story, and illustrated articles. Published by The *Arena* Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

Of especial interest to Connecticut people is the article in the *New England Magazine* for July on Dr. Henry Barnard of Hartford, "The Nestor of American Education." The value of Dr. Barnard's services can hardly be overestimated; they certainly are not in the above-mentioned article, which speaks in highest praise of the great educator, and impresses us with the vast amount of good that one earnest life has accomplished.

Also in the same magazine the article on "Country Week," dealing with the Boston Fresh Air Fund, is suggestive of what might be done elsewhere.

The *New England Magazine* is published by Warren F. Kellogg, 5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.

One of the most famous points of interest to visitors at the recent New London celebration was the old Hempstead house, the oldest in the place, and the home of eight generations. Mrs. Mary L. B. Branch, one of the descendants of the original owner, has published an attractive booklet, giving its history and incidents connected therewith. It can be obtained of Mrs. Branch by addressing her at New London. Price, 25 cents.

The compensating feature of the characteristic American rush is found in the more and more universal habit of summer rest and vacations.

The city dweller is constantly casting about for attractive fields in which to enjoy his well-earned respite from daily work, and the multitude of places to go to make it a perplexing problem. Of all places in our own state none fill the requirements so well as the northwestern section, beautifully portrayed by the *Summer Home Book* gotten out by the Phila., Reading & N. E. R. R. The country through which this road runs is grand in its mountain scenery, beautiful in its picturesque land- and water-scapes, and possessed of a most healthful, invigorating air. The places reached by the road give ample variety for selection of a home among the mountains for a longer or shorter period. From New Hartford and Winsted, through Norfolk, Canaan, Twin Lakes, Salisbury, and Lakeville, from various points along the road, Litchfield, the Housatonic Valley, the Berkshires are so easily accessible, that a wealth of country is opened up that should be seen to be appreciated.


The book descriptive of it is full of illustrations, and can be had for 4 cents, postage, of Mr. W. J. Martin, General Passenger Agent, Hartford, Conn.

Messrs. Scribner's Sons have published a series of brilliant sketches descriptive of four of the most fashionable American summer resorts, issued in uniform style, attractively illustrated and bound. The two published first, "The North Shore of Massachusetts," by Robert Grant, and "Newport," by W. C. Brownell, have been brought to our notice, and bespeak all that the publishers claim for them.

The excellent, refined taste of these books, the breaking away from the old conventional lines of "doing" a place, giving us something new, and, withal, instructive and attractive, is in keeping with the high standard of whatever this firm puts out.

"Bar Harbor," by F. Marion Crawford, and "Lenox," by George A. Hibbard, are the two others of the series. Each, 12 mo. 75 cents. Chas. Scribner's Sons, N. Y.





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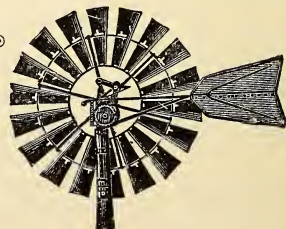
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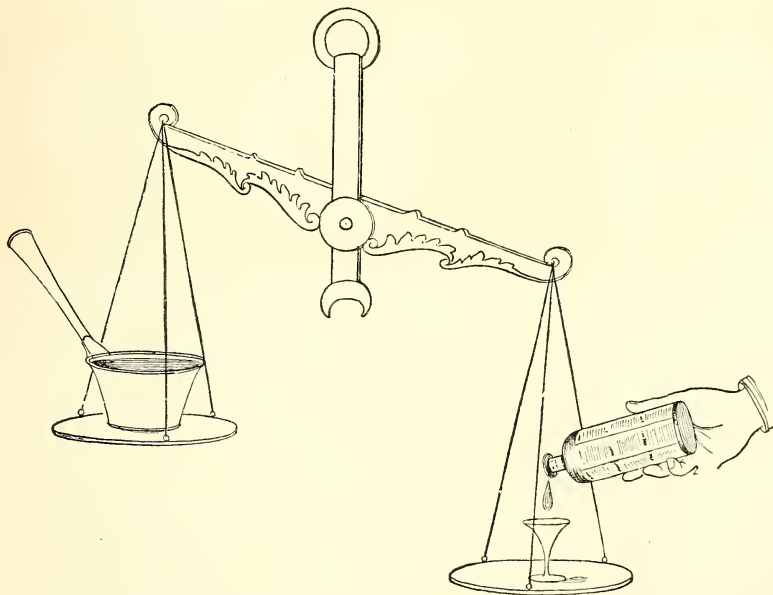
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FOR THE NEXT NUMBER OF THE QUARTERLY

We expect to have the article by Mr. Vail on Connecticut's part at the Atlanta Exposition, which was announced for this issue but unavoidably delayed.

Also, as announced, an account of

The Western Reserve

By Miss Ellen D. Larned, which will be timely in view of the Celebration held at Cleveland, this July.

The Glastonbury Sketches

By Mr. Goslee will be continued, and we shall also have an article on some of the early history of the Town of Enfield.

The Series on Old Time Music and Musicians

By Prof. Allen, will be continued in the fall number.

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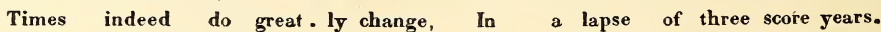
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*The Riverside Cemetery,
Middletown;*

*The Ancient Lavas
of Connecticut;*

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Enfield;

*Western Reserve or
New Connecticut.*

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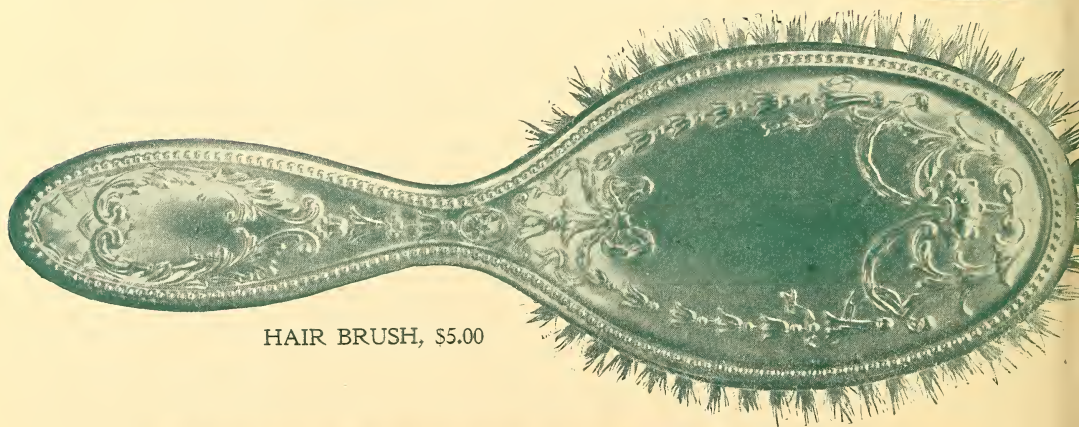
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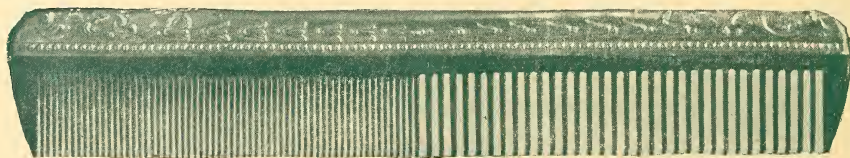
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MERIDEN RESERVOIR.

The Connecticut Quarterly.

"Leave not your native land behind."—Thoreau.

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No. 4.



THE ANCIENT LAVAS OF CONNECTICUT.

BY W. H. C. PYNCHON.

Probably but few of those who pass on the trains through the busy town of Meriden fail to notice, lying to the west of the town, the line of sharp peaks known as "The Hanging Hills." But probably still fewer of either the traveling public



CITY STONE PITS, HARTFORD.

(The bench marks the top of the Sandstones, all above this is Lava.)

or the dwellers in the land realize that these hills are the crumbling monuments of volcanic action of wide extent and fierce intensity. Before the time when Connecticut acquired a reputation as "the land of steady habits," — in the days, perhaps, of its geological wild oats, so to speak, — it was the field of volcanic activity of far greater power than has ever been manifested by Vesuvius. The ancient cinder-cones and vents of its volcanoes have long since passed away, but the broken and upturned fragments of the old lava sheets form the most conspicuous features of the valley, from Mt. Holyoke on the north to Pond Rock, or, as it is sometimes called, Saltonstall Mountain, on the south. Perhaps a brief review of the series of events which appear to have occurred in this region may not be out of place at this point, although it is more concerning the present picturesque features of the valley than of its past geological history that I want to speak.



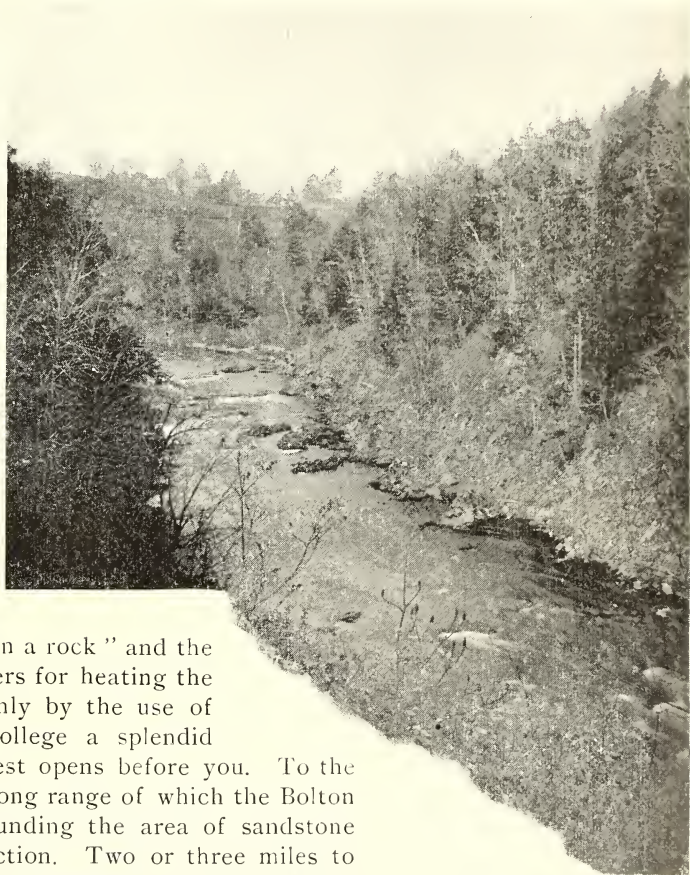
TRINITY COLLEGE.

Anyone who has walked or driven very much through the valley must have observed that it contains noticeably two kinds of rock, — one kind being of the sandstone type, well exemplified by the building stone quarried at Portland. These rocks are usually of a reddish brown color. But beside these there are vast masses of a fine-grained, crystalline rock, blue-black in color where freshly broken, which is commonly known as "Blue stone," or more accurately, as "Trap." This is quarried at a number of places, as Meriden, Hartford, and West Hartford, and is used as broken stone in the construction of macadam roads. It is this Trap Rock which has at some time flowed as molten lava from volcanic vents situated somewhere, apparently in the near vicinity. The sandstones, on the other hand, are simply rocks which have been deposited by the ordinary processes of sedimentation during the periods of quiet between the eruptions. The careful study which has been given to this tract for many years seems to show that at least three times have the lavas rolled over the region, forming three heavy sheets of trap between which the sandstones lie bedded. The second overflow or "main sheet," as it is called, attains in some places a thickness of five hundred feet.

The region has since been modified by great secondary changes, so that now the fragments of the lava sheets are found scattered in different parts of the

valley. As a rule, all the rocks have been tilted eastward, so that the ridges which the lavas form run generally north and south and present gentle slopes on the east with precipitous cliffs on the west. The wear and tear of the ages has played sad havoc with these noble hills and the fragments broken from them may be seen, forming a long "talus" which often buries their western faces nearly to the top. But the same process has cut away the sandstones yet more rapidly, leaving the lava ridges standing high above the general level of the land, and bringing into sight, at East Rock and West Rock of New Haven and at Gaylords Mountain, a fourth broad mass of lava. This sheet appears never to have overflowed the land, but to have been intercalated between the sandstones below the surface.

If a start be made from Hartford as a center, the first fragment of lava that you meet is the long ridge on which Trinity College stands. The college is literally "founded on a rock" and the pit that holds the boilers for heating the buildings was made only by the use of powder. From the college a splendid view both east and west opens before you. To the east may be seen the long range of which the Bolton Hills form a part, bounding the area of sandstone and trap in that direction. Two or three miles to the southwest may be seen the ridge of Cedar Mountain, probably a portion of the main sheet, while some fifteen miles beyond it can be seen the strong outlines of West Peak, the highest of the "Hanging Hills." From West Peak a range formed by the "main sheet" runs steadily northward, and from the point where you are standing you may see in succession Short Mountain, Ragged Mountain, Rattlesnake Mountain, or, as it is sometimes called, Farmington Mountain, and then Talcott Mountain, sinking at its northern end into the wild gorge at Tariffville, where the Farmington River comes plunging through the range. On the north of the gorge the hills begin again, passing on to Newgate Mountain, where lie the prison buildings and the copper mines where the prisoners of the state were confined in earlier days and where they took out the ore before the opening of the rich deposits at Lake Superior made the working of these poorer mines unprofitable. The range runs on still to the northward, till you see



THE GORGE AT TARIFFVILLE.



ON THE TALUS OF CEDAR MOUNTAIN.

it rising in the bold head of Mount Tom, some forty miles away. Then comes a gap where the Connecticut River flows between Mount Tom and the next series of



LOOKING EASTWARD FROM CEDAR MOUNTAIN.



A BIT OF THE ASH BED, LAMENTATION MOUNTAIN.

hills, the Mount Holyoke Range. All this can be seen on a clear day from the college hill.



THE CAT-HOLE PASS, FROM WEST CAT-HOLE PEAK.

A few hundred feet south of the college lie the city stone pits. In these there is a magnificent exposure of the sheet of lava resting directly on the sandstone:



CAT-HOLE PEAKS.

below it. It was this splendid "contact" that aroused the intense admiration of the eminent geologist, Sir Charles Lyell, when he visited this city many years ago.

Passing on toward the southwest, at a point about a mile and a half from the College, the Newington road turns to the south, and runs along at the foot of the



EAST CAT-HOLE PEAK, FROM WEST CAT-HOLE PEAK.

well-timbered "talus" of Cedar Mountain. The mass of broken stone buries the ridge almost to its summit. A cross-road brings the traveler to the top of the ridge, where a beautiful view of the whole southern, western, and northern portions of the valley may be seen from a high point on the estate of Dr. Russell. Here a platform has been built out from the edge of the cliff, and the kindness of Dr. Russell opens the enjoyment of the "Lookout" to all comers. To the west may be seen the same view as that already enjoyed from the College hill, except that



WEST PEAK IN WINTER, FROM THE "FIRST OVERFLOW."

over the top of the Talcott Range now appears the barrier of hills that bounds the area of sandstone and trap on the west. The "Hanging Hills" are all visible. East of these lies the broad gap in which Meriden is situated, and, to the east of this gap, two sharp peaks appear against the sky, their steep faces toward the west. They are really two ranges seen from the end, and they are formed of portions of the same "main sheet" that forms the "hanging hills" and the whole western range. The westernmost one is Mount Lamentation, now quite famous on account of the thick bed of volcanic ashes which lies in the low ridge at its western foot. The eastern one is Higby Mountain, the northernmost member of the Durham Range. To the east of Cedar Mountain can be seen again the highlands to which the Bolton Hills belong.

But it is in the "Hanging Hills" that the greatest beauties are to be found. At this point the range which we have seen along the western horizon bends to



SOUTHEASTWARD FROM WEST PEAK IN WINTER.

the east for a few miles, West Peak, the highest member, standing at the angle. At the eastern end of this set lie two rather small but very ragged hills, the Cat-



NOTCH MOUNTAIN FROM MERIDEN RESERVOIR.

hole Peaks, separated from Notch Mountain on the west by the narrow "Cat-hole Pass," through which the road to Kensington runs. From the top of West Cat-hole Peak a splendid view of the deep pass can be obtained, especially fine if a light snow has brought into sharp relief all the strong features of the landscape. Passing round the southern end of Notch Mountain, the road enters the deep gulf between Notch Mountain and West Peak, in which lies the beautiful Meriden Reservoir. The road passes around the north end of the reservoir and winds through the woods on the back of West Peak, rising by easy stages till the summit is reached. It is from the top of West Peak, a thousand feet above the sea, that the most comprehensive view of the whole region can be obtained. To the east may be seen Mount Lamentation and Chauncey's Peak, and behind these the long Durham



BESECK MOUNTAIN FROM REED'S GAP.

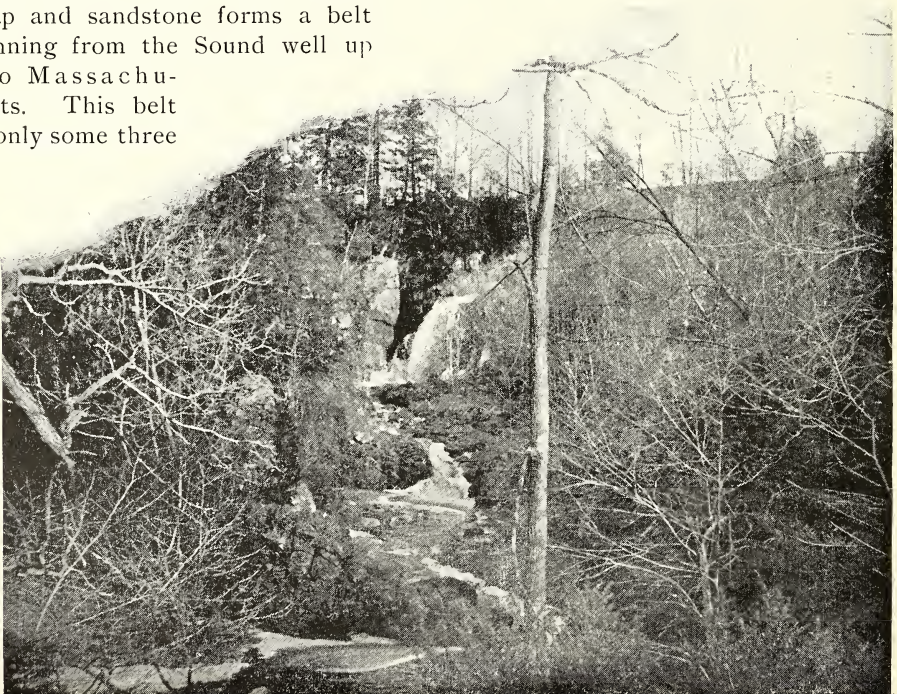
Range,—Higby, Beiseck, and Three Notches,—with Paug and the great crescent of Totoket far in the distance to the southeast, all portions of the "Main Sheet." Behind these, still farther eastward, rises the dim barrier of the eastern highlands. To the south lies the range of hills sometimes called the "Blue Hills," sometimes the "Sleeping Giant," from its resemblance to a great human figure stretched at full length with its head to the west. This head is formed by Mount Carmel, which gives strong suggestions that it was once the site of at least one of the ancient volcanoes. If the day is clear, you may look beyond this range to the waters of the Sound. To the southwest may be seen West Rock range and Gaylord's Mountain, while along the whole western horizon stretches the line of the more ancient hill which bounds the area of trap and sandstone on the west. The southernmost fragment of the "Main Sheet" is cut by the Shore Line Railroad a few miles east of New Haven, where the long curve of Pond Rock holds in its crescent beautiful Lake Saltonstall.

I have spoken of all these mountains as fragments of the "Main Sheet." This is in the main true, but in very many of them, the "First Overflow" makes a strong



WESTFIELD FALLS, NORTH END OF HIGBY MOUNTAIN.

bench in their western faces or a more or less pronounced ridge in front of them. The "Third Overflow" often appears as a small ridge near the bottom of their long eastern slope. This whole area of trap and sandstone forms a belt running from the Sound well up into Massachusetts. This belt is only some three



WESTFIELD FALLS AND GORGE, NORTH END OF HIGBY MOUNTAIN.

miles wide at New Haven, but at the northern state line it broadens out until it is somewhere near twenty miles in breadth. There is another very small isolated area of the same general structure in the western part of the state.

Such is a very incomplete account of this most interesting region. Those who may feel some further interest in its geological history will find ample literature in the various publications of Professor Davis of Harvard, and others who have made a special study of the Triassic Area of Connecticut.



POND ROCK AND LAKE SALTONSTALL.

To me the lonely lava ridges have a peculiar fascination. I have wandered over them in the springtime and I have enjoyed the cool breeze on their summits in the scorching days of summer. I have watched them under the cold sunset of November, and I have been upon them when the winds of winter howled over the snows. They are never twice the same. There is always some new charm about them. And I can feel a strong sympathy with that hero of long ago, who, recounting his wandering upon the face of the earth, closed one great chapter of his story with the words—

“Montes petivi.”



*Illustrated
by
Clara M. Norton*

IN SATAN'S KINGDOM.

BY MRS. WILLIAM EDGAR SIMONDS.

(Continued from last number.)

After Kenneth's going Margaret's life glided on much the same as ever, but her smile was sweeter and the light in her eyes deeper as she hugged her new-found happiness close to her heart. But now a ripple had come into the happy home life and there were clouds upon the brows of the two so dear to her. Edward Brown was undergoing a trial similar to the one which had befallen his father when the home at Satan's Kingdom had been given up, the difference being that Edward had placed too much confidence in a tried and trusted friend. The accumulations of years were swept away in meeting the emergency, but the home was still left and business prosperous so that it was decided Margaret should know nothing of the trouble.

But heavier disaster was at hand. One morning, in his usual fashion, Edward Brown kissed his wife and daughter and went forth with hopeful heart to the cares of the day. That afternoon he was brought home dead, killed by a runaway horse. Neither tongue nor pen can describe Reubena's anguish. The warp and woof of their two lives had been woven together, with daily addition, from her babyhood. Under the double warmth of her husband's love and the Pacific Coast sunshine she had lost her early look of extreme physical frailty, but it was a part of herself which had been buried in Edward's grave; her health gave way and a long illness followed from which she never recovered.

The business affairs of the dead husband and father were found to be more involved than was at first supposed, making it necessary to sell the house which had long been their happy home and to move into a smaller one in order to eke out the slender income upon which prolonged illness continued to make inroads. At last Reubena wrote to her brother of their unhappy condition and of the awful

conviction being thrust upon her that Margaret would soon be left alone in the world.

Reuben was touched to the quick when he received this letter, which he spelled out as well as he could to Jane Maria, who was not slow to see that her husband would wish to receive Margaret into their family in the event of his sister's death. A stormy time followed, and Jane Maria found that, for once in his life, her husband was equal to the occasion. Either because of this fact or because of Reuben's pathos, rude but real, as he drew a picture of Margaret and of the "leettle gal that is dead," Jane Maria yielded the point.

Reuben drove to the village and secured the services of one of the graduates of Prof. Steele's high school in preparing the answer sent back to Reubena, in which he assured her of the welcome Margaret would have in his home and heart under any circumstances, dwelling lovingly upon the hope that there were still many years of happy life for the sister so dear to him. The letter did credit to the young scholar, who had written it *con amore*, and to Prof. Steele's excellent training. It was received by Margaret just twenty-four hours after her mother had been laid away, the dear life going out so quietly one day that Margaret only knew it by the unresponsive lips which she found cold in the stillness of death as she imprinted a kiss upon them.

Margaret was alone in the world. Her heart went out to this uncle of whom she had never heard aught but words of love and praise, who was her mother's twin brother, and to whom that dear mother had turned in her deep distress. It was found that Reubena's illness had swallowed up every dollar of the few they had been able to save from the general wreck and Margaret found herself face to face with the world and with poverty.

Many doors were thrown open to her, but Margaret's heart yearned for the uncle she had always wanted to see and who had written the beautiful letter, now to her a great consolation, and read many times each day; so she wrote Uncle Reuben that it was her desire to come to him and to the home which was such a loving memory to her mother. The high school graduate quite equaled his former effort in the answer which was sent back, and Margaret pictured to herself over and over the kind and cultured man her uncle must be to write the beautiful letters which had made her feel so much at ease.

Meantime Kenneth McDonald graduated at his profession, that of a civil engineer, and was sent to a point quite remote from civilization to assist in laying out a railroad. He had written Margaret that letters from him would be very



uncertain and not to be surprised if long periods of time passed without hearing from him. The letters had been filled with his intense love for her and placed two years as the limit of their separation. So Margaret was not surprised that a long time had passed with no word from her lover. Before leaving for the East she wrote Kenneth of all the sad facts and of her intended new home, but, as it afterward transpired, these letters never reached him.

A gentleman and his wife were found who were going to New York ; they were willing to take Margaret under their protection, so one day a sad-eyed girl, much unlike the sprightly one seen tripping about Oakland on former occasions, left the land of sunshine and flowers for — ah ! how little she knew what.

The uncle's letter had given directions to be followed after reaching New York ; these the kind people she traveled with saw carried out and they left Margaret safely seated on the train which was to bear her onward to the designated point where her uncle was to meet her. This happened on a bleak, cold afternoon in November, just the time when Oakland takes on its greatest beauty after the refreshing rains, when grass and flowers spring into fresh life. The day was a gray one in New England, with snow in the air, and a chill seemed to settle over Margaret as she found herself being borne over lands that were barren and deso-

late and past trees that were leafless.

She could not keep back the tears. The journey from New York seemed longer than all the rest to Margaret. When she found that another hour would bring it to an end she brightened up, bathed her tear-stained face, brushed herself as well as she could, and fell into speculation in regard to "Uncle Reuben." She felt strangely drawn to him and was sure that she should know him the moment she saw him. Being her mother's twin brother, he



must very closely resemble her, she thought. The only twins she had ever seen looked exactly so alike that she had been unable to tell one from the other, and she took it for granted that this was a peculiarity of twins.

Uncle Reuben seemed a great deal nearer than if he had been any other kind of a brother to her mother. She thought of his little girl who had died, who seemed almost like a twin to herself, having been born on the same day and she

determined to fill this girl's place in her uncle's heart so far as she could. Filled with these happy thoughts, the train rolled into the little station at the village and Margaret alighted.

Reuben had been in waiting for more than an hour. His excitement was high over the fact that "Reuben's little gal's a cummin." He had secured the services of the high school graduate to meet Margaret while he should "hold the hoss" and "because," as he said, "I feel so shaky all over."

Reuben was dressed in a pair of old blue overalls faded almost to whiteness from Jane Maria's frequent rubbings in the wash-tub; over these hung a coat which had been originally green but which in the slow process of time had gradually changed in streaks till it now represented many of the colors of the rainbow; it was worn threadbare all over and had suffered dissolution in many places; bits of hay and straw were clinging to it here and there; under the battered old hat unkempt straggling locks hung down his neck, meeting there the whiskers which so covered so much of his face as to leave little more than the eyes and nose visible, and even from the nostrils of the latter feature great coarse hairs stood out like "quills upon the fretful porcupine."

The overalls were tucked into some cowhide boots to which some of last year's mud was still clinging. The wagon was the same old yellow affair in which Reubena and Edward had taken the pleasant drives "to the school to the village" with never a thought that it was not a chariot in splendor; but old Dolly had long since gone where good horses go and been replaced by one with even less flesh and more bones. Reuben stood

alongside the platform holding the reins while the high-school boy went through the station to the other side where the train stopped.

Two or three men were the only other passengers; so the young scholar had no difficulty in recognizing Margaret as she came out of the car looking about her in a bewildered manner, but he stood like one paralyzed so unprepared was he for the vision of loveliness which met his eyes, unable to stir from sheer embarrassment.

Margaret's complexion was of a purest blonde with cheeks deepening into sea-shell pink. Her hair was full, soft, silky, golden, and curling. Her lips parted over rows of gleaming pearls. But her chiefest charm, her every varying expression, was more elusive than the changes of a kaleidoscope. Taller than most girls,



her queenly figure appeared to its greatest advantage in the perfectly plain black suit she wore. The high-school boy was even shakier than poor Reuben.

The men who had been her fellow travelers had gone their respective ways, and Margaret found herself alone. The wind blew fiercely, and she seemed hemmed in by mountains. She wondered where Uncle Reuben could be, that he had not come to meet her. She knew she had made no mistake, because this was the end of the route, just as her directions had foretold. Tears of disappointment filled her eyes. She had pictured herself being clasped to her handsome uncle's

heart the moment she left the train. She looked about her. A little way below she saw the factories whose manufactures were world-famous, though she knew nothing of that. Thick smoke, with occasional tongues of flame, rolled from many high chimneys, and the monotonous pounding of the trip-



hammers made her wonder what manner of place this was.

Catching sight of the high-school boy, she asked him if he knew Mr. Reuben Wiswall, whom she expected would meet her at the train. The ice being thus broken, the young man found his voice and told her she would find him waiting for her on the other side, and started at once to conduct her thither. Margaret followed. A smile crept over her face when, upon turning a corner, she beheld Reuben and his equipage, but it turned to look of blank dismay when she was informed that this odd-looking man was "Mr. Reuben Wiswall." Her first words were, "I think there must be a mistake," but at that instant her little delicate hand was grasped by the great horny palm of Reuben, who shook it with vigor enough to sever it from the wrist as he shouted "Wal! wal! wal! ef yer aint Reubenny all over, only she want nigh ser tall as ye be. Git right in ter the waggin, and I'll take ye up ter Satan's Kingdom in less en no time."

Margaret was speechless. She could believe neither her eyes nor her ears; and she thought her senses must have deserted her. She hesitated to "git inter the wagin" without further explanation. *This* the Uncle Reuben she had pictured as being so like her mother! *This* her mother's brother! She could not believe it. Fate was playing her some cruel joke. The high-school boy divined the situation; he called Margaret back to the front of the station to identify her trunks; there he hastily told her that he had written the letters she had received from her uncle, assuring and reassuring her that she would find her uncle the kindest of men, which indeed he was, but at that moment he was the embodiment of a badly-shattered ideal.

Poor Reuben felt that something was wrong, though he did not exactly see what. There seemed no way left but for Margaret to climb into the old yellow wagon, which she accomplished after severe struggles,—once falling back into the arms of the high-school boy,—a misadventure that he relished, however mortify-

ing it was to Margaret. The two trunks were lifted into the rear end of the wagon, where Reuben had sat when Edward and Reubena drove "to school to the village"; and Reuben, gathering up the lines, took the whip in his hand and struck the poor old horse a tremendous blow as a signal for starting.

Margaret could not understand what this singular man meant by saying he would take her to "Satan's Kingdom," and feared his mind was affected. The drive was dreary beyond description. A sharp snow storm set in which, with the piercing wind, chilled Margaret through and through. They drove on, up through the "covered bridge," where the horse's hoofs sounded like drum-beats to a funeral knell, and past the "powder mills," Reuben, from force of habit, singing at the top of his voice most of the

way. The road was rough, and Margaret was jolted until every bone in her body ached.

They drew up before the side-door of the little one-story, slant-roofed farm house, which was jerked open by Jane Maria with, "Wal! I thought ye never was a-comin'. Git right out Margrit. Be ye putty well?" This was intended for a cordial greeting, but the voice sounded rough and harsh to Margaret, who saw before her the great bony figure of her "Aunt Jane," dressed in a short blue calico skirt, with a coarse woolen jacket, much like a man's vest, drawn over her shoulders. With her sleeves rolled far above her elbows, exposing two great bony arms, she stood, with a hand on each hip, surveying Margaret from head to foot.

To "git right out" proved even less easy than to "git right in," as, at each effort she made, the hungry old horse, who was headed towards the barn, made a start for it, and each time down Margaret went upon the seat, while Reuben's "Whoa, thar, ye old fool!" echoed through the whole place and deafened her. She succeeded at last in landing in a confused heap upon the big stone doorstep, much to the disgust of her aunt, who remarked *sotto voce*, "I never did see so clumsy a creetur in my life afore."

Margaret picked herself up and gazed about. Was this the home that she had



heard talked about as she sat on her mother's lap as far back as she could remember? Above all, could this be the twin brother her mother had so loved and idealized? Was there not a terribly cruel mistake? She wanted to scream out to the rocks and hills to rescue her.

At this crisis in her feelings Uncle Reuben appeared. "Go right inter the house, Reuben—why, 'taint Reuben, nuther—looks just like her, though, a standin' thar, a-lookin' off at the sky and mountings, jes as she used ter. Mos' likely I shall call ye Reuben mor'n haf the time." Jane Maria had disappeared into the house. She had "got some beans a-bilin'," she said, "and can't stan thar all day a-waitin' for that ar gal ter cum in; guess Reuben Wiswall'll git enough on her with her stuck-up ways; she'll find she'll hafter go ter work ef she stays here. She ain't no better than Flory Ann, and she got so she did putty much all of the house work and let me weave. Guess I'll go ter weavin agin now."

Margaret entered the house with its low ceilings and big beams running along them. She had never seen anything like this before, and felt that she was in danger of bumping her head at each step. Trembling in every limb, weary, heartsick and homesick, she sank upon the first chair she came to,—a hard, wooden affair. "Guess the leetle gal is putty tired," said Reuben, as he passed on to where Jane Maria was attending the beans. "Guess she's putty stuck up," was the sharp rejoinder, and Reuben saw at once his wife had been "hit the wrong way."

Margaret heard the remarks, and her spirits sank still lower. What manner of people had she come among, was her thought. Rising, she begged to be shown her room, and Uncle Reuben piloted her up the rickety stairs to the door of a little chamber under the eaves, which bore little resemblance to Margaret's pretty "blue room" at her old home. The roof slanted so that in only a small part of the room could she stand upright. A four-post bedstead, on which was a newly-filled straw tick, and above this a huge feather bed—the whole structure towering nearly to the ceiling, for Jane Maria prided herself on her "lively feathers,"—a dilapidated "chest of drawers," a broken-down chair, and a tiny four-legged stand,—the very one around which Reubena and Reuben had sat years before, while struggling with the school lessons—made up the furniture of the room, the temperature of which was like that of an ice-house.

Margaret had thought her first act when left alone would be to throw herself upon the bed from sheer exhaustion. But to climb this affair which rounded up like a mountain was a task she hardly knew how to undertake. She gazed in wonderment, and while she still gazed, her uncle Reuben's voice sounded at the foot of the stairs, bidding her "Cum right down, or you'll ketch cold up thar," reminding her to bathe her face and hands. Seeing no facilities for such a purpose, she stepped out and told her uncle of her desire. "Wal'; cum right down inter the kitchen," was the response. "I jest brought in a pail of water, and the wash-rag hangs right over the sink. The towel is on the roller; cum right along."

Margaret descended and was shown to the "sink." She managed to perform her ablutions without the aid of the friendly "rag," but the towel she was obliged to use. It was "candle-light" by this time, and supper was announced. Margaret, despite her daze and disappointment, was hungry. Jane Maria had the knack of making good bread, and Margaret ate heartily of it, at the same time praising its qualities, which had the effect of softening her aunt's feelings towards her a little. As they rose from the table, Margaret was informed by her aunt,—“Ye may be a leetle tired, so ye needn't mind cl'arin' off the table, but to-morrow mornin' ye kin begin, so's to git your hand in, as I've got some rags ready and am a-goin' to weavin' afore long,” which was all Greek to Margaret; and, as soon as she could,

she bade the family good-night, and took the little sputtering tallow dip and went to her room.

The storm had increased. The snow, mixed with hail, beat upon the roof over her head, and a deep ridge of it formed a line across the one little window. She was a stranger to storms of this kind, and felt chilled through and through, as well as frightened at the vehemence of the wind, which groaned and shrieked like a demon, shaking the very rafters in its wild fury.

Another trouble soon confronted her. How was she to reach the top of this mountainous bed! She stepped to the stairway and called, "Uncle Reuben!" but was informed that he had gone out to "bed down the critters," which poor Margaret thought was just what she wanted done for herself. Jane Maria mounted the stairs, and when she found that Margaret's chief difficulty lay in not knowing how to "get into bed," her contempt for that young lady's ignorance was something not to be described.

Margaret declared she had never before seen so high a bed; whereupon her aunt thought they must be a "pooty shiftless set in Californy if they didn't keep their feathers good and lively." Margaret sought to explain that they never used feather beds in her far western home, but it was very difficult for her aunt to understand any such situation. Margaret, trembling, asked if the wind often blew as it was then doing, and was told, "That ain't nuthin' to what it blows sometimes." With this cheering bit of news, Jane Maria drew down the bedclothes with a jerk, and, telling Margaret to "jump right in when ye git ready," went back down the stairs, where she met Reuben, who had just come in from the barn. To him she gave full vent to her feelings, declaring that 'poor ignorant creetur up-stairs ain't likely and won't never be no 'count.'

Margaret sought to "jump right in" by getting upon the rickety wooden chair, which creaked and shook under her weight as though about to give out at every joint and come down all at once, like the old "one-hoss shay." She succeeded in making a spring from this point, and came down with such force in the center of the "lively feathers," that she was completely lost to sight as they rolled up on each side of her. At first, Margaret thought she would surely smother before morning in that position, but after a little the softness and warmth began to have a soothing effect; tired out with her journey and hopeless regarding her future, poor Margaret fell asleep.

Soon she dreamed that she was lost on a wild mountain and wandering for days with only berries for food. No sign of human life was visible, but one day while groping in a new direction she tripped and fell over something, which, upon investigation, proved to be a chain. Following it, she found the end attached to a stake which was driven into the ground; here she determined to stay, hoping that whoever had driven the stake had done so 'for a purpose which would call them there again. Ere long she was rewarded by seeing a couple of men coming towards her, and in another instant recognized her lover, Kenneth McDonald, who rushed forward with outstretched arms, into which she was about to throw herself, when she was awakened by a loud call of "Margrit! Margrit! git right up!"

She was frightened. It was totally dark, apparently in the middle of the night, and she wondered what could have happened. She could hear voices below, and as soon as she could extricate herself from the "lively feathers" she ran out and anxiously asked what had happened. "Happened!" shouted Jane Maria, "break-fast is ready, and ye want to git down here lively, kos we's goin' to bootcher." Margaret could hardly keep her poor tired eyes open. She wondered if she would always be compelled to rise at this hour, and what "going to bootcher" meant.

She lighted her candle, and, by the aid of the little cracked mirror, performed as much of her toilet as she could, descending to the "sink" to finish. Breakfast, which consisted of salt pork, potatoes, and rye coffee, was soon disposed of, and Margaret was told to "go to work and clear off the table and wash up the dishes." She knew very little about work of this kind, and almost the first thing she did, in lifting the teakettle from the stove to the sink, was to let the boiling hot water run out of the spout upon her foot and badly scald it. This was altogether too much for Jane Maria, and brought on one of her "fretting spells," when, as Reuben would say, you could see "blue streaks." Margaret thought her aunt had been

taken insane, and would have fled from the room but for her injured foot. As it was, she sank into a chair by the window, while Jane Maria went for "ile and sody" with which to dress the wound.

While this was in progress, Margaret suddenly saw, on looking out of the window, two pigs run out from a little house attached to the barn, and closely following them was Uncle Reuben, armed with a huge knife, which he plunged first into one pig and then into the other, the blood flowing with a sickening spurt from each wound, the poor animals squealing, bleeding, and running until they dropped from exhaustion, and, with a few parting kicks, expired. Margaret mingled her cries with those of the pigs, and covered her eyes to shut out the horrible sight; but the thought that her uncle was both a wicked and cruel man, she could not shut out.

Aunt Jane took it that Margaret was screaming from pain, until she uncovered her face and asked in

piteous tones why Uncle Reuben was so cruel to those poor creatures. It was a very rare occasion on which Aunt Jane ever laughed, but now she did both loud and long, and she asked Margaret, "Hain't ye never seen no one bootcher, afore?" And when Margaret disclaimed even knowing what it meant, the aunt proclaimed her "the ignorantest gal I ever seen."

Margaret still insisted she did not know the meaning of the word. "Why, a killin' pigs, you ignorant creetur'," was the rejoinder. "Didn't your pa never kill his'n?" "We never kept any," said Margaret.

"Never kept no pigs? What did your folks do for pork, I'd like ter know? Wall, I dunno' but Edward Brown might ha' gone off to Californy and put on airs and made folks think he didn't know nothing about killin' pigs, but I guess he's seen enuff on 'em killed, and I shouldn't wonder ef he'd killed 'em hisself, too, up here in old Satan's Kingdom." Margaret thought the place rightly named, but could not possibly imagine her father engaged in the occupation of "bootchering."



Jane Maria finished bandaging the foot, over which she drew an old sock of Reuben's, and then told Margaret—"I guess you kin hobble around and finish up the dishes, and then go up stairs and make up yer bed." That bed! How poor Margaret struggled with it! Her aunt had told her it must be "shook up and turned over every day, to keep the feathers good and lively," and had essayed to instruct her in an object-lesson on this particular morning, after Margaret had expressed her ignorance in the matter. The aunt, first catching the feather bed at the top, threw it well over towards the foot; then, unbuttoning a slot in the straw tick, she thrust in her hands, stirring and poking the straw about in a most vigorous manner. Throwing the feather bed back again, she grasped it at its side and shook and shook, and shook again; then, drawing the whole structure forward to the very edge of the bedstead, she threw it over with herculean strength, after which she punched and punched until each of the million feathers stood on end. Telling Margaret,—“I guess yu kin git the clo's' on,” she hastened down stairs, calling back, “Ye put a kaliker on when ye cum down, or sumthin' that'll wash, so's to help me with the in'ards.”

What this new thing was, she now desired help about, Margaret could not imagine or even think much about, her entire efforts being given to getting the clothes on that bed. Great heavy comfortables utterly refused to be managed; they slipped from the delicate fingers again and again until poor Margaret, worn out with trying, sank down in the chair and buried

her face in her hands upon the little stand where her uncle found her on his way to the garret. He stalked up to her in his blood-besmeared garments and Margaret was actually afraid. She could not get over what she had seen that morning. “Why what is the matter with Reuben?” he said.

The tone of voice, which was kindly, and her mother's name were too much for Margaret; she broke into sobs which shook her whole frame. Reuben was distressed. “Poor leetle gal, poor leetle gal,” said the usually undemonstrative man, as he stroked the golden hair, and bade her “churk up”; and this so won her confidence that she told him of her struggles with the bed, whereupon he turned about and made it in a very short space of time. It resulted that some excuse to the attic was made each morning after that and the feathers were kept “good and lively” by Uncle Reuben's faithful hands.

Margaret's “kalikers” consisted of pretty cambrics trimmed with ruffles and



laces, hardly in harmony with the snow-flakes still flying in the air, but she had been instructed to put on something which would wash, so she donned one; and if her aunt had been disgusted before, the climax was reached when she beheld Margaret in this attire. "Wall I declare! ef ye aint a purty sight. Ef ye haint got nuthin better'n that to put on I ken git ye suthin." Rising she went to a closet and took therefrom an old "linsey woolsey" petticoat, tattered and torn, and a worn-out worsted jacket, which she bade Margaret put on. Margaret was dreadfully afraid of her aunt, but she could not make up her mind to put on these garments. Going to the attic where her trunks had been carried, she searched them and succeeded in finding a plain wool dress and a white apron which she put on and again descended to the kitchen and begged to be allowed to wear them.

"Yer needn't think ye ken be stuck up here," was her aunt's comment, "ef we've got ter git yer close ye wont hev so many fine fixins es yer seem to hev now."

In all her life Margaret never forgot that first day at Satan's Kingdom. It seemed as if the fates had conspired to make it one of torture. The only place where there was a fire was the kitchen where were carried on the various processes pertaining to "bootcherin" — and they are legion — a recital of which will be spared. Only those who

have seen this function can understand a description of it; this was Margaret's first experience and, fortunately, her only one.

Late in the afternoon there occurred a phenomenon which happens at rare intervals in New England. The snow turned to rain, the sky darkened and a vivid flash of lightning shot in at the windows, followed by a crashing peal of thunder, so terrifying Margaret — who had never seen a thunder storm — that she threw herself into her uncle's arms and begged to be taken home. Jane Maria looked on with sharp disapproval and told Margaret she was "altogether too big to set in lap," adding "ef yer don't hev thunder showers in Californy I'd like ter know what they do to clar up the air with."

The days were filled with work, work, work. Later in the week candles were made. This process interested Margaret, who volunteered to do some of the "dipping," but her aunt said "you drop the taller all over everything, and I can't stand no such bunglin' work." Sunday came, but a severe storm prevented the only recreation in which these dwellers of Satan's Kingdom ever indulged, that of going to church; and the day was spent by Margaret in the little back kitchen, with its one window which looked out upon the barn and pig-sty.

"How long can I bear this?" she said over and over again to herself, and she



longed for some word from her lover. In spite of her efforts to prevent it the tears chased each other down her face. Poor Reuben would have been glad to comfort her had he known how and not been afraid of his wife, who only told Margaret "if ye wanter set thar an bawl all day ye ken."

Thursday of that week came the time-honored festival of Thanksgiving, when, according to New England custom, Jane Maria cooked up "vittles" of certain sorts enough to last until the middle of March. The preparations began Tuesday night. A basket of apples was brought from the cellar, and Margaret was invited to join the "paring bee," which consisted of Aunt Jane, Uncle Reuben and herself, but the hapless girl cut her fingers, which bled so that she was unable to render much assistance, and, after a vigorous scolding for her carelessness, she was told she could go to bed, "kas yer aint no count here." Margaret gladly availed herself of the privilege, although it was early evening, and she wept far into the night, while down stairs the paring, halving, and quartering went on until an enormous chopping bowl, the proportions of which would astonish the housewives of to-day, was filled to its brim with meat which had been "biled" during the day, and with the apples pared during the night in preparation of the "mince-meat," which was to make the pies that were to last till the "middle of March."

Long before daybreak the next morning Margaret was wakened by the vigorous strokes of the chopping-knife, which announced the continuance of the active preparations for the occasion which, as it seemed to her, must awaken anything but sentiments of thanksgiving. Later, she was invited to lend a hand in the chopping while the pumpkin was prepared for more and other pies, all of which caused Margaret to wonder if their diet was to consist of pies until the middle of March. Jane Maria declared that Margaret's chopping "don't mount to no morn'n a baby's." But Margaret's arms, all unused to such labor, ached keenly, and by nightfall she was too tired to stand.

She had yet to learn, however, that "Thanksgiving" preparations were only just begun. As the darkness came on Uncle Reuben came hurrying in after his lantern. A big boiler of water was put to heat on the stove, and soon Margaret heard outside the shrieks and yells of the poor victims who die for humanity on "Thanksgiving Day." Uncle Reuben's later appearance with the headless fowls, which he threw upon the table to await the scalding and picking process, was more than Margaret could stand, and in the midst of it all she fainted and sank to the floor. She was promptly treated to a vigorous dash of cold water and packed off to bed by her irate aunt as soon as she "cum to." Margaret was on the point of giving up eating if it must be done at such a sacrifice of life as she had witnessed on two occasions.

What a contrast this to the quiet and happy celebration of "Thanksgiving" by the colony of New Englanders living in Oakland, gotten together to keep alive the remembrances of youth and home, and to perpetuate the time-honored day, — occasions when the abundance, variety, and freshness of Pacific coast fruits vied for prominence with the songs of New England. Margaret remembered one of these songs in particular.

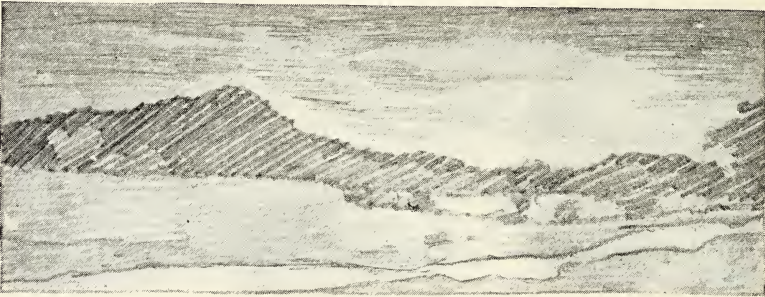
"Gaily sings the merry boy,
As the homestead farm he tills,
Hurrah for old New England,
With her cloud-capped granite hills."

These verses had often closed the festivities, after which, with hearty handshake and tear-dimmed eyes, the little party had separated.

Why had she been so deceived about this place, which she had all her life been

taught was so grand and glorious? She tried to unravel the scheme which seemed to make her the victim of some mistake. She could not yet fully believe that her mother, beautiful, cultivated, and refined, could be the twin sister of Reuben Wiswall. It must be remembered that Margaret's knowledge of New England was very limited, that even that limited knowledge had been filtered through a mother's remembrance, which "restored every rose, but secreted its thorn," and that Reuben Wiswall's family were in no way representative people, only a type. Reuben's parents had been all their life most excellent folk, but poor Reuben was an unfortunate who had made matters worse by marrying a girl "further up the mounting," belonging to what was known as "tribe," members of which are still scattered here and there in lonely mountainous districts. In their life and habits they resemble gypsies, wandering about the towns, selling baskets and herbs, sandwiching in a horse-trade now and then. In time the "cloud-clapped hills" told their own true story to Margaret.

(To be continued.)



BENIGHTED.

BY DELIA B. WARD.

My life the moon doth symbolize,
 Only one side it doth disclose;
 The other is a mystery.
 Sometimes this side, bereft of light,
 Is dark. Then, in a wild affright,
 My soul despairs to find its way.
 Anon, a gleam my step beguiles;
 Or, broader grown, the path reveals.
 Again, the light a cloud conceals.
 In full-orbed radiance it smiles,
 And Hope, "a friend in need" erewhiles,
 Then bears me heartsome company.
 While walking in the "borrowed light
 From the great source," the way is bright.



GLASTONBURY SKETCHES.

BY HENRY STORRS GOSLEE.

Tavern days and the stage coach began to wane about 1850. The completion of the Hartford, Providence & Fishkill railroad was one of the severest blows to the turnpike business. A boat was also put in service between Hartford and New London, which soon became a warm competitor for the stage. For several years, however, the coach was the favorite over the more modern means of travel. The driver of the coach had his instructions from the officials of the turnpike line to get to Hartford or New London, as the case might be, ahead of the boat, and not spare the horses even if it became necessary to force them, to the extent of what we would no doubt call at the present day "excessive driving." Remembering these orders it is said the driver of the coach upon reaching the crest of what is still known as Town Woods Hill, from which a view of the river could be obtained for several miles, would anxiously scan the winding stream to see if his competitor, the boat, could be sighted.

Boats and railroads, however, finally triumphed. The through business which the coach enjoyed deserted it, and the route was finally abandoned by the turnpike company. The era of steam had begun in earnest, and tavern and turnpike company was forced to bow before its onward march.

There were several taverns in other sections of the town, about which interesting incidents might be related, but Welles tavern was selected as being the most widely known of any, and because of its connection with the turnpike company.

One is led to wonder how a tavern could be supported in the sparsely settled portions of the town and on roads that were not main thoroughfares of travel.

One of the sources of revenue for these taverns, and all others, was derived from parties of young people, who were accustomed to pay them frequent visits. Social amusements of a public nature were unknown or quite infrequent. Churches gave but little attention to the social side of a person's nature, and the amusements which were available to young people were very few. Taverns, however, were always keeping open house, and parties of young people would be formed for the purpose of visiting a certain tavern, preferably in a distant portion of this or in some neighboring town, where dancing and a social good time could be enjoyed. Previous warning was seldom given the tavern-keeper of the coming of the party, but he learned not to expect such notice, and parties came and went



THE TALLCOTT HOUSE.

without restraint, the entire premises being practically at their disposal during their stay. Of course, the tavern-keeper received compensation for this species of wholesale monopoly which the advent of such a party created, and to many of them it was one of their principal means of revenue.

Welles Tavern was happily located in another respect; it was two miles and about one rod from Camp Meeting Woods. These woods were situated on the road to East Glastonbury, and their location is well known to the older inhabitants of the town, so they are still easily identified. For many years these woods were a favorite resort for Methodist camp-meetings. It was a good thing for the taverns to have the camp-meeting locate in this town, and the taverns nearest the woods were the most fully patronized.

Bidding for the camp-meeting among tavern-keepers was quite common, and the tavern or set of taverns in any town which had the facilities for the meeting, usually persuaded the prospectors for the camp to locate there if their bid was in excess of that of the taverns in some other rival towns. The taverns profited

much more than they otherwise would, owing to a certain unwritten but carefully observed law governing such assemblies. This law was to the effect that no eatables or drinks of any kind could be purchased or sold within the radius of two miles of the camp-ground. As Welles Tavern was only a few feet over the limit, it was by far the nearest and most popular resort for the visitors on such occasions. Tables were placed by the proprietor of the hostelry on the opposite side of the street, upon the greensward, which was then much wider at that point than at present, and here the crowds from the camp-grounds congregated for their meals.

On one occasion one of the proprietors of Welles Tavern succeeded in winning the meeting for this town by agreeing to pay the managers of the camp twenty-five dollars, and erect seats upon the grounds for use at the services free of expense to them. When the audience assembled for worship they observed that their seating contractor had visited a saw-mill in the eastern part of the town, and procured slabs from the sides of logs. These were placed upon sticks driven into the ground, and he had thus disposed of the seating problem as far as he was concerned. As little or no attempt was made to plane the boards, the assembled multitude was subjected to much discomfort, although it no doubt was the means of frequently keeping an otherwise restless audience more quiet and attentive, where the penalty for restlessness was so immediate.

But tavern, stage-coach, and camp-meeting, as the

terms were then known, exist now only in the memory of those who constitute the members of that rapidly diminishing generation who were permitted to live during the time of their existence; and while we cannot wish for a return of the days in which each was in operation in all its pride and glory, there is a certain amount of pleasure in recalling from elderly inhabitants and meagre records some reminiscences of what many please to call the "good old days."

When mention is made of Glastonbury in the days of regimental training the writer does not wish to be considered ignorant of the fact that these days were not confined exclusively within the limits of this town, as of course is also true of stage coach and tavern days. But while it is true that each town in this state during the period when this method of keeping the state militia in fighting array was in vogue has many interesting incidents and reminiscences, Glastonbury has seemingly a larger number than numerous other towns where the military spirit did not so completely pervade the inhabitants. We can only allude briefly to



WALL PAPER IN TALLCOTT HOUSE.

these times and to the "Naubuc Guard," a famous local military company, independent of the militia, or "milish" as it was commonly called.

What a day it was when, in May and October of each year, the militia was ordered out to train! It was the great gala day of the year for every one in town. Men who wielded agricultural implements during all the other working days of the year, could be found in the ranks, and handling the ancient flintlocks with usually more zeal than precision. Others who, possibly the day before, had swung the scythe in the meadow, were now officers of the regiment, resplendent in what military equipage they could muster.

The regiment usually formed in front of Welles tavern. Within the tavern, on training days, the officers of the company kept open house, in a room reserved



WHERE THE REV. TIMOTHY STEVENS LIVED.

for the exclusive use of themselves and whomsoever they chose to admit. It didn't cost such a large sum to entertain in those days as it does on most public occasions at the present time. About all that was expected of the host in this case was to keep on draught in his room a generous allowance of New England rum, and although gallons of this liquor were consumed on such occasions, it was not a particularly expensive method of entertainment for the host, and it won for him the coveted reputation of being a liberal entertainer.

And what incidents are related regarding the manner in which the trainings were conducted! The scanty knowledge of officers and men concerning military tactics and the amusing situations resulting therefrom! Some of the officers who were accustomed to give commands on the farm, except during two days of the year, were very prone to get their farm and military tactics confused. To illustrate,—one captain of a local company who was accustomed to drive cattle during the majority of the days of the year, many times in giving his commands to his

citizen soldiers would use the vernacular of the cattlemen, which he found it difficult to forget when he needed to give a hurried order to his men. If he wished them to turn to the right or left he would yell "Gee!" or "Haw!" as he would if speaking to his oxen, and shout forth a prolonged "Whoa!" when he desired to halt his company. He would invariably correct himself after he had used such an expression, by adding the proper order; so his combined command was about like this: "Whoa-o-o-o—Halt! I mean." Such mistakes, of course, pleased the members of his company immensely, and naturally tended to disorder.

Another incident is told of a local captain who was so highly elated and flattered at being chosen by the company to serve in that position, and was so delighted to witness the men obey his orders, that the stern demeanor which the traditional captain should cultivate was to be found upon his countenance only during the moment he was giving the command; for just after he had given the order, he always indulged in a silly laugh, which at length became almost a habit with him. He gave his orders in this way: "Shoulder arms!—Te, he, he!" "March!—Te, he, he!" It is needless to add that such hilarity on the part of the captain was rather demoralizing to the men, and aided in making the regimental training what it finally became,—a continual farce.

The dawn of the 50's also saw a decided wane in regimental interest.

By long-established law personal notice was required to be given each member of the company or he could avoid training with the regiment. The training finally began to be an old story to the citizen-soldiers, and they would keep a sharp lookout for the notifying officer when he was expected, and hide when they saw him coming, so that diligent search on his part would not reveal their hiding-place. In this way they eluded the personal notice required and so avoided appearing for training at the appointed time and place. The officer who was serving the notice many times stopped only long enough to make simply a superficial search, and after enquiring of the secreter's family and ascertaining from them that the party enquired after was here a little while ago, but that his whereabouts now were unknown, he accepted this statement for what it was worth and passed on to the next member's house without searching, as he understood the situation at once, and decided not to trouble himself further about it.

In closing, mention should be made of a purely local military company, and one whose fame was not confined within the limits of this town but extended throughout other sections of the State. This company was the Naubuc Guard. It was not a part of the state militia and was founded by Thaddeus Welles, one of



AN OLD LANDMARK.

the most influential men in town of his generation, and Colonel Guy Sampson, the latter being at one time a colonel in the state militia, and Thomas H. Seymour of Hartford, afterwards governor of the state.

This company was present at all regimental trainings and on general training days when the several regiments assembled for drill, and was usually the "star company" on all such occasions.

There wasn't so much fun serving in this company as in the "milish." Unlike that organization the Guards engaged in frequent drills. Mr. Seymour was deeply interested in this company, as he was in all military affairs, and many times walked to this place from Hartford and back again for the sole purpose of being present to train the Naubuc Guards, and it was largely owing to his deep interest in the



THE BRIDGE AT BROOKSIDE, SOUTH GLASTONBURY.

company that so high a degree of excellence in military tactics was attained by the company.

The Guards made a fine appearance on training days. The militia were not equipped as a rule with anything elaborate in the matter of uniform, in fact there was a noticeable lack in this respect. But more attention was given to this subject by the local company. Their uniform was a high cap in the front of which was placed a tall dark blue plume, with coats and trousers of dark blue trimmed with silver lace. As red was the prevailing color for trimmings among the militia these uniforms were the more striking for the lack of it.

Upon their banner, resplendent with tasty trimmings, was inscribed the stirring words "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God," and although the company as such was never engaged in mortal combat with tyrants they were to all appearance well equipped for warfare if the occasion required.

The vast difference between the fine appearance which the Guard displayed on training days and the seedy outfits in the way of uniforms and careless execution of commands by the "milish" was proverbial.

The contrast in the manner in which the command of "Fire!" was executed by the two was another distinguishing feature.

When this command was given the Guard would discharge their guns as one



A TOBACCO FIELD (YOUNG PLANTS).

man, but the firing of the militia was as ragged as that of a company of school-boys, with pop-guns of various lengths.

While the officers of the Naubuc Guard were as a rule free from the peculiar mistakes and oddities which characterized many of the officers of the militia, there was one captain of the Guard who was in the habit of giving an unusual order, or, more correctly stated, mingling with his command to his company a special command to his brother, whose name was Egbert. Egbert was accustomed to be slow in executing the commands, in fact he was so invariably behind in this respect that his brother, the captain, in giving the orders, thought it necessary to address Egbert



TOBACCO FULL GROWN.

individually, and he finally adopted this method: "Now, then, Quick, to the word, Egbert! March!" So it was: "Egbert! Right face!" and the same with other commands. It is needless to say that such a course on the part of the vigilant captain gave Egbert an undesirable prominence and furnished much amusement at his expense.

Many other incidents might be related of these interesting times but space forbids, and this fragmentary article must be brought to a close. But when anyone is inclined to criticize the present system of militia training, as being a waste of

time and expense and altogether of little value, he should review the days of regimental training as they were known and conducted throughout the country until the dawn of the 50's. The system in operation to-day will not suffer by the comparison, and the vast improvement in this important feature of our government will be more appreciated, even if it is still lacking in what are regarded by some as certain



"STRINGING."

necessary adjuncts to proper military discipline.

A brief reference should be made to several of the pictures which appear in this article. Foremost on this list is the picture of the old Tallcott homestead. Few houses in town are more familiar to residents and many living outside the town limits.

It was erected in 1727 by Benjamin Tallcott for his son Samuel, and it has been in the possession of the direct lineal descendants of its builder and first occupant ever since, Thomas H. L. Tallcott, who now owns and occupies the house, being the great-grandson of its builder.

The rear ell which is noticed in the picture, was the tailor's shop of Asa Tallcott,

the grandfather of the present owner. The shop once stood on the south side of the house, slightly in front of and detached from it. In the patriotic days of 1776 Asa Tallcott was pursuing his trade, and within this little shop the uniforms, saddles, and other equipments for a company of Connecticut cavalry were prepared.

In 1778 the doors of this house were swung open to several Yale students



"LOADING."

when it was feared New Haven would be captured by the British, and here they pursued their studies in peace and safety. Several other houses in town were also occupied by the students at that time, as the number of students apportioned to the care of the citizens of the town required it. The house, standing upon the knoll on the west side of Main Street next south of the Smith sisters homestead, now owned and occupied by T. D. Dickinson, was another of the houses opened at the same time to Yale students and teachers.

This interior of the Tallcott house is very interesting especially the "best chamber." This is located on the second floor, and is reached through a typical old style hallway and up a staircase having three turns in its short ascent, bounded on the outside by a stair rail that, notwithstanding its age, shows a taste in design which is striking. It is for that reason doubtless that its general features are being grafted into many modern dwellings by our architects of to-day.

But the wall paper in the "best chamber" attracts our attention at once, and is the only thing we will notice in the room at this time.

This paper, a picture of which is given, was imported from England, having been purchased in London about 1740. Wall paper was an extreme rarity at that time and very costly, for it could not be purchased in this country, and only a few persons in this or other places could boast of having even one room of his house fitted with so expensive and rare a luxury. The paper is remarkably well preserved, and the walls of few other houses in the country display a sample of wall paper that has been undisturbed for a period of over 150 years.

The picture entitled "An Old Landmark," will be recognized by many as the large oak tree nearly opposite the residence of J. H. Hale on Main Street. This tree is mentioned in the description of the bounds of the highway contained in the survey of Main Street made over two hundred years ago, and as the tree was undoubtedly large and conspicuous at that time its great age is unquestioned.

A picture of the parsonage of Rev. Timothy Stevens of whom brief mention was made in the former article, is also given. This house is considerably older than the Tallcott house, as Mr. Stevens died in 1726, and it was occupied by him several years before his death. This house stands slightly back from Main street on the east side of the road, and is now occupied by Albert Moseley.

The tobacco pictures are very familiar scenes during the development and harvesting of this, the principal crop grown within the limits of the town, and as the pictures that are most interesting to us are, as a rule, reproductions of something with which we are most familiar, these scenes in the tobacco field were added because of their general interest from the collection of photographs taken by A. B. Goodrich of this place. Several of the other pictures appearing under this article are also from Mr. Goodrich's collection.





THE ATLANTA COMMISSION.

MAX ADLER.
MARY S. NORTHROP.

FRANK B. WEEKS.
J. H. VAILL, Executive Secretary.
SARA T. KINNEY.

JOHN S. JONES.
ISABEL N. CHAPPELL.

CONNECTICUT AT THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION.

BY J. H. VAILL,

Executive Secretary of the Atlanta Commission.

One of the unexplained things about the Cotton States and International Exposition of 1895 — unexplained at least to people generally — is the reason for its close following upon the heels of the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893. It is not strange that there were misgivings on the part of those who had seen the Columbian Exposition, who felt that they had had a sufficiency of such sightseeing for the present, and who were sympathetically apprehensive lest it might prove a failure on account of its nearness, in point of time, to the marvelous affair that had so recently closed its gates.

It will be remembered, however, that the great cotton states of Alabama, the Carolinas, Georgia, Mississippi, and Tennessee were practically unrepresented at the Chicago Exposition, no legislative appropriations having been obtained whereby befitting participation would have been possible. The fact that these states had been deprived of the opportunity of exhibiting their products and resources at the World's Fair doubtless stimulated the desire to undertake an Exposition within their own territory, and to plan for it without delay, in the hope that it would result favorably as a business enterprise. At the outset the project did not meet with general approval among Atlanta's business men, but a few of her more enterprising citizens, under the effective leadership of Colonel Hemphill of the *Atlanta Constitution*, urged the undertaking with such enthusiastic persistence that they finally carried the day, their persistence entitling them to adopt as their watchword the emphatic declaration WE WILL — a modification of Chicago's more singular motto "I will."

Having fully decided to inaugurate the enterprise, formal invitations were issued to other states to participate with them. The invitation sent to Connecticut received the approval of Governor Coffin, and on the 9th of May, 1895, a Senate Joint Resolution was favorably reported as follows:

Resolved by this Assembly: That a committee to consist of three men and three women be appointed by the Governor to arrange for the proper representation of the State at the Cotton States and International Exposition to be held at Atlanta, Georgia, September 18 to December 31, 1895.

Section 2. That a sum not exceeding seven thousand dollars be and hereby is appropriated to carry out the purposes of this resolution, to be expended by this committee subject to the approval of the Governor.

It was creditable to the State of Connecticut to accept the invitation to participate in the Cotton States Exposition, thereby manifesting a friendly interest in the welfare of that great section which of late years has come to be known as the New South. It is a matter for regret, however, that the legislative committee which passed upon the resolution providing for the appropriation should have limited the amount to such extent as to make it impossible for the Commission appointed under it to secure for the State such advantage and status as it merited. If a state is moved to join hands in friendliness with a sister commonwealth the

occasion affords scant room for close figuring as to cost. The interchange of interstate sentiment cannot be fittingly carried on under the same rules that govern strictly commercial transactions, and if a state cannot afford such appropriation as will enable its representatives to do that which will reflect credit upon itself it would be advisable to decline participation.

It is to be presumed, of course, that the appropriation of \$7,000 seemed to the committee adequate to properly carry out the design of the resolution; as a matter of fact, however, the amount should have been not less than \$10,000 to enable the Commission to provide a representation befitting the dignity of the state. Special reference is made here to the subject of "appropriation" in the hope that when similar occasions arise legislative committees may be inclined to obtain comprehensive data as to the requirements of a commission of this character. Such information may readily be obtained from those who have had practical experience in such matters. The most noticeable lack on the part of Connecticut at Piedmont Park was the absence of what every visitor from this state inquired for upon his entrance to the Exposition grounds—the Connecticut headquarters. A few hundred dollars would have enabled the Commission to provide quarters which would not only have afforded a suitable rendezvous for Connecticut visitors but would also have given to the state a more desirable status among her sister commonwealths represented there. The Commission was conservatively disposed and refrained from providing this much desired feature lest the appropriation at its command might be turned into a deficit.

By virtue of authority conferred upon him by the legislative resolution Governor Coffin made appointment of the Connecticut Atlanta Commission on the 11th of June, which was constituted as follows: Frank B. Weeks of Middletown; Max Adler of New Haven; John S. Jones of Westport; Mrs. Sara T. Kinney of New Haven; Mrs. D. Ward Northrop of Middletown, and Mrs. Wm. Saltonstall Chappell of New London. The commissioners assembled at the State Capitol, June 15th, for organization, electing Mr. Weeks president of the Board, and Mrs. Kinney chairman of the department of women's work. There was lack of time in which to secure as comprehensive an exhibit as would otherwise have been possible—only three months to day of opening of the Exposition—and the limited appropriation precluded the possibility of collective exhibits, except of women's work and colonial relics, which were secured through the untiring efficiency of the lady members of the Commission.

The efforts of the executive department of the Commission were mainly directed toward securing individual exhibits, and notwithstanding the fact that many of those who had exhibited at the World's Fair declined to undertake the task so soon again, Connecticut was well represented at Atlanta, as the following list of exhibitors shows:

Russell Manufacturing Company, Middletown: power looms in operation in Machinery Hall, weaving suspender webbing of exquisite design and workmanship.

Pratt & Whitney Company, Hartford: weighing machine and machine tools.

Hartford Steam Boiler Inspection and Insurance Company: scales and fragments of exploded boilers.

Thorne Typesetting Machine Company, Hartford: typesetting machine in operation.

F. J. Dugan, Norwalk: potter's wheel in operation.

G. W. Parker, Norwalk: pottery, with wheel in operation.

Pope Manufacturing Company, Hartford: Columbia bicycles.

Winchester Repeating Arms Company, New Haven: arms and ammunition.

Marlin Firearms Company, New Haven: repeating rifles and revolvers.

Union Metallic Cartridge Company, Bridgeport: cartridges, wads, shells, primers, etc.

Bridgeport Wood Finishing Company, New Milford: paints, stains, fillers, etc.

Isaac E. Palmer, Middletown: hammocks, nettings, window screen cloth, crinoline linings, etc.

Bridgeport Elastic Web Company, Bridgeport: elastic goring for shoes.

Charles Parker Company, Meriden: lamps in great variety and oil heaters.

Glasgo Lace Thread Company, Glasgo: laces and fancy art work.

Landers, Frary & Clark, New Britain: table cutlery of exquisite design and finish.

Capewell Horse Nail Company, Hartford: horse-shoe nails.

Cutaway Harrow Company, Higganum: harrows and cultivators.

D. & H. Scovil, Higganum: planters' hoes.

G. F. Heublein & Brother, Hartford: "The Club Cocktails."

Dart Marking Machine Company, Hartford: marking machines.

Williams Typewriter Company, Derby: typewriting machines.

Yost Writing Machine Company, Bridgeport: typewriting machines.

Charles H. Davis, Mystic: collection of oil paintings.

Charles Noel Flagg, Hartford: exhibit in fine arts.

New Haven City School District: educational exhibit.

Trinity College, Hartford: educational exhibit.

Wesleyan University, Middletown: educational exhibit.

Yale University, New Haven: educational exhibit.

Supplementing the foregoing list collective exhibits were made under the direction of the lady members of the Board—one of women's work of various character displayed mainly in the Connecticut Room of the Woman's Building, and another of relics in the colonial department. The separate exhibits of the latter class are "too numerous to mention," about two hundred all told, loaned by sixty individuals in all quarters of the State, and mainly collected through the instrumentality of the various chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The largest contributions to the collection were made by Prof. Simeon E. Baldwin, Mrs. Sara T. Kinney, and Mrs. S. H. Street of New Haven; Mrs. Charles P. Croft of Simsbury; Henry Gallup of Ledyard; A. R. Crittenden, Miss Susan C. Clarke, and Mrs. W. W. Wilcox of Middletown; D. W. C. Pond and Peter Lux of Hartford; and Jonathan Trumbull of Norwich. A few specimens will suffice to show the character and variety of the colonial exhibits:

Army Order Book of Colonel Bazaleel Beebe of Litchfield, 1776-1780.

Silver Tankard belonging to Admiral Ezek Hopkins, first admiral of the American navy.

Lantern belonging to Jonathan Brooks of New London (died, 1845), who was living there when Benedict Arnold burned the town.

Cannon ball fired at the time of the landing of the British troops under General Tryon at Westport, April, 1777, when the towns of Danbury and Ridgefield were burned.

Roster of H. R. Majesty's 55th Regiment, captured in 1776 on Staten Island, by Capt. Nath. Fitz Randolph of New Jersey.

Ancient pitch-pipe, made in England 200 years ago.



THE CONNECTICUT ROOM.

Old snuff box with copy on cover of clay medallion of Benjamin Franklin, first of the kind, made in 1779, when Franklin was in France as American commissioner.

Pair of pistols which belonged to Governor Trumbull.

Four hock glasses which belonged to the grandfather of Gov. Thos. H. Seymour, and were used at entertainments given by colonial officers.

Map of United States boundaries, laid down according to Treaty of Peace of 1783; published in London in 1783.

Musket of a member of the 44th Royal Infantry, left in a house where they were quartered when Boston was evacuated by the British.

Scarf pin once owned by Gurdon Saltonstall, governor of Connecticut from 1708 to 1725.

The only collective exhibit, other than those heretofore named, was in the department of Liberal Arts — a highly meritorious educational exhibit from the pub-



Miss Annie H. Chappell.

Miss Clara L. Northrop.

CUSTODIANS OF THE CONNECTICUT ROOM.

lic schools of the city of New Haven, showing details of their work in all grades from kindergarten to high school, and including many attractive specimens of work produced by pupils of the Boardman Training School. Surrounding this exhibit were many fine photographs furnished by Trinity College and Wesleyan and Yale Universities. The pavilion in which this exhibit was placed was tastefully decorated with the "colors" of the different institutions, the collection forming one of the most attractive displays in the educational department. The New Haven school exhibit was so fully illustrative of graded school work that it was solicited for the permanent exhibit of the pedagogical department of the Philadelphia Museums, to whose representative it was transferred at close of the Exposition.

The Connecticut room in the Woman's Building, to which reference has before been made, was daintily furnished by the lady members of the Commission, and proved to be not only attractive as an exhibit but a convenient and inviting rendezvous for Connecticut visitors. It was richly carpeted with Axminster through the generosity of the Hartford Carpet Company; the exquisite silk tapestry which embellished its walls was the gift of the Cheney Silk Company of South Manchester, and the beautiful tall clock, which, in its rich mahogany case, harmonized well with chairs, writing desk, and show-cases, was loaned by the New Haven Clock

Company. The show-cases were well filled with specimens of the handiwork of Connecticut women, books by Connecticut women authors, and upon its walls were displayed several oil paintings and water colors of more than ordinary merit, all the work of Connecticut women artists. Besides these there were fine specimens of wood carving, and a fine collection of photographs by Mrs. Marie H. Kendall of Norfolk, who has the reputation of being one of the most accomplished amateur photographers in this country. The Connecticut room was made further attractive by the personal embellishment given it by the presence, at different stages of the Exposition, of its accomplished custodians—

Misses Anne Huntington Chappell and Clara Louise Northrop, who received visitors with gracious dignity.

The observance of Connecticut Day (October 21), was of such character as to win from all participants—Atlantians and Connecticut people alike, and especially from Exposition officials—the highest compliments. The state was officially represented on the occasion by Governor Coffin and staff, with the two companies of Governor's Foot Guard acting as escort. During the entire Exposition no military organization visiting Atlanta made so marked an impression as did this famous Connecticut battalion.



CORRIDOR, SHOWING SECTION OF EDUCATIONAL EXHIBIT.

The address of welcome by Governor Atkinson, on behalf of the State of Georgia, was fittingly responded to by Governor Coffin, during whose peroration a dramatic scene occurred the equal of which has seldom been witnessed. Extending his hand to Georgia's Governor, in token of the fraternal regard held by the people of Connecticut for those of the Empire State of the South, it was warmly grasped by Governor Atkinson, the two standing there with hands still clasped, while Governor Coffin bestowed upon him and his State impassioned sentiments of brotherly esteem and good cheer. The effect was thrilling, and the audience responded with enthusiastic demonstration over the touching incident. To cap the climax the two Connecticut bands, Pope's and Reeves',

followed the episode with suggestive and appropriate selections — Yankee Doodle, and Dixie,—which served as fresh fuel upon the flames of patriotic enthusiasm Gov. Coffin's expressions had enkindled. The closing oration of the day was delivered by President Bradford Paul Raymond of Wesleyan University, Middletown, upon "The Man and the Machine,"—a broad and masterly presentation of a suggestive subject, not surpassed in its comprehensiveness by any other address delivered upon the auditorium platform during the continuance of the Exposition season.

Had the Exposition offered a prize for the best exhibition of promptness in carrying out a day's programme of parade and oratorical performance it must have been awarded to Connecticut. To President Weeks of the Connecticut Commission, who acted as master of ceremonies on Connecticut Day, 12 o'clock has a positive meaning. He planned to have the parade start from the city at a specified hour; when the appointed hour came the procession moved forward. He announced that the opening exercises at the Auditorium would begin at 12 o'clock, and the promptness

with which the assemblage was called to order and the various features of the programme properly expedited indicated that the master of ceremonies *was* master of them—not mastered by them. Nevertheless, there was no undue haste or "rushing" of details; the preliminaries had all been carefully attended to and about all that remained was for the controlling hand to "touch the button" at the right moment. Exposition officials assert that Connecticut was the only State that carried out its programme, from start to finish, according to scheduled time.

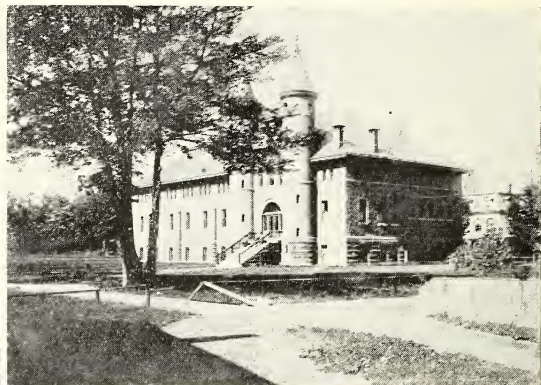
Two pleasant features remained for the closing observances of Connecticut Day. The first was a superb luncheon in compliment to Governor Coffin and staff,



A PART OF YALE UNIVERSITY EXHIBIT.

the officers of the Foot Guards, and the Connecticut Commission, at the grounds of the Piedmont club. The host was Mr. David Woodward of Atlanta, formerly a citizen of Connecticut (Watertown), but of later years prominently identified with Atlanta's business interests, and a member of the board of directors of the Exposition. The social functions of the day closed with a reception at the Connecticut Room of the Woman's Building by Governor and Mrs. Coffin, who were assisted by the lady members of the Commission.

Connecticut Day was located in the Exposition calendar on the 21st of October, that Connecticut visitors to Atlanta at that time might also witness the observance of "President's Day," October 23d, but it was not imagined that our own state would assist to the extent of making Mr. Cleveland's day conspicuously brilliant in the line of military display. The Exposition officials had observed the attractive uniforms of the Foot Guards, their fine marching and their splendid



A PART OF WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY EXHIBIT.

general appearance, and they were given the post of honor in the procession which accompanied the presidential party from the city to the Exposition grounds.

Connecticut was entitled to a second "day," on November 21st, when the famous Putnam Phalanx visited the Exposition, and it was hoped they might be induced to make a public parade. The time allotted

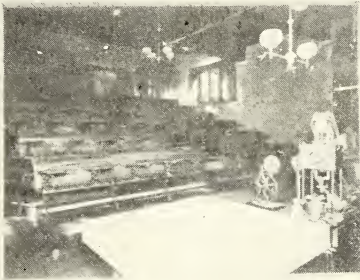
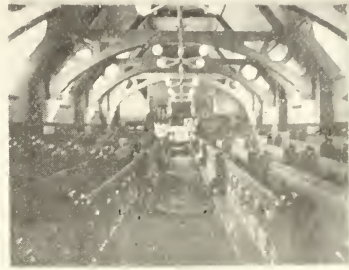
for their stay in Atlanta, however, was too limited to permit of their making a military display unless giving up time for it which they felt entitled to devote to sightseeing. But the "Puts" made an excellent and lasting impression upon Atlantians, and were honored by a full dress reception and ball given the night previous to their departure by the Gate City Guard of Atlanta, one of the most noted military organizations of the South.

That Connecticut made a good impression upon the people of Atlanta as the result of its participation in their Exposition hardly admits of a doubt. The members of the Commission were recipients of marked courtesy not only on the part of the officials of the Exposition but by its citizens generally, than whom it would be difficult to find those more inclined to generous hospitality or more imbued with kindlier sentiments. After the close of the Exposition an appreciative letter, written by Director-General Collier, was received by the writer of this sketch, from which a self-explanatory extract is here given :

"Before finally closing up the work of the Cotton States and International

Exposition Company I desire, in a formal manner, to express my thanks to yourself, and through you to the Board of Commissioners of the State of Connecticut for the very valuable assistance which they rendered the Cotton States and International Exposition. While the appropriation made by your state was not sufficiently large to justify the erection of a building, the assistance which your Commission rendered us in securing a fine line of exhibits from the State of Connecticut proved to be of the most valuable character and added very greatly to the interest and success of the Exposition. Your Commission was at all times loyal and enthusiastic in the work in which they were engaged, and it affords me pleasure to thus express my appreciation for their services."

If testimony be needed to indicate



A PART OF TRINITY COLLEGE EXHIBIT.

the excellence of Connecticut exhibits at Atlanta, the verdict of the Jury of Awards can be placed in evidence. Without particularizing we give the summary: Grand prizes (gold medals), 5; diplomas of honor (silver medals), 10; diplomas of general excellence (bronze medals), 6; honorable mention, 4. It should be understood, however, that not all exhibits from Connecticut were entered for award. Conspicuous among exhibitors of this class was the Pope Manufacturing Company of Hartford, manufacturers

of the "Columbia" bicycle. This company has good reasons of its own for not wishing to enter its wheels in competition with others, and it is not difficult to guess what some of them are. For instance, they may prefer the verdict of the hundreds of thousands of wheelmen who ride the "Columbia," and who consider it "the standard," to the verdict of a half dozen learned members of a jury of award

who possibly never mounted a wheel, and who might not be able to distinguish the superiority of a hundred-dollar wheel — built to render good service for years if properly cared for — and a thirty or forty dollar wheel, with “expectation of life” much briefer. A pioneer concern that has spent twenty years’ time and lavished money almost regardless of amount in perfecting its wheels in all their details may consider it of little advantage to come into competition with those whose reputation has not been established through the trying test of years. A set of carriage wheels costing eight dollars might look as well to a jury of award as one costing thirty-two dollars; a runaway horse could reveal the character of the work by his manner of testing it so that men could know for a cer-

tainty that paint, putty, and gloss do not add to the real value of a carriage wheel.

We have in mind a Connecticut exhibit at Atlanta of a different class, which was entered for award and received the highest prize, a gold medal. This showed not only the most exquisite finish but showed also the various stages of its evolution whereby a jury of award could almost witness the process of manufacture. We refer to the display of



CONNECTICUT DAY: GOVERNOR'S FOOT GUARD.

table cutlery of Landers, Frary & Clark of New Britain. The finished work was of such marvelous beauty that it was classed with “art decoration” rather than among “manufactures,” where table cutlery naturally belongs. An accompanying show-card showed the first process upon the blade, which would not have looked out of place in a heap of scrap-iron; the next object on the card was still rough-looking but a little more shapely; then step by step the blade took on new forms until at the last it was a finished specimen of workmanship, with ivory or pearl handle — a carver fit to embellish the dining table of a czar, an emperor, or even an American sovereign of the rank of Chauncey Depew. This New Britain exhibit might fairly be regarded as furnishing one of the best illustrations of the ability of the skilled artisan to produce from crude and unattractive material the highest type of manufactured article.

Notwithstanding the fact that Connecticut exhibits generally received merited recognition at the hands of the Jury of Awards there were some conspicuous excep-



EXHIBIT OF POPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

tions which can be charitably explained as oversights. That Charles Noel Flagg's painting of "A Greek Girl" in the department of Fine Arts should not have awarded even so meagre a verdict as "honorable mention" can only be accounted for on that supposition. And an oversight in this case is easily explained by the fact that the painting was omitted from the official catalogue (by clerical error), and the belief that the Jury of Awards examined subjects in Fine Arts only by catalogue. When it is known that the chief of that department was in such delicate health that he had to leave his official post for a month's recuperation, all due allowance will be made for oversights and other shortcomings—all the more now that Horace Bradley, who presided over affairs in that realm of Fine Arts at Atlanta has joined the glorious company of masters—from Raphael to Hovenden—in whose school he was a gifted, modest, painstaking pupil.

In other departments there were notorious omissions in the line of awards, one instance which comes to mind being that of a Connecticut woman's invention (the Stiles ink-stand), which failed to receive any recognition, though it was almost surrounded by framed diplomas awarded it at other expositions—at Philadelphia, Paris, and elsewhere. It is probable that the attention of the jurors was not directed to it as they passed through the Woman's Annex. Nevertheless the jury of awards at Atlanta was doubtless as good a one—as competent and painstaking—as ever undertook a task of this character. The only way to get entirely satisfying results from a jury of award is for an exhibitor to lie in wait for them, to explain matters to them so lucidly that they cannot fail to see otherwise undiscovered merits, and before they pass on tell them what he thinks he ought to have! How, otherwise, is it to be supposed a jury would know what might prove a satisfactory award?

One of the most interesting exhibits northern visitors saw while in Atlanta was not installed upon the Exposition grounds. It was the city's License System, which is so much of an improvement upon anything of the kind ever seen in New England that we ask the indulgence of the reader while we outline it.

There is needed by way of preface a statement relative to Atlanta's political status. The two leading factions in local politics there are not, as in New England cities, composed of Democrats on one side and Republicans on the other. The greater part of the more intelligent class of the white population are Democrats, not, however, from any desire to be likened to the complexion or texture of democracy generally at the North, but from the fact that since the adoption of the XVth amendment to the National Constitution, which provides that "the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude," the colored people are inclined to consider themselves Republicans. The great bugbear at the South is negro domination, which is resisted much as in New York the domination of "Tammany" is opposed by the better class of all political parties.

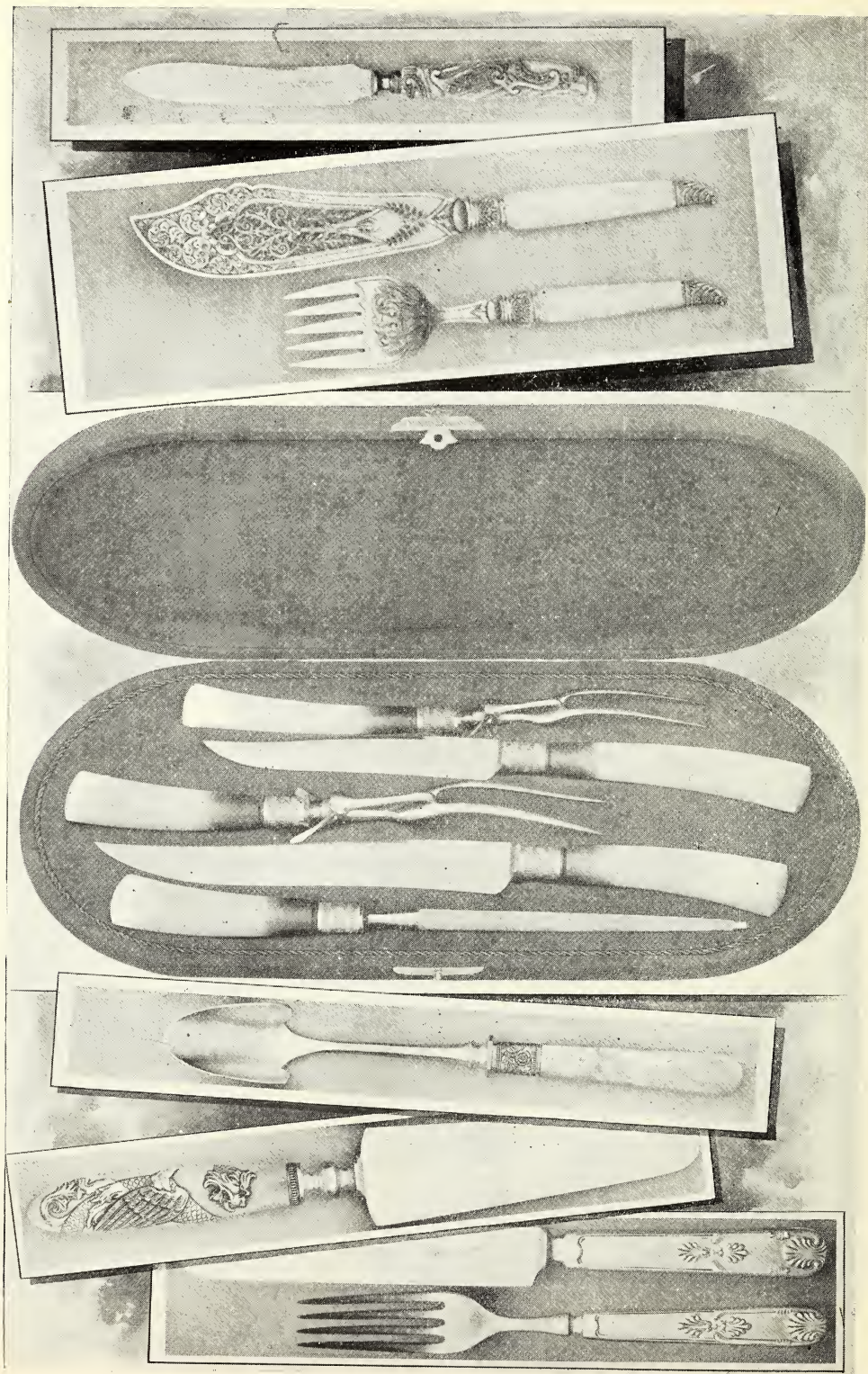
In local politics, however, the people of Atlanta divide upon different lines. One of the principal questions which for years agitated them, was that of License *versus* Prohibition. The people were so evenly divided that the political pendulum swung to one side one year and to the other side the next, resulting alternately in the freer traffic in the sale of liquor than the moderate adherents of the license system considered for the welfare of the community.

At length the leaders of the political forces came together and effected a compromise, binding themselves to stand by restricted license, and such it continues

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK



EXHIBIT OF LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK.



GOODS IN THE LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK EXHIBIT.

to be to this day. Some of the specifications of this kind of license will interest those who have been interested in the subject; we hope they may not be unedifying to the general reader. It may be that light will be seen along this road for some communities. Here are some of the features of Atlanta's restricted license:



THE COLONIAL LOAN EXHIBIT.

First, all licensed dealers, saloons, and hotels are made to pay a license fee to the city treasury of \$1,000. This provision naturally limits the number of licensed saloons.

Secondly, the location of saloons is prescribed; in other words they are confined chiefly to the business portion of the city, where they can be readily looked after by the police. They are not allowed to encroach upon the residence portion of the city.

Lastly,—and here comes one of the most surprising and commendable restric-

tions,—all saloons, hotel bars included, are compelled to close at 10 o'clock at night, and to remain closed until 5 in the morning. The penalty for being open between the hours named, or on Sunday, is loss of license. As a result they are without exception closed tighter than drums, for drums have air holes and Atlanta saloons don't. No drug stores have licenses in that city; they might get them perhaps if they were willing to pay the thousand-dollar fee. The license costs so much that the only way saloon keepers can make any money is by watering their liquors and using small beer glasses—so I am told. There are probably fewer violations of the license law than in any other city of equal population in the country. As for outward evidences of the debasing influence of the liquor traffic, they are less noticeable than in most New England towns of one-tenth of Atlanta's population.

There have been repeated attempts to extend the closing hour to 11 o'clock, but public sentiment so strongly favors the existing state of things that it has been found impossible to change them. I believe it to be true that even those who favor license in Atlanta favor also the restrictions with which the traffic is hemmed in, regarding the welfare and material prosperity of the city conserved and advanced thereby. In some particulars, some New England cities may be in advance of Atlanta; in none that I have visited is there such commendable control of the liquor traffic.

With the winding up of the Atlanta Exposition came to an end the official service of the Commission which had there represented the State of Connecticut. Their report to the Governor bears date of February 15, 1896, in which it appears that of its appropriation, an unexpended balance of \$820.96 was returned by Treasurer Adler to the state treasury. To have called it an unexpected balance would not be much out of the way. It is not improbable that a good share of this remainder can be accounted for by the conservative manner in which members of the Commission incurred expense—making trolleys answer for transportation service, for instance, instead of indulging themselves with such luxuries as carriages. It is an easy matter to incur expense when the state foots the bill, but the Atlanta Commission resisted the temptation with the spirit of genuine Connecticut conservatism on all occasions in which the dignity of the commonwealth was not involved. Governor Coffin would have found it a difficult task, we imagine, to select a commission to represent Connecticut at the Cotton States Exposition which would have rendered more acceptable service, among whom, from first to last, there was not a perceptible trace—as the chemist might express it—of friction or disagreement.

[Apologetic:—Except for the request of the editor of the *CONNECTICUT QUARTERLY*, the group of portraits representing the Connecticut Atlanta Commission would have appeared without that of the writer of this sketch. The editor insists that there would be more occasion for criticism in the breach than in the observance, so we yield to what he asserts is better judgment. It will certainly be a pleasure to the Executive Secretary to be ineffaceably associated with those with whom he has been so agreeably brought in contact in personal as well as official relations, and to whom he is indebted for consideration as generous as it was unmerited.]

OCTOBER.

BY ELIZABETH ALDEN CURTIS.

A time of halcyon days to simple folk,
Nipped into ruddy hues by genial frosts,
Yet balmy as late love, thy mellow cheer
Filters adown the hollows, sere
With drifted leaf-storms from the golden oak,
Strewn on the forest floor, the chestnut peeps
From out the prickly bark, intent to lure,
And merry urchins wade the rustling pyres
Of fallen splendor, while Autumnal fires
With hazy incense fill thy bosky deeps.
Brave, brown October—like a lusty horn
Dying reverbrant, mid thy cheery spoils,
Grant me an end like thine, to drift away
Free as a wind-blown leaf, from sordid toils,
And leave a memory of ripe deeds well done,
Fruitful and perfect as thy garnered corn.

ENFIELD.

SOME BEAUTIES NATURAL AND SKETCHES HISTORICAL OF AN OLD NEW ENGLAND TOWN.

BY C. TERRY KNIGHT.

The wayfarer down the valley of "New England's noblest river," after passing the rugged twins, Tom and Holyoke, will traverse no fairer or more picturesque landscape, none better displaying both the strength and beauty of old New England, than that which opens before him soon after entering the borders of that old historic state which bears the river's name.

After crossing on the main road from Springfield to Hartford the stream called Freshwater, which falls into the Connecticut after furnishing power for the Hartford Carpet Company's mills at Thompsonville on our right, we commence at once a long and steady ascent. The situation is peculiar. The change, after having come out so recently from the trimmed and shady levels of Longmeadow's sequestered, charmingly reposeful street, is all the more delightful by contrast. Our way lies over a long high hill, rising directly into the highest land in the town of Enfield, yet little more than half a mile from the river's bed some 150 feet below. Halfway up this ascent we may glance backward and see Holyoke rising directly above our track. If our sight be good and air and light favorable we shall discern its white Summit House, 25 miles away. Turning to the northwest as we approach the summit we look down upon the falls and the busy miniature city we have just passed. Looking beyond these, over the river, and above the sheltered homes scattered on the rich slopes above its brink to the horizon hills and following their green outline against the blue south, we may discern, through an interval opposite us in the nearer range, the distant hills bordering Litchfield County, twenty or more miles to the west.

Prominent on the height of the hill we have reached, 'mid pleasant surroundings of climbing vine and sheltering elm and shaven lawn, stands the substantial

and elegant home and sanitarium of Dr. Edwin S. Vail. A few steps further, on the crown of this lovely hill, we come to the old cemetery, now recently enclosed on the front by strong and artistic wire fence supported by granite posts, marking the progress of the age, where, little more than a century ago, a white-birch hedge stood, through which the sand drifted. The town voted to decorate the graves of soldiers of the Revolution as well as those of the late civil contest this year. Many of the graves marked by flag are of the former class. And flags so placed on Memorial Day are furnishing visible testimony in support of the truth of Washington's own avowal, after the great struggle was over, that "if all the states had done their duty as well as the little State of Connecticut, the war would have been ended long ago." Here is one but a few yards from the entrance south. Close



AT FRESHWATER.

beside it is another grave, unmarked, where lies, beneath broken but partly upright headstone, a soldier of the old Colonial strife at Louisburg, 1757-8.

Let us linger here for a little, among some graves that tell of a past that is still linked so vitally with the life of to-day. Below yonder heavy stone table—now moss-grown and sinking to an angle with the horizon—rests the great-grandfather of our own General Alfred H. Terry, and also of the latter's cousin, Rose Terry Cooke, and Col. Nathaniel Terry.

News of the fight at Lexington, 19th April, 1775, reached Enfield by mounted messenger the Sunday following. The people were in their "meeting-house." "A drum being procured, the drummer marched around the meeting-house beating the long roll furiously." The meeting suddenly came to an end, and early the next day 74 men commenced their march for Boston, Major, afterwards Colonel, Nathaniel Terry being superior officer and about 45 years of age at that time. The population of Enfield was then but about 1,400.

Colonel Terry's grandfather, Samuel Terry, and ancestor of all the Enfield Terrys, was one of the first settlers of the town, one of the first selectmen chosen



HOME OF DR. EDWIN S. VAIL.

after its formation, prominent and active in both church and state. A little back from the center of the cemetery, at a spot marked by a shapely monument recently erected, is the resting place of Col. Asaph Terry. A noteworthy fact concerning



THE COL. HAZARD PLACE.

the sleeper here is, that although born 140 years ago, and a grown-up man with Washington's army when defeated on Long Island, August, 1776, he had a son present at the decoration of his soldier-father's grave, with others, on Memorial



MRS. S. C. REYNOLDS' HOME.

Day of the present year, and that son not an old man—not yet 66—and more than a half century younger than his oldest half brother. This case, though not exactly parallel to that of Mrs. Angeline Avery, a Connecticut Daughter of the



THE ORRIN THOMPSON PLACE.

Revolution, is perhaps as remarkable in its way, if we consider that the subject of it was born ten to eleven years before Mrs. Avery's father, and enlisted five years before. He was a man of great physical strength; there is a reminder of the struggles and sorrows to which men of those days were born, as well as the courage and fortitude with which they were met, when we are told that, later in the war, he walked from New London to Enfield, a distance of nearly sixty miles, in one day, carrying the effects of his deceased and younger soldier brother Levi in a package of great weight upon his back. He was a Colonel of militia in Enfield after the Revolutionary war, and died there in his eighty-third year, having had a second family of four children after he had attained his sixty-sixth year.



THE TOWN HALL.

A few yards to the front of this latter monument, further south, was laid, just two hundred years ago, Isaac Morgan (Morgan), after the fashion of spelling the



THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

name in those days. Tradition makes this the first burial here, and Isaac Morgan was one of the first selectmen of the town.

To one who should to-day look abroad from various points of this eminence against the falls upon a surface diversified for rarest scenic beauty, especially when taken in connection with its natural counterparts, the island, the river, the busy villages that touch its brink, the embowered homes, and spires and woods and enduring hills that frame the picture on either side, a question might naturally arise, why had this locality remained unsettled until some fifty years later than places but a few miles distant on the rich alluvial meadows above and below? There seems to be but one answer. These higher lands adjacent the falls were



ENFIELD STREET.

covered with heavy forest, while the alluvial tracts had long been cultivated by the aborigines and offered means for immediate subsistence.

Land including this portion opposite the falls was, however, granted to the town of Springfield as early as 1648. The first effectual attempt to settle there was not made until 1678, although grants had been made to a few individuals in 1674, and a saw-mill had been erected at Freshwater by Major Pyncheon, which was burned by the Indians in 1675.

The area now included in the town of Enfield was originally supposed to belong to the Colony of Massachusetts, and was claimed by that colony as falling within their jurisdiction by virtue of the line run by their surveyors, Woodward and Saffrey, and was attached to and made a portion of the town of Springfield. August 4, 1679, the town of Springfield, at a town meeting, authorized the settlement of a plantation at Freshwater River, and appointed a committee consisting of "John Pyncheon, Samuel Marshfield, Thomas Stebbins, Sen'r, Jonathan Burt,

and Benjamin Parsons to grant out the land to persons there to inhabit, and to order and act all matters so that the place may become a town of itself."

The first actual settlers were John Pease and his sons, John and Robert, from Salem, Mass. Their home lots were allowed to be two or three rods wider than the others for the reason that they were the first settlers.

In the course of the season of 1680 there followed Simeon Booth, Jno. Burroughs, Simeon Rumril, Daniel Collins, Jno. Kibbe, Samuel Terry, Jr., Thomas Bancroft, Johnathan Pease, Isaac Gleason, Lot Killam, Rowland Thomas, James Haywood, Wm. Booth, Isaac Meacham, Jno. Bement, Jno. Bement, Jr., Thomas Geer, Jno. Fairman, Obadiah Abbe, Henry Abell, Joseph West, Samuel Merritt, Thomas Perkins, Jonathan Bush, John Pierce, and Isaac Morgan.

In 1683 the settlers had so increased that petition was made to the General



THE DIXON PLACE.

Court of the State of Massachusetts to be made a town by themselves. This petition calls for a "large tract of land for a township in this place, to run out eastward ten miles from the great river, there being so much barren land within the tract, piney and sandy, and also in consideration that the best of the land, near the great river, must yet be won for improvement by hard labor, and that said petitioners may have suitable proportions of land granted them, and such a tract as may capacitate the grantees to live comfortably thereon, that they may, through the Divine Benediction, be enabled to maintain and uphold the worship of God and His ordinances, discharge all public dues which will necessarily occur when the place shall be settled." Four days later, the general terms of this petition being granted by the Court of Massachusetts, the same appointed Major Jno. Pynchon, Lieut. Thomas Stebbins, Mr. Samuel Marshfield, Dea. Jonathan Burt, Dea. Benjamin Parsons, or any three of them, Maj. Pynchon being one, to be a committee who are fully empowered to manage all the affairs of said township till this Court take further order, and that the said town be free from all payment of the country rates for five years to come. This above-named committee appointed

John Pease, Senr., Isaac Meacham, and Isaac Morgan Selectmen, and to grant allotments to such as desired to settle there, lay out highways, etc., and, on the 7th of April, 1684, set apart land for the support of the ministry.

It was unanimously agreed by the committee, the grantees, and others to purchase land of the Indians. In pursuance thereof, an Indian deed was procured, wherein we learn that "I, Totaps, alias Nottotuck, the right Indian owner of all the land on the East side of the Connecticut river from Asnuntuck, alias Freshwater, to Umsquattauck at the foot of the falls," agrees to sell the land east of the Connecticut from Freshwater south to the brook called by the Indians Peggetoffeee, now known as Boleyn's Brook, near the foot of the falls, and thence east eight full



WHERE CAPT. EPHRAHIM PEASE LIVED.

miles to the mountains, in consideration of £25 to him in hand paid by Maj. John Pynchon, only reserving to himself a liberty of hunting on the common land in the woods, and catching fish in the rivers, yet not so as to exclude the English thereto.

Totaps acknowledges this instrument relinquishing all his interest in the premises March 16, 1688. The land north of Freshwater and thence east to the mountains had been previously conveyed by deed from the Indians in 1674.

The first town meeting was held in 1688, and John Pease, Jr., and Samuel Terry were chosen first selectmen of Enfield. At a town meeting in 1691, all inhabitants were ordered to attend town meeting for choice of officers, under penalty of two shillings fine. Thirteen attending such meeting shall be a legal meeting. This vote making a quorum of thirteen has never been annulled.

Among prominent men in the early history of the town was John Pease, Jr. A surveyor by profession, he surveyed and laid out the town plat and lots of proprietors, and is the person to whom the town is indebted for its present broad street. He was first captain of militia, and first representative to the General

Court of Massachusetts Bay, and indefatigable in his labors to advance the prosperity of the town. The place of his grave here is not known to-day. The tombstone of his son, Dea. Isaac Pease, who was among the first deacons of the Congregational Church, is in good condition in the southwest quarter of the cemetery.

The Boston Port Bill passed both houses of the British Parliament March 7, 1774. The rising "spirit of '76" in Enfield is best shown in the town records of those days not long after, July 11, 1774, "at a full and regular meeting of its voters and inhabitants." "The Resolves of the representatives of this colony, passed in May last, were read in this meeting and fully agreed to and acquiesced in, then further taking into serious consideration the present administration of the British Colonies by and under exertion of Ministerial and Parliamentary power, and par-



SITE OF THE COLLINS PLACE, "SYCAMORE HALL."

ticularly the surprising and unprecedented act of blocking up the port of Boston, &c., measures which have a direct tendency to the destruction of the British Empire; and, if persisted in, must inevitably terminate in the subversion of our Constitution and total loss of American freedom; and while our hearts glow with the most filial duty and affection to our rightful sovereign, Lord George the 3d, and to his illustrious house, we feel the warmest sentiments of gratitude to those worthy gentlemen whose noble and patriotic zeal has animated them with such wisdom and firmness to oppose the torrent of oppression rolling like a flood upon us; we cannot but express our deepest concern and grief that men who are descended from the natural and known enemies of the House of the Brunswick succession and who inherit the intrigue and malevolence as well as the honors and estates of their ancestors, should find such access to the Royal Ear, and by their subtlety and disguise alienate his Majesty's affections from his dutiful and loyal subjects; and while we consider that those who tamely submit to wear the shackles of slavery, or behold, with a supine indifference, all that is dear to us and posterity wrested from us by force, must be dead to the principle of self-preservation, callous to every feeling of humanity, and criminally regardless of the happiness and

welfare of unborn millions: therefore, Resolved unanimously, that a firm and inviolable union of the colonies is absolutely necessary for the defense and support of our civil rights, without which all our efforts will be likely to prove futile: that to facilitate such union, it is our desire that the committees of the several governments meet in a general convention at such place as shall be most convenient as soon as the circumstances of the distance and communication of intelligence will possibly permit, and the most effectual measures to defeat the machinations of the enemies of His Majesty's government and the liberties of America, is to break off all commercial intercourse with Great Britain and the West Indies, until all those oppressive acts of raising revenue in America be repealed." At the same meeting a committee of seven, consisting of Ephraim Terry, Edward Collins, Isaac Kibbe,



WHERE REV. ELAM POTTER LIVED.

Peter Raynolds, Ephraim Pease, Thomas Parsons, and Nathaniel Terry, were appointed to correspond and consult with other towns of the colony and to receive and forward contributions of money and provisions to those persons in Boston and vicinity distressed by the unhappy consequences of the Boston Port Bill. It was ordered that the doings of this meeting be published in the New London *Gazette*.

The people of Enfield were Abolitionists at an early day in the town's history, as appears by the following vote in town meeting, April 7, 1777, that Joseph Kingsbury, Capt. Daniel Perkins, and Ensign Eliphalet Terry be a committee to prefer a memorial to the Assembly in May next, praying that the Negroes in this state be released from their slavery and bondage. We find the same Capt. Perkins and Joseph Kingsbury appointed delegates from Enfield to the Convention held at Hartford on the first Thursday in January, 1788, for the ratification of the Constitution of the United States. Of the latter it is written, he was

"A strict supporter of the good old ways
Of Puritans in their most early days."

On March 31, 1777, the town voted to choose a committee to take care of the families of those that shall engage in the service of the war, in their absence, and

a week later voted to raise forty dollars to be paid out of the town's treasures to each able-bodied man that shall enlist into the Continental army, by the 1st day of May next, and the same sum to those already enlisted, to the number of forty-seven men.

But time passes. Other deeds and names equally worthy of mention in connection with those soul-trying days we must pass over for the present.

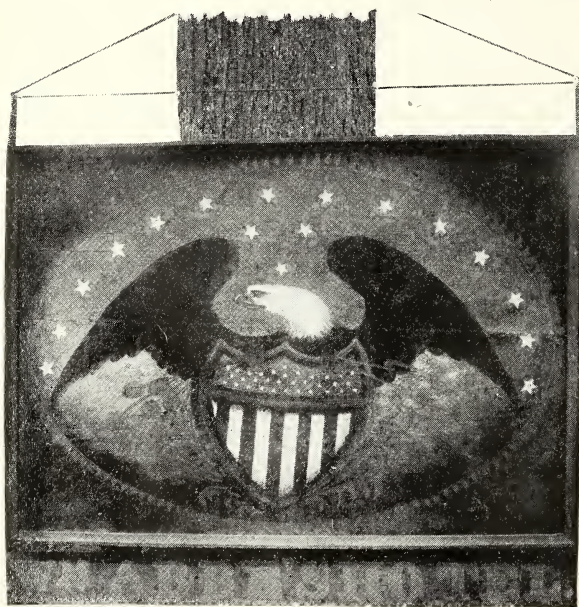
Let us turn and look northward from the eastern brow of the hill. In a spur, or rather continuation of Holyoke east, is seen, just above the summer foliage, a narrow, abrupt interval through which descends the road from Amherst, Mass., to Granby, the town this side the range. The eye follows with delight the undulating chain south to the swelling grandeur of Ball Mountain east, at whose foot is the village



WHERE REV. NEHEMIAH PRUDDEN LIVED.

at Somers Street, scarcely discernible. Hither rise the spires of Hazardville. A little to the northward we see the Shaker's once-venerated hill, and get a glimpse of some of the dwellings of that community clustering near. Going farther southward, from a low and seemingly leafy level near the mountain, is thrust up a white spire locating Ellington Street. Further on, in bold outline half-way up the hills, stands a part of the city of Rockville. The remaining portion is hidden from view in a mountain intervale. Up and down a half-hundred and more miles in unobstructed view the eye ranges where the hills, diminished by distance and lower levels, sink gradually out of view. Who that has contemplated this line of mountain and hill and wooded intervale when clothed in the dense greenery of summer, or sat down before it in days of "reddening leaf and sunny stillness," has not been uplifted by the sublimity of the great picture? Since David sang upon Judea's hills such scenes have had power to inspire the devout, patriotic, poetic heart. How much Connecticut hills and woods and vales and waters have aided in the development of spirituality, originality, and power in the soul of an Edwards, a Beecher, and a Bushnell, that wonderful trio of Connecticut-born men, who can tell? It was a thought of the latter that Hartford would be "a good place to be

in on the morning of the Resurrection." How far this sentiment was owing to the fact that there he would be near and with his "dear flock," whom, having adhered to the deep spiritual thinker so faithfully, he remembered with "imperishable affection," and how much to other local associations, we perhaps may not know. But from whatever cause — and we can but think the natural beauty of the location had something to do with it — a similar feeling regarding this place seems to have stirred in the breasts of several in the past of the same calling, who have labored in the church here temporarily, and have gone to other fields, to be brought and laid down here at last; — and for more yet to be brought a place is appointed. Like many another, the old First Church of Enfield has had its trials in regard both to doctrine and practice. Certain it is, also, that it has had pastors, some of whose remains lie here, who have been profoundly venerated and greatly beloved.



SIGN OF THE WM. ABBE HOTEL.

The large stars probably represent the number of states in the Union at time it was painted.

When a settlement in the Province of Massachusetts Bay became incorporated into a town it was required that the inhabitants hold public meetings for the worship of God on the Sabbath within its limits. As early as 1683 the (Springfield) committee went to Enfield to prepare the way for this worship, and having a meeting of the inhabitants, it was put to vote and passed that they would assemble on the Sabbath, forenoon and afternoon, except such as might go to Springfield or Suffield, and "carry on the day by prayer and singing and reading some good orthodox book till they might get a supply of minister."

The first minister of the Gospel settled in Enfield was Rev. Nathaniel Collins,

ordained in 1699. "The town, by a full and clear vote, expressed their willingness that Mr. Collins be ordained pastor of the Church of Christ here, and also the town do grant him twenty pounds in our pay, as we raise among us this to be paid yearly, and every year. The town also engage to clear and bring into improvement the land which the town formerly engaged on which the house stands, and also the town engages to give Mr. Collins twenty pounds towards furnishing his house, and also give £20 towards building a barn as soon as they can." Mr. Collins officiated as pastor twenty-five years, when, by a previous vote of the town at a legal town meeting held, he laid down the work of the ministry here. Mr. Collins was succeeded by the Rev. Peter Reynolds, who entered upon his work in November, 1725, and continued until his death, in 1768. The traditions which have come down to the present day, as well as the repeatedly recorded testimony of a noted* contemporary, seem all to confirm the graving upon his monumental

* Rev. Stephen Williams, Longmeadow, Mass.

table here:—amiable, pious, excellent. In 1769 Rev. Elam Potter was ordained, and continued pastor nearly seven years. Mr. Potter was greatly interested in improving and uplifting the condition of the Negro slaves, and made repeated tours into the Southern states on their behalf, and the memorial to the General Assembly of Connecticut, referred to on a former page, praying that the Negroes in this state be released from their bondage, was perhaps in part a result of his influence.

Among the closing years of our Revolutionary contest, November, 1782, was ordained Rev. Nehemiah Prudden. He was a man of great physical strength, stout and rotund in person, a ready appreciator of the humorous, possessed of strong and saving common sense. The great and central doctrines of the Gospel he understandingly believed and faithfully preached, is recorded on his pyramidal monu-



THE WM. ABBE HOTEL.

ment. Credible tradition informs us that when he died the bell tolled all day. Mr. Prudden was pastor here until his death, September, 1815. We may refer to him later.

The town of Enfield voted in 1683 to build a meeting-house 20 feet square with $10\frac{1}{2}$ feet studs. It is supposed that this house stood near or in this cemetery. Twenty-two years later the town again vote to build a meeting-house, and Sergeant Terry and Zachariah Booth agree to build and finish the same. This house was forty feet square and stood in the street one mile to the south. The town "vote to seat this meeting-house" before they meet in it, and appoint four persons with the selectmen to "attend to that business." The foundations of this house were visible until quite recently.

We have tarried long upon this elevation because of the wide and enchanting outlook from it, and because so much of the early history of Enfield is written or suggested here. As we move south kaleidoscopic views may be seen on every hand. We notice among the homes in broad and attractive surroundings, "set

like a duck," as its owner once said, against the southern slope of the hill, the home of the late Col. A. G. Hazard, which has, until quite recently, been for many years unoccupied. The property is now sold and opened for summer boarders. Mr. Hazard died May 7, 1868. At his home have been entertained persons of all grades of eminence, from President Davis of the Southern Confederacy, who visited him as Secretary of War under Pierce's administration, down to men of quite common abilities, neighbors and friends. His life of great business activity and kindly beneficence is largely inwoven with the more recent history of Enfield and Hazardville. Further on, fronting some 100 rods on the street, is the site of the mansion once occupied by the late Orrin Thompson. The situation is elevated, commanding a wide view in nearly every direction. It is called Long View. From its summit is seen the proprietor's green mow-lot of a hundred acres. The



ENFIELD BRIDGE.

spacious, tasteful, shaded grounds in front remind one of the parks and residences of Old England. Its history is connected with the history of Thompsonville.

The town house near was the third meeting-house built in Enfield. The contract was made in 1772. Isaac Kibbe agreed to build and finish the house by New Year's day, 1775, for £1,100 lawful money, and receive as pay corn at two shillings, wheat at four, rye at three per bushel, pork three pence, beef two pence, bull beef excepted, tobacco, if raised in town, at eighteen shillings per 100 pounds. Any person that wished had the privilege of paying money instead of said articles. Capt. Ephraim Pease gave a bell to the church. On the occasion of building the new church opposite, in 1848, the old meeting-house was moved from its position in the street south of the town pump, its ends were reversed, and it was placed upon its present location. Quite a dust was raised when, in pulling down the old steeple, one section of rope gave way, suddenly forming a long winrow of men piled upon the turfless earth. The bell in the present beautiful church edifice is the same material that swung in the old one a century and more ago. The old wooden schoolhouse, moved from its site in 1869 to make room for the present brick one, was built about the close of the last century. William Dixon, father of the late Senator James Dixon, came hither from Killingly, in this state, while a young man, and taught the first term of school in one room of the building, his

brother at the same time teaching in the other room. Mr. Dixon married a daughter of Dr. Simeon Field, a resident physician, studied law, and practiced here until his death, in 1839. He was sent as Representative to the General Assembly, and was Town Clerk for twelve years. He built the bridge here which spans the Connecticut, by the aid of a lottery, in 1832.

Opposite what was once Mr. Dixon's home is one among the ancient houses of the town. A hundred years and more ago it was owned and occupied by Capt. Ephraim Pease, merchant and contractor in the time of the French war, a landholder and conspicuous man in those days. His daughter, Sybil, married Rev. Elam Potter, before mentioned, and he built a home for her on his right hand. It is a venerable manse to-day, very pleasantly located. For a third daughter, Agnes, the father built another home on his left hand, on the occasion of her marriage to Mr. Potter's successor, Rev. Nehemiah Prudden. A sapling put in earth by the latter's hand a century ago, a memorial of the birth of his first child, is the wide-spreading, symmetrical elm we see here to-day. Recently remodeled and repaired, this is a stately residence. The desirability and beauty of the location is rarely equaled. It is to-day the home of one of the business men of Enfield, Mr. Henry Abbe.

Associations of the past seem to cluster in this neighborhood. Opposite what was once the Potter parsonage, on the east side the street, was also once the home of the Rev. Mr. Collins, the first pastor of Enfield. The house he occupied is long gone. A prominent feature of the spacious, well-kept place is an ancient and venerable button-ball, probably the tallest tree in town, though shortened by decay from its past height.

Capt. Ephraim Pease was born in Enfield 1719, and died there in 1801. His grave is in the north part of the old cemetery. The house he owned and occupied dates as far back as early in the last century. Though there is no written record known to us to-day touching the matter, undoubted tradition affirms that here were quartered British prisoners of the Revolution, probably a part of Burgoyne's army, surrendered October, 1777. We are told how the hearts of the maidens of that olden time were taken captive by the appearance of the British Light Horse on our street and at the meeting-house. The south front chamber of this ancient residence is pointed out as the room where Washington rested for a night at the time referred to in a letter to a correspondent in Old England, wherein he writes of passing through Enfield and stopping at "the hospitable mansion of Capt. Ephraim Pease." This letter was seen and read by the late Senator James Dixon when in England on his wedding tour, and this fact he related to a reliable and long-time occupant of the Captain Pease homestead, who told it to the writer. This occurred while Washington was commander of the Continental army.

The young athletes of to-day come as comes the summer's eve, with bat and ball, to contest on "the green" under the shadow of the Prudden elm and over the site of the ancient church of two hundred years ago. Around it, Thomas Abbe's* drum re-echoed the first volley at Lexington. Within it, on a summer Sabbath of a generation before, July 8, 1740, came Jonathan Edwards, a young man not yet 37. We have been told finely and discriminatingly by a former well-beloved pastor of the old First Church of Hartford that the great preacher of that Sabbath afternoon "received conversion at the angle of God's sovereignty." With

*It is not absolutely certain that the drumming was done *here*. As related on page 372, the present town house was, by contract, to be finished Jan. 1, 1775, and in case it was then finished, the drumming was done in the street some 100 rods above. In the absence of exact records, there are good reasons for concluding that the town house was not finished until after 19th April, 1775.

a text (Deut. 32: 35) and theme in keeping with that thought, delivered in those days and at a time both of religious declension and awakening, by a mind and imagination so powerful and so richly furnished, and enforced by the energy of an intense earnestness and a pure and Godly life, it perhaps was not strange that both the discourse and the occasion became historic, even beyond the sea. We are informed by one who was present* that "before the sermon was done there was a great moaning and crying out throughout the whole house — 'What shall I do to be saved? Oh! I am going to Hell,' etc. The cries were piercing and amazing — so that the minister was obliged to desist. After some time of waiting the congregation was still, so that a prayer was made, and after that we descended from the pulpit and discoursed with the people — some in one place and some in another — and, amazing and astonishing — the power of God was seen — and several souls were hopefully wrought upon that night. 'And oh! the cheerfulness and pleasantness of their countenances that received comfort — oh, that God would strengthen and confirm.' We sang an hymn and prayed and dismissed the assembly."

From this point we have a view of the old "Town Street" north and south, whose sections together embrace the distance of a mile. The picture over the river here, as everywhere throughout our borders, is a perennial joy. Enfield need never lack the inspiration afforded by its natural situation and its generally worthy and patriotic history. To one who has perused the latter and studied the former for a lifetime, with that ever-increasing delight which the perfect work of the Creator can inspire, come oft and again the words of Walter Scott —

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own, my native land?"

* The Rev. Stephen Williams, D.D., Longmeadow, Mass., 1716-1782.

CHRYsalis.

BY JULIA MERRELL.

Always alone, — yet not alone ; —
The Central Source is ever burning ;
And, though we laugh, or though we moan,
Our life within its own is turning :
"The Great, Eternal need of Good"
Is meting out our daily food.

Always alone, — yet not alone ; —
The towering glaciers, coldly gleaming,
Below the frozen Arctic Zone
Are in an icy torrent streaming,
And underneath the mighty river
The hidden warmth is glowing ever.

So, though we laugh, or though we sigh, —
In nature's womb all lonely lying ;
We only wait our destiny,
Where — in the hour which men call "*dying*" —
We burst the chrysalis which holds us,
And larger life again enfolds us.



THE RIVERSIDE CEMETERY.

A SKETCH OF THE OLD BURVING-GROUND IN MIDDLETOWN.

BY ALICE GRAY SOUTHMAYD DERBY.

Just across the track from the railroad station at Middletown, scarcely a stone's throw from the blue waters of the Connecticut River, lies the quaint old graveyard variously known as "The Old Cemetery," "The Old North Burying Ground," and the "Riverside Cemetery." It was probably when Middletown, or as it was then called Mattabesett, was first settled in 1650 that this site was chosen for the graveyard, but whatever town records may have been made before 1652 have been lost, so that the first measures taken in regard to the ground cannot be quoted. In 1656, however, "Thomas Allin was chosen to dige the graves, that is to say 5 foot deep and to have 3 sheelings a peese for them."

"At a towne meeting November the 27, 1658, it was agreed betweene the towne and Thomas Allin about the burying place which is as followeth: That the sayed Thomas Allin is to have the burying place for his uss ten years, and at the end of which terme the sayed Thomas Allin douth ingage to have a good suftient fence of post and rayle not above ten years standing and in the meene time to keep it from any damages done by swine, to the true performance hereof the sayed Thomas Allin douth hereunto set his hand provided that the towne have free liberty to bury theer dead and to visit by there graves."

While Goodman Allin had the "uss of the burying ground" there were probably not a few deaths, but little record is left of those early sorrows. The stones, if

such there were, have crumbled away, or themselves been buried out of sight, and the earliest inscriptions now legible are those of 1688.

On "Jenewary 8" of that year, the town records tell us, Zipporah, wife of Thomas Harris, died, and the inscription which marks the spot where her "deceased body" is laid can be easily read. On the eighteenth of March, just a week before the "new year" of 1689 began, little Hannah Sumner's short life of seven years was ended, and June "DAN^l COL^lINS SON TO M^r SAM^l COLLINS" died at the age of thirteen. But the most important death in town during the year was that of Mr. Giles Hamlin, who died on the first of September.

Dr. David Dudley Field tells us that "among the men whom the people de-

lighted to honor were Mr. Giles Hamlin, his son John Hamlin, and his grandson Jabez Hamlin. Mr. Hamlin, though 'near fifty years crossing the ocean wide,' was elected representative to the General Court twenty-two times; and in 1685 was elected an assistant, and thus annually until his death, except as the privileges of the freemen were interrupted by the usurpation of Major Andros."

Giles Hamlin must have been foremost in the people's thoughts whenever the roll of the town-drum was heard, for he it was who, on "desember 17th '66" gave to the town and train band a drum, which "the towne voated" was to be beaten "twis on fornouns and twis

in afternouns on Saboth days and thanksgiving days and fast days." So presumably it was beaten again and again until 1679 when "a parte of the inhabitance of the towne," having "purchased a belle," first "among the proprietors of the bell" stands the name of "Mr. Gills Hamline," the largest subscriber.

Owing to the position of Mr. Hamlin's tomb it was with difficulty that a photograph of its curious epitaph was obtained, and even this seems to represent the side of an obelisk, but it is really a bird's-eye view of the top of a flat table-stone.

Giles Hamlin's wife was Hester or Esther Crow, daughter of John Crow of Hartford, and granddaughter of Elder Goodwin. A plain brown headstone next Mr. Hamlin's monument tells us that

HERE
LYETH THE
BODY OF
MRS. HESTER
HAMLIN AGED
72 YEARS DYED
YE 23 OF AVGVST
1700

Less figurative than his father's epitaph, but touching in its chronicle of a good man's life, is that which marks John Hamlin's grave: —

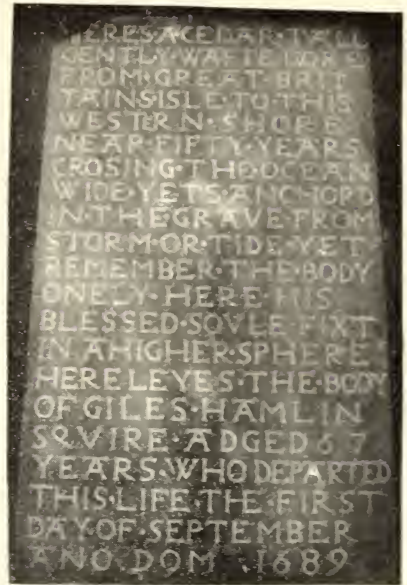


THE OLDEST STONE.

Here Lies the Body of
 John Hamlin, Esq^r. Eldest Son
 of Giles Hamlin, Esq^r, of
 Middletown: A Faithful Man
 And Feared God Above Many
 36 years Successively He Was
 an Assistant of This Colony and
 in that and Diverse other important
 publick trusts he Served his
 Generation with Great integrity
 Not Seekin his own But the
 Wealth of His people and
 Having done Good in ifrael
 Finished his Cowsr and kept the
 Faith he Fell Asleep Jan^{ry} 2^d
 173³ in the 75th year
 of his Age.

One of the silver communion chalices still
 used in the First Church of Christ in Middle-
 town is inscribed "The gift of John Hamlin,
 Esq^r." His wife Mary, whose tombstone is
 next to his, was the daughter of the Rev-
 erend Nathaniel Collins, the first pastor of
 that church.

Not less honored in his epitaph than his
 father and grandfather is Jabez Hamlin,
 a name still dear in Middletown, and noted as
 that of her first mayor when the
 city was incorporated in 1784:—



INSCRIPTION ON TOMBSTONE OF GILES
 HAMLIN.

In Memory
 of
 the Hon. Jabez Hamlin, Esquire
 son of the Late John Hamlin, Esquire
 who deceased
 AE. 82. Apr: 25. AD. 1791.
 Having been honored
 by the public confidence
 from his youth to his advanced years,
 and employed in various grades of office
 untill he was called to the higher duties
 of Magistracy.
 after a life of great usefulness
 in Church and in State
 he died, in a good old age
 respected, beloved, lamented.

Beside him lies interred

the Body of
 Mary the Virtuous Consort of
 Jabez Hamlin, Esq^r and Daughter of ye
 Hon^{ble} Christopher Christophers
 Esq^r of Newlondon, who Fell asleep
 April ye 3^d A. D. 1736 in ye 22nd
 Year of her Age.

Epitaph.

"So Fair, so young, so Innocent, so Sweet.
 So ripe a judgment, and so rare a wit.
 Require at Least an Age in one to meet.
 In her they met, but long they could not stay,
 twas gold too fine to Mix without Allay."

Jabez's matrimonial history did not end, however, with the death of Mary in her twenty-second year; for in addition to her stone we find those of two other wives and a "relict." His second wife was Margaret, daughter of Captain George Phillips, one of the chief men of the town. She died in 1748. In 1768 his third wife, Abigail, daughter of the Rev. Nathaniel Chauncey of Durham, died, as her pastor's record tells us, on "Nov^r 3 at 4 P. M. She had long had the Asthma and laterly the Dropsy." Jabez's fourth and last venture was "Mrs. Susanna, widow and relict of the Rev. Samuel Whittlesey of Milford." After twenty years of life together, she became also the relict of Jabez Hamlin, and was finally laid to rest beside him in 1803.

The Hamlin stones are gathered together in one lot, surrounded by a wooden fence, the grass is kept cut and the stones well cared for. Such is not the general



rule. The place has been greatly neglected; in summer the poison ivy covers the ground, entirely concealing the smaller stones, climbing up to wave in triumph from the tops of the taller ones, and covering the treacherous holes of former graves, so that the living who wander in and out among the long rows of stones need to take constant heed each one to his footsteps lest he literally "stand with one foot in the grave." Yet it is a lovely spot, even in its uncared-for state, this small odd-shaped God's Acre, which is daily used as a thoroughfare by all sorts and conditions of men. It formerly extended nearer the river than it now does, but twenty-five years ago the eastern portion of the cemetery was appropriated to the uses of the railroad, and the bodies lying in that part were carefully moved. Unlike some old cemeteries, this one has never been used for two layers of graves, at least not intentionally. There was plenty of room when it was first laid out for it to be extended towards the west, as has been done more than once.

From time to time interest has been awakened in the old ground. Half a century ago the North Burying Ground Association was formed, a map of the cemetery was carefully prepared, plans were made for buying adjacent land, and lots were portioned off for sale. Little was accomplished, however. Within a few years the General James Wadsworth Chapter, D. A. R., decided to make the Riverside Cemetery the object of special care, and it is hoped that soon by its efforts

and those of the "Middletown Old Burying Ground Association," incorporated in 1895, something may be done to keep as consecrated ground this spot which has been so neglected by those who should have cared for it, and so desecrated by those who have no reverence for the past or present.

One name, at least, among the many recorded on the moss-grown stones carries us back to New England's beginnings, for it is that of Lucey, wife of Elisha Brewster, the great-great-grandson of Elder Brewster of the Mayflower. Here lie also Allens, Bacons, Cornwalls, Halls, Harrises, Henshaws, Hubbards, and Hulberts, Johnsons, Millers, Phillippes, Rockwells, Shalers, Starrs, Stancliffs, and Sumners, Wards, Warners, Wetmores, and others well known in the early history of both town and colony.

Between 1690 and 1725 the stones are many, and but few can be particularly referred to. In 1690 "Insine William Ward dyed" on the 28th of March, and not far away, beneath skull and cross-bones, "lyeth the body of Phebe Ward, wife of Ensigne William Ward, 1691." In 1694, John Hall, jr., son of John Hall, one of the first settlers, and a deacon in the First Church, died and was deemed worthy of the epitaph shown on his stone in the cut on the preceding page.

An inscription of 1695 which, in spite of its ludicrous quaintness, reveals a great deal of sorrow and domestic calamity, tells us that

SARAH THE
WIFE OF JOHN
BACON LYES HERE
WHO DIED BEING
AGED BUT 31 YEARS
WHO HAS LYING
BY HER SIX CHIL
DERN DEAR AND
TWO SHE HAS
LEFT HER HUSBAND
TO CHEER.

There is one curious boulder, now almost level with the ground, which, in rudest lettering, bears the words:—



N. W. CVTLER
AGE IN THE 100
YER. DIED IVNE
THE 5. 1706.

We are told by tradition that the old man buried here was a stranger in the town; that some time after his death a friend came, and with his own hand carved this rude memorial, and then went away.

The old cemetery is not lacking in curious inscriptions. One which always possesses great attraction for me is that which states that

Here lies the Body of the
truly virtuous, peaceable
and peacemaking Mr
Nathaniel Brown who lived
in peace and so Died, May
the 7th, 1735 in y^e 53^d
Year of his Age, leaving
one only Daughter, the heir
of his fortune.

My thoughts always wander from the peaceful end of the peaceable father to his one only daughter, and a curiosity entirely out of place in this solemn spot seizes me to know what became of her and her fortune. Let us hope that some worthy man sought and won her in marriage, and that their wedded life was such that in after years it could be truthfully recorded on his tombstone also that "he lived in peace and so died."

Very quaint are some of the inscriptions on children's stones. One to the five-year-old son of Abner Ely reads:—

In Memory of
This Letle Youth,
Wich we Hope
Did kno' the truth.

Another is inscribed:—

This lovely pleasant Child
He was our only one
Altho we have buryed three before,
Two Daughters and a Son.
God grant us grace with Job to say:
The Lord doth give and take away,
And Blessed be his Name for aye.

One, with a beautiful thought in the simple lines, declares that

Under these clods of clay
and Dust doth lye
A pleasant plant
gone to Eternity.

This is in memory of little Annah, daughter of William Southmayd 3d. Her mother was Mehitable, daughter of Rev. Josiah Dwight of Woodstock, granddaughter of Col. Samuel Partridge of Hatfield, and great-granddaughter of John Crow of Hartford. Little Annah's grandmother on her father's side, who is buried near by, was Margaret, second wife of William Southmayd 2d, and one of the six daughters of John Allyn of Hartford, for many years Secretary of the Colony of Connecticut. But to me the most touching of all the children's memorials is that upon a little stone, now lying on the ground, from which the clinging vines and brambles were with difficulty torn away:—

George ye only
Son of M^r George &
Sarah Lason. Died
March 2nd, 1756. Age
6 Years. 8 Mons. & 1 day.
Farewell Dear Gift
Since God will have it ^{so}
Tis sin to mourn
at his will we Know
Here he Lyes asleep
Within his Earthly Bead
until y^e Resurrection
of the Dead.

Looking at the closely set stones, we can but wonder—though it is perhaps a gruesome subject—what were the various causes of death. An old church record may perhaps give us some idea. Not a few little children succumbed to the "black canker, worms, throat distemper, fitts, cold after measles, chincough, rattles and yaws," while those of older years struggled in vain against "chronical con-

sumptive difficulties, putrid fever, asthma, dropsy, or sometimes smallpox," and those who by reason of strength attained to four score years, yielded at last to the all-conquering "infirmities of age." One little lad we know died "of the small Pox by Enoculation" in his twelfth year; and here and there we find a stone recording a sudden, tragic death, as this one, for instance: —

Here lies the Bodies of Isaac &
Nathaniel Sons of Jacob & Edith
Cornwell, both slain by Lightning
in an Instant, April y^e 13, 1739
Isaac in y^e 17 & Nathaniel in y^e
10 Year of their age.

Another stone, erected fifty-five years later, is

Sacred
to the Memory of
Miss Ruth Starr
daughter of Mr. Elihu
& Mrs. Mary Starr
who was unfortunately
drowned in the Sound
July 12, 1794.
Aged 24 Years.
"Alas! they plung'd in watr'y graves
and tasted death beneath the waves."

More than one inscription tells in differing words the story found on the large headstone which is

In Memory of
Mrs. Lydia Bull & her Infant,
Wife & only Son of M^r
Samuel Bull, only Daughter of
Capt. Joseph & Mrs. Sarah Gleason.
She died 24th January
A. D. 1772 aged 22.
the Infant died 11th Jan^{ry}
A. D. 1772 Aged 24 hours.
"Beneath this stone death's prisoners lies
The stone shall move, the prisoners rise
When Jesus with almighty word
Calls his dead Saints to meet their Lord."

In 1753 Dr. John Osborne, a scholar, poet, and physician, died at the age of forty. A pompous epitaph was carved on his monument, but when his son came of age he had the former inscription effaced and this substituted: —

Here is interred the mortal remains
of Dr. John Osborn.
— Ask nothing further, traveler; nothing
better can be said, nor nothing shorter.
Ob. 31st May, 1753, Æ. 40. —
Life how short, Eternity how long.

Not a few military titles are to be found, and while many represent officers of colonial militia, here and there is a name famed in early American history. There are few marble monuments among the somber sandstones, but prominent among these few, near the western entrance of the cemetery, gleams the one which honors the man of whom Middletown is so justly proud, "distinguished in the world as



TO COMMODORE THOMAS MACDONOUGH.

the Hero of Lake Champlain; in the Church of Christ, as a faithful, zealous and consistent Christian character, in the community in which he resided when absent from professional duty, an amiable, upright, and valuable citizen,"—Commodore Thomas MacDonough.

One elaborately carved stone is sacred to the memory of Return Meigs, the father of Colonel Return Jonathan Meigs of Revolutionary fame. This quaint family name of "Return" always brings to mind the courtship of a former Jonathan Meigs, who, having pressed his suit in vain for his sweetheart's hand, finally turned away, vowing that he would sue no more. The maiden, finding that he was in earnest in his determination, quickly relented, and ere he was out of hearing called to him in loving tones, "Return, Jonathan, return." He returned, and in memory of this ancestral romance, in each generation of their descendants there has been a "Return" or a "Return Jonathan."

During the greater part of the time that the old cemetery was in use slavery existed in Connecticut, and



black and white, bond and free, lie side by side in the old ground. Next Deacon Hall's stone may be seen a carefully carved one in memory of "Sambo, Negro Servant of Thomas Hulbert"; and next a small stone bears in clearly cut letters the name of "Fillis, wife of Cuff Negro."

The old graveyard is closely connected with the history of the church. Tradition tells us that the first Christian services in Middletown were held under the grand old elm which used to stand near the entrance of the burying-ground. The first minister in town was Mr. Samuel Stow, whose grave is without doubt in the old cemetery. His death occurred in 1704, but the table stone which probably marks his grave is without inscription. Mr. Stow's ministrations not being acceptable to all the people, the Reverend Nathaniel Collins was called to succeed him in 1661, the "Generll Court advising both Mr. Stowe & all the inhabitants of Middletown to a loving X carriage to Mr. Collins & friendly compliance with each other, that ye memory of former differences may be wholly buried —."

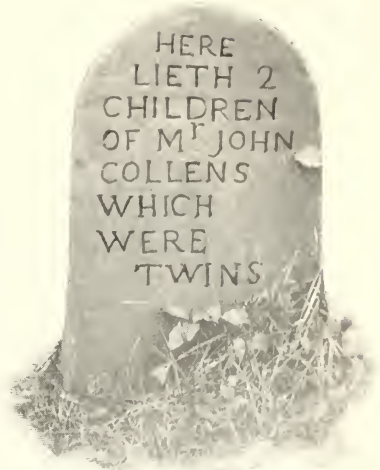
In 1668 the First Church of Christ in Middletown was organized, with Mr. Collins as its first pastor. He died in office in 1684. No inscription to his name can now be found, although one who sixty years ago was familiar with the cemetery well remembers the table stone of Nathaniel Collins, not far from that of Giles Hamlin. There is no difficulty in finding the memorials of several of the children of Mr. Collins and his wife, formerly Mary Whiting of Hartford; while one little stone in memory of their grandchildren, has a historical interest not revealed by this brief statement, for their mother was Mary Dixwell of New Haven, daughter of one who during many years was known to most people as James Davids, but whom we know as John Dixwell, the regicide. Another stone of much interest is that of John Dixwell's widow,—"she that was Bathsheba How," who died here in Middletown in 1729, perhaps in her daughter's home.

Seeking for the grave of the second pastor of the church, we wander down to what is now the

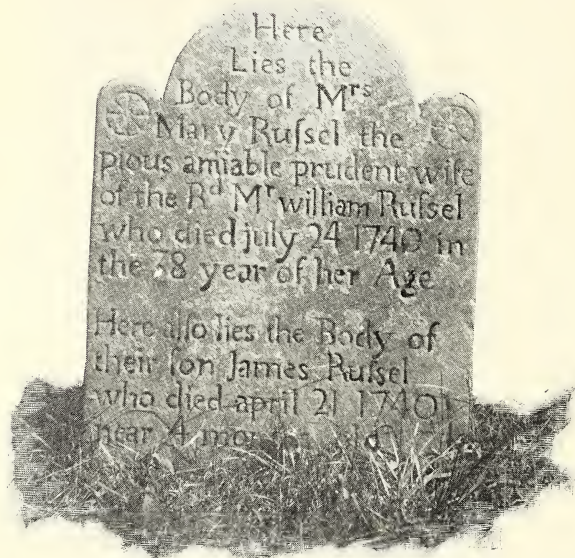


northeastern portion of the ground. Here, beneath a table stone,

lies the body of
the R^d. Mr. Noadiah Russel,
Minister of y^e Gospel in Middletown
who having served his generation
by the Will of God fell asleep Dec. 3
1713 in ye 55th year of his age.



He will be remembered as one of the founders of Yale College, and as one of the framers of the Saybrook Platform. Beside him lies his wife, Mary, daughter of Giles Hamlin, and "a mother in Israel." The next table stone is in memory of Noadiah's son and successor in the ministry, whose history is given sufficiently upon his monument, save for the mention of the fact that his death occurred on the anniversary of his ordination:—



S. M.
The Rev^d Mr. William Russell
A Man of God
eminent for Wisdom, Prudence &
Meekness,
having served his generation
by the Will of God
As Tutor & Fellow of Yale College
& Pastor of the first Church in
Middletown
died June 1st
A.D. 1761. Æ. 71. Mth 46.
He fought a good fight
He kept the faith.

There are few, perhaps, who know, or fewer still who, knowing, remember, when reading the simple inscription on the next stone, that before Mrs. Mary Russell became the "virtuous, amiable, prudent wife" of the Rev. William Russell she was

Mary Pierpont, daughter of Rev. James Pierpont of New Haven, great-granddaughter of Rev. Thomas Hooker, and sister of Jonathan Edwards' noble wife.

We are tempted to turn for a few moments from the records of deaths and burials to glance into the minister's household. When, in 1740, Mary, the mother, died, we can see the daughter Mary, only nineteen, taking a mother's place in the family, doing her best, though with a sad heart, in the two months which intervened before her marriage to Matthew Talcott, which took place on the twenty-fourth of September. It must have been a quiet wedding in the bereaved household; yet it is quite probable that Governor Joseph Talcott came in state from Hartford to be present at his son's wedding, bringing as a gift the deed conveying 100 acres of land on the west side of the Great River "to my son Matthew Talcott, for the consideration of the Paternal Love & Affection that I have for him." As the years went on no children came to Colonel and Madam Talcott, and we may feel certain that she did not cease to exercise a motherly care over her brothers and sisters and to watch over her father during the twenty-one remaining years of his life,—a long widowhood for a man in those days, especially a minister. Thinking of Mary Talcott with all due love and reverence, she yet seems to me to have been something of a match-maker, and one or two intermarriages with Hartford people seem to point to her influence. Her brother Noadiah married her husband's niece, Esther Talcott, the daughter of Treasurer Joseph Talcott; and another wedding which in after years, perhaps, brought a gay company from Hartford to Middletown, was when Colonel Jeremiah Wadsworth, son of the Rev. Daniel Wadsworth of the First Church in Hartford, came to marry Mrs. Talcott's sister, Mehitable Russell.

The minister's son Samuel is the ancestor of the Russell family in Middletown at the present time, and the mayor of the city to-day is his lineal descendant and bears his name.

Another daughter, Sarah, married Dr. Eliot Rawson, great-grandson of Edward Rawson, for so many years the Secretary of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay. Sarah Russell Rawson lived but a year after her marriage. Then the passing bell tolled twenty-four, and she was laid to rest in the Riverside Cemetery, leaving a baby Sarah to bear her name. Seven years later Dr. Rawson married Ann Cushing of Providence, R. I. He, his wives, and children are buried near the Russell family. Only names and dates are on his marble monument, but an entry found in the town records might well be his epitaph:—

Know all men by these Presents, That Eliot Rawson of Middletown in the County of Hartford in the State of Connecticut being truly desirous to do every thing in my power to relieve all those that are suffering for their country, for liberty, or for righteousness sake, do will and determine that my five Africans or negroes shall be free, if they behave well, upon the Selectmen's giving a certificate according to law, that Phillis Rawson shall be free in six months from the first day of next June, that Duchess Rawson, Francis Rawson, Lettice Rawson, and Eve Rawson shall be made free at twenty four years of age. In Witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal. ELIOT RAWSON.

Middletown, June 30, 1780.

As the century drew to its close Madam Talcott, having outlived most of her family, died, "much respected by her numerous acquaintances in all the relations of life," and was laid to rest beside her kin in 1799. Colonel Talcott, mariner and merchant, had prospered and held various offices of trust and responsibility. There is an old saying that "whenever Colonel Matthew Talcott went from Middletown to Hartford, as he crossed the Little Bridge he made all Hartford tremble, because he held so many mortgages there." He survived his wife but three years, and his long life of eighty-nine years ended in 1802. Their graves are the last we shall visit in this ramble through the Old North Burying-Ground.

Occasional interments were made here during the next seventy years, but with rare exceptions they have little interest for us compared with those between 1689 and 1800.

There is but little sadness in such an old cemetery. The hearts that ached when dear ones were laid here have ceased to beat, the eyes that wept have themselves been closed in death to open again, we hope, where God shall wipe all tears from their eyes. Only a great peace and rest are left, and it is with reverent feet that one whose ancestors for generations have been buried in the Riverside Cemetery walks among the graves and spells out here and there, between the lines of the quaintly lettered inscriptions, a bit of heart history.

"City of the dead, so populous grown,
Home of the bodies whose souls have flown;
All of thy dwellers have passed through the strife,
Their spirits have entered the higher life.
They all have yielded their mortal breath
And passed through the stream with the Angel of Death.

"Good Angel, thy terrors have often been told,
And mortals fear thee, as cruel and cold,
But still thou art kind, and thy mission is blest,
To take weary pilgrims away to their rest."

NEW CONNECTICUT OR WESTERN RESERVE.

BY ELLEN D. LARNED.

I.

BEGINNINGS.

Connecticut's struggle for existence ran mainly in the line of Border fights. The original patent (Charles I, 1631), conferred a tract of a hundred and twenty miles from north to south, extending southwest from Narragansett River to the Pacific Ocean. Of this noble gift she secured only the narrow bounds of the present state. Conflicting claims, some valid, some bogus, met her on every side. Bravely battling with Massachusetts, New York, and Rhode Island, she was forced to yield her rights and acres. The beautiful Wyoming Valley, settled by her sons, and guarded at great expense of life and money, was wrested from her by Penn's peaceful Quakers. As a slight compensation for these many losses, when relinquishing her westward claim to the United States, she reserved a strip west of Northern Pennsylvania, bordering on Lake Erie. This strip of land, incorporated into the state of Ohio, was the famous New Connecticut or Western Reserve, whose centenary we have so joyfully commemorated.

Though little is known of the early history of this tract it has points of interest. An article in the May number of the *New England Magazine* gives glimpses of Indian prophet and chieftain, of trails, traffic, and trading posts — of the marvelous exploits of Samuel Brady, and the "Pilgrims Rest," founded by meek Moravian missionaries. But no permanent settlement was attempted till after the passage of the famous Northwest Ordinance. A great territory had been opened to the public. Wise men from the East saw the necessity of making immediate and sure provision for its highest needs. Thoughts long afterward voiced by Whittier were in their minds —

"I hear the tread of pioneers,
Of nations yet to be ;
The first low dash of waves where soon
Shall roll a human sea.

The rudiments of empire here
Are plastic yet and warm ;
The chaos of a mighty world
Is rounding into form."

The voice most potent in carrying through Congress the Ordinance of 1787, with its inestimable freight of blessings, was that of Rev. Manasseh Cutler, D.D., pastor of Hamilton Parish, Ipswich, Mass. A brilliant daughter of Hamilton, lately deceased, has left us this racy picture of Dr. Cutler and his connection with the passage of the Ordinance* :

* Memorial of Allen W. Dodge, by Gail Hamilton, 1881.

"He was a Connecticut Yankee, born in Killingly in 1742, . . . graduated at Yale College in 1765, engaged in the whaling business and "kept store" at Edgartown, on Martha's Vineyard, pursuing his studies the while, and was admitted to the bar in Mass. in 1767. After practicing law a short time he studied theology with his father-in-law, Rev. Thomas Balch, . . . and was ordained pastor in Ipswich Hamlet, Sept. 11, 1771. He fired the hearts of our minute-men after the news of the battle of Lexington with a short and sharp address, then rode with them to Cambridge and was made a chaplain. Toward the close of the war, as the Hamlet doctor was away in the army, Parson Cutler studied medicine himself and undertook the care of his parishioner's bodies as well as their souls, and meanwhile occupied his leisure hours with science. He was elected member of the American Academy . . . he made the first attempt at a scientific description of the plants of New England. In the same year, 1781, he with a party of six went up the White Mountains and are said to have been the first white men who ever reached the summit. .

. . . He was the first member of our National Congress ever sent from Hamilton; but greatest of all his claims to the respect of posterity is the fact that to Dr. Cutler our country owes the Ordinance of 1787, which

prohibited slavery in our Northwestern territory and consecrated it forever ever to liberty and light. . . .

"The origin of the Ordinance of 1787 has been usually ascribed to Nathan Dane, but as a matter of fact Dr. Cutler wanted to settle Ohio and he knew that *his* parishioners would not go to found homes without the greatest civil and religious liberty; without security for property and personal rights, and education for their children. Accordingly, he harnessed up, drove to New York, visited Congress, and lobbied with the fervent and effectual prayer of the righteous man. He was a person of stately and elegant form and of courteous manners; easy, affable, communicative. His manners particularly impressed the Southern members with whom he chiefly associated, because he wanted to win their votes, while he felt sure of Northern votes at call. The Southerners declared that they had never



PORTRAIT OF DR. CUTLER.

seen such qualities as his in a Northern man. He talked Ohio by way of science and natural history as well as directly. His brilliant and varied reputation gave him the *entree* of all circles. He was entertained by and with Congressmen, cabinet officers, generals, clergymen, diplomats, and through it all he steadfastly upheld the desirability to government of his proposed purchase of lands, and the absolute necessity to that purchase of an ordinance of perpetual freedom. He regarded success as a duty and he succeeded. He found that General St. Clair, president of Congress, wanted to be governor of the Northwestern territory. He had intended Gen. Parsons for governor but he must have Gen. St. Clair's influence, and he paid the price, and Gen. St. Clair *was* interested and *was* first governor. He allayed the old and even the new prejudices of the Southerners. He threatened a little if it seemed requisite and necessary. When Congress demurred about giving one section in every township for the support of an educated ministry, and two entire townships for the establishment and support of a university, the wise Doctor packed his trunk, made his parting calls, and said he should buy of the States. Whereupon Congress, knowing that all Maine was in the market and handy to Hamilton, flocked to his room and promised to give him all the educated ministry he wanted. The consequence was that in four days the ordinance of perpetual freedom and public education was passed. Dr. Cutler bought his five and a half millions of acres, and the great Northwest started out on its imperial career."

Quoting from Daniel Webster, Judge Walker, and Chief Justice Chase their estimate of the immeasurable results of that immortal Ordinance, Gail Hamilton winds up with a triumphant — "*Hamilton fecit*" — as if our own Killingly did not hold the original title-deeds. John Cutler of Lexington removed to a wild farm on the eastern border line of Killingly soon after 1700, and dying early left to his son Hezekiah the charge of mill and farm, of providing for young brothers and sisters, of care for his mother and "Uncle Samuel." Strengthened by these burdens he became in time a pillar in church and state, greatly respected for probity and sound judgment. This same Hezekiah Cutler was the first man in Connecticut to catch the echo of the shot fired at Lexington and send it on its mission round the world. His wife, Susanna Clark, is reported as a woman "of great personal beauty, strength of mind and education in advance of her time." Growing up in this remote corner, amid border fights and church quarrels, it was to the training of this gracious mother that Manasseh Cutler owed those courteous manners that so won the heart of Southern chivalry. Among the many unobtrusive Revolutionary mothers who so stamped themselves upon their sons, not one was instrumental in more effective service. Dr. Cutler's dancing, that so shocked his biographer, Dr. Sprague, was practiced with Killingly's future great-grandmothers, who never wearied of chanting the praises of "Nasseh Cutler."

Not content with carrying off to Ohio some of the best blood of Massachusetts, Dr. Cutler sent his son Ephraim to his old home in Connecticut for further enlistments, where he easily persuaded a number of capable young men to join his colony. Names long honored in Windham county were transported in Putnam's historic wagon to the banks of the Muskingum, there to shine with even greater luster. Even the tree that gives to Ohio the name of "The Buckeye State" was felled by a Killingly man — Capt. Daniel Davis.

Indian hostilities and atrocities delayed the settlement of Connecticut's reserve. It was not till after the effective drubbing administered by Anthony Wayne in 1794 that settlement was practicable. Sufferers whose property had been destroyed by British invasion and Arnold's fiery vengeance could now venture to take possession

of the five-hundred-thousand-acre tract granted by government. Favorable reports from settlers in Marietta stimulated interest in Ohio emigration. The westward fever was setting in. Toilers on Connecticut's rocky farms sighed for Ohio's mellow valleys. But before possession could be given important questions were to be settled. How to dispose of this fine tract of land so that the avails might prove a lasting benefit to the inhabitants of the State was the problem before the people. It was proposed that the avails of the land sale should be distributed among the located religious societies, to be by them applied to church and school purposes, and a bill to this effect passed the Upper House in the autumn of 1794—but very serious objections were raised to this disposition. In the following winter the question was discussed throughout the State. Long letters appeared in the columns of *The Courant* from thoughtful and influential persons, setting forth reasons for and against the proposed measure, so that at the May session of the legislature the question was fully before the people. The previous action was promptly annulled, and an elaborate bill providing for the sale of the western lands, and the appropriation of the avails to a permanent fund for the use of public schools throughout the state, was passed with apparently great unanimity and approval.



PROBABLE BIRTH-PLACE OF DR. CUTLER.

The sale of the land and all needful arrangements were thereby entrusted to eight responsible citizens, one from each county, chosen by the Assembly.

NOTE.—There is indeed very little doubt that this "old Cutler house" standing till within a few years on the east line of Killingly, was the original home of John and Hezekiah Cutler, in which Manasseh was born, May 3, 1742. At that date the farm was included in Thompson parish, and on May 30, the infant was bundled up and carried on horseback six miles over rough bridle-paths to be duly baptized in Thompson meeting-house by Priest Cabert. After a few years Hezekiah Cutler removed his residence to the center of the town, where Manasseh was fitted for college by Rev. Aaron Brown. A part of Dr. Cutler's patrimony, still known as "the Nasseh Lot," perpetuates the memory of this distinguished son of Killingly.

Various specifications and directions were included in the bill, such as power to treat with Indian claimants, survey the land and lay out townships. The men entrusted with this important service were John Treadwell, New Haven, James Wadsworth, Hartford, Marvin Wait, New London, William Edmond, Fairfield, Thomas Grosvenor, Windham, Aaron Austin, Litchfield, Elijah Hubbard, Middlesex, Sylvester Gilbert, Tolland. Their first meeting was held at David Bull's Inn, Hartford, June 1, 1795. John Treadwell was elected chairman. They had before them a novel and responsible service. It was decided to publish the appointment of the committee, the acts and resolves of the General Assembly on the subject in all the newspapers of the state, and in Boston, Providence, Albany, New York, and Philadelphia; Sylvester Gilbert was elected clerk, and the committee adjourned till the first Wednesday in August.

This opportunity for investment and possibly speculation was largely discussed by business men and capitalists. At the meeting of the committee Aug. 5, 1795, it was agreed that all proposals for the purchase of the western land should be made in writing. They then adjourned to meet at 4 P. M., at the State-house, where the first bid was received from Elkanah Watson of one million dollars with interest. The next day brought another offering the same amount from James Sullivan. Next came Zephaniah Swift of Windham, chairman of several associated companies, and Oliver Phelps and others, with similar offers. The bid was raised by Silas Pepoon for himself and associates to \$1,130,000, payable in eight annual installments with interest.

These having been duly considered the committee sent out letters, notifying all agents of companies of the sums that had been offered, that their offers were not acceptable and that other bids would be received. Previous bidders now made some slight addition to their offers and some new parties appeared. The largest bid was made by John Livingstone, who subsequently withdrew his offer, as did other competitors, and Oliver Phelps secured the prize for the sum of \$1,200,000, with interest after two years from date of contract. Careful scrutiny of securities offered in payment and many legal formalities were needful before the transfer could be effected. A bond of \$100,000 was given by the prospective purchasers in case they should fail to present acceptable securities. Sept. 2d, when the committee again convened at the State-house in Hartford, the form of deeds to be executed to purchasers and other preliminaries were settled. After some little delay and several adjournments, "At eight of the clock, Tuesday morning, Sept. 8, the committee met, and after rejecting several bonds approved the bonds of the purchasers of the land." On the following day the deeds were executed, and the Western Reserve lands passed into the hands of a company of purchasers, associated as Oliver Phelps & Co., as attested by the subjoined receipts:—

"Hartford, Sept 9th, 1795.

"I do hereby certify that I have received the bonds entered in the foregoing journal in the tenth, eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth pages for the several sums therein mentioned, amounting in the whole to the sum of One million two hundred thousand dollars the principal sum to be paid by the conditions of sd bonds for which I have this day given by separate official receipt to the committee appointed to negotiate a sale of the Western lands belonging to this State."

Autograph.

"Wednesday September 9th 1795, the Bonds mentioned in this Journal taken for security of the purchase money were lodged with Andrew Kingsbury Esqr.,

Treasurer & his Receipt taken for the same and lodged in the office of the Comptroller of the public accounts."

Autograph.

The names of the grantees, with the integral parts of land conveyed, divided into 1,200,000 shares are as follows :—

Robert Charles Johnson, 60,000; Moses Cleaveland (the founder of the city of Cleveland), 32,600; William Judd, 16,250; James Johnson, 30,000; William Law, 10,500; Daniel Holbrook, 8,750; Pierpont Edwards, 60,000; James Buel, Aaron Olmsted, John Wyles, 30,000; Elisha Hyde, Uriah Tracy, 57,400; Luther Loomis, Ebenezer King, 44,318; Roger Newberry, Enoch Perkins, Jonathan Brace, 38,000; Ephraim Root, 42,000; Ephraim Kirby, Uriah Holmes, Jr., Elijah Boardman, 60,000; Oliver Phelps, Gideon Granger, Jr., 80,000; Oliver Phelps, 168,185; John Caldwell, Peleg Sanford, 15,000; Solomon Cowles, 10,000; Solomon Griswold, 10,000; Henry Champion, 2d, 85,675; Samuel P. Lord, 14,092; Jabez Stocking, Joshua Stone, 11,423; Timothy Burr, 15,231; Caleb Atwater, 22,846; Titus Street, 22,846; Elias Morgan, Daniel Lathrop Coit, 51,402; Joseph Howland, Daniel Lathrop Coit, 30,461; Asher Miller, 34,000; Ephm. Starr, 17,415; Joseph Williams, 15,231; William Lyman, John Stoddard, David King, 24,730; Nehemiah Hubbard, Jr., 19,039; Asahel Hatheway, 12,000; William Hart, 30,462; Samuel Mather, Jr., 18,461; Sylvanus Griswold, 1,683.

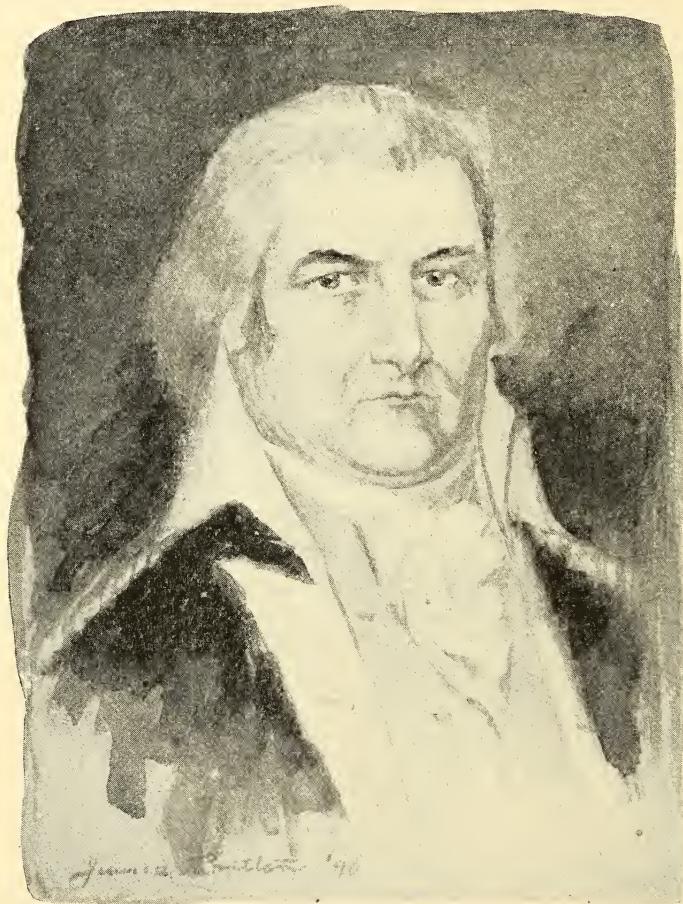
The names of representative business men throughout the State are included in this list. No man could have been better fitted to lead in such a financial enterprise than Oliver Phelps. A native of Windsor, Conn., he had early become interested in the opening and settlement of the great West. In company with Nathaniel Gorham, April 1, 1788, he purchased of Massachusetts government its preëmptive right to what was known as "the Genesee country" in Western New York. By skillful management he succeeded in obtaining from the Indians the relinquishment of their title, and then proceeded to survey and lay out this vast tract of wilderness. His system of ranges and townships and his method of making sales became the model for the settlement of new lands throughout the States. In 1789 Mr. Phelps opened a land office in Canandaigua—the first in the United States for the sale of forest land to settlers. Gideon Granger, Jr., was also then or later a resident of Canandaigua. The remaining associates, it is believed, were residents of Connecticut. Before the final deed of transfer was executed they had organized as The Connecticut Land Company. Their first meeting was held at the house of John Lee, Hartford, Sept. 5, 1795. William Hart, Esq., was chosen moderator; Enoch Perkins, clerk; Oliver Phelps, Henry Champion, 2d., Moses Cleaveland, Samuel W. Johnson, Ephraim Kirby, Samuel Mather, Jr., Roger Newbury, were appointed directors. A deed of trust of the entire purchase was given to John Caldwell, Jonathan Brace, and John Morgan. Deeds from these trustees were the source of all land titles on the Reserve.

The directors immediately took measures for the settlement of their purchase. With Phelps to advise, decision was easy. Moses Cleaveland was selected as agent of the company—the man whose name will be forever linked with the great city of a sovereign State. Selected from a sense of his special fitness, he more than justified the confidence of his friends. Cleaveland was then in the prime of life—a man of education, experience, and business capacity. Entering Yale College in 1774, he was soon called out by the exigencies of the times. The Cleavelands were red-hot patriots. Not content, like his neighbors, with sending a single sheep for the relief of the sufferers under Boston Port Bill, his father, Capt. Aaron

Cleaveland of Canterbury, sent for his "little mite" a beef cow, with fervent words of sympathy and encouragement. Father and eldest son hurried to the field at the Alarm from Lexington, where they were quickly joined by the young collegian. Moses Cleaveland appears as lieutenant of an "Independent and Ranging Company at Roxbury," engaged in reconnoitering around Boston; close in hand for Bunker Hill, June 17, at Charlestown.

Returning to his studies after discharge, Jan. 1, 1777, he is commissioned ensign of 2d regiment, Conn. Line; promoted captain-lieut. and transferred to

corps of Sappers and Miners, 1779; resigned, June, 1781; admitted member of Connecticut Cincinnati Society, July 7, 1784. He received the degree of A.M. from Yale College in 1781, and, after studying law with Windham lawyers, was admitted to the Windham County Bar in 1784, and opened law office in his native town, Canterbury. The many public duties that came to him interfered with extensive legal practice, yet he easily won a prominent place among the very able lawyers of Windham County Bar. In Masonic and military organizations he was claimed as a leader, officiating as grand-master of Moriah Lodge of Windham County, and grand marshal of the Conn. Grand Lodge, and rising by rapid promotion to the position



PORTRAIT OF GENERAL MOSES CLEVELAND.

of general of the Fifth Brigade of Connecticut. To these was added his full share of the ordinary town and state duties of the Connecticut citizen. All these numerous offices were filled to public acceptance. Cleaveland was the man of the time, the popular favorite. He was retained in his position as general for seven years at a period of such intense military rivalry that only one year's service was allowed to others. The most brilliant young men of the county sat at his feet and studied in his law office. The name of one most prominent in the institution of the Weather Bureau in this country—Prof. Cleveland Abbe—inherited from his grandfather, Moses Cleaveland Abbe, still testifies to the love and admiration with which Gen. Cleaveland was regarded by his contemporaries.

"A man of few words" he may have been in business relations, but in private and social life most genial and magnetic. He had the true Cleaveland luck and pluck, the quick eye, the ready brain. It was the right man for the right place that accepted the agency of The Connecticut Land Company.

The winter of 1795-6 was one of active preparation for the approaching journey and survey. Reticent newspapers unfortunately give no glimpse of the urgent call for men, munitions, provisions, the many things that were needful. There was doubtless no lack of men for the enterprise. Westward exploration offered alluring prospects. Schenectady, May 1st, was selected as the place and time of rendezvous for the expedition. Augustus Porter and Seth Pease were engaged as surveyors; Moses Warren, Amos Spafford, John M. Holley, Richard Stoddard, assistant surveyors; Joshua Stow, commissary; Theodore Shepard, physician. Some thirty-seven men accompanied the party as laborers and assistants. A wearisome journey was before them through the wilds, swamps, and tangled water-courses of the crude empire State. By what divers and devious paths they reached Schenectady does not appear. Probably those from Hartford by sloop to New York, and thence up the Hudson. Surveyor Holley starts from Dutchess County, N. Y. He writes: "This day, April 28th, 1796, started from Dover for Lake Erie; lodged first night at Jas. Dakin's; second day at Col. Porter's; left there about 1 o'clock with friend Porter; lodged second night at Johnson's, in Spencertown; third night at Wendell's Hotel, Albany. Sunday dined at Schenectady and lodged at Esq. Miles in New Amsterdam; thence through Ballantine and Germanflats, and lodged at Talcott's, next night at Dean's in Westmoreland, and thence to Morehouse's, thence to [torn off], thence to Sanborn's in Canandaigua."

This village was still but a feeble settlement on the frontiers of civilization, but strong in hope and courage—the residence of Phelps, Gorham, Granger and other adventurous Yankees. Holley soon pushed on to "Entrantiquet Bay" to make arrangements for the transfer of the party and its luggage to Lake Ontario—a tortuous and troublesome journey—up the Mohawk to Fort Stanwix, over the Portage to Wood Creek, down this stream to Oneida Lake, across the lake to the Oswego. No sharp-eyed reporter was there to give report of progress; no snapshots to catch the hinderments and adventures of the way.

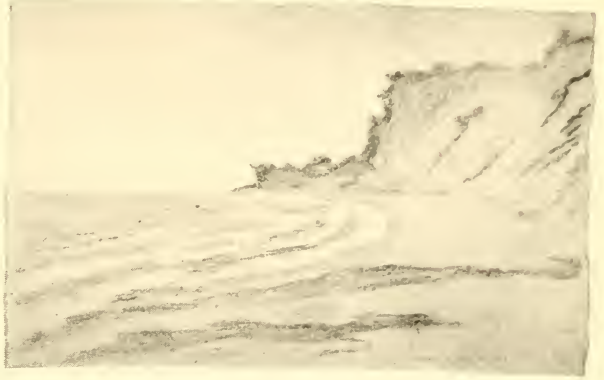
Holley continues:—"May 31st. Stow and Stoddard came from Sodus on Lake Ontario with information that three boats were cast away, but no lives or property lost. June 1. Went to the landing to see our boat, but as it had not arrived, Porter, Stow, and myself embarked on Dunbar's boat to go to the great lake. . . . went about half a mile to the landing, unloaded, and Porter, with four hands, returned to Little Sodus to give relief to those who were cast away, and Stow and myself with our hands encamped on the Gerundicut. Built a bark hut and the men lodged in it the first night. Stow and myself lodged on the floor at Dunbar's. Go to Smith's mill and see if there is any flour or wheat; and see if there are barrels; get four barrels of pork at Chapin's and two barrels of flour at Chapman's. June 3. Gen. Cleaveland at evening arrived at Canandaigua and gave us information that the boats had gone from Whitestown to Fort Stanwix. Mr. Stow got a letter from the British minister or *chargé d'affaires* to the commanding officer at Fort Oswego, requesting permission for our boats to pass unmolested. This information, together with the favorable prospect of wind and weather at that time gave us great hopes that the stores would get on safely and rapidly, but on Saturday morning there sprang up in the northwest a storm and blew most violently on the shore of the Lake. This proved fatal to one of the boats and

damaged another very much, though we went a little forward to a safe harbor and built several fires on the bank of the Lake as a beacon to those coming on. After the disaster had happened the boat that was safe went on to Gerundicut with a load and left the other three, including the one that was stove, at Little Sodus, encamped near the lake. Among the passengers were two families, one of the women with a little child. The water at Gerundicut is about two rods wide and twelve to fourteen feet deep, very crooked and great obstruction for boats. Started for Canandaigua and arrived on the morning of the fourth. All these misfortunes happened in consequence of not having liberty to pass the fort at Oswego. Such are the effects of allowing the British government to exist on the continent of America. June 5. The boats left for Niagara. 7th. Parish returned from Buffalo Creek with information how the Indians would meet us."

The man on whom rested the chief burden of preparing and conducting this expedition was Surveyor Augustus Porter. A son of one of the strongest families in Connecticut, with superior advantages of education and position, he chose to strike out an independent course, identifying himself with the new Westward movement. For seven summers he had been engaged in laying out lands and towns in western New York, and was therefore most admirably fitted to guide our Connecticut adventurers. It was he who made provision for the party at Schenectady, chartering the four "batteaux" that carried them through to Lake Erie. His experience and familiarity with the country enabled him to grapple successfully with the emergencies and perils of the way. Of this imbroglia at Fort Oswego, he writes quietly: "In consequence we returned a short distance up stream and remained until night when we ran down the river and passed the fort unperceived."

And so after six weeks' labor the surveying party was fairly afloat on Lake Ontario. The two women reported above were the wife of Elijah Gunn and Talathi Cumi, wife of Job Stiles. Nathan Chapman and Nathan Perry were to supply the travelers with fresh beef. Thirteen horses and a number of cows were among the passengers. A few days' slow sailing brought them to Fort Niagara. Another delay, a transfer of company and luggage over the rough portage, past Niagara River and its majestic waterfall to the level shores of Lake Erie. And here Gen. Cleaveland comes squarely to the front in council with the Indians. A rumor of unsettled Indian claims had haunted the Land Company. Only two years had passed since deadly strife had ceased. No settlement could face the chance of invasion and massacre. A few miles north of their encampment the famous Red Jacket had his home. A friendly message had been received. June 23 a council was held between the representatives of the Six Nations and those of the prospective occupants of Northern Ohio. The leading Indians of the tribe were there, Red Jacket himself, whose eloquence had so nearly defeated Phelps's great purchase in 1787. On the bare and sandy shore of Lake Erie where Buffalo sits in pride to-day they held a friendly conference. The dark-hued general won the Indian heart. His stalwart form, his martial air, his curt but courteous address, his skin, "dark as an Injun," were all in favor. Negotiations harmoniously carried on were soon completed. The payment of some \$1,250 in goods secured from the Indian chiefs a formal relinquishment of their claim to land in the Western Reserve. The signing of the treaty was followed by the passing of the Pipe of Peace, and with lightened hearts the expedition embarked upon Lake Erie. A few days' coasting brought them to the land of hope and promise. A stroke of Cleaveland luck landed them there on July 4th, and Cleaveland quickness turned it to immediate advantage. The twentieth anniversary of American Independence

must there be celebrated — the day memorable as the birthday of the nation and also “memorable as the day on which the settlement of this new country was commenced.” Late as it was, past 5 P.M., the company was called together, and there, at the mouth of Conneaut Creek, was held this unique celebration, consecrating the land of which they took possession to patriotic devotion and national service. Of the myriad services held that day, commemorating this twentieth anniversary, not one had such significance. In point of fact it was a jolly old Connecticut Fourth-of-July celebration with plenty of toasts and liquor. “The men ranged themselves on the beach and fired a Federal salute of fifteen rounds and then the sixteenth in honor of New Connecticut. They gave three cheers and christened the place Port Independence.” A number of spirited toasts were given. “Closed with three cheers. Drank several pails of grog, supped, and retired in remarkable good order.”



LANDING AT CONNEAUT CREEK.

On July 7th Gen. Cleaveland held council with the resident Indians with satisfactory results. Gifts and greetings were cordially exchanged and peace and friendship ratified. A few more days of coasting and exploring and Cuyahoga River was reached. Effecting with some difficulty a landing through reeds and marshy grass upon a low, flat beach, they clambered by an ancient Indian trail on to a broad plateau eighty feet above the level of the lake. Beautiful was the view that met their wondering eyes. A wide plain dotted with young oaks stretched far to the eastward, a bluff with broken ridges in the rear, and Lake Erie's blue expanse before them. As if by prophetic instinct Gen. Cleaveland grasped the situation. “This shall be the site of our city. Here we will lay the foundation for the metropolis of our Reserve,” and with one voice and mind the name of Cleaveland was affixed to it. Such was the picturesque beginning of the settlement of New Connecticut, and here we leave our party of explorers. There was much hard work to be done, difficulties and privations to face, but the wearisome journey was achieved, lands and titles were secured, and with stout hearts they proceeded to survey and take possession.

GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

Querists should write all names of persons and places in such a way that they cannot be misunderstood. Always enclose with queries a self-addressed, stamped envelope and ten cents. Querists are advised to write only on one side of the paper. No queries inserted unless the above rules are observed. Queries and notes must be sent to Wm. A. Eardeley-Thomas, 50th Street and Woodland Avenue, Philadelphia, Penn.

The editor of this department is prepared to make personal researches at moderate rates. Correspondence solicited. Mr. Eardeley-Thomas is engaged upon a history of all the Fountain and Fontaine families in America before 1800; of the descendants of Ezra Perry of Sandwich, Cape Cod; of the descendants of William Chase of Yarmouth, Cape Cod; and of Thomas Chase of Newbury, Mass.; and of Samuel Chase of Maryland; and of John Chase of Newport, R. I.; also he and Mrs. G. Brainard Smith of 320 Wethersfield Avenue, Hartford, Ct., are writing the history of the descendants of Aquila Chase of Newbury, Mass. I should like to hear from some of the Nantucket Chases.

Printed genealogical works are constantly being added to our library. We should be pleased to receive any works of this character. I should like copies of Church Manuals, Historical Sermons, etc. By this means, our readers will materially assist the effectiveness of this department. Please send all such contributions to the same address as you send queries. The editor will be pleased to procure blanks (either chart or book form) for those desiring them. The prices range from 10 cents to \$5. Always state about what price you desire to pay, and forward the sum with the request.

Notes.

8. *Baker*.—Francis Baker, aged 24, came in 1635 in "The Planter" from Gt. St. Albans, Hertfordshire. He m., June 17, 1641, Isabel, dau. of William Twining. He died July 23, 1696, in Yarmouth, where she d. May 16, 1706. Thomas Baker had a son Francis, christened July 7, 1612, at St. James, Clerkenwell. Was this the Francis who came over in 1635? The name Francis does not occur again on the records. Thomas Baker m., Aug. 24, 1592, in the same church, to Frances Ingram.

Children of Francis and Isabel Baker.

- i. Nathaniel, b. Jan. 27, 1642, Boston; d. Dec., 1691, in Yar.; m., abt. 1668, and had three sons; wife d. Dec., 1691.
 - ii. John, d. 1712; m., abt. 1670, Alice ———; had three sons and four daus.
 - iii. Samuel, b. May 1, 1648, Yar.; not named in his father's will, dated Dec. 10, 1696.
 - iv. Daniel, b. Sept. 2, 1650, Yar.; m. there, May 27, 1674, Elizabeth, dau. of William Chase; had three sons and four daus.
 - v. William, d. 1727; m., abt. 1690, Mercy ———; had five sons and seven daus.
 - vi. Thomas, m., abt. 1699, Bathsheba ———; had at least one son and dau.
 - vii. Elizabeth, b. abt. 1654; m., 1674, John, son of William Chase; had six sons, no daus.
 - viii. Hannah, m. ——— Pease. E. C. B.
9. *Berry*.—Richard Berry, Barnstable, 1643; Boston, 1647; Yarmouth, 1649; m., abt. 1650, Alice ———. Who was her father? Richard d. Sept. 10, 1676.

Children.

- i. John, b. Mar. 29, 1652; m., abt. 1674, Desired her name. He d. 1745, aged 93, and had (1), Judah, b. abt. 1676; (2), Ebenezer, b. abt. 1678; (3), Elizabeth, m., July 30, 1702, Samuel³, son of Daniel² (Francis¹) Baker; (4), Experience, b. abt. 1682; m. Jonathan Bangs; (5), Mary, m., July 23, 1706, Isaac⁴, son of John³ Chase.
- ii. Elizabeth, m., Nov. 28, 1677, Josiah, son of Teague Jones
- iii. Richard. What became of him?
- iv. Samuel, m., abt. 1680, Elizabeth, dau. of John Bell.
- v. Nathaniel, d. Feb. 7, 1694.
- vi. Joseph, d. Sept. 7, 1681.

Was there a dau. Alice, and did she m. John Baker? Susanna, wife of John Berry, died May 22, 1747. Whose son was he?

Five others whose names are lost. T. B. J.

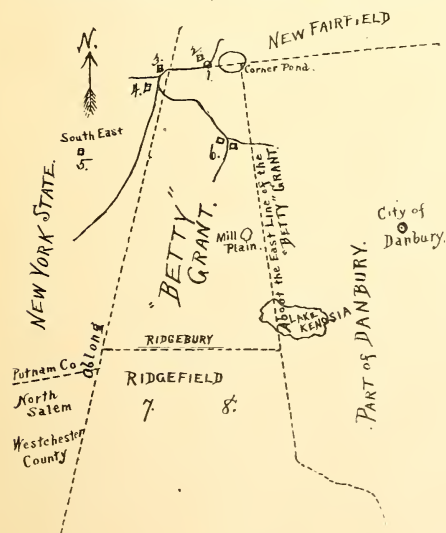
10. Contributed by Rollin H. Cooke, Pittsfield, Mass. Early deeds in Berkshire Co., Mass.

(Concluded from page 289.)

Ives, John, of Lenox, Apr. 15, 1781; Ives, John 3d, of Wallingford, Feb. 15, 1781; Keeler, Daniel, of Ridgefield, Apr. 7, 1773; of Lenox, May 13, 1773; Keeler, James, of Ridgefield, Nov. 25, 1768; late of Lenox, Apr. 12, 1784; Leflingwell, John, Norwich, Aug. 2, 1779; of Lenox, May 7, 1790; Lewis, Medad, Farmington, Apr. 11, 1777; of Lenox, Oct. 11, 1781; Mattoon, Chas., Waterbury, Sept. 17, 1768; Merwin, Stephen, Wallingford, Nov. 13, 1767; of Lenox, Aug. 14, 1770; Maltby, Jonathan, Goshen, June 13, 1781; of Lenox, Mar. 21, 1782; Newell, Josiah, Jr., Farmington, Apr. 23, 1777; Osborn, Josiah, Ridgefield, July 8, 1781; of Lenox, May 26, 1773; Phelps, Eleazer, Hebron, June 10, 1783; of Lenox, Apr. 12, 1783; Root, Oliver, Canaan, Dec. 15, 1780; of Lenox, Oct. 8, 1782; Stanley, Amos, Hartford, Nov. 28, 1766; of Lenox, May 31, 1771; Smith, Wait, Watertown, Apr. 12, 1785; of Lenox, June 22, 1784; Sedgwick, Asher, Hartford, May 7, 1790; of Washington, Mass., Sept. 25, 1804; Scott, David, Ridgefield, Dec. 31, 1773; Scott, David, Jr., Ridgefield, Oct. 19, 1786; Turrill, Ebenezer, New Milford, Apr. 15, 1768; of Lenox, May 30, 1768; Tracy, Thomas, Sharon, Apr. 23, 1768; Tracy, Nehemiah, Ashford, July 3, 1770; of Lenox, Apr. 20, 1776; Wright, Samuel, late of Goshen, Ct., now of Richmond (Lenox), Sept. 18, 1766; Whitlock, John, late of Ridgefield, now of Lenox, Aug. 30, 1769; Wright, Asahel, Farmington, Apr. 15, 1775; of Lenox, Mar. 24, 1777; Way, Moses, son of John, of Wallingford, Apr. 1, 1779; of Lenox, Apr. 10, 1786; Way, Abner, son of John, of Wallingford, Apr. 1, 1779; of Lenox, Apr. 10, 1786; Way, Timothy, son of John, of Wallingford, Mar. 19, 1779; of Lenox, Mar. 19, 1779; Yale, Justus, Wallingford, June 17, 1776.

Whaples, Daniel, Richmond, Oct. 12, 1769; Farmington, Ct., Apr. 2, 1777; Larrabee, Richard, Sharon, Mar. 27, 1775; Stone, Nathan, New Milford, Apr. 25, 1781; Richmond, June 22, 1783; Cook, Walter, Goshen, Feb. 4, 1773; Bradley, Elisha, New Haven, Mar. 22, 1774; Stockbridge, June 1, 1774; Bristol, Moses, Woodbury, June 9, 1774; Stockbridge, Nov. 4, 1774; Barnum, Moses, Norfolk, June 22, 1774; Stockbridge, Feb. 28, 1775; Clark, John, Ridgefield, June 2,

1770; Stockbridge, Mar. 23, 1776; Curtis, Elnathan, Kent, May 24, 1761; Stockbridge, Aug. 25, 1763; Churchill, Samuel, Kent, May 27, 1761; Stockbridge, Oct. 19, 1765; Curtis, Enos, Wallingford, Nov. 9, 1761; Stockbridge, June 3, 1763; Dudley, George, Guilford, May 29, 1766; Stockbridge, July 22, 1774; Fuller, Joseph, Kent, June 19, 1767; Stockbridge, Mar. 14, 1772; Galpin, Caleb, Wethersfield, Nov. 15, 1769; Stockbridge, Feb. 24, 1774; Hooker, Hezekiah, Woodbury, Feb. 18, 1769; Stockbridge, May 21, 1771; Jerome, Samuel, Wallingford, Aug. 27, 1770; Stockbridge, Dec. 24, 1771; Landers, Thomas, Kent, Mar. 28, 1760; Stockbridge, Nov. 23, 1769; Pease, Phinehas, Canaan, Jan. 24, 1781; Stockbridge, Jan. 2, 1789; Pond, Dan., Wallingford, Feb. 25, 1770; Stockbridge, May 11, 1782; Smith, Elijah, Ridgefield, June 28, 1785; Stockbridge, Mar. 26, 1788; Smith, Isaac, Ridgefield, June 2, 1770; Stockbridge, Mar. 12, 1772; Stone, Chas., Guilford, Feb. 3, 1762; Stockbridge, June 21, 1773; Smith, Caleb, Ridgefield, May 30, 1769; Stockbridge, Mar., 1773; Smith, Ephraim, Ridgefield, Aug. 27, 1770; Lenox, May 8, 1773; Whittlesey, Abner, Stockbridge, Nov. 13, 1767; Kent, Ct., June 4, 1770; Wheaton (Whedon), John, Southington, Mar. 14, 1772; Stockbridge, Jan. 10, 1784; Williams, Gideon, Kensington, Ct., Oct. 31, 1767; Stockbridge, May 1, 1770. Fuller, Ephraim, Wethersfield, Feb. 28, 1770; land in Tyringham equivalent. Fuller, Jeremiah, Jr., Salisbury, Dec. 10, 1766; land in Richmond. [disfield. Fuller, Lot, Bolton, Apr. 1, 1763; land in San-Fuller, Abraham, of Kent, } June 30, 1774, Mills, Lewis, of Kent, } land in Stoddard, Joseph, of Salisbury, } Stockbridge. 11. Contributed by Mr. Edward Howes Pearce, New Fairfield, Ct. (for rest, see page 289).



The "Betty" Grant was purchased from the Indians, Dec. 19, 1739. It was under the jurisdiction of Ridgefield until about 1846, when it (save Ridgebury parish) was annexed to Danbury. The deed was signed by Betty her X mark and other Indians.

1. Home of Abel Sherwood (b. 1720, m. Jan. 1, 1749/50, at Green's Farms, Hannah Fountain); he served in the French War, was wounded and died in 1761, abt. October. "Feb. 2, 1762, Elisha Perry and Hannah, his wife, who is administratrix on the estate of the late Abel Sherwood, dec'd." This Elisha Perry, a revolutionary soldier, was living in New Fairfield (probably in number 1) as late as Mar. 8, 1794, when he deeded land to his only son, John. (Ridgefield Land Rec.)

2. Home of Nelson L. Fuller (1896).

3. Home of Mrs. Sophia Turrell (1896).

4. Home of Daniel Barnum (1896).

5. Presbyterian Church, southeast. This society was established about 1730, by Rev. Elisha Kent. Residents from 1½ miles east of the line attended this church for years. Originally Congregational, the society has thrown its lot, now with the Congregationalists, now with the Presbyterians. After several such alternations, the church to-day is Presbyterian. I was told by the present pastor that probably during some of these changes, the early church records were left on the Connecticut side of the line, and possibly may now be in some garret in the neighborhood; or these records may have been carried West early in this century. Readers are requested to do all they can to resuscitate these records. The records now in the possession of the society begin about 1829. The old records ought to contain many items of Connecticut families.

6. Home of Lockwood Gorham.

7 and 8. About the locality where, in 1746, "Elisha Perry," Sr., "formerly of Danbury," purchased 110 acres of "Benjamin Benedict of Ridgefield," bounded "on north by his own" (Perry's) "land, east by Danbury line, west by New York line, south by common land." John Belden, who purchased this land from the Indians, sold it, Nov. 21, 1713, to Benjamin Benedict, who sold it to Elisha, son of John Perry. (Ridgefield Land Records.)

12. Beebe.—Alexander¹ Beebe, d. 1623; lived in Great Addington; wife Elizabeth d. 1633; her parentage desired. John², d. 1634; lived Gt. Addington; wife Alice; her parentage desired. John³, b. 1600; d. May 18, 1650, on his way to America; his will, filed in Hartford, Ct., says he was "late of Broughton, Northampton," England, and names 5 sons and 2 daus.; wife Rebekah; her parentage desired. The children settled in New London and Stonington, Ct. Samuel¹, bap. June 23, 1633, in Broughton; d. 1712 in New London; m. 1st, abt. 1655, Agnes (b. abt. 1630), dau. of William (abt. 61 in 1662; d. 1675) and Agnes (abt. 63 in 1662) Keeney or Kency; m. 2d, before 1662, Mary (abt. 22 in 1662) Keeney, sister of his first wife. Will of Samuel Beebe, dated Nov. 10, 1702, names 3 daus., "Mercy Tozor, Agnes, and Susanna," and 5 sons, Samuel, William, Nathaniel, Jonathan, and Thomas.

i. Mary⁵, b. abt. 1657; d. abt. 1686; m., abt. 1678, Aaron Fountain.

ii. Samuel⁵, b. abt. 1659; m., Feb. 9, 1681/2, Elizabeth Rogers

iii. Susannah⁵, b. abt. 1661; did she m., abt. 1688, "Aron Fontayn"? If not, whom did she marry, and when?

iv. William⁵, b. abt. 1663; m., abt. 1698, Ruth Rogers.

- v. Agnes⁵, b. abt. 1665; m., Dec. 3, 1685, John Daniels.
- vi. Nathaniel⁵, b. abt. 1667; did he m. Elizabeth Wheeler, July 2, 1697?
- vii. Ann⁵, b. abt. 1670; m., Apr. 23, 1700, Thomas Crocker.
- viii. Jonathan⁵, b. abt. 1673; m., abt. 1692, Bridget Brockway.
- ix. Mercy⁵, b. abt. 1677; m., Apr. 8, 1702, Richard Tozor; their issue desired.
- x. Thomas⁵, b. abt. 1680; m., Dec. 17, 1707, Ann Hobson; their issue desired. B. F. R.
13. Contributed by T. C. Barnes of Collinsville, Conn. This record of an early Barkhamsted family is perhaps the only copy in existence. Barkhamsted was owned by proprietors of Windsor, and settled by them. Whether the head of this family settled from Windsor I cannot say. I have no motive in tracing it. I desire to see it preserved to benefit some one in future. [We wish others of our readers would follow the example here set.—EDITOR.]
- John Pike of Barkhamsted rendered service in the Revolution, resisting the invasions of Connecticut, yet I am unaware of any preserved record of the company in which he served. His children were—
1. James, b. July 19, 1750.
 2. Rosannah, b. July 18, 1752.
 3. Rebecca, b. Sept. 3, 1754.
 4. John, Jr., b. Sept. 9, 1757.
 5. William, b. Aug. 17, 1760.
 6. Abigail, b. Aug. 31, 1763.
 7. Ebenezer, b. Oct. 16, 1770.
- John Pike, Jr., also rendered service on the coast in the army in the Revolution, yet it is possible no record of service can be found. He m. Wid Sally (Stow) Hungerford; settled in Barkhamsted; had children, but possibly not in this order.
1. John, settled West.
 2. Ann, m. Chauncey Griswold.
 3. Hiram, m. Ruth Case; settled Barkhamsted.
 4. Annis, m. 1st, — Daniels; 2d, Lucien Bidwell; settled Canton.
 5. Rebecca, m. Charles Tuttle; settled Barkhamsted.
 6. Rhoda, m. Cestus Case; settled Barkhamsted.
 7. Rhuama, m. Chauncey Baldwin; settled Waterbury.
 8. William, unmarried.
14. *Maltby*.—John (clothier), m., Aug. 3, 1790, in Parish Church, Leeds, Eng., Mary Farrer of Leeds. Desired her father's name. Was he the son of Wm. Maltby who m., Sept. 9, 1754, in same church, to Hannah Sykes? John and Mary (Farrer) Maltby had in Farnley, Leeds, Eng.:
1. William, bap. Apr. 15, 1792; buried Nov. 28, 1795.
 2. Joseph, b. Aug. 8, 1795; bap. Aug. 30, 1795.
 3. Catherine, bap. Feb. 23, 1794; buried Dec. 6, 1795.
 4. William, b. Apr. 2, 1798; bap. Apr. 22, 1798.
 5. George, b. Feb. 28, 1801; bap. Apr. 12, 1801, in Bramley, Leeds, Eng.
6. Hannah, b. Oct. 1, 1803; bap. Nov. 30, 1803, in Bramley, Leeds, Eng.
- Joseph m., 1830, Betsey Goldsmith Chase. What became of William, George, and Hannah? H. E. M.
15. *Perry or Perrey*.—Ezra¹, m., Feb. 12, 1651, in Sandwich, to Elizabeth (d. Sept. 26, 1717, in Sandwich, set. 88), dau. of Thomas and Dorothy Burgess. In 1659 he was allowed to be exequitor on the estate of Sarah Perrey. Was this his mother? His will, dated Oct. 16, 1689, and proved Apr. 18, 1690; left 4 sons and 3 daus. He was in Sandwich as early as 1644. John², b. Jan. 1, 1656, S.; d. there Oct. 31, 1732; m. Elizabeth —; d. Apr. 21, 1727, S. Was she dau. of John and Elishua Crowell of Yarmouth? Elisha³, b. Apr. 2, 1701, S.; m., Sept. 20, 1725, S., Anna Saunders of Plymouth; she d. June, 1779; he was deceased Aug., 1752; was in Danbury, Ct., 1746. Elisha⁴, b. June 25, 1731, in S.; m., before Feb. 2, 1762, Hannah, dau. of Aaron and Elizabeth Fountain; he served in the French War and in the Revolution. John⁵, m. —, and had Sally⁶, m. Wm. B. Sinnock, and had Wm. Perry⁷ Sinnock. E. P. S.
16. Contributed by Susan A. Peck, Plainville, Ct. (from her grandfather's papers).
- Daniel Upson, b. 1726; d. June 11, 1782; m. Hannah —, b. 1736; d. Jan. 28, 1806, and had Jesse, b. Sept. 10, 1754; d. Mar. 25, 1833; m., Nov. 17, 1775, Elizabeth Smith, b. May 21, 1754; d. May 20, 1821. Children were:
1. Polly Maria, b. July 13, 1776; m. Sam'l Peck.
 2. Elisha Upson, b. Mar. 9, 1778; d. July 27, 1791.
 3. Abigail Smith, b. Apr. 19, 1780.
 4. Hannah Judd, b. July 9, 1782.
 5. David Russell, b. Aug. 6, 1794. He moved out to N. York State, and d. about 1886, a respected and intelligent man, leaving sons and daus.
 6. Jesse Judd, b. May 22, 1797; d. Feb. 28, 1798.
- Jesse Upson is supposed to have come from Wolcott. He lived in New Haven during the Revolution, and was a shoemaker by trade. He d. in Kensington, at Mrs. Sam'l Peck's. While an apprentice in New Haven (where he learned his trade), the lady (who later became his wife) came in from Fair Haven with pears in her saddle-bag to sell. He crept around and slyly inserted his hand there. She grasped his hand in the saddle-bag and pummelled him well, asserting that "that tow-headed Upson would not try to steal her pears again." This seems to show that Elizabeth Smith lived on a farm in Fair Haven. While removing his family from New Haven to a place of safety during the Revolution, the British soldiers captured him and kept him on board ship a long time. They made him serve them as barber and shoemaker. Was he also a Revolutionary soldier? There is a tradition that he came from the war to remove his family. His house was looted by the British.

Queries.

13. *Scott*.—Ashley Scott, b. 1764, d. 1842; m. Martha Judson, b. 1765. Children, Betsey, Catey, Lewis Edward, Emma. Parentage of Ashley Scott desired. He was for many years town clerk of Waterbury.

M. J. B.

14. *Cleveland*.—Aaron Augustus Cleveland, b. in Litchfield, Conn., about 1796; went South when a young man, marrying and settling in Washington, Wilkes Co., Ga. What were his father's initials, and what was the maiden name of his mother?

A. H. Q.

15. *Woodruff*.—Hull—Coan.—Elisha Coan, b. 1760; son of Jacob and Luranda (Collins) Coan, who were m. May 5, 1754; m. Phebe (Woodruff) Hull, wid. of Capt. Hull. She was probably from Farmington, Ct., or Richmond, Mass. Who were her parents, and where and when did she m. Elisha Coan?

S. B. F.

16. Information wanted of

(a) *Adams*.—Nathaniel (ancestry of), killed at Ft. Griswold, Sept., 1781.

(b) *Hancock*.—Abigail (ancestry of), m. 1759, William Middleton at Stonington.

(c) *Skinner*.—Deborah (ancestry of), m. 1st, William Pitts; m. 2d, John F. (T)asker; she d. 1768.

(d) *Allen*.—Edward, of Dover, N. H.; any descendants of.

(e) *Chester*.—Leonard, of Wethersfield; any records of him and copy of his coat of arms.

(f) From whence did the first of the S. C. Middletons come, and who is the present head of the family?

F. P. B.

17. *Stone*.—Were the settlers John and William Stone of Guilford, Ct., 1639, in any way related to the Rev. Samuel Stone, Hartford, 1636? and was either family related to the Stones of Watertown, Mass? What was the name of the wife of the Rev. Samuel Stone?

A. G. N.

18. *Sutcliff*.—Nathaniel Sutcliff was m. in 1664 in Medfield to Hannah Plympton (Plympton), dau. of Sergt. John Plympton. The Plympton genealogy states that he came to Medfield from Dedham, Mass., about 1664. He moved to Deerfield in 1673, and was killed in 1676 in King Philip's war. The parentage and ancestry of Nathaniel Sutcliff (or Sutcliff) are desired.

B. H. S.

19. (a) *Wolcott*.—What relation to each other were Hannah Wolcott, wife of Rev. Wm. Burnham of Berlin, Ct., and Mary Wolcott, wife of Appleton Burnham of Cornwall, Ct., and from which son of the settler Henry Wolcott, 1630, Windsor, were they descended? What relation were they to Governors Roger and Oliver Wolcott?

(b) *Douglas*.—Was Hon. Stephen A. Douglas a descendant of ——— Douglas of Canaan, who m. Rhoda, dau. of Appleton Burnham of Cornwall? Mrs. Rhoda Burnham died in Vermont when and in what town?

H. A. M.

20. *Clarke*.—Timothy Clarke and brothers went up the Connecticut river about 1780 to Westminster or Rockingham, Vt. From what

town in Connecticut did he emigrate? Desired all obtainable information about him and his family.

A. C.

21. *Fellows*.—Obil; lived at Canaan, Ct., and had by wife Lois ———, chil. as follows:

Philemon, b. Apr. 29, 1768.

James, b. Mar. 24, 1771.

Ephraim, b. July 26, 1774; perhaps others. Perhaps he had a brother Samuel (both in Revolution) and David.

They were taken prisoners at "Cedars." Canaan, May 19, 1776. Who was the father of Obil? Where was he born? He survived the Revolution and moved to New York state with his family. What became of David and Samuel?

C. S. F.

22. Wanted, the ancestry of the following:

(a) *Hart*.—Sarah, m. Oct. 7, 1669, at Ipswich, Mass., Capt. George Norton.

(b) *Bartlett*.—Mary, m. July 8, 1729, Nathaniel Norton of Suffield, Ct., gr.-son of George above.

(c.) *Warner*.—John, m. Dec., 1754, at E. Windsor, Ct., Margaret Loomis.

(d) *Wright*.—Moses, b. abt. 1732; m. Thankful, dau. of Nathaniel Norton of Suffield, Lived at Winchester or Colebrook, Ct.

(e) *Cook*.—Joseph, b. abt. 1760; m. Abigail, dau. of Moses Wright. He afterwards moved to New York and d. 1845 at Triangle, N. Y.

(f) — *Wilnot*.—Lydia, m. May 3, 1784, at Oxford, Ct., Daniel Candee.

L. C. H.

23. (a) *Furnham*.—Who were the ancestors of Capt. John and Elizabeth (Chapman) Furnham, lately of Norwich? They had John, James, Charles, Russell, Elizabeth, and Sarah. They are supposed to be related to the Russell family of Connecticut.

(b) *Hull*.—Lemuel; preached in Wallingford or Cheshire, Ct., abt. 1830, m. at Stamford to Polly Waterbury. Lemuel, s. of Jonathan and Eunice (Beach) Hull; Jonathan, son of Seth and ——— (Malony) Hull; Seth b. 1733. Who were Seth's father and grandfather?

P. H. M.

24. *Pierson*.—Rev. Abraham came to America, 1639; Branford, Ct., 1647, and from there to Newark, New Jersey. In Branford, Thomas Pierson, Sr., is first mentioned as intimately associated with Rev. Abraham, whose will he witnessed, and who was like minded with him and without doubt either brother or nephew to Rev. Abraham. They went in the same company to Newark, N. J., as founders of that colony. Proof of their relationship desired. Stephen Pierson came to Derby, Ct., in 1666 or thereabouts. Desired some records of any relationship between this Stephen, Thomas, and Abraham. All being born about the same time and spelling the name the same looks as if they belonged to the same family.

L. B. P.

25. (a) *Harris*.—Daniel, son of Capt. Daniel and Mary (Weld) Harris, had in Wethersfield, Daniel, b. Oct. 2, 1688; m. ——— and had;

1. Merrimon, b. July, 1713.

2. Daniel, b. Apr. 10, 1715.

3. Moses, b. May 20, 1717.

4. John, b. Feb. 26, 1719.

5. Thomas, b. May 9, 1722.

Who was the wife of Daniel (b. 1688), called Daniel, Jr., in N. E. Biographical Record?

(b) *Barnes*.—Capt. Joshua, of North Haven, d. 1790. Who were his parents? Did he have brothers and sisters, and where did they settle?

(c) *Frost*.—John, Jr. (of John) of New Haven; b. 1652-1655; settled in Newark, N.J. Whom did he marry? T. C. B.

26. *Skidmore*.—Thomas Skidmore (or Scudmore), with James, his brother, was engaged in 1635 with John Winthrop, Jr., in the plantation at Saybrook, and in founding the Connecticut Colony. In 1640 he sent his friend Henry Hazzard to England with authority to sell his place at Westerly, Co. Gloucester, and to bring over his wife and children. Ellen, his wife, with Thomas and Dorothy, the children, then came over and were living at Cambridge, Mass., where John, the son of Thomas and Ellen, was born Apr. 11, 1643. In 1647 Thomas had moved to New London, then to Hartford, and then to Fairfield. In 1652 he was at Stratford, where, on July 20 his dau. Dorothy m. Hugh Griffin. In 1660 he sold all his property at Stratford to Alexander Bryan, and called himself "of Fairfield," but soon afterwards was living at Huntington, L. I. Nov. 30, 1666, Gov. Nichols gave a patent for the town of Huntington to "Thomas Scudmore" and seven others, covering the lands purchased by them during the last thirteen years. On Apr. 20, 1684, he made his will, styling himself "of Fairfield," and d. there the same year. His oldest son, Thomas, Jr., was living at Huntington as late as 1689. I have found no descendants of James. Who was the father of Lieut. Thos. Skidmore of Newtown, Ct., b. 1693, m. Martha —? Their eldest child, Nehemiah, b. Feb. 11, 1718, at Newtown, d. Apr. 13, 1781. He was appointed Ensign of the Military (train-band), and Lieutenant in 1723 and 1734. His second child, Jedidah, b. Dec. 21, 1721, bore the same name as the third child of Thomas and Ellen, his wife. This earlier Jedidah b. about 1642, m. Edward Higbie. J. R.

27. (a) *Isham*.—What is the relationship or parentage of the Ishams (or Isoms) mentioned in Stiles's *Ancient Windsor*, 2d ed., vol. 2, pp. 26, 51, 364, 410, 452?

(b) Who were the parents of Jane Isham, m. Jan. 10, 1748, Thomas Barbour of Windsor?

(c) Who were the parents of Benjamin Isham, d. Apr. 21, 1797 (æt. 74), at Ellington?

(d) What was the maiden name of Elizabeth, his wife?

(e) Tradition says that Benjamin was the son of John, Jr., of Barnstable, Mass., b. 1681, eldest son of John and Jane (Parker) Isham of Barnstable, Mass. Is there any documentary evidence from records to prove this?

(f) Who were the parents of Achsah Isham, m. Feb. 3, 1772, Joshua Loomis of Westfield, Mass.? H. W. B.

28. (a) *Blackney*.—David was a Conn. soldier in the Revolution, 1781. Desired a record of his family and place of residence.

(b) *Matthews*.—William d. Apr., 1684, leaving Caleb, Thomas, and William. Who were his parents, and what was the name of his wife?

(c) *Porter*.—Dr. Daniel (No. 3) m. 1st, in Waterbury, Ct., Hannah Hopkins; she d. Dec. 31, 1739; he m. 2d, Joanna. Who were Joanna's parents? J. S.

29. (a) *Hall*.—Sarah (probably of Cheshire or Wallingford), m. Capt. Ezra Doolittle of Cheshire. He was Serg. in the Revolution; b. Jan. 3, 1752, d. first Monday of Apr., 1829; she d. Aug. 1, 1847, æt. 91. Desired the parentage and ancestry of this Sarah Hall.

(b) *Loomis*.—Judith m. Oct. 29, 1818, Daniel Deming of Colebrook. She was b. Mar. 18, 1754, and d. Oct. 3, 1831. Desired her ancestry. Supposed to have been a dau. of Asahel Loomis of Torrington, Ct.

(c) *Wilcox*.—Submit of Killingworth, d. at Colebrook Feb. 13, 1819; m. Elijah DeWolf of Killingworth. Desired her ancestry. F. W. B.

30. *Haxtun*.—Andrew, m. about 1756 or '7 Abigail Wooden. Where had they lived, and what were the names of her parents? In 1774 he, with 31 others, became the purchaser of the land afterwards held by the proprietors of Mt. Washington, Mass. In Jan., 1775, he served in a coroner's jury at Sheffield, and in the finding is styled an inhabitant of that place. Where was he from? Had he any Revolutionary record? A. A. H.

31. (a) *Williams*.—Can any reader named Meacham or Walbridge trace to Rev. John Williams of Deerfield, or can anyone trace through those names?

(b) *Wilton*.—David, d. 1677, one of the first settlers of Windsor. From whence in England did he come!

(c) *Hamilton*.—Judge Joel lived near Boston; b. 1759, d. 1826; m. Jerusha Walker. From whence in Scotland did he come? S. M. R.

32. (a) *Butler*.—Joseph Ward of Middletown, Ct., m. Mar. 16, 1758, Lucy Butler. Who were her parents?

(b) *Harmon*.—Margaret m. about 1760, Capt. Solomon Deming. Who were her parents?

(c) *Stephens*.—Rufus, son of Thomas, b. Feb. 17, 1740, at Newgate or Simsbury, Ct., probably m. at Simsbury about 1760. Who was his wife and who were her parents?

(d) *Ward*.—William (father of Joseph) probably of Middletown, Ct. Who were his parents? He m. Abigail Collins.

(e) *Beman*.—Ruth m., 1726, Ephraim Adams, Simsbury, Ct. Who were her parents?

(f) *Colyer*.—Sarah m. July 22, 1697, Serg. Joseph Pratt, Hartford and Colchester. Who were her parents?

(g) *Fairchild*.—Phebe (wid. of Samuel Crowell), m., 1764, Noadiah Hubbard, Middletown, Ct. Who were her parents?

(h) *Granger*.—Sarah m. Dec. 5, 1771, Ephraim Adams, Simsbury, Ct. Who were her parents?

(i) *Hutchinson*.—Hannah mar. at Bolton, Ct., Jan. 9, 1755, Dea. Phineas Kingsbury. Who were her parents?

(k) *Johnson*.—Sarah m. Apr. 12, 1716, at Long Hill, Middletown, Ct., Nathaniel Hubbard. Who were her parents?

(l) *Swift*.—Mary m. Oct. 1733, Daniel Pratt, Colchester, Ct. Who were her parents?

- (m) *Earl*.—Mary, b. 1663, m. Nathaniel Hubbard, Middletown, Ct. Who were her parents?
- (n) *Hurmon*.—Wm., father of Margaret who m., 1751, Noah Thayer of Braintree, Mass. Who was his wife, and who were his and her parents?
- (p) *Hutchins*.—Elizabeth m. Apr. 1, 1656, Thomas Ayer of Haverhill, Mass. Who were her parents?
- (r) *Phips*.—Joane (dau. of Col. Phips of Boston), m. Richard Ely, b. 1610, came from Plymouth, Eng., between 1660 and 1670. Who was Col. Phips and who was his wife?
- (s) *Rouse*.—Tamasin m. Nov. 24, 1708, John Bradley, Dorchester, Mass. Who were her parents?
- (t) *White*.—Samuel (Braintree, Mass.), whose dau. Rachel m. May 2, 1723, Shadrach Thayer. Who was his wife, and who were his or her parents?
- (v) *Ball*.—Elizabeth of Westboro, Mass., m. Apr. 24, 1755, Josiah Childs, Grafton, Mass. Who were her parents?
- (w) *Parker*.—Abigail m. Oct., 1728, Jonathan Child, Watertown or Grafton, Mass. Who were her parents?
- (x) *Thayer*.—Rachel m. Sept. 9, 1755, Moses Partridge, Medway, Mass. Who were her parents?
- (y) *Wheelock*.—Mehitable of West Medway, m., 1709, Benoni Partridge of Medway, Mass. Who were her parents?

C. E. C.

33. *White*.—Charles (son of Charles), b. Apr. 26, 1781, m., 1798, Deborah Cornwell, b. Jan. 31, 1780, in town of Beekman, Dutchess Co., N. Y. The family tradition claims that they are descended from Peregrine White. The following is taken from the Thomas and Samuel White Genealogy, "Cornelius, Jr., son of Cornelius, son of Daniel, son of Peregrine, m., 1740, Sarah Hewitt, and had Charles, b. Oct. 11, 1740." Whom did he marry? What were the names of his children and where did they locate?

F. A. W.

34. (a) *Stone*.—Josiah of Guilford, Ct., m. about 1705, Temperance Osborn of East Hampton, L. I. Who were the parents and ancestors of Josiah Stone? How was he related to William Stone, one of the first settlers of Guilford (1639)?
- (b) *Marsh*.—John (3d) of Hartford, m., 1698, Elizabeth Pitkin. The date of the birth of their son John (4th) is desired.

A. S. N.

35. *Williams*.—Jonathan went to the war from Lyme, afterwards lived in Killingworth. Information desired.

S. S. G.

36. *Varley*.—Benson. About 1815 my gr.-father, William Varley, was sent by Obadiah Williams from Leeds, Yorkshire, Eng., to Killmanum near Dublin, Ireland, to work in a woolen factory. In 1822 William Benson and Hannah Varley were married near Dublin, and had George, b. June 16, 1823. Was he born in Dublin or in Kirkstall near Leeds?

They had a son Joseph who d. young. William d. Dec., 1826, near Leeds and was buried in Bramley. William is supposed to have come from Cork; it is said his father's brother was a clergyman of the Church of England in Cork, and his father, also supposed to have been educated for the ministry, was, to my best knowledge, a teacher or professor in a college in Dublin. When too old to teach he lived to a very old age in an institution of The Church. Wm. Varley was from Kent Co., and m. in Leeds. Information is desired of the above.

G. B.

37. *Griswold*.—Mindwell m. Ebenezer Hayden and had Ebenezer, m. Mary Trumbull (brother Jonathan's cousin); desired Mindwell's parentage. Joseph Griswold m. Deborah. Who was she? Who was Zerviah (dau. of J. Griswold), m. George Griswold? Who was J. Griswold and who was his wife?

38. (a) *Huggins*.—Elizabeth of Hampton, N. H., m. June 3, 1670, Timothy Palmer of Rowley, Mass., b. there Apr. 2, 1647, d. Nov. 28, 1696. He became one of the proprietors of Suffield, Ct.; she d. Oct. 1, 1716, at Suffield. Was she an aunt of Springfield's celebrated lawyer, John Huggins, the gr.-son of John and Bridget of Hampton? If not, who was she? Her birth is not shown by any records extant in Essex Co., Mass.

(b) *Palmer*.—Thaddeus, b. May 27, 1761, in Sheffield, Mass. Did he leave descendants? Likewise John-Davis Palmer, b. Apr. 1, 1743, Norwich, Ct., resident 1785 in Worthington, Mass., and his brothers Diah (b. Jan. 31, 1741) and David (b. Aug. 3, 1747), who were of "Norwich, Mass." in 1774, their father being warden of the town that year.

(c) *Smith*.—Elizabeth m. Feb. 2, 1721, at Suffield, to Samuel (b. there May 17, 1686), son of Timothy and Elizabeth (Huggins) Palmer. Who was she? I suppose her the daughter (b. July 26, 1699, at Hadley, Mass.), of James and Elizabeth (Smith) Smith and gr.-dau. of the Rev. Henry. Am I correct? Local genealogists may have chanced upon data solving these problems; my own researches in the towns mentioned, and at Springfield, were fruitless to solve them.

F. P.

39. *Maker*.—James was fined 5 sh. (with Richard Berrey, Sr., Jedediah Lumbert and Benjamin Lumbert) for smoking in the Yarmouth meeting-house during service. (Court Records of Plymouth Mar. 2, 1668-9.) This is the first mention I can find of anyone of this name on Cape Cod. From whence did he come and who was his wife? Seth Maker of Medfield, Mass., says his ancestor came from Scotland to Cape Cod. In Sept., 1662, James Macker m. Mary (b. Sept. 28, 1633), dau. of Richard (d. July 3, 1682), and Mary Everett of Dedham, Mass. Was not this the same as James Maker? I have been unable to find any record of his children, but send such as I have. James Maker, Sr., sold a large tract of land adjoining Baker's Pond on the north to Nat and Edmund Freeman of Eastham, Nov. 11, 1712; conveyed to

Richard Godfrey and Wm. Freeman in 1720; at this date James Maker, Jr., was living near Bascor's Pond; John Maker witnessed a deed in 1720. This John settled in the vicinity of the Brewster meeting-house. He was a member of Rev. Nathaniel Stone's church, being admitted July 1, 1720. He was a man of some note, and at different times performed the duties of several petty offices in the town. A John Maker was living in 1771. James Macor, Jr., glazier of Harwich, Mass., purchased land in Middletown, Ct., in 1738, with Nat Rogers; his dau. Mercy m. Ben Smith. Did this James have any other issue? Apr. 29, 1676, James Meker gave 11s. toward the war expenses; 1693 Joseph Meker named in school rounds in Yarmouth. James Maker m. Feb. 15, 1703 $\frac{1}{2}$, in Eastham, Mercy Smith; James Maker m. Apr. 17, 1706, in Eastham, Mary Taylor, and had Abigail, b. Mar. 5, 1707; he d. July 8, 1732.

Lydia Maker m. Nov. 4, 1703, in E., Wm. Nickerson of Monomoy.
John Maker m. Nov. 5, 1714, in H., to Mary, dau. of Stephen³ Hopkins.

Children.

- i. Thankful, b. May 25, 1716, m. Nov. 17, 1737, in H., Isaac Chase, Jr.
- ii. Mary, b. July 13, 1718. Was her int. Apr. 21, 1744, to Nathaniel Knowles?
- iii. Jonathan, b. June 13, 1720.
- iv. Elizabeth, b. June 22, 1722. Did she m. Apr. 16, 1759, Downe Cahoon?
- v. Joshua, b. Sept. 16, 1725; m. Sept. 25, 1754, Zeruiah Covell. Did he intend to m. Thankful Doane Feb. 19, 1763?
- vi. Bursel, b. Dec. 1727.
- vii. Peleg, bap. Aug. 21, 172-. Did he m. Oct. 12, 1738, Marcy Bangs?
- viii. David, b. July 26, 1731; a David Meeker m. Sept. 10, 1753, Phebe Covell.
- ix. Hannah, b. Dec. 11, 1734; m. July 25, 1754, Reuben Covell.

Soloman and Sarah Maker had issue in H.

- i. Peleg, b. Apr. 8, 1754.
- ii. Solomon, b. Aug. 31, 1757.

Jan. 20, 1714 $\frac{1}{2}$, Rachel Maqor m. Josiah Nickerson.

Feb. 21, 1733 $\frac{1}{2}$, Elener Maker m. John Clark.
Dec. 12, 1737, Jane Maker m. Pushaler Clark:
Sept. 6, 1739, Jane Maker m. Silas Nickerson.

Rachel Maker int. Mar. 26, 1774, Samuel Paine, Jr.

Joseph Maker m. Oct. 26, 1753, Deliverance Freeman.

Solomon Maker m. Feb. 16, 1764, Eunice Nickerson.

Will of Benjamin Maker 3d, of H., Apr. 10, 1781.

Benjamin Maker, Jr., d. abt. 1787; had a son Seth.

Administration David Maker of E., June 17, 1763, granted to Phebe.

Sarah Maker m. Dec. 8, 1784, Josiah Parker.

Nancy Maker m. Mar. 11, 1788, Daniel Rider.

Seth Maker m. Sept. 21, 1785, Chloe Maker.

Jemima Maker m. Apr. 25, 1794, Elijah Wixon.

Peleg and Mary Maker had Experience, b. May 4, 1742; Inv. James Maker, Jr., H., Jan. 13, 1724 $\frac{1}{2}$, Mary, his widow; James, his son, æt. abt. 8; Jane æt. abt. 11; Mary æt. abt. 18.

J. C. M.

40. New Fairfield, Ct.

On Oct. 7, 1707, this town (just north of Ridgefield) was granted to Capt. Nathan Gold, Onesimus Gold, Peter Burr, Capt. John Wakeman, John Edwards, Jonathan Sturgis, John Barlow, Gideon Allin, Samuel Wilson, Samuel Jinnings, Moses Dimon, and Joseph Wakeman. Most if not all of these were of old Fairfield. Can anyone tell who became settlers, where they settled, and a record of their family? The Congregational Church was established here in Nov., 1742. The town was incorporated in 1740. Sherman was set off from New Fairfield in 1802.

D. W.

Mr. Fred'k Dickinson of 236 La Salle St., Chicago, is compiling the records of Nat'l Dickinson's descendants through his son Thomas. All persons bearing the name are requested to correspond.

CORRECTIONS.

We were in error in naming the picture on p. 78, No. 1, Vol. II, the home of Moses and Lydia Andrews.

Their home was on West Main street on the site of the present Forest house. The house shown was built and occupied by Moses' son, Joseph Andrews.

On p. 111, No. 2, "Connecticut's first governor," omit "first." Jonathan Trumbull, Jr., was governor in 1803.

On p. 266, No. 3, the house at Buck's corner is spoken of as a tavern. We have since learned the tavern was some distance beyond.

On p. 277, No. 3, we were in error in show-

ing monument we did as that of the first Timothy Dwight. That was to the second Timothy Dwight. The one to the first is near the college lot.

On p. 279, read "gifted and disappointed sister, Delia Bacon," instead of "daughter."

On p. 280, Elbridge Gerry, the vice-president, was buried in Washington. The statement that he is buried here was made in a book consulted, (supposed to be reliable,) when the author was away from New Haven and unable to verify it at the time. The stone here marked Elbridge Gerry, is to one of his sons.

On p. 281, for "Armistad" read "Amistad."

THE GRAVES FAMILY REUNION.

CONTRIBUTED BY JOSEPH FORSYTH SWORDS OF HARTFORD, CONN.

The third annual reunion of the Graves family was held in Graves Hall, Springfield, Mass., on Saturday, September 12, 1896, at 10.30 A.M., and was attended by over 150 persons, most of whom were descendants of Thomas Graves, who went from Hartford, Conn., to settle in Hatfield, Mass., in 1642. Members of the family were present from New York city, Hartford, Conn., Burlington, Vt., Worcester, Somerville, Lowell, Palmer, Northampton, Orange, Hatfield, Williamsburg, and Greenfield, Mass., and Marengo, Illinois.

A notable feature of the meeting was the presence of two venerable ladies, members of the family, one aged ninety-nine years, the widow of Henry Graves of Ludlow, Mass., and the other nearly as aged, both being attentive and interested listeners to the proceedings.

The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. Germont Graves of Burlington, Vt., and President Thaddeus Graves of Hatfield introduced Myron W. Graves, Esq., of Springfield, who, in a few eloquent, well-chosen remarks, welcomed the members of the family, and extended to them the freedom and hospitality of the city and its inhabitants. He was followed by James M. Crafts, Esq., of Orange, Mass., the well known antiquarian of the family, who responded to the welcome in his usual felicitous manner. Myron O. Cowles, Esq., of Springfield, sang an appropriate solo, after which Rev. Germont Graves of Burlington, Vt., delivered the annual address.

The president voiced the regrets of the members present at the unavoidable absence of General John Card Graves of Buffalo, the historian of the family, who was prevented from attending at the last moment by the pressure of important business, and the hope was expressed that at the next reunion General Graves might be present to receive the congratulations of those who owe so much to him for his extremely laborious but successful efforts to perpetuate the deeds of Thomas Graves and his descendants. Rev. Henry C. Graves, D.D., of Somerville, Mass., addressed the meeting and recited a beautiful original poem. After a collection for the purpose of defraying the annual expenses, the meeting adjourned for dinner.

Upon reassembling for the business meeting at 1.30 P.M., Thaddeus Graves, Esq., of Hatfield, Mass., was unanimously re-elected president for the ensuing year, but declined, stating that he believed in rotation in office, and there were enough Graves in the family to undertake the grave responsibility of a presiding officer, whereupon Rev. Henry C. Graves, D.D., of Somerville was unanimously chosen as president; A. H. Graves of Hatfield, as Secretary; Hollis C. Graves, South Deerfield, Treasurer, and the following Executive Committee: H. D.

Graves, Sunderland, Mass., N. S. Graves, Amherst, Mass., James M. Crafts, Orange, Mass., Thaddeus Graves, Hatfield, Mass., and Clark O. Graves, of Greenfield, Mass.

Brief addresses were then made by Joseph F. Swords and Joseph A. Graves of Hartford, Conn., Dr. Leonard K. Graves, of New York City, James M. Crafts, of Orange, Mass., George A. Graves, of Springfield, Mass., and others. The thanks of the assembly were voted to Myron O. Cowles, Esq., for the music and to George A. Graves, Esq., for the use of Graves' Hall. It was voted to hold the next annual meeting at Greenfield, Mass., September 15, 1897, the hour and place to be announced by the Executive Committee. Without other benediction than wishes of good health and prosperity, with cordial grasps of the hand and hopes of future meetings, the descendants of Thomas Graves closed their third annual reunion.

HYMN.

Dedicated to the Graves family by Mrs. M. E. Graves
Miller, of Deerfield, Mass.

TUNE—*Coronation.*

A sound old stock, a brave old stock,
From which our fathers came,
For that fair house built on a rock
We feel no need of shame.

Our motto is as eagles fly,
Nor seek ignoble prey;
So we must work with single eye
To bring the better day.

To hate the wrong, to do the right,
To succor those in pain,
And for our country's honor fight,
This is our duty plain.

From eastern shores to western waves
Long may our tribe increase,
And honored be the name of Graves
Till even time shall cease.

POEM.

Contributed by Mrs. Emily Graves Lapey, of Buffalo, N. Y.

In sixteen hundred and forty-two,
If what the records say is true,
Three brothers of the good old name
Of Graves, to Massachusetts came,
Departing from a foreign land
Wherein was felt oppression's hand.
These brave and sturdy pilgrims came
The land of freedom to proclaim
Their own, and there upon New England's
shore
Allegiance to the New World swore.

Throughout the long and dreary years,
 With ever varying hopes and fears,
 With which those early times were marked
 These energetic men embarked
 In enterprises wise and great
 To serve their country and the state.
 To thrift and honor added fame,
 And to their children left a name
 Of which they ever might feel proud
 Although with riches not endowed.

Descendants of that noble band
 Are spread throughout this goodly land.
 Men of earnest, upright will,
 Endowed by heaven, equipped to fill
 The post of honor and of power,
 A tower of strength in danger's hour.
 This theme shall in September next,
 At Greenfield prove a glowing text.
 The noble deeds of ancient sire
 Shall tongue of grateful sons inspire.

The following members of the family were present:

Thaddeus Graves, Hatfield, Mass.
 Mrs. Augusta C. P. Graves, Springfield, Mass.
 Myron C. Graves, Springfield, Mass.
 Mrs. Harriet Graves Massey, Springfield, Mass.
 Mrs. Dwight E. Graves, Northampton, Mass.
 Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Graves, North Hatfield, Mass.
 Mrs. Lydia Graves Orcutt, Whateley, Mass.
 Mrs. Geo. A. Elder, Whateley, Mass.
 Dr. Leonard K. Graves, New York.
 Mrs. Clara M. Graves, New York.
 A. L. Graves, Ludlow, Mass.
 Mrs. Dwight A. Graves, Northampton, Mass.
 Miss Nellie B. Graves, Northampton, Mass.
 Miss Bertha E. Graves, Northampton, Mass.
 Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Graves, Monson, Mass.
 Miss Mary A. King, Hatfield, Mass.
 Mrs. Thaddeus Graves, Hatfield, Mass.
 Miss Anna M. Graves, Hatfield, Mass.
 Mrs. Wm. C. Dickinson, Hatfield, Mass.
 Mr. and Mrs. Henry Graves-Moore, North Hatfield, Mass.
 Mrs. Josiah S. Graves, Northampton, Mass.
 Geo. S. Graves, Florence, Mass.
 Mr. and Mrs. Henry K. Graves, North Hatfield, Mass.
 Mrs. Sophia Dickinson, Florence, Mass.
 Mr. Freeman A. Crafts, Whateley, Mass.
 Lewis H. Kingsley, Hatfield, Mass.
 Mrs. Arthur Valentine, Hartford, Conn.
 James M. Crafts, Orange, Mass.

Julia A. Graves, Hartford, Conn.
 Carrie A. Graves, Lee, Mass.
 Mrs. Hattie Graves McAlpene, Marinette, Wis.
 Rev. Germont Graves, Burlington, Vt.
 Henry C. Graves, D.D., Somerville, Mass.
 Mrs. Caroline S. Graves, Hatfield, Mass.
 Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Billings, Hatfield, Mass.
 Mrs. Flora Graves Phelps, Springfield, Mass.
 Miss Marion Graves, Springfield, Mass.
 Mrs. Alice Graves Cowles, Springfield, Mass.
 Myron O. Cowles, Jr., Springfield, Mass.
 Myron O. Cowles, Springfield, Mass.
 Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Graves, Hatfield, Mass.
 Minnie Reba Graves, Hatfield, Mass.
 Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Cornwall, Northampton, Mass.
 Charles H. Graves, Springfield, Mass.
 Joseph A. Graves, Hartford, Conn.
 Mr. and Mrs. Roswell Hubbard, Hatfield, Mass.
 Earl Hubbard, Hatfield, Mass.
 Ethel P. Moore, North Hatfield, Mass.
 Helen L. Moore, North Hatfield, Mass.
 Flossie Graves, Ludlow, Mass.
 Geo. A. Graves, Springfield, Mass.
 Martha S. Graves, Springfield, Mass.
 Hattie Graves, Springfield, Mass.
 Anna Graves, Springfield, Mass.
 Joseph F. Swords, Hartford, Conn.
 Mrs. Celena Graves,
 Sanford S. Graves,
 W. F. Davison,
 Wm. S. Graves,
 Mrs. Wm. S. Graves,
 Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Graves,
 Daniel Graves,
 Mrs. Mary Graves Tenney,
 David E. Tenney,
 Miss Esther A. Graves,
 H. S. Graves,
 E. D. Graves,
 Miss Edna Graves,
 Mrs. Abel Graves,
 Miss Mabel L. Graves,
 Mrs. E. E. Graves,
 Mrs. G. S. Graves,
 Dea. H. Graves,
 H. C. Graves,
 Noble W. Graves,
 Lina S. Graves,
 O. S. Graves,
 Martha A. Hobart,
 Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Graves,
 Gertrude Graves,
 Ella F. Graves,
 Miss Daphne Watson Graves,
 Mrs. Mary Graves Davison.



PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

As contemplated at the beginning of our enterprise, we have published *THE QUARTERLY* for two years at fifty cents a year, fifteen cents a copy.

This price was made to introduce it, to get it before the people and show the wealth of material in literary, historical, and picturesque lines within the borders of our State.

It has never been thought that it could be carried on at this price. The idea was, that as an outlay above receipts was necessary to the establishing of any business, we would put the price low, and let the magazine advertise itself, giving the public the benefit, instead of paying a certain few for advertising and booming it.

The field is practically without limit as regards material. We have but barely begun, and daily see the need of increasing the size by the addition of extra pages.

To enable us to do this and maintain our standard of excellence, we shall make the price one dollar a year, twenty-five cents a copy, beginning with 1897.

With it well introduced, thus showing the people its intrinsic worth and its possibilities, we think there are none but will allow the justice of this price.

All know that with a limited circulation, necessitated by a publication of local nature, it is not possible to sell at the price of a magazine that can be produced in larger quantities

and can rely largely upon its advertising patronage. We think our readers generally have understood this, for the severest criticisms we have had from numbers of our subscribers have been that we were selling too cheap.

We recognize their criticism to mean, not that they were anxious to get rid of more of their money, but that the value of a historical magazine of the nature of *THE QUARTERLY* lay in its continuance, not running two or three years and then stopping.

Such a course would give, even to what had been published, but little worth. But a series of volumes with full representation of all parts of our commonwealth, with well-rounded, proportionate views in its various phases,—that is our ambition to give, and we believe is what our readers want.

Our field is Connecticut and what pertains directly thereto.

With the liberal support continued that the people have given us in the past, we can make the magazine a book every one interested in Connecticut will be glad to own.

The increase in price will enable us, besides guaranteeing its continuance, to improve it in many ways and make it better than ever.

We sincerely thank our patrons for the kindly reception they have accorded *THE QUARTERLY*, and shall do our best to merit their liberal support in the future.

After this date (October 15, 1896), we cannot begin subscriptions with any number of 1896 which will extend them into '97 at 50 cents, but we will sell the 1896 numbers for 15 cents each and 50 cents for the year until January 1, 1897.

As we have but few on hand, especially of Nos. 2 and 3, the price will be 25 cents a number—same price as future numbers of the magazine—after January 1, 1897.

Most of our subscribers commenced with the

first of the year so as to have complete sets. To the very few that began with October, 1895, we send this number free, that they may begin when renewing with the even year.

To those who began with April or July, 1896, we will complete their four numbers without extra charge, and if they wish, we will extend their subscriptions to the end of 1897 upon receipt of 75 or 50 cents (according to the numbers necessary to complete the year), so that they may in the future begin with the even year.

The demand for the first volume of *THE QUARTERLY* has so continued to increase that we have decided to reprint it if we can get enough subscriptions to warrant. We could not hope to be able to "even up" with all, some of whom would want only one number, others two or three, according to their missing numbers, so we shall reprint the whole of the first year bound in paper in one volume, to sell for \$1.00 for the volume. Postage, 10 cts. extra. "Scrope," which has not been continued, and

some of the department matter which was foreign to the policy of the magazine this last year, will be omitted; but all the articles and illustrations and all the essential and vital features of the magazine will be retained as originally printed. All desiring this Volume I of *THE QUARTERLY* please drop us a postal so stating, with name and address, and we will announce results (whether we have received enough orders or not to reprint), in our April, May, and June number of 1897.

Among the articles in our next number will be another of the series, *Old-Time Music and Musicians*, by Prof. Allen; *A Daughter of Puritans* (New London), by Charlotte Molyneux Holloway; *Hillhouse Avenue*, New Haven, by Ellen Strong Bartlett; and many others of interest. Also *Historical Notes and Society Re-*

ports, which we have been obliged to omit from this issue for want of space.

We are planning for a splendid number, and, taken all in all, can promise what we think will be the best number by far that we have ever published.

Mr. Huntsinger and His College.

"You are about to leave me after a faithful service of four years to try to build up an institution of your own. It is an arduous undertaking, full of hard work and full of worry, but, after all, carrying with it a recompense that no other work has. I think you are fitted for it in every way. I recognize in you an earnest, efficient, enthusiastic teacher, and a whole-souled man.

"I have no teacher whose services are more to me than yours, and whose obliging disposition and unquestioned loyalty are more delightful to me. You have ability and fidelity, and the qualities that go to make up a sterling character. Any community will be made better for the work that you will do in it.

You can never do anything, never go anywhere, without carrying with you my hearty good will for your best success."

It was with this endorsement from the Nestor of American Business Colleges, S. S. Packard of New York city, himself the head of the leading institution of its class in the United States, that Mr. Huntsinger came to Hartford in the summer of 1888 and founded the school which bears his name.

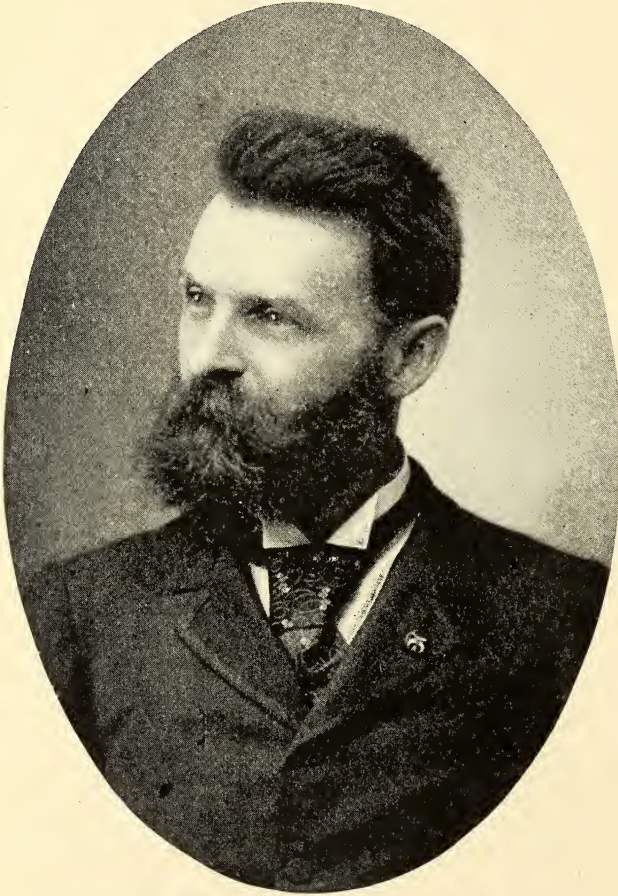
His early life must be briefly sketched here. Born in Pennsylvania in 1855, he made the utmost of early opportunities, defraying all expenses at the Normal School by his personal labor, taught in the public schools for three years, then with a view of entering upon a business life took a course of business training.

His taste and pre-eminent fitness for the business-college field were rapidly developed, and he accepted it as his life-work. From 1877 to 1884 he taught at the Bryant & Stratton Business College of Providence, R. I., following this, as noted in the opening lines of this article, with four years as an instructor in the Packard Business College of New York.

This thorough and complete equipment for the task before him as well as the peculiar inherent qualities of the man himself are to be taken into consideration in viewing the remarkable success of Huntsinger's Business College. He entered upon his work with entire confidence. It was not the presumption of the charlatan, but the reliance upon himself of a man who has deliberately measured up the opportunities and obstacles, and his own ability to meet both.

During the first year of the college history about 80 students were enrolled. Each succeeding year has shown a gain over its predecessor, until the total enrollment of the year ending July 1, 1896, reached 429, giving Huntsinger's the first place in Connecticut, and the fourth in New England. The school-year just opened shows a marked increase over the number in attendance at the corresponding period in 1895, indicating that Huntsinger's has not yet reached its zenith; and it is a notable fact that this college, while stimulating older rivals to do better work, and by its prosperity encouraging the establishment of new ones in neighboring cities, was never itself more rapidly growing in prestige and influence.

The principal of a business college, more than the head of any other literary institution, impresses his personality upon the students under him. His control is absolute, his assistants are his own selection, he makes his own laws, adopts his own methods, and bears the responsibility alone for whatever success or



failure attends the enterprise. The pupil for himself, or the parent for the son or daughter in the case, need not ordinarily go further than to satisfy himself as to which principal of the rival schools of this sort is the best equipped by nature and education for the work which he is directing.

There could be no excuse for inferior work by a man deserving such words of approval as those of the veteran Packard, who for thirty-six years has stood at the head of his branch of the profession, and the business college routine at Huntsinger's in the various departments of book-keeping, penmanship, commercial arithmetic, shorthand, type-writing and the rest, has been fully abreast of the times and equal to the most exacting demands of the business world. But there has been more than a mere training in the methods and machinery of business success. The school is strong because its entire faculty have caught the inspiration from its head, and have taught as well the principles which underlie all real success in life, the hearty detestation of everything that is false or unfair or dishonorable, the value of integrity and fidelity, the power of devotion and enthusiasm in a good cause, and the rewards which attend earnest, faithful, conscientious work, but slip from the grasp of the indolent and careless, however brilliant their natural gifts.

At Huntsinger's every pupil is always sure of the generous sympathies of the instructor in his difficulties, and the perfection of the machinery is such that the heedless and indifferent newcomer is apt to soon catch the spirit of the hour and the place, and become astonished at his own enjoyment of systematic hard work.

The associate teachers in the Business Department are normal trained, with records of long and successful experience before their arrival at Huntsinger's. They were the pick of more than 300 applicants from all parts of the country, for these positions bring reputation as well as money. The fame of the college is abroad in the land.

The business college adapts itself to the needs of the people. Its doors are always open to new-

comers, and there is no week for the first eight months of the business-college year at Huntsinger's which does not bring new pupils. A night school in the fall and winter months forms a supplementary course.

Every pupil is dealt with according to his individual capabilities, helped out if deficient in preliminary education, and aided to make the best of himself in the business world.

That the business college has a place in the community will not to-day be disputed. Its reputation has suffered in the past, and still suffers in a degree, alike from the incapacity of half-educated men who have assumed a leadership in many places, inferior teachers, and from the presence of half-educated students whose work in the counting-room is inefficient and disappointing. There will be a survival of the fittest, a demand that the men who undertake this kind of leadership shall be able to show credentials, and preparation and fitness for the work. Where it is done as Mr. Huntsinger has been doing it in Hartford for the past eight years, the result will fully justify Mr. Packard's words — "Any community will be made better for the work you will do in it."



LITERARY NOTES.

The "History of Danbury, Conn., from 1684-1896," started by James Montgomery Bailey, finished by Mrs. Susan Benedict Hill, lies before us. The exterior, presenting a fine appearance, fails to divulge the secrets and treasures contained between its covers. As we open the book, we are impressed by the good paper and print and the well-executed illustrations. A further survey shows that Danbury was settled in the spring of 1685 by Thomas Taylor (born in Windsor 1643), Francis Bushnell, Thos. Barnum, John Hoyt (son of Walter), James and Samuel Benedict (sons of Thomas), James Beebe (son of John), and Judah Gregory (son of John). So well has the work been finished that it is impossible to say "Here is Mr. Bailey's work; here is Mrs. Hill's." We wish the work could have taken on more of a genealogical character, and given us all there was to be had of vital statistics. The families of some of the early settlers are traced for three or four generations. We feel certain that in this volume of over 500 pages every loyal son and daughter of Danbury will find something to interest them. Mrs. Hill deserves great praise for the masterly skill she has shown in weaving together into one the scattered and broken threads left by another.

A very interesting series of sketches entitled "Cinder Path Tales," by William Lindsey, has been issued by Copeland & Day, of Boston. Even to one unacquainted with events of the path, this book makes most entertaining reading, while to the initiated it should prove doubly valuable. The reputation of the publishers is a guarantee for its high standard of excellence, both in its elevated tone, and typographically. It sells for \$1.00.

"Lenox," published by Scribners in the series of "American Summer Resorts," is fully equal to the others spoken of in our last number, and should be in demand by all interested in that famous resort among the Berkshires. Price 75 cents.

"The Lives of McKinley and Hobart," by Henry B. Russell, published by A. D. Worthington & Co., Hartford, though put out for a cam-

paign book, has more than a transient interest, and is well worthy a permanent place in the library as a valuable reference book. Besides the lives of McKinley and Hobart, it has short sketches of the lives of all the presidents and the story of the Constitution, with the whole of that document printed within its pages.

The book is embellished with numerous engravings, many of them made from pictures taken specially for this work.

Whatever a man's political faith, he cannot fail to be interested in this book, and can but admit that the men whose lives and characters it portrays would be fitting successors to the illustrious men who have held the chief executive offices of the nation. Price \$1.00 paper binding, \$1.50 and \$2.00 cloth.

A book of intense local interest is one entitled "Talks about a Sheepfold," by Julia Merrell. It deals with reminiscences of the Congregational Society of Southington and sketches of prominent ones connected with the church, interspersed with anecdotes and bits of home life. As a record preserving historical facts which might otherwise be lost, it is especially valuable, and we cannot have too many of such books. It is neatly gotten up, bound in buckram, and is from the press of The Case, Lockwood & Brainard Co. It may be procured at the Town Hall store, Southington. Price 60 cents.

Of "King Noanett," published by Lamson, Wolfe & Co., we feel that our comments would be idle repetition of the universal commendation the book has everywhere received. To one feature, however, we wish to call attention—the illustrations, which are by Mr. Henry Sandham, the famous Boston artist. They show, even to the casual observer, the touch of the master-workman, and the natural and easy attitudes of the subjects prove that the most difficult kind of artistic work, figure drawing, has here one who thoroughly understands it. The artistic reproductions of Mr. Sandham's drawings is above criticism. The publishers are to be congratulated in the successful outcome of their endeavors to fittingly illustrate the book.

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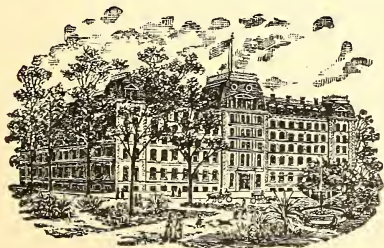
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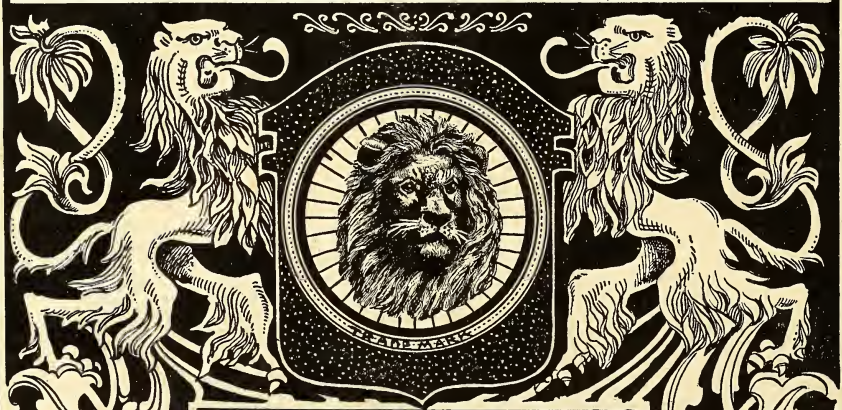


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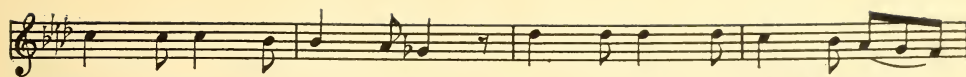
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