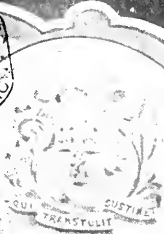




THE CONNECTICUT QUARTERLY.

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In this Number Illustrated Articles on

- New London,*
- Hillhouse Avenue, New Haven,*
- Music Dale,*
- Copper Mining in Connecticut,*
- Old Time Music and Musicians,*
- New Connecticut, or*
Western Reserve,
- etc., etc.*

○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

CONTENTS ON THIRD PAGE.



UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

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❁ ❁ **Tea Spoon.**

STERLING SILVER ⁹²⁵/₁₀₀₀ FINE.

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Devoted to the Literature, History, and Picturesque Features
of Connecticut.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY

BY THE CONNECTICUT QUARTERLY COMPANY,

66 STATE STREET, COURANT BUILDING,

GEORGE C. ATWELL, EDITOR.

HARTFORD, CONN.

CONTENTS.

Vol. III.

January, February, March, 1897.

No. 1.

The Old Love Lane.	<i>Drawn by D. F. Wentworth.</i>	Frontispiece.
A Daughter of Puritans. Illustrated.	<i>Charlotte Molyneux Holloway.</i>	3
The Settler. Poem.	<i>Alfred B. Street.</i>	18
Music Vale. Illustrated.	<i>Florence Waittlesley Thompson.</i>	19
Copper Mining in Connecticut. Illustrated.	<i>E. M. Hulbert.</i>	23
In Satan's Kingdom. Serial III. Illustrated.	<i>Mrs. Wm. Edgar Simonds.</i>	33
Return. Poem. Illustrated.	<i>Julia Merrell.</i>	46
Hillhouse Avenue, New Haven. Illustrated.	<i>Ellen Strong Barlett.</i>	47
The Old, Old Love Lane. Poem.	<i>Louis E. Thayer.</i>	65
Old Time Music and Musicians. Illustrated.	<i>N. H. Allen.</i>	66
Beautiful River. Poem.	<i>Grace Appleton.</i>	76
Dog Corner. Poem. Illustrated.	<i>Milo Leon Norton.</i>	77
Miss Sally. Story.	<i>Martha B. Richards.</i>	83
Ideal Recreation. Poem. Illustrated.	<i>Anna J. Granniss.</i>	86
New Connecticut, or Western Reserve.	<i>Ellen D. Larned.</i>	88
Connecticut and Virginia a Century Ago.	<i>James N. Granger.</i>	100
Departments.—GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT.		106
HISTORICAL NOTES.		116
FROM THE SOCIETIES.		119
PUBLISHER'S NOTES. BOOK NOTES.		

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Entered at the Post Office at Hartford, Conn., as mail matter of the second class.

• • The Connecticut Quarterly. • •

\$1.00 a Year. 25 Cents a Copy. Payable in Advance.

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Drawn by D. F. W. Comforth

THE OLD LOVE LANE.

(See page 65.)

The Connecticut Quarterly.

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

FIRST QUARTER.

VOL. III.

JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH, 1897.

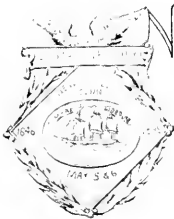
NO. 1.



A DAUGHTER OF PURITANS.

BY CHARLOTTE MOLYNEUX HOLLOWAY.

"Little of all we value here,
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year,
Without both feeling and looking queer."



ATHLESS, though true the poet's thought, there was naught of old age nor its weakness in the proud exultation and eagerness with which New London welcomed its 250th birthday. Rather was there the joy of the bride as she sees the fair dawning of her marriage morn. And nature was in full harmony with the auspicious day. Radiant with the pristine loveliness of spring was the green earth. The glorious elms of the old town swung their pendulous branches in the crisp, clear air of early May, the virginal delicacy of the green leaves enhanced by the sight of the gray of the limbs; everywhere the earth seemed still throbbing with the thrills of resurrection; the birds flitted to and fro, darting like vivid streaks of color and song from one tree to another, emitting the plaintive tremulous notes of solicitous love for the home, or lilting in rapturous ecstasy with their own music. The flowers of early spring, great purple wistaria, delicate scent-diffusing lilacs, golden-hearted pansies, pale hawthorn, theme of many a poet, all lent their charms to enhance the beauty of the day to which so many loyal hearts had long been turned.

For days there had been a bustle of excitement and the glad hurry of the preparation had stirred many placid lives, for was not the 6th of May to mark a grand era in New London's history, to be referred to by the old as eclipsing anything they could recollect, to arouse the middle-aged to youthful enthusiasm and to stimulate the young to vivid recollections which should serve as foundation for many a grandfather's tale?

On the evening of May 5th, the town was ablaze of bunting and thronged with visitors. At every conceivable point the flag of Union and Liberty was flung to the

breast and hunting hung on every building, and from many the mild, grave face of John Winthrop looked indulgently and gratefully down and seemed to say: "Tomorrow, you intend to honor my memory, but I esteem it already honored in the knowledge of your life, your faithfulness to the precepts I held, your high place in the ranks of heroic devotion to principle. Well indeed was I at work when I builded here."



JOHN WINTHROP.

And here and there the benign countenance of the Father of his Country told of the second birth of the town to glorious and enduring liberty. And there were not wanting tokens of the great consummation of the Declaration of Independence when Liberty rose where Lee left down his arms.

The literary exercises, prelude to the civic and ceremonial observation of the day, were held in the spacious armory on Washington street. No one who entered could fail to acknowledge the beauty and inspiration of the sight. The vaulted dome was entirely draped in yellow and white, and the pale Puritan delicacy of the ceiling was intensified by the glowing galleries in crimson with golden stars catching the gleam of the brilliant light and sending it back in increased beauty. Old Glory hung its splendid length from the walls, and the front of the stage was decked with the national colors. Back of the platform, on raised seats, were four hundred school girls whose fresh faces and bright garb made them seem a living bouquet. On the stage were the descendants of John Winthrop, the invited guests and dignitaries of the state and town and the orator of the evening, Walter Learned; the poet, George Parsons Lathrop; Congressman Russell, Senator O. H. Platt, and ex-Governor Waller.

Every seat in the building was occupied by earnest men and women gathered to listen to the eloquence of the present commemorating the piety and patriotism and prudence of the past, paying homage to the men and women of two hundred and fifty years ago. They could have no clearer proof of the value in which they were held than afforded by the growth and progress of this daughter of the Puritans who, in her advance, hath ever held before her uprightness and fear of God.

In a few well-chosen words, Mayor James P. Johnston opened the meeting.

The oration of Mr. Learned was an exquisite tribute to the influences and founders of not only New London but New England. Mr. Lathrop so beautifully depicted the feelings of New Londoners, that his short poem is given here:



JAMES P. JOHNSTON, MAYOR.

NEW LONDON.

The river whispered to the sea:
 "Bring me the men of destiny,
 The men of faith, the men of power,
 From whom shall spring a nation's flower!"

Long, long the waves of ocean bore
 That message to its farther shore;
 At last from ancient realms there came
 The makers of the New World's fame.

Then, in the warring Indian land,
 Brave Winthrop and his gallant band
 Hewed clearings; and from fallen oak
 Rose the first hearth-fire's signal smoke.

Long, long they strove and slowly reared
 Homestead and school and church revered,
 And there, beside a woodland mill,
 They set the lowly, quaint Town Mill;

Where still the patient wheel goes round
 As Time's wheel turns with hushing sound,
 While, pouring o'er it, the stream of life
 Leaps foaming, sparkling, torn with strife.

Long, long till dawned the stormy days
 When all were smitten with war's amazé,
 And dwellers in New London town
 For Freedom won the martyr's crown.

In ship or troop, at sea, a-field,
 The doom of tyranny then they sealed;
 While on fair Groton's crimsoned height
 Broke Liberty's morn in fiery light.

Not Switzer mountaineers, or they
 Who perished at Thermopylé,
 Did bolder deeds, drew nobler breath
 Than those who calmly here faced death.

But when, beneath the rule of peace,
 From fiercer tasks they found release,
 Our men swept ocean near and far
 To regions of the polar star;

The harvest of the sea to reap,
 And win from out you changeful deep
 The modest wealth that makes a home,
 From quicksand safe and treacherous foam.

Again the clamorous war-word came;
 They rose once more, in patriot flame,
 And sent their valorous ranks to crush
 A swift rebellion's onward rush.

Now, days of calm anew prevail;
 The loom, the foundry and the sail,
 With meekest tillers of the soil—
 And rail and mart, bring fruitful toil.

Out from the past's long cloudland-lines
 The sunlight of the present shines,

And touches every living face
 With something of an old-time grace.

The simple force, the steadfast thought
 That from the forest a city wrought,
 And so this sunlight from the past
 Reminds us of a radiance vast,

That moves behind life's gloom and storm
 In one divine, abiding form;
 The source of faith, the source of power,
 The Ruler of our every hour

In turmoils of all changing time
 May reverence for that Light sublime
 Within our people's being dwell
 Till earth shall hear her final knell.

So shall New London's memories old
 Blend with the future's morning-gold;
 And humble deeds, like firm alloy,
 Strengthen the spirit's finer joy.

Here men should meet of every race,
 With honest grasp and open face,
 And live, as many whose work is done,
 To bring from passing clouds the sun.

Long as these rocky hills arise
 About her, and the starry skies
 Keep watch, and from the unconquered sea
 Comes the sweet breath of liberty,—

So long may brave folk still abide
 Like those who erst here dwelt and died,
 And the sea-city, gazing round,
 Behold her borders with honor crowned!



GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

Congressman Russell spoke of the wonderful way in which New London recuperated from the series of disasters by war and disease which afflicted and reduced her from the position of importance conceded hers in the seventeenth century, and praised the activity of to-day. Senator Platt made a particularly thoughtful summary of the differences between communities, the effect of the New England town and the influence its character has on the nation, and ex-

Governor Waller eloquently added his congratulations to his fellow citizens and also spoke retrospectively. Then the children and audience sang America and the first part of the 250th anniversary's celebration was over.

The morning of the 6th arose, darkening and brightening. To the twenty-thousand strain in the town it the day would be, but though not appear for time, cool grateful shade marching day patient spec nated and And anon the peeked out glint of gold green leaves up the brilliant and people rejoice in the glory of the day and occasion.

In the courthouse, built in 1784, the local Daughters of the Revolution, the Lucretia Shaw Chapter, had arranged a loan exhibition of books, papers of rare historic interest, dresses, paintings, miniatures, utensils, old Indian relics, garbs of many a brave, and the homespun gown of many a mother in the stirring days of the colony and the Revolutionary



THE COURTHOUSE.

period, jewelry, collections from Europe, wheels, tapestries, every inch representing the patient labor and love of some fore-mother; in fine, a collection that for general and historic interest is hard to be rivaled.

On the



WALTER LEARNED.



REV. S. LEROY BLAKE.

street, every vantage point was preempted from early dawn, for the first ceremony. The laying of the corner stone to the John Winthrop monument was set for ten o'clock. The site of the monument was chosen with peculiar fitness, for

on the ridge which he named "Meeting House Hill," on the very spot, perchance, where he often spoke to his fellows, within a stone's throw of the tomb he built, the town of New London, May 6, 1896, laid the corner stone to the monument of the man who not only did so much for New London but secured for Connecticut so great a share of independence, so wise a charter, and exerted during his whole life so marked an influence for good on the colony that he made all Connecticut and New England indebted to him.

It is a beautiful spot. From the summit of the hill the eye wanders over the finest view in the city and rests on ground consecrated by heroes and martyrs. On the left is the God's Acre of the colonists, the resting place of the ashes of the heroes and martyrs of the Revolution, the warriors, and wives and mothers of the colony; back is a plateau crowned with beautiful houses, embowered in trees, and beyond a towering hill; in front, the slope down to the water's edge, the great drawbridge bridging the Thames, the smoky yards of the railroads, the hives of industry on the Neck, the silver ribbon of the river drawn between the two shores, and, remote, the historic hills of Groton, green, beautiful, the farmhouses, the village and the tall, gray shaft of the monument, eloquent reminder of that day of horror and degradation of British honor, when murder and treachery shed the



SEBASTIAN D. LAWRENCE.

blood of the brave, and British glory was sullied by the conduct of the infamous butchers of Ledyard and the defenders of Fort Griswold. The grassy line of the old fort is discernible from Meeting House Hill. Away below is the sound, and there, riding at anchor, decked in the national colors, were the Cincinnati and Montgomery warships; the Lowell, the Continental, the Narragansett, Chelsea, Ella, Nareida, Bessie, Dudley Prey, Alice and Scranton, and a host of smaller vessels, decked with all the bravery of flags and state colors.

The masonic ceremonies were most impressive, under the direction of Grand Master Welsh, of Connecticut. The schoolboys from the high and public schools sang with great effect and spirit, and rendered the national airs with a vigor that was thrilling. The melody of the young voices, the music of the bands, the thought that the jubilation of the crowd, the splendor of the pageant meant more than show,



FRANCIS W. LAWRENCE.

and was commemoration of not alone the founder of a town, but of the man who made a state pre-eminent in its rule of government, was present in every mind,

and added to the solemnity of the work and made the sublimity of the spectacle surpass its beauty.

The tributes to Winthrop were both comprehensive and appreciative, the pastor of the First Congregational church, the direct inheritor of the first meeting house, the Rev. Dr. Blake, being chosen for the oration, and displaying great familiarity with his subject.

After the conclusion of the ceremonies the battalion of boys made their way to the parade, where on the site of the first fort stands the noble monument to the soldiers and sailors who gave their lives to perpetuate the Union, to free the enslaved and demonstrate to the world how great, how grand, how strengthening is liberty. After the President of the Board of Trade, Mr. A. H. Chappell, had briefly introduced Mr. Lawrence, the donor of the monument, and the latter had modestly presented his grand gift as the testimonial of his brother, the late Francis W. Lawrence, and himself to the memory of their father, Joseph Lawrence, and the soldiers



MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH LAWRENCE.

and sailors of New London, Mayor Johnston accepted the gift, and General Hawley delivered his oration for the army.

His most thoughtful and noble address contains so much of worth that it ought to be given entire, but this quotation must suffice :

"It is amazing that men will argue even to the extreme against the necessity for an army or navy. There is one short chapter of indelible disgrace and degradation that should teach us better. In 1814, a British force of 5,000 men landed below Baltimore, advanced on Washington with not more than 4,000 men, met and scattered bodies aggregating 6,000 Americans, composed of 5,000 militia and less than 1,000 regulars of all classes, soldiers and sailors. The British admiral and his officers and a mob took possession of the house of representatives, and a motion was carried that this harbor of Yankee Democracy should be destroyed, whereupon the Capitol, the White House, the Navy Yard, the Treasury and War departments were burned. The cabinet scattered and the president and his wife were refugees in the woods of Virginia. Five thousand well-trained soldiers would have saved us this dishonor or laid down their lives a sacrifice.

"I have many times said there is but one thing worse than a wicked war, and that is a cowardly peace. Let us hope that our country will never be guilty of either

"When good men dwell on young to believe that soldiers' purposes, and that almost every such were our soldiers, not such nation take up arms with less of brethren rose up to destroy the best for us and a standard for unceasing hope that they would It was the stronger brother re- stroying things of old, dear to

"It was the great uprising of army went countless daily prayers soldier and the priest are at heart country down here, the other to

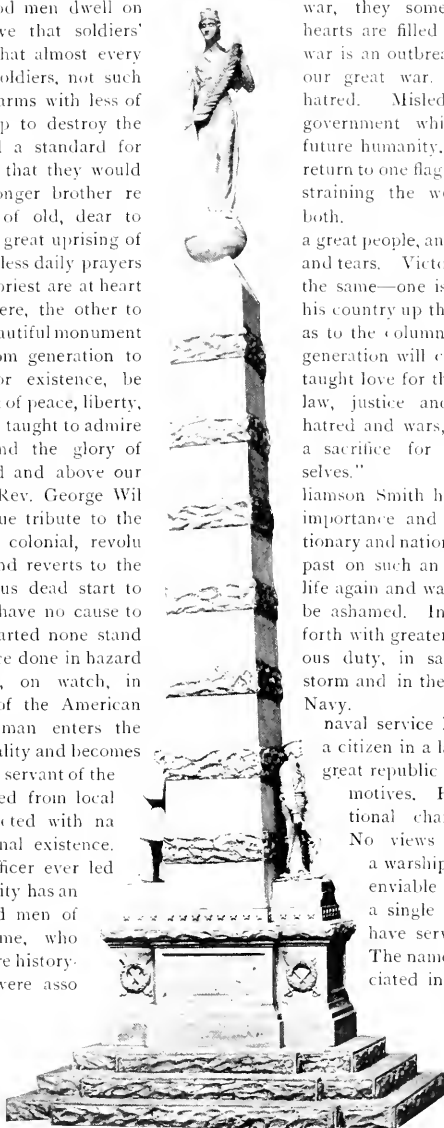
"To this beautiful monument the children from generation to their reason for existence, be flag—the symbol of peace, liberty. They will not be taught to admire of obedience and the glory of side of, beyond and above our

When the Rev. George Wil Hawley, paid due tribute to the London in the colonial, revolu-

"As the mind reverts to the and the illustrious dead start to of memory, we have no cause to host of the departed none stand in brilliant service done in hazard toil and sweat, on watch, in than the men of the American

"When a man enters the socation of locality and becomes is henceforth the servant of the ism is dissociated from local separably connected with na rights and national existence. rights by an officer ever led

"This fair city has an the distinguished men of it was the home, who through our entire history- ter and Preble were asso and those of ter, Foote, many another in later days of Rogers. No given so many



war, they sometimes lead the hearts are filled with murderous war is an outbreak of hell. Not our great war. Never did a hatred. Misled and mistaken government which we believed future humanity. There was an return to one flag and one destiny. straining the weaker from de- both.

a great people, and with the Union and tears. Victor Hugo says the the same—one is devoted to his his country up there.

as to the column on Groton hill, generation will come to question taught love for their country and law, justice and equal rights. hatred and wars, but the beauty a sacrifice for something out- selves."

liamson Smith had, like General importance and service of New tionary and national days, he said: past on such an occasion as this, life again and walk over the stage be ashamed. In the marshalled forth with greater conscious pride ous duty, in sacrifices made in storm and in the perils of battle Navy.

naval service he loses the as- a citizen in a larger sense. He great republic and his patriot- motives. His service is in- tional character, national No views touching state a warship into revolt.

enviable reputation for a single family of which have served in the navy The names of Perry, Por- ciated in the elder days,

Farragut, Por- Rowen and are associated with the name family has famous men to

the military and naval service of the country. Commodore John Rogers who fired the first gun in the year of 1812 was only one of many sprung from the same stock, who, before and since, have served their country well.



HON. JOSEPH R. HAWLEY.

"On the battlefield where soldiers fell we may rear a monument and we may also erect a trophy to their honor in the places where they lived. But in every port, in every clime, our vessels of war have left traces of their presence in the graves of men who have been buried by their shipmates, by strange waters, far from home. The ice holds some in its iron grasp and the torrid sun burns over the sand heaps which cover the remains of some; in Caesar's villa others lie entombed. And the bleached bones of brave seamen beg for sepulchre where no human eye can pierce. They have been washed in the caves or scattered in the forests of the sea, or they float on the ocean currents in unfathomed depths. For these there can be no trophies on battlefields, and, lest they be like him whose name 'was writ in water,' we dedicate on this spot a grateful monument, a peren-

nial acknowledgment of debt to the men who in the hour of their country's trial faced the manifold dangers of the naval service, and by their bravery and intrepidity, their invincible resolution, their fidelity and unalloyed patriotism, stemmed the hostile tide and gloriously fell in defense of their country."

How true the words of both! How proud the position of this old town which has drawn in love of liberty and loyalty to right with her every breath, which has never hesitated to send her sons to fight on land and sea while wives and mothers and daughters prayed and worked at home, unfalteringly doing man's part, rejoicing that thus they could help. Its soil is national; its waters are national. Its heroes have ever been national. Begun by a mere handful of men, the very beginning of the colony was attended by circumstances which marked it apart from the others, made it the idea of a residential town. It was desire to have a home spot, appreciation of the beautiful and practical that led John Winthrop to this place, was inspiration of the wish to christen it after the great home city, London.



REV. GEORGE WILLIAMSON SMITH.

The grand pageant, embracing the civic and military associations, the floats, the G. A. R. of the state, eloquent and pathetic linking of the past and present; the soldiers from the fort and sailors from the great warships, the Cincinnati and Mont-

gomery; the Mohegan Indians, relic of the race which welcomed Winthrop; the Governor's Foot Guards, escorting Governor Coffin and staff; the Putnam Phalanx; the battalion of schoolboys, a sight that few cities can rival, was the great feature of the day. As it started Mayor Johnston was handed this cablegram:

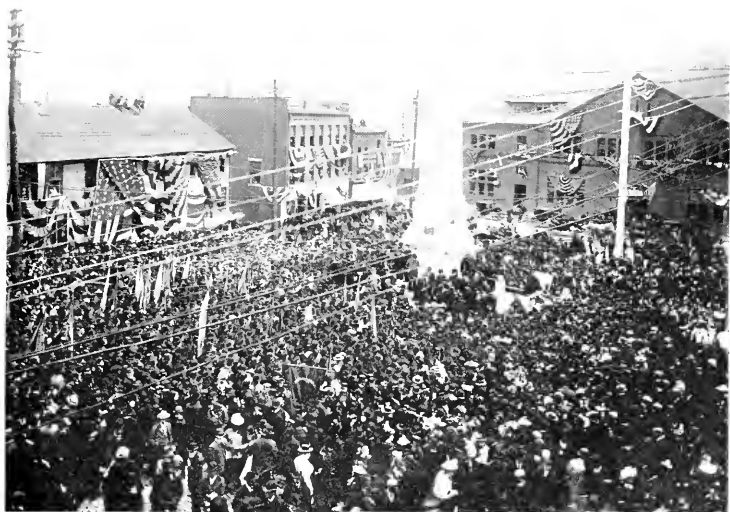
LONDON, 6:30 A. M., May 6, 1896.

MAYOR NEW LONDON, CONN.:

Old London sends New London congratulations on this interesting anniversary.

LORD MAYOR.

A grand pyrotechnic display furnished by the generosity of Mr. Frank L. Palmer, by the Pain fireworks, concluded the civic observance of the day.



AT THE DEDICATION.

A word here of the monument, reared to the heroes who on land and sea helped to consummate the Declaration of Independence in its sublime sequel, the Emancipation Proclamation. It is not alone local, not alone to the glory of the state, but is national, universal, for its deep meaning is the preservation of Union, the removal of degradation, the advance of civilization and Christianity, the insuring of the Magna Charta of humanity.

It is a particularly noble and striking design, grandly harmonious, fit to represent our conception of the men, fit to stand for heroic and enduring defenders of their country on land and sea, fit to show how strong is the love of country and how little men hold aught else in comparison. It is a grand monument on a historic spot where the early defense was erected and where so many of the heroes it commem-

orates were wont to congregate and where it would have been their wish to see a memento.

The cost of the monument is over \$20,000, but the worth of such a gift can not be estimated in dollars or measured by mere lip service. To-day and to-morrow it will stand, a nobly beautiful testimonial. It is eighteen feet six inches by thirteen feet three inches at base, and over fifty feet high. All rock faced stones are of red Westerly granite, while all cut, carved and polished stones are of blue Westerly granite. On the die of blue granite appear polished panels with the dedication, and in high relief emblems representing the branches of the service. At the top of the monument is a granite ball three feet in diameter, on which stands the surmounting feature of the monument, the heroic figure of Peace, nine feet high. The statues at each side of the shaft represent the army and navy, a soldier and sailor, each seven feet high. The monument is set in an enclosure, which, on account of its position and grade, is elevated. The lower section of the shaft has on its front face a double shield of aluminum bronze with the seals of the state and the city. On the reverse face is one of the United States.

On the various courses of blue granite of the shaft over the soldier statue are the



A SECTION OF THE PARADE (PUTNAM PHALANX).

names of the battlefields, and over the sailor statue those of the naval engagements in which New London soldiers and sailors have been engaged.

In proportion, design and beauty of execution it has no superior. In its way it is as harmoniously beautiful as that magnificent memorial in Plymouth. It is bound to be the pilgrimage of many, anxious to have a sight of something that may serve as a model.

Mr. Sebastian D. Lawrence, the donor, is one who has seen New London attain its highest progress in this century, and in whose blood mingles good old New England strain with the art-worshipping stock of Italy.

Joseph Lawrence, the father of the Lawrences of to-day, was born in Venice, "the bride of the sea," "the queen of the Adriatic." Adventurous and ambitious, at an age when boys are being petted and indulged, he was at Savannah, Georgia, which he left for New London, where he made the nucleus for the fortune which made him one of the foremost merchants of the early twenties, in the grocery and ship-handling business. He had at the time of his coming a considerable fortune, though just in his majority. Soon after his settling in New London, he married Miss Nancy Woodward Brown, daughter of Jeremiah Brown, a wealthy farmer at

Goshen Point, and the young pair, after some years, took up their abode in the great double mansion on Bradley street, known as the Packwood house, and more than 200 years old. It was a beautiful dwelling, with finely decorated and spacious apartments. At that time the very best families resided in that quarter. Mrs. Lawrence was an exceedingly handsome woman, of noble carriage, dignified and reserved in temperament. The accompanying picture is from a portrait by Sarony, made when she was in her seventy-sixth year.

Mr. Lawrence turned his attention to whaling with such success that when he retired from business in 1852 he left to his two sons, Francis and Sebastian, a business which made them one of the wealthiest firms in the state. He had three sons grown to manhood: Joseph, who had his spirit for early endeavor and was captain of a Liverpool packet at 21, and the two who are so intimately associated with New London, Francis W. Lawrence, who died in July, 1895, and Sebastian D. Lawrence,



THE LAST OF THE MOHEGANS.

who is one of the foremost men in the town. Mr. Joseph Lawrence died in 1872; his wife, who was an invalid for years, soon followed him. Capt. Joseph, the eldest of the brothers, died in '94.

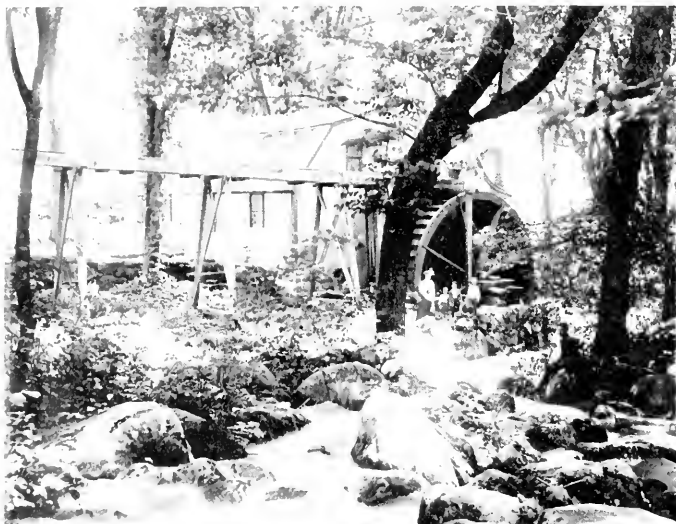
It deserves to be remembered here that the elder Lawrence was the first man who gave New London a strictly metropolitan building, Lawrence Hall, a fine structure built from the plans of the celebrated architect, Hallett. When it was going up some of the citizens expressed their fears that it would overshadow the rest of the city, and Mr. Lawrence replied: "That is all right; the city will grow up to it."

Connecticut and the children she has sent forth to rear commonwealths that in numbers and extent surpass her, owe a great debt to the man who chose Pequot as the place in which to build his home, for the influence and character of John Winthrop exerted a greater formative power than has been credited to him till of late.

It was really at his suggestion that the second and eventful Puritan emigration was made, and in this way he can truly be said to be primal promoter of the colonies

which have exerted such a far-reaching influence on this nation. From the great seed beds of the East came the vigorous plants which have so gloriously bourgeoned into the mighty states of the West. Hard, sterile, rocky, its strata have yet reared the most enduring, most intellectual, most persevering of men. To do has been their primal principle; to do well their persistent practice. Antedating all but Virginia, New England outstripped in activity, audacity, individuality. Utterly dissimilar to the other colonists, while few of New England's were of noble birth, all were of noble thought, stamped by that moral elevation which makes the meanest born a king among men. Many bore names illustrious in English annals, and all were deep and earnest students of the Book which contained for them the sum of all truth.

By 1640, English emigration had largely ceased; therefore, New England prima-



THE OLD MILL.

rily developed the distinctive originality peculiarly adapting it to be the type of a new, restless, resistless nation.

A change of location could not radically affect habits of living, whatever its influence on thought and action. The New England colonist entered on a new, an individual, a peculiar life with the material modification resultant upon enlargement of political liberty and activity and curtailment of domestic facilities. Converting English custom, the New England man gave the sovereignty of the home to the New England woman. The Hebraic, theocratic democracy was, in its most influence-exerting part, a "femocracy." As a logical sequence the New England home had a purity and refinement otherwise unattainable.

There was no man more adapted to the foundation of such a state than the elder Winthrop. In many respects he should stand the foremost Puritan of his day.

The Winthrop's were of good family in Suffolk, that mother of great men—of Wolsey, Bacon, Cromwell, Thomas Hooker, John Robinson, John Cotton, and later Constable and Gainsborough. Adam Winthrop had bought Groton manor when Henry VIII. demolished the monasteries, for four hundred pounds, and here dwelt his son, Adam, the father of the John Winthrop, leader of the second Puritan emigration. His mother was Anne Brown. Both parents were rather above the others in their families. Adam, as his letters show, was a man of rare piety and some culture and much tenderness. He was an auditor in Trinity and St. John colleges, a lawyer of fair practice, though he liked best to remain at his home seat.

When just in his seventeenth year his son John married Mary Forth, nearly seven years his senior. The match was thought good in many ways. She was mother of four children, the eldest our John. After her death he married Thomasine Clopton, and on her demise Margaret Tyndal, whose friends objected to the match because



THE AVERY HOMESTEAD, (THE FIRST MEETING HOUSE).

Adam Winthrop still held the manor. It was a love match, as the correspondence, containing such beautiful expressions of love, shows

In person, John Winthrop, the elder, was unlike the popular idea of a Puritan; he was stately in presence, with a fine, clear cut face, dignified and intellectual, framed in flowing locks, and with the beard and ruff and attention to dress that distinguished the Cavalier rather than the Puritan. His marked intellect, strength of conscience and undoubting adherence to his conception of good are better understood than the deep tenderness, forbearance and gentleness that few of his historians have chronicled.

His son John, born February 12, 1605-6, was inheritor of all his fine traits, to which he added more force, courtesy and the cosmopolitan breadth of a man who has found the brotherhood of man through the sure road of travel. He was sent to Dublin University, which he left at nineteen, and, after a brief time in the Inner Temple, London, finding law not to his taste at all, joined the expedition of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, to raise the siege of Rochelle. He saw some military service and gained much experience, but left the favorite ere the latter fell victim to the

assassin fanatic, and after traveling in the East, Italy and the Low Countries, returned to England.

The New World had already attracted his attention, but his father, who had appointed him executor of his will, had dissuaded him from emigration. Now, however, the feeling that only in the New World could there be the liberty of conscience, precious above gold, had taken possession of all Puritans. The elder Winthrop would not bind himself to the conclusion till he had the advice of his son. The latter wrote in the reply that alone would entitle him to a place in the world's great, the following passage:

"I esteem no more of the diversities of countries than of so many inns, wherein the traveller that hath lodged in the best or in the worst, findeth no difference when he cometh to the journey's end, and I shall call that my country where I may most glorify God and enjoy the presence of my dearest friends. Therefore, herein I submit myself to God's will and yours, and with your leave do dedicate myself to the service of God and the company herein with my whole endeavors."

He paused to marry, however, for when in London he had formed an attachment for his cousin, Martha Fones, whom he espoused February 8, 1631, and with whom he went to Massachusetts the following November. Boston was progressing finely, and with wish to found another town, he settled at Ipswich, where he engaged in salt works and indulged his taste for mineral pursuits and geology till his wife died in 1634, childless. He went back to England, and, having a fondness for making his natal month one of great auspices, wed in February, 1635, Elizabeth Read, of Essex, stepdaughter of Hugh Peters, the celebrated Puritan divine who importuned Charles I. to listen to his prayers the night before the monarch's execution.

Lords Say and Seal, Brooke and others of the patentees of Connecticut, perceiving the great ability, courage and ambition of Winthrop, appointed him governor of their grant for one year and commissioned him to drive the Dutch from Keivit's Hook, the settlement they had made at the mouth of the Connecticut. The latter had already made claim to Connecticut, whose coast Adrian Block had explored in the *Restless* in 1614, marking the Connecticut and the Thames. Winthrop left Boston in November, and with Lion Gardiner, the engineer, and twenty men, drove the Dutch from their fortifications, captured the guns, hoisted the English flag, and named the place Say-Brook, before a ship from New Amsterdam bearing arms and supplies hove into sight, and prudently went back again. From Saybrook he coasted along the shore, and coming to Pequett, his soul was filled with admiration of the magnificent harbor. He saw, like Stoughton, all its advantages, and determined to have Pequett for his own town. But the Pequot war arose; Stoughton's forces encamped on what is now New London, and there were erected houses which served for three months for the habitation of the troops. Rev. John Wilson also preached here during that time, so, in 1637, New London had her first white dwellers and minister.

After the ending of the war there was nothing further done by Winthrop, who was busy in his mineral and geological ventures, in scientific work and in representing Massachusetts at St. James. But in 1641, he was at Fysher's Island, bestowed on him by Massachusetts in 1640, confirmed by Connecticut in 1641, and New York in 1668. He began work on his special grant of Pequot in 1645 with Rev. Thomas Peters and his wife's sister, Mrs. Margaret Lake. His family came in October. Letters from Roger Williams to Winthrop confirm these dates, though Massachusetts dates the natal day of New London, May 6, 1640, in the grant of the General Court.

Winthrop was for many years the foremost man in the colony. In the beginning, till Rev. Richard Blinman and his Gloucester flock were added, he was minister, magistrate, doctor, and arbiter of all disputes. There is no record of marriage by a minister till 1697. When the burden became too onerous, two associates were added to him and these and he were called "Esquires."

The building of a town mill was one of the first duties of the colony. It was begun in November, 1650, and still stands in the rocky glen in which it was placed, neighbor to the Winthrop school, and with the buzz of an electric railway a few yards from it. The mill was to be solely controlled by Winthrop and his heirs; he was really made a monopolist by the town, but his heirs neglected their duties, and in 1709 the town established another mill at Jordan, under Richard Mainwaring.

The first worship was in a barn, but it was not thought decent to continue this longer than absolutely needful, so in December, 1652, £14 were set apart for the



THE AVERY MEMORIAL MONUMENT.

meeting house, which was built on the lofty ridge where now stands the Bulkeley school. Just north was the graveyard.

As Time rolled on and one after another of the colonists fell beneath his remorseless chariot wheels, they were borne to their last resting place almost in the shadow of the beloved meeting house. But in 1684, the "watchtower of the wilderness" was found to be too small and it was sold to Capt. James Avery for £6. He moved it across the river to Poquonnoc, where a century later it was used as a house of worship by Elder Parke Avery, leader of the Separatists. With numerous additions it was the family homestead of the Avery family until it burned, July 21, 1894. A beautiful monument erected by the Avery memorial association, embracing hundreds throughout the land, among them the Rockefellers, Bela L. Pratt, Doctor Elroy M. Avery, of Cincinnati, the eminent educationist, and others, marks the site.

There was a great deal of desire for precedence in the colony which differed somewhat from the others in being more litigious, fonder of excitement and gayety, argumentative, yet, with its fuller liberty, just as ardent for right and eager to fight for liberty or the crown, as was abundantly shown by its quota in all the colonial

wars. It was proposed by Robert Morton, one of the early settlers from London, that the town be called after the great home city, and the Monhegin the Thames. The proposition was eagerly seconded, though the General Court of Massachusetts was aghast at the presumption of the settlers and repeatedly recommended, in its refusal, the name of Faire Harbour. The people were determined and at last won, the court yielding in 1658, and the daughter of the Puritans, the offspring of Massachusetts, became New London.

NOTE.—This is the first of a series of three articles on New London, written by Miss Holloway, for THE QUARTERLY. The others to appear during the year.



THE SETTLER.

His echoing axe the settler swung
Amid the sea-like solitude,
And, rushing, thundering, down were flung
The Titans of the wood.

His roof adorned a pleasant spot ;
And the black logs green glowed the grain,
And herbs and plants the woods knew not
Throve in the sun and rain.

The smoke-wreath curling o'er the dell,
The low, the bleat, the tinkling bell,
All made a landscape strange,
Which was the living chronicle
Of deeds that wrought the change.

* * * * *

Humble the lot, yet his the race,
When Liberty sent forth her cry,
Who thronged in conflicts deadliest place,
To fight—to bleed—to die!

Who numbered Bunker's height of red,
By hope through weary years were led,
And witnessed Yorktown's sun
Blaze on a nation's banner spread,
A nation's freedom won.

—Alfred B. Street.



MUSIC VALE.

BY FLORENCE WHITTLESEY THOMPSON.

Thirteen miles back from the Sound, in New London county, Connecticut, is the little village of Salem. Blessed with a peculiar charm for all who know it, Salem is distinctively a place of association. A reporter might give its history, but take away the love from the chronicling and it would be as a picture of the hills without the blue that colors them. To tell of the lives within the little green-blinded white houses, one must feel the kindliness that emanates from them. With the pure air, cloud shadows, bird notes, gray rocks protruding from the hills, Salem is all its name would suggest—peace. Far from telegraph or railroad, it is inaccessible to the outer world, except for the stage, which carries its mail daily to and fro.

Here, some sixty years ago, was founded by Orramel Whittlesey the first school in the United States devoted exclusively to music. Mr. Whittlesey was born November 1, 1801. He was the grandson of John Whittlesey, who fell during the Revolution in the battle of Groton Heights, and the son of Rev. John Whittlesey. His father was one of the zealous advocates of the form of Methodism then called the New Lights. Preaching part of the year in New York city and at the same time carrying on his work in Salem, he gathered about him many clergy, eminent in their day; and thus his home, noted for its hospitality, became known as the "Methodist Tavern," and he—among the Methodist ministers—as "Father Whittlesey." These were the environments in which the boyhood of Orramel Whittlesey was passed. In 1826 he married Charlotte Maconda Morgan. For three years he was in Buffalo, engaged in piano manufacturing, in partnership with his brothers, John and Henry. This was in the days when three weeks were required to reach Buffalo from Salem, and one was obliged to go by canal. On this long western journey travelers were wont to take violins and other musical instruments and while away the hours with songs.

The Whittlesey pianos were usually of rosewood or mahogany. The workmanship, including the sawing of the ivories and the inlaying of the mother-of-pearl letters and ornamentations, was done entirely by hand.



ORRAMEL WHITTLESEY

Orramel Whittlesey, some time justice of the peace, judge of probate, postmaster, representative for the town to the Connecticut Legislature and senator of the old ninth senatorial district, will best be remembered for his connection with Music Vale, a period covering over forty years. Prior to 1839, Mr. Whittlesey had taken a few pupils in music, but had often refused requests to take them to board. One stormy winter evening two pupils, young ladies, came to his home, and had their trunks brought in and placed in the hall, saying: "Well, we have come, and you can't send us back such a night as this." Of course he was obliged to let them remain over night, which resulted in their staying longer. Before spring twelve boarding pupils were taken. This was the beginning of Music Vale. In time, teachers were needed to assist him in his work, additions were made to the building and a normal department was added, and, as the old circular reads, "Instruction is given in Notation, Thorough Bass, Harmony and the general laws of Composition, Counterpoint and Fugue." Voice culture and lessons on the organ, harp and guitar were given, as well as on the piano. At one time the school numbered as many as eighty pupils, thirty being the average number of boarders. Dr. George F. Root, who has erroneously been credited with having established the first school of music, was a student here while yet a young man. Dr. Lowell Mason was also a pupil.

While the institution was under the sole management of Mr. Whittlesey, the annual examinations of the graduating class were conducted by a board of examiners, who awarded the diplomas. Nathan Richardson, the author of "Modern Schools for the Piano Forte," and Professor Louis Ernst were at one time on this committee. Mr. Whittlesey's method, he used to say, was "to teach pupils how to practice, for if one practices well he will play as he practices." The pupils were heard every day and required to play in public once or twice a week. The school was always in session, but four weeks' vacation being allowed in a year, at such a time as the pupil might choose, providing it was not during the first term.

AUTOGRAPH OF ORRAMEL WHITTLESEY.

Rev. Henry M. Sherman, rector of Calvary Church, Colchester, Connecticut, serving for some time

REV. JOHN WHITTLESEY,
(Father of Orramel Whittlesey).

Orramel Whittlesey was the composer of several songs, among which were the "Welcome," "Farewell to my Home," "The Dying Soldier of Buena Vista," a "Quick Step" and the "Harp of the Wild Wind," now no longer remembered. "Ralvo, the Pirate of the Gulf," was an opera from his pen, performed in the hall of the seminary in the early days of the Vale. Like his other operas, it contained many pretty, catchy airs and was full of melody. The hall, in which these operas and plays were enacted, doubtless leaves on the memory the greatest impress of the splendor of Music Vale, for there was then nothing of the kind either in New London or Norwich. The stage, with its dressing rooms, and the scenic effects produced by the curtains (especially the "Arch of Titus" with the turrets and towers in the distance, or the highly-colored likeness of Music Vale), the frescoes about the walls and ceiling, and the little gallery in the rear are not to be forgotten.

Two large wagonettes, "Blue Bird" and "Robin," formed not an unimportant feature of the holiday aspect of the school. The Saturday afternoon excursions, in these gaily colored wagons, are even now rich in their remembrances.



MUSIC VALE IN THE OLDEN DAYS.

Mr. Whittlesey's fancy, which found expression in music, also took the form of stories and legends connected with Salem woods and lakes. These were often published in the "Gleaner of the Vale," a school paper edited by the young ladies. The names "Elfin Glen," "Mountain" and "Fairy Lakes," with many others given by him to each separate hill or brook, became, from their appropriate suggestiveness, those commonly used by the villagers, and at length found their way to the county maps.

As it is he, who calls forth our highest, for whom we most care; so it is the place, which fosters our truest selves, which lives longest in our memories. Orramel Whittlesey was eminently patriotic, and during the Civil War, the American flag floated in the Salem breezes across the country road in front of the seminary; and Salem hills echoed every northern victory, in response to the cannon which he fired. The war news of each day was brought from New London and Norwich that the "rocks and rills" of Music Vale might make "freedom ring." A discount in the tuition was extended to widows and daughters of the soldiers who had lost their lives in the service of the United States government. If there be any New England blood in us, it is aroused by New England environments; so if there be any patriotism in us, it grows in unproportioned measure in atmospheres like these, where the old halls

ring with, "There's a Proud Noble Flag," and such martial compositions of Mr. Whittlesey.

Every man has in him a belief, paramount to all others, which serves as a motive to shape his actions. To the retention of this belief, as a life force, he attributes his success or, to the swerving from it, he traces his failure. In the words of the second William Pitt, "If it be that I have done so much, it is that I have done one thing at a time," Orramel Whittlesey explained his success; and we find the words of the English statesman prefacing every musical programme and circular, heading the "Gleaner of the Vale" and adopted as the motto of the school.

For about twenty-five years the school flourished. But the breaking out of the Civil War, followed in 1868 by the burning of the building, foretold the end of



THE SECOND EDIFICE AT MUSIC VALE.

Music Vale. Although another edifice was erected near the site of the old one, the school, having drawn largely on the South and West for its patronage, did not prosper and during the seventies it was closed. Orramel Whittlesey died September 9, 1876.

The old white building with its double tier of verandas still remains and reminds one of the days when quartettes, arranged for two pianos, were being practiced to the click of the metronome. There is a story told of the old harp weather vane which surmounts the tower. When it was erected Mr. Whittlesey predicted that the pine pole upon which it was placed would remain as long as any one then in Salem lived. The harp still stands. But all is sadly in need of repairs and is fast becoming a ruin. Music Vale is now owned by a man whose Yankee wit delights in showing visitors its decay. He tells in glowing terms how Orramel got an artist from New York to paint the stage curtains for the hall, and how "The Little Sailor Boy," an especially admired canvas, is protecting his hay. He points with pride to the wagon, which he chooses to keep in the front hall, and asserts that the "O. W." of the porte-cochere stands for "Old Williams."

A burying ground is back of the old school. In the center of a little field, inclosed by a stone wall and guarded by lions, which once sentined the entrance to Music Vale, stands the monument of Orramel Whittlesey, while about are slabs and crosses. In the distance the old harp towers high. Overhanging a brown-bottomed brook are wild grapevines, which cast their shadows, with the alders, upon its surface, and speak the peace of Moss Wood.



COPPER MINING IN CONNECTICUT.

BY E. M. HULBERT.

Since the days of the first settlement of Connecticut, away back in the early part of the seventeenth century, men have dreamed of the great wealth of precious and useful metals that may lie buried beneath the fair surface of the state, and have dug into the rocky recesses of the earth in search of the mineral deposits so freely indicated in the surface rock at many places.

As early as 1651, "John Wentthrop of Pequett," afterward governor of the state, petitioned the "Generall Courte" in Hartford for "incouragement to make some search and tryall for metals in this country," a petition promptly responded to by the court with the decree that if said John Wentthrop or associates should discover



OLD NEWGATE.

From a pencil drawing by Geo. E. Townsend, made in 1863, now in the New Haven Colony Historical Society's rooms. The sketch from which the drawing was made was taken in September, 1861.

and maintain any mines of minerals not on land already within the bounds of any town or the property already of any person, that it should be theirs forever, together with the wood, timber and waters within two or three miles of the mine, for the maintenance of workmen, provision of coal, etc.

Nor is it to be wondered that the search for mineral wealth has engaged the adventurous from that day to this, for nature has been so bountiful in scattering her treasures throughout the state that Shepard, in his admirable report in 1837 to the legislature and governor on the minerals within our borders, says that nearly one-half of the mineral species and fully three-quarters of all the elements at that time known to science had been found in Connecticut.

Iron, copper, lead, zinc, bismuth, arsenic, cobalt and nickel, beside other rarer and less useful metals, had been discovered in the days of Shepard, who naively says: "It is not perhaps a matter of wise regret that gold and silver do not find a place among the metallic productions of the state." Since then both have been discovered,

silver associated with the deposits of galena at Middletown, Bristol and elsewhere, and gold in minute quantities in the alluvial gravel beds of Bristol

Of all the minerals mined so far, the most important in the economic value of the output have been iron and copper. The former at one time was mined on a scale of great importance and was very remunerative to its promoters. But the most interesting in many respects from the associated glamour of great expectations, hope deferred and the ever present possibility of "striking it rich," is the history of the



"MINE HOLLOW," SOUTHINGTON.

copper mines, and the story of the mines of old Newgate and Whigville is practically the history of them all. Other and less worked veins are scattered throughout the state. At Hamden, near Mount Carmel, the largest mass of native copper ever found in Connecticut was taken out in 1790. It weighed ninety pounds and was attached to the rock by threads of the metal. Other smaller pieces were also found there. A lump as large as a button is said to have been taken from the same trap ridge further north, at Plainville.

Considering the facts that wide veins of copper rarely attain the surface, but increase at greater or lesser depths, and that the surface indications extend over so great an area, the hope of many mineralogists of ultimate rich discoveries of copper seems well grounded.

Variegated copper prevails in great purity at Rocky Hill quarries; most favorable indications of yellow copper pyrites are found at Trumbull, also at Lambert's mine in Orange. In New Britain outcroppings of a ledge rich in copper ores of various forms have been traced through the city from north to south a distance of nearly two miles. At one place a shaft was sunk more than fifty years ago and carried down to a depth of sixty feet; from it a tunnel was run many feet in developing the vein without satisfactory results. On East Main street, in excavating a sewer trench, the ledge was again cut and some remarkably rich specimens of blue copper taken out by collectors of minerals. In the southeastern part of Cheshire are the remains of quite extensive

workings from which two ship loads of ore are said to have been transported to England. Work was again started in this old shaft in the early part of this century, but it was soon abandoned. Other indications were also prospected in the northeastern part of the township. At Wolcottville (Torrington) another of the old-time mines is located. Tradition has it that it was worked by Englishmen in the ante-revolutionary days, who took out a ship load of ore, sent it to New York and thence shipped to England. The vessel was burned on the voyage and the cargo lost. This misfortune discouraged the interested parties, and no further attempts were made to work the vein.

Prospect holes dot the hills in many towns where sanguine explorers have followed surface indications to depths of from few feet to many yards in hopes of striking valuable deposits. One of these known as the "lost mine" is near the foot of a picturesque gorge in the hills between Southington and New Britain. For many years tradition was rife that the early settlers had worked for copper in that locality, but all traces of the spot were lost. One day Captain Harkness, of Bristol, essayed to dig out a woodchuck, and cut into the old shaft. A tunnel was started in the bluff near the highway to strike the mineral lower down, but no copper was found. At this day the drift is yet open for a considerable distance, but is partially filled with water.

A curious instance of the abundance of traces of copper in the rocks of that



PLANT AT BRISTOL MINES, (GENERAL VIEW).

region is found at Thomaston, where a monument in the cemetery made of neighboring rock shows promising outcroppings of the ore.

By far the most important of the old workings are those at old Newgate prison and the nearby Higley mine, in the town of East Granby. The charter of incorporation, one of the first granted in the colonies, is dated 1700, from which time the Newgate mines seem to have been worked with considerable activity for forty years. The ore is a vitreous copper, containing about twenty per cent. of sulphur, refractory in the smelter, owing to an excess of quartz. It occurs in a fine grained

yellow sandstone that prevails through an extent of two or three square miles. During the latter half of the last century but little seems to have been done, and for a long time the mine was used as a state prison for criminals, beginning during revolutionary times as a place of safe-keeping for Tories. The story of that time, when the underground prison was described by a contemporaneous writer as a "hell on earth," forms one of the most absorbing chapters in the history of the state, but does not properly pertain to the history of its mines. In 1836 the property was sold to the Phoenix Mining Company. They raised large quantities of ore, which was shipped to England via canal, requiring less than three miles of land transportation. All work has been abandoned for many years, and now the mine is simply one of the show places of Connecticut.

The most important, most recently worked and by far the largest copper mine in the state is that at Whigville, near Bristol. Its history has been one long record of effort, at times richly rewarded, at others misdirected and disastrous; fortunes have

been sunk within its gloomy portals, human life has been sacrificed, and human hopes have ebbed and flowed in alternating elation and despair in its dark and dripping depths.

Toward the end of the last century one Theophilus Botsford, who seems to have been endowed with more knowledge or ambition than his neighbors, noticing green stains at the margin of a little brook flowing from a spring near the southern end of the Burlington mountains, took a yoke of oxen and ploughed and scraped away the earth from the ledge of rock near by, on the surface of which



THE CRUSHER.

he exposed rich copper ore. For some reason, probably lack of funds, he seems to have been content with the fact of his discovery without attempting to open up the vein. Next in succession of workers of the ledge comes Asa Hooker, at the very beginning of this century, who made an arrangement with the widow Sarah Yale, the owner of the land, to work the mine on a percentage of the prospective profits. The widow's mite could not have been very materially increased, for the mine soon changed hands, and in 1802 passed into the control of Luke Gridley, a blacksmith, who for eight years worked it in a desultory sort of way, carrying his tools in saddle bags as he rode on horseback to and from the mine, working it just enough to hold the lease which required a certain amount of labor to be done upon it each year.

After Gridley's death in 1810, the mine was practically abandoned until the spring of 1836, when George W. Bartholomew, who is still living at Edgewood near the mines, began the first serious development of the property. At that time the only traces of the earlier working was a hole about fifteen feet across, full of water from the spring that first drew attention to the spot. In less than a year a trench was excavated twenty feet long, ten wide and seventeen deep, laying bare veins of ore in

the granite rock, some of which were two inches thick. It was a variegated copper, containing sixty per cent. of the metal, associated with sulphur and iron.

The enterprise was a successful one, for we are told that during the next four years the ore shipped to England for assay and smelting more than paid expenses.

From the inception of his venture, Mr. Bartholomew had several associates, together with whom he organized, in December of 1837, the first "Bristol Mine Company," composed of G. W. Bartholomew, Andrew Miller, Harvey and Erastus Case and Sylvester Woodward. Miller soon acquired a controlling interest, paying Bartholomew what was then considered a large sum, and actively managed the mine, until 1840, when the series of misfortunes seemingly connected with the place began with his death, said to have been by drowning in the Farmington river. The company continued to do business until 1846, when suits were brought by various parties, judgments executed and the company collapsed. During the next few years the ownership passed through several parties to Eliphalet Nott, President of Union College, who carried on the work on a large scale. A shaft was sunk on the original Bartholomew opening, and rich ore taken out in quantity.

The farmers of the surrounding country freighted the ore by team from the mines to Plainville, and earned much of their ready money thereby. Some of the older residents still remember the excitement of those days, when a courier on horseback would ride from farm to farm, notifying the men that ore was ready to draw.

Possession of the property eventually passed, in 1855, to a new management, under the title of "Bristol Mining Company," controlled by Professor Silliman and John M. Woolsey, son of the president of Yale College. Silliman infused all the enthusiastic energy and impractical methods of the theoretical scientist into the working details of the mine. Money was poured like water into the hole in the ground and was dissipated like clouds before the gale. Scheme after scheme was tried on the most extravagant scale for crushing and concentrating the ore; expensive machinery was purchased; large buildings erected for various processes afterwards pronounced to be failures, the buildings demolished and others erected in rapid succession. As an instance of the unbusiness-like way in which things were done, it is said that one day the idea occurred to separate the copper from the other portions by winnowing the crushed ore. A big building was at once constructed, machinery put in and started, when it was found that dirt, rock and copper fared alike and fell in one pile. At another time, a large peat bog in the neighborhood suggested a cheap



THE BUCKET WHEEL.

fuel supply, but, to be available, it must be dried. Ovens were built and the peat dried by fires. It burned well enough, but cost several times as much to dry as an equal amount of other fuel would cost. Water power was next thought of, and a thirty-thousand dollar dam was constructed on the Calvin Hart property, half a mile away, forming a reservoir of twenty acres extent. The theoretical ideas of the managers again found expression in the building of the dam, which was an earthen bank about twenty-five feet high, and wide enough at the top for a wagon road connecting the divided farm lands. The overflow was built of big blocks of dressed granite in the form of a circular pit with the side next to the reservoir a few feet lower than the other. In the outer wall, at the base, an arched runway carried the water to a brook below. A flood gate was also provided to empty the pond through the stone well when the water got too high. The whole contrivance was designed to prevent washing of the dirt banks and destruction of the walls. For many years, under the watchful care of Henry L. Muzzy, this arrangement worked successfully. The water was conveyed from the reservoir to the mines in a sluiceway and drove a thirty-foot overshot wheel which furnished power for pumping and other work. This was never satisfactory and steam power was also used. One of the many whimsical proceedings was having a lot of the ore coined into pennies. A barrel of them made from Bristol ore was paid out and circulated from the mines, as an object lesson, probably. Extravagant living also marked this time, for we read in one of the local papers that a big supper and dance was held at the mine on a scale of magnificent expenditure, going to the length of putting in special piping and steam-heating plant to warm the storeroom where the ball was held, for the occasion. Champagne flowed freely, and the mellow guests amused themselves by bombarding each other with turkeys and chickens from the tables. The great financial crash of '57 struck the impoverished company and the tottering wreck went under, although it is said that \$2,000 a month in excess of legitimate expenses were cleared during the last six months of its existence. It was during this administration that specimens of chalcocite of peculiar form, that could have been easily sold as cabinet specimens for hundreds of dollars, were crushed for ore in spite of the protest of the mineralogist. In 1858, a mortgage, held by John M. Woolsey and others, was foreclosed, Woolsey having acquired the whole interest. He died soon after, and the property remained idle in the hands of his heirs for the next thirty years, a monument to the folly of its managers.

The big wheel and elaborate buildings and machinery fell into ruin and decay, the shafts filled with water, and eventually the ground around and over the old Bartholomew shaft and drifts, weakened by robbing its supports, caved in, leaving a funnel-shaped pit fully sixty feet deep and wide.

Along in 1888 there was a rise in the price of copper, and one Dick Barry, a practical miner, sought out the mine and tried to purchase it, without avail. His efforts aroused the interest of others, notably B. S. Cowles, a visionary wood engraver, whose latest exploit had been the discovery (?) of a process for changing scrap iron into copper. His efforts, together with those of E. G. Hubbell, of Pittsfield, Mass., resulted in interesting capitalists, and a deal was made, resulting in the control of 120 acres of land, including the mine, passing to Cowles and Hubbell. Their plans at first were to extract the copper from the vast mounds of sand surrounding the old works, which were supposed to contain at least five per cent. of copper left by the old processes. The water in the shaft was also to be worked for the metal. It was estimated that at least \$300,000 was exposed on the surface of the mine; this was all to

be reclaimed by a chemical process invented by Cowles. Large vats were constructed, quantities of acid bought and crushers for pulverizing the sand erected. This process proving too costly, attention was directed toward the old shafts. The president of a Pittsfield bank and a New York capitalist put money in the enterprise, and the Bristol Copper and Silver Mining Company was organized at Albany, N. Y., with a capital stock of \$500,000. W. S. Tillotson, of Pittsfield, was the first president, and Edgar G. Hubbell, secretary and manager. On the 14th of November, 1888, 160 acres were transferred to the new company by the Woolsey estate, and the mine started on another era of prosperity under most favorable conditions, and with great expectations on the part of its backers. The Bristol papers of that time contained



THE FLOODED PIT.

frequent and glowing accounts of the progress of the work of reclaiming the old company's shafts and tunnels, and of constant rich discoveries of ore.

The Williams shaft, over which the present principal shaft house stands, had been sunk by the old company 240 feet, and was thirteen feet square, timbered in the most substantial manner; indeed at the time of its construction it was the best timbered mine in the country, and during the flush times of the fifties had furnished occupation for a force of fifty carpenters. It was originally sunk and connected with the old shaft as a working outlet for the bodies of ore in the locality of the pit, but, from the opposition of the miners to the use of steam power in raising the ore, had not been utilized. At the foot of the shaft a great room for storing ore had been excavated. It was twenty-five feet high, fifty long and twenty wide, the roof supported by heavy masses of timbering, all in perfect condition, preserved by the copper impregnated waters. The connection with the old shaft was found to be filled up and closed by the pressure of the adjacent rock.

A force of twenty men was employed and from forty to fifty tons of ore raised daily. The mine was almost on a paying basis. Rich discoveries were reported nearly every day. At one time a thin vein bearing native copper and silver in the proportion of seventy and fifteen per cent. was reported, and specimens exhibited. But the misfortunes that seem to have always been associated with the place overtook the new company. The banker interested in the mine, and it is said owing to his heavy outlay there, defaulted his home trust and committed suicide. In 1893, Colonel Walter Cutting, of New York, obtained judgment for money advanced, foreclosed the mortgage and acquired the title, where it now remains. Money had been freely spent, shafts sunk, connecting tunnels excavated and drifts extended in many directions.



THE BROKEN DAM.

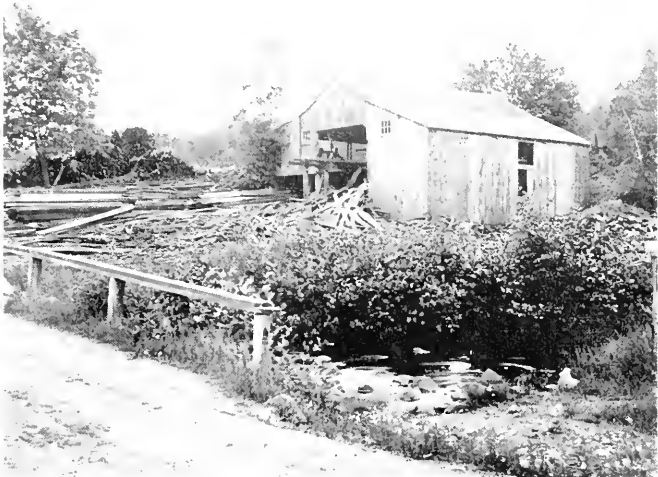
The Williams shaft had been carried down to a depth of four hundred feet, but the rich bodies of ore looked for had not been struck. A new shaft named after Colonel Cutting was sunk in '92 to the forty fathom level, cutting through successively good copper ore, a stratum bearing galenite (lead), carrying a wonderfully rich percentage of silver, zinc blende, and again striking ores of copper. At the bottom of this shaft, which was made in an irregular succession of oblique descents, entirely unfitting it for hoisting purposes, was found a bed of water-worn cobbles, showing conclusively that at some remote period it had been a river bottom.

In all, thousands of feet of drifts had been excavated, no less than eight prospect and working shafts sunk, many feet of adjoining rock prospected with the diamond drill and the existence of enormous quantities of low-grade ores demonstrated. Unfortunate differences arose in regard to the active management of the mine and prosecution of the workings, and the manipulation of the ore. An element of discord was introduced in the person of one Allen, a strange personage whose mysterious

alchemical processes promised to pay great dividends on the ores handled. Exposure of his schemes and a great decline in the price of copper culminated, in the summer of '95, in the utter disgust of the owner with the whole business, and closure of the mines without prospect of resumption.

Within three months after stopping the pumps the great pit and the whole vast system of underground workings had filled with water. Undoubtedly many of the drifts have closed up under the combined action of water and pressure.

In the latter part of the winter of '96 heavy rains had filled the brooks and ponds to overflowing. The former careful caretaker was no longer in charge of the mine dam. Saturday, February 19th, it was raining heavily and the water had been



MUZZY'S MILL, WHERE FIRST ORE WAS CRUSHED.

steadily rising all day. Ice and other debris choked the overflow well, and at two o'clock, Sunday morning, the dam gave way and a tremendous volume of water swept along the bed of the creek, carrying away every bridge between the copper mine and Forestville, where it washed out a section of the embankment of the New England railroad, causing a serious accident to a large freight train. Fortunately no loss of life occurred, but life has been crushed out in the mines during the periods of activity. A cave-in killed two men; another was killed by falling rocks. One unfortunate fell down the old shaft and died from his injuries, and shortly before the final closing of the mines another workman fell from the second floor of the Williams shaft house down to the lowest level of the shaft and was killed by the fall.

One of the most serious difficulties confronting the mining engineers has always been the great influx of water that flows in from every seam and fissure in the rock. One of these veins of water of unusual magnitude was tapped by a blast late one afternoon in the early fifties, and a large body of water rushed into the drift, driving the miners before it. They all reached the shaft and escaped in safety, but another

ging working in another drift was not so fortunate, as the water backed up, penning them in at the farthest end of the working. News of the accident spread rapidly, and in a few hours all the residents of the neighborhood gathered at the mine to watch the work of rescue. The pumps were crowded to their utmost, the fires under the four boilers fed with resinous pine wood, great clouds of black smoke rolled from the smoke stacks, and the glare from the furnaces, the clank of the pumps and the excited cries of the crowd, formed a scene long to be remembered by all who witnessed it. The water was finally lowered, and the imprisoned men rescued, uninjured.

One of the curiosities of the deep levels was a sparkling spring of clear, cold water, but so strongly impregnated with copper that it sickened all who drank of it, one man nearly paying his life as penalty for indulging in a draught of its deadly waters. Slightly acidulated, the water would deposit a coating of metallic copper on a knife blade as quickly as a solution of sulphate of copper.

At the present time a visit to the mine is replete with interest. Long before it is reached the fragments of ore in the roadway tell of its vicinity; pass Muzzy's mill, where the first crushers were erected by Miller, even now the dump heap is conspicuous, and a few moments' search is rewarded with a handful of lumps of copper glance; ascend a slight grade, turn sharply to the right, and a moment's walk down a side road brings one to the Whigville mine. The first impression, if the day is sunny, is a blinding glare from the vast accumulation of pulverized stone that gives one a faint conception of the magnitude of the work that has been done below the surface of the earth. Little green lumps of carbonate of copper are everywhere, copper pyrites in flecks and streaks show in nearly every bit of rock and gravel, green stains spot the roadway, and the still, murky waters of the pit are green and turbid like a pool of petroleum. A scattered growth of white birches whose emerald green leaves seem of a more vivid tint than usual, as if even they absorbed the all prevailing hue of copper, cover the mounds. The great buildings stand dark and silent, the costly machinery slowly rusting away. Peer through the cracks in the boarded windows and one sees the frost-riven pipes stretched like cobwebs overhead, the crusher stands full of ore just as the order to shut down found it. The array of separators and curious machinery bewilders, and one starts at the figure of a monstrously short fat man hanging from a beam in the shadowy room. It is only the cast off clothing of the Mephisto of the mine, stuffed with straw and left in grim pleasantry a guardian over the wreck he left behind.

At the shaft house the floors are crushed and bent under the weight of ore piled high, ready to load into the little cars that were drawn up the long inclined track crossing the road and ending at the top floor of the crushing house. At the rear of the latter building are the remains of a large bucket wheel by which the tailings were once lifted to a sluice box and carried by water to the flats beyond. Here is also located the bath house, where the chemical performances of the last manipulator of the ore were carried on in enameled bath tubs.

The great pit is filled to the brim, 394 feet of water fill the main shaft, the little railroad track across the long dump heap is falling to decay, and, as one stands and gazes at all this mute evidence of futile endeavor to find some great central body of ore that must lie far down in the depths of the earth, one wonders if man will ever wrest the secret of the mine from the rocks that guard it, and open here another great source of mineral wealth to the world to rival the deposits of Superior and Arizona.

NOTE. The writer wishes to acknowledge the assistance rendered in his work by Messrs. E. Aphroditus Peck, W. L. Inlay, Roswell Atkins, H. S. Bartholomew and Rodney Barnes, of Bristol.

IN SATAN'S KINGDOM.

Serialized
by
W. M. Norris

BY MRS. WILLIAM EDGAR SIMMONS.

(Concluded.)

The next morning a pale Margaret entered the kitchen and bathed her face in the family basin. A woman had come down from the "mounting" to help, and Jane Maria was busy rolling out the crust for the pies that were to last to the "middle of March." Margaret thought they might last till the end of time. The brick oven, located in the kitchen wall, was opened and "het," a proceeding which Margaret watched with real curiosity. How the baking was to be carried on was a mystery to her. Long sticks of dry wood, which had been collected for the purpose, were piled high in this cavern-like oven and crossed in and out, like net work; underneath were placed quantities of dry cobs and pine knots, which, when lighted, crackled and snapped like things alive. In process of time the whole mass was reduced to fine red glowing coals, covering the

entire floor of the oven, which were allowed to remain and die out, producing an intense and even heat. Then Reuben came, and with a long-handled shovel removed the coals and ashes; the oven was swept clean with a broom fastened to a long slender pole, and declared ready for use, Jane Maria trying the temperature by thrusting in her bare arm and holding it there for a few seconds.

The whacking of the rolling pin since early dawn attested to the number of pies that went into that oven, and they were legion. The "chicken pies" were the most tremendous affairs of that nature that Margaret had ever seen, and what would ever be done with them she could not imagine; still, she found out before the "middle of March." They were put where they "fruz," and did duty on so many occasions that she thought she never again should care for chicken pie with lard rolled into the crust six times, which was Jane Maria's boast as to her manufactures. In the afternoon, the "famby" came down from the "mounting" to partake of the dinner, and then Margaret began to have serious doubts about the larder being very full by the "middle of March."

The entire week was filled by the work caused by "Thanksgiving," so that every one was well tired out by Saturday night.



Sunday morning, the sun rose in a clear sky, a few rays peeping through the chinks and shining into Margaret's room. The November days had been so dull and drear that this first bit of sunlight was a welcome morning greeting. Her aunt's voice was soon heard, bidding her "git up; it's a pleasant day, and we're a goin' to meetin'." The "goin' to meetin'," however,

was somewhat delayed because one of the "critters tuk sick," and it was twelve o'clock when they started for afternoon service.

The "old yaller" was driven around, and Margaret found herself on the way to "church to the Brook," her heart filling with emotion as she remembered how often she had listened to her mother's pleasant reminiscences of this church. They forded the river at the proper point, and Margaret was nearly thrown from her seat once or twice as the wagon rolled up on a high rock and then suddenly dropped off; she screamed with fright when, on one occasion, a wheel sank into a hole, and she thought they were going to be upset into the river. Her aunt was, as usual, disgusted, and said: she "shouldn't think Margaret hadn't never been nowhere." As they drove through the pretty hamlet of Cherry's Brook, Margaret felt a sense of peace steal over her, the nice looking farmhouses and the well kept roads being in pleasing contrast to those of "Satan's Kingdom."

They reached the church, and Margaret entered with her aunt. She was the observed of all as she walked in, tall and queenly, in her stylish suit of black. "Reuben Wiswall's girl," was whispered from one to another. "Ed Brown's girl," said others; those who best remembered the handsome, stalwart youth, who was Margaret's father. The young people gazed in open-eyed admiration at the elegant girl.

All had heard of her arrival at "Satan's Kingdom;" they were expecting to see her on this day, and had been disappointed when she failed to appear at the morning service.

Her aunt stepped aside to let Margaret enter the pew first, and her feelings can better be imagined than described when she beheld Margaret drop upon her knees and bow her head upon a little book which she had clasped in her hands and upon which a gilt cross was visible. Margaret remained in this position so long that her aunt, unable to endure it longer, gave her a sharp nudge with her elbow which caused Margaret to spring up suddenly and gaze about in something of a fright. At this point her uncle made his appearance, toothpick in hand, and the minister stood up in the pulpit. Spreading out both hands, he said in a deep, solemn voice: "Let us pray," whereupon Margaret again slipped upon her knees, but a tremendous kick from her aunt's foot caused her to look up and discover the whole congregation standing. She hastily rose and followed their example, blushing to the roots of her hair, in confusion and mortification, as the glances and smiles of those about her made her aware she had been guilty of a breach of church etiquette, while her aunt's face was a thunder cloud.

Then a hymn was given out. Jane Maria found the place and handed the book to Margaret with a lightning glare at the little one with the gilt cross, which she still held in her hand. It was a hymn of many verses, all of which were read; then a prelude was played on a melodeon, bass viol and fiddle; and, after that, the choir of about twenty voices began to sing. Margaret, from force of habit, at once stood up, but was quickly jerked back by such a vigorous pull from her aunt that she came down with a thud upon the seat, while tears of mortification and vexation filled her eyes.

After the service, and on her way out, it seemed to Margaret that the whole congregation gathered about her, so anxious were the old friends of her parents to see her. "Reubena Wiswall and Ed. Brown's girl" buzzed in the air. One would say "she is just like her mother" and another the same of her father, so various to different eyes do hereditary resemblances appear. Margaret was greatly touched at this kindly exhibition of feeling and to see the loving remembrance in which her parents were held. She could not keep back the tears; her feeling was contagious and was shared freely on all sides. Even Jane Maria's eyes had just a hint at moisture about them; but this did not prevent her from turning upon Margaret, as soon as they were seated in the "old yaller," with: "Be you a cathlic? I might a known it by yer name. I've heard tell of the awful wicked place Californy is. Probably Reuben went off out thar and turned cathlic, and named ye Margarit, I haint never knowed no one by that name that want cathlic. I ken jest tell ye, though, if ye be a goin' over to the Brook ter meetin' along o' me, ye ken leave that ar book with a cross ontar it ter home and not be a kneelin' down when yer ought to stan' up and a standin' up when yer oughter set down and a doin' accordin' ter yer cathlic notions."

Margaret tried to explain that she was an Episcopalian, but her aunt refused to be comforted, declaring one was "jest as bad as tuther." Reuben's heart ached for the poor girl who was going through this ordeal, but he knew better than to interfere, so he whipped up and got home as rapidly as possible. Margaret was heartsick. The little glimpses of kindness and love she had witnessed at church had opened a floodtide of memory, but her aunt's cutting words were in sharp contrast. She wondered and wondered, with a wonder that ever grew, over her mother's love for this home so strange and wild, and these people so coarse and unfeeling.

She felt she could not endure the situation much longer, and determined to write to some dear friends in Oakland and beg them to come to her rescue. "Oh Kenneth! Kenneth! my own dear Kenneth!" she cried out in very anguish of spirit, as she bowed her head upon the little table in her room in a wild frenzy of tears which lasted until she fell asleep from sheer exhaustion, from which she was awakened later by her aunt's shrill voice bidding her come down to supper. When Margaret rose, her throat was sore, her head swam and her limbs refused to carry her; she sank to the floor, where her aunt found her, later, in the delirium of fever.

A short history of Jane Maria Wiswall will not come amiss at this point. Born "further up the mounting," she belonged to a tribe known as the "Ellings." She was the oldest of a family of ten children; her father, a shiftless man, did very little for the support of his family and the hard work of providing for so many mouths came chiefly upon the mother and oldest daughter. The children were rough and coarse, and little wonder, for they were turned out to grass as soon as they could toddle and made to fight their own battles; if one sickened and died, why then there was one less to care for. Very little poor Jane Maria knew of love, but deep in her heart something tugged uncomfortably as it drew her toward better things. Whenever in her girlhood days she had seen Reubena Wiswall she had envied her pretty face and neat dress; and a home like that of the Wiswalls seemed the height of every desire. It was this feeling which prompted her to make the proposal of marriage to Reuben, telling him she was "tired of livin up on the mounting any longer," a proposal which, as we have seen, was accepted.

When the "leetle gal" came, Jane Maria experienced something the nearest akin to love she had ever felt, but she knew not how to express it and was ashamed to show it. When the little one was three days old, Jane Maria was all about the house, and the next Monday was in her usual place at the family washtub. The little girl was a delicate child, by some trick of atavism very closely resembling Reubena, but it, like the mountain children, was turned out at the earliest possible opportunity and work, work was Jane Maria's watchword. It was pathetic to see Reuben slyly take the little girl with him as he went about his work, but his wife did not approve of these attentions and the interviews were generally stolen ones. In a few years the delicate child succumbed to the hardships of such a life and died from too much work and too little care. If Jane Maria grieved she did not show it in any of the ordinary ways. She only worked harder and scolded her husband more, and thus the time passed on till Margaret's arrival.

When Jane Maria first saw Margaret she was almost dumb for the moment, so struck was she at the resemblance to Reubena and the "leetle gal" that was dead; it was partly to hide her feelings that she had been so brusque and rude to Margaret at the first and for the same cause, in part, she had kept up the treatment, for she would not acknowledge or let any one see she had a tender feeling. But with all her toughness she really did possess a heart, though she didn't even know it herself. No

nurse so tender as she in a sick room, not so much in words as actions; her services were often in demand, many preferring them to those of a physician; and in many cases she had by her thoughtful ministrations made the going of this life to the other much easier than it otherwise would have been.

On this Sunday afternoon Jane Maria recognized the fact at once that Margaret was seriously ill. Taking the girl in her great strong arms as one would a baby, she carried her down stairs, telling Reuben to "build a fire in the settin' room and open the door into the bedroom, for Margrit is sick and a goin to have a fit of sickness." Poor Reuben, nearly wild with grief and fear, did as was directed; soon Margaret was laid upon a bed, and there for many weary weeks the stricken spirit struggled to free itself. But life came off conqueror; how much was owing to Jane Maria's untiring care no one can tell, but it certainly played an important part. She never left Margaret, day or night, excepting for a few moments at a time, when Reuben took her place; but Margaret, as she lay there, looked so much like "Reuben's" and the "leetle gal" that was dead that poor Reuben was wont to burst into sobs he could not control and which his wife declared would make "Margrit wuss."

It was this resemblance to the "leetle gal" that was dead that at last touched the soft spot in Jane Maria's heart and woke to life the little spark that had always slumbered there. Margaret, in her delirium, called her "mamma," and begged for kisses which were finally given to keep her quiet. Kissing was a new experience to Jane Maria. It was the first time she had ever kissed any one. Margaret begged so piteously she could not deny her and it soon became a pleasure. Margaret could not bear to have her aunt out of her sight a moment, now and again calling her "mamma," and demanding the kisses.

There came a night when it seemed as if Margaret could not possibly stay until daybreak. The doctor remained through all the awful hours, but could give no hope. The watchers felt, though they could not see, the slow beating of the dark wings of the death angel. At a point when it seemed as if the pure spirit had left the frail body and was fluttering heavenward, Jane Maria, moved by forces from fountains suddenly unsealed in her soul, fell upon her knees and poured forth her very heart in a prayer for Margaret's life—a prayer so strange, so pathetic, and so touching that the doctor listened in awe-struck silence, and years afterwards spoke of it with bated breath, as the most solemn experience of his life. It was like a lost soul crying out in agony of spirit for just one more chance for redemption. With the last word the speaker sank prone upon the floor in utter exhaustion. It was the first prayer of her life, and when the doctor gently raised her from the floor the rude environment of her soul had dropped away like a worn-out garment. A kiss, a prayer, and the windows of the soul were wide open.

Utter and unbroken stillness reigned in this room of death. The ticking of the kitchen clock could be heard with monotonous regularity as the pendulum swung slowly back and forth, telling of the seconds of Margaret's life. A faint voice—so low and faint as scarcely to be heard—breathed the one word, "mamma." Jane Maria, whose intensity of feeling had been far beyond that which permits speech, sprang to Margaret's side, who, with a glance of recognition, breathed the other word, "kiss." The kiss was given, and, taking in her own one of the little hands that Margaret faintly tried to raise, she knelt by the bedside and placed her face against Margaret's. As the doctor bent over them later, he found Margaret in a sweet natural sleep; he knew that the crisis was passed and that Margaret had turned her face litewards. He whispered it to Jane Maria, telling her how much depended upon this sleep being

unbroken and then stepped away; the faithful aunt remained in that one position until the morning light crept in around the curtain, never once moving by so much as the hundredth part of an inch one of the myriad muscles, each of which was in a

quiver of pain under the mighty effort, until Margaret woke to life and light of her own accord.

She became Margaret's devoted slave. Ann Fuller came down from the "mounting;" she was an old woman now, but able to look after the housework, and glad to do anything for the baby of that "Reuben" whom she had welcomed on the threshold of life. No queen was ever waited upon with greater devotion than was Margaret during her convalescence. If she was tired of the bed, her aunt gently lifted her out and to her broad lap as she might have done by a baby. It did not seem at all strange to Margaret to be thus petted and kissed. She

had been brought up on love and kisses, and her sickness had for the time blotted all else from her mind.

But one day she was sitting alone in the little parlor which now looked bright and cheery; the sun was streaming in at every window and flooding with its rays her aunt's bright tinted rag carpet, the coloring of which had been a much-talked-of source of pride, the sun heretofore never having been allowed even a glimpse thereof, or only such as could be obtained through carefully rolled down green paper curtains. A big fire of hickory was burning in the large, old-fashioned fireplace. Margaret ought to have been happy, but, strangely enough, she seemed to realize for the first time where she was, to remember all that had happened and the utter wretchedness which had been hers before her illness. The memory swept down and enveloped her like a great black cloud. It seemed to her like some dreadful dream, or a nightmare which she could not quite shake off.

Physically she was warm and comfortable, and the room was alive with sunlight and firelight, but under her stress of feeling, she, for the first time since she was stricken down, dreaded her aunt's return, lest the sunshine be all shut out, and she hear the old stern command to take up work. The door slowly and gently opened. Margaret looked up with an almost frightened air which her aunt noted and came quickly forward, taking Margaret's face in both hands and implanting a kiss on her lips. Now, for the first time, Margaret noticed the change between the sweet-faced

woman who was holding her so tenderly and the aunt whose appearance she had been dreading. What had wrought it? was her thought. It was love; but Margaret did not know until afterwards—when the good doctor told her—of her aunt's devotion and of the night when she opened her soul in the prayer that was answered.

Margaret never forgot that convalescence in the little room made bright by the sunlight of heaven shining through the windows, and the sunlight of love shining into the hearts of its inmates. A bond of love and sympathy grew between the two—so strangely brought together and yet so widely apart in tastes and education—that time and distance never diminished. These were happy days for Margaret.

She opened the little melodeon which had been her mother's—a thing sacred for that reason, and although it was sadly out of tune, she managed to produce from it accompaniments for some of the simple airs she knew would please her audience. She found and sung some of her mother's old songs and Reuben sobbed aloud at this re-creation of a voice so much like "Reubenys." Margaret was a fine musician and later her society was much sought by the young people, both "to the Brook" and "to the village," each vying with the other in paying her attention. Her mother's old friends "to the Brook" for some reason seemed nearer than any others and she was with them a great deal; their doors and hearts were thrown wide open to her, but rarely was she away from home over night; her aunt looked disappointed whenever she mentioned it, and she declared, herself, that she missed the good-night kiss.

Margaret looked out one morning on the aftermath of a New England ice storm. The snow had fallen for a day, lodging in bunches here and there on the trees, and this had been followed by rain and hail, freezing as it fell. This morning the air was clear and the sun shone forth in a cloudless sky, the deep blue of which was in lustrous contrast with the whiteness of the whole earth. No transformation scene in a modern theatre could compare to this one gotten up by mother nature. The trees which had stood out like silhouettes, bare and brown, were covered with ice and snow, bending in graceful curves with myriads of glistening crystals pendent like silver fringe; the firs and the balsams had been sprinkled with dust of crystal, and each little bush and twig bore the same rich burden. Over and through it all poured the brilliant sunlight, tinting icicles here and there with the colors of the rainbow. Margaret was entranced. She clasped her hands and held her breath at this wonderful spectacle, which seemed to her more a glimpse of heaven than a scene in Satan's Kingdom.

A sound of sleigh bells broke upon her ear and shortly the "high school boy" who had been so kind on the day of her arrival drove into the yard; it was a welcome sight, for he seemed like an old acquaintance. In another moment her aunt came bustling into the room, telling Margaret, "git yer things right on ef ye

wanter take a sleigh ride," and, almost before she knew it, she was seated by the side of the young gentleman in a handsome new cutter and they were flying over the icy way behind a coal-black steed, the pride of the owner. Margaret's ideas and sensations are hardly to be described. This was her first sleigh ride; she had never before seen such a body of milk white snow; the airy motion of the sleigh gliding over it, the jingling of the bells, the trees bending with their glistening load until the riders had to dodge the branches while passing under them—laughing outright when one, hanging a little lower than they thought, beat against their faces and dashed the icicles into a thousand pieces—was an entirely new experience. The high school boy forgot his embarrassment, Margaret her homesickness, and the ride was extended until, upon their return, Aunt Jane met them with a scared face lest her darling had "tuk cold."

Margaret suffered no ill effects, and this was the first of many rides she enjoyed that winter with the high school boy. No party, either "to the Brook" or "to the village" was complete without Margaret; and the high school boy always her escort. Chaperones were unknown at that time and place; and one beautiful evening, returning from a party "to the Brook," the high school boy looked into Margaret's eyes, vying with the moonlight in their brightness, and another tale of love was told in "Satan's Kingdom." But alas! the maiden could not say yes; her heart was not her own. Kindly and tenderly she told her story, saddened to be the means of sorrow to this dear friend who had been so much to her, contributing by his many thoughtful acts to her comfort and happiness. The high school boy was a sensible lad; he accepted his fate with a good grace and they remained the best of friends. But they could not be quite the same as though no word had been spoken, and later Horace Greeley's advice to "Go west, young man," was followed.

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." Why not a young woman's? The birds began to sing their matins, the trees to put forth bud and leaf, the grass to spring into life, and Margaret to think more and more of Kenneth. She had written him many letters and received no answer; the situation was becoming almost more than she could bear.

Margaret had another would-be suitor, whose performances were noticed by her partly with displeasure and partly with amusement. He was a tin peddler, and brother to her aunt. The aunt was quick to note the situation and promptly declared, "I won't have her plagued, no way, though I don't believe she never would do no better, kas he would be a good provider." One day he drove his tin cart up to the door and called out: "Margrit; Margrit! where be ye?" Margaret appeared in the doorway. "Got some news fer ye. They say down ter the village they's a goin' ter build a railrud clean up through Satan's Kingdom, goin' ter begin surveyin' right off." He enjoyed the picture of Margaret framed in the doorway, and talked till Margaret was weary and glad enough when he turned his cart around and she saw the glittering of boilers and dish-pans as he drove on "further up the mounting."

Not long after that Uncle Reuben came in one day and said there were some men down below that he guessed were "surveyin' fer the new railrud." Later Margaret saw these men at times across the river; there were four of them, not rarely visible from the little nook where her mother had used to sit under the great boulder which she now called her own. One of the favorite stories among the many heard at her mother's knee was how her father had told his love under this rock. What young girl does not love to hear her mother's love story? Margaret was no exception. This retreat was the dearest of all, reminiscent as it was with such sacred memories; and the men working on the opposite side of the river often noticed the figure of a girl dressed in white, sitting there among the rocks.

One of these men Margaret watched with keener interest than the others. There was something about him that reminded her of Kenneth McDonald, so that, when at last the



progress of their work took them from sight, she was almost ashamed to acknowledge a tinge of disappointment. It happened that she did not visit the little nook for several days, but late one afternoon, as the sun was getting low in the west, something seemed to draw her like a magnet to the place, and she went. It had never seemed so quiet there to Margaret before. She had usually visited it in the morning when the birds were twittering, the insects humming, and now and then the sound of the woodman's axe was heard. The stillness was almost oppressive, broken only by the swish of the water in the river as it parted over some of the rocks that were higher than their fellows.

She sat and listened, watched the water cleft by the rocks and wondered if they were the very same upon which her mother had looked from that same seat, and at the thought of her mother, she was buried under a great wave of homesickness. With it came increasing thoughts of her lover, until it seemed to her that she could endure the situation no longer. Taking from her bosom the locket containing his picture she gazed for a time upon his face with an ever increasing stress of feeling which

finally forced from her the unconscious cry, "Kenneth! Kenneth! my love! my darling! where are you?" In another instant she was startled by a sharp crackling of the underbrush and by heavy strides, making her fear a wild animal of the woods was coming upon her. She started to fly, and, turning, stood face to face with Kenneth McDonald. She was as one turned to stone. Every vestige of color fled from her face and she was about to sink to the ground, when, with, "My God! Margaret," Kenneth caught her to his breast.

"There is a divinity which shapes our ends." The feeling that had drawn Margaret to her rock that afternoon she had at first resisted, thinking she would go at sunrise, a time when she loved to see the mountains bathed in the glory of morning sunlight, and dew; but she had been unable to resist the subtle attraction which had guided her feet.

Kenneth McDonald was, as the reader has surmised, one of the four men surveying for the railroad, so it is no wonder Margaret had been attracted by him. He had, a few days before this meeting, received news of the death, in Scotland, of an uncle for whom he had been named, and that a large fortune had been left him. He, thereupon, had determined first of all to seek Margaret.

He had arranged to leave from the village below by the noon train of that day, but had reached the station just in time to see it move off without him. Hesitating for a time what to do, he finally decided to remain at the village inn over night and take the morning train.

The afternoon dragged. Unused to inaction, he made up his mind to take one more look at Satan's Kingdom, and to call on his comrades. Procuring a horse, he had mounted it, and was soon with his friends who greeted his unexpected reappearance with a shout, the echo of which had penetrated to Margaret's nook.

After a little, Kenneth noticed a fishing rod conveniently near, and bethought himself he would cast a parting fly in the waters which had become so familiar, saying, as he started off: "Boys, I am going to make a prize catch." He started off in the best of spirits, for was he not going to see his Margaret soon? How soon, he little dreamed.

He followed the river for a distance on one shore and finding a place where he could pick his way across on stones did so and pursued his sport along the other bank. Stopping for a moment to rest, he had faintly heard the anguished cry of "Kenneth! Kenneth! my love, my darling, where are you?" as it broke upon the quiet air. There among the rocks and wilds of Satan's Kingdom he heard Margaret's voice and his own name. He cleft the underbrush with the swiftness of a deer and, as we have seen, clasped Margaret to his heart.

It would be impossible to depict this meeting, so unexpected and in this strangest of all strange places. The lovers remained clasped heart to heart, in a speechless ecstasy, from which they were roused by Uncle Reuben's cry of "Reuben! Reuben! where be ye?" whose surprise can better be imagined than described as he beheld Margaret clasped in the arms of "one of them surveyin' men." The explanations which were in order were attempted, but were not lucid. Margaret's long pent grief and her sudden joy mingled in such tumultuous riot that her words were incoherent as she tried to give her uncle an idea of the situation, who felt like "drawing off on the surveyin' man" or any one else who would cause Margaret grief. Kenneth, on his part, was equally bewildered as to what claim this rough man could have upon his beautiful Margaret, "all his own."

To understand this peculiar state of affairs was a work of time for all concerned,

and before it was accomplished, Aunt Jane's voice was heard inquiring what under the sun had become of Reuben and Margrit? "The sun is een a most down and the supper a gitten stun cold." Her remarks were cut short by the presence of the stranger and the explanations now began anew. Aunt Jane took in a practical part of the situation at once and turned pale at the thought that Margaret would be likely to leave them. The most ungracious words Margaret had heard her aunt utter since her sickness fell from her lips in a hoarse strained voice: "I suppose ye'll be a takin' her away now jis as we's a gitten used ter one another." "I am afraid I shall have to claim my own property," said Kenneth, all the time wondering what claim these queer people could have upon it.

Here he told them in an amusing way how Margaret had been given to him on the first day of her life, relieving the strained situation and averting the storm that seemed gathering on Jane Maria's brow. She tried to be gracious for Margaret's sake who had put her arms around her aunt and given her a tender kiss; she invited the stranger to accompany them home and on the way Margaret told her lover of these people she had come among and of her sad and trying experiences.

One of the kind ladies "to the Brook" had so given the history of earlier years to Margaret that she understood what had seemed so incongruous between her beautiful mother and her twin brother, all of which Margaret related to Kenneth; she lingered gratefully upon her aunt's devotion and touching care during the illness which came so near bearing her away, and here her lover stopped to gather her again in his arms, to make sure she was really there, a shudder passing through him at the thought of what might have been; he might have treated Jane Maria in the same way had she been near enough, as Margaret insisted she owed her life to the aunt's care.

That evening Kenneth told the uncle and aunt he should have to take Margaret to himself and away. Tears welled from their eyes on the instant; lumps rose in their throats, preventing speech; they were dumb, except for occasional sobs. The occasion was almost equally trying to Margaret, who flitted from one to the other, trying to say some word of comfort; she was, herself, surprised to realize how these people had grown into her heart. The sad meeting was broken in upon by a knock at the door, followed by the entrance of Kenneth's comrades on the survey, who were utterly taken aback to see at Kenneth's side the beautiful Margaret, who seemed to them an angel from heaven strayed to Satan's Kingdom.

If, on entering the house, the young men had found only Reuben and his wife, they would have asked if anything had been seen of a young man about there that afternoon fishing; they would have explained that their comrade had started out from their camp for a cast on the river, leaving his horse with them, and that as he had not returned, being determined, as they knew, to leave town next morning, they were extremely anxious about him. All this flashed upon Kenneth, explanations on their part being unnecessary; quickly as possible he told his story to his friends, ending with, "and now, boys, don't you think I've taken the prize of which I spoke?" Then he introduced Margaret as his promised wife; and each comrade looked as if he would like to throw a fly with equal luck, for each and everyone of them fell heels over head in love with Margaret then and there.

Kenneth accompanied his fellows back to camp where the morning found them still talking over this romance finding its climax in Satan's Kingdom, and moralizing on the chance which shaped itself to such a wonderful end. The next day, Aunt Jane's kisses were so tender and her eyes so moist that Margaret's heart sank at the sorrow she was causing, and Kenneth said afterwards that he felt like a thief. At her lover's suggestion, Margaret urged her uncle and aunt to go to California with them, but this they could not make up their minds to do. Farmer Wiswall's farm had been the goal of Jane Maria's ambition, and, beside, "the leetle gal was buried over to the Brook;" this she told to Margaret with such tears in her voice that Margaret did not urge her further; but she talked long and earnestly with both uncle and aunt and made them promise never to shut the sunlight out of their home or love out of their hearts—a promise they kept.

Jane Maria became a missionary among the people "further up the mounting"; they looked upon her as possessing some unusual power to heal after Margaret's remarkable recovery, which they attributed to the wonderful prayer to which Jane Maria had given utterance. It became no unusual thing for Jane Maria to be asked to pray with the sick; she developed a great gift in these petitions, and later held meetings in the grove "on the mounting" where she exhorted the people to better things. Reuben, who had a sweet voice, took the lead in singing, and, little by little, the attendants on the meetings joined him; at first there were scoffers among these attendants, but this was the beginning of a great change in these people; they became peaceable and law abiding; their petty depredations ceased, and at the present time the tribe is scarcely more than a tradition.

Jane Maria and Reuben grew into each other's lives, making such wedlock as God hath decreed; they went about doing good both to man and beast wherever they found the opportunity and they journeyed gently down the decline of life in love, peace and comfort.

Margaret's friends, as well as her mother's, were all desirous of seeing her married; so it was decided that the wedding should take place in the pretty church "to the Brook," of which Margaret had become fond. A friend of her mother's accompanied her to New York, where a simple trousseau was bought, as well as a new "bombazine" and bonnet for aunt Jane. The wedding day arrived, and never did the sun shine on a sweeter bride than Margaret dressed in her handsome traveling suit. After the ceremony she received the congratulations and good-byes of all her friends, and once more the falling tear paid tribute to the affection felt for "Reuben Wiswall and Ed. Brown's girl."

The parting with Aunt Jane and Uncle Reuben was one of the hard things of life. Aunt Jane held Margaret until her arms were gently pulled apart and Reuben's

sobs shook his frame as he cried out, "Good-bye, Reuben, good-bye." Margaret and her husband drove off in the carriage waiting to take them to the train. Neither wished to live anywhere but in the beautiful Oakland for which they were now en route. The good people assembled at the church lingered long and talked lovingly of her who had shone upon them like a bright particular star, and they comforted the sorrowing uncle and aunt.

Margaret was wonderfully happy in her beautiful Oakland home. Her husband had been able to buy back the one they had been obliged to give up after her father's death; and here two sweet children were added to her other joys; she promptly sent their pictures to her uncle and aunt in New England. How delighted their dear old hearts were as they took the pictures to church to show to all the friends, saying, between a laugh and a sob: "Margrit's babies, Margrit's babies."

A few years later, Margaret brought the little ones and spent the whole summer with her uncle and aunt. With what different emotions did she now behold her Uncle Reuben at the little station as compared with her first experience on that spot. Both arms were thrown around the grizzly neck, and tears of joy rolled down her face. In another moment she was treated to something of a coincidence, for there stood the erstwhile high school boy, now grown to fine manhood, holding out his hand, which she took with a hearty grasp. He informed her that he was home on a wedding trip, and begged the privilege of bringing his wife to call the next day; all became the best of friends, each contributing greatly to the others' happiness during their stay in that rather quiet region.

Uncle Reuben and Aunt Jane reveled in "Margrit's babies" that summer; it was a wonder they did not utterly spoil them. All lovers driving by the little red house of a summer afternoon, saw Reuben seated on the little side porch, a child on each knee, lavishing his love upon them to his dear old heart's content.

Margaret's womanhood was as beautiful as her girlhood; she was a happy wife and mother, beloved by all. But she was often heard to say that to the experiences narrated herein she owed her truest development, and to declare that the sweetest thing in life is love even in Satan's Kingdom.



RETURN.

BY JULIA MERRELL.

Again I return to the home of my childhood;
Again the loved landscape dawns clear on my view;
Again I retrace the old path thro' the wild-wood,—
The garden, the orchard, and meadow-land too.

I visit again when my life is October,
The places that knew me when life was in June;
The birds and the brook sing their melodies over:—
To me they are singing the very same tune.

I enter the house by the old door where alway
My mother's kind face used to welcome her child;
And I go once again thro' the crumbling old hall way
To my room, where the sun thro' the east window smiled.

"Is nothing remaining?" and carefully feeling
My way thro' the cobwebs,—my eyes dim with tears:—
"Yes, there in a corner, the sunlight revealing,
A pair of wee shoes, in the wreckage of years."





BY ELLEN STRONG BARTLETT.

Perhaps the charm of Hillhouse Avenue may lie in the very limitations of space which give it an air of daintiness and finish. Not more than a quarter of a mile long, it lies between the Hillhouse grounds at the head, and the Historical Society's building, the gift of Mr. Henry English, at the foot; and the eye, at one glance, takes in the whole arcade of the graceful, shadowy elms that lift their glorious crowns to the sky.

In 1792, Senator James Hillhouse laid it out, one hundred and five rods long, through the "Hillhouse Farm," and he planted the elms which for all these years have made a royal canopy. A young man in the employ of Mr. Hillhouse drove the stakes and helped to set out the trees. That young man was proud to recall the fact when he walked beneath those elms as President Day, of Yale. Time has justified the foresight of the owner of the land; the homes of wealth and of learning are on either hand, and in this "cathedral city, whose streets are aisles," there is no street more beautiful than this.

Just as his early home, the house of his uncle, James Abraham Hillhouse, was at the head of Church street, so Mr. Hillhouse's own dwelling, now gone, was then at the head of Temple street, and he moved away a part of it, so that the street could be extended to join the Hartford turnpike where Temple



JAMES HILLHOUSE.

*"But in thine hours, when others rest,
Kept public care upon his breast,"
Sachem's Wood*

and Church meet in Whitney avenue. From that house, when an angry mob threatened to tear down the Medical School, then in what is now Sheffield Hall,



THE HILLHOUSE PLACE, SACHEM'S WOOD.

because the body of a beautiful young woman, stolen from her grave, was supposed to be secreted there, Mr. Hillhouse went forth in the majesty of the trusted and trustworthy citizen—and the surging, infuriated crowd was still.



HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S BUILDING.

For the mansion of his son, James A. Hillhouse, the poet, he selected the high ground, which rose among the oaks, and there were spent the declining years of his own life. Hillhouse avenue, which was first called Temple avenue, was private property, and, until 1862—when the city assumed jurisdiction—Mayor Skinner and Mr. William Hillhouse, the nephew whose house is near the gate, used to annually, on some October night, stretch the chain across the entrance in compliance with the law.

On the one corner, as you approach, is the picturesque "Cloister," a building not wholly consecrated to ascetic vigils; on the other, the vacant space, which was the old Botanical Garden, is dignified by the "Nathan Beers" elm, the tallest and mightiest of all New Haven elms. It was planted by the noble man whose name it bears. In

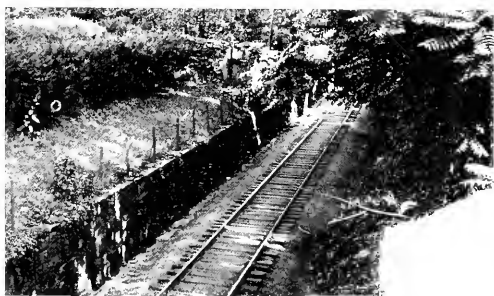
front of the "Garden" is a well, now covered by the turf that borders the sidewalk, and it probably belonged to the old house with long, sloping roof which was near the present Sheffield house. The old house was the home of Nathan Beers himself.



THE SHEFFIELD PLACE.

who was one of the characteristic men of the revolutionary period. A son of the Nathan Beers who was killed in his own house by the "redcoats" in their attack on New Haven, he had himself gone with Arnold at the outbreak of fighting, and later was one of the guards of the unfortunate André during the last night of his blighted life. What were the thoughts of the young men during those solemn hours, we know not.

Beers described André as outwardly calm, except for the nervous rolling of a pebble under his foot. Before his execution he gave his gentle-faced keeper a pen and ink portrait of himself, which he had made by



THE RAILROAD CUT.

the aid of a mirror the day before. That sad little bit of paper is now in the Yale College library. Mr. Beers was a lieutenant and paymaster in the army, and so saw much of Washington. One still living remembers that he often spoke of seeing the

harassed commander withdraw into the forest before a battle to invoke the Lord of Hosts. After the war, Mr Beers, who had abundant means for those days, was persuaded by the first President Dwight to purvey for the college commons. Alas! there was a lamentable discrepancy between the appetites of college boys and their ability or willingness to pay—debts rapidly accumulated and Mr. Beers was left a poor man, unable to meet his obligations. After so many years had passed that the claims against him were several times outlawed, he succeeded in getting a pension; but, instead of applying it to personal needs, he spent it all in paying his creditors or their descendants, whom he sought out with great pains. Such a man de-

served the love and respect which attended him even to the extreme age of ninety-six. Well for the old North Church that it kept him as its deacon for many years! He became extremely deaf in old age; and on one of the occasions when the Governor's Guard marched to his home to salute him, he acknowledged the compliment by: "Boys, I can't hear your guns, but your powder smells good!" He was noted for that unflinching courtesy and gracious dignity which his admirers called Washingtonian. Why are we not ashamed to speak of good manners as "old fashioned?" With all the present revival of the past, let us bring



THE BEERS' ELM.

into vogue the "old school" of high breeding and true culture.

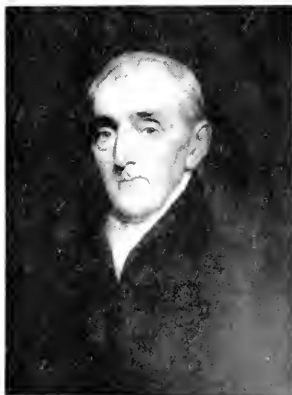
The portrait by Jocelyn, of which a copy is given, was painted in the old age of Mr. Beers and belonged to his grandson, Dr. Levi Ives, being now in the possession of the latter's son, Dr. Robert Ives.

The imposing front of St. Mary's Roman Catholic church, and, opposite it, the Sheffield house, recall us to modern times. That house was built by the distinguished architect, Ithiel Town, for his own use. Then, after Dr. Peters had lived in it, Mr. Sheffield bought it and added the extremities of the wings, which were not in the original plan. Many can remember the handsome old man in the window, peacefully enjoying the evening of life. He completed his noble gifts to Yale by bequeathing to her his house and grounds, and so a biological laboratory adds the associations of

science to those of patriotism, art and philanthropy, already connected with the place.

A little north of the spot where North Sheffield Hall is, but facing the avenue, was the old Mansfield house, that, to the day of its downfall, bore the bullet marks left by the British, and four maps, now in the New Haven Historical Society, were in the house then and were pierced by the shots. The story goes that Mrs. Mansfield, whose husband was a Tory, while her sons were patriots, had just bowed while hearing her little one say his prayers, when a bullet passed immediately over her head. The old building standing where Sheffield Hall now is was occupied as a guard-house by the British, whose appreciation of Mr. Mansfield's tory principles did not prevent them from stealing from his house a silver tankard which was secreted in one of the beds.

The famous Farmington Canal passed diagonally across the avenue, and the cut was used by the Canal railroad, when it was built. Children used to linger on the bridge to look at the boats as now they do to see the trains. The railroad station was, for a year or two, near Temple street, at the rear of the place of Mr. William Hillhouse. Senator Hillhouse was interested in the opening of the canal, which, in the world's ignorance of the railroads that were soon to be, promised well. He gave *clat* to the enterprise by



NATHAN BEERS.

breaking the earth, and the spade which he used, now adorned with his portrait, is in the rooms of the New Haven Historical Society.

Many eyes have turned to the house behind the rhododendrons, on the corner of Trumbull street and the avenue, because for nearly forty years, it was the home of the famous geologist and mineralogist, Professor Dana. His books and his teachings have made him a light in the path of science; his enthusiasm and success in his chosen pursuits, combined with his



THE CLOISTER.

spotless character, made his presence a power, and his going has left a sad vacancy.

The home of the elder Professor Silliman, a man of high position in the scientific and the social world, was once on the corner of that street and the avenue. It was built by the Hillhouses, and was for a long time a solitary house. Professor Silliman

bought it in 1809, and he was regarded as living far out of town. To it he brought his bride and in it he died in 1864.

The house had several additions, which were taken away or changed when it was moved to Trumbull street. A low, arched opening could be seen at one side in the thick stone wall of one of those wings. Although only a prosaic means of access to the kitchen, the students of the day persisted in connecting it with the novel and profound scientific investigations of the famous and learned professor, and looked on it as a mysterious entrance to occult and questionable rites which were not divulged to the outside world.

Had he lived five hundred years earlier, Silliman might have shared the fate of Roger Bacon.

Once, to light the carriages bearing guests to the wedding of one of his daughters, he hung a lantern on a tree at the entrance of the avenue. The staple remained, was forgotten, and years after, when the tree was cut down, was found imbedded within the trunk. It was the cause of great bewilderment, until Professor Silliman explained the mystery.



RESIDENCE OF WILLIAM HILLHOUSE.

His first wife's mother was the widow of the second Gov. Jonathan Trumbull. Madam Trumbull passed the last nine years of her life in the house of her son-in-law, and for her, Trumbull street, first called New street, was named. Here it was that Lafayette, in his triumphal last visit to us, in 1823, paid his respects to her as a survivor of the friends of his brilliant youth. We can fancy the procession arriving with all civic and military parade, and onlookers and escort waiting with eager reverence, while the veteran and the dame looked back across the vale of years to the heights of revolutionary trials and triumphs; and then the departure through the leafy street, all knowing that it was the last time.

Mrs. James D. Dana was then a baby, and had the honor of being kissed on the occasion by the gallant old Frenchman. Col. John Trumbull, the painter, Mrs. Silliman's uncle, was for some years an inmate of the house. To it came Agassiz, with his wife, for their first visit in this country, when he was in the glow of his beauty and enthusiasm; and throughout his life, at this house and that of Professor Dana, he was a frequent visitor.

Professor Silliman's high position in the scientific and the social world brought to him during his long life on the avenue many other illustrious ones, Sir Charles and Lady Lyell; Basil Hall, the English traveler; Dr. Hare, of Philadelphia; President John Quincy Adams, among them.

In fact, it would be safe to say that few men of literary, scientific, or artistic dis-

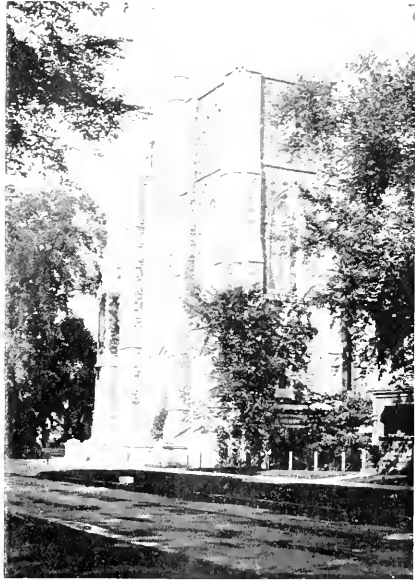
tion have visited New England without being domiciled somewhere on the avenue. Under Professor Dana's roof have come such men as Wendell Phillips, Professor Guyot, Professor Gray, of Cambridge; Professor Baird, of the Smithsonian Institute.

Freeman, Farrar, and Dean Stanley, church dignitaries and historians galore; Ian Maclaren last but not least, have been entertained by Professor Fisher, the church historian, who has compressed the learning of a lifetime into the "History of the Reformation," the "History of Christian Doctrine," the "Outlines of Universal History," etc., works whose erudition and candor have made him known on both sides of the Atlantic.

The first erected of the houses now standing on the avenue was built by Mr. William J. Forbes for his daughter, the wife of the second Professor Benjamin Silliman. It was one of the first houses in the city in which were employed certain features of interior decoration now often seen. It was for years a center of gracious culture and hospitality. Famous people were often there; recently, Dr. Dörpfeld, the coadjutor of Schliemann in digging out from the earth the secrets of Greek history, has been the guest of Professor Seymour, the learned Greek scholar, the present occupant of the house.

Next in time to the elder Professor Silliman's house was that of Mrs. Whelpley, which at first stood on another street. She was the sister of Mrs. Apthorpe, and mother of Melancthon Whelpley, one of the wretched victims of the Nicaragua expedition. It was afterwards the home of President Porter, who received there a long procession of men of note in all departments of learning. As we go on to the house of Professor Hoppin, whose "Old England" has been a guide to many a wanderer in the mother island, even as his lectures in the Yale Art School have led the way to clearer insight in the paths of art, we remember that Phillips Brooks; the Bishop of Manchester, England; Lady E. Fitzmaurice, the author, and the friend of Browning; Herkomer, the painter; Augustus Hoppin, the artist; Amelia B. Edwards, learned "in the wisdom of the Egyptians," have enjoyed hospitality there.

Midway on the street is the home of Mrs. Boardman, the giver of the Manual Training School. The house is also associated with Mayor Aaron Skinner, who was, during his life, a steadfast promoter of New Haven's welfare, a citizen who left many traces of his good taste, notably in the gateway and walls of the Grove Street Cem-



ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

ctery. He built the house for a boys' school, which for years existed there beside the girls' school, conducted by the Misses Apthorpe, in the house now in possession of Yale University and occupied by Mrs. Cady's school.

On the other side lived Henry Farnam, the giver of Farnam College, and of that



THE DANA RESIDENCE.

triumph of road-making, the ever beautiful Farnam Drive in East Rock Park. The house and grounds are to be the property of Yale some time; the new operating theater at the New Haven hospital is the gift of his widow and son, Professor Farnam, and in many ways the family name is associated with benefactions to the city.

Around all lingers the memory of that

remarkable man who made his own monument in this beautiful street. We hope he was gifted with a prophetic vision of his completed plan; and, indeed, some now living remember his tall form striding up and down the avenue for many years after it was opened.

The Hillhouses were a Protestant family of importance in Ireland, having an estate at Artikelly, near Londonderry, whence a Rev. James Hillhouse, born in 1687, came to New Hampshire about 1719, and thence to Montville, near New London. There two sons, William and James Abraham, were born. His wife, Mary Fitch, was great granddaughter of Captain John Mason, of Pequot fame; and thus, although the Hillhouse family came to America nearly one hundred years after the landing at Plymouth, these sons were descended from one of the most valuable of the early settlers. William married a sister of the first Governor Griswold, and of their numerous sons, the second, James, was adopted by his uncle, James Abraham, who had been graduated from Yale in 1749, and had become a lawyer in New Haven, distinguished for ability and uprightness. The little seven-year-old boy was undoubtedly warmly welcomed in the big childless Hillhouse house on Grove street, but probably no one dreamed that his name was to be inseparably associated with benefits to New Haven.



HOUSE WHERE LIVED THE ELDER PROF. SILLIMAN.

The father, William, of Montville, was himself a striking character, and filled an important place in public life even to his eightieth year, serving in one hundred and six semi-annual legislatures. For these frequent trips to Hartford and New Haven, he scorned such new-fashioned luxuries as wheeled carriages, regarding such tokens of effeminate degeneracy much as did the Gauls the saddles of their neighbors; and he invariably performed the journey in one day, and on horseback. His grandson, James A. Hillhouse, the poet, has left, in his notes to "Sachem's Wood," the following picturesque description of his grandfather:

"Venerable image of the elder day! Well do I remember those stupendous shoe-buckles; that long gold-headed cane (kept in madam's, thy sister's best closet, for thy sole annual use); that steel watch chain and silver pendants, yea, and the streak of holland like the slash in an antique doublet, commonly seen between thy waistcoat and small clothes, as thou passedst daily at nine o'clock, A. M., during the autumnal session."

And again: "As the oldest counselor, at the Governor's right hand, sat ever the Patriarch of Monticello (a study for Spagnoletto), with half his body, in addition to his legs, under the table, a huge pair of depending eyebrows concealing all the eyes he had till called upon for an opinion, when he lifted them up long enough to speak briefly and then they immediately relapsed.

At his leave-taking (when eighty years old) there was not a dry eye at the council board."

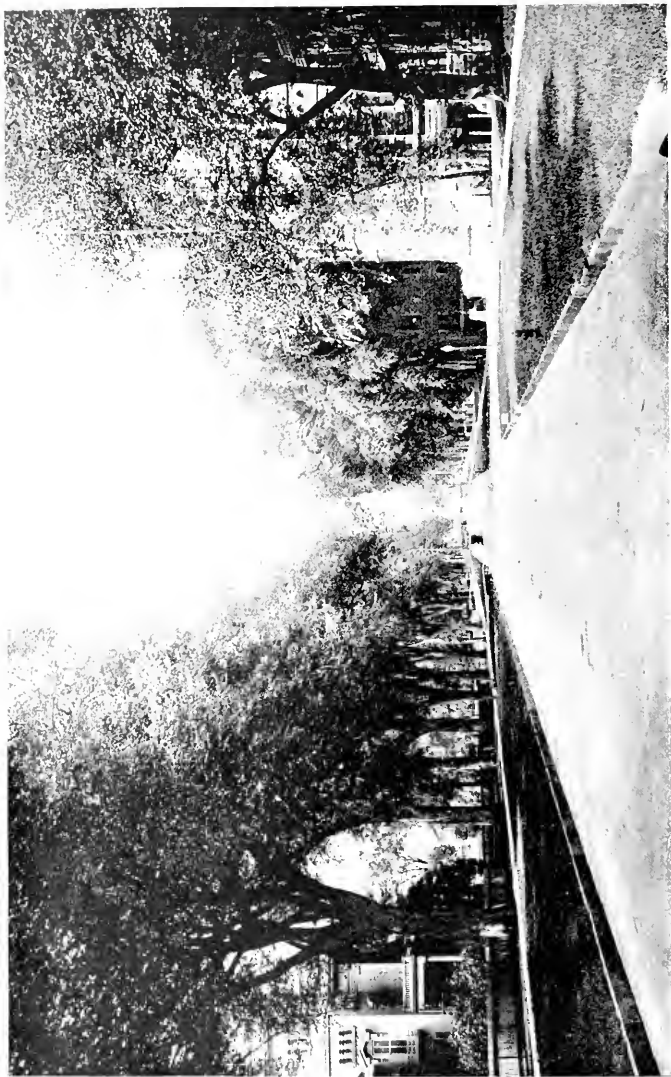
In a New Haven newspaper of December 21, 1791, we find the following announcement of holiday cheer and charity:



THE RESIDENCE OF PROF. THOMAS D. SEYMOUR.
(Formerly the home of Prof. Benjamin Silliman, the younger.)



WHERE PRESIDENT PORTER LIVED.



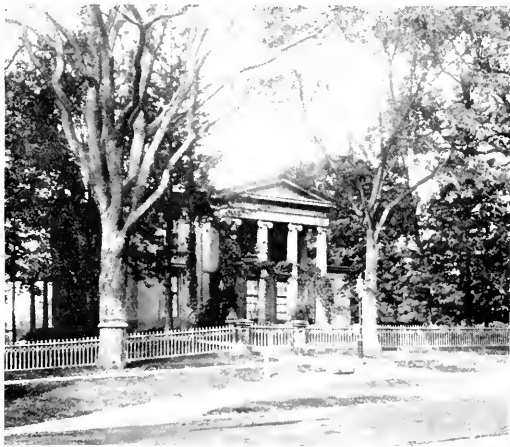
"What these of splendid, hours of no mid-day
Stand the Summer tent of these shades,
Who might awake the hum of the least,
The song of damself and the sweet-tongued bird."

"A X(sic)mas ox will be distributed on Saturday next, and the needy are requested to apply.
William Hillhouse."

Quite a contrast to the organized charities and the tramps of to-day! One likes to picture the jovial scene when the needy ones so politely invited crowded around to receive the bounty of the generous man. Probably there were grumblers even then.

William Hillhouse, of Montville, lived to see his son a success. He died in 1816. That son, coming from the large family in Montville, found himself in the position of only child in his uncle's family in New Haven. He was a student in the Hopkins Grammar School, and afterward at Yale, in the class of 1773. The serious discussions of the time did not wholly repress youthful festivity, for, at the anniversary of the Linonian Society, in 1772, the "Beaux's Stratagem" was given, and Nathan Hale and James Hillhouse were among the actors.

The faculty did not cover so many pages then as now, five names composing the list: the Rev. Dr. Daggett (acting President), who, later, distinguished himself by marching in solitary defiance against the British invaders of New Haven; Nehemiah Strong, Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, and three tutors. But one of these tutors was afterwards the first President Dwight, and he interested himself in young Hillhouse enough to rouse him to do his best, and thus he gave the impulse which seems to have directed a noble career.



THE BOARDMAN RESIDENCE.

One very important influence must have come from the aunt, under whose roof he lived. She was Miss Mary Lucas before marriage, a stately woman of French descent, and she brought much land in the region of Temple street into the family. Her husband, James Abraham Hillhouse, died in 1775, in mid-career, but she lived to old age in the family mansion, which is now called Grove Hall. As long as she lived the family meeting for Christmas dinner was at her house; and as long as she lived her adopted son never failed, when in New Haven, to pay her a daily visit of respect. Before his death, the uncle had forbidden his nephew to leave his law studies to follow Arnold at the outbreak of hostilities, but when the invasion of the town roused all patriots to excitement, young Hillhouse, who had already issued a stirring call for enlistments, led out, as Captain of the Governor's Foot Guards, the little company of defenders. Aaron Burr, then in his brilliant youth, was visiting his New Haven friends and volunteered to lead one party.

What a hurrying and skurrying there must have been on that fifth of July, which

was to have seen the first celebration of the "glorious Fourth!" What a change from the cheerful discussions of jubilant festivity to the hasty preparations for defense! Captain Hillhouse was full of activity. He led his men across the fields to Westville bridge, he fought, he captured prisoners, and in one way and another achieved the desired object of delaying the enemy for many hours, so that those who tarried behind had an opportunity to remove much valuable property. When the pillaging of the town could be no longer averted, the Hillhouse home was rescued from plunder and destruction by the respect felt for Madam Hillhouse, who was well known as an adherent of the king and the Church of England.

She entertained the British officers with all the hospitality at her command, very likely inwardly hoping thus to mitigate the severity of the treatment of her friends. What must have been her consternation in the midst of courtesies exchanged, to behold a newspaper, unwittingly left in sight, drawn forth, and the highly treasonable conduct of her nephew made evident by his printed call for volunteers. All seemed lost; but the dignified old lady took truth for her defender, and did not deny that

her young relative, in her estimation misguided, was doing his best to defeat his majesty's forces; but she explained that the house, like her opinions, was her own, and thus wrath was appeased and the house was saved.

Hostilities over, Captain Hillhouse, who was already an able lawyer, noted for never undertaking a case unless he had implicit confidence in its justice, was introduced to political life in the State Legislature, in 1780.

Although very young for the honor, he was sent to the

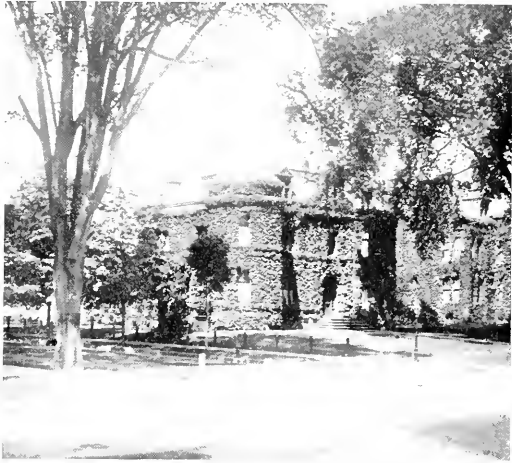


THE HENRY FARNAM RESIDENCE.

Council in 1789, and, in 1790, to Congress. For fourteen years he served the country as senator, gallantly representing the land of steady habits. He was a Federalist, and accordingly a fervent admirer of Washington, but he learned to dread the effect of presidential elections. It is reported that he sometimes said to his friends that "the presidency was made for Washington; that the convention in defining the powers of that office, and the states in accepting the constitution as it was, had Washington only in their thoughts, and that the powers of that office were too great to be committed to any other man." So, in April, 1808, he proposed to the Senate a plan for reducing the term of office; for representatives, to one year; for senators, to three; for president, to one year. The president was to be selected by lot from the Senate.

He said, "The office of President is the only one in our government clothed with such powers as might endanger liberty, and I am not without apprehension that, at some future period, they may be exerted to overthrow the liberties of our country." He thus describes an election going on at that time: "In whatever direction we turn our eyes, we behold the people arranging themselves for the purpose

of commencing the electioneering campaign for the next President and Vice-President. All the passions and feelings of the human heart are brought into the most active operation. The electioneering spirit finds its way to every fireside, pervades our domestic circles, and threatens to destroy the enjoyment of social harmony. The candidates may have no agency in the business. They may be the involuntary objects of such competition, without the power of directing or controlling the storm. The fault is in the mode of election, in setting the people to choose a king. The evil is increasing, and will increase, until it shall terminate in civil war and despotism." This naturally excited much comment. But Mr. Hillhouse expressed opinions entertained by other thinking men. Chancellor Kent wrote to him; "We can not but perceive that this very presidential question has already disturbed and corrupted the administration of government. Your reflections are sage, patriotic, and denote a deep and just knowledge of government and of men." Chief Justice Marshall wrote, in 1831: "The passions of men are inflamed to so fearful an extent, large masses are so embittered against each other, that I dread the consequences. The election agitates every section of the United States, and the ferment is never to subside. Scarcely is a President elected before the machinations respecting a successor commence."



THE CHARLES FARNAM RESIDENCE.

Crawford, afterward Secretary of the Treasury under Monroe, seconded the motion. Crawford wrote: "Elective chief magistrates are not, and can not, in the nature of things, be the best men in the nation; while such elections never fail to produce mischief to the nation."

We have outlived the dread of a king; but, just after the stress of one of the most intense of presidential campaigns, what strange significance is attached to these forebodings of the serious men of almost a century ago!

It is very evident that Mr Hillhouse was the proper type of man for political life, for his zeal and ability were expended in efforts truly disinterested. He seemed to have no thought of self-aggrandizement, either financial or political. The success with which he managed his own affairs gave men confidence that he could carry on the business of the public, and never did he disappoint or betray that confidence. His unceasing exertions for his town and state were the result of an affection that knew no weariness. Perhaps in no way did he accomplish a more lasting benefit for the state than when he restored the school fund to a paying condition. In 1786

Connecticut reserved to itself from its original grant, which extended to the Pacific, a tract in northern Ohio between the same parallels that formed its own boundaries. Some of this land was given to those who had suffered at the time of the British invasion; the remainder, three million three hundred thousand acres, was sold to a company of capitalists, and was applied to the support of the public schools. As is well known, this is the first school fund.

But interest was not paid, affairs fell into disorder, and in 1809 the whole fund seemed in jeopardy. Then it was that the public eye was turned on James Hillhouse



RESIDENCE OF PROFESSOR FISHER.

as the only man who could relieve the state from its difficulties; and, in place of a Board of Managers, he was appointed sole Commissioner. Then it was that he gave up his seat in the Senate and devoted fifteen years of perplexity and toil to straightening the knotty problem given him. By processes of business, the original thirty-six bonds had become nearly five hundred.

The debtors were scattered, and they were secured many times by mortgages on lands in different states, then not easily accessible. "Without a single litigated suit or a dollar paid for counsel, he restored the fund to safety and order." He used all his ingenuity in dealing with individuals, and in seeking that which was apparently lost, so that he not only secured the original sum, but added a half million to it, leaving it \$1,700,000 at his retirement.

Such results were not attained without indescribable exertion. In sun and storm, through the wilds of a new country, wading deep fords, threading mazy forests, in spite of fever's heat and winter's cold, even when in danger of imprisonment under the false accusation of an enemy, he persevered to the desired end. For seven or eight years his journeys were performed in a light sulky, drawn by his famous "Young Jin," as indomitable as her master. Sometimes he drove her seventy miles in a day. Once, after twilight, in a lonely region, he drove her at full speed for thirty miles, because he was dogged by two ruffians who tried to stop him and snatch his trunk. They would have been still more enraged at being foiled than they were, if they had known that twenty thousand dollars were locked in that trunk. Poor Young Jin was blind after that forced march.

Again in the silent forest, an Indian, as silent, appeared at his side and kept himself abreast for miles. At last, Mr. Hillhouse stopped, gave him a coin, and the man of the woods vanished as he had come.

Mr. Hillhouse himself, by exposure to cold, lost the use of one eye for a whole winter, but the well eye was made to do double work. Instead of making enemies by his demand for lost property, he often gained friends, and some debtors were

restored from poverty to wealth by his sympathetic management of their affairs, making his interference a mutual benefit.

In the case of the estate of Oliver Phelps, the indebtedness had amounted to three hundred and fifty-six thousand dollars. Mr. Hillhouse went to the very spot where lay the land involved, and so extricated it from embarrassment that he gained the whole sum for the fund and left the family rich. Fittingly, they presented him with six thousand dollars as a token of appreciation; but he declined to accept it for himself and gave it with about four thousand dollars more sent to him for similar reasons, by others, to the fund. Surely every boy and girl in Connecticut who enjoys the advantages of public schools ought to be taught to revere the man whose disinterested and skillful labors secured these benefits, and should learn to regard the qualities which the first commissioner displayed, as the copy above all others to be imitated in forming that true and upright character which is the most precious treasure the citizen can bring to the state.

In still one more office, that of treasurer of Yale, held for fifty years, from 1782 to 1832, he achieved a benefit lasting and widespread in its influence.

In 1791, the college was under an exclusively clerical corporation, which caused some dissatisfaction; and there were forcible suggestions of another institution to be under state control. At this crisis, Mr. Hillhouse proposed that the Governor and Lieutenant Governor and six "senior assistants" (afterwards six senators) should be added to the corporation, and he conceived the idea that the money raised throughout the state for paying state revolutionary debts, debts which had just been assumed by the United States government, should be in part given to Yale. Thus about forty thousand dollars were added to the slender college purse, and with that, under the direction of Mr. Hillhouse and of John Trumbull, the artist, needed buildings were erected from time to time.



THE HOTCHKISS RESIDENCE.

Just after meeting the prudential committee of the college to present his report, this noble man excused himself from the family circle at Sachus's Wood, retired to his own room, and gently closed his eyes on the activities of this world, December 29, 1832.

Hopeful amid difficulties, untiring in labors, unmoved by temptations of public life, brave and patient in peril, full of all good and lovely impulses, and endowed with sagacity and ability to carry out his design, his like does not appear in every generation.

We are too apt to feel that the virtues of our forefathers belonged to a past age; that they are superseded in common with the stage coach and the flint lock, and that any attempt to reinstate them in their former prominent place in the public estimation would be like the efforts to call back the candle light and the spinning wheel of other days—charming, but not practical. But while, in the kaleidoscope of life, circumstances and conditions never repeat their grouping, there is always a place for the main pieces of integrity, single heartedness and patriotism; and uprightness and unselfishness ought to be admired and cultivated as much in the end of the century as in the beginning.

Mr. Hillhouse's first wife died young. His second wife was Rebecca Woolsey, of Dosoris, L. I. Of his children, one, Augustus, passed many years in France, where he died; another son, James Abraham, the poet, developed literary talent and devoted himself to writing. He delivered some fine addresses and poems on special occasions. Among his works, "Sachem's Wood," a beautiful description of his home; "The Judgment," and "Percy's Masque," are best known. The latter, with



MRS. CADY'S SCHOOL.

Hotspur's son, the last of the Percies, as hero, pictures the time of Henry V., and was admired on both sides of the water. The third child, Mary Lucas Hillhouse, lived to old age, in the house upon the hill, and displayed, from three years up, her father's sagacity and interest in public affairs. She was strenuous in insisting that sewing ought to be taught in the public schools; and, to her,

the colored people of New Haven owe their school on Goffe street. Always a promoter of good works, and a constant reader and student, her society was sought by the learned, and, as an acknowledgment of favors received from her father and herself, a professorship was honored by the family name.

She loved to talk of the past, and to few has childhood furnished so many interesting memories. When eleven years old she went with her father to the session of the Second Congress, in Philadelphia, during the last winter of the presidency of Washington, who petted and remembered the little girl. She heard his last address, was allowed to witness his last birthnight ball, saw the inauguration of President Adams, at which she sat in the lap of Mrs. Madison. Her father, in writing to her mother, February 23, 1797, said; "Mrs. Wolcott was so kind as to take Mary under her wing, by which means she was honored by a seat in the President's box through the whole evening, and a seat at the first supper table near the President, and by that means had an opportunity of seeing the brightest and most pleasing part of the whole scene; and, indeed, she did appear to be highly delighted. Mrs. Washington took very particular notice of her, and often spoke very kindly to her, which caused her to

be inquired out and noticed by ladies of the first distinction, who naturally resorted to the President's box as the most honorable seat. One circumstance of good fortune which has attended M. in this business I have not mentioned, which is that no ladies under sixteen are admitted to these balls; but Miss Mary had a ticket sent her by the managers unsolicited. Under these circumstances I did not think it was proper to admit of her going upon the floor to dance, though it was urged by some."

Not only to public functions was the little girl admitted, but she was privileged to have a "private view" of the "first gentleman and lady" of the land; for Mary and her father were invited to tea at Mrs. Washington's. "I went with them on Thursday evening. We met a polite reception, and the President took Mary by the hand, and spoke to her in a very kind and affectionate manner, with which she seemed not a little pleased. They were not thronged with company, which gave us an opportunity of spending the evening very agreeably. Mrs. W. presided at the tea urn, and sent the cups around to the guests; but she and Lafayette's son, the only children there, sat by her at the table and chatted together."

What a pretty picture of the children of the republics of the old world and the new, making acquaintance with the happy rapidity of childhood, under the approving glances of their elders, who did "sometimes counsel take, and sometimes tea!"

It is hard to believe that Washington was so stiff as some would represent him, when we see him yield thus readily to the sweet influences of children.

Little Miss Mary's eyes were open to all the sights of the "republican court," and her pen was dipped in spicy ink.

She wrote, December 12, 1796: "I went on Wednesday last to hear the President's last speech to Congress; the house was very much crowded, but I got a very good place, for the ladies crowded me quite into the room; but papa, who sat about a yard off, took me before him, and I saw everything. The President is the handsomest man that ever I saw, but Mrs. W. is not near so handsome. I saw all the foreign ambassadors except the French. The English, Mr. L., was dressed in a black coat, lined with white satin, and a very fine white satin waistcoat embroidered with gold and silver and colored silks, and a fine sword with ornaments, and a monstrous bag wig; he is about seventy years old and a very ugly man as ever I saw. He had very fine lace ruffles on. The Portuguese ambassador was dressed in the same manner as the English, only much finer, with a blue coat and a large silver star in the same manner as the king of England's picture. But the Spanish ambassador I liked



GROVE AT SACHEM'S WOOD.

much the best. He appeared to be about eighteen years of age; he is quite pretty, and was dressed in a silk coat, with his hair dressed all around and his hat lined with white fur, and a star with a bunch of blue ribbons on it. The President was dressed in a black velvet coat, and wholly in black, and clean cambric ruffles, which I liked much better than the yellow lace of the fine ambassadors, who, notwithstanding all their finery, were far surpassed by the plain neatness of the President."

Mr. Hillhouse wrote of a visit to Mt. Vernon, soon after Washington's death: "Mrs. W. was very particular in asking after Mary, whom she fully and perfectly remembered, and expressed a strong desire to see her—wished she had been with me, and said I must bring her the next time I came to Congress. Mrs. Lewis, who was Miss Custis when Mary was in Philadelphia, was also particular in her inquiries after her, and said they were building a house about four miles from that place, and expected next spring to go to housekeeping, and should be very happy to have M. spend some time with her. I must own I was not a little gratified to find the family so partial to M., the only one of our flock they had an opportunity of knowing."

Miss Mary Hillhouse was born in New Haven, in 1783, and died there in 1871.

Senator Hillhouse was often called the "Sachem" in Congress, on account of his strong Indian complexion and features, and a frequent joke was that he kept a hatchet under his papers on his desk. His favorite toast was, "Let us bury the hatchet." The name which clung to him has been perpetuated in Sachem's lane, now Sachem street, which crosses the avenue at the foot of his place, and in the name of the estate itself, "Sachem's Wood," although it was at first "Highwood."

The avenue would be like the arch without the keystone if it should lose the stately Hillhouse place to which it leads. Nature has showered her treasures on the spot. In full view from the hilltop, West Rock and East Rock lift their ruddy, columned fronts, and city and country are pleasingly mingled. The park-like grounds are diversified by the undulations of hill and valley, and the original forest trees cast their flickering shadows on the turf. The flower garden is a mass of color to inspire a Persian poet, and the wild flowers pass in long procession under the sheltering trees.

Best of all, the gate stands open to all who wish to enter and enjoy the sylvan retreat. In spring the children seek there the early wild flowers, and in winter their snowballs fly with merry shouts among the trees. Strangers drive there without rebuff, and the contemplative may sit on the grassy slope and muse away an hour, while the grey squirrels skip about with all the fearlessness that comes from ignorance of harm. It is hard to estimate the amount of pleasure that has come to the inhabitants of New Haven through this generous conduct of the owners of Sachem's Wood. The public owes a debt of gratitude that for generations the charms of nature have been free to all who chose to go to enjoy them. It is well that that public has shown itself worthy of the confidence reposed in it, that marauding hands are not laid on tree or shrub, and that the traces of vandal fingers are seldom seen.

"Amid those venerable trees, the air
Seems hallowed by the breath of other times,
Companions of my Fathers' ye have marked
Their generations pass. Your giant arms
Shadowed their youth, and proudly canopied
Their silver hairs, when, ripe in years and glory,
These walks they trod to meditate on Heaven."

Pope's Masque, Act. II., Sc. 1.

THE OLD, OLD LOVE LANE.

BY LOUIS E. THAYER.

There used to be a place, some distance from the highway,
A real enchanting by-way,

Now, that fairies only know:
Where care was quite a stranger,
And there wasn't any danger,

In the old, old love lane where the roses used to grow.

There all was love and beauty, there all was joy and mirth;
'Twas the dearest spot on earth—

The old love lane of long ago;
And in light the old moon decked her,
While the flowers gave their nectar,

To the old, old love lane where the roses used to grow.

It was long years ago that my love there was plighted,
And my hopes were not blighted,

In the old love lane of long ago;
Then the moon shone bright above,
As my sweetheart told her love

In the old, old love lane where the roses used to grow.

We were wedded, and in joy we spent the coming years
And never dreamt of tears,

While the joys so free did flow;
And when'er we spoke of love,
Came a tender vision of

The old, old love lane where the roses used to grow.

Years have passed away, and with them pleasures I have known—
I wander sad and lone

In the old love lane of long ago.
There's a mound where dead leaves fall,
And a rose bush—that is all,

In the old, old love lane where the roses used to grow.

OLD TIME MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

BY N. H. ALLEN.

After an interval of several months, I cannot better resume this chronicle than by amplifying a few of the subjects treated in former papers, and correcting a few slight errors. Those who have

read these articles from the beginning will remember the name of Andrew Law as belonging to a prominent musician, of Connecticut birth, active in the latter part of the last and the early part of the present century. A fact of exceeding interest has recently been brought to my notice, which is, that the first copyright protection ever granted in this state was received by Andrew Law from the Legislature of this state in 1781. The title of the work copyrighted was: "A Collection of Hymn Tunes from the most Modern and Approved Authors. By Andrew Law, A. M." The book was printed by William Law, in Cheshire. The title was probably engraved by Joel Allen, and the music engraved by Daniel Hopkins. The first copyright law passed in this state was that of 1783, entitled "An Act for Encouragement of Literature and Genius," and was in force twenty-nine years, it having been repealed in 1812. It required, therefore, a special act in 1781, to

The Honorable General Assembly of the State of Connecticut
 In now sitting at Hartford the Memorial of Andrew Law
 of Cheshire in said County Humbly sheweth that
 after much application to gain a competent Degree of Phi-
 losophy in the Art of Surgery he qualify himself for teaching of
 Anatomy; he in the year 1775 made a large Collection of the
 best Musical Harmonies & Pieces of Verse which he purchas-
 ed of the original Composers; that he had from Books
 of Anatomy printed in England which were never printed in
 America & after much pains & Expence he was sent a Peti-
 tion that he should engrave & publish the same to be engrav-
 ed on plates & to be sold at 10 Cents a Book & to give
 all Assistance to him in the engraving & plate, which
 together with making the Plates and printing & engraving
 cost him 1000 \$ & he had 10000 Copies of your Petition
 printed but should if a thousand of Copies which had been
 very well sold at the rate of 10 Cents per Copy & the same
 were all sold in the Country the first year he had
 now little Remembrance but the great Sum of 1000 \$ was
 paid - the most sum of the Country has been distributed given
 a man had 1000 \$ to be had for his Copy of being published
 in 1781 - but to his great Regret he now finds that
 some persons receive a Reward to your Petition and
 are endeavoring with the Art of Engraving are making
 Attempts to make a new & unauthoriz'd Copy of that
 by your Memorialist & to make of Books upon the same
 of your Memorialist's Name to defraud the Author of your
 Memorialist if he is not able to do his Work your
 Memorialist desires that the Author of the said Copy
 in this Country & all persons who are or shall be
 in this Country - that he be not able to do his
 work you have all an equal Share in it & that you
 therefore desire the Rights & Privileges of the same
 your Honor to give him an Act of Copyright

FAC SIMILE OF FIRST PAGE OF ANDREW LAW'S APPLI-
 CATION FOR COPYRIGHT

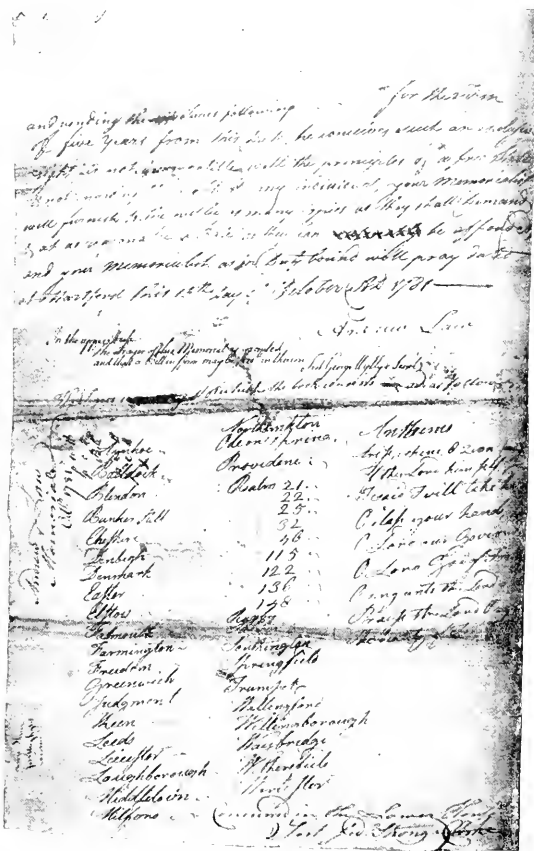
protect Mr. Law's rights in the book he was then to publish, in response to the lengthy petition here given, which is in Mr. Law's own handwriting, and is carefully preserved in the library of the State Capitol.

There is some mystery about this book, as the list of tunes given in the petition does not coincide with the contents of any of Mr. Law's books now held by collectors, so far as I can learn.

Mr. James Warrington, of Philadelphia, an excellent authority, writes that, while most of the tunes are familiar to him, he has never seen the name Balldock in any collection. Mr. Law published a book in 1783, which contained some of the tunes in this list, but it was a distinctly different book.

A little book, containing only sixteen pages, without date, the whole beautifully engraved by Joel Allen, was issued by Andrew Law, then an A. B., which indicates that it was an earlier book than those mentioned above. It bore the title, "Select Number of Plain Tunes adapted to Congregational Worship," and included the tune Bunker Hill, which was composed for "The American Hero, A Sapphick Ode," by Nathaniel Hiles, A. M. This ode covers two pages of a pamphlet printed in Norwich, October, 1775.

This compiler of many tune books was entered in the Brinley catalogue as Rev. Andrew Law, on what authority I do not know, unless it was that in 1766 one Andrew Law was licensed to preach by the New London Association. But Law, the musician, was born in 1748, and was, therefore, but eighteen years of age when the license was granted.



FAC SIMILE OF SECOND PAGE OF ANDREW LAW'S APPLICATION FOR COPYRIGHT.

Mr. Law received three honorary degrees: that of A. B., from Brown; A. M. from Yale, and in 1820, a year before his death, LL.D., from Alleghany. He lived many years in Newark, New Jersey, but died in Cheshire, the town of his birth, in 1821.

The Baptists of Hartford, in the early days, made use of a small book of hymns, admirable as to size, but almost grotesque as to contents. The copy I have seen was of the eighth edition, issued in 1797, and was presented to Roderic Lawrence, then a lad, as a reward for good scholarship, by his schoolmaster, Dr. Nelson, who was also first pastor of the Baptist church. I give the title in full, and a selection of three hymns. These hymns were not picked to show unusual oddity or to force a smile from the irreverent; they are fair samples of the entire collection.

DIVINE HYMNS, OR SPIRITUAL SONGS:

FOR THE USE OF RELIGIOUS ASSEMBLIES
AND PRIVATE CHRISTIANS.

BEING A COLLECTION BY JOSHUA SMITH, AND OTHERS.

Eighth edition. With large additions and alterations,

BY WILLIAM NORTHUP, V. D. M.

NORWICH.

PRINTED AND SOLD BY JOHN STERRY & Co.

M,DCC,XCVII.

I. HYMN II. L. M.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1. The tree of life, my soul hath seen,
Laden with fruit, and always green,
The trees of nature, fruitless be,
Compar'd with Christ the apple tree.</p> <p>2. This beauty doth all things excel,
By faith I know, but ne'er can tell
The glory which I now can see,
In Jesus Christ the apple tree.</p> <p>3. For happiness I long have sought,
And pleasure dearly I have bought;
I miss'd for all, but now I see
'Tis found in Jesus Christ the apple tree.</p> | <p>4. I'm weary'd with my former toil,
Here I shall set and rest awhile;
Under the shadow I will be,
Of Jesus Christ the apple tree.</p> <p>5. With great delight I'll make my stay,
There's none shall fright my soul away;
Among the sons of men I see,
There's none like Christ the apple tree.</p> <p>6. I'll sit and eat this truth divine,
It cheers my heart like spirit's wine;
And now this fruit is sweet to me,
That grows on Christ the apple tree.</p> <p>7. This fruit doth make my soul to thrive,
It keeps my dying faith alive;
Which makes my soul in haste to be
With Jesus Christ the apple tree.</p> |
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II. HYMN CLXXVII. L. M.

ISRAEL'S WARRIORS.

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| <p>1. Draw near, ye boasters, hear me tell
Of Israel's warriors in the field;
How by their hand their foes have fell,
When they have girded on the shield.</p> <p>2. First think of David, lovely youth,
Who play'd the man and did his part;
He throw'd Gath's monster in the field,
This was the man after God's heart.</p> <p>3. Adino slew eight hundred men,
With his own spear they fell out right;
This at one time the conqueror did,
So we will speak of the Ezmite.</p> <p>4. Eleazar did cut his way,
He slew an army all alone;
His hand unto his sword did cleave,
This mighty forc'd them loud to groan.</p> | <p>5. Shamnah he was a valiant man,
He fought a troop when Israel fled;
The Lord by him salvation wrought,
The ground he cover'd with the dead.</p> <p>6. Abishai slew hundreds three,
And gained a name among the great;
He slew the giant Ishbibenob,
And many more great acts of weight.</p> <p>7. Among the rest, hear Samson's feats,
With the jaw-bone of an ass he killed;
The Philistines lay heaps on heaps,
Then Israel's judges station fill'd.</p> <p>8. Benaiah a worthy man,
Two men like lions fought and slew:
Down to a pit went all alone,
And kill'd a lion in time of snow.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

9. Now time would fail to speak of all,
Of Gideon, Barak and Jephtha too;
The prophets Daniel and Sammel,
By faith great kingdoms did subdue.
10. But what is more than all that's said,
Is this to see a Christian fight;
Against the Devil, self and sin,
And put those hellish foes to flight.
11. The man that fights in heav'n's cause
Must never run nor quit the field;
But bold and joyful take the cross,
Come life or death he must not yield.
12. God's ministers, like thund'ring guns,
Shall beat their lofty labels down;
His saints are warriors ev'ry one,
And ev'ry one shall wear a crown.
13. Who'er he be that sin doth slay,
His name through heaven's courts shall ring;
A robe of righteousness shall wear,
Drink of neither and upper springs.

III. HYMN XXXVI.

CHRIST'S INVITATION TO HIS SPOUSE.

1. Arise my dear love, my undefil'd dove,
I hear my dear Jesus to say;
The winter is past, the spring comes at last,
My love, my dove come away.
2. The earth that is green is fair to be seen,
The little birds chirping do say,
That they do rejoice in each other's voice,
My love, my dove come away.
3. All smiling in love the young turtle dove,
The flowers appearing in May, [days,
All speak forth the praise of th' ancient of
My love, my dove come away.
4. Come away from th' world's cares, those
troublesome snares
That follow you night and by day—
That you may be free from the troubles that be,
My love, my dove come away.
5. Come away from all faer that troubles you
here,
Come into my arms he doth say, [fear,
That you may be clear from the troubles you
My love, my dove come away.
6. Come away from all pride, from that raging
tide
That makes you fall out by the way—
Come learn to be meek and your Jesus to seek,
My love, my dove come away.
7. As t' you that are old, and whose hearts are
grown cold,
Your Jesus inviting doth say—
That he's heard your cries in the north coun-
My love, my dove come away. [tries,
8. As t' you that are young, your hearts they are
strong,
Your Jesus invites you away; [arms,
From anti-Christ's charms to your Jesus' kind
My love, my dove come away.
9. And as to the youth that have known the truth,
Whose hearts they have led you astray;
Come hear to his voice and your hearts shall
rejoice,
My love, my dove come away.
10. My dear children all come here to my call,
Behold I stand knocking and say—
My head's wet with dew my children for you,
My love, my dove come away.
11. My fatlings are kill'd, my table is filled,
My maidens attending doth say— [please,
There's wine on the lees as much as you
My love, my dove come away.
12. Come travel the road that leads you to God,
For it is a bright, shining way;
Come run up and down my errands upon,
My love, my dove come away.

Nearly every one knows what a ceremonious and festive time election week was in the early years of our independence; and that among other things, a lengthy sermon was always delivered before the General Assembly. It is not generally known, however, that for several years the custom was observed of opening the Center Church on the eve of election for an exercise known as Public Singing. I am simply able to state this fact, without giving the reader any information as to how this service of music was conducted, or in what year begun and when discontinued. I shall be grateful for information on this subject.

On the 8th of May, 1777, the election sermon was preached at Hartford, by the Rev. John Devotion, A. M., pastor of the Third church in Saybrook. The subject was, "The Duty and Interest of a People to Sanctify the LORD of HOSTS."

It was printed by Eben Watson, near the Great Bridge, and was in the usual pamphlet form. At the end was added the text—or libretto—of a voluminous anthem composed for the occasion by the preacher of the day. Whether it was performed at the public singing, or was a part of the preaching service, I am unable to say. It is a document so extraordinary that I must produce it here and let the

reader wonder how it ever could have been sung. It is quite as unsingable as the second of the Baptist hymns.

INDEPENDENCE.—AN ANTHEM.

By the author; composed for this occasion.

Lamentation.

Afflicted, oppressed, she cried to Albion's King
From tribes of America, the theme was supplication.

Bass Sol. | *Treble Sol.* | *Chorus.*

Loaring, Silent, Haughty, dumb the monarch.

Chorus.

Black tempest, vengeful fury on his brow.

Hark! Hark! Hark!

Presto, sharp key.

The grand council announces, nor whips nor scorpions,
Bondage ceaseless, clanking chains;
Rivet them, sons of Mars, British forces,
Brunswick's troops, Hessian hands,
Native Indians, Afric's sable sons,
Ships of war, thundering cannon, hissing bombs.
Confused noise of warriors, with garments rolled in blood.

Treble Sol. | *Tenor Sol.*

Sons of Freedom, Daughters of America.

Bass Sol.

Join your plaintive moan to heaven's King. : S : _Chor.

Chorus.

Sanctify the Lord of hosts himself,
Make him your fear, make him your dread.
From the Christal throne,

Treble Sol. | *Counter.* | *Tenor.* | *Tutt.*

I heard, I heard, I heard the solemn sound

Chorus.

As of many waters,
Trust ye the Lord Jehovah,
Make him your help and shield.

Gratioso.

Lo! the Angel Gabriel comes,
From him that sits upon the throne;
All nations hear the Great Jehovah's will;
America, henceforth separate,
Sit as queen among the nations.

Piano.

Sister states, heaven's care, Philadelph
The center :
Brotherly love the bond of union, heaven
Cement them.
Rays divine dart effulgence on the
CONGRESS;
Wisdom, firmness, moderation, virtue, still attest them.

Granda.

Live, Live, Live,
Beloved of the Lord, until he comes,
Whose right it is to reign.
Call her FREE and INDEPENDENT STATES of AMERICA
Hallelujah, praise the Lord, Amen.

* * * * *
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We get a glimpse of another phase of election day from a letter written by Rev. Andrew Eliot, dated Fairfield, May 21, 1778:

"Connecticut makes this anniversary much more of a festival than Massachusetts used to do. Not only the lower sort, but persons of the first rank throughout the state, whether in office or not, put on their best attire and indulge in diversions suited to their various tastes throughout the day and evening. This is no bad symptom for the present constitution of government. The regard paid to such an anniversary shows the prevailing disposition, and indicates the value which the people have for the privileges they enjoy.

"When diversions are innocent in themselves, and are not carried to excess—when they are not attended with too great expense, and do not lead to levity, dissipation and vice—they are allowable and salutary. But when to the variety of amusements peculiar to the country (the moderate use of which is prejudicial) are added stage plays, it appears to me an alarming circumstance. Could you think it? On Monday evening in election week, in Hartford, the capital of the state, in the court house, the place where the Fathers of the Senate meet, at the most public time and in the most public manner, was acted *Tancred and Sigismunda*, by the Junior Sophister Class of Yale College, who had been forbidden to act the same at Glastonbury (where they have lately studied), and who embraced the opportunity of vacation and secured the court house for the purpose. To this succeeded a farce of their own composing, in which Generals Burgoyne and Prescott were introduced. To keep up the characters of these generals, especially Prescott, they were obliged (I believe not to their sorrow) to indulge in very indecent and profane language."

No doubt a great many persons at that time joined heartily in the protest against stage plays; but from a paragraph in Dunlap's history of the American Theatre (1832), I get the impression that the Yale students were allowed the privilege of acting at New Haven at this period, and that plays were written for them.

"We have read the very pleasant and laugh-provoking tragedy of 'The Mercenary Match,' written by Barnaby Bidwell, Esq., and played by the students of Yale College, under the auspices of the late Rev. Ezra *Styles, D. D., president, the author of a very interesting book on the fugitive judges of Charles the First, by the monarchists called regicides. This tragedy was, perhaps still is, in blank verse. The shouts of laughter produced by the reading of it in a company of young men some forty years ago are vividly recollected, but only two passages are remembered. The first,

'Night follows day and day succeeds to night,'

has never been contradicted. The second,

'Sure never was the like heard of before in Boston,'

though not so measured and harmonious, was equally applauded."

I am now conscious of having done scant justice to the stage players who entertained and instructed the Hartford people during the summer months of several years preceding the act of May, 1800, which forbade theatrical representations. I find this to have been the most important dramatic company in America, if not the only one qualified to adequately perform master works. The managers, Hallam and Hodgkinson, were in their time celebrities, and the latter is sometimes classed in the list with Garrick, Kemble and Siddons. It will be of interest to sketch briefly the growth of the drama in this country during the last century and it will be seen that the early struggles and subsequent fame of David Garrick had a good deal to do with it. Garrick had applied at Drury Lane and Covent Garden and was not wanted. He then took an engagement at a little theatre in Goodman's Fields, and the place soon became the favorite resort of London playgoers, and the theatres where Garrick had been refused were suffering in consequence. In 1742, both Garrick and his

*Dunlap's spelling.

manager, Giffard, were engaged at Drury Lane; William Hallam then became manager at Goodman's Fields, and his brother Lewis was a member of the company. They were brothers of Admiral Hallam, of the British navy. With the loss of Garrick the business grew more and more unprofitable, until in 1750 the house was closed and Hallam was declared bankrupt. After arranging with his creditors he conceived the idea of sending a part of his old company to the American colonies, under the direction of his brother Lewis. All business arrangements were perfected at meetings held in William Hallam's house, and a repertory of twenty-four plays and as many farces was agreed upon, and early in 1752 the company embarked in the "Charming Sally," bound for Yorktown. During the voyage of six weeks, daily rehearsals were held on the deck of the vessel, when the weather permitted, and on arrival the company was ready to begin operations as soon as a suitable building could be transformed into a theatre. Williamsburg, then the capital of Virginia, was considered the best place to make the experiment, and on the 5th of September, 1752, the "Merchant of Venice" was given—the first play performed in America by a regular company. The players gave great delight, and it is said that *Major* Washington frequently attended the theatre when in Williamsburg. Mr. Lewis Hallam brought his son Lewis with him, a boy then twelve years of age. He made his first appearance on this opening night, and although he had but a few words to say, they stuck in his throat, and he left the stage in tears. This was the Mr. Hallam who in after years catered to the Hartford public, and who was a well-known and esteemed actor for fifty years. It was desired to have the company perform in Annapolis, and a building was erected especially for a theatre, the first in America. In 1753, Hallam opened a theatre in Nassau street, New York, with a performance of "The Conscious Lovers," by Sir Richard Steele. Later, on making his intention known to visit Philadelphia, Mr. Hallam was strenuously opposed by the Quakers, but the Governor granted permission to play thirty nights, and the first performance was given in April, 1754, in a storehouse which had been fitted for the purpose. The next move was to the West Indies, and at Jamaica, Lewis Hallam, Sr., died. David Douglass became manager and afterwards married Hallam's widow. These trips to Jamaica were made yearly, and meanwhile the American circuit was extended, taking in Charleston, S. C., Albany, Baltimore, Richmond, and Newport, where the actors were opposed by the slave traders, because, as they claimed, their occupation was necessarily immoral. So for forty years this Old American Company held together, with many changes in its membership, until in 1792, with Hallam at the head, as he had been for several years, a reorganization took place and John Hodgkinson, just from England, took a prominent part in the enterprise. Previously the company had faced opposition in every new place they visited, but they seem to have made friends everywhere, and it was a custom to devote the proceeds of one performance to some charitable object. At one time it would be the poor of the city, at another some hospital in need of funds, and in 1760, at Philadelphia, they gave a benefit to the college of the city "for improving youth in the divine art of psalmody and church music." They did not get into Boston so readily. Boston held out stiff and strong against the drama, and in 1792, in the face of the law, a few wealthy citizens built what was in reality a theatre in Board Alley, now Hawley street, but called it an Exhibition Room, where plays were recited as "Moral Lectures." In the list were included "Romeo and Juliet" and "Hamlet." At Newport, in the same year, Othello was given, in the King's Arms Tavern, as a "Moral Dialogue in five parts."

When finally Hallam and Hodgkinson got permission to play in Boston, they

divided the company, sending a part to Hartford for a short midsummer engagement, and a part to Providence, coming together in Boston for the autumn months. Dunlap says: "Boston had established a theatre within her precincts, and now Hartford imitated most unwisely her example. Hartford was a mere village at that time. What may be good in a large and populous city, may be an evil if not under supervision of the government and other strict regulations when the population is sparse. But a theatre had been recently erected in Hartford, and Hodgkinson, with a part of the Old American Company, opened it in August, 1795."

About this time serious differences between the managers, Hallam and Hodgkinson, threatened to break up the company, and new articles of agreement were entered into by which William Dunlap took a share in the management, and in 1796 he came to Hartford.

Of this return of the company, Dunlap says: "The theatre of Hartford was opened on the 11th of July, with 'The Provoked Husband and Purse,' and it immediately appeared that the receipts could not support such a company of comedians. On the 19th of July, the new manager, after several delightful days passed with his friends Dwight, Alsop and Cogswell, left Connecticut, leaving the business altogether with Hodgkinson."

But the company had done well formerly, and some seasons they remained nearly three months. They visited Hartford again in 1797 and 1799, and after that there was a long respite from stage plays.

After the law was passed which forbade its use, the theatre on the north side of Theatre street (now Temple street) was used as a schoolhouse, and was scarcely remodeled at all, the stage and the scenery that had been left remaining undisturbed, except by mischievous boys.

The reader will perhaps remember that in my third paper I spoke of the benefit to "Mrs. and Mr. King and Mrs. and Mr. Cleveland." Cleveland was the apologist of

THEATRE, HARTFORD.

On Monday Evening, the 19th, will be performed, a **DRAMA**, called,

Self Immolation; OR, THE SACRIFICE OF LOVE.

(The first of the series)
(The second of the series)
(The third of the series)
(The fourth of the series)
(The fifth of the series)
(The sixth of the series)
(The seventh of the series)
(The eighth of the series)
(The ninth of the series)
(The tenth of the series)

Richard Maxwell,	(The first of the series)	Mr. Hodgkinson,
William,	(The second of the series)	Mr. Hallam,
John Hart,	(The third of the series)	Mr. Hogg,
Richard,	(The fourth of the series)	Mr. Cronwell,
Edward,	(The fifth of the series)	Mr. Jefferson,
Thomas,	(The sixth of the series)	Mr. Perkins,
James,	(The seventh of the series)	Mr. I,
Henry,	(The eighth of the series)	Miss Hogg,
Elizabeth,	(The ninth of the series)	Mr. Perkins,
Mary,	(The tenth of the series)	Mr. Roberts,
John,	(The eleventh of the series)	Mr. Hallam,
William,	(The twelfth of the series)	Mr. Hogg,
Richard,	(The thirteenth of the series)	Miss Bayne,
Edward,	(The fourteenth of the series)	Mr. Hodgkinson,

And which will be presented the Favorite Musical Entertainment of

The PURSE; OR, AMERICAN SAILOR'S RETURN.

(The first of the series)
(The second of the series)
(The third of the series)
(The fourth of the series)
(The fifth of the series)
(The sixth of the series)
(The seventh of the series)
(The eighth of the series)
(The ninth of the series)
(The tenth of the series)

Will Sturdy,	Mr. Hodgkinson,
Edward,	Mr. Perkins,
Brown,	Mr. Hogg,
Thorsdore,	Mr. Hallam, jun.
Thomas,	Mr. Cronwell,
Page,	Miss Hogg,
And, Sally,	Mr. Hodgkinson,

At the Theatre, on Monday Evening, the 19th, will be performed, a **DRAMA**, called, 'Self Immolation; OR, THE SACRIFICE OF LOVE.' The first of the series. The second of the series. The third of the series. The fourth of the series. The fifth of the series. The sixth of the series. The seventh of the series. The eighth of the series. The ninth of the series. The tenth of the series.

COPY OF AN OLD TIME PLAY BILL.
Date is probably 1799. Owned by Dr. C. J. Hoadly.

the company. When for any reason the indulgence of the audience had to be asked, Cleveland was always the man who stepped before the curtain and faced the exacting multitude.

"If an actor was sick, no one could state to the public the substitution of another with so much grace; if a play was not ready on the night announced, no one could lay the case before the audience with such a certainty of having the piece proposed in its place so warmly applauded—in fact, he had a peculiar knack for making apologies, and rarely did he retire from the execution of this, to him agreeable task, without receiving a round of applause. On one evening he was performing 'Romeo.' The play had reached the fifth act and the noble Montague lay dead, the fair Juliet weeping over him. At this point the Old South bell began to toll out alarming peals, and with such vehemence did the bell-puller do his work, that the audience began to fear that even the theatre was in flames and some movement occurred in the dress circle. Poor Cleveland, dead as Romeo, but still alive as the apologist, could not resist the ruling passion. He immediately, in the midst of Juliet's lamentations, sat up and said: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I beg you not to be alarmed. It is only the Old South bell, I assure you,' and before the fair Capulet had time to recover from her astonishment, Romeo again lay dead before her."*

Dr. Elihu Hubbard Smith, a native of Litchfield, and a graduate of Yale College, was an ardent lover of the drama, and while practicing his profession successfully in New York city, was active with a small band of literary pioneers, in promoting the cause of the theatre in America. To these men new plays were submitted by the managers of American companies, and their decision was usually respected.

There were Connecticut men in the club, and prominently the names of Noah Webster, Richard Alsop (of Middletown), Theodore Dwight and Mason Cogswell appear. They projected many literary schemes, among others a magazine, which had a short life, and a review, but it was Dr. Smith, more than any other, who engaged their interest in the American drama. It would hardly seem fitting to give so much space to theatrical matters in these papers, were it not that music was so interlinked with the legitimate business of the Old American Company. They gave the first operas in this country, and had some composed for them. One of their members, Miss Storer, was, until 1792, the best public singer America had known; and another member, Benjamin Carr, not only sang well, but wrote several operas, which at the time were well esteemed. The orchestra that was brought to open the Hartford theatre, and that gave a grand concert in the State House, was an interesting and motley company. "Most of them were gentlemen who had seen better days, some driven from Paris by the revolution, some of them nobles, some officers in the army of the King, others who had sought refuge from the devastation of St. Domingo."† One was a man of great learning, an ex-priest from a German canton in Switzerland. For some reason he had been expelled from his priestly office, and had sought refuge in this country. While German was his native tongue, he was master of several languages, and rendered great assistance by translating foreign plays. Another was Mr. Hulett, who improved the opportunity while in Hartford to teach dancing, and whose advertisement in the *Courant* I have already given. He was a violinist, and was with the company long before an orchestra was thought possible. He, with a harpsichord player, furnished the entire music for several years. He finally settled in New York as a teacher of dancing, and his schools were very popular.

*Clapp's Records of the Boston Stage.

†Dunlap.

Visitors to the Atheneum gallery may have noticed the portrait of Mrs. Bartley in the dress of Hermione in "A Winter's Tale." The artist's name is not known, nor is it known how the picture came to be in the collection. It is quite likely as little known that, in 1820, Mr. and Mrs. Bartley, on their leisurely stage-coach journey from New York to Boston, innocently transgressed the Connecticut laws, and but barely escaped the unpleasant consequences. The story is told in Clapp's *Records of the Boston Stage* better than I can tell it, and I give it verbatim:

"It happened as they were going their first journey from New York to Boston that they halted to breakfast at the principal hotel in Hartford. It was soon known that they were in the city, and before Mr. Bartley had finished his meal, the landlord informed him that several gentlemen were in an adjoining room, and requested to speak with him. Mr. Bartley waited upon them, and they explained to him that the fame which had attended Mrs. Bartley in New York made them most anxious to have an opportunity of witnessing her talents in Hartford; that they had no theatre, but a tolerably large assembly room, which they would fill, if she would engage to give readings or recitations. It was soon agreed that she should do so, on her return from Boston. The night was fixed, and the room crowded to excess. Her readings from Shakespeare and Milton were highly approved, and she promised to repeat them, on her way to Boston, at her next visit.

"The inhabitants of Hartford apprised themselves of the period of her next engagement at Boston, and wrote to Mr. Bartley, requesting him to add his quota to the promised evening's entertainment at Hartford. This was acceded to; but no sooner was the announcement made than the rigid and puritanical part of the community set up an outcry against these repeated innovations, and Mr. Ebenezer Huntington (the State's Attorney) resolved to put into execution a dormant act of the legislature against the performances. In the meantime, Mr. and Mrs. Bartley (wholly unconscious of what had been threatened) arrived and were received as warmly as ever. The hour of performance having approached, the room was again crowded and all was on the eve of commencement, when a letter, addressed to the landlord of the hotel in which the assembly room was situated, came from Ebenezer Huntington, stating that if Mr. and Mrs. Bartley proceeded in their unlawful practices, he would prosecute them under the existing law of the state. The contents of this letter were concealed from Mr. and Mrs. Bartley, and the performance went off with great *eclat*.

"Shortly after Mr. and Mrs. Bartley had retired to rest that night, the myrmidons of Ebenezer came with a writ to serve it on the unconscious offenders. The singularity of the proceedings, together with the indelicacy of selecting the hour of midnight as the proper period for the execution of the process, aroused the indignation of several gentlemen, who were still in the hotel, and they gave their personal securities to produce Mr. Bartley the next day, or to answer the consequences, at the same time depositing five hundred dollars to meet the expenses of the suit. A tremendous fall of snow rendered the roads impassable on the following day, and Mr. and Mrs. Bartley were consequently detained. Still the whole transaction was carefully kept from their knowledge; but some legal persons, who interested themselves greatly in the matter, and differing as to the construction of the law from the State's Attorney, put the question in a train of judicial hearing, and were adventurous enough to invite Mr. and Mrs. Bartley to repeat the entertainment that evening, as the weather was so unfavorable to the prosecution of their journey to Boston. They were still unconscious of what had happened; and it was not until

after some grave argumentation in a court of justice, and a decision favorable to the accused, that Mrs. Bartley was made acquainted with all that had occurred, by the gentlemen who had so spiritedly defended the prosecution, at their own risk."

In the published letters of Sir Walter Scott, it will be noticed that he has a good deal to say about Miss Sarah Smith (this was Mrs. Bartley's maiden name) and it is evident that he had a high opinion of her talents. When the "Lady of the Lake" was dramatized, Sir Walter desired that she should play the leading part.

The Bartleys made but a brief stay in this country, but took back with them to England \$20,000 as their earnings, a large sum for those days.

BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

BY GRACE APPLETON.

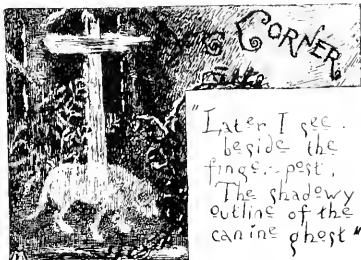
Beautiful river!
 With sunlight aquiver,
 Rippling and dimpling and sparkling forever!
 Where the cool forests meet,
 Kissing the mountains' feet,
 Then, thro' the valley sweet,
 Hastening with footsteps fleet,
 Loitering never!

Musical river!
 Rhythmical ever,
 Pathetic—passionate—
 Discordant—never!
 Ah! I remember well
 How like a fairy bell,
 Ringing its silvery knell,
 Came thy soft, tremulous tones,
 Floating forever!

Bountiful river!
 Of blessings the giver,
 Useful and busy as beautiful ever!
 Where the tall chimneys kneel,
 Turning the giant wheel—
 Whirling the rapid reel—
 Floating the vessel's keel—
 Indolent, never!

Icy-cold river!
 Thou dost oft sever
 Hearts of affection to meet again never!
 Children and mother,
 Sister and brother,
 Many a loved one from arms of her lover,
 Thou, in a stately march
 Under the bridge's arch,
 Sweeping majestic and holding thy breath,
 As mortals, in silence, sweep under the archway of Death!

Mystical river!
 With moonbeams aquiver,
 Or darkling with shadows still flowing ever,
 So, on Life's billow,
 Shine we or shiver,
 Sparkling with gladness or under grief's willow,
 Dashed over rocks or with moss for our pillow,
 On—onward flowing,
 Unknown and unknowing
 Whitherward going,
 Save by the Omniscent Father and Giver,
 Of this mystery—Life—and the beautiful river!



Founded on Legends of Whiggville in Burlington.

BY MILO LEON NORTON.

Illustrated by Florence E. D. Muzzy.

'Twas in the troublous times of Washington;
 Our national career had just begun;
 While Burlington West Britain yet was named,
 Long ere a sovran township's rights were claimed.
 The place, a lonely spot where two roads meet;
 Straight o'er Louse Hill one leads to *Milford street;
 While serpentine the other down the hill,
 Down by Falls Brook, where stood the clover mill.
 The unpoetic settlers of that day
 Dog Corner 'clept it in their homely way;
 But, round this spot, as we shall shortly see,
 There lingers yet a gruesome mystery;
 For, on this corner, near the finger post,
 To nocturn travelers appeared a ghost!
 A ghost of man or woman not so queer,
 But this a canine ghost did there appear!

'Tis said no tourist from the land of shade
 Has e'er to mortal yet appearance made,
 Unless it were by virtue of some clause
 Contained within the Hadean code of laws,
 Which dooms to wander shades who by some crime
 Have crossed the Stygian flood before their time.
 Else they may come as angels from above
 To bring sweet messages of light and love.
 But such Plutonian laws as these apply
 To shades of men and not to dogs, so I
 Am still at loss to solve the mystery,
 Unless I find in *canine love* the key.

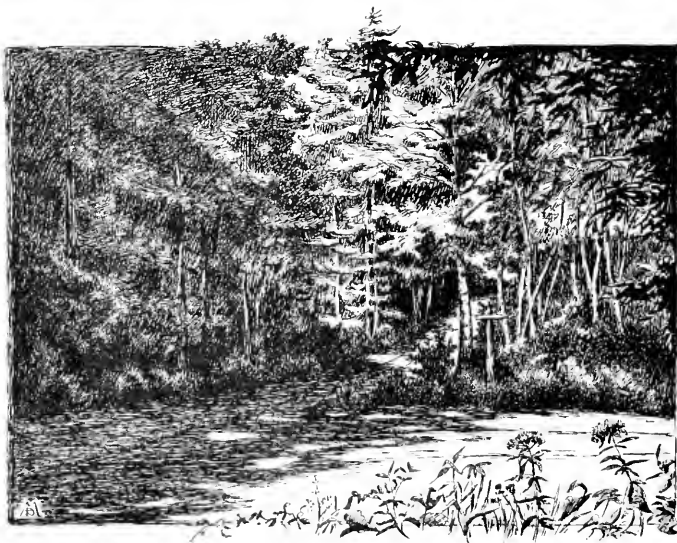
* So named because some of the first residents were from Milford.

DOG CORNER.

Strong is the love of human kin or friend,
 And yet the dearest love may have an end.
 The wife, estranged by cruelty or hate,
 May feel the love within her heart abate;
 A mother may disown her wayward child;
 A father hate and ne'er be reconciled.
 Not so a dog. No hatred will he show,
 Though stricken by a cruel master's blow.
 So, if 'tis love that will admit us there,
 The blest abode where deathless spirits are
 Surely a canine's love, unswerving, true,
 In very justice should admit him too.

But not upon the canine's future state
 Is it my purpose now to speculate,
 But only that mayhap it is the key
 That will unlock Dog Corner's mystery.

There came unto that lonely spot one day,
 A weary soldier on his homeward way,
 Who sat him down upon a fallen log,
 While at his feet reclined his faithful dog.



Where two roads meet —

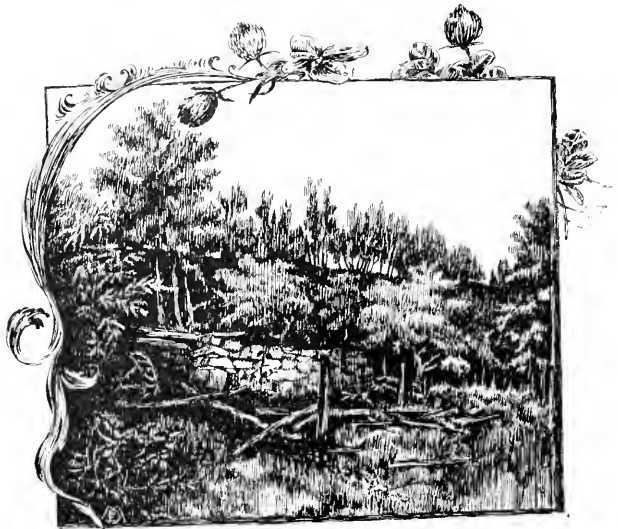
Save for some filthy rags his feet were bare;
 His military coat was worse for wear;
 Upon his battered hat no gay cockade;
 His elbows bare were through his sleeves displayed.
 For three long years he'd fought for country dear,
 Ill fed, ill clad, he longed again to hear
 The dear familiar voices in his home,
 And from his fireside ne'er again to roam.



Down by Falls Brook

Thus far he'd tramped for many a weary day,
 Begging his food and lodging on the way,
 But now he could but little farther go;
 Where'er he trod upon the yielding snow,
 His feet, frost-bitten, lacerated, sore,
 Would stain the spotless snow path with his gore.
 Sadly he sat and thought upon the day
 When he a gay young soldier marched away;
 His young wife kissed good-bye, who bravely kept
 A cheerful visage, though she fain had wept.

Scarce had he marched from home a single mile,
 When, following slyly through the wood the while,
 His dog bounced forth and would not turn him back
 But followed gladly in his master's track.
 Where'er they were, in battlefield or camp,
 Or on the weary, long fatiguing tramp,
 Master and dog together shared their crust,
 Or made their bed together where they must.



Where stood the Clover Mill—

The soldier sat, his aching head bent low,
 Another weary step he could not go,
 When from the roadway came a word of cheer,
 "Aha! my friend, what are you doing here?
 A soldier, I'll be bound, and plain to see
 You must have been here long awaiting me."
 And so the farmer helped him to his sled,
 And took him home and put him in his bed,
 But on the morrow it was very clear
 Smallpox had found another victim here;
 And, weakened by his many hardships, these
 Helped him to fall before the dread disease.
 And so, ere many suns had passed away,
 Stricken with death the poor, brave soldier lay.

They bore him out and laid his form to rest
 Within a grave on Pine Hill's rounded crest,
 Beneath the whispering pines. In time the trees,
 Whose resined odor floated on the breeze,
 Before the woodman's ax had fallen; then
 The ax was followed by the husbandmen,
 Until at length the unresponsive soil
 Scarce paid the plowman's and the reaper's toil.
 Untilled, a birchen forest quickly grew,
 And with its verdure clad the hill anew,
 And few who know where the brave soldier sleeps,
 Only an unhewn stone his memory keeps,
 And no bright flowers of the sweet May bloom,
 Are ever strewn upon the hero's tomb.



His faithful dog, though unobtrusive, lay
 About the hearthstone in the housewife's way,
 And so she drove him out with birchen broom,
 Whene'er he ventured in the clean swept room.
 At last the poor brute came to understand
 He nevermore would lick his master's hand;
 And nevermore with wagging tail rejoice
 To hear the cadence of his master's voice.
 And soon they missed him. On one star-lit night,
 While slept the earth wrapt in its robe of white,
 Wrapt in its stainless, ice-wove winding sheet,
 Someone passed by the spot where two roads meet.

DOG CORNER.

There lay outstretched upon his snowy bed
The poor old soldier's faithful dog, stark dead!
And, underneath him, stained with human gore,
A bit of foot rag that his master wore!

In after years who passed that way at night,
Would see a spectral dog in ghostly white,
Which, though he scarcely seemed to touch the ground,
A juniper would thrice encircle round.
No sound he made, but in his canine way,
With vibratory tail would seem to say:
" My master I have lost, and surely he
Will come again this way to look for me;
I wait here till my master calls my name."
Who knows but that at last the master came?
Who knows but that these friends at last, somewhere,
These reunited friends, companions are?

And so, Dog Corner does not sound so tame,
Now I have come to know from whence the name.
Within that lonely spot where two roads meet,
I see a soldier with his bleeding feet,
Disconsolate he sits upon a log,
While at his feet reclines his faithful dog.
Later I see beside the finger post
The shadowy outlines of the canine ghost.
To me henceforth it is a sacred spot,
Whose legend nevermore shall be forgot.



MISS SALLY.

BY MARTHA E. RICHARDS.

"Mary, they say that the Dudley family is going to start for California next month. The doctor says as how Amy can't stand another winter in New England."

Farmer Bartlett told the news as he put on his slippers, after his usual nightly pilgrimage to the store.

"I want to know!" ejaculated Mrs. Bartlett, pausing in her darning. "Poor Mrs. Dudley! I must run over and see her in the morning."

Everyone in Granfield talked of the coming departure. To move to California seemed a stupendous undertaking. The sleepy old town almost woke up in its interest.

"What will Sally do?" was the question on every tongue. Sally—or, more respectfully, Miss Sally—was the maiden aunt, who, since the death of her mother, had shared her home with the widow Dudley. "An old maid like you," one old friend said, with well meant but brutal frankness, "can't live alone here; and, besides, they have foreclosed the mortgage."

"I am not an old maid. I am a maiden lady," Miss Sally replied somewhat sharply. "An old maid is a person who has never had any offers of marriage. I have had an offer and one half offer. As soon as I can get my things together, I shall go to my brother in Detroit."

Detroit seemed the best home for her, and everybody approved her decision. But a few old neighbors and friends shook their heads incredulously. We shall not live to see the day, they said, when Sally Dudley leaves Granfield street for any other place than the cemetery. They remembered how, five years ago, after the death of mother Dudley, it had been the family will that Sally should make her home with the Detroit brother; and two barrels of china and the keeping-room furniture had been packed for that purpose. But her Dudley obstinacy had proved stronger than the family will, and, although the blue china remained packed, she still stood by the old town.

It did seem incongruous to think of Miss Sally outside of Granfield. That was her native heath. She was of the sixth generation of the family that had lived in the town, and she loved every stick and stone in it. "Its wide, peaceful streets and drooping elms remind me of heaven," she said.

Being a New Englander of New Englanders, she was of the strictest sect of Congregationalists. She thanked God daily, at morning prayers, that she was not as the Catholics and foreigners are; and Unitarians were not to be mentioned in her presence. "I can not imagine," she once said, "how anybody can be so narrow as not to be a Congregationalist!"

For more than a quarter of a century she had sat under the teachings of the Rev. Jeremiah Hudson. She was the unfailing joy of her pastor, for her he could always interest. No matter how dull he might be of a Sunday, she never failed to remark, "What a good sermon! What a blessed dispensation we are under!"

"Sally hasn't one bit of faculty except in nursing, but she is good through and through," was always the neighborly comment.

Miss Sally was undeniably good, and she struggled hard to do her duty. Woe to

him, however, who tried to show her what her duty was. She considered that a question between the Almighty and herself.

Now she was thoroughly persuaded that it was her duty to make her home with her brother, and, after the hurry and excitement incident to the departure to California, she began her packing. She really thought that in a month she would be ready to go away. The house was heavily mortgaged and had gone out of the hands of the family. Strangers were to move in in two months.

"I am sorry for Sally," one and another of the neighbors would say. "It is too bad she should have to leave her old home. It must be a fearful blow to her. She loves her home and the old town so much."

Upheld by a sense of rectitude, Miss Sally began the dreary task of looking over.

"We will take the garret first, won't we, Muff?" she cheerily said to the cat. So up they went.

What ghosts of recollections the old garret called forth! In the back part almost hidden by the dust of years, was a grandmother's spinning wheel and andirons warming pan and pewter platters. Near the chimney were grandfather's theological books, for he had been a minister. She found in a corner the great flapping continental hat which great-grandfather wore in the Revolution. A motley collection of dresses hung over the rafters—gowns of all sorts and conditions, from the stiff poplins and chintzes of a bygone age to the cast-off calico wrapper of the present day stiff silks and brocades reposed in a chest underneath. How she had reveled in them as a little girl dressing up! In another chest, redolent with lavender, she found the army suit of brother Tom. How handsome he looked in it when he came home or that last furlough before he was shot! She put down the lid gently, with a sigh, and renewed her packing.

After another day in the garret she made her way downstairs and went to work bravely in the bedroom, keeping up courage even among mother's things.

When it came to tearing up the dear old sitting-room, however, her courage gave out. She had tried to keep this room just as mother liked it. How lovingly she had dusted the coral ornaments on the mantel, the spider-leg table, the faded daguerreotypes! Even the chairs had stood at almost the same angle for nearly forty years. Now all must be dismantled forever, and she must leave Granfield, too!

"Oh, I can't! I can't!" she cried; and in the gathering twilight she knelt down by mother's chair and prayed for strength. At last strength came and what seemed to her new light. She rose from her knees resolved—her face set with a determination opposed to her former sense of duty, to public opinion and to the family will.

"I must leave the old home, but no one shall drive me from Granfield," she cried. In this new decision she remained firm.

"I've been a-thinking and I have changed my mind," was her reply to all expostulations. Where she had hitherto found kindly pity in the faces and words of old friends, she now found cold disapproval; yet she never wavered.

"My brother in Detroit has his children," she said. "I have only Granfield."

She saw her household goods scattered to the four winds of heaven among the neighbors in Granfield street. The new family took possession and she was forced to move. She had to board just in sight of the old home—so near and yet so far. Still she clung to the town, but in bitterness of spirit. The cold shoulder of public opinion made her burden almost heavier than she could bear.

"I never did any hurt to Granfield," she said with a sob. "They might at least

let me stay in peace. But perhaps I did wrong," she would add humbly. "If so, I must live it down."

She redoubled her attentions to the church and the weekly prayer meeting. She made friends with all the children; she delighted in gathering them around her and in telling them stories of the early days of the town, urging them to be true and brave, that they might worthily take the place of the fathers.

All learned to call her Aunt Sally; and in this universal aunthood, the state next blessed to motherhood, she became almost happy.

She made herself generally useful in the town, filling up crevices, as she said, here and there; she solicited for the missionary society; she went to stay with mother Cowles when Martha wanted to go to New York for a visit to brother Nathan.

Taking it all in all, the old friends gradually became reconciled to her remaining, though they still reserved the privilege of lecturing her. "Sally is real handy to have around," they said.

There came a time when they were thankful indeed to have her with them. Early in the winter an epidemic of diphtheria broke out. Johnny Hubbard was taken, and soon several other young people sickened.

"Now I know what the Lord meant and what he wants me to do," said Miss Sally when she heard of the first case. She laid aside her sewing, hunted up her felt slippers and big apron, and went to offer herself as nurse to Jane Hubbard to take care of her boy. The poor young mother with four little children and no help accepted her services gladly; for she remembered, as did everybody, that Miss Sally had the gift of nursing.

Johnny Hubbard recovered; and then, all through the long winter, Miss Sally went from house to house as she was needed, helping and healing. In one case of malignant diphtheria, when all the neighbors were panic stricken and dared not go near the house, she alone was brave. She watched and worked over the sufferer, an only daughter, day and night. When their labors were all in vain, she prepared the beautiful form for burial and comforted the half-crazed mother.

But the strain of all this was too much for her. She took the disease herself, and, in spite of the tenderest care, grew steadily worse.

"She is all run down and can not rally," the doctor sadly told the anxious inquirers.

"Oh, Sally, how can we spare you!" the friends at her bedside moaned. "You have done so much for Granfield."

Happy at once more being loved and trusted, Miss Sally's face lit up with joy. "I loved Granfield," she gasped when the terrible pain lessened for a moment, "but heaven and mother are better than Granfield."

They buried her in the old family lot, the last of her line in the town; and above her they put her last words, "I loved Granfield."

And now, when the children of Granfield speak of Miss Sally, a loving awe and reverence come into their voices.



IDEAL RECREATION.

BY ANNA J. GRANNISS.

How life to thee seem one unbroken line
Of settled tasks, which shackle and confine,
Come down into these level low-land meads,
And find the remedy thy spirit needs.
Stand still, and let this grand old leafless tree
Teach something of its patient strength to thee,
How strong to wait—content, in hopeful dream,
To hold its empty boughs above the stream.

How still the water! Has it aught to teach?
Yes; though no drop the ocean ever reach,
Its tranquil calm reflects a vaster sea,
Whose ships are worlds, which sail on endlessly;
Likewise in quiet lives, if true, may shine
Some faint reflection of the All-divine;
And they best image Him, who, at His will,
Possess their souls in patience, and are still.



When cares press hard, and ways and means
perplex;
When voices jar, and petty trifles vex,
Seek such a place as this, by God kept sweet,
And clean from soilure of the world's rude feet.
Let the keen wind from off the snowy slope,
Breathe into thee exhilarating hope,
This ice-bound stream would tell thee of its
source,
Around what hindrances it cut its course

To find the sea, how joyously it ran,
And yet, would stay to serve the needs of
man—
Note these late leaves, that shiver as they
cling.
How brave, to try to hold their own till spring!
By everything, does Nature strive to speak
Wisdom and comfort, to the souls who seek;
Take that she gives so graciously, and then
Go share her largess with thy fellow-men.

NEW CONNECTICUT, OR WESTERN RESERVE.

BY ELLEN D. LARNED.

II. CENTENNIAL.

A sun-burnt, way-stained band of men, landed upon a bare bluff one July morning in 1796, caught a prophetic glimpse of a future city; a series of magnificent pageants, dating from the hundredth anniversary of that initial day, has shown us how far reality has exceeded the wildest visions of imagination. A remarkable growth and development has been most fitly celebrated. The future historian of The Western Reserve will not need to go back of present returns. The centennial edition of *The Cleveland Leader* alone would seem to have exhausted every source of information. Details of early struggles, of hampered growth, of successive turning points; developments of great enterprises and business interests; the growth of churches, schools, colleges, with sketches of early and later settlers and myriads of minor incidents, pass before our eyes in realistic panorama.



STATUE OF MOSES CLEVELAND.

The way-stained pioneers fade from our view. With one brief outlook into the Promised Land, General Moses Cleveland vanishes from the scene. His work, his family called him homeward. Married late in life, his first-born child was left behind for the Ohio pilgrimage. Porter, after accomplishing with great labor and carefulness the survey and division of as much of the territory as was practicable in the autumn of 1796, returned eastward to spend a long and honored life on the frontier of Niagara. The laborious survey of the following year was conducted by Seth Pease, assisted by six surveyors who had served the preceding season, together with as many of the former employees, and some forty others. They found Job Stiles and his wife, Talitha Cumi, still at their post, the only residents on the "bleak wilderness coast," the site of the future city. James Kingsbury and his wife, who had survived almost incredible hardships at Conneaut during the winter, accompanied the surveyors to a new home in Cleveland. Elijah Gun and his wife had weathered the winter with apparently less difficulty. Another noted pioneer, Major Alonzo Carter, joined the little settlement during this summer. Under great difficulty and obstruction the work of survey and division into townships was accomplished, and "a sorry, sickly looking set of beings" left the Reserve in November, 1797. Disappointments on all sides were experienced. The number of acres in the Reserve was found considerably less than had been previously figured; so that instead of having an "Excess," for a new company, the Land Company had only the quantity for which

they had paid. The survey had cost far more than was anticipated, and instead of remunerative returns, fresh assessments were demanded. The settlers on their part found the price of land too high, its jurisdiction uncertain, its condition malarious, together with the myriad privations and discomforts incident to all new countries.

After the report of the surveyors had been received, at Hartford, January 23, 1798, the directors voted, "To give to Talitha Cumi, wife of Job P. Stiles, one city lot, one ten-acre lot, one one-hundred acre lot; to Anna Gun, wife of Elijah Gun, one one-hundred acre lot; to James Kingsbury and wife, one one-hundred acre lot; to Nathaniel Doane, one city lot, he being obliged to reside thereon as a blacksmith, and all in the city and town of Cleaveland"—and so the capital city of New Connecticut was launched into being.

For a number of years progress was extremely slow. Amos Spafford and Nathaniel Doane were the only members of the surveying party who became permanent settlers. Other towns gained more rapidly than the city. In 1800 the general government assumed jurisdiction; the Reserve was established as Trumbull County, with Warren for county seat. Its first election was held in October, when forty-two residents cast their votes and elected Edward Paine to represent them in the Territorial Legislature of Ohio. Eight townships had then been instituted—Youngstown, Warren, Hudson, Vernon, Richfield, Middlefield, Painesville, Cleaveland.

But though Connecticut had yielded jurisdiction she had not ceased to exercise influence and parental oversight. Her schoolmasters were abroad and also her missionaries. In missionary work she was ever ready to lead. As early as 1722 she had raised money to introduce and carry on the ministry of the Gospel in Providence, R. I. As her sons went out to found settlements in Vermont, New Hampshire and New York, they were followed by her missionaries, and the scattered settlements within New Connecticut had a special claim upon their services. For a quarter of a century missionaries were sent out and supported by the General Association of Connecticut. In 1798 a distinct missionary society was organized, the pioneer of Home Mission societies in this country. The first missionary sent under its auspices to the Western Reserve was Rev. Joseph Badger, whose military service during the Revolutionary war and subsequent struggles to supply the lack of early education made him just the man to endure the hardships of introducing religious institutions

among the new settlements. The first church on the Western Reserve was organized by him at Austinburgh, October, 1801, consisting "of ten males and six females." He was soon joined by another remarkable man, with remarkable descendants, Rev. David Bacon, who, unable to carry out his cherished purpose of laboring among Indians, was sent by the Connecticut Missionary Society to carry forward the work in New



SURVEYOR SETH PEASE.



COMMISSARY JOSHUA STOW.

Connecticut. They were soon followed by one whose name will ever be honored in Connecticut in connection with her Historical Society—Rev. Thomas Robbins—whose lifetime collection of books was the foundation of its valuable library. Of delicate health and scholarly tastes and habits, Mr. Robbins would seem hardly equal to the work assumed by him, but his conscientious devotion enabled him to do good service. The daily jottings in his diary give a truthful picture of conditions at that period and of the many ways in which the missionary was helpful to the early settlers.

Mr. Robbins reached "Poland, Trumbull County, alias New Connecticut," November 24, 1803, after a three months' journey in which he had ridden eight hundred and thirty-four miles; staid for a time in Canfield—quite a respectable congregation, mostly Connecticut people. "The people appear pretty stupid," more disposed to cavil with Christian doctrines than to attend weekly lecture; young people had a smart dance; visited families; visited and catechized a school of seventeen



JAMES KINGSBURY.

scholars. Dec. 17—Rode to the north part of the town, mostly Pennsylvania people, living generally on their lands without regard to roads; tried to propose a plan for society regulations in this town. 27—Rode to Warren, nine miles, through the woods; called at the salt spring; it requires about twelve hundred gallons of water to make a bushel of salt. A Baptist Church is formed in this town. Some people here do much in hunting; they kill a good many bears. 30.—Visited a school; pretty poorly regulated, but appear ambitious.

1804. Jan. 1—Preached all day; the meeting was serious and solemn; one person fell. 2—Visited a school of more than twenty scholars. 6—Rode through Vienna to Hartford, through lovely woods. 7—Rode to Smithfield; preached all day; a good number of people; some pretty violently exercised. A small church was formed here last fall. 13—Rode to Hartford; preached to a large and very attentive audience; 17—Rode with company to Morgan, sixteen miles, without a house; snow and mud very deep. 19—Rode to Austinburgh. a very great religious awakening here. 23—A great fall of snow; it is now more than two feet deep on a level; more than has ever been known here before; very cold; people are generally pretty well provided with food and fodder. Hold meetings all the time; about eight or ten fall almost every meeting; find much kindness from people wherever I go; almost worn out with fatigue. Houses very smoky. This is a very pleasant and respectable neighborhood.

1804. Jan. 9—By the assistance of Mr. Badger and three or four members of the church, composed a Confession of Faith and Covenant, and Articles of Practice for the Churches in this county. 11—Worked with some of the people building a large bridge. 14—Visited; worked considerably, helping the people here to clear a piece of ground for public uses. 21—Rode to Gustavus. 22—Preached; but three families in this town. 24—Assisted in measuring a piece of ground for public uses. 27—Rode to Smithfield; worked with the people clearing their public ground. 28—Rode to Hartford; worked with people on their public ground. I think it will be a pretty handsome place. 29—Rode to Vienna; assisted the people, etc.; visited families. March 2—Rode to Hubbard. This town contains more than sixty families. 4—Coldest day we have had this winter. A good number of people attended meeting. Conversed with a number of Methodists. 6—Rode to Youngstown and

Warren. The court-house in the town was burned last week. Conversed with Baptists. 14—Attended a session of the court. Litigation very little prevalent. A Masonic Lodge about to be installed here. 15—Met with the Masons and delivered to them a public discourse. Mr. Badger and I dined with them. 16—Court authorized me to perform marriages. Mr. Badger and I attended the church here, and they adopted the Confession of Faith, Covenant and Articles of Practice which we lately drew up. 17—Assisted in writing a notification of the incorporation of trustees for a college in this county. 20—Rode to Poland; attended a society meeting. The Pennsylvania churches are on a pretty poor foundation as to sentiments, modes or members. Assisted the people in laying out a piece of ground, 40 rods by 16, for public uses. April 14—Mr. Fowler had a large house raised. Rode to Canfield; people here try-

ing to establish a fund for the support of a minister. 19—Rode to Hubbard. Great numbers of families are coming into this county from below. Visited two schools; worked with the people here clearing a piece of public ground, twenty-six rods square.



MR. AND MRS. LORENZO CARTER.

25—Canfield. Attended a meeting of a number of people here on the subject of forming into a church. Mr. Badger preached. 27—Preached from Gen. xxviii.: 20, 21; after which the church was regularly organized, consisting of three men and six women. May 2—Visited; rode to Vienna; attended the raising of a house, the first frame erected in the town. 3—Rode to Warren. 6—Preached in the forenoon; afternoon, Mr. Smith, a Baptist minister, preached, after which he baptized three persons in the river; A. M. I baptized a child. 7—Visited families; attended a military election. The militia in this state is now about to be organized. June 20—Rode to Smithfield; wrote records for this church; visited a school, very well regulated and instructed, particularly in the catechism. July 1—Canfield. Serious people here apprehensive of inroads by Methodists. 3—Rode to Deerfield. A Methodist church has been formed here for some time. Conversed and disputed with the Methodist preacher; fear he is a dangerous character. 5—Rode to Hudson. The bridge over the Cuyahoga quite a curiosity. Wrote the records of the church in a new book I bought for them. Visited, preached, catechized the children. Valuable mills lately burnt here. People generally haying. A great crop of grass. 13—Rode through the woods to Cleveland. Tarried with Esq. Kingsbury. This is the oldest settlement in the county. 14—Rode out with Col. Huntington. Went to the mouth of the Cuyahoga; a very pleasant situation, commanding an extensive prospect of the lake. The people rather loose in principles and conduct. 15—Had a pretty full meeting. The people generally quite attentive. The most of them have

not heard a sermon or a prayer in eighteen months. 17—Rode to Hudson. Mr. ———, the Methodist, preached here to-day; had but few hearers. Some people here and at Cleveland sick with fever and ague. 20—Rode to Nelson in the rain. Visited a man very sick with the bite of a rattlesnake. Settlements in this part of the

county very small

There are but seven

families in this town.

23—Rode through the

woods to Warren. 24—

Rode to Hartford.

Here Mr. Robbins

succumbed to illness

and was debarred from

labor for nearly two

months.

September 16—

Preached for the first

time since my sickness.

17—Rode to Smith-

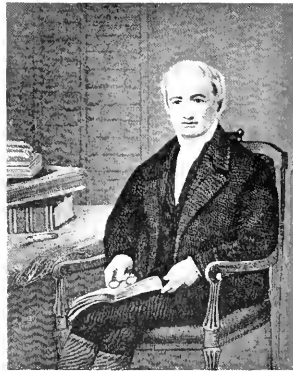


CLEVELAND UNDER THE HILL, 1800.

field. Some expectation in this settlement of obtaining the college which is to be established in this county. 18—Rode to Kinsman; married a couple of persons. Some families here exceedingly distressed with sickness—fever and ague. 19—Seven persons examined and approved for admission into the church. 20—Rode to Hartford; have considerable care in providing for the sacrament. 22—Rode to Smithfield; began in P. M. the exercises of a sacramental occasion; Mr. Badger preached. 23—A large collection of people, about sixty communicants; admitted seven persons into the church; we had a pleasant place in the woods; the meeting very attentive and solemn; I preached A. M., Mr. Badger P. M. and evening. 24—Meeting most as large as yesterday; preached A. M.; meeting dismissed 1 P. M. 28—Rode to Canfield; town in a great ferment on account of a town quarrel and the approaching election. 30—Held meeting in an open new house; some of the people quite disorderly. Oct. 2—Wrote records for the church here. Several Dutch families have moved into the town. 16—Rode to Poland. Many New England families are arriving in the county. 24—Vienna; ten New England families have moved into this town this year. 20—Worked a little all day, helping to raise a loghouse. People met and conversed, some on the subject of building a meeting house. 30—Rode to Hartford; twelve families have lately moved into this town from Hartland, Conn. Nov. 4—Preached to a large and respectable congregation; very good singing. Smithfield and Hartford together is now the largest New England settlement in Trumbull County. 6—At evening, Mr. Badger and Mr. Bacon, our brother missionary, came here; formed an agreeable acquaintance with Mr. Bacon; he has set out to go to Connecticut on foot; he chooses to go in that way. 9—Rode to Johnston and preached; but two families in J.; this was the first sermon preached in this town. 12—Snows considerably; people have success in killing deer. 15—Snow eight or ten inches deep; fall crops not yet gathered. 28—Rode to Smithfield; people here building considerably. 20—Kept by people in S. and Hartford as a day of thanksgiving; a large collection of people. 30—Rode to Vienna; prospect of a good settlement in Brookfield; great commotion in regard to the division of this county. Dec. 18-21—Rode to Nelson, Middlefield, Burton. From Warren here I

have had much the most difficult and laborious travel I have ever had in this country; snow about a foot deep; no path; waters high and partly frozen; ground soft; the weather extremely cold, and almost the whole way where I had never been. 23—Preached; people quite generally at meeting. 24—Rode out and visited; they have a large and very good frame raised here for an academy. 25—Was invited to an entertainment, it being Christmas; the people, however, are not Episcopalians. 29—Snowed all day. The people of this town generally come here pretty poor; they are now generally living comfortably, but are not forehanded; they are industrious. The centre of the town is very handsome. 30—Full meeting; but two or three professors of religion in this town. 31—Snow quite eighteen inches deep and very solid.

1805. Jan. 4—Rode to Middlefield. But seven families in the town. 7—Rode to Burton. Snow two to two and a half feet deep. 9—Rode to Mesopotamia; about half the way there was no path in the snow. But few people in this settlement. 16—Rode to Windsor; preached. Some families lately moved into this town live pretty poor. 22—Rode to Wooster; preached; first sermon ever preached in the town. 26—Returned to Burton; invited to take charge of the academy and be their minister. 30—Rode through the woods to Bondstown and Perinton;* preached in Bondstown the first sermon preached in the town. A good woman told me she had not heard a sermon before for almost two years and a half. Feb. 2—Rode to Painesville and Mentor. 4—Rode to Carlton; tarried at Mr. ———. He would not let me perform any religious exercises in his family. 5—Rode to Euclid and Cleveland; preached; a very good number of people attended. They keep meetings steadily on the Sabbath. 8—Preached at Carlton; the first sermon preached in this town. 9—Rode to Kirtland and preached first sermon in this town; thence to Mentor; had some conversation with a stupid, cross infidel. 10—Preached to a good number of people. Reproved some people for trading on the Sabbath. The people in this vicinity are much inclining to infidelity and immorality. 11—Rode to Painesville; visited a school well regulated and instructed. 19—Rode to Austinburgh. Visits of neighbors here are generally devoted to religious conversation. The people here sing hymns very well. March 1—Good weather for making sugar. 9—Frogs peep. 15—Rode to Vienna; worked some with the people on the road. 17—More than a hundred people at meeting. 19—The people here are calculating to build a good framed school house to be used for meetings. They have signed eighty dollars to hire preaching. 30—Rode to Liberty. Several people in this vicinity are seceders. 31—



REV. THOMAS ROBBINS.

Rode to Hubbard; preached to a large and attentive meeting. Most of the serious people here are Methodists or Baptists. April 3—Visited a school and preached; saw blossoms on peach trees. May 8—Rode to Youngtown. The first time I have preached in a meeting house in this country. 11—Rode to Canfield. In Poland went to see a furnace which is nearly ready for blowing. 12—Had a very full and solemn meeting; admitted three women into the church; administered the sacrament. Met in a barn with very convenient accommodations. 18—Rode to

*These and other small towns have not retained their original names.

Stanford and preached; first sermon preached in the town 22—Rode to Deerfield and preached. People collected very well upon short notice. 24-27—Visited Newton, Palmyra, Atwater. At the last place about half the people came in just as I finished the sermon; I sat a few minutes, prayed and preached again. This is a small, new settlement. 28—Rode to Randolph; preached to a few people. 29—Rode to Suffield. Considerable of old openings in this town. I think it will be one of the pleasantest towns in the county. Preached the first sermon ever heard here. 31—Rode through a very blind and lonely road to Ravenna. June 2—Preached in Rootstown to a pretty large number of hearers. Rode into Ravenna and preached a third sermon. 3-17—Visited in Stowe, Hudson, Aurora, Mantua, Warren, Gustavus, Austinburgh, Morgan. Think the roads in A. are the worst of any settled town in the county. Mr. Bacon and I attended at Austinburgh with brethren of the church for conference upon these difficulties. 22—Rode to Cleveland; preached. A good number of hearers and quite attentive. 24—A very great prospect of peaches.



REV. DAVID BACON.

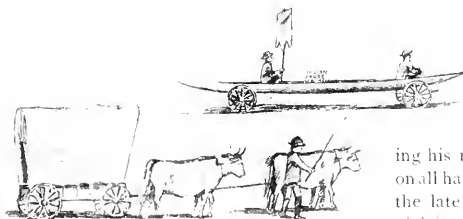
Assisted in towing into the river a vessel of twenty tons' burthen, lately built at the mouth of the Chagrin. Married with Col. Huntington 26—Rode to Burton. The committee of the trustees of the college in this county making arrangements to establish it in this town. The proprietors and inhabitants have engaged to give a building now erecting, estimated at \$3,000 and \$7,000, to be paid principally in lands. The place is very handsome. 30—Preached to the largest collection of people I believe ever in this town. July 3—Rode to Warren. 4—Dined at an Independence dinner and delivered public address; Mr. Jones, the Baptist preacher, assisted. 18—Hartford people disappointed that the place for the college was fixed so suddenly. Visited a school. Some people here who

have lately arrived from Connecticut feel pretty gloomy. 23—Assisted in raising a heavy and valuable frame for a mill; about ninety men present. 28—Preached to a very large meeting; assisted the church in examining and propounded ten persons for communion; above a hundred and fifty people at meeting, belonging to Hartford and Smithfield nearly equally. Aug. 9—Very poorly for several days. Assisted in laying a plan for a bridge. 11—Rode to Kinsman; a large collection of people; place of meeting very convenient; received eight persons into the church; there were about forty communicants. 12—Visited sick. Rode to Smithfield; worked at a large bridge. A great number of rattlesnakes killed this year. 27—Rode to Bristol; the people in this new settlement collected very well. 28—Rode to Mesopotamia; road bad and blind; flies and mosquitoes very troublesome. The settlement in this town increases but moderately. People here generally pay but little regard to the Sabbath. Sept. 2—Rode to Burton; preached in the academy; now enclosed and glazed. 4—Preached in Parkman; first sermon preached in town. 22—Preached in Vienna; after sermon in the p. m. publicly organized thirteen persons (seven men and six women) into a church. Oct. 9—Vis-

ited sick people in Smithfield and Kinsman. About thirty families in town and all sick but one; a large mill pond supposed to be the cause. 10—Rode to Gustavus; every family in town sick, generally fever and ague or severe bilious fever; some want much for attendants; some infants have died; sickness in all directions about three miles from the pond. 18—Rode to Harpersfield; met with Mr. Badger and Mr. Bacon and delegates from four of the churches and formed ourselves into an ecclesiastical convention for the promotion of union and general benefit of the churches. 21—Cephas Case and Henry Badger set out for Sandusky to live with the Indians. 23—Rode to Somers; preached the first sermon within the town; but four families in town. Nov. 6—Wolves something troublesome. 12—Dec. 3—Journey to Marietta. 12—Rode to Kinsman; number of people here about one hundred and eighty, of whom less than twenty escaped sickness. 14—Rode to Hartford. 15—Preached and administered the sacrament; being disappointed of wine, made a composition of brandy, vinegar, brown sugar, which well; I presume was received; admitted derly people into the visited Smithfield, Liberty, Newton, Warren, Hartford. 26—Rode with some others to Kinsman, by an appointment of the people, to converse with Mr. K. respect pond. It is agreed that it is the cause of vere sickness in this is the general wish be drawn off imme



water and answered not per seven el church; Johnston,



ing his mill on all hands the late sevicinity; it that it may diately.

SPECIAL FEATURES OF THE PARADE.

On Dec. 27, Mr. Robbins sat out for Marietta to participate in the ordination of his cousin, Samuel P. Robbins. The journey was very laborious and fatiguing. The weather was cold, the streams high, the roads in frightful condition. Several men with a large keel-boat carried him over the Mahoning. At Steubenville left his horse and took a Kentucky boat—a poor one, but tolerable; the water so high that they floated little more than three miles an hour. He had no sleep during the passage. Reached Marietta Jan. 4, 1820; ordination on the 8th. The people suffered much from the cold, the house being quite open. The ordination sermon delivered by Mr. Robbins, with "great embarrassment from the cold." He preached the next Sabbath at Belpre, where they had a convenient log meeting house. He remained in Marietta some weeks, preaching in several towns, and had invitations for settlement both as pastor and preceptor of academies.

"Feb. 21—Set out for New Connecticut. Very bad riding; creeks very high

and difficult to be crossed. Reached Canfield in just two months from day of departure."

The fatigue and exposure of this journey told severely upon the health of Mr. Robbins, and he decided to close his missionary labors at the end of the year. The few months remaining were spent as in the previous round of duty, preaching in old



OLDEST HOUSE IN CLEVELAND.

and new settlements, visiting schools, and lending a helping hand in writing records, hiving bees, setting out orchards, fighting fires, etc. At Bolton, preached to four persons the first sermon in town. There were but two families there; came from Colebrook, Northampton, Stow, Mahoning also had their first sermon from him. At Hudson he tarried at Owen Brown's, whose young son John had the privilege of staring at the grave Connecticut missionary. The last case of discipline reported was at Smithfield, where two young women, members of the church, attended a ball and danced. Mr. Robbins visited the offenders. "One appears very humble, the other very hardened." The former made public confession. Mr. Robbins left New Connecticut May 21, "quite feeble and sick," and after a tiresome journey on horse back reached his "dear native state," June 25. He reports to the Connecticut Missionary Magazine, that in January, 1804, there were about four hundred families in the eight counties of the Reserve. By the close of 1805 the families had increased to eleven hundred, of which four hundred and fifty were from New England. There were twenty-four schools, seven Congregational churches and twenty places where preaching was steadily maintained.

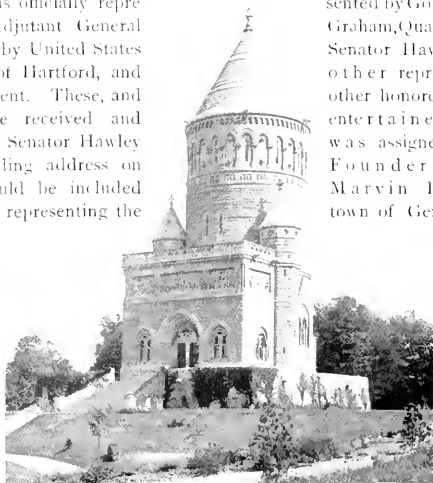
Mr. Badger continued his faithful labors till 1835. His long experience and familiarity with the country made him very useful in many ways, especially in the war of 1812, when he served as chaplain under appointment of Gen. Harrison.

Bacon left Hudson, after three years' labor, to found the new township of Tallmadge, in which he might carry out his ideal of a purely religious village—a community in which none but members of Congregational and Presbyterian churches were to become land owners, and where ample provision could be made for the best moral and religious training. These pioneers were followed by more than four-score other missionaries from Connecticut's missionary society. The influence of this body of men not only served to counteract the demoralizing tendencies incident to all new countries, but helped in part that peculiar Connecticut flavoring so characteristic of the Reserve. As years went on and facilities of travel and comfortable settlement multiplied, a better class of settlers came to the front. Representatives of Connecticut's standard old families were found in every leading town, carrying with them Connecticut ideas, institutions and modes of living. Many testimonies to the strength of this influence are found in modern literature. Our western born and bred Howells represents the surroundings of his youth as those of a New England village. Garfield reports: "There are townships on this Western Reserve which are more thoroughly

New England in character and spirit than most of the towns of the New England of to-day. Cut off, as they were, from the metropolitan life that had been gradually moulding and changing the spirit of New England, they preserved here in the wilderness the characteristics of New England as it was when they left it at the beginning of the century. This has given to the people of the Western Reserve the strongly marked qualities which have always distinguished them. . . . The pioneers were a people who had been trained in the principles and practices of civil order, and these were transplanted to their new homes. They planted the institutions and opinions of old Connecticut in their new wilderness homes. . . . These pioneers knew well that the three great forces which constitute the strength and glory of a free government are the family, the school and the church. These three they planted here, and they nourished and cherished them with an energy and devotion scarcely equaled in any other quarter of the world."

And so, when after long struggle and labor, the seed of this planting developed into such affluence of growth and fruitage, when the hundredth anniversary of settlement was to be commemorated, Connecticut's agency was most fitly and fully recognized. Governor Bushnell, of Ohio, and members of his staff; Mayor McKisson, of Cleveland; James M. Richardson, president of the Western Reserve Society of Sons of the Revolution, and other representatives of public interests, brought in person, to the government of Connecticut, an invitation to participate in the proposed commemoration. The pleasant interchange of congratulations and hospitalities at Hartford formed a fitting prelude to the wider interchange at Cleveland, where descendants from the old Connecticut stock, from different states, met together in one common brotherhood. Connecticut was officially represented by Governor Coffin and his staff, Adjutant General termaster Disbrow, and others; by United States ley; also, by Mayor Preston, of Hartford, and sentatives of the civil government. These, and citizens of Connecticut, were received and with royal hospitality, while to Senator Hawley the honor of making the leading address on Day. Among the guests should be included Sanger, of Canterbury, Conn., representing the eral Moses Cleaveland's birth and residence. The ground selected for the enampment of the National Guard, army troops and other military companies, was dedicated by Governor Bushnell as Camp Moses Cleaveland, and here a beautiful national flag was unfurled, July 20, the day before the grand opening of ceremonies.

Virtually, the commemoration opened on Sunday preceding by the spontaneous observance of the day in the many churches of Cleveland. The chimes of Trinity Cathedral rang in the joyful morn. The spirit of praise and thanksgiving pervading the city was voiced by



GARFIELD MONUMENT, CLEVELAND.

represented by Governor Graham, Quar-Senator Hawley other honored Founders' Marvin H. town of Gen-

thousands of tongues. Special historic addresses were given in many of the churches. Enthusiastic meetings were held by the German Lutherans. Foreign and native residents caught alike the spirit of the occasion. A very remarkable mass meeting was held in the afternoon in the National Guard Armory, where citizens of every age, rank and nationality crowded the immense building, and Catholic, Jew and Protestant were represented on the platform.

"Log Cabin" day, on Tuesday, brought a vast assemblage together in Monumental Square, around the great white arch and typical log cabin. In this picturesque edifice many interesting historic relics had been collected. Here a reception was held by the women of "The Early Settlers' Association," followed by the dedication of the building with appropriate music and addresses. Still later, the raising of an elaborately-carved totem-pole, by the "Improved Order of Red Men," in Indian costume, who had the cabin in charge, excited much interest and amusement.

Wednesday, July 22, the great day of the feast, the hundredth anniversary of the day on which the site of Cleveland was visited and designated, was ushered in at midnight by the centennial salute of an hundred guns. The beautiful Forest City arrayed herself in festive attire. Incoming crowds far exceeded expectation. Arrangements had been made for public exercises in the Central Armory while preparations for the famous Pioneers' Parade were in progress. A distinguished body of men occupied the platform—the governors of Connecticut and Ohio, Senators Sherman, and Hawley, mayors and public officials, military officers, ministers and college professors, together with representative men from leading cities of the Reserve, Major McKinley was welcomed with special enthusiasm; James H. Hoyt served as president of the day; Mayor McKisson gave the address of welcome; prayer was offered by Rev. Charles S. Mills. The leading address was made by Senator Hawley; this was followed by the reading of the Centennial Ode, by its author, Colonel J. J. Platt. A brief address from Governor Coffin, of Connecticut, was followed by the announcement of the magnificent gift of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, land valued at some \$500,000, to be added to the city's extended park system—a permanent public benefit announced on Founders' Day, making it even more memorable in coming years. Amid the joyful enthusiasm called out by this surprise, it was easy for the remaining speakers to rise to the height of the occasion. Governor Bushnell, Major McKinley, Senator John Sherman were received with acclamations of delight and interest. Patriotic songs were interspersed between the speeches, and Rev. Dr. S. P. Sprecher pronounced the benediction at close.

The Pioneers' Parade, later in the afternoon, was one of great interest. The long row of carriages containing the distinguished guests was preceded by a platoon of mounted police, and Troop A, First cavalry, Ohio National Guard, military companies from all parts of the state, and innumerable associations in uniform and badges, formed into six divisions, composed an imposing array. These were followed by the lighter and more characteristic features of the grand parade—veteran volunteer firemen drawing the old-time pump, the Choctaw Tribe of the Improved Order of Red Men, and a number of ingenious "floats," dramatically representing various important events in Cleveland's history. One represented the landing of Moses Cleveland and the surveying party; past and present were vividly contrasted by floats representing 1796 and 1896; the "Lawrence" came into view with Commodore Perry steering in a small boat for the "Niagara;" a genuine Indian canoe, a battered stage coach, a prairie "schooner," an ancient loom, specimens of antiquated farming implements, were contrasted with floats bearing the latest products of modern invention.

Benjamin Franklin and a colonial post rider were followed by a modern letter carrier. These and many other interesting and suggestive pictures were greatly enjoyed by thousands of delighted spectators. The lighting up of the great arch in the evening, other parades, the centennial ball, which was in fact a grand reception, closed an eventful day in Cleveland's history.

This auspicious opening was followed by many other interesting, commemorative observances. The elaborate programme arranged in advance was faithfully carried out. The season of festivity continued till the firing of the last gun on the fair September day that celebrated Perry's great victory on Lake Erie.

"Old Settlers'" and Western Reserve days were especially noteworthy, when descendants of old families from all parts of the Reserve joined with those who had become identified with the city in delightful reunion and commemoration. A committee representing everyone of the two hundred and thirty-one townships of the Reserve had been selected. An interesting parade, combining military, civic and pioneer features, was arranged for the afternoon. In the interchange of hospitalities all sections were brought closer together. The appreciative "Leader," which had done so much to carry the celebration forward, thus happily summarizes the result:

"Life has been rendered brighter and better worth while for a multitude of busy people whose environment is too seldom colored with gayety and beauty. Famous men and women from many distant states have been seen and heard in this fair Forest City. The wheelmen had their day of merry making and display. Flowers were made the charm of a fine exhibition. Yachts painted a rare picture of life and beauty on the lake. Banquets at which large and distinguished companies were feasted, literally and with wit and wisdom, vied with the centennial ball in brilliance and interest. Races and athletic exhibitions alternated with intellectual pleasures of a very high order."

Such a commemoration as this of Cleveland leaves a lasting impress upon the community. It serves to educate and stimulate. For a series of weeks the past and present status of the city were brought vividly before the public. They saw the small beginnings; the slow growth; they looked with pride upon the Cleveland of to-day—the churches, the schools, the colleges, the benevolent institutions, the varied and magnificent business enterprises—all the growth of patient industry and well directed enterprise. Thousands of representatives of varied nationalities have learned to look with new interest upon the city of their adoption. Throughout the whole reserve patriotic sentiment has been revived and strengthened. The review of the past gives inspiration for the future. The old mother state may well rejoice that her namesake has borne herself so worthily; and that she was permitted to help lay the foundations for such notable achievement. Especially does she rejoice in the great men that have gone forth from the reserve—in those that have won a name in literature and those that have held an honorable place in the councils of the nation. Whatever changes may have been wrought in old Connecticut she can still rejoice that her western children carried with them so much of her early character and institutions.

CONNECTICUT AND VIRGINIA A CENTURY AGO.

BY JAMES N. GRANGER.

The student of American history is aware that soon after the close of the Revolution, a wave of prosperity and speculation, accompanied by a widely extended desire to occupy the yet unsettled parts of its vast domain, swept over the young nation. The men of Virginia pressed onward over the mountains, and became the pioneers of Kentucky. Massachusetts sent parties toiling through the wilderness of Western Pennsylvania, to found the village of Marietta, thus commencing the rapid development of the Ohio basin. Restless Yankees from Connecticut drove their ox teams over seemingly impassable trails to the fertile lands of Northeastern Ohio, while yet again whole districts removed to the rough region in Northern New York, known as the Black River Country. Central New York, as well, began to settle up, and on the Mohawk daily floated bateaux laden with the goods and families of settlers. Indians were yet plenty in the woods of the west land, and the white man who ventured into its virgin forests went gun in hand.

With this desire to move onward, sprang up a speculation in wild lands, which quickly, and before 1790, assumed gigantic proportions. Men from all the thirteen states; from England, from Scotland, and from the Netherlands, sought to grow suddenly rich as owners of vast tracts in the wilderness. The general government granted to some of the states districts in the (then) West, and the donees sold them out to actual settlers or speculators. Connecticut received lands in the northeastern part of Ohio which became known as New Connecticut, or the Western Reserve. To-day the inhabitants of this district are largely the descendants of Connecticut men, and the names of Connecticut families abound. The beautiful country of Central New York was a wilderness which blossomed like the rose on summer days, and Bancroft says that when the British forces in 1758 came out of the woods at Oswego, they were charmed with the scene before them, but were told that further west were "lands as rich, fertile and luxurious as any in the universe." This land of beauty and fruitfulness, the famous land of the Senecas, was granted to Massachusetts, who sold it in 1789 to Oliver Phelps, of Suffield, Conn., and Nathaniel Gorham, of Charlestown, Mass. The Ogdens went to Northern New York, and their name is perpetuated in the city of Ogdensburg. The Scotchmen, making their headquarters at Phelps' village of Canandaigua, bought largely to the northward, while a dozen gentlemen from Holland, each with unpronounceable names, bought from the Indians almost the entire tract in New York state, west of the Genesee river, and of which Buffalo is now the metropolis.

To the southward, the gentleblooded men of Virginia caught the prevailing fever, and the Lees, the Taylors, the Prestons and others sent agents to the tangled wilderness beyond the valley of the Shenandoah, or into the southern tier of counties, and took up lands by the hundreds of thousands of acres. Indeed, it surprises one of to-day to read of the size of some of these holdings. Often one man would take title to over half a million acres in one spot lying somewhere in what is now Virginia, West Virginia or Kentucky. The Virginia laws regarding lands were extremely loose, and the men of that country rarely cared to follow them strictly. A certificate from an official surveyor stating that he had laid off certain lands for Mr. So-and-So, if filed, with maps, in the proper public office, gave title. Men of influence procured

their hirelings to be appointed as surveyors, who filed their certificates and maps sometimes without carrying a chain upon any portion of the land. No attention was paid to a first survey, which, of course, carried the title, and the result was that half a dozen surveys might cover the same land either in whole or part. Naturally, no reliance could be placed on the public land records, and, to crown all, the title (?) was often taken in some stool pigeon, who had been born a bankrupt and remained so ever since. Thus the true owner sought to evade a personal liability.

But if the Virginia men were careless—if you call it nothing more—in buying their lands, they were extremely shrewd in selling them. They journeyed to the uttermost parts of the country, putting as many miles as possible between the intended purchaser and his lands. They went to far off New England, stopping a little while in Philadelphia and New York, and disposed of millions of these acres to the sharp trading Yankees. They penetrated to Boston and beyond, finding willing victims in the Bay State; they invaded the Connecticut valley, where they disposed of millions more. Each sale was accompanied by a bond for the title, but too often the principals and sureties were then insolvent, or became so with the utmost speed. Alexander Walcott, of Middletown; Hooker & Chafee, of Windsor; Gideon Granger, afterwards postmaster general under Jefferson, Oliver Phelps and others, of Suffield; George Bliss and Jonathan Dwight, of Springfield, and William Ely, of West Springfield, were among the many who fell into the trap. Some sold their holdings and pocketed their handsome profits with great satisfaction, but were soon alarmed by actions in court for breach of warranty. Then trouble showed itself all along the line. Mr. Ely went to Virginia to reconnoiter, and came back either from inability or want of time to untangle the skein.

By 1798, the Connecticut men were thoroughly alarmed. Actions against them multiplied with unpleasant rapidity. They were ignorant as to the validity of their own titles, and the lands and the land offices lay far away. The reports of Mr. Ely and others who had gone to the southwest convinced them that careful and extended work alone could bring anything out of the chaos which undoubtedly existed. The land was mainly a wilderness, with young villages scattered along its borders and a few rude huts of settlers or squatters standing here and there in the dense forests. It became evident that if progress was to be made in successfully defending the actions, some man of ability must be sent for an indefinite period into the disputed country. He must be not only a man skilled in surveying, but able to prepare affidavits, take depositions and look up testimony on the subject matter. Most of the Connecticut men finally agreed with Judge Erastus Granger, of Suffield, who later became a well known citizen of Buffalo, N. Y., to undertake the work, and the contract between them was signed January 21, 1799. His expenses were to be paid by his clients, in addition to a proper compensation for his services. He was first to examine a tract of 500,000 acres lying near Wythe Court House, Va., besides one of 200,000 and another of 80,000 acres in (West) Virginia, as well as one in the Tyger's Valley. His diaries and letters relating to his trips on this business, and which extended until the year 1807, are now before me and contain much of interest to the reader of the present day regarding the country he visited, and the traveling incidents of those times.

On Wednesday, the 13th day of March, 1799, Judge Granger mounted his horse Billie, in Suffield, and started across the hills of Connecticut on a trip of nearly nine months' duration. He spent the night at "Pickett's," in Windsor, and rode into Hartford the next morning, where he breakfasted at "Robins'," staying long enough to

buy "one bowl of toddy to treat Capt. Lester to Tod." Then he pushed on until, six days later, he crossed the Hudson at King's Ferry, above New York, and proceeded by Bethlehem and Allentown to Harrisburg. He then turned south, and, after going through Shippensburg, in Maryland, came to Williamsport on the Potomac, whence he crossed for the first time into Virginia, on March 31st.

Here he entered the Shenandoah valley, since made famous by the events of the late war. His path now lay up the center of the Valley through Winchester, Woodstock, New Market and Staunton, until he arrived at its very head, where stood Wythe Court House, now Wytheville. Here he dismounted at Alminim Marshall's, "who was formerly from Connecticut," on the 15th day of April, 1799, after a trip of one month and two days. The journey can now be made in twenty-four hours.

At Wythe he remained but two days at first, although for years he made it his headquarters. It is interesting to note his expenses for these two days, and how he divided his charges between his employers and himself. To his clients he charges:

Two days' board,	\$3.50	
One quire of paper,35	
Shaving and dressing my hair,12½	
Tobacco,12½	
Half bottle of whiskey,12½	\$4.22½

To himself:

Tapping boots,	\$.75	
Pair of overalls,	1.25	\$2.00

One day a man gave him a counterfeit dollar; he sold it for fifty cents, and charged the loss, fifty cents, to his clients. Again he loaned a man 7s. 6d., and lost it; he promptly charged it up. One day he records at Abingdon, Va.: "At this place went to the Court House one evening to hear a cause tried; had my pocket book taken out of my pocket, containing a bank bill of Baltimore bank; a copy of a letter, and a small memorandum book. Charge \$10."

After he had been at Wythe one day he records his impressions of the country, and they are worth just as much and no more than those given by the English Globe Trotter regarding the United States, while he is unlocking his luggage on the steamer dock for the customs inspector. Writing to Gideon Granger, at Suffield, he says: "I have reason to be satisfied with the treatment I have received in this part of the country. A man who conducts well has every attention paid him. The best informed people are liberal in their sentiments; courteous in their manner and sincere in their attachment. I really wish, my friend, I could see you settled here; real worth and merit are respected by all classes of people. Your business (law) would be worth 3,000 dollars a year clear of supporting your family. Nothing would prevent your election to any office you choose. It is the healthiest part of the country I have ever seen; the limestone water and whiskey agree with me. Provisions are in abundance; wealthy planters; there is one here who wintered 100 horses and 200 head of cattle." Fortunately Gideon did not accept the flattering invitation, but remained in Suffield to rise to political honors and have one of his sons come within a few votes of being Vice President of the United States. Judge Granger, after he had looked into the land matters a little, thought differently of the people.

His first duty carried him to the office of the official surveyor, Col. Clloyd, for an examination of his books and maps. He was looking up the 500,000 acres belonging to his clients. Here he began to be disabused of some of his ideas of the "excellent treatment" he would receive from the people of that region. He writes: "The

information which I obtained from that office, rested principally upon my own examination and research. I am convinced that Cloyd, the surveyor, was interested in the land *and in its sale*" And later he writes: "In all the opportunities which I have taken to examine the books of Surveyor Cloyd, he, or one of his brothers, have always been at my elbow. They have ever shown themselves anxious, restless and jealous in the matter. I never examined the books but what their eyes were on me. The fact is, *the land was never surveyed, nor was there ever a chain carried upon it.*"

Then proceeding to the office of Mr. Adams, the surveyor of an adjoining county, he examined the books, and writes: "I found little to my satisfaction. It is unfortunate that you have no security but Farley's (the grantor) bond, for I learn that he is a man of but little property, and I believe that the prospects of collecting anything out of him is out of the question. I shall leave this place in a few days to begin the survey of the land, and from the best information I can gain, it will take me twenty days. I am convinced that no part of it will ever permit of its being settled. The old hunters tell me that it is a shocking place; rugged mountains, frightful precipices, ridges of land covered with laurel, quite impassable, and here and there a solitary wolf howling his midnight yell and looking aghast at the deformities of Nature." Cheerful news, indeed, for the Connecticut men; lands, which they deemed flowing with milk and with honey, resolving themselves into a chaotic wilderness which even the wild beasts avoid.

Having had his boots tapped and a pair of overalls made, he started on foot into the mountains to survey the boundaries of the 500,000-acre tract. He was accompanied by a surveyor, two assistants, and a bottle of whiskey. The higher hills were covered with six inches of snow, and it was bitterly cold. They climbed up some precipices and slid down others. They found but few places sufficiently level for a house to stand on. Tents they had left behind, and they camped in the chilly air wherever night found them. He came out after eleven days to get warm and have his feet attended to. "My clothes were torn off my back, and I am ill from the effects of the trip, besides losing seven toenails." But he was able to write to Connecticut that "If Milton had described the fight between Michael and the rebel angels to have been upon this planet, I should have concluded that the action took place upon your land on the Big Sandy river, and that the mountains and hills with which they fought had never been leveled, but ever since have remained in the same rough and deformed state as they did at the end of the battle."

For two months Judge Granger remained in this section, and then returned to Wythe to prepare for a long and tedious trip into the wilds of Randolph County, (West) Virginia, which lay two hundred miles to the west of north. He got shaved for perhaps the last time in months; he repaired his saddle; he had his horse shod all round, and sent all his clothes to the wash; then he gave a farewell party to his friends at Wythe, at a cost of one dollar. As whiskey could be had at seventy-five cents a gallon, the thirsty Virginians must have had a rare treat, and found the imprisoned fly which always lies at the bottom of the demijohn, and must be released before the party breaks up. Then on the 27th of June, 1799, having gotten over his headache—for he makes no entry in his diary for three days succeeding the banquet—he again mounts old Billie, and, bidding good-by to the loveliest valley in the state, plunges into the mountains which enclose it on the west. He soon reached the waters which flowed into the Ohio, and came to Lewisburg, on the Greenbrier river, which he finds to be "quite a smart town; a number of families settled, and they have good society." Thence he follows the river towards its source on his way to Tyger's valley, in which

lay Randolph Court House. Of his trip he writes to George Bliss, of Springfield, under date of July 11th, as follows: "From Lewisburg my route was through the west part of Bath County, and continued until I came to the last settlement on a branch of the Greenbrier. From thence I took a direction towards a place called Clover Lick, a plantation owned by one Warwick, and worked by negroes. No white people living on it. This place is nine miles from the last mentioned settlement, and is reached by a small bridle path and difficult to find. If any person chanced to travel this way he is forced to put up for the night at the Lick, it being twenty-two miles to the first house in Tyger's valley, and a good day's work. In performing it I got a negro to pilot me to the top of the Alleghany mountains, six miles. After you get to the top of the mountain, you may, by the help of marked trees and a blind path, using care and attention, find your way to the settlement in Randolph County. This is the 'main road' mentioned by Bogert & Walmsleys (who sold land to Connecticut men) in their certificate, as leading from Warm Springs to Randolph Court House.

"The whole number of people in this county is one thousand and the main portion live in Tyger's valley. Through this valley runs the main branch of the Monongahela river. The valley is upwards of 30 miles long and from one to five wide. There are a few people settled at a place called the Horse Shoe, east of the valley, and a few on the Buckhannon river, a branch of the Monongahela. It is on the Buckhannon that Jackson, the surveyor, lives thirty miles west of the Court House, and no one settled on this solitary road.

"There are but two ways of entering this valley; the one at the head, just mentioned, and the other at the foot, which is similar to the one described. They tell me, however, of a road eastward to Morefield, on the south branch of the Potomac, which sometimes is passed by wagons having a light load. The land in this county is generally hilly and mountainous. The highest and most rugged mountains are those which surround the valley, and run parallel with it, and serve as a complete barrier and render it an asylum for a lawless banditti. Many of the people who first settled in this valley were those who fled from justice, and were driven from the face of the law. Others came here for the sake of the hunting and have easily been made the dupes of the designing and artful. Jackson, the principal surveyor, was arrested on a bond he gave concerning land, and confined in Pittsburg goal; he broke prison, and was taken again and confined in irons for a time. He at length found favor to have his irons taken off, and again found means to make his escape. There was a reward offered and five men pursued him with intent to take him as he came across the mountains to attend court. The people of the valley got knowledge of their lying in wait; they armed themselves and in a body went over and escorted him safe to the court house, thereby preventing law and justice having its course. He has not since been taken. He is continually on his guard and seldom to be seen at home. The greater part of the people of this valley are the most indolent and unprincipled set of beings I ever saw. There have been several persons elected as magistrates for the express purpose of being used as tools in the hands of designing men. Of this description were those who gave a certificate of the character and standing of Bogart and Walmsley. The people here view me with a jealous eye. I know not on whom I can place confidence; there is no way of gaining their confidence save by plying them well with whiskey, and the landlord where I put up, and who appears to be friendly to me, and undoubtedly will be as long as I have money, says they already begin to say that the stranger from New England is a d——n clever fellow."

Shortly afterwards he wrote again: "The day of my arrival at this place, I set out for Jackson's office; he was absent, but Henry Jackson, who lives with him, was present. He was about leaving home, but after some persuasion and the offer of a dollar, he agreed to spend the day with me. He observed that Ned had given orders to let no person have the perusal of the books without his presence, giving as a reason that people who came to examine had made alterations in the original entries; a poor excuse for one who has conducted as Ned Jackson has. There is a prosecution commenced against him for felonious practices in his office. I find the books in a bad shape; the surveys undescriptive, like the one of 114,000 acres made for Dwight, as beginning at a poplar tree of Westfalls Mill Run. I can find no one who can tell within four or five miles where that poplar tree is.

"Young, who made the survey for Shaw, was for some time undetermined whether to make an entry or not, there being no vacant or unoccupied land at that time, but Bogart and Walmsley being willing to be bound for the title, he entered 50,000 acres. Walmsley has been for a long time in Staunton jail; he was sued for nonfulfillment of some contracts he had made about lands. He has lately got out. He never was worth much, and at present has no property. I am told that Bogart, by his deviltry, has reduced himself as low as poverty can make him. There were executions against him, but by the absence of daylight and the assistance of friends, he cleared out with his family, and is gone over the Ohio into the northwest territory."

From the 11th day of July until the 16th of October, he remained in this part of (West) Virginia, riding backwards and forwards to Buckhannon, Clarksburg, Morganstown, and the valley of Tygers, examining books, making surveys, hunting wild turkeys, and filling up the banditti with whiskey. One night he came to a river flooded by the rains; he procured a wash tub, into which he put his clothes, and, taking a rope which was attached to the tub into his mouth, he swam the stream, dragging his wardrobe after him. On October 16th, he started for Connecticut, passing from Morganstown through Western Maryland along the great Pittsburg pike, until he came to the road to Harrisburg, through which town he pushed on home. His direct travel had been over two thousand miles; his extra journeyings as much more. All his travels had been either on horseback or foot.

NOTE.—[Colonel Granger will describe in another article other trips concerning these land sales—ED.]



GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

Querists should write all names of persons and places in such a way that they can not be misunderstood. Always inclose with queries a self-addressed, stamped envelope and ten cents for each query. Querists must write only on one side of the paper. Subscribers sending in queries should state that they are subscribers. Preference in insertion will always be given to subscribers. Queries and notes must be sent to Wm. A. Eardeley-Thomas, 5,000 Woodland Avenue, Philadelphia, Penn.

The editor of this department is prepared to make personal researches. 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, Mass.; of the descendants of William Chase, of Yarmouth, Mass.; 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, Conn., are writing the history of the descendants of Aquila Chase. We would like to hear from some of the Nantucket, Mass., and Oblong, N. Y., Chases.

Printed works of a genealogical character are constantly being added to our shelves. We would be pleased to receive any works of this character. We would like copies of Church Manuals, Historical Sermons, Town Histories, Chart Genealogies, etc. By this means our readers will materially assist the effectiveness of this department. Please send all such contributions to this department. Copies of Church Baptisms and Burials; also, graveyard inscriptions will be very acceptable. [The editor wishes to thank Mr. William C. Sharpe, of Seymour, Conn., for three pamphlet genealogies which he has kindly contributed to this department.]

Notes.

1. Fountain, Fontein. Of this name there seems to have been but three families in America previous to 1700. Of these, Savage names but one. It looks as though they might all belong to one family. There is mention of two on Long Island, N. Y., and the other on Staten Island, N. Y. Tradition in every line says that the ancestor came from France. Thus far I have been able to learn from records of but one being a Frenchman. He may have been the father or some other relative of the other two. It is well known that from 1650 to 1685 (Edict of Nantes) thousands of Huguenots escaped from France, that country so dear and yet so unkind. Wherever these Huguenots went they became the best citizens.

"Charel Fonteyn, a Frenchman, and wife" came from Holland to New Amsterdam in the ship "Golden Beaver," in May, 1658 (Clute's Hist. Staten Island, p. 381). He may have been the father of Aaron and Antone; but I doubt it. Mr. De Witt C. Putman, of Santa Monica, Cal., says that some of the Fontaines came with the De Rapelje family (a Jan-sen family). Rev. James¹ Fontaine (Rev. James², Jacques², John¹), b. 1633, d. prior to 1685; his widow with her 3 sons reached London (Maury's Huguenot Memoir). I incline to the belief that Aaron and Antone were two of these sons; the third became a minister in Germany (Huguenot Memoirs). As yet I have not been able to learn the parentage of these. "Fountain, or Fountain; Aaron He and Edward Buttye hired May 1, 1674, of Ralph Cardell all his land in Gd. for 5 years, with the crops thereon, to be cultivated on shares, consisting of 7 skipplles of wheat, 14½ of peas, and 12 of oats sown thereon, with 3 good working horses for the first year and 2 for the rest of the time; also to be furnished with 3 breeding mares of 4 years old, and 4 cows this present year and 5 the rest of the time; and further they are to have a wrought-iron plough, chains and all tackling belonging thereto and necessary for their use in husbandry, both of ploughing, sowing, mowing, and clearing of land. Made his mark 'A' to documents." (p. 116, Bergen's King's Co. Settlers.) I think this is the same Aaron who is

in New London, Conn., as early as 1681. Miss Caulkin's Hist. of N. London, p. 264: "The house of Aaron Fountain (the son-in-law of Samuel Beebe) is mentioned in 1683 as on the Great Neck" (now Waterford).

Edward Fontaine, aged 28, embarked in the Abigail, June 30, 1635, from Stepney parish for New England (p. 97, Hotten's lists). John Fountain, aged 18, embarked for Virginia, Jan. 2, 1634, from London, in the Merchant Bonaventure (p. 36, Hotten's lists). This John is to be distinguished from the John that actually came over in 1719 to Virginia. It is as well to state here that there was a Fountain family (Co. Devon) in the English nobility as early as 1400 (if not earlier). Mr. Fontaine mentioned (1636) on p. 18, vol. 7, 4th Series, Mass. Hist. Col.; also Mr. Fontaine and Mr. Evann Morgan, attorneys at Providence (1640) for Capt. William Jackson (p. 284, 1856 N. E. Reg.; a letter from Capt. Wm. Jackson to Mr. Samuel Maverick, 20th 7ber, 1640; also in Suffolk Deeds Lib. 1, folio 30). Rev. Peter Fountain mentioned in Lib. 14, folio 212, Suffolk Deeds (about 1688). I shall take up these lines alphabetically—Aaron, Antone, Charel, Francis (Va.), and Peter (Va.). The names John, James, Moses and Aaron are common to the Virginia and Connecticut families, while in Antone's line no James appear until about 1800. All here is a repetition of Anthony and Vincent.

(To be continued.)

2. Contributor forgot to give his or her name and the custodian of the following (ed.):

A MUSTER ROLL OF CAPT. THOMAS HOBBY'S COMPANY, 1761.

Thomas Hobby, Capt.
 Jabez Hall, Lieut.
 Moses Smith, Lieut.
 Joseph Stebbins, Ens.
 Isaac Whelpley, Sergt.
 Advert Sharp, Sergt.
 John Jones, "
 David Hall, "
 Robert Beard, Clarke (Clerk).
 Jeremiah Finch, Drummer.
 Gilbert Weed, "
 Zachariah Foster, Corporal.

Joseph Smith, Corporal.	Peter Jonson.
Eli Reynolds, "	William " "
John Hobby, "	Amos Knap.
Abraham Adams.	Kaleb " "
John Addington.	Eli " "
Jonathan Ambler.	Samuel " "
Bunnel Barnum.	Joseph Lee.
Gabriel Bennitt.	James Lewis.
Jeremiah Barnitt.	Uriah Lobdel.
Jabez Bradley.	Alexander Mious.
Michael Bond.	Elisha Moree.
Martin Bush.	" " Jr.
Moses Bennitt.	Josiah Mead.
Nathan Barnum.	James McMullen.
William Blake.	Thomas Martial.
Daniel Chapman.	John Nichols.
Francis Climent.	Joseph " "
Hezekiah Coll.	Amos Partilow.
John Curtice.	Jehiel " "
Maleke Cady.	Elisha Perry.
Nathaniel Cross.	James Perritt.
Patrick Conolly.	Samuel Palmer.
Thomas Crawford.	William Prindle.
Andrew Dougherty.	Benjamin Robards.
Stephen Dittmen.	Jeremiah Reynolds.
Jonathan Finch.	Jonathan " "
John Farrell.	Joshua Rundle.
Joseph Floures.	James Kusac.
Thomas Ferries.	Philip Reynolds.
Hezekiah Gilbard.	Silas " "
Joseph Grefen.	Abraham Shuduel.
Zacharias Gregorry.	Andrew Sherwood.
Isaac Gilbard.	Abel " "
Josiah Gales.	Nehemiah " "
James Green.	John Slawson.
Amos Hait.	John Smith.
Andrew Hambleton.	Daniel Tharp.
Jedediah Haley.	John Trenor.
Gershom Hall.	Francis Wilmott.
Joseph Hubbard.	Jonah Wood.
Mike Holliday.	James Wright.
Thomas Hobby.	Ruben " "
James Joyce.	Silvanus " "
John " "	Uriah " "
	Total, 100.

Horseneck May 1761 mustered the within Company Consisting of one hundred Effective Men officers Included

N WHITING Col'o
& Muster Master

3.

CAMP AT FORT WILLIAM HENRY
Oct. 13, 1756

This may certify that the men within mentioned not Present at muster are at the places against Each of their names anexed and are absent for no other Reason than those assigned and are part of the Effectives of the Company under my Command—

STEPHEN LEE, Lieu Col.
ABEL PRINDLE, Clerk of Company.

At Alb'y Sick John Wood, Captain
Do Jonah Daten, First Lieuten't
At Fort Edw Sick John Benedict, 2d Do

at alb'y Sick in . . . on Comm'd alb'y Sick at alb'y	Ezra Stephens Ebenezer Leonard Sam'l Caufield John Stephens Abel Prindle, Clerk	Sarjents	Sick at fort Edw'd wh. The Teames	Jon'a Birched James Morehouse Daniel Wildman Joseph Hubbard	Corporals
---------------------------------------------------------------	---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	----------	--------------------------------------	----------------------------------------------------------------------	-----------

Sick at alb'y ——— Abraham Towner, Drumer

Fort Ed. Sick never joyned	Angvine Ambler	Zach ^a John	Sick at fort Edw'd	Murray William
fort Edw Sick	Arnold Benedict	James Lemmel	" " albany	Moger Jehiel
Sick at alb'y	Beardslee Burret	James Eleazer	Sick at alb'y	Northrop Abraham
with the Lieut.	Barnum Ebenezer	Barnum Ebenezer	Sick at alb'y	Nichols Joseph
Sick at fort Edw'd	Barns Joseph	Barns Joseph	Dead	Nuttleton Amos
" " albany	Barnum David	Barnum David	with the Captain	Nicholson Eliphaz
Dead	Canfield Daniel	Canfield Daniel	Sick at albany	Omstead Nathan
Sick at alb'y	Curtis Samuel	Curtis Samuel	Deserted	Osborn Moses
	Chapell Nathan'l	Chapell Nathan'l		" John
Sick at alb'y	Debill Nathan	Debill Nathan	Sick at fort Edw'd	Peck Charles
Do	Dickinson "	Dickinson "	" " alb'y	Perry Elisha
never joyned	Daten Josiah	Daten Josiah	" " fort Edw'd	Prindle "
Sick at fort Edw'd	Douglass Domini	Douglass Domini		" Isaac
on Command alb'y	Davis Thadeus	Davis Thadeus		Peirce Francis
never joyned	Dodge Joseph	Dodge Joseph	Sick at fort Edw'd	" Jonathan
	Ferry Charles	Ferry Charles	Do —	Rockwell Daniel
Sick at fort Edw'd	Fairchild William	Fairchild William	Deserted halfmoon	St. John James
" " alb'y	Green David	Green David	Sick fort Edward	Stephens Abraham
Deserted Fort Edw'd	Hendrick Benoni	Hendrick Benoni	Do —	Shepherd John
on Comd at alb'y	Hollister Nathan'l	Hollister Nathan'l	Do —	Sealey Za-lock
Deserted at Fort Ed.	Hubard John	Hubard John		Spees John
Sick at albany	Hill Silas	Hill Silas	Sick at alb'y	Sumers Ebenezer
	Hays Jonathan	Hays Jonathan	Do —	Vedito John
Sick at alb'y	Harris David	Harris David	Do —	Whitney James
Deserted at fort Edw'd	Hamlin Elijah	Hamlin Elijah		
at alb'y with the Sick	Hable Jephthah	Hable Jephthah	Sick at alb'y	Waterbury Gideon
Sick at albany	Jarvis Thomas	Jarvis Thomas	Do —	Wildman Richard
" " alb'y	Kimburly Fitch	Kimburly Fitch		
Dead	Ketchum Ezra	Ketchum Ezra		
Sick at alb'y	Lobdell Jacob	Lobdell Jacob		
	Lyon Samuel	Lyon Samuel		
Confined	" John	" John		

CAMP AT FORT WILLIAM HENRY

Oct 13, 1756

Then Mustered Captain John Woods Company in Colonel Andrew Wards Regiment In the Provincial Troops Raised by the Colony of Connecticut for Removing the French Encroachment at Crown Point &c Being One Captain, Two Lieut's, Four Serjents, one Clark, four Corporals, One Drum and Fifty three private men Such as are not markt In the margin being Present On the Spott and those Markt are Certified to be absent at the places and for the Reasons Assigned against their Respective Names and for no Other Reason.

HENRY LIDDEL

Muster Master General

Present at this Muster & attests to ye Facts.

JOHN WINSLOW

4. *White*.—Elder John,¹ of Hartford; Capt. Nathaniel;² m. Elizabeth —; Ensign Daniel³; m. Susannah, dau. of Hugh and Martha (Coit) Mould; issue:
 - i. Daniel,⁴ b. 1683; m. Alice Cook—for ch. see White genealogy.
 - ii. Nathaniel,⁵ b. 1685; m. Melitable Hurlburt.
 - iii. Joseph,⁶ d. 1687.
 - iv. Dea. Joseph,⁷ b. 1688; m., 1st, Mary Hall; m., 2d, Abigail Butler.
 - v. Hugh,⁸ b. 1691; m. Mary Stowe or Stone.
 - vi. John,⁹ b. 1692; m. Susannah Alling.
 - vii. Susannah,¹⁰ b. 1691; m. Thomas,¹¹ (b. 1689), son of John¹² (John¹³ of Guilford) Johnson; he d. Apr. 24, 1761; she d. Sept. 28, 1786.
 - viii. Isaac,¹⁴ b. 1696; m. Sil¹⁵ el Butler.
 - ix. Jonathan,¹⁶ b. 1701; d. 1702.
 - x. Ruth,¹⁷ b. 1703; m. Jehiel Stone, of N. Guilford.
 - xi. Rachel,¹⁸ b. 1705; m. Wm. Chittenden, Jr., of N. Guilford.
5. *Nichols*.—William, m. Sabray —, and had Ann; m. Hiram Crofut, and had Martha; m. Perry Wanzer.
6. *Van Meter*.—John, m. Elizabeth Witham, and had Joseph Eastburn; m. Kate Brown, dau. of John and Eliza (Brown) Trucks, and had Allen Reshell Van Meter; m. Eliza, dau. of Thomas and Siegmund (Shaffer) Brown. A. R. V.
7. *Thomas*.—In 1801, there moved into Jefferson Co., N. Y., 4 brothers: 1. John; had 7 ch. 2. William; had 6 ch. 3. Benjamin, b. 1740; had Dyar (b. 1766), Benjamin, Peleg (b. 1765, had 10 ch.), Isaac, Weighty, Tabitha, Nabby, Phebe, Sally, Polly. 4. George (the probably soon left; was possibly ancestor of General George H. Thomas). They are supposed to come from

Rowland Thomas, of Springfield, Mass., through Rowland, Joseph, Rowland, etc. Dyar m. Elizabeth, dau. of Capt. John Gilbert Hartford or Hartford. They had 5 ch.

J. W. B.

8. *White*.—Elder John,¹ (ship Lion, 1632); m. Mary —, and had Capt. Nathaniel²; m. Elizabeth —, and had Ensign; Daniel³; m. Susannah Mould, and had Deacon Isaac⁴; m. Sibbel Butler, and had Moses⁵; m. Huldah Knowles, and had Moses⁶; m. Melitta, dau. of Joshua Porter, and had Laurinda P.⁷; m. John Miles, and had Almiron⁸; m. Caroline Lawrence, and had Frances⁹.
John Miles m. Abigail Perkins, and had John; m., and had Almiron, who had Frances.

F. M. R.

9. Yarmouth, Cape Cod, was settled about 1639; the early records were destroyed. Below are the marriages (previous to 1700) now on the Town Records (W. A. E. T.):

1695, Aug. 8, Prudence Howes and Dorcas Joyce, of Yarmouth.

1695, June 10, Daniel Willard and Esther Mathews.

1695-6, Feb. 26, Thomas Barge, of Yarmouth, and Sarah Storrs, of Barnstable.

1696, Aug. 19, John Nickerson and Elizabeth Baker, of Yarmouth.

1696, Oct. 21, Richard Seers, of Yarmouth, and Bashaba Harlow, of Plymouth.

1696-7, Feb. 2, Samuel Hull and patience Rider.

1696-7, Mar. 16, John Allberson and Elezabeth Folland, both of Yarmouth.

1697, Nov. 18, Samuel Bidford, of Harwich, and Sarah Joans, of Yarmouth.

1698, June 20, Thomas Howes and Sarah Hedge, both of Yarmouth.

1698, Oct. 21, Thomas Whelding and Elizabeth Marchant, both of Yarmouth.

1698, Dec. 15, William Mathewes and Hannah Howes, both of Yarmouth.

1698, Nov. 10, John Thacher, of Yarmouth, and desier dimerecke, of Barnstable.

" Nov. 21, Joshua Holmes, of New London, and flear Sturges, of Yarmouth.

" Dec. 15, Thomas Haddamy and Sarah Baker, both of Yarmouth.

1698-9, Jan. 16, Benjamin Mathewes and Hannah Ride (r), both of Yarmouth.

1699, Apr. 6, Stephen Griffith, of Harwich, and Bebekah Rider, of Yarmouth.

" " 13, John Baker and Hannah Joans, both of Yarmouth.

" " 20, Ebenezer Howes and Sarah Gesham, both of Yarmouth.

1698, Dec. 1, Jonathan Wheildon and Marcy Taylor, both of Yarmouth.

1699, Apr. 27, Jeremiah Joans and Elesabeth Hall, both of Yarmouth.

" Oct. 18, Moses Hatch, of falmouth, and Elezabal Thacher, of Yarmouth.

1700, Aug. 22, Thomas Bray and Elasbeth Rider.

" " 29, Nathanael Hall and Jane More.

" Sept. 19, Joseph Seers and Hannah Hull.

" Oct. 17, Samuel Sturges and Mercy Howes.

" " 31, " " Storrs, of Windham, Juner, and Martha Burgess, of Yarmouth.

1700, Nov. 18, Thomas Tobe and Rebecah Knowles, both of Yarmouth.

" " 11, Bennet Broadbrook and Abigail Severans.

10. *Perry*.—Ezra,¹ of Sandwich; sub. 1644; m., Feb. 12, 1651, in S., Elizabeth, dau. of Thomas (d. Feb. 13, 1685, in S., et. 82) and Dorothy (d. Feb. 27, 1685) Burgess. Will (vol. 1, p. 33, Barn. Prob. Rec.) made Oct. 16, 1689; proved Apr. 18, 1690; names all his children. — Wil. Perry admitted Nov. 25, 1694, to 1st Church, Sandwich, Rev. Cotten. Ch. b. in S.:

1—i. Ezra,² Feb. 11, 1652; m. — Freeman.

2—ii. Deborah,² Nov. 28, 1654; m. Seth Pope.

3—iii. John,² Jan. 1, 1656; m. Elizabeth —.

4—iv. Samuel,² Mar. 15, 1667; m. Esther Taber.

5—v. Benjamin,² Jan. 15, 1670; m. Dinah —.

6—vi. Remember,² Jan. 1, 1676.

7—vii. Sarah,² —; m. Ephraim Swift.

1. Ezra,² d. Jan. 31, 1729-30, S.; admitted 1st Church, Aug. 23, 1719; on Fessenden's list, Jan. 3, 1729-30; probably was twice married. Will (vol. 4, p. 515, Barn. Prob. Rec.) made Sept. 21, 1728; proved Feb. 10, 1729-30—names wife, Rebecca; ch., Ebenezer, Samuel, Hannah, Ezra, Mary, Rebecca, wife of Jonathan Washburn; 3 chil'n, 7 gr. chil'n; Samuel and Edmond Muxom; Patience, Free love. Ch. b. in S.:

10—i. Ebenezer,³ b. Nov. 18, 1673—for descendants see p. 453, Paige's Hist. of Hardwick.

11—ii. Mary,³ Dec. 21, 1675.

12—iii. Pethiah,³ Jan. 15, 1676-7.

Ezra,² m (prob. 2nd,) Rebecca, dau. of Edmond (Edmond) and Rebecca (Prence) Freeman; she d. Apr. 16, 1738.

13—iv. Ezra,³ b. Feb. 2, 1679; m. Bethia —.

14—v. Hannah,³ b. Sept. 10, 1681—did she m. Jan. 13, 1703-4, in Sandwich, Samuel Morris?

15—vi. Edmund,³ Oct. 20, 1683.

16—vii. Free love,³ Nov. 28, 1685; adm. June 6, 1723, 1st Church, Sandwich.

17—viii. Samuel,³ Mar. 20, 1687-8; m. Sarah Leonard.

18—ix. Rebecca,³ Oct. 2, 1689; m. Jonathan Washburn.

19—x. Patience,³ Feb. 2, 1691-2; adm. July 24, 1720, 1st Church, Sandwich.

(To be continued.)

NOTE.—Anyone having any facts about this Perry family and descendants will please send them to the editor.

Queries.

1. *Case*.—John, of Windsor and Simsbury; m. Sarah, dau. of William and Agnes Spencer, of Hartford. Supposed to have settled in Windsor, 1656, and to have lived in Hartford previous to that. Would like to know something of him before 1656. A. P. C.

2. *Hall*.—John¹ (a 1st settler of Middletown, Ct.), by wife Esther had Samuel²; m. Elizabeth, dau. of Thomas Cooke, of Guilford, and had Samuel³; m. Sarah Hinsdale (she was of the family slain at Bloody Brook), dau. of Elder John White, and had Thomas⁴; m. Margaret, dau. of Ebenezer Hurlbut, of East Middletown, Ct., and had Samuel⁵ b. Sept. 25, 1742; m., Nov. 15, 1764, in Lebanon (Church), Ct., Mary Pratt; d. 1833, et. 49½. Who was this Mary Pratt? This couple resided in East Haddam, where he died, et. 85. S. H. C.

3. *Dickinson*.—Nathaniel; settled Weathersfield, Ct., 1634. From what part of Great Britain did he emigrate and when did he land? A. E. D.

4. *Barnes*.—John, b. 1708, in England; came, 1730, to Boston, Mass.; m., 1730, Miss Hesselton, of Boston. How or where can information be obtained concerning this John? Is anything known of the Hesseltons? Also can anything be found concerning the family of this John, viz., 3 daus., names unknown, and 4 sons, Joseph, Josiah, John and Amos. John, jr., b. 1749, went with his father to Quebec as a soldier; was also a revolutionary soldier. After the surrender of Quebec he returned to Boston, and in 1764 married Esther Blinn (of French descent), of Wethersfield, Ct. Information desired of the Blinn family. Aziel Barnes, son of John, jr., b. Aug. 21, 1767, in Stepany Parish, Ct.; m., June 14, 1792, Eleanor, dau. of Ebenezer and Lydia Cooley (prob. of Wethersfield). Record in family Bible begins thus: "My grandfather, John Barnes, was born in England, 1708; came to America, 1730; married a Miss Hesselton, of Boston; was a soldier under Wolfe at Quebec." R. M. T.
5. *Dunbar*.—Miles (son of John and Tryphena), b. either in Wallingford or Plymouth, Ct.; was five major in the Revolution. Moved from Plymouth after 1810 to N. Y. State. Where and when was he born? Where and when did he die? C. E. D.
6. *Lothrop*.—Elizabeth, dau. of Samuel, of Norwich, Ct., and gr. dau. of Rev. John, of Barnstable, Mass.; m., Dec. 15, 1669, Isaac Royce; and, according to Davis' Hist. of Wallingford, married, 1696, Ebenezer Clark. Was there a dau. Mary born of this last marriage? Was she the Mary Clark who married, 1727, Thomas Foster, of Wallingford? M. M.
7. *Coe*.—Abel, of Durham (first wife Adah Camp); moved to Granby or Hartland, Ct., about 1796; m. 2d wife and had Edgar. Who was the 2d wife? When married? When was Edgar born and when did Abel die and where buried? Abel, Sr., of Durham, m. Prudence ———. Who was she? E. C. S.
8. (a) *Studley*.—Noah (Alfred Andrews' Hist. New Britain, 1867, p. 137) "m., Nov. 2, 1749-50 Ruth, dau. of Thomas and Elizabeth (Macon) Norton, of Stratford;" and that Ruth was b. Mar. 11, 1725-6. Having been unable to find any record of a Macon family, I have concluded that it should be Mason. What is the ancestry of this Elizabeth Macon or Mason? In the Norton family genealogy I find that a Thomas Norton m. Elizabeth Mason at Stratford, May 8, 1671, but they were not the parents of Ruth. (b) *Porter*.—William, of Southington, Ct.; James of Lenox, Mass.; Seth, of Colebrook, Ct.; and Henry, of Norfolk, Mass. Who were the Porter ancestors of these brothers? Thomas m. at Hartford, Nov. 20, 1661, Sarah Hart. Who were his ancestors? (c) *Stillman*.—George, of Hatley, Mass., moved 1704 to Wethersfield, Ct.; wife Rebecca Smith. Who were his parents? T. H. L.
9. *Whelden*.—Catorne m. Oct. 9, 1639, in Eastham, Cape Cod, Giles Hopkins, son of Stephen, the Pilgrim. Who were her parents? Gabriel Wheldon, was licensed Sept. 2, 1638, to dwell at Mattacheese (Yarmouth), Cape Cod, and to have land there. He promises on Oct. 27, 1646, his assent to the marriage of his dau. Ruth to Richard Taylor (the tailor). Henry Wilden, m. Jan. 25, 1647, (Eed. ——— in Var. Sara Whilden, b. June 21, 1650, Y. In 1643, Henry Whelden was able to bear arms in Y.; d. Oct. 28, 1694 in Y. John Whilden sworn June 4, 1661. Apr. 29, 1676, John Whelden, Sr., contributes toward expenses of late war; d. Nov. 20, 1711, Y. Gabriel Whelden, Whelding or Wheldon, of Malden; wife Margaret, will Feb. 11, 1654, pro. Apr. 11, 1654. Thomas Whelding m. in Y., Oct. 21, 1698, Elizabeth Merchant. Jonathan Whelding m. in Y., Dec. 1, 1698, Marcy Taylor. Mary, wife of John, d. in Y., Dec. 10, 1700. Can any one help me straighten these out? J. C. W.
10. *Mirick*.—William, b. 1600. From whence did he come to America? Wife was Rebecca. Who were her parents? K. M.
11. *Cook*.—Alice, 2d wife of Rev. Timothy Stevens, of Glastonbury. Was she descended from Capt. Joseph Wadsworth? A. J. M.
12. *Vorth*.—David, of Berlin, Ct.; d. 1831; m. Salome (d. 1807), dau. of Josiah Wilcox, Jr., of Avon. The name was incorrectly printed WORTH on p. 195, vol. II. C. M. N.
13. *Swords*.—William, m. Anna, dau. of Matthew and Susanna Jones, of Boston, Mass.; she had brothers Matthew, Thomas and Ebenezer JONES; and sister Mercy, who m. Jan. 8, 1742, Ebenezer Youngman, Rev. Cotton Mather officiating. Mercy Youngman (widow in 1730) mar. Aug. 21, 1735, Samuel Rylands; she was again a widow in 1740. Widow Anna Swords, probably the above mentioned, kept the Crown Coffee House in 1750, near Merchant's row, on Tyng's wharf, property belonging to Governor Belcher. Who was this William Swords and were there any children by this marriage? J. F. S.
14. *Paine*.—Philip, New Haven, 1679; m. dau. of Capt. John Nash; moved to Northampton previous to 1690; lived there some years but moved back to Conn., and part of his days was of Windham. Desired: a record of his children born in New Haven and Northampton. Was he a son of William Paine who was in New Haven in 1643? E. P. R.
15. *Hakeman*.—John, d. 1661, at Hartford. Desired, the full date and his age, also the name of his wife, her age and date of her death. Wanted: a copy of the sermon preached before the assembly, at Hartford, in 1685? R. P. W.
16. (a) *Munson*.—Eunice (b. 1778; d. Dec. 3, 1845, aet. 67); m. about 1796; John (b. 1773, in Wolcott, Ct.), son of Nathaniel Sutliff. Both were buried in Woodtick cemetery. Wanted: the parentage and ancestry of Eunice Munson. (b) *Raymond*.—Riley, who lived for a great many years (and it is thought died) in New Hartford; m. Lucy, (bapt. Jan. 10, 1789) dau. of John and Lucy (Curtiss) Sutliff, about 1808. Who were the parents of Riley Raymond? F. A. S.
17. *Bunce*.—Charles, of East Hartford and Manchester (b. July 25, 1770), was son of Gideon Bunce, of Hartford (d. about 1790); had brothers, Israel, of Hartford and Manchester, and

George, of Hartford and New York. What was his ancestry? He married 1804, Anne Cadwell (b. July 2, 1776; d. Oct. 19, 1856, at Manchester). Her mother is known to have married first a Hills and second a Cadwell. From Hartford and East Hartford town records it is found that Hepzibah (widow of Ebenezer Hills and John Cadwell), d. Feb. 15, 1826, aet. 89. Was this widow the mother of Anne Cadwell? If so, what was her ancestry, and her husband's? H. F. T.

18. *Bartlett*.—Josiah (not Joseph, as on p. 290, vol. II.), signer of Declaration of Independence, is said to be of the same family as Rev. Horace Bartlett. Were any of the ancestry revolutionary soldiers? J. O. M.

19. *Arnold*.—Samuel, b. June 27, 1745, at Ludlow, Mass.; m. Dorcas, dau. of Deacon John Hubbard of Ellington Cong. Church, Conn.; d. at Somers, Ct., Oct. 8, 1797. Desired his ancestry and that of Deacon John Hubbard. (It appears by church book that he left Ellington while in office, and it is supposed he went to Ludlow, Mass., but it is not certain). L. H. P.

20. *Sherman*.—Roger (1721-1793), m. 1st, Elizabeth Hartwell; m. 2d, Rebecca Prescott; had 11 children.—John, Will, Isaac, Chloe, Oliver (never married), Rebecca, Elizabeth, Roger, Martha, Melitable and Sarah. Whom did his sons marry? What were the names of his gr. sons and their wives? L. H. C.

21. *Brown*.—Robert, of New Haven (b. March, 1736, d. Sept. 1807), son of Nathaniel and Olive Brown; m. 1st, Sarah Huggins of Branford; m. 2d, Mary Law of Milford. Did he ever serve in the Revolutionary War? The old family Bible has the entry "Captain Robert Brown," but nothing more is there stated. R. A. B.

22. *Williams*.—Benjamin, a Revolutionary soldier, enlisted probably from Conn.; he was a pensioner later, living in the town of Sterling, Ct. Sterling was set off from Voluntown, and it is supposed he enlisted from there. Can information be given that will enable me to join the S. A. R.? (You are advised to write the Pension Bureau, Washington, D. C.) J. E. P.

23. (a) *Winchell*.—Thankful, m. Jan. 10, 1725, Sam'l Peck, 3d, of Middletown (now Berlin or Kensington); she d. Jan. 6, 1762. Who were her ancestors?

(b) *Hopkins*.—Ruth, m. March 3, 1757, Sam'l Peck, 4th, of Kensington. Who were her ancestors?

The marriage is recorded on the record of Rev. Mr. Chapman, of Southington. On the baptismal record of Rev. Jer. Curtiss, of Southington, is written, Benj. ye son of Joseph Hopkins, of Kensington, Nov. 17, 1751. As these are the only two Hopkins names occurring on these records, was not Ruth the dau. of Joseph? S. A. P.

24. *Appleby*.—Rev. William. What was the name of his father? When and where was he born? He was a Church of England Rector who is supposed to have gone from Armagh,

Ireland, to St. David's, Wales, about 1808. By a 1st marriage he had Louisa, Mary, Elizabeth, Martha and Jane. Who was his 1st wife and whom did these girls marry? He m. 2d, about 1810, Jane Hicks. Who were her parents? They had bapt. at St. David's: I.—George, Feb. 9, 1811. II.—Sophia, Jan. 13, 1813. III.—William. IV.—Philemon, Aug. 8, 1816. V.—James. VI.—Thomas, Jan. 9, 1818. VII.—Samuel, Feb. 11, 1820. VIII.—Emma, Jan. 31, 1822. IX.—Thomas, Apr. 28, 1823. X.—Charles, Sept. 15, 1825. *Rev. William was a lay vicar in the Cathedral at St. David's. J. W. C.

25. (a) *Hurlbutt*.—Lient. Thomas, of Saybrook, Ct.; m., abt. 1639, Sarah ———; Thomas, 2nd, of Wethersfield, m. Lydia ——— and Elizabeth ———, respectively, about 1655-60 and 1679; Thomas, 3rd, of Wethersfield and Woodbury, m., abt. 1679; Gideon (d. 1754, aet. 54), of Woodbury and Greens Farms, m. Margaret. Desired, maiden names, ancestry, dates of birth, marriage and death, and the places thereof of the wives of the above Hurlbutts.

(b) *Wakely*.—Richard, of England, d. 1681, at Haddam, Ct. Who was his wife? His son Henry (d. 1690) m. Sarah. Was she a Crocker? What was her ancestry?

(c) *Lindall*.—Deacon Henry, of New Haven, d. 1660. Who was his wife? She afterwards m. Mr. Richards, and lived in Norwalk. Desired, her name, dates and ancestry.

(d) *Ketchum*.—Joseph, 1st, of Norwalk, m., April, 1679, Mercy Lindall. Was he the son of Edward, of Stratford? Desired, proof of such ancestry, or of Joseph's true ancestry, if he was not son of Edward, Rebecca, dau. of Edward, m., 1678, Thomas Taylor, of Norwalk. Joseph K. is said to have sold the land once owned by Edward Ketcham.

(e) *Budd*.—John, 2nd, of Rye, Westchester Co., N. Y., was son of Lieut. John, whose will, dated 1669, is in the Connecticut Colonial Records. Who was his wife? She was the mother of Mary; m., before 1670, Christopher, son of Rev. John Yonge, of Southold (see "Moore's Indexes" and "Baird's Rye"). What is the proof of Mary's parentage?

(f) *Platt*.—Sarah, m., about 1717-21, John Titus, Sr., of Huntington. Desired, proof of this marriage and her parentage.

(g) *Akerly*.—Benjamin, of Cow Neck (d. 1789); m. Elizabeth. Does any Avery record give her mother's name? Catherine Akerly m. probably between 1759 and 1772, on Long Island, to Joseph Avery. They had one son, Samuel. What was the name of Catherine's mother? L. D. A.

26. *Higgins*.—Daniel, m., 1743, in Eastham, Mass., to Ruth Rich, and afterward went to Connecticut; he died Oct. 8, 1749, aet. 27. What was his parentage? F. W. B.

27. *Strong*.—Betsey m., abt. 1805, Uri Manville, of Middlebury. Who were her parents? Did her father or grandfather serve in the revolution? N. D. P.

28. (a) *Talcott*.—Hezekiah, of Durham, Ct. (son of Lieut.-Col. John, of Hartford), m., 1711, Jemima Parsons, of Durham, and had John, Jemima, Mary, Ann, Rachel, Rhoda and Eu-

- nice. Was *Jemima Parsons* identical with *Jemima*, b. 1691, dau. of *Samuel* and *Rhoda* (Taylor) *Parsons*, who had, among others, a son *Ithamar*, b. 1707, at *Durham*?
- (b) *Dodd*.—*Edward*, of *Hartford* (son of *Edward* and *Lydia* [Flowers] *Dodd*), m., Mar. 14, 1744, *Rebecca Barnard*, and had *John*, *Elisha*, *Edward*, *Rebecca*, *Lydia*, *Ashbel*, *Lydia* again, and *Mary*. Was this *Rebecca Barnard* identical with *Rebecca*, hap. May 22, 1722, dau. of *Samuel* and *Sarah* (*Williamson*) *Barnard*, of *Hartford*?
- (c) *Dodd*.—*John*, son of *Edward* and *Rebecca* (*Barnard*) *Dodd*, b. Apr. 10, 1745; m., 1st (date unknown), *Sarah Benton*; m., 2nd, *Mary Steele*. *Sarah* (*Benton*) *Dodd*, d. Feb. 1775. Desired, her parentage.
29. *Morgan*.—*Thaddeus*, m., Jan. 1, 1800, *Anna*, dau. of *Dan*, *Biglow*. It is presumed they were married in *Chatham*, Ct. He was a soldier in 1812 war, enlisted in *New London*, August 23, 1814, discharged in *Groton*, Oct. 28, 1814, d. in *Marlborough*, Ct., Sept. 3, 1824. Presumed he was born near *Colchester*; he lived in *Marlborough* prior to his enlistment. What was the name of his father and mother? And his ancestry? R. A. G.
30. *Spaulding*.—*Joseph* (an early settler of *Middletown*, Vt.), b. about 1744 in Ct.; lived in *Plainfield*, *Canaan* and *Middletown*, Ct., before moving to *Vermont*. In his father's family there was himself, *Stephen*, *Samuel*, *John*, *Sarah*, *Hannah*, *Sibel* and *Susan*. He m. *Hullah*, dau. of *Timothy Hubbard*, of *Middletown*, Ct. Desired: information of the ancestry of *Joseph Spaulding* and *Timothy Hubbard*. H. J. W.
- 31 (a) *Betts*.—*Ann*, of *Ridgefield*, Ct., m. May 14, 1787, *Garrett Fountain*, of *Staten Island*, N. Y. Who were her parents? Did she have any brothers or sisters? If so, where do their descendants live?
- (b) *Harding*.—*Mary*, b. in *London*, England, April 20, 1782; came to *America* when quite young. Was an actress in *Boston*, Mass. She m. a Mr. *Clarke*, and had a dau (also an actress for a time) who m. a *Boston Gentleman* named *Kupper* (*Charles F.*, it is thought), a hardware merchant of *Boston*. She at once left the stage. Any information about *Mary Harding Clarke* and her descendants will be thankfully received by her nephew. W. A. H.
32. *Carver*.—*David*, said to have been born in *Bolton*, Ct., in 1729 (but doubted), m. *Amy Filer*, of *Hebron*, Ct., in 1749; was in *Hebron* 175— to 1794, then moved to *Granby*, Mass., and died there. Progenitor of *Hebron* and *Granby* families. Who were his parents? F. C. B.
33. Correction received too late for insertion in October number. On p. 400, Oct., '96, number, query 49 should be: *Sarah Moss* (not *Hall*) m. Jan. 18, 1775, *Capt. Ezra*, son of *Daniel* and *Elizabeth* (*Dayton*) *Doolittle* (*Prob. Rec.*, *Wallingford*, Ct., Vol. 21, p. 214). The name is incorrectly printed *Hall* in the *Tuttle Gen.*, *John*¹ *Moss*, *Wallingford*, 1667; d. 1707, et. 103; *John*², m., Dec. 12, 1676, *Martha* *Lathrop*; *John*³, b. Nov. 10, 1682, m., Feb. 28, 1708, *Elizabeth Hall*; *Joseph*⁴, b. Feb. 9, 1714, m., Feb. 4, 1735, *Lydia Jones*; *Sarah*⁵, b. Mar. 22, 1757, m. *Ezra Doolittle*. F. W. B.
34. *Waterman*.—*Amaziah*¹, m. and had *Richard*², m. and had *Richard*³, m. and had *Nathaniel*⁴, m. and had *Richard*⁵ (came from *Liverpool*, Eng., in ship *Lion*, with *Roger Williams*), m. and had *Resolved*⁶, m. *Mary* or *Mercy*, dau. of *Roger Williams*, and had *John*⁷, m. *Annie*, dau. of *Thomas Olney* and had *Col. Benoni*⁸, b. June 5, 1701, m. *Sarah*, dau. of *John Wicker*, and had *Col. John*⁹, b. Aug. 23, 1730, m. June 13, 1754. *Sarah*, dau. of *John Potter*, and had *Benjamin*¹⁰ (a minute man in the revolution), m. *Lucy*, dau. of *Ichabod Bowen*, of *Swanzy*, Mass., and had *John*¹¹, m. *Betsy Gleason* and had *Benoni Cook*¹², m. *Mary Spencer Parsons* and had; 1, *Alice*¹³, 2, *Herbert*¹⁴, 3, *Henry Parsons*¹⁵; 4, *Almira*¹⁶. Desired: dates, regiments in which those of the above (who were in the revolution) served. This is to help me become a member of the D. A. R. A. W.
35. (a) *Wellman*.—*Paul*, enlisted in *Capt. Aaron Stevens'* Company, *Colonel Heman Swift's* Regiment, April, 1777, for three years. He was a pensioner. Where was he born? Pension records at *Washington*, D. C., show that three *Wellmans* enlisted at the same time (spring of '77) in *Capt. Stevens'* Company—*Paul* from *New Haven County* (no town given), *John* from *Killingworth*, and *Barnabas* from *Killingworth*. Were they not brothers? *Paul*, b. April, 1758; *John* in 1760, and *Barnabas* in 1761. After the war *Paul* m. an *Eastman* (her first name is sought) and lived in *New Fairfield*, *Fairfield Co.*, Ct., for a few years until the wife died. Was she a daughter of *Azariah Eastman*, who was living there in 1745, and whose ten or eleven children were all born there? *Azariah* m. about 1740—2 *Ruth Jenkins*. When and where was *Azariah* born and who were his parents? *Paul Wellman* m. 2d *Abigail Wheeler*, of *New Fairfield*, and soon after moved to *Cairo*, N. Y., where several children were born; later he moved to *Walcott*, *Seneca County*, where his 2d wife died and where he married his third wife, and after her death he moved to *Mentz*, *Cayuga Co.*, N. Y., where he died.
- (b) *Hendricks*.—*John*, served in *Capt. Beardsley's* Company, of *Danbury*, Ct., in 1775. He lived in *New Fairfield*, Ct., and is supposed to be the eldest son of *John Hendricks*, who settled at *Chestnut Hill*, *Norwalk*, with his brothers *Elisha* and *Stephen* in 1735. The first *John* m., about 1753, *Enicce Nash* and had; 1, *Phebe*, b. 1754; 2, *John*, b. 1755-6; 3, *Molly*; 4, *Demark*; 5, *Betsy*. Is this supposed parentage correct? When did the *Hendricks* move from *Norwalk* to *New Fairfield*? Who were the parents of the first *John Hendricks* and where did they hail from? C. L. S.
36. *Smith*.—*Capt. Abner*, m. 2d *Deborah*, widow of *Jabez Brainard* ("who died at *White Plains*, Sept. 27, 1776"). *Capt. Smith* resided in *Cromwell* at the time of this second marriage, but the first was supposed to have been in *Haddam*. Desired: the maiden name of the first wife and time of the marriage. J. H. K.

37. (a) *Parsons*.—John, of Hartford Co., Ct., m. and had: 1, Sarah, b. abt. 1733, d. Jan. 26, 1813, m. June, 1776, Zachariah Hart, of Berlin, Ct. (b. 1734, d. 1811); 2, Lois, b. 1740, d. May 3, 1815, m. Aug. 4, 1757, d. Kensington, Ct., Elias Beckley, of Berlin, Ct. (b. 1735, d. 1816). Whom did John Parsons marry and who were his ancestors?

(b) *Hills*.—Eliz., born abt. 1732, d. Berlin, Ct., Nov. 6, 1804; m. Nov. 28, 1751, in Berlin, Ct., Edward Pattison, b. abt. 1730, Ireland, d. Dec. 22, 1787, Berlin. Desired: her ancestry.

(c) *Curtiss*.—Peter, b. 1712, d. Dec. 20, 1757, m. Nov. 22, 1732, in Wallingford, Ct., to Chestina (b. Apr. 18, 1714, Wallingford, Ct., d. Feb. 13, 1777), dau. of Eliphalet and Hannah (Beach) Parker. Desired: his ancestry.

(d) *Williams*.—Elizabeth, b. prob. Feb., 1776, d. Oct. 20, 1841, in New York City; m. John Hancock Douglas. M. D., b. Stephentown, N. Y., Apr. 26, 1776, d. Albany, N. Y., Dec. or Jan. 9, 1848-9, son of Wheeler Douglas, of Canaan, Ct., and Martha Rathbone, of Stonington, or Willington, Ct. Desired: dates and ancestry of Elizabeth. C. B. S.

38. *Wildman*.—Uz, d. Sept. 6, 1865, at. 92 yrs. 3 mos. 20 days; Eunice, his 1st wife, d. Feb. 16, 1828, at. 53; Sally was his 2d wife. What was his father's name? Did he have a sister Mary and whom did she marry? What was the maiden name of his mother and his two wives? A. M. W.

39. Near the line separating Carmel, N. Y., from South East N. Y., about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile above where the Light family resided (1877) there is a graveyard. The oldest date is Peter Hartwell, 1758. Opposite this cemetery there was once a church. Can any reader furnish me with a copy of the inscriptions? Also tell me where the church records can be found? A. V. S.

40. *Mackrory*.—Mary, rec'd 1st church, Dedham, Aug. 1, 1665. Mary bap., 1665, about Aug. 15. James bap. Feb. 1, 1666. David bap. Jan. 22, 1667-8. What became of this family? J. L.

41. *Upton*.—Thomas¹, (of Hartford and Farmington, d. July 19, 1655), m. and had Stephen², m. Mary Hart Lee and lived in Waterbury. John³, b. Dec. 13, 1702; m. Elizabeth, dau. of Dea. Thomas Judd, of Waterbury. Lived in

Farmington. Had John⁴, also Daniel⁴, b. 1726, d. June 11, 1782; lived in Wallingford and New Haven; m. Hannah, b. 1736, d. Jan. 28, 1806. (Desired: her maiden name.) Jesse⁵, b. 1754, d. 1833, m. Elizabeth⁵ Smith. Thomas¹ Smith, m. Elizabeth Pattison and had Thomas², m. Sarah Howe and had Thomas³, m. Abigail Goodsell and had Capt. Thomas⁴, m. Eunice Russell and had Elizabeth⁵.

BECKLEY GEN.

Mrs. Caroline Beckley Sheppard, of 130 West 43d street, N. Y. City, is engaged in compiling a record of the desc. of Sergt. Richard Beckley of New Haven and Wethersfield, 1639-1690; will be glad to receive any data outside of Wethersfield, Hartford and Berlin Town Records, which I have examined.

The month, day, year and place of every birth, marriage and death; the father's name (and ancestry as far as possible), and mother's full maiden name of every one marrying into the family; places of residence, account of children, offices held, schools and churches attended and military service, are what is desired. Any other information will be acceptable. If you should be unable to answer all that is requested, please do not neglect to send what you can to Mrs. Sheppard.

Particularly I desire to hear from descs. of

(a.) Lieut. John Beckley, son of John and Mary (Woodruff) Beckley, b. Dec. 22, 1732, Wethersfield, Ct., d. Feb. 14, 1776, m. Kensington, Ct., Jan. 17, 1758, Ruth Hubbard; had 5 daus., 2 sons, John and Asabel.

(b.) Daniel, son of Daniel and Ruth (Hart) Beckley, bp. June 18, 1758, Kensington, Ct.; had a son, Gordon.

(c.) Joseph, son of Joseph and Peele (Hancock) Beckley, b. May 3, 1749, Canaan, Ct., drowned there, 1812; m., Jan. 5, 1769, Jane Bosworth, of New Preston; had 5 sons: David, Jonathan, Joseph, Daniel and Solomon; and 3 daus. All moved from Canaan.

(d.) Joseph, son of Zebedee and Hannah Beckley, born Wethersfield, 1767-8.

(e.) Abraham, son Richard and Eliz. (Deming) Beckley, b. Wethersfield, Jan. 12, 1702, d. Feb. 2, 1784; m. Martha Heart and Deborah; had 1 dau.; 4 sons: Richard, Jason, Elijah and Isaac.



GRAVES FAMILY RECORDS FROM SUDBURY, MASS.

CONTRIBUTED BY JOSEPH FORSYTH SWORDS, OF HARTFORD, CONN.

BIRTHS.	NAME, "GRAVES."		
Samuel, son of Joseph* and Elizabeth,	born	Feb. 14, 1667.
Richard, " " " " "	"	Apr. 7, 1672.
John, " " " " "	"	May 10, 1674.
Mary, dau. of Joseph and Mary,	"	" 23, 1680.
Ebenezer, son of " " " "	"	Aug. 9, 1681.
Ebenezer, " " " " "	"	Feb. 28, 1682.
Jonathan, " Richard and Joanna,	"	Apr. 5, 1701.
Ketura, dau. of " " " "	"	" 30, 1703.
Lebbeus, son of " " " "	"	June 22, 1705.
Joanna, dau. of " " " "	"	Nov. 22, 1707.
Richard, son of " " " "	"	Sept. 9, 1709.
Abigail, dau. of " " " "	"	Apr. 22, 1714.
Josiah, son of " " " "	"	Feb. 7, 1717.
Mary, dau. of " " " "	"	Apr. 2, 1719.
Samuel, son of Samuel and Anna,	"	Oct. 3, 1703.
Ezra, " " " " "	"	Nov. 18, 1701.
Ebenezer, " " " " "	"	Dec. 24, 1704.
James, " " " " "	"	Feb. 1, 1707.
Mary, dau. of " " " " "	"	Aug. 10, 1708.
Micah, son of " " " " "	"	Mar. 21, 1710.
Thomas, " " " " "	"	Feb. 16, 1712.
Abigail, dau. of Ebenezer and Elizabeth,	"	May 8, 1705
Elizabeth and Hannah (twins), " "	"	Feb. 10, 1707
Miriam, dau. of John and Sarah,	"	Jan. 19, 1712.
Mary, " " " " "	"	July 18, 1714.
John, son of " " " " "	"	Jan. 27, 1720.
Susanna, dau. of ——— and Keturah,	"	Aug. 31, 1724.
Patience, " ——— " Abigail,	"	Jan. 13, 1733.
Jonathan, son of Jonathan and Judith,	"	July 13, 1729.
Martha, dau. of " " " "	"	Aug. 18, 1735.
William, son of " " " "	"	May 12, 1737.
Lydia, dau. of " " " "	"	" 1739.
Judith " " " Susanna,	"	May 24, 1741.
Submit, " " " " "	"	May 25, 1743.
William, son of Jonathan and Esther,	"	Oct. 29, 1751.
Rebecca, dau. of " " " "	"	Oct. 24, 1754.
William, son of " " " "	"	Mar. 24, 1757.
Judith, dau. of " " " "	"	Dec. 8, 1759.
Thaddeus, son of " " " "	"	May 19, 1762.
Catherine, dau. of " " " "	"	Apr. 23, 1765.
Silas, son of " " " " "	"	Apr. 20, 1768.

*Fourth son of Rear Admiral Thomas Graves, of Charlestown, Mass., 1605-1653.

Grace, dau. of Lebbeus and Amity (Whitney),	born Jan. 7, 1732.
Anna, " Samuel and Abial	" May 1, 1740.
Catherine, " " " "	" Sept. 16, 1741.
Sarah, " " " "	" Jan 21, 1744.
Reuben, son of Samuel and Mary,	" Nov. 22, 1763.
Sarah, dau. of " " "	" Mar. 17, 1769.
Elizabeth, dau. of Ezra and Rebecca,	" Apr. 12, 1740.
Anna, " " " "	" May 23, 1742.
Martha, " " " "	" " 19, 1745.
Elizabeth, " James and Elizabeth,	" " 16, 1741.
Samuel, son of " " "	" Aug. 29, 1743.
Micah, " " " "	" Apr. 2, 1748.
Lucy, dau. of " " " "	" Oct. 26, 1750.
Olive, " " " "	" Dec. 27, 1752.
Mercy, " " " "	" Nov. 12, 1755.
Patience, " Richard and Patience,	" June 9, 1742.
Jonathan, son of ——— " Judith,	" June 22, 1780.
Sarah, dau. of " " "	" Feb. 23, 1785.

MARRIAGES.

John Graves and Sarah Loker,	married, Oct. 10, 1710.
Elizabeth Graves and Peter King, of Worcester,	" Mar. 25, 1723.
Lebbeus Graves and Amity Whitney,	" Oct. 14, 1730.
Hannah Graves and William Rice,	" May 10, 1733.
Richard Graves and Patience Grout,	" Sept. 14, 1741.
Jonathan Graves and Susanna Graham,	" Feb. 13, 1739.
Jonathan Graves and Esther Perry,	" Oct. 17, 1750.
Abial Graves and Josiah Bennett, of Shrewsbury,	" Aug. 13, 1751.
Silence Graves and Benjamin Cory,	" Oct. 24, 1755.
Lydia Graves and Jason Glezen,	" Feb. 7, 1760.
Samuel Graves and Mary Farrar,	" May 19, 1763.
Submit Graves and Samuel Hunt,	" May 15, 1766.
Elizabeth Graves and Isaac Whittemore, of Weston,	" Aug. 15, 1765.
Micah Graves and Abigail Rice,	" July 17, 1777.
Judith Graves and John Green,	" May 12, 1799.
Sally Graves and Thaddeus Brown,	" Mar. 25, 1804.

DEATHS.

Joanna Graves, wife of Richard,	died, July 18, 1727.
Micah Graves,	" Oct. 15, 1730.
Ebenezer Graves,	" Oct. 17, 1730.
Ann Graves, dau. of Samuel p. & Abial,	" Apr. 15, 1742.
Ann Graves, wife of Samuel,	" Mar. 14, 1739.
Judith Graves, wife of Jonathan,	" Dec. 10, 1738.
Jonathan Graves,	" May 18, 1743.
Silas Graves,	" Feb. 7, 1835.

HISTORICAL NOTES.

A CONNECTICUT TEA PARTY.

Lyme, March 17, 1774.—Yesterday, one William Lamson, of Martha's Vineyard, came to this town with a bag of tea [about 100 wt.], on horseback, which he was peddling about the country. It appeared that he was about business which he supposed would render him obnoxious to the people, which gave reason to suspect that he had some of the detectable tea lately landed at Cape Cod; and, upon examination, it appeared to the satisfaction of all present to be a part of that very tea [though he declared that he purchased it of two gentlemen in Newport; one of them, 'tis said, is a custom-house officer, and the other captain of the fort]. Whereupon, a number of the Sons of Liberty assembled in the evening, kindled a fire, and committed its contents to the flames, where it was all consumed and the ashes buried on the spot, in testimony of their utter abhorrence of all tea subject to a duty for the purpose of raising a revenue in America—a laudable example for our brethren in Connecticut.—*Connecticut Journal, March 25, 1774.*

RIVER NAVIGATION.

We hear from Middletown that on the 21st inst. the Hartford fleet arrived there, consisting of two sloops and a scow, conveyed by a bateau from Springfield. The fleet was separated in the night of the 18th by a sudden squall, which took them as opened into a small brook, and occasioned much damage; one man bruised his finger cutting away a thowl pin on board the convoy, but is likely to recover. The convoy was obliged to bear away for Whingham, and by help of jury masts reached her port, where she is refitting; and it is thought she will be able to put to sea in a fortnight. One of the fleet struck upon a mud turtle, but happily no lives were lost. The scow came to anchor and rode out the storm. The same day arrived two scows from the other side of the river, with sand, after a fine passage of half an hour, the people all well on board.—*New London Gazette, No. 160, Dec. 5, 1766.*

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

Hartford, June 24, 1768.

Mr. Printer:—I wish you would put this into your newspaper for the complainant. *Sir,*—I was at Hartford a little while ago, and I see folks running about streets after the gentleman that belonged to the General Assembly; and I asked what it was for, and an old woman told me that they came a great way, matter of forty miles easterly to find fault with what the Assembly was going to do. And what I want of you is, to complain of it; for it does not seem clever to have them gentlemen pestered so by cats-paws, when we have got them to do all our business for us by themselves. And you know when folks have folks talking to them all the while, it will pester them. I wonder people will act so; if what I once read in a book is true,

"Know, villains, when such paltry slaves presume
To mix in treason; if the plot succeeds,
They're thrown neglected by."

—*New London Gazette, June 24, 1768.*

GRANT TO KING STREET BAPTIST CHURCH. DANBURY, CT.

[Copied by Wm. A. Eardeley-Thomas.]

To all people to whom these presents shall come greeting, Know ye that We Matthew Wilkes and Mary Wilkes his wife for the Consideration of that Regard for promoting and Maintaining the publick worship of God in a way which in our Consciences we think is agreeable to the word of God professing our Belief of the Order which is Called Baptists and being desirous that there may be a Sutable and Decent Building Erected for that purpose and having a peice of Ground which in the opinion of a Large number of the people of the Same profession with us Judge Sutable for to Erect a publick Building on also for a burying place adjoining—do give grant Quitclaim make over and Confirm unto the first Ecclesiastical Baptist Church in Danbury and to all Such as do now attend to and Belong; or that Shall at any time hereafter attend & Joyne to or Belong to the Said Church and Society forever a Certain peice of Land Lying at Kingstreet a place in Danbury so Called Containing about One acre be it more or Less—being the whole of what we Bought of Matthew Wilkes Jun^r the particular Boundaries being known and agreed upon—and is Bounded East & South by highway and on all other parts by the Said Matthew Jun^r other Land the Said Described peice to be appropriated to the Sole use and purpose above Described & that forever—and not to be Considered as the property of any person—but to the Said Church & Society as an Incorporated Body—

To have & to hold the above Granted and Released premises to the Said Church & Society with the appurtenances thereunto Belonging to the use & that only abovementioned—& also we the Said Matthew & Mary Wilkes do for our Selves our heirs Executors and administrators, Covenant with Said Church Society & with the Committee who are appointed & Desired to Receive Said Deed or the Committee who is or may be authorized to Erect a publick building on the Said Described peice of Ground—and their Successors in their Said Office that at and until the En-sealing of these presents we are well Seised of the premises as a good Indefeasible Estate in fee; Simple and have Good Rights to Give & Releas the Same in manner & form as is above written—and that the Same is free & Clear of all incumbrances whatsoever—and furthermore we the said Matthew & Mary Wilkes do by these presents Bound our Selves & our heirs forever to warrant to & Defend the above Granted & Released premises to them the Said Church & Society & that forever in witness whereof we have Set to our hands and Seals the 29th day of March AD 1786,

Signed Sealed & Delivered
in presence of —

MATTHEW WILKES ○
her
MARY × WILKES ○
mark

MATTHEW WILKES JUN
ELI MYGATT

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

Contributed by Francis H. Richards, of Hartford.

[Copied from the *Connecticut Courant*, of July 3, 1841.]

From the *New Haven Herald*, June 24.

The following correspondence between a veteran of the Revolution and the Hon. Daniel Webster, has been for some time in our hands, but as it can never be out of place we take this opportunity to improve it. It is pleasant to see that some of the remnant of those "days that tried men's souls" are still imbued with the patriotic spirit which inspired them in the battlefield, and to see them offer their testimony to the character and principles of those who follow them. The communication was handed us by Deacon Beers, of this city, a lieutenant in the Revolutionary army. His correspondent, Col. Richards, was also a Revolutionary officer, formerly of Farmington, in this state, but now of the Wyoming Valley—a man whose patriotism is not of yesterday—whose talent is not hid in a napkin, nor his light under a bushel.

To the Editors of the *New Haven Herald*:

Gentlemen:—The following correspondence between the Hon. Daniel Webster and myself, showing the views he, with Presidents Harrison and Tyler, and a host of others less conspicuous, but not less sincere and ardent, entertained of the necessity of the administration of our government being restored back to the principles of the constitution, as entertained by Washington and the other framers of it, expressed by them and handed down to us. It has been suggested to me as being fit and proper that it should be published in some respectable public journal; and if your views coincide with the suggestion, you are at liberty to insert it in your widely circulating paper.

My letter to Mr. Beers, enclosing the copies, is as follows:

Wilkesbarre, Dec. 7, 1840.

Nathan Beers, Esq., Dear Sir:—Viewing you as virtually interested in a recent correspondence I have had with the Hon. Daniel Webster, I take the liberty of sending you a copy of it; you knowing my regular standing for a number of years as secretary of the meetings of the officers.

Far retired as I am, I would not remain an unconcerned spectator of the efforts making to effect the great civil revolution just closed; and I rejoice in the result generally, and particularly in contemplating the high standard of Connecticut, through and in the result of the struggle.

Our number being so far diminished, let us estimate the few remaining ones as were the Sybeline leaves—the more precious.

Respectfully and affectionately yours,

SAMUEL RICHARDS.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Sept. 20, 1840.

Hon. Daniel Webster, Sir:—The official and honorable duty which so appropriately devolved on you to perform as chairman of the Bunker Hill Convention, on the 10th inst., it appears afforded you another opportunity of bearing honorable testimony to the services of the soldiers of the Revolutionary army, and as one who served from the commencement to the end of the war, I respond with a lively sense of gratitude to your justice and magnanimity exhibited in their cause, not only on that occasion, but more efficiently on all occasions in Congress, when their cause was brought up to view. These services and exertions

were appreciated, and received honorable recognition at our various meetings held in New Haven and Hartford, in Connecticut, and although no occasion has arisen for me, as an official organ, to address you, my official correspondence having been with the Hon. Mr. Sergeant and other chairmen of committees of Congress for the time being, but at no time have I lost sight of your preëminent and successful services in the cause you espoused.

When I look down the vista and count the names of the 229 members of the society of Cincinnati of the Connecticut line, I see but nine survivors, and none but myself who entered the service in '75 excepting Colonel Trumbull, who was standing by my side during the Bunker Hill battle, he as well as myself being a volunteer. The other survivors came in at a later period.

And, now, sir, I pray you to accept my just tribute of gratitude for all your exertions in the cause of those who sustained the trials and sacrifices of that eventful period.

I am now in a state of retirement, and almost oblivion, in the valley of Wyoming, retaining and cherishing those principles of my political creed which I inhaled at the effusion which burst on receiving, in New York in 1776, news of the declaration of independence, and which were matured on my taking the oath at the adoption of the Federal Constitution—those radical principles you so nobly sustain, and for which those whose cause you have so worthily espoused and contended for. When I reflect on your constancy and untiring perseverance, I trust there is no need for me to repeat the injunction of General Washington to us at the moment previous to the expected battle on Long Island in '76. Being near him, I distinctly recollect his saying: "Remember what you are contending for." On advertent to history, my political faith wants a prop to support it against fears that our republic will pursue the same downward course of others which have gone before it; but I hope the time may be long before another Cato shall be driven to a similar act of desperation on the loss of his country's liberty.

This being probably my only intercourse with you, I do with great earnestness and sincerity, at the age of eighty-seven, tender you my patriarchal benediction.

SAMUEL RICHARDS.

Boston, Nov. 9, 1840.

My Dear Sir:—I was truly happy to receive your letter of the 29th of September. I hope never to fail in duty to those to whose patriotism and bravery we owe our independence; and nothing is more gratifying to me than that the revolutionary characters who still survive should find reason to approve my public conduct. I hope, my dear sir, that though quite advanced, you may yet live to enjoy your faculties and your friends, and to rejoice in the prosperity of your country.

A great civil revolution, my dear sir, has at length been accomplished in the country; I devoutly hope it may turn to good; I desire to see a return to sound and sober principles, to tried and honest patriotism, and to well tried systems of public administration. I wish a government full of the spirit and wisdom of Washington, or at least honestly inclined to follow his grand example.

I thank you, my dear sir, for your kind sentiments and your patriarchal benediction. I offer you, in return, my regards and most sincere good wishes.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. SAMUEL RICHARDS.

A GLASTONBURY STORY.

(Contributed by Sarah A. Hyde, of Springfield Mass., to whom the facts related in the following were told by Mr. Talcott, in 1844.)

Little Asa Talcott, six years old, sat between his grandparents at the dinner table.

While the grandfather was asking God's blessing on the meal, there came a quick rap at the door, and when the amen was said, Asa jumped down to open it.

There stood a tall soldier in his regimentals, who said: "Captain Talcott, General Washington will be at Welles Corner in just half an hour, and expects you to meet him there," and hastened on.

No dinner for Captain Talcott that day, but with the words, "Thank God! I shall see him once more," he rose, shaved, put on his uniform, and was soon ready to set out.

Little Asa, watching by the door, slipped his hand into his grandfather's.

"Come back, Asa," called out his grandmother. "No, wife, let him come, may be he will never have another chance to see the General."

So, as they strode down the village street, almost a mile, Asa kept shouting to every playmate he saw, "I'm going to see General Washington," and on they followed till Captain Talcott reached the corner. There were a score or more of boys in his train.

All was quiet there, but away to the south was a cloud of dust moving rapidly toward them. Soon it disclosed the forms of General Washington and his suite, on horseback.

At the corner they halted, and Washington, flinging the bridle to his orderly, dismounted, and threw his arms about Captain Talcott's neck. The veteran, who had been one of his bodyguard four years of the war, sobbed aloud.

They stood for a few moments there, then Washington remounted.

Putting his hand in his pocket, he flung a handful of silver change among the boys saying: "There, lads, is something for you to remember me by."

Asa picked up four bits, but parted with them all to boys, less fortunate, till only one remained; then he saw the smallest in the company crying: "Do let me look at yours; I wish I could have had just one," and slipped it into his hand with a pang.

"What little fellow is that, Captain Talcott?"

"My grandson, General."

"I thought he was a chip of the old block. Just lift him up here."

So his grandfather set little Asa on the pommel of General Washington's saddle, who said: "Now, hold both your hands." The hero poured into them a pile of silver, saying: "Keep that to remember General Washington."

A moment more and the cavalcade passed on. Captain Talcott returned home, with orders to join Washington next morning and accompany him the rest of his progress through New England.

HARTFORD'S OLD BURYING GROUND.

(Contributed by Mary K. Talcott.)

So many readers of THE CONNECTICUT QUARTERLY have ancestors lying in the graves in the old burying ground behind the First or Center Church, in Hartford, that I wish to call their attention to the work that has been begun there of pre-

serving and restoring the monuments. This work has been inaugurated by the Ruth Wyllys Chapter, D. A. R., and we hope that the stirring appeal of the regent, Mrs. Holcombe, and the report of the committee appointed by the Chapter, showing the great need of immediate care, if any monuments are to be preserved for future generations to see, may inspire others to follow up the good work begun. In those cases where the monuments are too far gone for any hope of restoring them, it has been suggested that reproductions of the old stones should be set up, and several families have already arranged to have monuments erected, and others are planning to send out circulars to interest the numerous descendants elsewhere. For these ancient worthies have descendants all over our country, many of whom take an intense interest and pride in tracing back their lineage to the colonists who came with Hooker through the wilderness to the banks of the Connecticut. Many of them, indeed, base their claims to entrance into the societies of colonial wars and colonial dames on the services of these ancestors, who have until recently lain forgotten in this quiet graveyard. Surely these, at least, will be moved to pay respect to the memory of those men and women who by their wisdom, courage and fortitude did so much to make this government "by the people and for the people" a possible thing. Let us not forget that Hooker, the author of the first written constitution, and Haynes, his able coadjutor in the civil authority, and the first governor of Connecticut, lie here. Three other of our early governors are also buried here. Wyllys, Leete and Talcott, Secretary John Allyn, "Mr. Secretary Stanly," the three Wyllys secretaries of state, father, son and grandson, and many others of importance and note in their day. It is intended to publish in pamphlet form a copy of the sexton's list of burials from 1750 to 1801, and a few other records of deaths at an earlier period, thus enabling people to find out to a certain extent whether they have ancestors buried in the old burying ground or not. But almost all people of Connecticut descent must trace their ancestry to some one of the early settlers of Hartford, the lines of their descendants branch out in so many directions. Evidently the people who came across the ocean to the "wilderness country," so far from the green fields and hedgerows of their native England, believed that "Westward the star of empire takes its course," and inculcated that belief upon their descendants, for no sooner was the way open for pioneer settlements than they began to migrate toward the Pacific Ocean. First in the "Western Lands," in their own colony of Connecticut, then into New York state after the Revolutionary War, through the region west of the Hudson and the "Genesee country," open to other inhabitants than roving Indians and wild animals, and a few traders; then to the fertile fields of the New Connecticut, the Western Reserve of Ohio, where lands were granted to Revolutionary soldiers; then on, still further west, to the broad prairies and the shores of the Great Lakes and the banks of the Mississippi. All over this country, now so flourishing and thickly populated, may be found descendants of the first settlers of the old town of Hartford, and we hope this appeal may move some of them to join in the movement to care for and preserve the memorials of their brave ancestors, who endured the hardships and perils necessarily encountered by the

founders of a new country. All interested are requested to communicate with the chairman of the committee appointed by the Ruth Wyllys

Chapter, Mrs. W. N. Pelton, 793 Asylum avenue, or the registrar, Miss M. K. Talcott, 815 Asylum avenue.

FROM THE SOCIETIES.

RUTH WYLLYS CHAPTER, D. A. R., OF HARTFORD.

At a meeting of the Ruth Wyllys Chapter, held on the afternoon of December 10, the Rev. Frank S. Child, of Fairfield, read an interesting paper entitled "Liberty Tea, or Women of the Revolution." Mr. Child's writings upon the revolutionary period have been listened to with great pleasure by the members of various chapters of the Daughters of the Revolution.

EUNICE DENNIE BURR CHAPTER, D. A. R., OF FAIRFIELD.

This chapter was organized on April 19, 1894, at the house of Mrs. W. B. Glover, with the following officers: Mrs. W. B. Glover, regent; Mrs. Henry C. Sturges, vice regent; Miss Hobart, historian; Miss Morehouse, registrar; Miss Bulkley, corresponding secretary; Miss Wakeman, recording secretary; Mrs. W. M. Bulkley, treasurer.

It was voted to call this the Eunice Dennie Burr Chapter, in memory of one of our ancestors, who was devoted to the interests of her country and native town. Mrs. Burr was the daughter of James and Eunice Sturges Dennie, granddaughter of Albert and Elizabeth Wakeman Dennie, and great-granddaughter of the Rev. Samuel and Anna Goodrich Wakeman. The Rev. Samuel Wakeman being the second pastor of the First Church of Christ in Fairfield.

Eunice Dennie married, March 22, 1759, Thaddeus Burr, of Fairfield, who was one of the committee to receive the dispatches from Boston to New York after the battle of Lexington.

When the British came to burn the town of Fairfield, Mrs. Burr remained in her house, hoping to save it from being destroyed, but her request was refused, and her house and everything in it was burned. It was rebuilt and is still standing. Mrs. Burr gave to the church, of which she was a member, real estate, which was sold, and now forms a fund for the church.

The charter of the chapter is framed in oak taken from beams in the colonial houses of Miss Hobart and Mrs. W. B. Glover, and black walnut from a tree on the ancestral grounds of Miss Gould, the great-granddaughter of Col. Gould. This frame is elaborately carved and surmounted by an eagle, underneath a role representing the constitution. The states are joined with a band indicating union and strength. A shield is placed under these emblems.

HANNAH HOBART, Historian.

FREELove BALDWIN STOW CHAPTER, D. A. R., OF MILFORD.

This chapter was organized on March 27, 1896, and named for the wife of the "Milford Martyr," Steven Stow, who gave four sons to serve in the war for independence, and who also lost his life by disease contracted while he was taking care of sick and wounded soldiers.

The first meeting of the chapter was held on the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17. The exercises were appropriate for the day, and were followed by a pleasant social hour.

On September 19 the centennial anniversary of Washington's Farewell Address to the people of the United States was celebrated by a reception to the Connecticut officers of the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Sons of the American Revolution, Sons of Colonial Wars, and the Grand Army post of Milford. At the First Congregational church the following programme was given: Organ prelude of national airs, by Miss Smith; prayer by state chaplain, Mrs. Bulkley; address of welcome by chapter regent, Mrs. Mary Hepburn Smith; response by state regent, Mrs. Sara T. Kinney; a tribute to Washington, by Mrs. Henry Morse; the reading of Washington's Farewell Address, by Mrs. Mary Merwin Timbballs.

The church was profusely decorated with national and colonial colors and flowers. Lunch was served in the parlors, where old-fashioned furniture was displayed, and guests were taken to places of historic interest in Milford.

ANNA WARNER BAILEY CHAPTER, D. A. R., OF GROTON.

On September 16th, the annual meeting of the Anna Warner Bailey Chapter took place at Daisy Crest, over Groton.

The usual reports were read. Mrs. Cuthbert Harrison Slocomb, who has so faithfully served as Chapter Regent for three years, was urged to continue in that office. Mrs. Slocomb, while expressing readiness to work "off the throne," positively declined reelection, and recommended Mrs. Clara B. Whitman as her successor. The following officers were elected: Regent, Mrs. Clara B. Whitman; vice regent, Miss Sarah H. Morgan; treasurer, Mrs. Belton A. Copp; secretary, Miss Cora V. Avery; assistant secretary, Miss Clara B. Morgan; registrar, Mrs. John O. Spicer; vice registrar, Mrs. F. B. Noyes; historian, Mrs. Eva Hart Palmer; assistant historian, Miss Lucy P. Butler; board of management, Mrs. C. H. Slocomb, Miss Julia E. Smith, Mrs. Daniel Latham, Mrs. Byron O'Brien.

ESTHER STANLEY CHAPTER, D. A. R., OF NEW BRITAIN.

On Friday afternoon, Jan. 8, 1897, the annual meeting of the Esther Stanley Chapter, D. A. R., of New Britain, was held at the home of Mrs. John B. Talcott, where the members were handsomely entertained by the hostess.

Mrs. Charles J. Parker gave a paper on "Ancestry," and Mrs. C. B. Peet, of New Haven, gave a full account of the organization at Washington of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Officers for the ensuing

year were chosen, as follows: Regent, Mrs. F. N. Stanley; vice regent, Mrs. J. A. Pickett; secretary, Mrs. William P. Felt; historian, Mrs. Charles J. Parker; registrar, Miss Mary S. Whittlesey; treasurer, Mrs. H. B. Boardman; auditor, Mrs. H. D. Humphrey; advisory board, Miss Alice G. Stanley, Miss Katherine A. Stanley, Mrs. Chas. Peck and Mrs. T. W. Wilbor. There was a large attendance, and the occasion was much enjoyed by all.

KATHERINE GAYLORD CHAPTER, D. A. R.,
OF BRISTOL.

The Katherine Gaylord Chapter, of Bristol, Conn., held their third annual meeting on Saturday, Oct. 31st, for the purpose of electing officers.

It was a matter of great regret to all that the organizing regent, Mrs. A. J. Muzzy, was not eligible for reelection, her term of office having expired. All recognized that the success of the Chapter had been largely due to her untiring efforts for its well being. The result of the election was as follows: Miss Clara Lee Bowman, regent; Miss M. Jennie Atwood, vice regent; Mrs. W. E. Goodwin, recording secretary; Mrs. W. S. Ingraham, corresponding secretary; Mrs. B. F. Judd, treasurer; Miss Laura E. Seymour, registrar; Miss Mary P. Root, historian; Mrs. A. J. Muzzy, Mrs. W. E. Sessions, Mrs. E. B. Dunbar, Mrs. W. C. Ladd, advisory board.

At the November meeting, on Saturday, the 28th, a program was given, appropriate to the Thanksgiving season, and papers read upon the customs and habits of the past. A description and example of old time music was given by Miss Ida C. Sessions and illustrated by the Glee Club, which proved very interesting, and our historian, Miss Root, read the first of a series of papers upon "Old Burying Grounds in Bristol and the inhabitants thereof," which all appreciated because of its local interest.

The Chapter has received a present of a chair once owned by Katherine Gaylord, and in recognition of the gift they have voted to present a modern chair to the donor, Mr. Edward P. Spencer of New Hartford, who is the great-grandson of the Chapter's heroine.

CLARA LEE BOWMAN, Regent.

Friday, October 30, 1896, the regents of the chapters of the D. A. R., of Connecticut, attended a reception given by the regent of the Esther Stanley chapter at her residence, New Britain.

SONS OF THE REVOLUTION IN THE STATE OF CONNECTICUT.

A meeting of the board of managers of the Sons of the Revolution was held in Hartford, November 25. The following members were elected: Captain C. S. Cotton, U. S. N.; C. S. Cotton, Jr., Seattle, Washington; Henry Hooker, Kensington; C. B. Mason and J. E. Miller, of Danbury.

CHILDREN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

On August 20 the Children of the American Revolution, Samuel Ward Society, of Westerly, R. I., and the William Latham, Jr., Society, of Stonington, Conn., were given a lawn party at the home of Miss Julia E. Smith, of Westerly. The old house is historic, and a fit place in which to teach patriotism. It was here that Dr. Joshua Babcock, in Revolutionary days, entertained the

great patriots; and Franklin and Washington are said to have been his guests.

Addresses were given by Professor Charles L. Bristol, of New York University, who gave an interesting sketch of the battle of Saratoga; Mr. William H. Doane, of Cincinnati, who followed with a short speech on The Duty of Patriotism; and Judge Richard Wheeler, of Stonington, who gave an interesting account of the life and work of Dr. Joshua Babcock, and of his intimate acquaintance with Benjamin Franklin, also some incidents of the career of Col. Harry Babcock.

After singing "America," the company assembled on the lawn, where refreshments were served and a social hour enjoyed.

COLONIAL DAMES.

The Connecticut Society of the Colonial Dames of America held its annual meeting at the C. H. Colt Memorial House, on November 17. Mrs. Elizabeth H. Colt, who has been the president of the society since its organization, presided. Mrs. Charles F. Johnson and Mrs. George W. Beach, of Hartford, were the secretaries. The present membership is 230. The regular reports were presented.

Mrs. Johnson made a report concerning the state badge of the society. The design is from Mrs. Colt, and consists of a figure of the Charter Oak, beneath which is the inscription, "Connecticut Society of the Colonial Dames of America."

The announcement that Mrs. Colt could not again assume the responsibilities of leadership of the society was received with deep regret by all present.

The following officers were elected: President; Miss Harriet Wadsworth Terry, of New Haven, first vice president, Mrs. Frank W. Cheney, South Manchester; second vice president, Miss Margaret Sill Hubbard, Middletown.

Managers—Mrs. Knight D. Cheney, South Manchester; Mrs. Julia Loomis Havenmeyer, Hartford; Mrs. Eli Whitney, New Haven; Mrs. James M. Hoppin, Jr., New Haven; Mrs. Frank D. Glazier, South Glastonbury.

Nominating Committee—Miss Elizabeth L. Hamersley, Hartford; Mrs. Jonathan B. Bunce, Hartford; Miss Ellen F. Hooker, Hartford; Mrs. J. M. B. Dwight, New Haven; Mrs. Charles A. White, New Haven; Mrs. William Beebe, New Haven; Mrs. Lafayette Foster, New Haven.

THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY MAYFLOWER DESCENDANTS.

The New England Society of Mayflower Descendants, which was incorporated in New London, Conn., on March 7, 1896, has completed the first months of its existence with a growing membership that alike speaks well for the high aims of the society and the interest which our present generation feels in what of piety, freedom and virtue it has received from the Pilgrims. The states are represented as follows among the society's members: Connecticut, 38; New York, 7; Illinois, 5; District of Columbia, 5; New Jersey, 1; Massachusetts, 1; Ohio, 1; and France by our vice consul at Lyons. There are a number of applications from new states upon which the society has not been able to take action.

The articles of the constitution relating to the forming of branch or local organizations provide that seven or more members of the society residing in any town or county (in any state or terri-

tory) of the United States may send a written request to the board of managers asking authority to associate as a branch of the society in such town or county, and the board of managers may grant the request. Each branch may have a presiding officer, to be known as deputy governor, and such other officers, except governor, elder and captain as the branch may choose. No person can be admitted into a branch as a member until after his admission into the General Society, and any member suspended or expelled, or in any way losing membership in the General Society, shall thereupon cease to be a member of the branch. The branch can provide for its own government, provided its rules and regulations do not conflict with those of the General Society.

The crest which the society has adopted for its stationery represents the ship Mayflower at anchor with sails furled. In the foreground the top of the famous rock just appears among the breakers, and below this a graceful scroll bearing the words "Plymouth, 1620," binds together sprays of hawthorne and arbutus, the May flowers of the old and the new England.

The corresponding secretary of the society is Mr. Percy C. Eggleston, New London, Conn., and inquiries in regard to membership may be addressed to him. P. C. E.

MILITARY ORDER FOREIGN WARS.

The annual meeting and banquet of the Military Order of Foreign Wars, U. S., was held in Hartford, December 16. The following officers were elected: Commander, Hon. M. G. Bulkeley; vice commander, A. F. Dalafield, Noroton; secretary, Rev. H. N. Wayne, New Britain; registrar, S. J. Barlow; treasurer, Hon. Erastus Gay, Farmington; chaplain, Rev. Alexander Hamilton, Lyons Plains; companions of the council, Col. H. C. Morgan, Col. W. E. A. Bulkeley and E. J. Huntington.

THE HEARTHSTONE CLUB OF HARTFORD.

The following programme of study has been arranged for 1896-7 by the Hearthstone Club:

1. *Current Topic*: Vacation Schools.
Subject: The Settlement of the Three River Towns.—The Pequot War.

2. *Current Topic*: The Drama.
Subject: Constitution of 1639.
3. *Current Topic*: Woman's Work.
Subject: Connecticut in the Colonial Wars.
4. *Current Topic*: Science.
Subject: Connecticut in the War of the Revolution.
5. *Current Topic*: Art Posters.
Subject: Connecticut in the War of the Revolution. (Concluded.)
6. Celebration in honor of the Heroic Women of Connecticut in the Revolution.
7. *Current Topic*: Books.
Subject: Connecticut in the Constitutional Convention of 1787.
8. *Current Topic*: The latest Mechanical Inventions
Subject: Connecticut in the War of 1812. The Hartford Convention.
9. *Current Topic*: Foreign News.
Subject: Constitution of 1818 and its Amendments.
10. *Current Topics*: New methods in Medicine and Surgery.
Subject: The Evolution of the Town and Borough.
11. *Current Topic*: Public Playgrounds for Children.
Subject: The City Government of Hartford.
12. *Current Topic*: Municipal Ownership of Street Lighting Plants.
Subject: The City Government of Hartford. (Continued.)
13. *Current Topic*: Municipal Ownership of Street Railways.
Subject: The City Government of Hartford. (Concluded.)
14. Annual Meeting.
15. *Current Topic*: Economics.
Subject: Miscellaneous.
16. Closing Entertainment.



PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

With this issue we begin the third year of *THE QUARTERLY*. That the people of Connecticut recognize its value is evidenced by the large number of renewals and new subscribers already on our books, showing the appreciation and the local pride they take in the publication.

During 1896 our circulation was more than doubled over that of 1895. It is our hope to still further increase this in 1897, by publishing the best magazine we possibly can. We have a very attractive and valuable line of articles already arranged for, and with the increased number of pages and illustrations can promise that all will get the full value of its price. Besides New London and New Haven, cities represented in this number, we are planning to represent Norwich, Bridgeport and Hartford.

These cities and others, together with articles on various towns, and subjects of general and absorbing interest will combine to make *THE QUARTERLY* a most valuable work in a field peculiarly its own.

Attention is called to our proposition to reprint Vol. I. if we get enough subscriptions to warrant. The price, as explained in No. 4, Vol. II., will be \$1.00 for the volume (four numbers bound in one), in paper cover, and 10 cts. extra for postage. We are keeping a list of names of those notifying us they wish this volume, and will announce in our next number whether we have gotten a sufficient number to reprint it or not. We hope for the benefit of all who have Vol. II. and who wish the complete set, to get the requisite number.

As announced in our last number, the price of back numbers after January 1st, 1897, would be the same as present price of the magazine, 25 cents each.

We have a few Nos. 1 and 2 of Vol. II., which we can supply at this price.

Of numbers 3 and 4 we are unfortunately out, though we printed a large edition—enough, we thought, to meet all demands. While we shall endeavor to have enough to supply all requirements of the 1897 numbers, it will assist us in gauging the probable demand if those wishing them will subscribe early.

We have introduced as a new feature for the year the publication of a Quarterly Calendar, to be bound in each magazine, perforated and eyeleted, so it can be removed and hung up. Each quarter will have a new design drawn and especially prepared for *THE QUARTERLY*.

Anyone who has subscribed for *THE QUARTERLY* and has not received the numbers paid for will confer a favor by informing us. We want all subscribers to receive the magazine. Some subscriptions, we understand, were paid to one of our former agents, W. E. Hawkins, that have not been filled. The receipt stubs were lost, and not turned into the office, so we have no means of knowing the names. We have tried to find out as many as we could, and have succeeded in getting several, but think there are a few yet outstanding. Any who hold the receipts and have not received magazines will please send their receipts to us at Hartford, and we will send the magazines immediately.

BOOK NOTES.

"Proceedings of the Second General Reunion of the descendants of Captain Thomas Munson, August 19, 1896," received from Rev. Myron A. Munson, of New Haven, is an ideal record of a family reunion, giving as it does all the addresses in full, which are quite interesting, list of attendants, and other information concerning the family.

A Souvenir of the 14th C. V. Excursion to Battlefields and Reunion at Antietam,

September, 1891, by Rev. H. S. Stevens, of Washington, D. C., the chaplain of the regiment, is a model of its kind. Of 120 pages and seventy-six illustrations of battlefields and places visited, bound in cloth, it certainly is a valuable and attractive souvenir of the trip, which is not alone interesting to the participants, but to the general reader, especially the Grand Army man everywhere for the historical information it contains.

"The Colonial Parson," by Rev. Frank Samuel Child, author of that interesting and popular book, "An Old New England Town," has been published by the Baker & Taylor Co., of New York. It is a book of original scope, the subject, though apparently so common, never before having been taken up and so thoroughly analyzed in its various phases, showing the agricultural, the political, the literary parsons, the parson as a scholar, a preacher, a man, an ancestor, and the composite parson of Colonial New England. What makes the book of more than usual interest to the general reader are the skillfully interwoven anecdotes illustrating the various points the author brings out. For instance, the chapter on "The Parson as a Scholar," begins:

"A story is told concerning Thomas Parker, of Newbury, which illustrates the condition of scholarship among the parsons. The theological opinions of this minister did not altogether approve themselves to his brethren. The brethren, therefore, visited him and engaged in argument. They spoke in English and he replied in Latin. They took up the argument in Latin and he answered it in Greek. They continued it in Greek and he fled to Hebrew. They followed him into Hebrew and he clinched the matter in Arabic. This was truly a clincher for them, since Arabic was beyond their acquirements. The incident gives a fair conception of the scholastic conditions which prevailed among the parsons."

While many are the illustrations of like import, which add to the charm of the book, the scholarly treatment of his subject throughout, in its many bearings, can not fail to strengthen the high position Mr. Child already has among Connecticut's writers. (The Baker & Taylor Co., 5 and 7 East Sixteenth St., New York; 12mo., cloth, gilt top, \$1.25.)

Mr. Frederick H. Cogswell, of New Haven, has long been the recognized authority on the regicides. His new book by that title would lead us to expect a rare treat, especially as it is an historical novel, and his ability as a story writer has before this been demonstrated. If there is any surprise in the perusal of this book proving different from preconceived opinion, it will be a happy one, for the book exceeds expectations in its vivid portrayal of the early colonial times, its realistic features, and its absorbing interest.

It is not easy to picture to one's mind the conditions of primitive times in our colonies—however much they be described in plain narrative—and remember the details, as a story of this kind

will do it. One can not help having a vivid conception of the life and scenes of that period after reading this book.

The fidelity to historical fact, and the cleverness with which all the essential points connected with the lives of Whalley and Goffe, while they were in the vicinity of New Haven, are brought in by Mr. Cogswell, are not the least features in giving this book a permanent value. The completeness with which the author pictures the times can be illustrated by a little scene thrown in as a side light. A box of books has just arrived at minister Davenport's from London:

"A new edition of Shakespeare!" exclaimed Master Davenport, as he drew forth a handsome folio. "A good beginning."

"John looked at his father with an amused smile. He knew of some Puritan clergymen who would have hidden that volume, even from their sons, and devoured it in secret.

"Milton!" said John, making a dive at the box, while the minister turned the leaves of Shakespeare. "I wonder if he hath written anything new. Comus—L'Allegro—Il Penseroso—Arcades—Lycidas—a few shorter ones. Yes, here are some new ones, but I see not the longer poem that General Goffe spoke of."

"The one he calls Paradise Lost? It can not be finished yet. Goffe said it was to be the work of his life. Milton writes slowly, and at a great disadvantage since he lost his sight."

"What a loss that he should have given the best years of his life to the Commonwealth, leaving only a cheerless old age to write in!"

"The years he spent as Latin Secretary to the Commonwealth were not thrown away. Time hath ripened his powers, and what they have lost in fire they have gained in richness and depth."

"If his Paradise Lost proves better than his shorter poems, I must have it soon as it is out," said John, who slept with Milton under his pillow, and could repeat Comus by heart.

"Here is Ben Jonson, and here is Cowley, and here is ———"

"Pass me Cowley," said the minister. "Is it a complete edition? So it is—1656. I remember seeing his schoolboy 'Poetic Blossoms,' a fifteen-year-old production, long before New Haven had even been dreamed of. He is a rank royalist, and has been living in France as secretary to the queen, but I hear he is back in London since the restoration."

"The compleat Angler, by Isak Walton." "What can this be?" said John, bringing out a curious looking folio.

"My old friend and parishioner, Walton," replied the minister, "and hath he written a book? Sure enough. Well, it is doubtless a good one, for I verily believe Isak is the best fisherman alive!"

This is but one of many examples in the book, showing the careful study Mr. Cogswell has given his subject and the well-rounded character of the work. (The Baker & Taylor Co.; 12mo., cloth, gilt top, \$1.50.)



THE PHOENIX

Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn.

STATEMENT, JANUARY 1, 1897.

Cash Capital,	-	-	-	-	-	-	\$2,000,000.00
Reserve for Re-Insurance,	-	-	-	-	-	-	2,197,341.46
Reserve for Outstanding Losses,	-	-	-	-	-	-	392,412.39
Net Surplus,	-	-	-	-	-	-	730,511.57
Total Assets,	-	-	-	-	-	-	\$5,320,265.42

Total Losses Paid, \$39,739,174.81.

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<i>Cash Assets,</i>	11,431,184.21
<i>Total Liabilities,</i>	3,581,196.16
<i>Net Surplus,</i>	3,849,988.05
<i>Losses Paid in 78 Years,</i>	79,198,979.38

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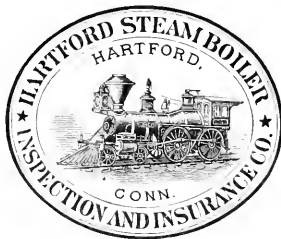
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Illustrated Articles
 in this Number : ❧ ❧ ❧

- A New Haven Church.*
- The Old Whaling Port,*
- Lake Waramaug.*
- Wolcott,*
- The Convention Troops in Connecticut,*
- Prehistoric Remains of
 the Tunxis Valley.*
- Etc., Etc.*

Contents on Second Page.

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Devoted to the Literature, History, and Picturesque Features
of Connecticut

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY

BY THE CONNECTICUT QUARTERLY COMPANY

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HARTFORD, CONN.

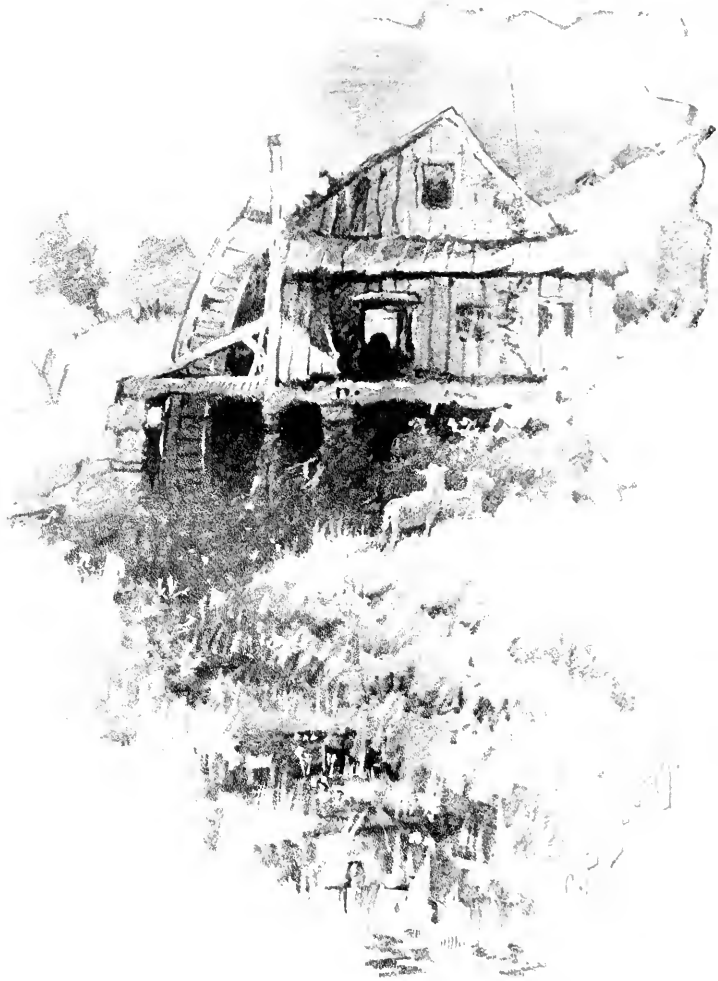
CONTENTS.

Vol. III

April, May, June, 1897.

No. 2

The Old Mill.	Drawing by Charles Russell Loomis	<i>Frontispiece.</i>
A New Haven Church.	Illustrated.	<i>Ellen Strong Bartlett.</i> 123
What the Drinking Fountain Said.	Poem. Illus.	<i>Sherman W. Adams.</i> 142
The Convention Troops in Connecticut.	Illus.	<i>Mary K. Stevens.</i> 144
Prehistoric Remains of the Tunxis Valley.	Illus.	<i>Frederick H. Williams.</i> 150
The Old Mill.	Poem. Illustrated.	<i>Charles Russell Loomis.</i> 166
A Ministry of a Hundred Years Ago.	<i>Joseph W. Backus.</i> 167
The Fair Trader's Voyage.	Story.	<i>Josephine R. Baker.</i> 178
A Lesson in Life.	Poem.	<i>Grace Irene Chafee.</i> 183
Early Rules of Yale.	Copied and Annotated by	<i>Edwin Stanley Welles.</i> 184
Involution.	Poem.	<i>Delia B. Ward.</i> 189
Connecticut and Virginia a Century Ago.	Illus.	<i>James N. Granger.</i> 190
A Twilight in Spring.	Poem.	<i>Catherine C. Clark.</i> 198
The Wolcott Plateau.	Illustrated.	<i>Milo Leon Norton.</i> 199
Planting Time.	Poem. Illustrated.	<i>John Rossiter.</i> 205
The Old Whaling Port.	Illustrated	<i>Charlotte Molyneux Holloway.</i> 206
Three Killingly Boys.	Illustrated.	<i>Ellen D. Larned.</i> 221
Lake Waramaug.	Illustrated.	<i>Myron E. Cahles.</i> 227
Departments.—GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT		235
DESCENDANTS OF WILLIAM CHASE OF YARMOUTH.		241
HISTORICAL NOTES.		247
FROM THE SOCIETIES.		247
PUBLISHER'S NOTES.		250



The Connecticut Quarterly.

"Leave not your native land behind."—*Thou shalt.*

SECOND QUARTER.

VOL. III.

APRIL, MAY, JUNE, 1897.

NO. 2.



A NEW HAVEN CHURCH.

BY ELLEN STRONG BARRETT.

THE Center Church in New Haven has been fitly called a "time-piece of the centuries," and the stranger who worships there may well find his eyes roving over the dial marks on its venerable walls.

In mediæval times the church walls displayed the pictured Bible story to all who entered; this church in the New World bears a synopsis of a colony's history.

Over the entrance is a concise statement of the main facts of the founding of the town. This tablet was prepared by the Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon before he retired from his active ministry, and, in a small space, it is significant with the story of the "coeval beginning of the church and town." On a corner of the building is a tablet bearing the dates of the four successive buildings which have sheltered an unbroken succession of worshippers from the organization until now—1640, 1670, 1757, 1814.

Thus this spot is hallowed by the continuous public worship of more than two centuries and a half.

The first simple structure, a few yards in front of the present building, was the center to which all turned to hear the illustrious London divines, or for discussion of the questions, theological, political and social, which agitated that miniature world.

Hither came up the Sabbath worshippers at the first and second beating of the drum; and woe to the careless or irreverent wight who was late, or absent from the service. He was promptly rebuked and fined, even when provided with excuses such as clothes wet in Saturday's rain, and no fire by which to dry them!

Here paced the sentinels armed against Indian attack, and here resounded Sternhold and Hopkins's version of the Psalms "lined off."

Alas! we learn that not the force of exhortation and example, nor the solemnity of danger, could altogether counteract the evil suggestions lurking in "water myllions."*

Here it was that the children were huddled on the pulpit stairs during the service. Not even the thunders of pulpit eloquence nor the chill of a fireless house suffice the irrepressible spirit of childhood; after long-continued efforts to stop the disturbance, the children were wisely sent back to their parents.

That the Sabings in warm fruits of their taken to the Here it was port, when it that the messenger King would hand, eager the regicides, ley and Goffe brave words tion to "engagers, for have entered unawares," afterward sincerity of sheltering in his own month. What sagacity, and exhibited by one in that



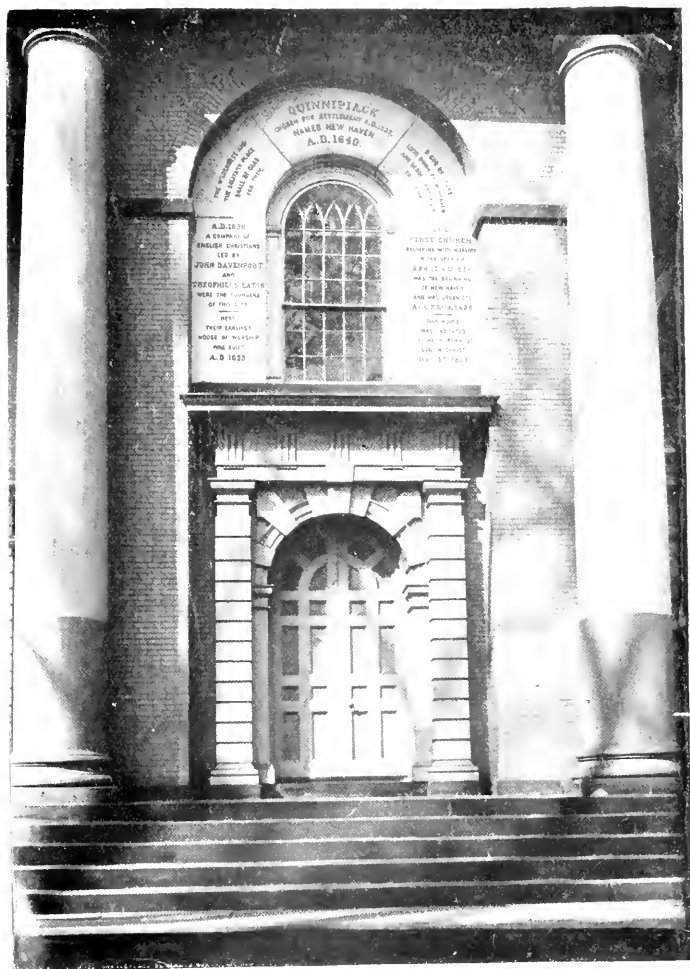
THE CENTER CHURCH, NEW HAVEN.

it was that, somewhat later, the messengers of the King were edified in the midst of their search for the judges by another Sabbath discourse by Davenport on the text: "Hide the outcasts; bewray not him that wandereth; let mine outcasts dwell with thee, Moab; be thou a covert to them from the

* "Wm. Pert was warned to the Court for taking water myllions one Lords day out of Mr. Hooks lot his ansvere was that his Mr sent him to see whether there were any hoggs within the fence and to bring home a watter milion with him he being bid to goe through Mr. Hooks lott after the Saboth Fe took 2 watter millions he said it was the first act of his in this kind and hoped it would be the last. For his unrighteousnesse & profanesse of his sperit & way soe somethus to doe after the Saboth he was to be publicly corrected although moderately because his repentance did appeare."

ed to restrain
sible spirit of
ter divers
ed public ef-
the disturb-
dren were
back to their
Here it was
bath offer-
pum and the
fields were
deacons' seat.
that Daven-
was known
sengers of the
soon be at
to search for
Cols. What-
uttered his
of exhorta-
ertain stran-
thereby some
tained angels
The preacher
proved the
his words by
the fugitives
house for a
coolness, and
courage were
that tiny col-
crisis! Here

face of the spoiler" Fearlessness so magnificent as that must have made the home government quite willing to act against New Haven when the charter struggle came up.



THE ENTRANCE

Among the worshippers in the second house of God was that "James Davids" around whom lingered a halo of mystery; for his dignity, his reserve, his

evident culture and means made the curious surmise what was disclosed after his death, that he was John Dixwell, one of the three judges. His grave is



THE MEMORIAL WINDOW.

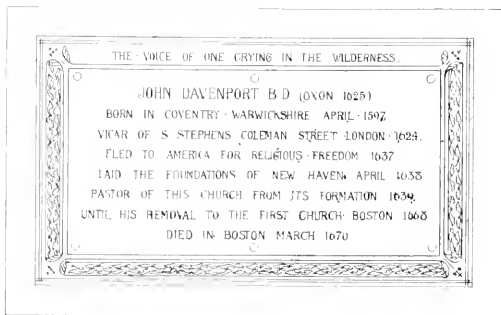
immediately back of the church, and there may be seen what is left of the original headstone. The inscription was:

"J. D., Esqr.
Deceased March 5th 18th in 82^d year
of his age, 1688-6."

The monument erected in 1847 by the descendants of Dixwell, commemorates their appreciation of the kindness shown to their distinguished ancestor by the inhabitants of New Haven, and sets forth the main facts of his career.

On the same walls is a tablet in memory of a man second to Eaton only, Stephen Goodyear, the first deputy governor, who is buried in London; and another which explains that until 1796 the first church yard was here, extending from the church to College street.

The third building, known as the "brick meeting-house," seems to have been removed, not on account of age or decay, but because increasing prosperity demanded something larger and better. The present one on the same spot, claims one's interest more for its associations than for pretensions to architectural beauty. True to the London origin of the early settlement, this church was built with St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, on Trafalgar Square, as its model.



See Foot Note.

At the rear of the church are more tablets; one in memory of Theophilus Eaton, the first governor of the colony, who died in 1657, and is buried near the church wall, outside of the pulpit window. This was the successful London "merchant of great credit and fashion," who, in company with Davenport, the friend of his childhood, led the company of pioneers from London to Quinipiack. He was the son of a famous minister of Coventry, had been in business, had traveled extensively, and had represented Charles I at the court of Denmark.

He had with good advantage more than once stood before kings; his "princely face and port," his judgment and astonishing equanimity, his sincere religion made such an impression on his generation that only death ended his governorship of eighteen years.

His was one of the houses "better than those of Boston," which astonished visitors by their size and comfort; his "Turkey carpets, and tapestry carpets and rugs," his servants, and generally opulent style of living are matters of record.

The loss of property, the trials caused by a phenomenally ill-tempered wife, by disappointed hopes, and by the death of his loved ones, were all met with the fortitude expressed in his lofty maxim, "Some count it a great matter to die well, but I am sure it is a greater matter to live well."

The monument which showed the honor in which Eaton was held by his townsmen has been removed to the Grove Street Cemetery.

This and the nine following cuts are fac-similes of the memorial tablets on the walls of the audience room.

In the vestibule of the church may be seen the names of the one hundred and twenty who sleep below. On entering, one is taken to the past by memorial brasses, and the light streams through the window which tells in color the story of the first sermon "in the wilderness" of New Haven.

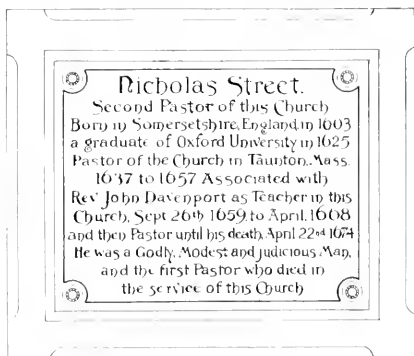


The "colonial" setting frames the historic scene. John Davenport, under the cross-vaulting of the noble oak, dressed as befitted the dignity of his position, in velvet, with cloak hanging on his shoulder, seems to point with uplifted hand to that continuing city which his hearers knew they had not yet found. The white-haired but sturdy Eaton leaning on his gun while reverently bowing to the preacher's words, the armed men, and the women and children ready to share the peril and the enthusiasm of the new enterprise, give the whole story of the mingled devotion and warfare which characterized

the New England settler's life. At the base, the seven-branched candlestick and the seven columns symbolize the famous "seven pillars" who were chosen in the meeting in Robert Newman's barn in 1639, thus beginning the church in New Haven. They were Theophilus Eaton, John Davenport, Robert Newman, Matthew Gilbert, Thomas Fugill, John Punderson, and Jeremiah Dixon.*

On the right is the record of the life of the leader of the colony, John Davenport, B. D. (Oxon, 1625).

There comes to the minds' eye the early home in leafy Warwickshire, in the days when Shakespeare was alive, the scholar's haunts at Oxford, the crowds listening to the brilliant young preacher at St. Stephen's, the stress of parting with home and friends, the weary voyage, the high hopes of a model commonwealth, the disappointments, the end of all in another home.



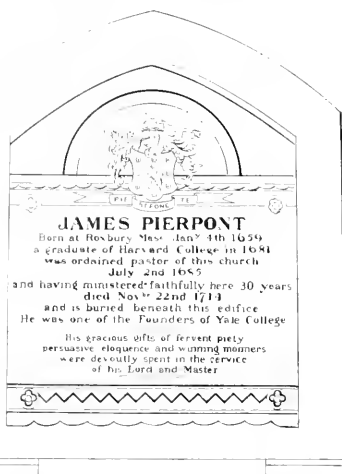
*This beautiful window is the gift of Mr. E. Hayes Trowbridge, in memory of his father, Ezekiel Hayes Trowbridge, a descendant of one of the founders of the church. The design, so happy in conception and execution, was made by Lauber, and the work was personally superintended by Louis Tiffany. The two thousand and three hundred and twenty pieces which compose it melt in the sunlight into a rich picture, and modern art once more unites with filial respect to perpetuate the memory of the past.

He seems to have liked to have his own way; perhaps his disappointments were as deep as his hopes were high; but he was lofty in nature, high-bred and scholarly. His unabated love of study won for him from the Indians the name of "big study man." That in those times he left more than a thousand dollars' worth of books shows how large a place they held in his esteem. He was one of the most learned of the seventy English divines who migrated hither, and, more than that, was in advance of his fellow emigrants, for he was ready to cast off allegiance to the King and Parliament, and so to establish an independent state. His work was not in vain, we can see now, and the impress of his character has not yet faded from the city that he founded.

On the south side of the church is the tablet to William Hooke, the friend and chaplain of Cromwell. He was in the church in the wilderness for twelve years as "teacher," an office for some time co-existent with that of preacher, a token of the thoroughness of the religious training of the colonists. He was a gentle, scholarly man, who must have been also fervid in his pulpit oratory.

His sermons may still be read; they had such ear-catching titles as "New England's Teares for Old England's Feares." Cromwell was his wife's cousin, and Whalley was her brother. The learned Hooke, driven from England on account of religious opinion, was led by his intimate friendship with the Great Protector to return during the commonwealth to that land which he called "Old England, dear England still in divers respects, left indeed by us in our persons, but never yet forsaken in

our affections." There he was domestic chaplain of Cromwell in his palace of Whitehall, and was master of the Savoy Hospital, an institution noted for its con-



TO THE MEMORY OF

JOSEPH NOYES,

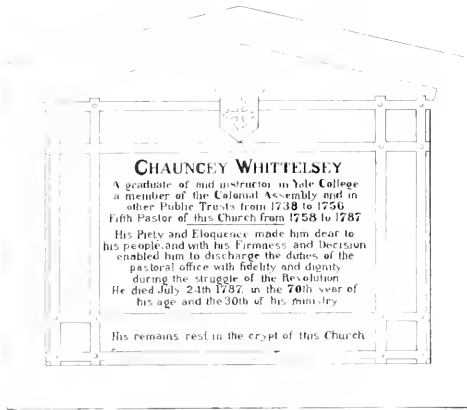
BORN IN STONINGTON OCT. 16. 1688. ✦ DIED JUNE 14. 1761
GRADUATE OF AND AN INSTRUCTOR IN YALE COLLEGE
PASTOR OF THIS FIRST CHURCH
1716 — 1761

His Ministry was marked by ecclesiastical controversies, and by social and political changes which led to the formation of a second Church, the establishment of a separate worship in Yale College and the organization of an Episcopal Church

By his sagacity and prudence he retained to old age the confidence and affection of those who remained faithful to this, the Mother Church.

HIS REMAINS REST BENEATH THIS EDIFICE.

nection with the "Savoy Confession" of the Congregationalists, and as having been the episcopal palace of London. But the sun of his prosperity sunk with the Commonwealth. After a few years the Commonwealth was a thing of the



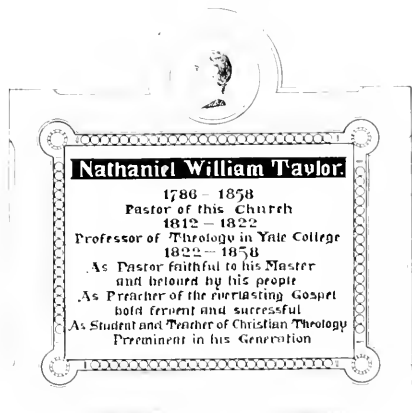
This was one of the inducements which influenced the choice of the abiding place of the struggling, peripatetic college. The church finally leased it to the college for nine hundred and ninety-nine years. It was the plan of Davenport that the "rector's house" should stand there; and there all the rectors and presidents of Yale, from Cutler to the elder Dwight, lived.

Near by is the tablet for Nicholas Street, the third Oxonian on the list. His early history was for a long time uncertain, but we now know that he was matriculated at Oxford when eighteen (2 Nov., 1621 ?), and that he was the son of "Nicholas Streate of Bridgewater, gent," who owned "the ancient estate in Rowbarton near Taunton," according to a will dated Nov. 1, 1616. This estate had formed part of the manor of Canon Street, which belonged to the Priory of Taunton before the dissolution of the monasteries, and it is now absorbed in the city of Taunton, a name which must have been pleasant in his ears in the New World.

He it was who said, in time of perplexing negotiations, "The answer should be of faith, and not of fear." His son was for nearly forty-five years pastor in Wallingford, and the Augustus Street who gave the building to the

past, and Hooke passed the rest of his life in more or less danger, resting at last in Bunhill Fields, the "Westminster Abbey of the Puritans."

His parting gift to the church which he loved was his "home lot," on the southwest corner of College and Chapel streets, "to be a standing maintenance either towards a teaching officer, schoolmaster or the benefit of the poor in fellowship."



Yale Art School was a lineal descendant, another instance of the momentum given by the desire of the founders to make New Haven a collegiate town.

Around Mr. Pierpont's name associations cluster thickly. He was the first American-born pastor, he passed nearly all his public life here, and harmony and success attended him. To be sure, he was early and often a widower, but he was fortunate in selecting all three wives from the highest families of the little land, as became one who is said to have been nearly connected with the Earls of Kingston.

That is a pathetic little story about his bride, the granddaughter of John Davenport, going to church on a chill November day, arrayed according to the custom for the first Sunday after marriage, in her wedding-gown, catching cold, and dying in three months.

We can see the pretty girl entering the little, bare meeting-house, flushed with pleasure and pride in the new position of wife of the handsome young minister,

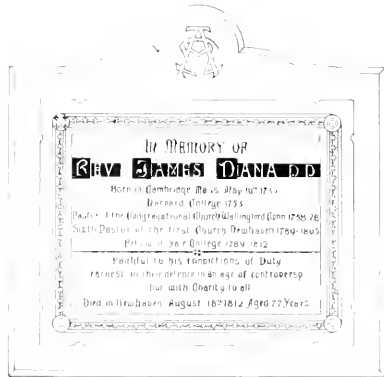
a position that she might almost feel she had inherited; and then, pale with cold, trying to make her neighbors' furtive and admiring glances at her finery take the place of the good log-fire she had left at home, and unflinchingly disdaining to outrage propriety by leaving before the service was finished.

Poor thing! She did not foresee that that winter's snows would enwrap her in the adjoining burying ground.

But Mr. Pierpont recovered, and married, two years later, Sarah Haynes, of Hartford, a granddaughter of Governor Haynes; but she died a little more than two years after, and again he married a Hartford girl, granddaughter of the renowned Rev. Thomas Hooker, the pastor and leader of the Connecticut colony. She survived Mr. Pierpont many years. For him was built, by the contributions of the people,

that spacious house which stood for a hundred years on the corner of Temple and Elm streets, and it was a gift to the young pastor that the "Pierpont Elms," long the oldest in the city, were brought from Hamden.

Mr. Pierpont's surest title to remembrance is that he was "one of the



founders of Yale College." He was one of the famous ten ministers who made the memorable contribution of volumes from their own scanty stock to found a college library. He was indefatigable in building up that which he had begun, and it was on account of his persuasions, exercised through Mr. Dummer, Connecticut agent in London, that Elihu Yale sent the gift which made his name a household word.

But his influence on the college world did not stop there. The alliance of the Hooker and the Pierpont families was notable in itself, but was made still more illustrious in their descendants. The daughter of James Pierpont and Mary Hooker, the beautiful and saintly Sarah, married the great Jonathan Edwards. Thus Mr. Pierpont was the ancestor of the second President Jonathan Edwards of Princeton, of the elder President Dwight, of President Aaron Burr, as well as of Aaron Burr the younger, of President Woolsey, of the present honored President Dwight, of Theodore Winthrop, and of a brilliant array of distinguished members of the families bearing those names.

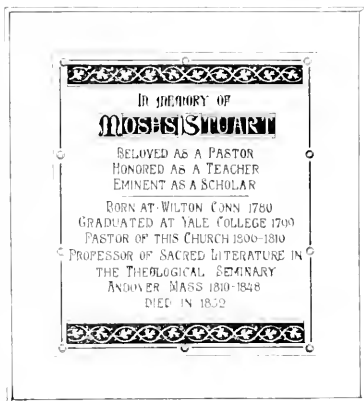
The name of Mr. Noyes brings up the religious disputes in which party feeling ran high and divisions, liberal and figurative, were the result. Of him it has been wittily said that his force seemed to be chiefly centrifugal; but who could have been a determining center for so erratic an outburst of "new lights" and "old" as disturbed the theological-political firmament in his time?

Mr. Noyes was the son and grandson of ministers in New England, and he had officiated with great success as instructor in the young college for five years before becoming pastor. All these men were scholars, easily and frequently reading the Bible in its original languages for greater clearness in explanation.

Their salaries were delivered to them in such fruits of the earth, or houses and lands, as their parishioners could muster in that age of barter.

The benign Mr. Whittlesey came with tranquilizing effect on the distraught people; but instead of church controversies, he had to guide his flock through the momentous conflict with the mother state, and "old lights" and "new lights" burned together in one steady flame of patriotism. It was to the "brick meeting-house" that Wooster marched his men for a final ministerial benediction, and there, after waiting outside until informed of the absence of Mr. Whittlesey, he led them into the church, ascended the pulpit, and himself expounded to his soldiers those holy words which he deemed would fortify them best; then, in unbroken order, they marched out across the Green, and so away to war.

Mr. Whittlesey belonged to the "Brahmin caste," being the son of an able minister and the great-grandson of the noted President Chauncey of Harvard. He was "well acquainted with Latin, Greek and Hebrew — — and with the



general cyclopædia of literature, — — and amassed, by laborious reading, a great treasure of wisdom." "For literature he was in his day oracular at college, for he taught with facility and success in every branch of knowledge."

Through all the troubles of the Revolution, the Sabbath service failed not here.

Dr. Dana's ministry looked backward to the eighteenth century, forward to the nineteenth; and struggles were in view on either side. To quote Dr. Smyth, "Mr. Dana was a recognized champion of the old divinity, and behold! a new divinity was already on the threshold of the century upon which he had entered."

The newcomer was Moses Stuart, whose brilliant talents made him a power, whether in New Haven or Andover.

Dr. Taylor, so remarkable an expounder of theology that the church had



BAPTISMAL BOWL AND COMMUNION CUPS.

to surrender him to the college, was one more of the long list of learned and profoundly moving divines whose memorials are here. In his pastorate, these present walls were reared.

And of Dr. Bacon, born for leadership, what words can be more descriptive than the concise and beautiful lines that keep his memory fresh?

He explored the perishing records of the past and brought to our view those ancient divines, his predecessors, who live and move again in his pages. His energetic, enthusiastic nature communicated itself to all around him. From that pulpit he delivered his message to his people, and from it, after he had ceased to preside in it, he looked forth on the congregation, the fire not dimmed in his eye, wrapped in his fur-lined mantle, reminding one of the prophets of old.

The communion silver belonging to this church, and in present use, is itself worthy of a place in a collection of antiques, and it would be hard to find its equal in this country. All of the cups are the gifts of individuals, and eight of them are of historic interest and have been in use for many years.

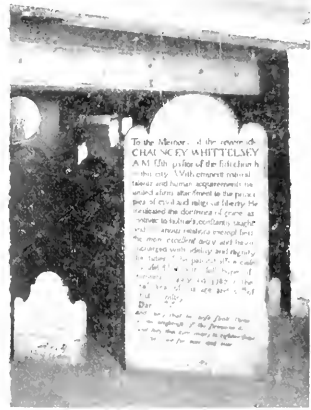
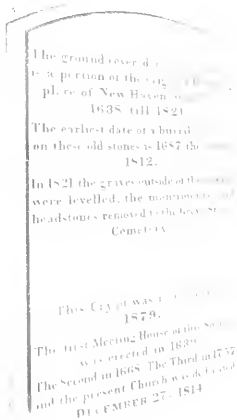
Probably the first gift of this kind to this church was the cup marked, "Given by Mr. Jno. Potter to N. haven chh." Records were not very complete then, but we know that John Potter was at the famous meeting in Mr. Newman's barn, in 1639, and that he died in 1646, leaving an estate valued at £25. Of this amount, nearly a sixth, £4, was directed to the purchase of this cup.

A pair of cups were probably given in a similar way by Henry Glover and his wife, Ellen. He died in 1689. The inscription is "The Gift of H. & E. Glover to y^e chh. in N. hav."

Another was given a little later by "Mrs. Ab. Mansfield," daughter of Thomas Yale. She bequeathed "four pounds in cash to be laid out by the deacons of said church to buy a cup for the use of the Lord's Table."

Again we see, "The Gift of Jn^o Hodson to N. Havⁿ chh. 1690." John Hodshon, or Hudson, or Holson, was a rich Barbadoes trader, who bequeathed to the church £5 in silver to buy this cup. He is buried in the crypt below the church.

One is "The Gift of Mrs. Abigail Davenport to the first chh. in New Haven. 1718." Mrs. Davenport was the daughter of the Rev. Abraham Pier-



AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE CRYPT.

son, of Branford, sister of Abraham Pierson, the first rector of Yale, and wife of John Davenport, the only son of the Rev. John Davenport. She died in 1717, and bequeathed "unto the church of new haven, my silver candle cup, desiring a cup to be made thereof for the service of the church." Very fortunately, the last wish was not carried out, and the cup remains as it was in the days of the first rector of Yale.

One inscription is decidedly abridged: "Abr. & Hannah. Bradley."

Abraham and Hannah Bradley were the givers. He was a deacon, and he died in 1718, bequeathing, with consideration for both church and wife, his silver cup to the former after the latter should have ceased to need it.

About 1670, Captain John Prout came to New Haven from Devonshire, and there married Mrs. Mary Hall, daughter of Henry and Sarah Rutherford.

In her will, in 1723, she left to the church "my two-handled silver cup marked "R. H. S.". That mark indicates that the cup once belonged to her father and mother.

Lovers of the antique regret that several other cups presented in a similar manner were "made over" in 1833. Three of those now in use appear to have been made from two tankards given by Mr. Frances Brown and Mrs. Sarah Diodati, in 1762. Another old cup thus subjected to the refining influences of the melting-pot was given earlier by Mrs. Lydia Rosewell, a daughter of Thomas Trowbridge.

They are all two-handled cups, of graceful design and varying size, and many of them are delicately ornamented. Some of them have adorned the corner cupboards and have been used on the tables of the first "colonial dames." There is an enticing story that one of them was brought hither in



ONE OF THE ALLYS.
(Showing the oldest stone, the one marked 1687).

the Hector as part of the household furniture of John Davenport himself; but the spirit of research is relentless, and the mark tells a different tale. But that very mark, while it takes away, adds, historic interest; for that and five other pieces were made by John Dixwell, the regicide's son, who was a silversmith in Boston, and they bear his initials, "I. D.," in an oval or heart-shaped die.

A curious tale hangs by the christening basin, of solid beaten silver. In the last century, Jeremiah Atwater, a worshipper in the old church, wished to repair his house, and for that purpose bought a keg of nails of a Boston dealer. On opening it, something more than iron nails was found, even a large quantity of silver dollars. Jeremiah Atwater was honest, and tried to return the dollars to the seller, but he in his turn disclaimed any right to that which he had neither bought nor sold, and so the treasure-trove was unclaimed and un-

used until 1735, when Mr. Atwater felt his end approaching and bequeathed the coin to the church. From it was made this capacious basin, twelve inches in diameter, three inches deep, and more than two pounds in weight.

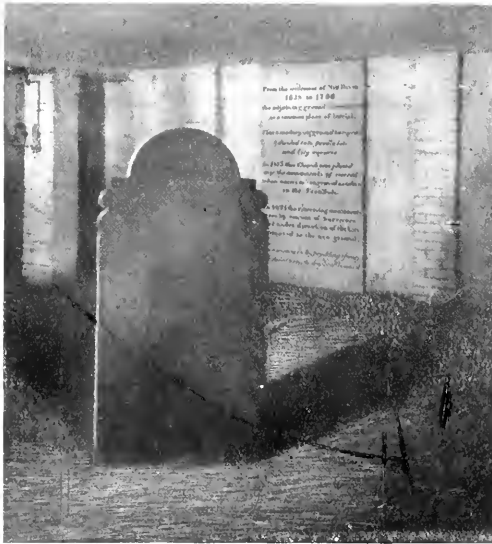
Imagination revels in the mystery which wraps the former state of those silver dollars. Were they the hoard of a miser, the birthright of an orphan, or the booty of a robber?

And yet one more bit of romantic history clings to this ancient communion service.

A certain Deacon Ball was its custodian at the time of the British raid on the town, in 1779. Everyone was trying to secure his most val-

ued goods from destruction, and Deacon Ball, loyal to his trust, racked his brain to find a hiding-place for the church silver. At last, the chimney was thought of, and his little girl was lifted up to secrete the precious charge in the sooty recesses. The house was searched, Mrs. Ball's gold beads were taken, but the silver was not discovered—and was brought forth afterwards for its continued sacred use.

And thus, enriched by the hallowed use of many generations, these tokens of the devotion of the fore-



TOMBSTONE TO MARGARET ARNOLD.

fathers and the foremothers towards the worship they struggled to establish and to maintain, are still here, and help us to people the past with living figures.

In one respect, the Center Church is unique among American churches: it has a crypt. It is not like the vault of the Stuyvesant family under St. Mark's, in New York, which is so remote in the ground that a long and complicated process of removing flagstones is necessary before one of the Stuyvesants can rest with his ancestors. This simply means that when the present building was planned to stand on the site of its predecessor, its greater size made it necessary to extend it over some of the graves of the old, adjacent church yard, or to obliterate such tokens of the early days. Fortunately, the former course was adopted, and consequently, when we have descended to this strange place, we find ourselves transported to colonial times. The light of a

nineteenth century sun streams through the low windows over grave stones which were wept over before the Anglo-Saxon race had achieved its supremacy on this continent; before the struggle for life had abated sufficiently to allow thoughts of a struggle for independence; over dust which had been animated by the doctrinal quarrels, the political ambitions, the religious hesitation and daring which make the men and women of that time so interesting to us.

The stones are thickly set, as if all had desired to sleep close under the protection of the church they had loved in life. Slabs and tablets of native stone, and in many cases of the finer foreign stones, stand in close array, but in a strange, diagonal fashion, at variance with all the lines of the building. There is a "method in the madness," and one is almost tempted to feel that those sturdy souls disdained to lay their bodies in conformity to any superstitious ideas as to the points of compass.

Owing to the generosity and zeal of Mr. Thomas R. Trowbridge, who has also promoted the placing of the tablets on the walls above, and who is a lineal descendant of many buried here, all has been put in order; the roughened ground has been smoothed and covered with cement, and the inscriptions have been made legible



ONE OF THE TABLE MONUMENTS.

where time has taken off their first sharpness. One wanders among these stone memorials with the feeling that they are secure now from wind and storm for many a year.

In such places, one seeks the oldest stone. In this case, it is a low, time-eaten slab, marking the death of "Mrs. Sarah Trowbridge, Deceased January the 5th, Aged 46, 1687."

Not far away lie the grandfather and grandmother of President Hayes, and here is the first wife of Benedict Arnold, of whom it is said that her influence might have kept him from his dastardly act. Still it was probably a happy fate that carried her away early, before the world had seen those traits which were undoubtedly quite too evident to her.

The early members of the Trowbridge family were clustered close in death. Of the one hundred and thirty-nine persons buried here, twenty-five are Trowbridges. He whose gravestone reads thus:

"Here Lyeth Intered
The Body of Thomas
Trowbridge Esquire
Aged 70 Years Deceased
The 22^d of August
Anno Domini
1702."

was the son of the Thomas Trowbridge, who, born in Taunton, England, was one of the original settlers of New England, and his name is perpetuated to this day in his lineal descendants. He married Sarah Rutherford in 1657. Near him is the Thomas Trowbridge of the next generation. He "departed this life" in 1711, and his wife, Mary, did not rest beside him until thirty-one years later.

And here is "Mr. Caleb Trowbridge who departed this life Septem^r 10th Anno Do. 1704."

At a little distance is a curious stone, repeating in the warning "sic transit gloria mundi," the lesson of a faintly sculptured sun-dial. Beneath lies "Capt. Joseph Trowbridge," who died in 1749.

A very plump and happy cherub smiles from the stone over Mrs. Sarah Whiting, the daughter of Jonathan Ingersoll, of Milford; and it seems to show



the glad contrast between her "wearisome pilgrimage" and her "joyful hope of a glorious immortality."

Everyone who examines old gravestone inscriptions must be struck by the evidence that the next world seemed very near to the people of those times, that its joys grew real in proportion as the discomforts of the present life were pressing.

Several of the monuments are in the table form and bear long inscriptions. One commemorates the active career of Jared Ingersoll, a man of distinguished position and ability, who died in 1781, "having been judge of the Court of Vice-Admiralty, twice Agent for Connecticut at the Court of Great Britain. He was a Man of uncommon Genius, which was cultivated by a liberal education at Yale College and improved by the Study of mankind."

Here is another table, with delicately carved legs, bearing an inserted plate of finer stone on which are the names of James Abraham Hillhouse and his wife, "Madam" Hillhouse, the uncle and aunt of Senator James Hillhouse.

In this quiet place is the dust of three of the early, historic pastors of the church; Pierpont, "an eloquent man and mighty in the Scriptures, who being

fervent in spirit ceased not for y^e space of 30 years to warn every one day and night wth tears," the whole ending quaintly with "Anag. Pie repone te;" Noyes, "patient in tribulation & abundant in labors;" and Whittelsey, who, like Goldsmith's parson, "exemplified the more excellent way."

It is interesting to note the difference between the inscriptions on these tables of stone which breathe the feelings of the contemporary friends and recount those acts and qualities which were important in their eyes; and those words in the church above, where, on tablets of brass, is recorded the calm judgment of the men of to-day. In the first, we feel the sense of present and personal loss, caused by the removal from the community of an acknowledged power; in the second, we read the verdict of time on what each has done for the world's progress.

Although Madam Noyes was buried in Wethersfield, she has an epitaph beneath that of Mr. Noyes. She was a rare woman. The daughter of the Rev. James Pierpont and Sarah Haynes, she had many advantages of inherited respect and of education, and she was, withal, so wise and gracious, so absorbed in well-doing, that she was revered throughout her life, even by those who disliked Mr. Noyes. She was so much interested in the education of the young that she opened a free school in her own house, and left, by her will, a sum for the future instruction of children. She gave a farm of three hundred and fifty acres in Farmington, Conn., to the church, and the money derived therefrom forms part of the Ministerial Fund.

There are children here, too; three little baby Sybyl Trowbridges; and there is a singular group of four Sarah Lymans—one seventy-five years old, one twenty-seven years, one one year, and one one month—and all dying within two years.

Next to the Trowbridges, the Whittelseys were brought here in greatest number, eight in all, while there are many Allings and Ingersolls, and members of the family of Hays, or Hayz. Two sisters, daughters of Samuel Broome, rest beneath one table-stone, which bears twin epitaphs; and near by is the stone of Mrs. Katherine Dana, the wife of the Rev. Dr. Dana, marked by a slab of fine slate with a relief of an urn with drooping handles, all very delicately carved, and as fresh as if placed here yesterday instead of more than a hundred years ago.

It is hard to find poor spelling, and the epitaphs are almost without exception refined and dignified. The last burial was, in 1812, that of Mrs. Whittelsey, widow of the Rev. Chauncey Whittelsey.

One unobtrusive stone brings to mind a woman whose expressed wish has been felt in ever deepening and widening circles—Hester Coster, who is so curiously connected with the establishment of Yale in New Haven.

It was Davenport's original intention to devote the land at the corner of Chapel and College streets to the college which they wished to have speedily. In the vicissitudes of the seventeenth century, it was sold and used for a building lot; Joshua Atwater, a merchant from London, and one of the first settlers, had it; then William Tuttle bought it; and after his death it was sold to the widow Hester Coster. She died in 1691, and, by her will, left the property to the "First Church of Christ, New Haven, to be improved toward the maintaining of a lecture in New Haven in the spring and fall of the year." For a few years, the church leased the property, but in 1717, under a power given by her

will, sold it to the "trustees, partners, and undertakers for the Collegiate School."

For, in 1716, a decision was made as to the situation of the college which had such a struggle for its infant existence; in choosing New Haven, a condition was made that the "Coster lot" and the "Hooke lot" should be acquired by the college; the condition was granted, and that inducement prevailed over those held out by other aspirants for the honor, and thus Yale was placed in the City of Elms rather than in Wethersfield or Saybrook.

It would be hard to speak of this church without referring to its intimate connection with Yale University. Among their grand plans for the future was always the darling hope of the pastors and people that the colony should be a college town. A college lot was set aside from the first, and in spite of many vicissitudes and disappointments, it was that which was finally used. Davenport was full of zeal for education, wishing "all children in his colony to be brought up in learning." He would have rejoiced to know that Connecticut was to have the first school fund. For a long time the project seemed doomed to disappointment for reasons both external and internal, but Davenport never gave up hope or effort. In the fifth year of the colony the settlers began to send contributions of corn to Harvard, and Eaton gave money toward the buildings required at Cambridge. In 1647, the attempt was made to start the college in the house offered by Deputy-Governor Goodyear, who is commemorated by the tablet on the rear of the church, but a remonstrance came from the Cambridge people, who said that they could not support their young institution if the New Haven assistance should be withdrawn.

New Haven yielded for a time, but the matter was annually discussed in public meetings, and was always near the heart of the people. The impulse given by Davenport's fixed purpose was felt long after his removal and death, and well has it been said, "As long as the college stands, the name of John Davenport, that pioneer in the promotion of the higher education, should be remembered by its alumni with reverence and gratitude."

When, after all the discussions with other towns, the efforts of Davenport and Hooke and Street and Pierpont resulted in the three-story building on the Coster lot, facing the rector's house on the Hooke lot, it was natural that the little band of students should form part of the pastor's flock, that the meeting-house should be the scene of all public occasions for the college, and that the growth and prosperity of the one institution should be linked with those of the other.

Since the removal of the college to New Haven, until 1895, all commencements, all inauguration of presidents, besides many other ceremonies, have been celebrated within the First Church walls. So, for nearly a century and three quarters, the Center Church and its predecessors "have been like college buildings in the memory of the alumni." Before even the venerable elms began to cast their shade over the scene, successive processions have marched to the same place, each class to be, in its turn, the absorbing interest, and each to take one step farther on in the world's progress, each to add one more to the accumulating associations of the college.

Commencement days have swung from September through August and July to June, the speakers have run the scale of the learned languages, there

have been classes small and large, but until two years ago the tide of diploma-seekers has never failed to flow in and out of those church doors.

Hither came the proud parents, and hither flocked the pretty girls of succeeding generations, decked in all the summer finery of each passing fashion, and here for more than a hundred years these descendants of the boys and girls who giggled on the pulpit stairs of the old first church, whispered com-posedly and outrageously straight through the long seasons of oratoric display, until the disturbance became so intolerable that the fiat went forth that men and women should sit on opposite sides of the church. Thus, and thus only, was the irrepressible loquacity, aroused by listening to so much eloquence, repressed.

Music was not introduced to relieve the proceedings until 1819, and it was not until 1846 that it ceased to be sacred in its character. What would the fathers have said to the sound of opera airs within those walls!

Great has been the change, too, in the intellectual part of the programme. We hear of an early commencement called "splendid" by President Clap, and from that time on, the desire to secure places in the audience has been such that spurious tickets have been sometimes offered. To obviate fraud of that kind, the mysterious characters since seen on commencement tickets were adopted. For a long time, until 1868, these eager spectators and listeners patiently sat through two sessions in one day. In 1781, the walls of the predecessor of this building echoed to a Greek oration, an English colloquy, a forensic disputation, and an oration by President Stiles, in which he announced his opinions in Hebrew, Chaldaic and Arabic, followed by an English oration, all in the morning. In the afternoon, the indefatigable and polyglot Dr. Stiles pronounced a "Latin discourse," and a syllogistic dispute—a dissertation, a poem, and an oration gave the finishing touches to these learned feats. These syllogistic disputes, which had their day for sixty years, do not appear on the records after 1787.

Just forty years ago, in 1857, there were twenty-three speakers in the morning and nineteen in the afternoon. All this speech-making proved a weariness to the flesh, and the male portion of the audience was often seen reclining on the grass outside in the shade of the elms, until such time as the sergeant-at-arms of the city should muster his forces on the Green, ready for the supreme moment of taking the degrees.

Then all the hundreds from the different departments of the university into which the "collegiate school" has grown marched into the time-honored building, up the steep steps of the temporary platform, each squad to decorously receive the sheepskins with the Latin speech, and each to divide and descend the side steps, at great risk of collision between heads and gallery beams, all to be instantly replaced by the next oncoming squad, until all were transformed from "seniors" to "educated gentlemen." All that has yielded to the varied array of caps and gowns.

Long may the old church stand on the Green, to remind us of its part in history, to symbolize the character of New England, inspired by the past, standing firmly in the present, and ready to go forward to the future!

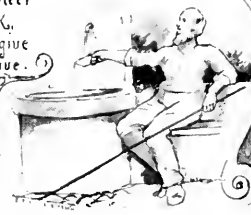
NOTE.—On page 132 of this article, President Aaron Burr is named as being a descendant of James Pierpont. This is an error, as President Burr of Princeton was related to the family only by marriage.



WHAT THE DRINKING FOUNTAIN SAID.

To the Little Miss:

Come hither, Little Lady - have no fear,
 That I begrudge the favor that you seek,
 I welcome such as you to the simple cheer
 (All that I have to offer) - of my weak,
 But refreshing draught; more would I give
 But I am poor, and do but simply live.



To the Tired Laborer.

Adam's all "good right you have to crave
 What I can do, I will, your health to save
 If others may of Nature's beverage quaff,
 Most surely you have better right by half
 To draw from hence the fluid I supply;
 Drink heartily. Ill serve you till I die.



To the Student

"Aqua-fontana", as the druggists say -
 Hydrogen-oxide, chemists say, 'tis true
 But name it what you will - my gift to day,
 And every day is healthful drink for you.
 If it's not neccar, fit for gods to drink -
 Nor from Postalian sources doth it flow -
 'Twere better still, to quaff it at my brink,
 Than juices pressed from finest grapes that grow

Good-morning!
 My musical fellow
 and friend,
 we have a common vocation.
 I please by the rapturous
 rhythm you lend.
 I oft like tintinnabulation,
 you fiddle, I babble, you thrum and I play,
 I murmur with melody all the long day.
 Your music is tuneful, your listeners say
 And so were allied each in our way.



MINSTREL.

To a House Sparrow:
 Calumniated bird, thy thirst assuage:
 Thou hast a toiler been in every age
 If, from the ant. men may a lesson learn
 They'll wisest be if unto you they turn
 And note how self reliance makes a way
 For man to thrive and prosper, day by day.



To a Mischievous Boy.
 Drink if you will but tamper not with me,
 Your cup I'll fill, and trust you'll gratefull be,
 For loiterers e'en, I'd ebb my life away
 Athirst be he, who thwarts me in my play.

THE CONVENTION TROOPS IN CONNECTICUT.

BY MARY K. STEVENS.

In the early summer of 1777, that eventful year in the history of the American Revolution, General John Burgoyne, in command of about eight thousand English and German troops, set out from Canada with orders to descend along the line of the Hudson River to Albany. Here he was to meet Colonel St. Ledger, who was to come down the Mohawk Valley from Lake Ontario, and General William Howe, who was to ascend the Hudson. The object of this campaign was to weaken the Colonies by dividing them East and West. If the two sections were unable to co-operate, it was believed that they might be subjugated separately. This in brief was the plan of the campaign. Colonel St. Ledger was overpowered at Fort Stanwix. General Howe, who by a curious accident, was the only one of the three commanders left with any discretionary power in the matter did not follow the original plan, and failed to support Burgoyne. General Burgoyne followed his instructions, and proceeded down the Hudson as far as Saratoga, where he met General Gates, with his overpowering force of Americans. It was after the battle of Saratoga, which has been classed by Creasy among the fifteen decisive battles in the history of the world, that General Burgoyne was forced to surrender. At the request of the British general the affair was styled a "Convention," and the soldiers who laid down their arms at that time have since been known as the "Convention Troops."

In John Fiske's History of American Revolution, we read: "A dispatch containing positive and explicit orders for Howe to ascend the Hudson was duly drafted, and with many other papers awaited the Minister's signature. Lord George Germaine, being on his way to the country, called at his office to sign the dispatches; but when he came to the letter addressed to General Howe he found that it had not been 'fair copied.' Lord George, like the old gentleman who killed himself in the defence of the great principle that crumpets are wholesome, never would be put out of his way by anything. Unwilling to lose his holiday he hurried off to the green meadows of Kent intending to sign the letter on his return. But when he came back the matter had slipped from his mind. The document on which hung the fortunes of an army, and perhaps a nation, got thrust unsigned into a pigeon-hole, where it was duly discovered some time after the disaster at Saratoga had become a part of history."

The terms of the surrender, which were embodied in "Articles of the Convention," provided that the troops under General Burgoyne march out of their camp with the honors of war, and lay down their arms at the word of command from their own officers. A free passage was to be granted the army under Burgoyne to Great Britain, on the condition that they should not serve in North America again during the war. The port of Boston was assigned for the entry of transports to receive the troops. The army was to march to Massachusetts Bay "*by the easiest, most expeditious and most convenient routes.*" All officers were to retain their carriages, horses, baggage and side arms.

Gates made haste to accept these "Articles." Although he sat in his tent

during the battle, and commanded that Arnold be called from the field where he was leading the attack, Gates, as general in command, was praised for the brilliant victory, and for the most successful campaign of the war, while it has been forgotten that the "Hero of Saratoga" was Benedict Arnold, who was afterwards the traitor.

The Convention Troops numbered about six thousand men. They marched to Boston, and spent the winter at Winter Hill, Cambridge. Detachments of them passed through Connecticut, over what was known as the "Old Colony Road," which was one of the principal highways through the state.

Alice Morse Earle, in "Customs and Fashions in Old New England," gives the following description of some of the early Connecticut roads:

"The Old Connecticut Road or Path started from Cambridge, ran to Marlborough, thence to Grafton, Oxford, and Woodstock, and on to Springfield



HAYSTACK, "THE GLORY OF NORFOLK."

and Albany. It was intersected at Woodstock by the Providence path which ran through Narragansett and Providence plantations, and also by the Nipmuck path which came from Norwich."

"The new Connecticut road ran as did the old road, from Boston to Albany. It was known at a later date as the Post Road. From Boston it ran to Marlborough, thence to Worcester, to Brookfield, and so on to Springfield and Albany."

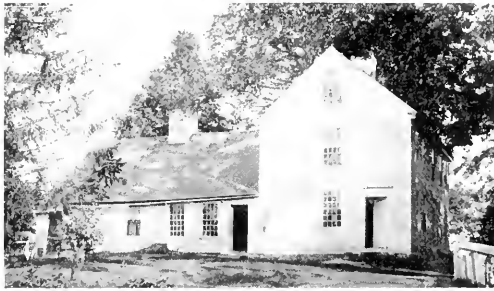
During the revolution there was a constant marching of troops over this road, but while traditions of their passing are common, no special records regarding them seem to have been kept. The march of one company of foreign troops, however, is recorded in a journal kept by Oliver Boardman, of Middletown, Connecticut, which is now in the possession of the Connecticut Historical Society. It states that the writer witnessed the surrender of Burgoyne. The first entry is dated September 2, 1777, and the last October 27, 1777.

The following is a copy of the journal regarding the company referred to:

"Monday, 20th. I was one of fifty that was called out of the regiment to guard 128 prisoners of war to Hartford. At evening we crossed the ferry and put up at Green Bush," (New York.) "Tuesday, 21st. We marched from

Green Bush to Canter Hook." (Now Kinder Hook, New York.) "Wednesday, 22d. We marched from Canter Hook to Nobletown." (Now Hillsdale, New York.) "Thursday, 23d. We marched from Nobletown to Sheffield," (Massachusetts.) "Friday, 24th. We march from Sheffield to Rockwells, about the middle of the Greenwoods." "Saturday, 25th. We marched from Rockwells to Simsbury," (Connecticut.) "Sunday, 26th. We marched from Simsbury to Hartford (Connecticut), and delivered 123 prisoners to the sheriff; five of them left us on the march."

The arrival of this company in Hartford is confirmed by the Hartford Courant under date of Tuesday, October 28, 1777, it being reported in that paper as follows: "Last Sunday arrived in town 128 prisoners, among whom



"ROCKWELLS."

were several Hessian officers. They were taken at the northward before the capitulations." "Rockwells, about the middle of the Greenwoods," was a tavern in Colebrook, Connecticut. The house was built by Samuel Rockwell, who went to Colebrook from East Windsor, Connecticut, in 1766. The Greenwoods road which extended from New Hartford to Norfolk, passed about a half mile south of the house. The name "Rockwells" was not altogether applied to the tavern. Quite extensive works for those days were carried on by Samuel Rockwell and sons. Their saw mill, as well as a mill for grinding grain, a shop for the manufacture of agricultural implements, and works for carding wool, together with the tavern, gave the place notoriety. The house is still standing, and is occupied by a descendant of its builder.

In the older towns of northwestern Connecticut there are homesteads now over a hundred years old, where tales are told of foreign soldiers who spent a night before the kitchen fire, or drank at the old well, or begged for food, and perhaps left articles which are treasured as having once belonged to a dreaded Hessian.

Mrs. Mary Geike Adam, in a paper recently published in THE CONNECTICUT QUARTERLY, notes the passing of a company of Hessian soldiery through Canaan, and their stay at the old Douglas place in that town.

Norfolk, in Litchfield county, was a thrifty, vigorous town in 1777. Its people were active in the defence of the independence which had been declared, and Norfolk men were present at very many of the important engagements of the war. Not only did the town send its quota of men to the army, but at great personal sacrifice the people sent money and provisions, notably during the terrible winter at Valley Forge. "When the British undertook the campaign of 1777, Litchfield county, being so near the line of march, was thoroughly roused, and Norfolk men went along with the rest, and were present at the surrender at Saratoga. More traditions remain concerning this bat-

tle and its consequences than concerning any other period of the war.* There is in the town to-day a house which at that time was owned and occupied by Captain Michael Mills, and the following authentic story is told of a Hessian who died there :

In the latter part of October, 1777, a small party of Convention troops passed through the town on their way to Hartford. They camped for a few days on the village green. Among their number was a German lad, named Abram Si Hunchupp (pronounced "Sunchupp"), who was ill and unable to travel further. He was taken into the home of Captain Mills and cared for by his wife, Mercy Lawrence Mills, until, after some weeks, he died. He was buried in Loon Meadow, which is on the road leading from Norfolk to Cole-



THE MICHAEL MILLS HOUSE, NORFOLK.

brook, in a lot which belonged to Captain Mills. Upon a tree which stood above his grave these words were carved :

" Here lies the body of Abram Si Hunchupp."

Years passed, and the illness and death of the Hessian became one of the traditions of the house, when one evening the wife of Mr. Eden Mills, who was a son of Captain Mills, was sitting before the old kitchen hearth, singing softly to the little one nestled in her arms, and watching the glowing fire as it blazed up the wide-mouthed chimney. Suddenly she noticed that letters were slowly shaping themselves upon the great back log, and was startled and frightened as she spelled out the burning words, " Here lies the body of Abram Si Hunchupp." With regret it was learned that a laborer, Clark Walter by name, had unwittingly cut down the tree which marked the lonely grave, and the place could not afterwards be found. This spot now lost in Loon Meadow, was always called the Grave of the Hessian, and the lot is still known as the " Hunchupp Lot."

At the time Abram Si Hunchupp was taken to the house of Captain Mills, a number of German soldiers from the same company stopped at the

*From Dr. J. W. Beach's Centennial Sermon delivered in Norfolk in 1875.

house of Nathaniel Pease, a resident of Norfolk, and begged a night's rest. (The spot where the house then stood is on the farm of Nathaniel S. Lawrence in West Norfolk.) They were allowed to spend the night by the fire, and during the evening one of them took from his sack a curious black teapot and to the amazement of the family a small package of tea. After having made himself a cup of tea, he threw the little teapot far back into the deep fireplace, among the glowing embers. Mr. Pease and his family were too awed to appear to notice this strange behavior on the part of their guest, but in the morning, after he had departed, the careful housewife drew the little teapot out of the ashes. It



THE GILES PETTIBONE TAVERN, NORFOLK.

was uninjured, and was afterwards known in the family as "The Hessian's Teapot." At a comparatively recent date, through the agency of a small boy who thought it unnecessary to mention its loss, the pot itself disappeared, but the cover is still in the possession of a descendant of Nathaniel Pease. During the fall of 1777, Hendrich Bale, a Hessian soldier who belonged to Burgoyne's army, deserted his company as it passed through the town. He remained in the village and married Sara Hotchkiss.

The well known and dearly loved Rev. A. R. Robbins was at that time pastor of the church at Norfolk, and he helped with food and shelter the weary foreigners who passed through the place during those memorable October days.

An old gentleman now residing in the town relates a story which he remembers hearing his grandfather narrate, to the effect that after the surrender at Saratoga, a small party of British troops came into his grandfather's house, which stood on the road now leading into Colebrook, and threw themselves on the floor to sleep. They were remonstrated with, the men of the family telling them that the women could not move about to do their work, whereupon the leader replied that his men would lie upon their faces, and the women might step upon them, but sleep they must.

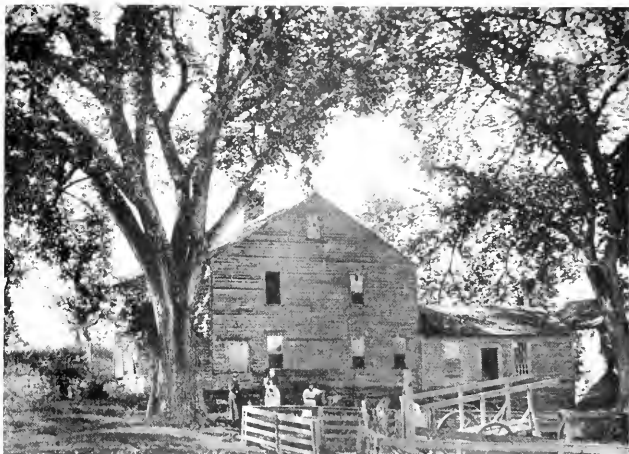
There is told in Norfolk the story of an encounter between Captain Giles Pettibone (who was one of the foremost citizens of the town, and who led his company at Saratoga, and also held a command at West Point at the time of Arnold's treason) and a Hessian soldier, who, as he marched past the tavern kept by Captain Pettibone, stepped aside from his comrades, and made some demand upon the captain, which was refused. The Hessian then struck the doughty captain, who, it is said, defended himself with a pitchfork, to the serious discomfort of the Hessian. The house where this tavern was kept is still standing.

Just outside the present village of Simsbury, there stands a house, now deserted and falling, which was built in 1765, by Daniel Holcomb. Previous to

was afterwards known in the family as "The Hessian's Teapot." At a comparatively recent date, through the agency of a small boy who thought it unnecessary to mention its loss, the pot itself disappeared, but the cover is still in the possession of a descendant of Nathaniel Pease.

and during the revolution, a tavern was kept here, and the old bar-room is the same as in the days when foaming tankards of colonial flip were served from its oak board. The present owner of the house, Mr. Roswell J. Noble, has in his possession, among other valuable colonial relics, a curious staff, surmounted by an ornamental iron tip, which it is supposed was a color bearer, and which was left at the tavern by a company of Convention troops who camped there.

The Convention troops were not allowed to sail for England, Congress refused to accept payment for their support in its own paper money, but insisted that all debts be paid in gold; demanded of General Burgoyne papers regarding his men which he was unable to furnish, and finally refused to carry out the agreement that the troops be allowed to leave the country. They remained in Boston until the latter part of 1778, when they were sent to Charlottesville, Virginia, and established as a colony there. Much assistance was



THE HOLCOMB HOUSE, BUILT 1765.

given them by Thomas Jefferson, whose estate at Monticello was near there. In 1780, to prevent a possible uprising, the British were sent to Maryland, and the Germans to the northern part of Virginia. Afterwards some were sent to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and in 1781, large numbers of the officers and men were billeted upon the people of East Windsor, Connecticut.

In Stiles' History of Ancient Windsor, there is an account of these troops, in which their number is given as "nineteen British officers, with forty-three servants, and forty-three Hessian officers, with ninety-two servants." The officers seem to have been well supplied with money; horse racing and betting were common amusements among them, and they enjoyed a considerable degree of freedom. At the suggestion of Lafayette numbers of the men were employed in planting trees. There were weavers and shoemakers among them, and they worked among the people of the town.

Many of the Convention troops were allowed to escape, and many of them settled in the colonies, and became American citizens.

By 1783 they had all become dispersed.



THE SOAPSTONE QUARRY AT BRISTOL.

PREHISTORIC REMAINS OF THE TUNNIS VALLEY.

Illustrated With Photographs from Original Objects.

BY FREDERICK H. WILLIAMS.

To the majority of men the Aborigine of Connecticut is less real than a vanished dream. The antiquarian finds him in musty deeds or forgotten laws. The etymologist traces him in the names of the mountains, brooks or vales that he loved, while here and there the thoughtless turn up his discarded arrows or his mouldering bones. But his wigwam has vanished with his council fires, the echo of his war-whoop is lost in the valleys and time has levelled the earth over his forgotten graves. Yet along with the disused tomahawk and the shaftless spear, the humbler implements of his domestic life everywhere betray to the patient seeker his ancient habitations. Sallust believed that the deeds of the ancient Romans were as illustrious as those whose

* All the articles illustrated belong to the writer except such as are marked with letters. c A. J. Churchill, Southington; x William C. Richards, of Bristol, who are here thanked for their use.

Students interested in Archeology may feel assured that all articles described are known to be genuine, and from this section tributary to the *old* Farmington Valley, and from Collinsville to Windsor.

praises were sung by the bards of Greece, but that they were so occupied with those deeds, that none thought to record them. So we may believe that some among the early settlers of Connecticut were curious enough to have studied the domestic tools of the savage, but, if so, they forgot to record much of their knowledge. Besides we should remember that the metal tools of the white man were so vastly superior to the stone implements of the Indian, as to cause an almost immediate disuse of the latter, where metal could be obtained. Thus it happened that the students of ethnology, when attention became turned towards unravelling the domestic life of ancient savage man, some forty years ago, found it nearly a sealed book. Yet piece by piece the relics of ancient man have been collected, compared with each other and with what may now be found among existing savages. No longer held as mere curios to tickle a momentary fancy, these implements and ornaments have been used as the alphabets of a forgotten tongue, until now one can not only largely reconstruct the life of this vanished man, but, even entering his departed mentality, ask the reason of many of his ways and deeds.

It must, however, be the scope of this article to deal only with such visible remains as have come down to us from the pre-Columbian owners of the Tunnis Valley. Therefore very many interesting topics must be left untouched.

POTTERY.

It has been said that, "articles of fictile ware are the most fragile and yet the most enduring of human monuments."^{*} But owing to some cause, doubtless the alternate freezing and thawing in a country subject to heavy rainfall and shallow burials conjoined, perfect pottery is very rare in this valley. Small sherds are found, however, upon nearly all old village sites. They appear to have been well made and are often of a fine red color, but frequently blackened by fire and smoke. The clay is usually mixed with micaceous sands although some appears to have been mixed with ashes, and other sherds seem made of nearly homogenous clays. Externally the pottery is usually ornamented, sometimes with parallel lines, or with oblique detached lines, or series of punctures. Again we frequently find a net-work of various patterns impressed upon it. In the American Museum of New York may be seen a very fine jar found near Windsor, belonging to the Terry collection. We know of no other perfect pottery from this section. In fig. 1 we illustrate a very rare pottery pipe, and tube which may or may not have been its stem, found in the bank of the Connecticut River, near the mouth of the Farmington, in 1884. Fig. 2 shows typical pottery sherds from Farmington, Plainville and Southington. A curious study is being developed by taking impressions in wax of the ornamental lines on both faces of pottery jars. One can thus often reconstruct, not only the forms of the matting or basketry upon which they were molded, but at times ascertain the nature of the fibres of which the netting or mats were made.



FIG. 1

A POTTERY PIPE.

^{*} It was a common practice among the aborigines to employ woven fabrics

^{*} Jones' Antiquities of the Southern Indians, p. 441

in the construction and ornamentation of earthenware. Impressions were thus left on the clay, and by baking they were rendered as lasting as if engraved on



FRAGMENTS OF LOOFERY

where the prehistoric Indian mined and roughly formed his pots and bowls. In 1892 a beautiful exposure of an aboriginal quarry was uncovered in Bristol,

stone. From no other source do we obtain so wide a range of fabrics."† Fibre lines will be noticed upon the sherds illustrated in fig. 2.* From this we perceive how valuable any particular pot-*sherd* may be to science, and why each fragment should be carefully saved and shown to the nearest general collection.

STEATITE.

The working of soapstone is one of the oldest organized industries of the Tunnis Valley. In Bristol, Nepaug and Harwinton ledges have been found



SOAPSTONE DISHES

† Holmes Prehistoric Textile Art, 14th Annual Report Bureau Ethnology
 * Since articles were illustrated for these papers the writer has read Prof. O. T. Masons

with many bowls in various stages of finish still attached to the ledge. For the Indian first marked out his dish and finished shaping its bottom and side before detaching it from the rock. This separation, owing to the general irregularity of cleavage and frequent faults in the steatite, was often disastrous, as the many broken rejects about the quarry show. When the bowl was once freed from the ledge it seems to have been taken to some village site and slowly finished, being generally smoothly polished, both within and without. The frontispiece shows the Bristol quarry from a photograph made by the Peabody Museum, and shown at the Columbian Exhibition at Chicago.

Fig. 3, one-third natural size, illustrates a very fine two-handled bowl, found some thirty years ago, three feet deep in a sand bank at Plainville; few



IMPLEMENTS FOR WORKING STEATITE.

prettier bowls exist in the East. Fig. 4 shows a small drinking bowl from East Bristol. Fig. 5, one-third natural size, is a cooking dish from Burlington black with grease and smoke. There is also a banner stone in Terryville, and a unique, but unfortunately imperfect, bird amulet, belongs to the writer. Imperfect dishes and fragments are quite numerous. Some are found showing holes where they have been mended. Fig 6.

The trap talus extending along the old valley from Southington north to the Massachusetts line, furnished the angular fragments from which were made "Origin of Inventions." On page 58, we read speaking of clay jars, "but ninety and nine were made in nets, or baskets, or bags. In such examples the markings are on the *outside*." In fig. 2a, is shown the *inside* face of a potsherd from Plainville, which is exactly similarly ornamented on both *outside* and *inside* faces.

the implements used in working soapstone. In comparing a collection of the implements with a collection of unworked stones it would seem as though nature had placed the models ready to the hand of man. The stones flake off into thin narrow pieces, often with such acute points that only a very little change is needed to produce the required tool. These tools are found on every village site from Southington to Congamond Lake in Massachusetts. And some have been found at Nepaug which retained the lustre of the powdered steatite. These implements were of four general types. Those rudely blocked out as axes and grooved, for helving. Of these some cut straight with the edge as our axes, some cut towards one like an adze, while others were pointed and acted more like a pick-axe. Examples of each are given, figs. 7, 8, 9. The second type is the most generally distributed; they are found from four to twelve inches long and all agree in having the worked edge beveled off to the left. They do not form very sharp points but nearly all show the polish of long use. If a number are placed in a row the general trend of the bevel will all be alike. Fig. 10.

The third type are smaller and more robust, rudely wedge shape except that the point is always acute. The blunt end is roughly shaped to fit the hand and take pressure from its palm. They seem to have been used as picks and gouges, being akin to the modern tool of the wood graver; figs. 11, 12, 13. They may also have been driven into the rock after the manner of wedges.

The fourth type resembles the third on its working point, but they are made of thin flakes of stone and often have a cutting point on both ends; fig. 14. It is not contended that these tools were used exclusively for working soapstone, but that soapstone was worked with them.

In attempting a description of the general remains of the Stone Age Art of the Tunxis Valley, a few explanatory remarks seem justifiable. European Archaeologists divide their specimens into Paleolithic or ancient stone age, all the objects of which are chipped, and Neolithic, or newer stone age, in which many objects are polished. No such classification can be made applicable to American Archaeology.* The writer would rather divide his description into domestic tools, largely used by women; implements of warfare and chase; religious or ceremonial, and ornamental. The prehistoric Indian himself may never have conceived that he possessed an art. Nature could never have seemed to him the kind and lavish mother that she does to us to day. To him she was the stern and miserly controller of his destinies, from whom he only wrested, through strenuous and unceasing toil, those meagre gifts that never gave repletion. Therefore as one who strove hand to hand with nature on all sides, he walked closer to her nakedness than we. But his companionship was as that of a child who cannot wander far from the maternal font of being. He knew better than we how to read the external features of her presence; such secrets as she vouchsafed to him the knowledge, he learned with ready wit. But, unlike us of to-day, never having penetrated within the arcana of her mysteries, he could not stand aloof from her as we may and make of those mysteries the ready slaves to work his will.

* As far as can now be seen the separation of a paleolithic from a later Indian tool in America is a question of its geological location. The writer inclines to accept the evidences of glacial man in America.

HAMMER AND PIT STONES

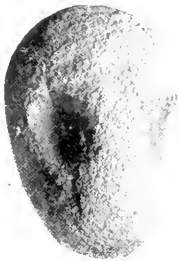
Yet in consequence of this very close connection with nature, whatever he met with become a possible agent in his struggles with her for existence, and not having differentiated his arts, each tool may have had an hundred useful possibilities. Necessity is no more the mother of invention in tools than she is



HAMMER STONES.

of variety in their uses. It must not then be expected that our names of his many implements, however useful to our study, always convey the Indian's conception of them.

The simplest of all implements is the hammer stone. Wherever a brook rolled over the gravel beds, the Indian found it ready smoothed and shaped for his hand. On all his old camping grounds they may be collected in every sort of condition, from the plain stone showing no marks of usage, through various stages of elaborate working, down to those that have been pounded nearly to pieces. Wherever we find the spalls or cores of the arrow maker, we find the little "knockers" with which he worked his quartz or cherty pebbles; figs. 15, 16. In this locality the more common hammers are made of a hard quartz and quartzite. Some of these have been carefully pecked all around their edges and brought into a round (fig. 17), or oval shape, (fig. 18), a much used hammer. Many are beautiful objects; fig. 19. Others are made of a coarse but compact yellow quartzite and red sandstone.



20
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Size.

A PIT STONE WITH THREE "PITS."
(One opposite the two shown).

Irregular nodular stones of agatized material and quartz seem to have been prized for their great density and resistance to fracture.

Many of the objects in yellow sandstone, red sandstone and even compact quartzite are found with one or more little circular depressions or "pits." These pits are conical and usually about one-quarter to one-half of an inch deep.

Fig. 20 shows a rudely egg-shaped hammer of coarse red sandstone, in which the ingenious Indian, in addition to deep pits for thumb and middle finger, has made a third on the top of the stone for the index finger. This arrangement gives a firm hold. More commonly there is a pit upon the two flat faces of the hammer, opposite to each other. Sometimes there is only one pit, and again a stone may have five or more pits irregularly placed. Figure 21 shows a beautiful



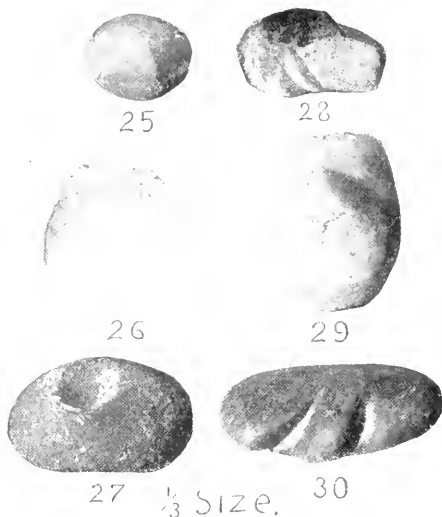
FLINT STONES.

red sandstone that has the indescribable polish of long handling, with one pit on its long face and the other on its smaller end. These stones are found all over the world and are usually called hammers. The writer thinks many of them show no signs of having been used upon other stones. Simple as they are they possess a sort of beauty which endears them to their possessor. Fig. 22 is a one pit stone or "anvil." Figs. 23, 24, are two pit stones or "hammers."

It is conceivable that these simplest of tools, as the Indian came to comprehend their possibilities, worked as great a change in separating him from his ferine associates, as the discovery of iron and steam worked in advancing mankind from the stone age conditions. From striking them together he may have gained his first conceptions of producing fire at his own pleasure. By striking them together he slowly discovered the different qualities of stones, the possibilities of the conchoidal fracture became manifest to him. From them he gradually evolved the whole art of chipping and pecking in stone. No thoughtful student can view these objects without emotion; their prototypes were the cornerstones of the portals of civilization; their discovery was the "open sesame" to those inventions to which man owes his present physical ameliorations. Whether it were apes or men that splintered the miocene flints of Tenay, we can not doubt that when primitive man began to strike these stones together with a conscious purpose, he struck the blow that will be the ultimate death knell of all his savage animal associates, against which unarmed he waged an endless conflict.

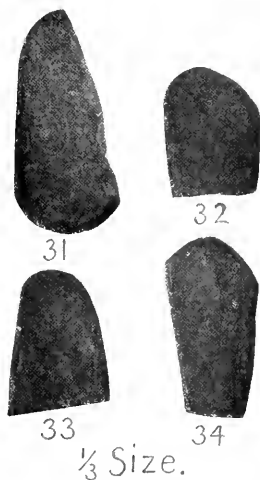
POLISHERS

The Stone Age artisan had three general modes of fabricating his tools and ornaments. Having discovered a stone suitable for his purpose, often one having a natural shape somewhat similar to the object desired, a few well directed blows with his hammer would roughly complete its outlines. Now he might slowly reduce it to shape by light and repeated blows of his hammer, wearing it away in coarse dust. This was pecking, traces of which show upon nearly all large objects, except those made from flint or chert. Or he might



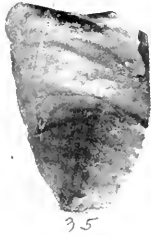
POLISHERS.

grind it into shape by rubbing it upon a hard stationary stone of gritty nature, or by rubbing other gritty stones on it. This was polishing. Finally if the stone worked upon were of a proper nature to take the right cleavage, he might chip it away by direct blows from his hammer, or by sudden impulsion upon its edges with a hard object, wear it down in little flakes. This was flaking and chipping. Often several or all of these actions might be brought to bear successively upon one object. The little flakes produced by the ancient chipper are among the most distinctive of his vestiges. The eye of the practiced "relic hunter" trails their fabricator by these little spalls, much as the red man trailed the objects of his chase. By observing their variety, condition and abundance, he is often enabled to ferret out old and productive village sites. It seems probable that flaking was the earliest of all his arts in stone, and yet it ultimately reached the highest place among them. Be-



FLAKERS.

sides the hammers described there have come down to us quite a variety of tools used in these processes. In fig. 25, 26, 27, one-third natural size, are shown grinders or polishers of gritty red sandstone and quartzite. Fig. 27 is a red sandstone "pit" stone made into a polisher. Other curiously worked stones, whose use remains problematical, may be seen in figs. 28, 29. Fig. 30 is a beautiful stone of a dark chocolate color, carefully polished all over, which may have been used in perfecting the blades of axes and celts. The other tools are quartzite. All were found in Plainville or Farmington. The pitted stone, fig. 24, from Conagmond Lake, has been used secondarily as a polisher.



35



36

37

38

39



40



41



42



43

1/3 SIZE

FLESHERS.

Certain implements have been sparsely found around Farmington and Plainville which seem to have been made for removing skins from slain animals, and possibly bark from living trees, used in making basketry and mats. They all agree in being made from thin flakes of a very hard, dense and heavy stone. Roughly flaked out in chisel form they show no fine work except on one end. This end is always brought to a sharp edge from both faces, with the cutting edge prolonged in a curve to one side much like an old fashioned shoe knife. They all show the friction polish of long use, doubtless acquired from years of drudgery of the squaws. They are made from a silicious blue stone, but long weathering has made them a dull earth color, with a fine patina. In the Bristol Museum is one specimen with a straight blade resembling a chisel. We illustrate four specimens all from Farmington: figs. 31, 32, 33, 34

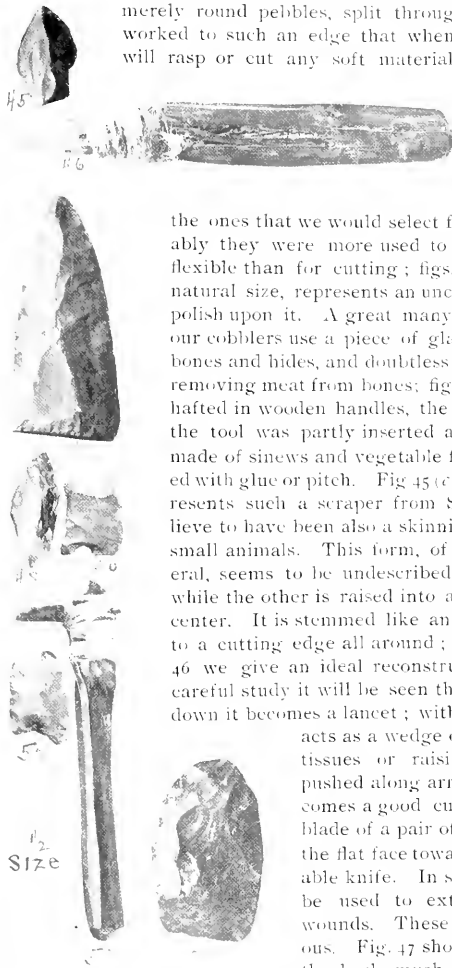
THE SCRAPER.

The writer believes that the scraper and its brother the flaked knife followed next after the hammer stone in the tide of evolution. Whether his environment were stone, bone or shell, wherever prehistoric man has left his traces, these most useful of tools are found. Among such simple implements we can not be surprised that along with specimens of the highest art should linger others as rude and simple as may be found among the earliest vestiges of man. Fig. 35 represents such an ob-

ject in yellow Jasper from Granby, that seems the counterpart of specimens from prehistoric France. Made from various cherty or quartzite stones, some were simply more or less chipped on one edge as in figs. 36, 37; some resemble arrow points ground off to a blunt edge. Others are merely round pebbles, split through their centers and then worked to such an edge that when drawn towards one they will rasp or cut any soft material. Figs. 38, 39, are fine examples.

Many of these tools show signs of very prolonged use by the exquisite polish upon their working surface, and these are not always

the ones that we would select for shape or beauty. Probably they were more used to soften skins and rub them flexible than for cutting; figs. 40, 41. Fig. 42, one-half natural size, represents an uncommon form with unusual polish upon it. A great many seem to have been used as our cobblers use a piece of glass for rasping wood, horn, bones and hides, and doubtless also in preparing food and removing meat from bones; fig. 43. Some were doubtless hafted in wooden handles, the handles being split open, the tool was partly inserted and seized on with threads made of sinews and vegetable fibres and perhaps cemented with glue or pitch. Fig 45 (c), one-half natural size, represents such a scraper from Southington, which we believe to have been also a skinning tool, and admirable for small animals. This form, of which we have seen several, seems to be undescribed. One face is always flat while the other is raised into a triangular ridge along its center. It is stemmed like an arrow point and brought to a cutting edge all around; length $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches. In fig. 46 we give an ideal reconstruction of this tool. Upon careful study it will be seen that when it is used flat side down it becomes a lancet; with its curved back down it acts as a wedge or probe in separating the tissues or raising up the skin. When pushed along arrow shape either edge becomes a good cutting knife, acting like one blade of a pair of shears. When held with the flat face towards one it makes a serviceable knife. In skillful hands it could easily be used to extract arrow points from wounds. These tools are far from numerous. Fig. 47 shows a much larger one, with the back much less ridged, from Wolcott, which shows the polish of very great use.



SCRAPERS.

Fig. 48 gives another specimen. Fig. 50 gives a typical scraper fit for working both wood and hides, whose reconstruction has been attempted in fig. 51. Other forms of scrapers are shown in figs. 52 and 53.

BUNTS

Something like the last described scraper only not having the edges sharp or bevelled, but always blunt are many pointless arrow heads. They are thought to have been used to kill small game without breaking the skin. "Jones says that crescent shaped arrows were used by the southern Indians for shooting off birds' heads."* We show several examples of these so-called



BUNTS

bunts or bunters; figs. 54, 55, 56. In figs. 57, 58, are the arrow points presumably used for shooting off birds' heads. Fig. 59 represents a chisel shaped quartz arrow point from Compounce, with very sharp edge, which is of great interest. Fig. 60, an argillite specimen from Farmington.

PERFORATORS.

Next in frequency to arrow and spear points upon our old village sites, we find perforators or drills. The Indian made two general types of perforations in stone. When he wished to bore thick objects, as pipes or banner stones and beads, he made a cylindrical bore usually of the same diameter all through the object. These bores are thought to have been made with hollow horns or cane and reed stems with the aid of sharp sand. Concentric rings may be seen in many such perforations. Again, unfinished objects often have incomplete perforations whose condition shows that the drill was a solid tool. Many pipes seem to have been gouged out, but by what tool we cannot say. The most common form of perforation, however, is a conical bore which usually is made from both sides of the stone being worked. These holes meet at an angle about the center of the stone, and the opening is usually near one side of the perforation, showing that the drill was worked in obliquely from each side. In more carefully finished objects the center of the hole is later widened so that the whole diameter is more nearly equal, but only in a few does the peculiar conical appearance of the bore disappear. Some tools show a conical bore made entirely through from one side. Some investigators have doubted the possibility of drilling hard stones with such drills as have come down to us. For many of them are of such fragile material as red sandstone, shale and slate. Dr. Abbot pictures a sandstone object of which he says: "By the aid of two stone drills we completed the perforation; accomplishing it after eleven

* Fowkes, *Stone Art*, 13th Annual Report Bureau Ethnology, p. 168

† *Stone Age in New Jersey*, p. 320. Fig. 150, Smithsonian Pub., 304

hours of not difficult, but rather tiresome labor." Two drills were used, one of jasper and one of slate. "The drill is of slate and comparatively soft, but it did not wear away more rapidly than the jasper specimen." We illustrate a number of typical forms from our valley. Fig. 61, one half natural size, is a double drill made from a moss agate. It seems almost incredible that such a tool could have been made from so hard a stone. It is one of the most beautiful objects we possess. Found in Farmington. Figs. 62, 63, 64, 65, represent drills with wide arrow like bases. Fig. 66 is a perforator made by rubbing. Figs. 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, slender spear like tools, which were doubtless used as needles and awls as well as drills. Figs. 73, 74, represent large based perforators. Fig. 75, a small, very hard drill, resembling those from the Pacific coast. Some of these drills show the peculiar attrition polish that we noticed upon scrapers, and were doubtless used to perforate skins. They may have been hafted. Fig. 76 (c), one-half natural size, presents a drill shaped tool that the writer believes to have been hafted and used as an awl to unravel stitches in skin robes, or possibly in fabricating baskets. It is not straight enough for a drill. Certain flaked tools of much larger size, whose edges are bevelled off sharply in opposite directions have been called reamers. When these were revolved to the



PERFORATORS



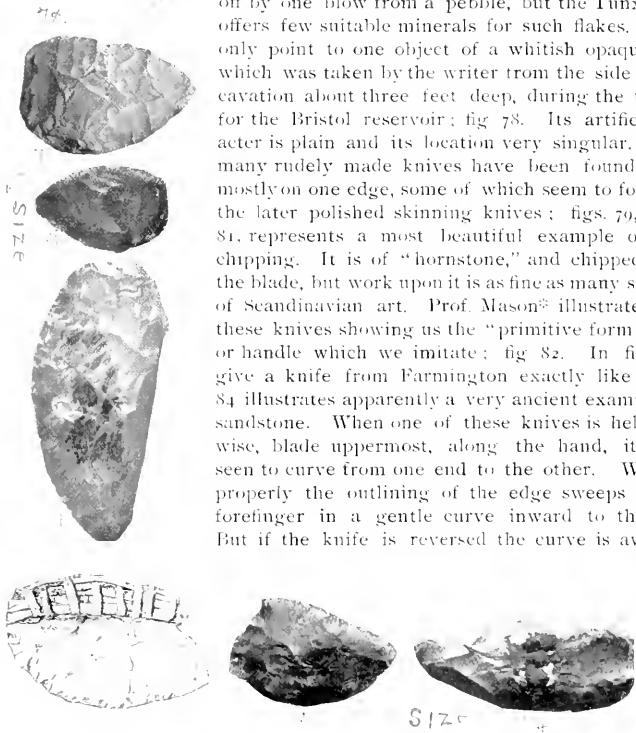
PERFORATORS.

1/2 Size.

left they would cut with both edges in succession, but the writer cannot understand what they were intended to cut. Fig. 77, shows a very fine example from Farmington.

KNIVES.

We find a large variety of implements which differentiate from scrapers and spears on one side and tomahawks, celts and fleshers on the other. Of the chipped class much the finer specimens were doubtless men's weapons, but in the polished types the highest evolution was in woman's sphere of tools. Reserving a description of the weapon class for another heading, we will here outline those forms presumably domestic. The simplest of all were flakes struck off by one blow from a pebble, but the Tunxis Valley offers few suitable minerals for such flakes. We can only point to one object of a whitish opaque quartz, which was taken by the writer from the side of an excavation about three feet deep, during the trenching for the Bristol reservoir; fig 78. Its artificial character is plain and its location very singular. A good many rudely made knives have been found, chipped mostly on one edge, some of which seem to foreshadow the later polished skinning knives; figs. 79, 80. Fig. 81, represents a most beautiful example of artistic chipping. It is of "hornstone," and chipped only on the blade, but work upon it is as fine as many specimens of Scandinavian art. Prof. Mason* illustrates one of these knives showing us the "primitive form of grip" or handle which we imitate; fig 82. In fig. 83, we give a knife from Farmington exactly like it. Fig. 84 illustrates apparently a very ancient example in red sandstone. When one of these knives is held lengthwise, blade uppermost, along the hand, it will be seen to curve from one end to the other. When held properly the outlining of the edge sweeps from the forefinger in a gentle curve inward to the thumb. But if the knife is reversed the curve is away from



KNIVES.

the thumb. It seems only possible to cut a straight line when the curve sweeps along the natural curve of the hand from the thumb to the index finger, so we think this shape is *intentional*, not accidental.

* O. T. Mason, Primitive Industry, p. 40.

In fig. 86, one-third natural size, we give a very fine example of a skinning knife made of green slate from Plainville. The reader will readily see how closely it resembles a New England hash knife. These knives seem to have been made by grinding only and are pre-eminently the woman's tool. Fig. 87, represents another fine example also from Plainville. There is another beautiful one made of black slate in the Bristol Museum. A very large example is shown in the American Museum of Natural History, New York, from Bloomfield, Dr. Abbot among many thousand diverse tools only found one in New Jersey.* Fig. 89, is a singular if not unique little knife from Burlington. It was obviously made to be hafted and would have cut up cooked meat very readily. A well made knife blade of such a curious substance as red shaly sandstone is shown in fig. 90. Fig. 91, seems very old. Fig. 92, is from Bristol.

CELTS.

We now come to one of the most beautiful classes of all our Indian tools, the celt.† Upon these stones the ancient craftsman lavished some of his choicest skill. They are the most universal of all worked implements. A fine collection shows a wonderful variety of color and texture in stone, although all are made of heavy and tough materials. They were first pecked into shape and then polished more or less completely. The more common forms of Connecticut are quite round in outline, yet many are oval or nearly flat. All typical celts agree in having a sharp blade, worked axe-like equally from both sides, so as to be nearly symmetrical. So very seldom are they grooved that the writer recalls only one example, from Wisconsin. Some archaeologists have denied that they were ever hafted, yet one is exhibited in the American Museum, N. Y., found in a brook some fifty years ago. It is driven about half way through a well made handle and may have been either a tool or a weapon. These tools are generally thought to have been used in working wood. Probably they were employed also in rubbing down hard skins, as



KNIVES.

* Abbott, Stone Age in New Jersey, p. 303.

† From celtis—a chisel.

the Indian squaw doubtless used whatever tool came handy. As chisels they may have been pushed by the hand, but many show decided signs of having been vigorously pounded, as a joiner pounds his chisel. Working with no guide but his eye, no tool but a stone hammer, and no measure but his hand, one is amazed to see how perfect some of these objects have been made. Fig.



93.



94



95



96



97

1/4 Size.

CELTS

93, one-fourth natural size, is a very perfect black celt from Burlington. Fig. 94 (*r*), from Farmington, is more flat with its sides squared and beautifully polished nearly all over. Fig. 95 is almost a twin to 93. Fig. 96, shows a wider celt with expanding blade, made of a very dense black stone from Granby. Age has given this a beautiful "patina" of mottled bluish-grey and white. Only where a plow-nipped one corner can the true color be seen. The depth of the weathering, while the polish of the stone remains as perfect as when made, would seem to indicate a great age. Its blade has been used until the edge is well battered down. Fig. 97, found by the writer in Plainville, differs from the others, in being flat and very thin. While perfectly shaped by pecking, only two inches of the blade has been polished. One side is flat while the other is bevelled off after the manner

of a plane. It tool in working taking a very this class have and simply chip-treme edge only of long use. All be carefully col-

would be a very serviceable charred wood, and capable of sharp edge. Implements of been found made of quartz ped out, the ex-showing the polish such stones should lected for further study.

THE PESTLE

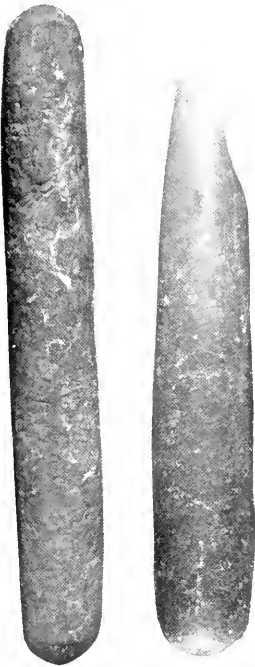
Schoolcraft* writes that raised along the Connecticut leys, and coarsely reduced in mortars of This meal was our New England "hom-has never seen any mortars of stone from he considered to have been used for such thinks our aboriginal mortars were made dition says pepperidge trees. (*Nyssa Mul-*

Schoolcraft § pictures a Pennacook Hampshire, pounding corn in a mortar, ground beneath a tree. Above it there is cord to an overhanging limb a stone pestle. the limb seems to *raise* the pestle and her hand gives it the downward blow.

Indian corn was and tributary val-stone and wood. iny." The writer this section that a purpose. He of hard wood, tra-*tiflora*). squaw of New which is on the attached by a long The rebound of

* "Archives of Aborigina Knowledge," Vol. I, p. 84
 § Ibid, Vol. 4, p. 174.

The writer cannot help the suspicion that some of Schoolcraft's pictures of life are quite imaginary; still he has seen numerous pestles with projections or grooves on the end perfectly adapted to such suspension. Schoolcraft† also pictures a pestle with an animal's head on the upper end, saying that it was "a family name wrought by a symbol," what we should call a "totem." Two such pestles are in the Bristol Museum, but not from the section we are describing. Pestles are quite frequently found, and being such conspicuous objects, usually reported to collectors. They never seem to have been polished, except from use on their working ends. Therefore in them we may see the art of pecking brought to its



98 1/4 SIZE. 99

PESTLES

highest elegance, and many such objects are indeed most fair to look upon. In fig 98, is shown a pestle from Bristol, found by the late Caleb Matthews on Chippins Hill, seventeen inches long. Fig. 99, depicts an extra fine pestle from Farmington. Made of a dark material it is evenly pecked into a perfect shape all around. In another respect this pestle may be unique. It certainly is a novel example of ancient stone art. Although made of a very hard stone, a hole of unknown depth about one-half of an inch in diameter, has been drilled into its working end. Into this hole another stone of yet harder nature has been perfectly fitted, the whole being ground off evenly smooth. We have also another pestle in which a similar hole has been begun but left unfinished. The perfect pestle was found perhaps fifty years ago by an old negro who dwelt upon the site of the old Indian village. This old fellow had an ex-

† Ibid, Vol. 3, p. 400.

ceedingly verdant memory, which reached backward several centuries while describing *his remembrances* of the ancient red men, as *he saw them* shooting their arrows across the primeval reaches of the meadows. The writer must now redeem a pledge made to the old man a decade ago when the pestle was reluctantly given into his keeping—to immortalize both the pestle and its finder. Jacob Sampson Freeman, for half a century the custodian of this last vestige of some Sagamore, cherishing it almost as a Fetich, he became involuntarily an humble disciple of science. May his memory remain as green as his imagination, as his shade gambols through the happy hunting grounds. Our pledge is fulfilled—*Requiescat in pace.*

[To be concluded.]



A MINISTRY OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

BY REV. JOSEPH W. BUCKS, D.D.

The wording of our subject implies two things; first, a peculiarity of the times, as in the expression "A hundred years ago." Second, that the ministry of these times must take much of its character and coloring from them. Those two things must be borne in mind as necessary to a just estimate of the ministry of SAMUEL NOTT, for seventy years pastor of the Congregational church of Franklin, Connecticut.

Mr. Nott was a man of strong points of character. He had a clear and sprightly mind, an indomitable purpose, a soldierly bearing, both in thought and action, strong and intense convictions, a keen sense of honor, and above all, a conscientious devotion to duty, and loyalty to God. He was ordained and installed pastor of the church March 13th, 1782, and died May 26, 1852, at the age of 98 years, having accomplished a pastorate of 70 years in the same church. His personal qualities were so marked, his natural abilities of such a high order, and his life so long, as to give him a place in Eastern Connecticut, especially, that no other minister has ever occupied.

Let us take a bird's-eye glance at the childhood and youth.

This period of his life is interesting and pathetic and is introduced with a few words as to his parentage.

Stephen Nott and Deborah Selden, his parents, began their married life in the old town of Saybrook, Connecticut. For a few years the young family prospered, but only for that short time. Then their house burned down and all their goods were consumed with it. Yet, with courage and energy they rebuilt and were soon re-established in their home and business (mercantile). But reverses again overtook them. The young merchant failed and lost everything. With this came poor health, and all together, brought the family to poverty. The "child Samuel," however, inherited the library of his grandfather, Rev. Abram Nott, which carried with it a hint of a "public education" for the boy; a hint that seems to have lost its force as one wave of misfortune after another came over the household. In these circumstances the boyhood and early youth were very much depressed and hampered, but are interesting for the traits of character developed in him. In this forming period of life the bad and the good were in a constant struggle with each other. On the one hand were the ordinary peccadilloes of the child in school, in which he rather went ahead of the rest. He was fond of fun and frolic and soon developed a rather wayward ingenuity in gratifying the passion. This with his social nature, as he grew in years, and with his high flow of spirits made him a general favorite, and brought him into dangerous companionships, while a contracting force lay in his desire to stand well among the best people around him. He early became sensible of a personal popularity and influence among all classes which, however, revealed to him the limitations of his poverty. He was the son of a

broken down merchant, and it showed in his dress, and chafed his spirits. In some way or other he must dress better. There was no other way than to betake himself to a petty and foolish trading, the profits of which soon enabled him to make a better appearance, and strengthen his position in society. As a specimen of his tendency to slip into forbidden ways for the amusement of others, this may be told: A foolish old couple wanted to get married, but nobody was foolish enough to marry them. Here was a good opportunity for our rising humorist to display his talent. "Oh, I will marry you," he said, "but you must do the praying," and it was so agreed. The time came, the couple stood up, he stood face to face with them, the prayer begun, and went on with a mock solemnity that brought him to his senses, and he hastened to seize the victim of his sport, and broke him off in the midst of his performance.

All this indicates the rather unpromising outlook for his earlier youth.

But other things of a different character relieve the picture, and add a pathos to it.

In consequence of the family misfortunes, at the age of eight years he was bound out as an apprentice in the blacksmith's trade, in which he continued four years at hard work without a day of schooling. His indenture was then terminated by the mutual agreement of the parties and he lived again in his father's family. The next seven years he had eleven months of schooling here and there, and a few weeks at a time. The rest of the time was spent at hard work. In this working part of the seven years he took up eight different trades, viz: that of tanner, shoemaker, manufacturer of sheep-skin wallets, farmer, stonemason, merchant, school teacher, and a little later, manufacturer of saltpetre for gunpowder on which a bounty was offered for use in the revolutionary war. He took up these trades, at first, to help out on his personal expenses, to which came the added motive of rendering pecuniary help to the family. And yet it was not necessity alone that drove him to these things, but in some cases, perhaps, quite as much the working of an original genius that delighted in its achievements; as for instance, when once employed to lay a set of hearthstones in a new house—a thing he had never done before—he easily "invented his rules" as he went along and made a success of it.

It will easily be seen that from the first he manifested great positiveness of character. He was restlessly ambitious. He had great pride of achievement. He liked to do what other boys could not, and was usually able to. His master sometimes amused himself and others by showing off the clever feats of his precocious apprentice. For instance (being himself a captain of a militia company), he one day called for "Sam" to put the company through the regulation drill, which he did without hesitation or mistake; but with this unforeseen result, the spark emitted from the "fire-lock" under his order, seemed to take effect in his soul and kindle the ambition to be an "officer." Once he had the delightful duty of putting chase for a tramp; he soon overhauled him and marched him back with his stolen goods on his shoulder. He had in early manhood great physical strength and endurance. One day at haying he did just two days' work in one, and got two days' pay for it. He was an expert with his gun. If his employer wanted to make a good haul out of a flock of wild ducks flying over, he sent him. He took to study when he could study long enough at once to become interested in it. But the interest of two months' schooling

in a year was hardly enough to hold over the other ten months, amid so many disheartening and distracting influences.

This uniform faithfulness at his tasks, whether in the shop or in the short-termed school, in which he was pretty sure to have the approbation of his teacher, indeed, his uniform success in whatever he undertook, indicate the working of true elements of character as if in a struggle with less hopeful tendencies.

The home influence was an unobtrusive but strong and unceasing force to guide these inward struggles to a happy issue. The father wept as he expostulated with the son. The mother both feared and hoped. "I fear," she said to him, "you will never have learning enough to do business for yourself." And again, as if to lift him out of depression, she speaks the words of courage to him—"Learning and good conduct make the man." His parents, though carrying heavy burdens, and, in a measure, dependent upon him, never abdicated that grandest of functions of the family headship—to command the children and the household. With true hearts and a firm hand they held him loyal to the truth and to God. The mother's appeals were powerful with him even in his most slippery paths. In one of her talks with him his feelings gained the mastery over him, and he broke out with this promise, "Mother, if I go to hell, I will go praying." His parents he both loved and feared. In his darkest hours he could not help contrasting them with other parents in the neighborhood who were intemperate, saying to himself, "Honest and honorable poverty is not the worst thing there is." And in other unhappy homes he learned the same lesson. And thinking of himself—his "little and foolish trading," as he calls it—"it is humiliating," he said, "but it is honest."

Here are signs of a more reflective mood, perhaps of a softened heart, and even of a better life. His daily tasks began to read new lessons to him. When hammering a stone, one day, by himself, he thought of the hardness of his heart. Again, turning up a nest of snake's eggs with his plough, breaking one of them, and watching the spiteful action of the brood, it gave him a lesson upon that "old serpent, the devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world." Perhaps these new thoughts were echoes from the pulpit—for, according to the custom of the family, he was a constant attendant upon church worship, in which he received lasting impressions. Walking home from church one day, alone, he thought of the sermons, and these are some of his reflections:

"The preaching (had) found the way to my conscience. I again felt sensible that I was a sinner, deserving Divine wrath. As I was going home, having some distance to walk alone, I attempted to pray. I frequently attempted it for some time afterwards. I soon began to feel a desire to be a minister. I prayed God that I might be. This request I often made upon the Sabbath as I was returning from public worship."

Still further he discloses his heart secrets, which, at the time, he says:

"I took all possible pains to keep from the knowledge of others."

But the troubled sea continued its restlessness in his heart thus:

"I read the Bible and prayed in secret. I often retired into the field for that purpose. I feared, however, that I was not right in the sight of God. My sins appeared great. I saw that I must renounce them, even my secret sins, and believe in Christ or perish. * * * If I could have bought heaven with money I should have been ready to do it at any price within my reach. I had

very little sense of the need of real holiness, and I had some sins that I did not feel entirely willing to relinquish. I very much wanted an interest in Christ, but I did not like his service. I wanted him to help me to heaven with all my 'pollutions.' I felt very willing to give up many things for Christ; but it was long before I felt willing to give up all. I had *right hand sins and right eye sins* that I knew not how, at first, to give up. The conflict was long and severe, but at length grace triumphed, and through the mercy of God, I hope, I was made willing to forsake sin and to become the obedient subject of King Emmanuel. I saw that He was worthy to be loved and obeyed, and I felt, as I thought, willing to be entirely at His disposal. I thought nothing at this time of having experienced a change of heart, but as I found my views and affections to be altered, I gradually began to hope that I had passed from death unto life. My mind became soon in some good measure quieted. My fears of death and hell were very much removed, but I felt much more sensible fear of offending God than I had formerly done. My doctrinal knowledge at that time was very small. My parents had taught me the Westminster Shorter Catechism. This was of great service to me. My mind was for some time perplexed about Divine Sovereignty and Free Agency, but I became fully convinced that both were taught in the word of God. I had heard considerable said about Calvinism and Armenianism, but had not very definite ideas about either. The more I read and the more I thought, the more I was convinced that it was duty to follow the example of my father, who was a Calvinist."

Closely connected with this beginning of his religious life, there occurred the new departure in his plans which finally widened his horizon and changed the course of his life. In this we shall see that the new desire "to be a minister," while it added another to the long list of his ambitions, proved to be something more than a carnal aspiration. His new departure presents him to us with his face steadfastly set towards the Christian Ministry, and how it came about must now be told.

On one of his trading tours, spending a night in a private family, including several young people, we may conclude he made the usual favorable impression by his polite manners and conversation. At any rate, before the evening was spent the family became enthusiastic to have the young stranger teach their district school two months of the approaching winter. He was ready, if he could have four dollars a month and the consent of his parents. Sparing no pains to secure the prize, the paterfamilias sent one of the boys forthwith to get the committee man to come out immediately and examine the candidate. He came and pronounced the examination satisfactory. Next morning the parents' consent was gained, though not without misgivings on their part, and the schoolmaster succeeded finely. But one thing leads to another. In this new employment his life seems to have been quickened and his aims elevated. The next thing was to go to college. To his parents this was the wildest speculation that even he had ever dreamed of, and it made a rare sensation in the family. But they could not talk it down, and finally gave countenance enough to it to send him to the minister, Rev. Mr. Welch, of Mansfield, whose church he had recently joined, in the expectation that he would put on the extinguisher. Instead of that the minister assisted the flame, and the young schoolmaster began his preparatory studies March, 1774, at the age of twenty years.

It would be difficult to conceive of a more rugged path for a young man in

a course of education than the one he now entered upon. He had five dollars in money, and a gun worth three dollars. At different times he worked at about all the trades he had, but all sources of income at times failed him, and at such times it was only the small and precarious favors of friends that kept him along.

But his purpose was never for a moment shaken. He never took time for a backward step. He scorned to complain. But no gleam of sympathy ever fell upon him without awakening unbounded thankfulness. In one of his most anxious moods, walking along one day alone, "lamenting his trials"—not complaining of them—he met a man who knew him, who attended the same church with him, and was moved with a kind compassion for him. The two easily fell into conversation. The roadside friend, finding his interest in the youth deepen as they walked along, invited him to come and board in his family for a season—thus hoping to lift him over a hard spot. "It nearly broke me down," as he says, "but I kept command of myself." It must be said, however, that he lost that self-command before summer was out, when it appeared that one of the daughters warmly seconded the father's generosity. That was Lucretia Taylor, the future Mrs. Nott. This bit of romance soon deepened into a true sentiment, and continued to brighten his pathway and cheer his darkest hours. It occurred during one of his darkest college vacations, when the college itself was rusticated, being broken up and scattered by war disturbances, for how long a time, no one knew. But he had "put his hand to the plough," and now, under this new star of hope, grasping it even more firmly, he went on as cheerfully as when, a few months before, he was ploughing up stones and roots in the old town of Oxford—a fitting symbol of the vineyard he afterwards reclaimed in the goodly town of Franklin.

Going through college he taught a good deal; sometimes bought old books and put a new binding on them—another trade, by the way—and made a profit in the business. When his money failed him his wits did not. Neither did his college standing suffer. He received his full share of honors, both from faculty and fellow-students. In the third term of his senior year he succeeded Jed Barlow in teaching in "the old wooden college" within "the college yard." In the hands of the new teacher the numbers of the school soon rose from about a dozen to fifty or sixty, and became a marked success every way. He always loved teaching and the predilection showed itself in all his ministry. In his college life he grew in manly and, as we believe, in Christian character. Certainly this fact is very suggestive. There was but one other in his class who professed religion, and with that one he used to meet for a prayer and conference service. [That one—William Woodbridge—having become an excellent preacher, but a more noted teacher of young ladies, at the age of 80 years, bereft of his family, on a visit at Dr. Nott's, sickened and died, and was buried in the family lot of his beloved, life-long friend and classmate.]

His marked success in teaching was due in no small part to his skill in discipline—being about as ingenious in this as in his various lines of handicraft. A single specimen may here be given: One of his pupils was getting indolent and neglectful—didn't get his lessons. Admonition did him no good. At length he was kept after school for a day's special reckoning, but at once put in the plea of sickness for the day's failure. Instantly the teacher accepted the plea and entertained it with great concern for the suffering invalid, expressing

his sympathy in rather affectionate terms, at the same time proceeding to administer the remedy. It was a bitter dose of jaundice powders. Also with the medicine came the caution that as it was raining a little it would be safer not to expose himself by going home just then, but to stay and go to bed at once, at the same time offering him the use of his own bed in the next room, to which he proceeded to escort him. The poor fellow began to cry and sob, and assured the teacher that he felt a great deal better already. Nevertheless the teacher kindly assisted him in getting ready for bed, covered and tucked him up with the utmost tenderness, and left him to go and inform his parents of the situation, and to assure them that he did not consider the boy dangerously sick. Returning to the sick bed, he found no visible improvement, and left again, to return again in about three hours, when he found his patient very much improved. Still it was so late that he insisted on watching with him that night, and kept him for that purpose. Next morning the boy got a good lesson in Tully's orations before breakfast, and seemed quite reconstructed ever afterwards.

After graduating we find Mr. Nott doing a prodigious amount of work; studying theology with the younger Edwards, then leading a "new departure" in New Haven; writing essays out of a list of *ninety* furnished him (all of which, I am afraid, the average graduate of to-day could not answer); doing his part in a literary and theological club of graduates, his school meantime growing on his hands. All this seriously affected his health, so that when soon after he was licensed to preach, and later still called to the pastorate of the Congregational church in West Farms, or Franklin, at the age of 28, he seemed like a broken down man. "But never mind," said one of the ministers to him at his ordination, "who knows but you may yet live to be fifty years old?"

With this introduction of the youth and youthful minister we should now take a glance at the times in which his settlement took place. Those times constitute an environment of three distinct characteristics, viz., ecclesiastical, theological, and political or social.

1. As to the ecclesiastical environment, a few facts will show the unsettled condition of things.

The first minister, Mr. Willes, after a pastorate of thirty-three years, found himself in the midst of an angry strife on the platform question. Dr. Woodward, in his history of the town, says: "In 1747 we find half the Society in arms against the pastor for his adherence to the Cambridge platform, and the other half as zealous in his support." The two parties being thus evenly divided, Mr. Willes was dismissed in 1747, but the quarrel went on. The very next year, 1748, the Society petitioned the General Assembly to be divided into two—one to be established on the Saybrook and the other on the Cambridge platform. But it took ten years to carry the point with the Legislature. In 1758 it was done. That ten years of effort with the Legislature was, of course, a time of widening the breach between the parties; for, it must be sorrowfully confessed, there were other quarrels on hand, and the platform question came in as a convenient pretext on each side. But before this, and while the church was embroiled in this dispute, and their petition was having but slow success with the Legislature, as it would seem, the church "declared against the Saybrook platform" (so read Mr. Avery's memorial sermon); but this did not harmonize things, for in 1753, when they were trying to settle another minister,

the difficulty came up again on this question: "What is the true method of settling and unsettling a minister?" They called a council about it, the result of which was, after exploring both platforms for light, they dropped both and adopted a resolution made for the occasion, and on this basis the candidate, Rev. John Ellis, was inducted into office. But twenty-nine years after this, when Mr. Nott came to be settled, the inevitable Saybrook platform had come to life again and was still quite a favorite with those who wanted to continue the practice of the half-way covenant. But Mr. Nott, now the coming man, quite positively conditioned his settlement on the discontinuance of the half-way covenant, and the church relinquished the practice. And now the most curious of all the curiosities of this historical museum remains to be told. The church, which at Mr. Nott's settlement in 1782, accepted his condition and gave up the "half-way" practice, now in 1787, five years after, took it up again by a "large majority," and, more than that, put the man on discipline, who refused any longer to commune with it, for having so soon returned to "the beggarly elements of the world," as it undoubtedly appeared to him.

It is thus manifest that the young minister had a very formidable task before him, from his ecclesiastical environment. The very atmosphere was charged with the spirit of controversy, and the roots of old strifes were in the soil.

2. The environment also had its *theological* characteristics. There were theological controversies on hand. "There were many in the church"—thus the record sorrowfully states—"who were violent opposers of the Hopkinsian scheme," and these were running with rather a loose rein to liberalism. This condition of things was the heritage of the Franklin church from the former generation. It was in line with the revolt against the older Calvinism which had broken out in so many churches since the Great Awakening in 1840, and resulted in the disruption of many churches and the formation of others. This change, with its fruits of internal disquiet and alienations of feeling, continued, though with a somewhat spent force, down to the time of Mr. Nott's settlement and later—the changed being distinctly marked all along with the growth of Arminian sentiments. And from this there comes a good deal of significance into this fact, viz., that Mr. Nott, at the beginning of his ministry, had a theological class which he statedly met in the meeting-house for the benefit of young people who "presented pieces they had written upon theological questions previously given out and then heard my remarks, in which I strove to render the meeting a means of religious improvement. But as I found, among other things, some persons disposed to bring forward questions that I feared would only engender strife, I dropped the meeting." Here, then, is distinctly revealed a seed-plot that might bring forth a most uncomfortable harvest.

The ecclesiastical and theological features of the environment just noted easily shade off into a third, which we may call

3. The social, or political, or both. Such beginnings are not only ominous, but almost inevitably do, of themselves, make a third feature darker than either. The young pastor who has such difficulties as already noticed, organic and historical, bequeathed to him by a preceding generation, will be sure to find still more serious troubles ahead. It cannot be expected that the full machinery of his ministerial work should come into full play without developing a deal of friction, as will appear from this third feature of Mr. Nott's environ-

ment, viz., the social or political. The church itself was in quite a disorganized state. It had been practically without a pastor for several years, the predecessor, Rev. Mr. Ellis, having been absent as chaplain in the Revolutionary army. The two or three years immediately preceding Mr. Nott's settlement the pulpit had been supplied by candidates. The previous pastorate, moreover, had left no records of its own, or next to none, and no catalogue of members, except a short list that one of the clerks happened to have. Discipline had been neglected and was now the more necessary, and for full seventeen years church trials did, in fact, constitute the most considerable and sometimes the most picturesque feature of the history.

There was also a new feeling of independence awakened by the successful issue of the war, and this incipient flame was fanned by the new school of politics. The new political party found it very easy to discover the seeds of tyranny, not only in the Federal or dominant party, but in the clergy as well, most of whom were Federalists. When wanderers returned from their back slidings as church members, it seems to have been well enough described and a sufficient evidence of repentance to say of them, "They have come back into the Federal party." The expressions "the political fever," "party spirit ran high," and the like, meant a spirit that continually antagonized the pulpit. On one occasion, when Mr. Nott was brought into some temporary perplexity and proposed a reference of the matter to a gentleman he named, he did it with this significant remark, "*He* surely cannot be accused of being unreasonably prejudiced in favor of the clergy"—a remark which shows that the Republican party of those days and the clergy were understood generally as not being the best of friends. This political jealousy was reinforced by the new liberalism in religious opinions before alluded to, which thought more of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" than of the "Hopkinsian scheme."

Our story has already taken us through rough sceneries, but we have got to go through a dark tunnel. We are in the midst of the times described by Prof. John Fiske, in his "Critical Period of American History," when merchants and lawyers and "the literary fellows" made about all the trouble there was in society, in which sweeping charge the clergy had their full share. My short story now to follow is given as further illustrating those times.

About twenty years after Mr. Nott's ordination, there appeared an improvement in the minister's circumstances. He was proverbially industrious and frugal. He was also a good manager. His wife was equally so. He took young men into his family and instructed them in English and classical studies. The avails of his farm amounted to something. In due time there had arisen on the hill-top the minister's stately mansion, in fair, white paint, to be seen from afar. Grave suspicions were awakened lest that towering roof should give shelter to the intolerable ideas of a privileged exclusiveness and a feeling of being above the rest of the world. And such suspicions almost amounted to excommunicating the innocent pastor from the sympathies and love of the church. Instead of being the church's best friend, it seemed to a great many that he was strongly intrenched in his castle on the hill, and more to them like an enemy than a pastor. This made it necessary to watch the castle, if not to besiege it. And a good opportunity came.

The meeting house needed repairing, and the agitation of the subject soon developed a storm in the midst of which the matter of repairs dwindled to com-

parative insignificance, and the men of the day almost sink out of sight so completely are they controlled by the temper of the times. Good men in exciting times do things they would not do in others. So it was in the scenes which, in order to be true to history, we must now somewhat minutely describe.

In order to raise the money for repairs, the natural course would have been to tax the pews. Instead of that it was decided to sell them. In this way the minister's pew would have to be sold like the pew of "*any other man*," although it had always been his, and it was felt by many of the best people that "it would not do" for the minister's family to sit in any other. And it must be confessed that many admirers of the minister's family looked with some pride upon his pew and its occupants. Especially would it be an indignity if he should be compelled to buy one, and a less eligible one. This, however, seemed a part of the scheme. But while this question was in the air Mr. Nott, evidently desiring to make the occasion of the repairs a new epoch in the history of the church, came forward himself with an offer of pecuniary help, and also with suggestions of an enlarged plan of improvement, offering to give ten pounds for the contemplated repairs, also thirty pounds towards a permanent fund for the support of a ministry in town, and twenty more if necessary; also ten pounds more for the erection of a steeple to the meeting house, conditioning it all, however, upon the Society's paying him interest hereafter upon salary three months' overdue. This condition aimed to correct a loose habit of payment, and was in his view an important part of the "repairs." But it had a sting in it for some, and led to the rejection of all his overtures of help. Some saw in those overtures, strangely enough, no better motive than a desire to "get power" into his own hands and to "domineer" over the Society. Indeed, one man said in open meeting "it was necessary that Mr. Nott should be kept down."

In this state of things the day came for the sale of the pews. The opposition, however, was so strong that a vote to sell could not be carried, and all was quiet till the next year came round. The next year the project came up again, and with renewed zeal. This time the pew was sold.

Twenty men bought it in company. The next Sunday was a memorable day in the Franklin church. The minister's family, saying nothing, took "a low pew," with "a poor brotler," which left the old family pew vacant in the morning. In the afternoon the new purchasers took possession of it and filled it. It made a sensation. No one that day asked, "What shall I do to be saved?" The minister's pew attracted more attention than the pulpit. Next day "the Society was in a ferment." People were mortified beyond expression, and were eager to resent the indignity. But the hand of a master was upon them. He advised all to keep silent, and his counsels prevailed. The ferment abated. The pastor in due time wrote a letter, calm, judicial, explanatory, to bring the agitators to a better mind, and he succeeded. In an almost incredibly short space of time it was voted henceforth to pay interest on salary two months' overdue. If possible this did the people more good than it did the pastor, for one of them made haste to call at the pastor's study, and with a beaming face exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Nott, we are the happiest people in the world—if we make a mistake we always get right again!"

This was indeed a happy day, but the skies were not entirely clear yet. The debt for repairs dragged heavily, and this kept the pew difficulty and the question of interest on arrears in people's minds. For six dreary years the pews were sold to pay that debt—the minister's pew among them, which, however, Mr. Nott purchased himself, turning the avails to the payment of the debt. When by his assistance the debt was thus paid, it was again voted to discontinue the payment of interest on salary overdue, all of which reproduced the old situation. This was unexpected, indeed, and called upon the pastor for a new remonstrance. And he writes another letter, which reminds one of the pastoral epistles of the New Testament for its gentleness, tenderness and fidelity. He feels that the Society is in peril from its breach of faith; that it cannot prosper in such a wrong. He can "forgive it," for they are "the dear people of his charge." It is saying by vote that you may "break covenant with a minister" as you would not with "another man." "Establish such a custom and you give your influence to the injury of all the ministers of the State, and put a bar in the way of your ever settling another." "I speak from a feeling heart; I really wish to wear out and die among you," and "would make any sacrifice that would not involve me in a moral wrong." "I would weep in silence over your conduct were it not for the principle on which you proceed." In this temper the troubled pastor lays before his people the case as it stands between him and them, and carries their reason as well as their hearts. "They did not want time to deliberate, but immediately reconsidered" their action, and made everything right. A long threatening evil seemed disposed of, and a new day of prosperity seemed to dawn.

But, alas! a large and respectable minority still dissented from the vote, which, it was hoped, had put an end to the vexed question of interest on salary overdue. The spirit of this minority is seen in a brief extract from a letter to Mr. Nott, expressing their determination not to abide by the majority vote. It reads as follows:

"When you first came into the Society, we have reason to believe you had not much property, but since you came you have purchased a good farm, built and furnished a large house, more elegant than any other house in the Society. You have horses and carriages for the easy conveyance of yourself and family, and are able to extend liberal advantages to your children." The letter also contained a distinct threat of leaving the Society.

In his reply the pastor paid most respectful attention to this threat, considering it carefully and sympathetically. He urged the claims of the Society upon them, the damage and perhaps ruin their secession would cause, their own previous loyalty and influence, the welfare of their children. He did not shun the matter of his own dismissal, if necessary. He felt that it would be better than to remain and make them unhappy. He even detailed to them the plan of procedure for the accomplishment of the object, and assured them of his readiness to serve them in that way, if so he could serve them best. This, with a calm and candid review of the whole subject, but with immovable adherence to the principle involved, had the desired effect. How often good men in a mistake can be reclaimed by skill and tact, and especially by a loving heart. Of this minority, some of the most prominent, with their families, returned to their church duties, others were always friends to Mr. Nott, and not one remained as a troubler in Israel.

And now, by way of episode, another item must be added to this chapter of troubles. A worse woe now appears seemingly rising out of the same sea with the other causes of evil. It was nothing more nor less than Free Masonry. A wolf in the sheep-fold would have created no more alarm. The pastor sprang to the rescue. In after years he playfully said, "I thought it was wiser to meet an enemy when there was only powder in his gun than to wait till he could put a ball on top of it." But this time the enemy stole a march upon him. This time there was a ball on top of the powder. The new comer was prepared. He came in the name of virtue, charity and philanthropy, and made a stand and carried one-fourth the male members of the church into his own fold. It soon got round that Masonry was the best thing there was to go to heaven by. Mr. Nott couldn't see it. He talked and preached. It did no good. A lively controversy got into the Norwich paper (*The Packet*). A single extract will illustrate the situation all around:

"We will never sacrifice the right of private judgment and that equal protection of the laws, or the right to receive common civility and respect which no order, however privileged, has a right to take from us as men. In a word, we believe it is for the interest of society that the clergy should be supported in it, and while they pursue the important vocation of preaching and continue to practice the moral and social duties necessary to the peace, happiness and well being of society in general, then will the Masonic society go hand in glove with them."

The air was full of missiles like this, all keeping a steady aim at the church and the pastor. The controversy was long and sharp. Some of the brethren withdrew from the communion, and then, thinking better of it, returned. Contrary to the "Hopkinsian Scheme" they seemed to fall from grace, but if they did according to that same scheme, were restored again. The pastor meanwhile stood erect in the storm. With a tender concern, but with great plainness of speech, he sought to instruct and persuade. He had confidence in God and in men, especially in the "dear people of his charge." And they had confidence in him, but "the times were unfavorable to the clergy," and the men were the product of the times. They needed the clear vision and steady hand of a leader—just such a leader as they had, who, after a long threatened wreck, brought the ship out of the storm with scarcely a missing passenger. Social and political difficulties disappeared and finally were exterminated root and branch and the church lived and came into a prosperity it had never before known. The pastor was established as a great administrator. He was a strong preacher, a clear thinker, a man of compact sentences who sent every sentence to its mark. While without much ornamentation of style, his ardent feeling sometimes carried him quite into the region of eloquent speaking, yet no one would ever suspect him of having any rhetorical art. But as an administrator he excelled. If he had been a major general—and he always had in his youth distinct military aspirations, and by a mere accident was prevented from enlisting in the army—he would have been prominent among the first. It was a great man that could handle such emergencies as he did, and guide the tumult of popular passion till its force was spent. Undoubtedly his masterly leadership saved the church till the scale turned favorably and the point of danger was passed.

[To be concluded.]

THE FAIR TRADER'S VOYAGE.

A Tale of Rocky Hill a Hundred Years Ago.

BY JOSEPHINE R. BAKER.

"Wal, yes, yer might es well git his traps ready. The fog 'll lift by nine o'clock and the Fair Trader will go down with the tide," answered the old man, gruffly, as he glanced at the sky, the weather vane on the barn and again in the direction of the river, where the topmasts of the larger ships lying at the docks of Stepney parish, the southernmost part of Wethersfield, but now the town of Rocky Hill, were already thrusting their fists through the thick fog which, during the night, had filled the Connecticut Valley like an inland sea.

The house was one of several which crowned the bluff, rising abruptly from the riverside, and as the old man stood in the open doorway, leaning against the doorpost, his weather-beaten face grew mutinous as he thought of his own long voyages now at an end. With a muttered exclamation he surveyed his heavy right foot which refused to move and the tremulous right hand out of which the cunning and strength had gone forever.

"If the squall had only struck me on the la'board side I'd up anchor and shove off for one more v'y'ge, sure es guns. But what can a poor devil do with the whole sta'board side of 'im dead and not buried?"

He leaned forward, carefully balancing himself, and looked up and down the bluff where the street, open toward the river, was flanked by spacious houses, owned by brother sea-captains, shipbuilders and shipowners, prosperous merchants, importers and exporters sending their cargoes to the Mediterranean, the West Indies, South America, and many ports nearer home. For Stepney was then the chief port and center of traffic for the interior of Connecticut. Still farther down the face of the bluff ran another street, flanked by houses whose roofs reached the level of the street above, and lower yet the great warehouses, invisible now by reason of the fog, along whose front stretched the spacious wharves where all sorts of sailing craft loaded and unloaded their cargoes of merchandise.

A confused murmur of sound rose out of that invisible region and drifted up to him through the fog, creaking capstans, rattling blocks, growling chains, shouted orders, and the ready "Aye, aye, sir," in response. He understood it all and knew what was being done there in the fog below, while he had ears only for the trumpet tones of Luke Blinn, first mate of the Fair Trader, and saw only the Fair Trader herself as she lay at Pomeroy's wharf, taking in the last of her cargo, hogsheads of sea bread from the Stepney bakeries, and water casks filled from the blue Connecticut. The lower hold he knew was stored with staves and withes for casks to be set up at St. Croix and filled with rum, sugar and molasses for return voyages; while on an upper deck, packed like sardines, were long rows of horses and mules, which would proba-

bly reach their destination comparatively sound, notwithstanding their close quarters and forced inactivity for many weeks. Or, in event of a long storm, be driven overboard in order to save the ship herself.

How well he remembered one black morning among the Leeward Islands. A fierce storm had overtaken the ship and the Fair Trader had struggled through the wind and darkness, boarded by sea after sea. The frightened horses had broken loose and were fighting like devils incarnate, and all hands were turned to, to secure them, when suddenly the wind chopped around, the foremast went by the board and the Fair Trader went down on her beam ends like an old sinner on his knees. All were going to Davy Jones' locker in a moment more, when Luke Blinn, then only a foremast hand, jumped to the command, cut the wreckage adrift and drove the whole herd of horses and mules into the sea.

Lord, what a sight that was, the boiling sea dotted with horses' heads like a duff with plums, the imploring look and the almost more than human cries of the poor creatures, struggling now to reach the place of safety they had been so eager to escape. Then the Fair Trader, shivering and groaning, slowly righted and drew out of the horrid tumult, crippled, but saved.

"Jonahs, every one of them, and we'd gone to the bottom sure as guns of we'd kept them aboard. But Lord, I'd es soon made my own crew walk the plank as drive them poor critturs overboard. Blinn was the man for that. He did the job and saved the ship and brought her home, too, for this cursed palsy gripped me like a devil fish on that v'y'ge, and there's no shaking it off now. Blinn, he's Mr. Blinn now, first mate of the Fair Trader, and Prescottt, he's going out on his first v'y'ge as captain, while I've got to stay here like a stranded hulk till the sand drifts over me." And the old man, old before his time, leaned his grizzled head on the doorpost and groaned.

Meanwhile his wife and daughter Patty were in an upper room putting the last things into Prescottt's chest, and Prescottt had gone over to the Goodrich place for a few last words with Harmony, his promised bride.

A little later the old man raised his head. During that brief interval he had been through a very Gethsemane of bitterness. But as he looked up the mists began to clear from his own mental vision as the fog lifted from the river and began to drift out of the valley. Down the street came Prescottt, his own boy, a man now, tall, lithe, handsome, well bronzed, the very image of himself thirty years earlier, and at his side stepped the fairest, sweetest bit of a woman that ever lived, excepting always and evermore, his own Martha Robins, whom he had married after his first voyage as captain of the Lark, thirty-one years ago that very day. And while he stood waiting there came out of the north a breath like a whisper, the first faint herald of the wind that he had foreseen would sweep out of the fog and send the Fair Trader on her way.

Before nine o'clock all the valley with its shining river, the green Glastonbury hills on the opposite shore, the busy ferry plying to and fro, the bustling decks and gay shipping, lay open like a picture spread out at his feet. Then there came a hull in the turmoil on the decks and about the dock of the Fair Trader. The tackles were cast off and ropes coiled, for only the captain's chest remained to be taken aboard. Presently Mr. Blinn, with the crew of the Fair Trader following in his wake, came veering up the face of the bluff to shake hands with the old captain and receive orders from the new.

It was a hard moment for the old man—none harder would ever come—and when he and Prescott had parted wordless, but with a grip like a vice, the old man turned from the door and shut out the pretty sight of Mr. Blinn and his crew, two of them carrying the captain's chest between them, and the new captain himself with Patty on one side and Harmony on the other, going down for the last words and the parting on the dock, when the *Fair Trader* cast off and began her voyage.

That bright June morning was more than two months old when the *Dolphin*, Captain Tryon in command, came up the river, made fast to Pomeroy's wharf, and at once reported that the *Dolphin* had spoken the *Fair Trader* as she was making in for Port au Prince, after a prosperous voyage and all well on board. Then weeks and months stole away and no word or token from the *Fair Trader* came to the old man waiting by the doorway, or the fair girl at the Goodrich place, lingering over the dainty wedding garments and stacks of household linen which formed a part of her dowry.

Soon the owners of the *Fair Trader* and the merchants whose ventures were at stake grew uneasy. In those days two voyages a year were all that a vessel could be expected to make, and it was daily becoming more certain that the time consumed by the *Fair Trader's* first voyage would make a second impossible, and in that case the year would be an unprofitable one to both shippers and owners. The leaves fell, the days grew shorter, and then the first flakes of snow came whirling down, saying all too plainly that soon the ground would be covered with snow and the Connecticut locked in ice from its source to the Sound. A few days more and the *Fair Trader* would be unable to reach the dock till the ice broke up in the spring, if indeed she came at all.

Meanwhile on the south side of the island of San Domingo, where an inlet from the sea, *L'Anse a Beau*, made up into the land, the *Fair Trader* lay moored stem and stern, motionless but for the tide, the paint cleaving from her sides and her white decks warping in the sun, but with her return cargo aboard waiting, waiting, neither for wind or tide, but for her captain and crew, some of whom were sleeping never to wake, while others, gray shadows of themselves, lay tossing in delirium or motionless in deadly stupor, cared for by the kindly negroes whose huts lined the banks of the creek. On a terrace back from the sea, in a low, spacious, wide-roofed house, shaded and still, lay the young captain, prostrate with the same malarious fever. His wild ravings subsided to ghostly whisperings and then to utter silence.

A tall, hollow cheeked negress rose and stooped over the sick man, watching keenly the changing face and fluttering breath. Then she turned to the foot of the bed, where, on the floor lay a young girl sleeping, like one exhausted by anxiety or great grief. As she looked the girl's great black eyes opened and she noiselessly rose to her feet, wakened by the silence.

"What is it, madre," she whispered. Then, seeing the sunken face and motionless lips of the man, she cried out, "Save him—save him—save him! If he dies, I die."

"And if he lives?" questioned the negress fiercely.

"If he lives, I live, and I go with him, far, far from this land of cruel fever that has taken all I love, the poor padre last."

"Has he said that to you?"

"He has said naught. He was sick when the poor padre brought him

here and he has known no one, no one, since. But oh me, he is fair. There is none like him, none, and where he goes, I go, even unto death."

"Better he *die* then, this stranger," muttered the negress, locking her gaunt hands, as she gazed at the dark, sweet beauty of this Spanish *Perdita*, "Better he die." For while she had stood over him in the long night watches, fighting death step by step, she had pieced together his hot, wild words, and knew that in the far north, a bride, beautiful and beloved, awaited him. No, she who had done so much would not now stretch out a finger to save him; for she remembered how the dying mother had placed the unconscious *Perdita* in her arms, making her responsible for all the child's future life. With his last breath the poor padre had confirmed the charge, and the man lying before her might go to Hades unshrived and the fair girl in the north follow him there, before she would help him back to life.

But *Perdita* had thrown herself down beside him, crying, "Oh madre, madre, save him or I die, here and now." Then the woman caught a glimpse of flashing steel and knew that the girl had a poniard in her hand, but before she could reach her, a tall form rose up at the bedside and snatched the poinard, dashed it through the open window, and with shaking hands swept the girl into the woman's arms and then hastily bent over the bed.

Brandy and other restoratives were at hand, and after an hour's sharp work this strange man had the inexpressible joy of seeing the captain's deep eyes open and hearing the faint lips whisper "Luke." Then Luke Blinn who had himself passed the crisis of the fever not many hours earlier, dropped in a swoon on the rug at the foot of the bed where *Perdita* had lain.

At length the *Fair Trader*, short handed and crippled, cast off her lines and stood out to sea. Three days later she passed *Aux Cayes*, rounded *Tibriron* and with difficulty stood in for the *Windward Passage*. Young Captain *Bulkley* anxious and haggard, paced the deck with impatient step, thinking of the time that had been consumed and the money lost while the *Fair Trader* had lain worse than idle on that fever stricken coast. If all went well they would barely reach the *Connecticut* before the ice closed in—but somehow everything went ill. The *Fair Trader* moved sluggishly, even with a good wind, her rigging was slack and her fore-topmast was sprung, and various other repairs were needed, but, the crew short handed and weak from recent sickness, could barely navigate the ship. Then there was the leak in the forward hold, discovered the first day out. Mr. Blinn had reported the water increasing, and the cargo forward must be overhauled to reach the spot. If it could not then be stopped they must make for the *Great Inagua* and beach her, for it would never do to face a storm on the coast with a leak like that.

The rattle and clank of the pumps that were being cleared for use, drowned the mate's footsteps as he approached the captain, waiting for him to turn.

"Well, what now, Mr. Blinn. Some new calamity?" asked the captain, stopping short as he saw the grave face of his mate.

"That's as how you take it, sir," answered the mate slowly. "Sam *Griswold* and *Seth Belden* was a movin' them sugar casks under the for'ard hatch when they heard something a sighin' and groanin' down there, and up they tumbled a sayin' as how the ship's haunted. I wouldn't bother you, sir, and went down myself, and there, caught among the boxes like a rat in a trap, was a poor little nigger half dead with hunger and fright."

"A stowaway," mused the captain. "Will he be good for anything? We're short handed, you know, Mr. Blinn."

"Wal," answered the mate with a grim smile, "shouldn't call him an able bodied seaman just yet. He's a little feller and not much at that."

"Then we'll put him ashore if we have to make Inagua. How's the leak, Mr. Blinn?"

"Jest the same. If we hadn't been looking for that leak the little nigger 'd been dead to-morrow sure. Hadn't you better take a look at him sir?" suggested the mate gravely.

The captain followed his mate down into the forecabin and there, in the dim light, he saw a miserable, unconscious little heap in one of the sailor's bunks. Suddenly he stooped, and when he raised himself he said, slowly:

"This is no nigger. A nigger never has hands like that," for something in the half hidden face and the pathetic folding of the slender hands, as if the last conscious thought had been a prayer, moved the captain strangely. "This is no place for him, sick as he is." He bent again to take him up, but immediately stood back, saying: "Bring him to the cabin, Mr. Blinn."

The next morning the captain and mate were pacing the deck side by side. Mr. Blinn had reported the leak stopped, the ship dry and making good headway.

"She's getting down to her work fine, and with good luck and no stops we'll get home before the year's out, after all"

Then they fell silent, looking off to the north.

"But what about the—the—boy?" asked Mr. Blinn at length.

"God knows," answered the other solemnly. Involuntarily both men stopped and looked steadily in each other's eyes. All that needed to be said was said, then and there, without a word.

When they resumed their walk the captain's anxious face had cleared somewhat, and he added gently:

"There is no help for it now. We can't stop. He has no relatives anywhere and one place is as much home to him as another. We must do the best we can and leave the rest to the women when we get home. You gave up your cabin last night. Hereafter you will share mine till the end of the voyage. When he is better he must be taught English and to do some light work about the cabin. It is better that you should take him in charge. What does he call himself?"

"Pedro."

"Then, Luke Blinn, may God Almighty deal with you as you deal with Pedro."

"Amen," answered Luke, taking off his hat.

Still and white lay the Connecticut, coated with thin ice from shore to shore, except here and there irregular patches of inky blackness where the current, rising to the surface, refused to be frozen over. A fine dry snow was falling leisurely.

"A long storm is setting in," said old Captain Bulkley, looking out of the window, and as his eyes fell on the tall bare spars of the few vessels still in the river, and laid up for the winter, he felt that the Fair Trader would reach her dock no more that year, if indeed she ever came at all.

But as he looked along the river bank below the marshes he saw a man

swinging along with a wide stride, and his old eyes, accustomed to long distances, told him that this man was a sailor with his "sea legs" on. "Just landed but where from?" A few moments later he ejaculated, turning white, "James Lusk, es sure es guns. James Lusk, and alone." For James Lusk was one of the Fair Trader's crew.

The gritty old man kept silent. The good or evil news would come soon enough now, and he let James Lusk tell the women in the kitchen how the Fair Trader, with a fine cargo aboard, was forcing her way, towing and warping up the river. But the men were getting tired and the ice was growing thicker every hour, and by order of young Captain Bulkley he had left the vessel at Middletown Upper Houses and pushed on afoot for help.

All the young men and some old ones, too, turned out at once, and it seemed as if half the population of Stepney had hold of the tow lines, that, at sunset brought the Fair Trader to her dock.

Not many days later there was a grand wedding at the Goodrich place. Mr. Blinn "stood up" with his captain, and between Harmony Goodrich and Patty Bulkley stood a stranger, a beautiful girl, with great sorrowful black eyes, but with a tender smile that won the hearts of all who approached her. It was said that she was a Spanish girl and that her name was Perdita, but no one seemed to know where she came from, not even the crew of the Fair Trader, to whom the disappearance of the boy Pedro, in the captain's boat as they were passing the mouth of Dividend brook, was still an unsolved mystery.

A LESSON IN LIFE

BY GRACE IRENE CHAFFI

Widely apart, two sparkling streamlets leap
 Adown the hills. Their sinuous courses creep
 Like tiny arteries, growing as they go,
 Thwarted and fretted in their early flow,
 Now thrust aside, now slackened by the plain,
 Or onward urged by sudden steep again,
 With uncomplaining joy and patient strength,
 Wending their singing ways; until at length,
 Borne each to each by some strange providence,
 Strong, irresistible and steady, thence
 They issue as one swift and mighty tide,
 A noble river, deep and bosomed wide,
 That serpentine serenely to the sea,
 The fulfillment of a hope the hills set free.

THE EARLY RULES OF YALE.

COLLECTED AND ANNOTATED BY EDWIN STANLEY WELLES.

Some time ago there floated into the library of the Connecticut Historical Society, among the papers presented by the Field family of Stockbridge, Mass., a little paper-covered book of sixteen pages in manuscript, entitled, "Orders and appointments to be observed in ye Collegiate School in Connecticut." It is the work of some unknown student, who upon entering that institution was obliged to make a copy of the regulations, as was the custom in those early days. Unfortunately the date of copying is not given and can only be inferred.

On pages 347-351, in Prof. Dexter's first volume of "Yale Biographies and Annals," is a copy of these ancient orders made in 1726, by Jonathan Ashley of the class of 1730.

By comparing these two copies, it would seem that the one here printed is the earlier, for while the term "College" is frequently used in the text of the copy in Prof. Dexter's book, with but one exception, the phrase "Collegiate School" is substituted for it in the twenty-six rules of the copy before us.

Moreover, in the 20th order, the attendance upon recitations for the last year is given as not closing until the last day of July, whereas it appears as ending by the 15th of that month in Prof. Dexter's copy. These are indications of an earlier date; and if not of an earlier date of copying, at least of an earlier edition of the regulations, from which the copy was made. There was a Seth Field of Northfield, Mass., who graduated from Yale College in 1732. If it is his copy, it was made in 1728.

As some of these regulations read very differently from those printed by Prof. Dexter, it has seemed wise to note the more important variations.

It is due to the courtesy of the Connecticut Historical Society that this copy is allowed to appear in print.

ORDERS AND APPOINTMEN[T]S TO BE OBSERVED IN YE COLLEGIATE SCHOOL IN CONNECTICUT.

1. Such as are admitted Students, into y^e Collegiate School Shall in their examination in order therunto be found expert in both Latin & Greek Grammers; and also Skilful in conftruing * & Grammatically resolving both Latin & Greek authors; & in making good & true Latin.

* This clause is wanting in Prof. Dexter's copy.

2†. Every Student Shall Consider y^e main end of his Study (viz) to know God in Jesus Christ: & answerably to lead an honest Sober & Sober life.

† This paragraph appears as the 3rd paragraph and the 3rd appears as 2nd.

3. Every Student Shall exercise himself in reading y^e holy Scriptures privately or by himself every day, y^e y^e word of Christ may dwell in him richly, & be filled with knowledge of y^e will [of] God in all wisdom & Spiritual understand[ing]

4. All Students Shall avoid y^e prophaning of Gods holy name, attributes words & ordinances, & y^e holy Sabbaths & y^e publik affemblys, for divine worſhip (which they Shall carefully attend) they Shall all avoid all appearance of contempt or irreverence

5. All Students Shall be flow to ſpeak & avoid (and as much as in them lies take care y^t others avoid) prophane ſwear[ing] lying needleſs affeverations, fooliſh garrulities, chiding ſtrife railing reproaching, abuſing, jeſ[t]ing uncomlyly noiſes Spreading ill rumours, divulging Secrets & all manner of troubleſome and offensive behaviour.

6. They Shall honour their natural parents as alſo magiſtrates, Elders Rector and tutors, & all their Superiours, keeping due ſilence in their preſence & not diſorderly gainſaig them, but ſhewing them all y^e laudible expreſions of honour & reverence as Such as uncovering the head, &c

7. No undergraduate Shall under pretence of recreation or any excuſe whatſoever without y^e allowance of the Rector or Tutors be abſent from his Study or appointed exerciſes in y^e School; except half an hour at breakfast, & an hour & a half at Dinner; & after evening Prayer til nine of y^e clock. And while he is in y^e School he Shall Studiouſ[ly] redeem his time, obſerving both all y^e hours common to all Students to meet in y^e Hall on thoſe y^t are appointed to his own Exerciſe which he Shall diligen[t]ly attend & be inoffenſive in his attendance therunto in word & geſture

8. No Student Shall go into any Tavern victualing Houſe or Inn to eat or drink except he be called by his parents or guardians or Some Sufficient reaſon, which y^e Rector or tutors Shall except or Spend his time there or fuffer Strong drink* Wine or other ſtrong drink to be brought into his Chamber except in caſe of releif

9†. No Student Shall under any Pretence whatſoever uſe familiar acquaintance with perſons of unquiet or diſolute lives, nor intermeddle with other mens buſineſes nor intrude himſelf into y^e Company of other Students, neither Shall any undergraduate go out of y^e town or be preſent at any courts elections, keeping Fairs, Weddings, Trainings meetings of young perſons nor be of their Society for recreation or Such like affemblys or go a fowling or hunting without leave of the Rector or Tutors nor Shall any Student be abſent from his Chamber after nine of y^e clock at night nor watch after eleven nor have a light before 4 in y^e morning unleſs on extraordinary occaſions

10. Every undergraduate Shall be called by his Sir name unleſs he be the Son of a noble man or Knights eldeſt Son

11. Every undergraduate Shall be bound to continue or be reſident in y^e School and Shall not have liberty granted him of abſence from it longer than the Space of 2 months within y^e Space of a year, unleſs upon Such reaſons and grounds as Shall

* In Prof. Dexter's copy it reads, "or ſuffer any ſtrong Drink y^t is inebriating."

† This paragraph is much abridged; the prohibitions being fewer.

be approved by y^r Rector & two of y^r Trustees & y^r Tutor or Tutors and notwithstanding Such allowed non-residence shall pay his whole tuition

12. Seeing Go(0)d is y^r giver of all wisdom every Scholar beside private or Secret prayer wherein all are bound to ask wisdom of God. Shall be present morning & evening att publick prayer in y^r Hall att y^r accustomed hour which is ordinarily att Six of y^r Clock in y^r morn—from y^r 10th of march, to y^r 10th of September & then again to the 10th of march att Sun rising, & att night between 4 & 5 of y^r clock all y^r year long

13. It is appointed y^t Some part of y^r holy Scriptures be read att morning & evening Prayer in y^r Hall, & y^t exposition be made therof by y^r Rector and all undergraduates Shall be present therat & their absence from it. Shall be punishable as well their absence from prayers, and there Shall be an annallis of what is read by one of the Bachelors or Sophisters in Courfe thrice in a fortnight wherby their Skill in Logick & in Rhetorick may be increased

14. All undergraduates except freshmen (who Shall read out of English into G[r]eek) Shall read Some part of y^e old testament out of Hebrew into Greek in y^r morning; and Shall turn Some part of y^e new testament out of English or Latin into Greek att y^e time of recitation before they begin to recite* wherby their Skill in y^r original tongues may be increased

* In Prot. Dexter's copy, the paragraph closes "to Recite y^e original tongues."

15. All undergraduates Shall publicly repeat Sermons in y^r Hall in their courses & also Bachelors Shall be constantly examined on Sabbath evenings att Evening Prayer

16. All undergraduates Shall after they have done reciting Ethicks & Rhetorick on fry days recite Wollabiuf's Theology & on Saturday mornings recite Amef's Theological Thefes in his medulla & on Saturday Evenings y^e assemblies leffer Chetechism in Latin and on Sabbath day mornings, attend y^e explanation of amefs cafes of Conscience

17. In y^r first year after admiffion on y^r four first days of y^r week; all Students Shall be exercised in y^r Study of y^r Greek & hebrew tongues only beginning in y^r morning in Logick att y^r latter end of y^r year unless their Tutor See cause by reason of their ripeness in y^r Tongues to read Logick to them Sooner they Shall Spend y^r second in Logick with y^r exercise of themselves in y^r languages and y^r third year in phyficks principally & y^e forth year Metaphysick & Mathematicks, Still carrying on y^r former Studies in all classes the two last days of y^r week are perpetually allowed for Rhetorick or Oratory or Divinity and in teaching both tongues and arts, Such Authors† are to be used as agree best with y^r Scriptures wherin y^r Special care of y^r Rector and Tutors is to be exercised & their directions attended

† In Prot. Dexter's copy, this clause reads, "Such Authors are to be used as shall be approved of by y^r Rector and tutors for their especial care is to be exercised Re."

* This paragraph reads, "All Students shall observe their Courses

18. † all Students in y^r School Shall observe their courses for disputations Bachelors once every week & y^e undergraduates after they have begun to Learn Logick five times every week,

excepting six weeks, excepting six weeks for y^e Commencement before and one month for y^e rest of y^e Student[s] after Commencement

Likewise all undergraduates Shall declaim once in two months, & y^e order of y^e declaimers Shall be so disposed y^t once in two months all may declaim excepting as before mentioned.

19. No Scholar Shall use y^e English Tongue in y^e Collegiate School with his fellow Scholars unless he be called to publick exercises proper to be attended in y^e tongue but Scholars when in their chambers* Shall talk Latin

20. The Students Shall attend their disputations recitations in y^e last year of their of their non graduation, till y^e last day of July † & when they have past'd their probation Shall continue resident in y^e School and not remove from it, without y^e liberty of y^e Rector or Tutors

21. for y^e preventing of irreligion idleness and other immoralities in y^e Students, it is ordered that every non graduated Student, without sufficient reason absen[t]ing himself from y^e publick worship of God on Sablaths or publick Lectures in y^e Twon (under whatsoever Denomination) or fasts or thanksgivings Shall be amerced by y^e Rector or Tutors, for every Such default not above eight pence: for omission of Colledge prayers with out Sufficient reason, two pence for each; for tardiness in coming to prayers, ‡ one pence for each time for every omission of appointed Exercises y^e Delinquents [s]hall be amerced by y^e Rector, or by his proper Tutor not above four pence || for each time.

For other immoralities punishment is to be inflicted according to y^e merit of y^e fault either by imposing extraordinary School Exercises upon them; or by degrading in their Several Classes or by publick rebuking, or by imposition of Confessions or of Admonitions or Amercement not exceeding 5 Shillings for each Crime according to y^e merit of y^e Same; and Record is to be made of Such Delinquents from time to time & an account given to y^e Parents or Guardians of Such persons and of y^e Sums of their ameracements

22. It is ordered y^t att y^e expiration of four years continuance in y^e School all Students not culpable or convicted of gross ignorance or Scandalous immoralities, § Shall at his desire & att his own charge being approved in his probation receive a Diploma for y^e Degree of Bachelor, and att 3 years more in like manner a Diploma for magister, but for y^e Special incoragement of Students in their diligence: it is ordered y^t if any Students att the end of y^e 3 years continuance in y^e School Shall in his probation manifest expertness in reading Hebrew into Greek & Greek into Latin ¶ and grammatically resolving ¶ Languages and in answering Such questions in y^e Sytems of Logick and principles of natural Phylosophy and Metaphysicks as y^e Rector & Tutor and any of y^e Trustees present att Probation Shall See cause to propose to him and be approved by y^e Trustees att Commencement

for Disputation in y^e school, bachelors once every week except two months for y^e Commencement for y^e Commencers and one month afterwards for y^e students, likewise all un-le graduates shall Declaim once in six weeks and y^e number of y^e Declaimers shall be so Disposed y^t in the space of six weeks all may Declaim excepting as before mentioned."

* In Prof. Dexter's copy, the words "and when they are together" are inserted after the word "chambers."

† In Prof. Dexter's copy, it reads, "untill y^e five teenth of July."

‡ In Prof. Dexter's copy, the clause beginning "for tardiness" &c., is omitted

§ The penalty is "five pence" in Prof. Dexter's copy

§ This clause in Prof. Dexter's copy reads "convicted of Grosse immoralities and scandals"

¶ This is given, "in Reading y^e Hebrew into Greek and into latin."

may receive a Diploma for his first degree ; and if two years after he Shall produce a written Synopsis of his own compofure to y^e Rector ; either of Logick natural phylosophy or metaphysick, as also a common place on some Divinity Thesis & y^e Solution of two or three Problems Such as y^e Rector Shall propofe to him and be approved by y^e Trustees att Commencement, may receive a Diploma for his Second Degree y^e one & y^e other being free from Scandalous Immoralities by y^e violation of these laws or otherwise

23. To prevent y^e growth of disorder & excefs, and in conformity to Sundry good orders made in Harvard Colledge for y^e fame, and y^e Trustees to prohibit y^e non graduated Students making on y^e oceasion of their or others Commencement provition of Strong drink of any kind whatsoever upon Penalty of being degraded, as a quorum of y^e Trustees* Shall See meet and as y^e merit of y^e Crime Shall deserve referving Liberty for y^e Delinquent to appeal as is elfwhere referved & expreffed

* Instead of "a quorum of y^e Trustees," it reads "y^e trustees" merely in Prof. Dexter's copy.

24. It is ordered y^t from time to time y^e Students being undergraduates & resident in ye Collegiate School Shall Seek & obtain y^e approbation of y^e reverend Rector & Tutor or Tutors in ye first taking up and after changing their quarters for Lodging and Diet

25. Ordered y^t each & every Student performing publick exercifes in y^e Collegiate School Shall be obliged to deliver their exercifes written to y^e Rector Tutor or Tutors upon their, or either of y^e Rector or Tutors Demand of y^e Same, on y^e penalty of a publick Admonition to be laid upon y^t Person fo refusing to continue obftinate in fuch refusal he or they Shall be liable to Expulfion or Such orther punishment as y^e Trustees Shall See caufe to inflict

26. Every Student Shall in order to his admiffion write a Copy of these orders and appointments whereunto his admittatur Shall be annexed Signed by the Rector and Tutor or Tutors†

† In Prof. Dexter's copy, there follows this order : " It is ordered y^t ye highest scholar in ye hall att mealtime shall ask a blessing and turn thanks except ye tutor or some graduate be there."

Laws made by y^e Trustees November y^e 21; 1722

Agreed y^t if any Student Shall go into any Tavern Victualing house or Inn to eat or drink except he be called by his parents or guarduans or Some Such perfons, as y^e Rector or Tutor Shall except of, or Spend his time there ; & be convicted thereof Shall be obliged publickly to confefs his fault and in cafe he refuse to do that be admonished‡ and for y^e Second offence of y^t kind Shall be Degraded and for y^e third be expelled

‡ In Prof. Dexter's copy, after the word " fault," it simply reads, " and be admonished"

§ This and paragraph does not appear at all

2|| Agreed and voted that each undergraduated Student in this School Shall quarterly pay for his feat in ye Meeting Houfe and be chargeable with it in his Quarter Bill

3. Agreed y^t if any undergraduate Shall bring or cause to be brought into the Colledge any quantity of Rhum or other Strong Liquor without y^e leave of y^e Rector or Tutor and be therof convicted Shall be degraded

4. Agreed and voted y^t if any undergraduate Shall behave himself contemptuoufly toward [his Rector or Tutors or any of his superiours contrary to y^e laws of y^e Colledge in Case he be therof Convicted he Shall Confess his faults or be admonished ; and for y^e Second Shall be degraded and for y^e third expelled]

INVOLUTION

BY DELIA B. WARD.

Lift up thine eyes ! Why dost thou tire,
 Oh soul ! Thy robe doth trail in mire.
 Naught dost thou see but sordid clay.
 Oh raise thine eyes and look away !
 Thy raiment, all, is wet with tears.
 Why dost bemoan thy griefs and fears ?
 Make for thyself a lighter task
 Oh weary one ! Cast off this mask,
 Unwisely thou didst set thy feet ;
 Thy way is dull and desolate.
 Oh ! then, step up on either side ;
 And Faith, benign, will be thy guide.
 Winged sandals she will give to thee ;
 Garments of light and purity.
 Rid of this mask, thy face divine
 With heavenly radiance dost shine.
 Step up into the light of day,
 Dear heart, and speed thee on thy way
 The space is wide ; the air is free ;
 Speed on to immortality !

CONNECTICUT AND VIRGINIA A CENTURY AGO

BY JAMES N. GRANGER.

[Concluded from Last Number.]

The arrival of Judge Granger at Suffield in November, 1799, after his first trip to Virginia, was at once followed by a gathering of interested persons anxious to learn fully the results of his investigations. Conferences were held at Suffield, at Hartford and at Springfield. As may be well imagined, his reports on their Virginia ventures were not agreeable to his clients. It was soon seen that a long and expensive series of investigations must follow if hope was to be entertained of any successful termination of the matters. It seems to have been determined at the conferences that the agent should at once return to the Southwest and push his explorations even into the far-off wilds of Kentucky. The story he reported reached the ears of many who had not been interested in the former trip, and new clients were added to his list.

The Springfield men gave Judge Granger, under date of December 16th, 1799, written instructions for his guidance in their matters. They said: "You are to prepare our defence to the bill in chancery brought against us by Jonas Clark and Jonathan Mattley, of Brandford, in New Haven County, which will be heard before the Legislature of Connecticut at their session at Hartford on the second Tuesday in May, A. D. 1800, in which they pray for a perpetual injunction against a note of hand by them given to Ebenezer King et. als. (of Suffield) on the purchase of 74,666 acres in the County of Montgomery, State of Virginia, and also praying that all moneys advanced by them on said contract be refunded."

Their bill charges two grounds of complaint; first, a total defect of title, the land having been previously granted to others; and, second, a great defect in the value of the land, which they say was represented to be good, but which turns out to be of no value.

Oliver Phelps, of Suffield, directed him to investigate his title to a hundred thousand acres in Kenawha county (West), Virginia; others requested him to examine a body of three hundred thousand acres lying on the upper waters of the Big Sandy river, and known as the Wilson Cary Nicholas survey, while Jonathan Dwight, of Springfield, asked him to go into the country south of Louisville, Ky., before he returned. So he hastened his preparations, and on the 1st day of January, 1800, he took up his journey again towards the Western wilderness. This time, being familiar with the roads over which he should travel, he journeyed in his chaise, exchanging it later, at the entrance of the Shenandoah, for the saddle.

His route lay by Farmington, Litchfield and Danbury to New Haven, and he crossed the Harlem river on the morning of the 7th, just a week after leaving Suffield. Here he breakfasted for 25 cents at the "Sign of the Bull's Head." It was "a bitter, bitter cold day," and he was prevented from crossing the

North river until the afternoon, when he paid ferriage of 31 cents to the Jersey shore. Four days later he drove into Philadelphia and put up at "Lewis Bender's Sign of the Black Horse in North Second St., No. 226." Thence on through snow and rain to Gettysburg, and so to Winchester, Va., by the 21st inst. Here, with great difficulty, he changed a \$100 New York Bank bill for a \$30 bill of the Baltimore branch of the United States Bank, two \$30 bills of the Alexandria, Va., bank, and \$10 in silver. Northern bank bills were almost worthless



GIDEON GRANGER, ESQ.

in the far-off land to which he was going. At last he reaches his old head quarters at Wythe Court House, exactly thirty days after bidding adieu to his Connecticut home.

The first thing to be done was the preparation of testimony for the coming trial at Hartford. This necessitated weeks of fast riding up and down the valley, over and beyond the mountains; seeing surveyors, hunters, farmers and men of all kinds; the drafting of depositions and the dragging of often unwilling witnesses before the magistrates. He more than once records a daylight journey of 45 miles or more in the saddle, over the roughest of roads, and sometimes through deep snow, followed by many weary hours of the night spent in writing letters for the weekly mail to the North, or drafting depositions and affidavits for the morrow's use. One day he records: "Rode 15 miles to a Justice of the Peace who lived on the road to Abington. Come there, the magistrate would not act officially, as he lived in that part of Wythe county which

is set off as a new county which will be organized next May. The fool thought that all law was suspended until the new county was in operation, therefore omitted taking the deposition." Another day his horse gave out, and he writes: "My horse sick with the Botts. Got a Farrier to bleed him and prescribe a remedy. Paid for honey, gunpowder and whiskey to give my horse, 34 cents." The next day he reports his horse better. Gunpowder and whiskey was a common remedy in those days for human ills, also particularly for chills and fever. Oftener the whiskey was taken without the gunpowder. Again he writes: "At Capt. Adan's. Rode to the Court House; took the deposition of the surveyor; then to Johnson's to treat the Magistrate to whiskey, 25 cents." A thirsty judge, indeed, for the price meant a quart bottle.

His business and journeyings made him widely known in that part of Virginia, and he met many of the best people in the Valley. On February 5th, 1800, he writes: "At Smithfield, the ancient seat of the Preston family. Was invited there by James P. Preston, Esq., who treated me with extraordinary civility as well as the rest of the family." It is refreshing to find a host who "treats the rest of the family" with the same "extraordinary civility" he does his guest. He gave the Preston "servant" 25 cents; the next day, at plain Maj. James Taylor's, he drops 12½ cents into the itching palm of the major's "nigger." The James P. Preston mentioned was a younger son of that old Virginia family, and at that time a young man of about 25 years. In the War of 1812 he became a colonel of an infantry regiment in the Regular army, and was made a cripple by wounds. Later he was governor of Virginia from 1816 to 1819. His oldest brother, Gen John Preston, the then head of the family, also lived at Smithfield, and of him we shall have occasion to speak more fully farther on.

With the early spring the gathering of testimony was, for the most time, finished, and the question of examining the three hundred thousand acre tract was taken up. This proved the most difficult and trying work Judge Granger had ever done, but it yielded the greatest surprise he had experienced. The land lay in a complete wilderness on the upper waters of the Big Sandy river, which has its sources in the mountains of Southwestern Virginia, and further down towards the Ohio becomes the dividing line between Kentucky and West Virginia.

Accompanied by Hezekiah Harmon, the surveyor, and his assistants, Judge Granger left the settlements at the very head of the Clinch river, a branch of the Cumberland, and passed through a gap in the rugged mountains to the headwaters of the Sandy river. Each man carried five or six days' provisions on his back, and of tents they had none. The starting point of the survey was quickly found. When the lines were run out according to the survey of 1794, made for Wilson Cary Nicholas, the recorded marks of the corners did not appear. Again and yet again lines were run without the expected results, and it became evident there was something wrong with the old description. The survey thus took longer than was expected, and, the supply of provisions running out, they endeavored to obtain more with their guns, but with small success. Finally they were forced to retreat to the settlements to avoid starvation, whence they returned to their work with a led horse loaded with food. At last, after nineteen days of work, instead of six as they expected, the survey was completed. I find in the report of the surveyor a statement of the quality

of the land. The land is generally broken, consisting of rugged mountains, high ridges and hills between which are gloomy gulfs scarcely passable for man or beast, and only room for the streams which cut and divide the mountains in every direction. The water is disagreeable to the taste, especially so in summer, so that a horse apparently will suffer before he will drink of it.

Of the hardships of this trip, Judge Granger wrote to his wife: "I returned last night from a trip down the Sandy river. Such a jaunt I never had before. We were gone nine days; we took provisions for but five. The sixth day we got out, and had no bread or meat but what we got in the woods. After resting I shall start again for a trip of two weeks more." And to William Gay, Esq., of Suffield, he says: "I was in the woods nineteen days and nights without anything to shelter me from the inclemency of the storms. This, however, was performed at two different times. It is impossible to describe the hardships which I suffered in the wilderness, much greater than I supposed myself able to endure." He never recovered from the effects of this trip, for it caused disease which finally proved fatal in 1826.

Wilson Cary Nicholas, one of the most distinguished men of Virginia, had caused this land to be surveyed and entered in 1794. He had been a gallant soldier during the Revolution, and Washington had placed him in command of his body guard. In 1798 he was sent to the United States Senate to represent his native State; later he served several terms in the lower house of Congress, and in 1814 became governor of Virginia. Associated with him in these land matters were other men of standing. One was Harry Lee, the dashing officer whom Washington trusted; the statesman who in the halls of Congress said of his old commander, when his death was formally announced, that "He was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen;" who, by his free living, became a bankrupt and a physical wreck, and bequeathed to his gifted son, Gen. Robert E. Lee, the tradition and memory of a grossly immoral life. Another was Gen. John Preston, the head of his distinguished family; a man of high reputation for honor, and holding dignified offices of trust under that State. George Kieth Taylor, of Petersburg, was also interested in the lands. He was a brilliant lawyer, and a member of the United States judiciary. His wife was a sister of the eminent Chief Justice John Marshall of the Supreme Court.

These gentlemen sold this tract of land for \$50,000 to the men whom Judge Granger represented. Their deeds pretended to convey 300,000 acres; Mr. Harmon, the surveyor, found the tract actually contained but 133,864, a shortage of 166,134. Judge Granger wrote his clients that the Virginia men were "aware of this shortage, and sold knowingly." But both Gen. Preston and Judge Taylor asserted that they were young men at the time, and were flattered and deceived by Gen. Lee, in whom they had great confidence. In view of the well-known character of Lee, their statement is undoubtedly correct.

This survey completed, and a needed rest taken, Judge Granger started on horseback for Kenawha Court House, now Charleston, W. Va., to examine Oliver Phelps's purchase of 100,000 acres. His route lay along the winding and precipitous banks of the New and Kenawha rivers for two hundred miles, an unbroken wilderness almost all the way. Arriving at the Court House, he found the land he sought was situate "one hundred miles from the nearest settlement" and no title whatever in Mr. Phelps.

It was the beginning of the summer of 1800 when the judge found himself again at Abingdon preparing for a trip through the unsettled country to Kentucky. Here he staid four days. Finally he set off, following the valley of the Clinch river until he reached Gordon's Station, in Granger county, Tennessee, where he came to the Great Kentucky Road, which led northwest over the mountains and through the Great Wilderness. Along this lonely trail, through the waters of the unbridged rivers, up and down the sides of the steep Powell, Clinch and Cumberland ranges, he pushed the first day, until at night he "put up" at a rude hut which lay just at the western foot of the Cumberland Gap. It was little more than a place where a roof would cover your head and the rudest fare could be gotten to eat. Thus day after day passed struggling through the silent wilderness, sleeping and eating at the rudest of places, the traveler journeyed, until he rejoices at the end of the seventh day that "I am now in Madison county, Ky., and rid of the wilderness and mountains." Then



WESTERN VIRGINIA LANDS.

he went on by Lexington and Frankfort, until he drew rein and dismounted at John Harrison's tavern in "Louisville at the Falls of the Ohio."

Two months were spent in the southern and eastern parts of Kentucky looking up the titles of the many tracts of lands belonging to the Connecticut men. The Jonathan Dwight land to the south of Louisville proved to be in a

charming country, and in marked distinction from the broken and worthless country in the hills of the Shenandoah. He writes to his wife from Bardstown in Nelson county: "This is the most delightful part of the United States I have ever seen; the best sun; the best land imaginable; provisions in abundance. If I ever should conclude to remove from Connecticut, I am fully determined to return to Suffield, settle my affairs and take up my abode in Kentucky." This was not a passing fancy, for he refers to it repeatedly for some years. And in this pleasant way, traveling about in that pleasant country of the far-off State, he passes the months of June and July, and then, crossing the Ohio, passes through the Northwest Territory to Pittsburg, and so by the great turnpike to the East on his way home. This he reaches on the last day of August, after an absence of eight months. To fully appreciate the extent of country over which he wandered, one should consult the map.

The gross frauds of Generals Lee and Preston and Judge Taylor, discovered in 1800, turned the attention of the victims from the land itself to these gentlemen. The agent was directed to return immediately to Virginia and force a settlement with them. The amount which had been paid for the three hun-

dred thousand acre tract was \$30,000, and if the full sum could not be recovered, Judge Granger was authorized to accept a lesser one in compromise. Accordingly trips were taken to Washington and Petersburg, in 1801, and settlement demanded. Gen. Preston seemed willing to give up all he had received; Judge Granger hunted up Gen. Lee, finding him at Fitzhugh Lee's, six miles above Georgetown, D. C. He records: "Spent the day with him; he gave me a letter to George K. Taylor at Petersburg, in which he authorized Taylor to act for him." Then the judge hurried to Petersburg, where he urged Taylor to come to some arrangement, or at least to accompany him to Washington so that a conference could be held with all parties present. Of the result of his efforts he writes: "Monday morning Judge Taylor and I took the stage at Richmond for Fredericksburg. He was intending to go as far as Baltimore, where he was to hold court. The first day's ride was to Fredericks-

burg, and the next morning I was stepping into the stage at three o'clock, my baggage all aboard, when I discovered that Taylor was absent. On inquiry I was told that he was sick. I detained the stage one moment, while I ran into his room and found him in bed. He said he was taken ill in the night and was so indisposed that he could not proceed, but hoped to take the stage the next



CHOICE CORNER LOTS.

day, would see me in the Federal city of Baltimore. I waited a couple of days, at the city of Washington, but heard nothing from him. I then took a seat in the stage for Baltimore with the expectation of seeing Gen. Lee there, but he had left that city a few days before. I was told there that Taylor had written that on account of the state of his health he was unable to attend court at that place. I am of the opinion that Taylor was fearful of an arrest if he crossed the line and that this was the true cause of his staying behind."

With Lee running away into hiding and Taylor giving up even his court duties under plea of illness so as to avoid arrest, the time for drastic measures had arrived. Judge Granger returned quickly to Connecticut and conferred with his clients. He was asked to hurry back to Virginia, and take at once such criminal or other steps as might be necessary. He therefore, for the first time, journeyed the whole distance by stage, it being a quicker mode of traveling than by private conveyance. He left Suffield on November 16, and, spending the first night at Hartford, hurried by New Haven to New York. There he arrived on the evening of the 19th. The next day "being Sunday we hired

an extra stage to start for Philadelphia, and gave \$1.00 extra each, which made the fare \$6.00." On the evening of Monday the stage rolled into Philadelphia and pulled up at the Franklin Head. Then a day and a half brought him to Baltimore, and another day to Georgetown, the end of the stage line. For a long time Georgetown had the best tavern accommodations, and stages did not run into the "City" (Washington); if you had business there you rode in by hack at cost of 25 cents.

The entire expenses of a journey from Suffield to Washington, in 1802, were as follows:

Stage from Suffield to New York,	\$ 9.46½
Stage from New York to Georgetown,	15.50
Other necessary expenses (about)	17.20
	\$44.16½

Nine days was the schedule time, if you journeyed without stops save at night.



GENERAL HARRY LEE.

As Judge Granger passed through Philadelphia on this trip, he heard most important news, and wrote immediately to his clients as follows:

"I have this moment received information that Gen. Harry Lee is in New York. A gentleman who quarters with me informs me that he left Lee at that place three days since; that it was probable that he would continue there some time; that Lee contemplated going to the West Indies, but believes it will be two or three weeks first. He is frequently to be found at the coffee houses and boards somewhere near William street. I at first thought it best to return to

New York and secure Lee, but on further reflection I concluded that arresting Lee in New York might defeat the object of negotiations with Taylor; that if *you* thought it best to arrest Lee there I must wait until I knew your pleasure. I have thought it best, therefore, to simply write to you."

On receipt of this letter, men were hurriedly sent to New York and diligent search was made in the coffee houses and the neighborhood of William

street, but the bird had flown to Boston. So over the rough roads and up and down the steep hills of New England followed the hunters, and they found their quarry just preparing to sail from the Boston docks for the West Indies. Gen. Lee was immediately arrested and imprisoned, but was finally released upon his turning over a large amount of valuable land in Pennsylvania.

The Hon. Wilson Cary Nicholas had agreed to meet Judge Granger at Richmond, on the 22d of December, to make some settlement of the land matters. Judge Granger left Georgetown on the 19th and reached Richmond on the day he had agreed to meet Nicholas.

But the latter did not arrive, sending word that his attorney was authorized to act for him. This was the famous Edmund Randolph, who had been Secretary of State in the second Cabinet of President Washington. John Wickham, an equally brilliant lawyer, and who later assisted in the defence of Aaron Burr in his memorable trial, was retained by the Connecticut men. Gen. Lee of course did not appear, nor did Judge Taylor, but Gen. Preston was present and seemed to do all he could to make a settlement. Writing from Richmond, Judge Granger said: "After spending ten days at this place the business is given up. The most that Randolph will agree to pay you was \$10,000. To barter away your claim for a song was more than I would consent to do. Randolph and Preston could not agree among themselves. Gen. Preston has,



GENERAL JOHN PRESTON.

I believe, offered fairly on his part, but the treatment I have received from Randolph excites my indignation. I have this day paid John Wickham, Esqr., \$50. He is the first lawyer in the State of Virginia, and I do not hesitate to say that he will prosecute your claim with fidelity."

Judge Granger, after the disastrous end of his two trips to Richmond, hurried back to Connecticut. He stopped two days in New York, and then proceeded by sloop to New Haven. The fare was \$4.00, and it took two days to make the voyage. His diaries and letters never again refer to the trouble with Nicholas and his partners; he seems to have turned the whole matter over to Mr. Wickham, and I have always regretted that I do not know how the prosecution of the claim ended. Possibly old papers might be unearthed in Richmond which would tell the end of the story.

My idea in describing with perhaps too much detail these trips into the Southwest wilderness, and the frauds and deception that were practiced upon the men of New England, is not to make public the doing and wanderings of my ancestor, but rather to show how true, even in the first days of this Republic, was the saying of the old poet, "What fools these mortals be." Speculation of a more crazy type cannot be found; the best of New England capitalists

and business men placed hundreds of thousands of dollars in schemes they had never investigated, and in a country which they did not take the trouble to examine or explore.

It must not be presumed that the trips I have attempted to describe constituted all which had to be made to the Southwest on these land matters. Judge Granger spent all his time on them from the spring of 1799 until that of 1804, when he removed to the State of New York. Then, although others took up the work, the details of which I know nothing, I yet find that the original agent was called on to go again and yet again to assist in the investigations until at least the year of 1809. The reader must not conclude that all investments in those lands were lost. Often the title proved good; more often it was made good by the efforts of the agent. But sometimes it proved to be beyond the power of any man to save the investment. I was not long since told by the grandson of one of the largest investors that his family did not receive sufficient money from the sale of the lands of which they had *good* title to pay the taxes assessed against them.

A TWILIGHT IN SPRING.

BY CATHERINE C. CLARK.

The day dies slowly in the western sky,
The sunset splendor fades, and down
Upon the woodlands, bare and brown,
The darkness falls and chill winds whisper low;
The trees in benediction bend their heads,
And all is solemn calm and peace,
The carollings of weary bird throats cease,
The shadows lengthen, and the night comes on.

THE WOLCOTT PLATEAU

BY MILO LEON NORTON.

The town of Wolcott occupies the greater part of an elevated rectangular plateau, with precipitous sides, except on the southern frontier, which tapers gradually down to the valley where the rails of the Meriden and Waterbury railway lie rusting from disuse, and where in the olden time the stage coaches rumbled over the plank road.

The plateau is bounded on the east by the "Greate Playne" upon which Southington and Plainville are situated; on the north by the valley of the Pequabuck, a tributary of the Tunxis; and on the west by the narrow and picturesque valley through which Hancock brook finds its way to the Naugatuck at Waterville, and the beautiful Naugatuck valley itself.

In colonial times the territory was about equally divided between the towns of Waterbury and Farmington, the western line of Bristol and Burlington extending in a direct line southerly through the center of Wolcott as far south as the south line of Southington. For some distance this line is designated by an old highway, partially abandoned, known as the "bound road," upon which are the cellars of a number of ancient farmhouses.

When tidings came of the rich bottom lands and prairies of New Connecticut, there was a considerable hegira from Wolcott, some families traversing the entire distance with ox teams. Owing to this and other migrations, there are scores of old cellars, with monumental stone chimneys, all over Wolcott, giving to the town a decidedly melancholy aspect.

The first settler was John Allcock, of New Haven, who bought a large tract of land on Spindle Hill in 1731. From him are descended the Alcotts of Wolcott, including Dr. William A., Amos Bronson, and his gifted daughter, Louisa May, writers of world-wide renown. Neither of the houses in which Dr. Alcott or Amos was born is still standing, but the houses shown in the illustrations stand near the sites of those in which these distinguished men first saw the light.

The old arm chair of Obed Alcott, father of the doctor, is still preserved by a relative, Mr. Andrus, an octogenarian, whose appreciation of genius can



A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

be shown by a remark made by him to the writer: "Amos was the laziest man I ever knew. The only ten-dollar bill he ever owned he gave to a beggar!"

William and Amos were cousins, both engaged in teaching in their early life, and both traveled extensively in the South as Yankee peddlers.



HOUSE ON SITE OF ONE IN WHICH BRONSON ALCOTT WAS BORN.

Barnard's Journal of Education (Hartford, 1857, from which the portrait of Dr. Alcott is taken) says that he was too severe as a disciplinarian, chastising freely; and was much disliked in Wolcott and Bristol on this account. A complaint was actually made against him to a grand juror, but no prosecution followed. Amos, on the other hand, won the love of all his pupils, rarely punishing. The father of the writer was a pupil of both the Alcotts, and remembered Amos especially, to his dying day, with the greatest respect and affection. Both wrote and published many books on educational, philosophical and reformatory subjects.

The open meadows along the Naugatuck became known to some of the adventurous residents of Farmington soon after its settlement in 1640, but it was not until 1678 that a permanent settlement was begun in Mattatuck and Manhan, as the sites of Waterbury and vicinity were named. An Indian trail then extended from Farmington to Mattatuck, portions of it being traceable to this day. From Bristol it began the ascent of Wolcott mountain, near "Purgatory," crossing the town of Wolcott diagonally, just north of the residence of Homer L. Atkins. The first settlers of Waterbury and Woodbury made their way over this trail on horseback.

In 1770 an ecclesiastical parish was established, covering the territory now embraced in the town limits; and the parish, taken from Farmington on the east and Waterbury on the west of the "bound line," took its name of Farm-

tion followed. Amos, on the other hand, won the love of all his pupils, rarely punishing. The father of the writer was a pupil of both the Alcotts, and remembered Amos especially, to his dying day, with the greatest respect and affection. Both wrote and published many books on educational, philosophical and reformatory subjects.



DR. WILLIAM A. ALCOTT

ingbury from both towns. Religious meetings were held in private houses until 1772, when a meeting house was erected. By vote of the society a number of prominent men were authorized to "sell liker and vittels during the time of Raising the meeting House and any Body Else that is a mind to."

Among the most prominent members of the church was Deacon Isaac Bronson, who held many offices of trust, and was called justly the "Great Man of Wolcott." For five years he was the acting pastor. Cold and unapproachable in demeanor, yet he was



HOUSE WHERE LIVED WILLIAM A. ALCOTT
(Near the site of the one in which he was born.)

possessed of a warm heart. He was also a writer of verse of no mean talent. Perhaps no better evidence of his Christian spirit could be given than the fact that toward the close of his long life he burned nearly all his poems and

other writings, his daughter snatching a few of them from the flames. Such a spirit of self-sacrifice is rare indeed! Among his poetical productions was a hymn on the death of Washington, which was sung at a public meeting in the church. The deacon died in 1845, in the 84th year of his age.

The first minister was Rev. Alexander Gillett, ordained December 20, 1793.

Troublous times came to the church, when, in the thirties, the anti-slavery movement was agitating the people of the North. Wolcott was a democratic stronghold, and held to the right of the South to maintain the institution of slavery without molestation. Excitement ran high, and those holding to the



THE ARM CHAIR OF OBEID ALCOTT

obnoxious abolition notions were made the victims of much abuse and mischievous pranks, among which was the cropping of the manes and tails of the horses of the parson and others, who like him were staunch anti-slavery men. On December 11, 1839, an abolition meeting was advertised to be held in the church. On the night previous a quantity of gunpowder was placed in the

church stove, a slow match lighted, followed by a tremendous explosion which set fire to the building, which was burned to the ground. But the meeting was held just the same, the people gathering around the smoking embers of the edifice. As a result every anti-slavery man withdrew from the society. A new church was erected in 1841-42, a truce was patched up, and a new organization effected. No prosecutions followed the burning of the church, and it was thought that the explosion was directed as much against the stove as the abolitionists, it being considered a very sinful thing in those days to warm a church artificially.

It is related that one Sunday an exchange of pulpits was made between the pastor and the pastor of the Northfield church. It was customary for the minister to read the first line of the hymn, when the chorister would announce



THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

the tune. The visiting clergyman, Parson Camp of Northfield, facetiously, read the first line of the hymn :

“What barren land is this, that yieldeth no supply?”

Deacon Harrison, the chorister, was equal to the emergency, however, and instantly snapped out, “Northfield!” Parson Camp often related this afterward, laughing heartily.

The centennial of the church was celebrated in 1873, a full account of which, together with a history of the church and town, was compiled and published by Rev. Henry Orcutt.

The town of Southington was separated from the mother town of Farmington in 1779, and that part of Farmingbury belonging to Farmington was set off with it. In 1796 the town of Wolcott was incorporated by act of the General Assembly. Lieut.-Gov. Wolcott, whose casting vote decided the vote

of the Senate for the new town, was honored by having his name bestowed upon it. The first town meeting was held June 13, 1796.

The first settlers were from New Haven, Wallingford, North Haven and vicinity, who purchased farms in Wolcott because of the cheapness of the land, and to escape the fevers and malaria of the lowlands. In 1800 the population was much greater than it was seventy-five years later. At one time Tuttle & Benham carried on an extensive business at the Center, many people coming up from Waterbury to trade with them. But for the avariciousness of the owners of the water privilege known as the "Great Falls," Thomaston might have been located in Wolcott, as Seth Thomas was desirous of locating there.

There were some noted characters among the early settlers and their descendants. Timothy Bradley, a carpenter, was one of them, and his stories at "raisings" betrayed an



AN OLD HOUSE PLACE.

imagination that Baron Munchausen might have envied. He related that Abel Allen once carried a hewn stick forty feet long, twelve inches square, on his shoulders from the woods to the building with a man astride each end of it. Another man carried a thousand green chestnut shingles up a thirty-foot ladder, breaking every round as he went up till he reached the top, when he hung to the eaves with his teeth, till the men could go into the woods, cut a stick and make a new ladder; and he never dropped a shingle! Another story was that Timothy had a broad-axe made of razors that had a peculiar ring to it when in use. One day it was stolen. In a few days Mr. Bradley heard the ringing, very faintly, of his broad-axe. Sad-

dling his horse he started in the direction of the sound. He followed it all that day and the next, the sound becoming plainer as he proceeded. Coming to the shore of Long Island Sound he heard it ringing on the opposite side.

AUTOGRAPH OF DEACON ISAAC BRONSON.

Urging his horse into the water he swam it across the Sound, and, on the farther side of Long Island, found his axe, which he secured, and returned as he went.

Geologically the town is founded upon an elevation of mica schist, there being several ridges running in a north and south direction. Clinton hill, in

the northwestern part of the town, has an elevation of 980 feet above the sea. The Center has an elevation of 860 feet. Pike's hill (which might have been named Pike's Peak with propriety) is nearly as high as Clinton hill, and from it one of the most magnificent and extended views in the State can be obtained.

The principal stream is Mad River, having its source in a remarkable basin lying partly in Bristol. Ages ago it was a lake about a mile in length, gradually grown over with a forest of white cedars, the roots forming a mat or raft through which poles have been driven to the depth of forty feet without touching bottom. When first discovered a beaver dam was in existence at the lower end, which can still be seen at low water. A mill dam thrown across



SITE OF HOUSE WHERE DEACON EROSONSON LIVED.

the stream lower down caused the whole forest to rise and float with the rising water, falling again when the water was drawn down—literally a floating forest. It is now a reservoir. William Ellery Channing wrote of it in 1873:

“ Mad River—child of the deep and moss-clad swamp,
Around whose spruce our wandering thoughts encamp.”

There is some wild scenery along Mad River, especially near Pritchard's mill, where there is a natural well, once claimed to be “bottomless”—but now filled up with sand and debris—as round and smooth as if done by the hand of man. The rotary action of running water was the cause. Near this spot was one of the first saw mills erected in Wolcott. In the south part of the town is a small manufacturing village called Woodtick, on the same stream.

The wealth of Wolcott is and always has been in its forests. The adjoining city of Waterbury furnishes a market for a large quantity of wood which

is used for annealing brass. There are some excellent farms in Wolcott, however, as the quantity and quality, at the annual fair, of the fruits, vegetables and live stock, give ample evidence.

The waves of progress have dashed in vain against the base of the cliff upon which the township perches like a castle of the middle ages. The din and clamor of the busy mills, the screech of the locomotive whistles, and the sonorous notes of the factory gongs come but faintly to the ears of the few who yet garrison this mediæval citadel. In a few hours one may climb up over the battlements of this fortress, leaving the whirl and throb of electric motors and steam engines behind him, and enter a region everywhere reminding him of the past. The hand upon the dial of the century is turned back further and further as he ascends, until reaching the center he beholds a picture of a rural hamlet of the last century. One little country store keeps up an existence, such as it is; one church, built in the simple but neat style of the forties, still stands, but its rival of the Episcopal persuasion, after years of disuse, was torn down, an unsightly hole marking its location. Cellar holes stare one in the face right on the "green." There is only one new house, a cottage in the modern style of architecture, seemingly as incongruous to its surroundings as was the Connecticut Yankee in the court of King Arthur in Mark Twain's story.



PLANTING TIME.

BY JOHN ROSSIER.

He sits with baskets in a row,
The sunlight streaming over all
His patient hand moves to and fro,
As ever at the seed time's call.

Within his heart is quiet cheer
That nature sometimes brings to men
When maples redden, birds sing clear,
And the earth grows young again

The bare brown stems along the way
Are newly plumed with bud and leaf.
The air blows freshly, and the day
Has bid a long farewell to grief.

And in the treasured garden space,
Between the larch and linden tree,
Gay daffodills that bloom apace
Are summer's golden prophecy

THE OLD WHALING PORT

BY CHARLOTTE MOYNEUX HOLLOWAY

New London's history, in the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century, was far from a placid and continuous procession to prosperity, though the ambition of its settlers that it should be among the foremost of Connecticut's towns was fully achieved. Such were the advantages of situation and the legacy of influence left by Winthrop that by the opening of the eighteenth century it had attained a political and commercial prominence, which, unfortunately, it relinquished long ere the end, and which, whatever its progress, it can never hope to rival.

Naturally, it hoped to be a trade centre and an important port. The latter it early became, though then, as now, there was petitioning for greater recognition: "We humbly crave of our gracious Sovereigne that he would be pleased out of his Princely bounty to grant it to be a place for free trade for 7, 10 or 12 years as his Royall heart shall encline to conferr as a boon upon his poor yett loyall subjects."—Petition of Colonial Government to Charles II., 1665. "A ship of 500 tons may go up to the town and come so near to the shoar that they may toss a bisket on the shoar."—Letter to the Lords of Privy Council, 1680.

Their own endeavors brought prosperity. As early as 1664, John Coit and his son and sons-in-law had established a shipyard, and shipbuilding became a leading industry, nearly all the trading to the West Indies, Newfoundland, and along the coast to New York and Virginia, being done in New London vessels and by New Londoners for the merchants of many towns, including Hartford, Middletown and Wethersfield. The Colonial Government recognized the importance of the trade it had formed with London, Liverpool and many European ports, and in 1659 made John Smith first customs officer in Connecticut, and located him at the town. It soon made great gain in commerce and population, and by 1680 had a third of the tonnage of the colony; in 1710, was the chief postal station, and the same year was issued—hence the first book printed in the colony—"The Saybrook Platform of Church Discipline," printed by Thomas Short, the first printer in Connecticut, to whose authorities he was recommended as Colony Printer by Bartholomew Green, of Boston. He was established at New London in 1709, and died three years later, as his stone in the Old Burying Ground bears the inscription, "Here lyeth Thomas Short, aged thirty years. 1712."

The records prove the town had an unusual love of education, for early provisions were made for schools, and the legacy of Robert Bartlett founded the high school, whence so many of her illustrious sons went to gain name and place. Contributions were taken up for Yale College, and Joseph Coit of New London was among the first to be graduated.

Intensely patriotic, there was ever instant response to call for troops. Fitz-John Winthrop was commander of the troops of New England and New York

in the expedition against Canada, in 1690. In the numerous wars, the town was always the gathering and quartering place of soldiers and the rendezvous of naval forces, greatly to the detriment of its pocket and, what was of far more importance, its morals; the people became known as fond of gayety, excitement and litigation, as the continual complaints to the General Court, to England, and the disputes with Lyme and Norwich indicate, but withal, the honor, generosity and patriotism, the culture and Christianity of its people were well attested and appreciated. The long drawn out Rogerene disturbance and the Great Awakening of Davenport and Whitefield were the principal events in religious history. The town was singularly tolerant and broad-minded in an epoch when religion was considered persecuting those who differed in belief or practice.



THE SHAW MANOR.

In 1758, Timothy Green began the publication of the second newspaper in the colony, *The New London Summary*, and it was continued for five years, till after a lapse of a few numbers it became *The New London Gazette*, one of the first papers in the colonies to protest against British oppression. A New Londoner, Thomas Green, set up the third paper, *The Connecticut Courant*, in Hartford, in 1764.

The commerce of the town, to which 99 vessels were credited, had been exceedingly extended and lucrative, but it received a terrible blow during the French and English war of 1757-63; but after the Peace of Paris it took new life, principally through the energies of Nathaniel Shaw, Jr., who was the merchant prince of that day. His father settled in New London in early life, and when the expedition to Nova Scotia scattered the Acadians, he had pity on the unfortunates, who were assigned to New London, and at their urgent request gave them his mansion house to build. This structure is the famous Shaw manor, the Connecticut Naval Office during the Revolution, rich in

noble memories, sanctified by having been the home of Lucretia Shaw, wife of Nathaniel Shaw, Jr., who incurred the prison fever while ministering to the victims of British cruelty. It is rich in valuable papers and mementos of the Revolution, preserved with jealous care by its present owner, N. Shaw Perkins. The manor stands on a high ridge on Bank street. Every one of its stones was quarried from the ledge and put in place by the Acadians, and externally it differs little from its appearance when Washington, Lafayette, Greene, Hale, Burbeck, Trumbull, were its guests.



MAJOR GENERAL HENRY BURBECK.

Naturally, New London resented bitterly the exorbitant tax of Great Britain, and when the Stamp Act was passed there was open combination to set it at defiance. Its ships eluded the vigilance of the British customs officers, and the people gathered upon the Parade and made a bonfire of tea, in 1774. Immediately on news of the fight at Lexington, two companies of militia set off for Massachusetts, under Chapman and Coit, and took part in the Battle of Bunker Hill. The patriot teacher, Nathan Hale, left his schoolhouse and hastened to the rostrum of



THE BURBECK HOMESTEAD.

liberty, Miner's Tavern, on the Parade, and with impassioned eloquence filled

men's souls with the same love of freedom that burned in his own. Like him, many of New London's sons went forth to die in liberty's cause as true patriots, though never to be immortalized by the glory and homage that belong to that fearless martyr.

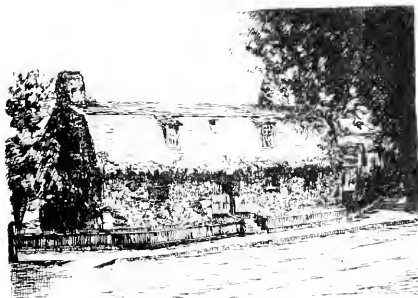
The contributions to the military forces of the patriots was far beyond its quota, but it is by the magnificent achievements of its sailors that New London did most effective service in the Revolution. Its intrepid and skilled privateers were the terror of the enemy. The first man to capture King George's flag was Captain Coit, in the schooner *Harrison*. The first expedition of the Colonial Government, January 1, 1776, was fitted out at New London, and consisted of "*Alfred*," "*Columbus*," "*Andria Doria*" and the "*Cabot*;" Esek Hopkins was commodore,



THE HEMPSTEAD HOUSE.

but Dudley Saltonstall, the captain, and Elisha Hinman, the lieutenant, and eighty of the crew were New Londoners. It returned in April, having attacked New Providence, and besides captured eighty-eight pieces of cannon, seventy prisoners, and a large amount of stores. When the fleet entered New London, General Washington was for the third time in the place. He had with him General Greene, and the two were the guests of Nathaniel Shaw, Jr., who was soon after appointed "agent of the colony for

naval supplies and taking care of sick seamen." He was active in fitting out privateers on his own account, and was invaluable aid to Trumbull and Washington. Unfortunately, Mr. Shaw did not long enjoy the fruits of his exertions, for in April, 1782, a few months after the death of his wife, he was killed by the discharge of his own fowling piece.



THE HUGUENOT HOUSE

New London fairly teems with well authenticated anecdotes of the Revolution, and it is hard to pass through the older part of the town without finding objects of interest; but the Revolutionary part of local history has been so thoroughly covered that but passing mention can be made of the houses which stood in that period. On Main street are the Guy Richards, corner Main and Richards streets; the Red Fox Tavern, where Washington stopped in 1756; the

Episcopal parsonage, the home of Mather Byles; and the Burbeck house, all between Federal and Masonic streets. The latter was the home of Major-



THE MANWARING HOUSE.

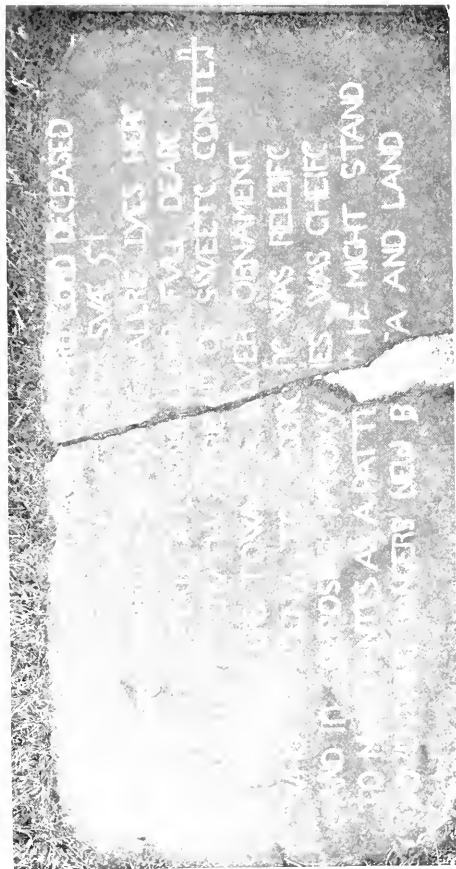
General Henry Burbeck, Brevet Brigadier-General of the United States Army, the founder of the United States Military Academy and Second Chief of Artillery, and the man who did so much to bring that branch of service to its splendid rank. He served with distinction in the Revolution, was a personal friend of Washington, served with great distinction as chief of artillery to General Wayne in the war with the Miamis, was thanked in general orders, and in 1800 was in military command of all the Atlantic seaboard and Eastern and Middle States, with his headquarters at Washington, and in 1801 began the Academy at West Point. After a faithful, continuous service in the most useful and arduous labor for the advancement of the army, he was retired, and devoted himself to his home in New London. On July 4, 1846, he was made president of the Massachusetts Society of the Cincinnati. He died in October, 1848, and the Cincinnati erected the fine shaft to his memory in Cedar Grove. The town had a taste of his quality. It had decreed that the three elms which stand before the house should fall. The General determined they should not, and when he placed himself before them, gun in hand, and swore to shoot the first who touched them, he persuaded the selectmen that he was right. Within the old house now dwell his sons, William Henry, a member of the Cincinnati and the Sons of the American Revolution, John, and Charlotte, who is nearing one hundred years, an honorary member of the Lucretia Shaw Chapter, D. A. R., which has three daughters of Revolutionary soldiers on its list. The Hempstead house, built and fortified in 1678, is the third oldest in the State. It was the home of Sheriff Hempstead, famous for his skill and courage, and of the Joshua, whose diary is such a mine of gossip and information. It is preserved faithfully, as it was known to generations of Hempstead, its quaint interior unmarred by modern touch by its owner, the well-known author, Mary Bolles Branch, a descendant of Hempsteads. The old stone house wreathed with ivy, its neighbor, was built by Huguenots, in 1697.

On the plateau of Manwaring Hill, commanding a magnificent view of the Sound, a site of surpassing beauty, stands the old Manwaring manor. Since 1660 the land has been in possession of the family. No one has read Miss Caulkins' "History of New London" without being impressed with the limpid clearness of her style and the pleasant humor which made her digress occasionally from the dry as dust pathway of fact to pluck some of the fragrant

flowers of tradition. Frances Manwaring Caulkins was born in New London, April 26, 1795, and died here, February 3, 1869. Through her father, she was descendant of Hugh Caulkins, who came with Richard Blinman, the first minister of the colony. On her mother's side her ancestry was noted in early English history, Sir Ranulphus de Manwaring being justice of Chester, in 1189-99; another, Sir William, was killed in the streets of Chester, defending Charles I., October 9, 1644. For thirty generations the Manwarings hold Over Peover, the family seat. Her father died before she was born, and her uncle, Christopher Manwaring, a gentleman noted for generosity, culture and literary tastes, was

exceedingly fond of his talented niece, aiding her with his library, and for seven years she dwelt with him. When she desired to teach, he set apart a room, still called her schoolroom. He married for his second wife Mary Wolcott, a noted beauty, and daughter of the famous Wolcott family. The widow of his son, Dr. Robert Alexander Manwaring, Ellen Barber Manwaring (daughter of Noyes Barber, for eighteen years Congressman from this district, the friend of Henry Clay, Daniel Webster and William Henry Harrison, who was to have had him in his Cabinet), occupies the mansion with her only son, Wolcott B. Manwaring.

In Revolutionary days and long after, the great square before the manor was the training ground of the militia. The 6th of September the patriots made a stand there against the British. When the family returned that evening, the lady of the manor



THE OLDEST TOMBSTONE EAST OF THE CONNEQUOIT RIVER.

found a young British soldier lying upon her floor.

Tenderly she cared for him and wrote to his mother. He was buried in the high ridge where, after the epidemic of small pox, other bodies were placed.

On a lofty, wind-swept ridge, in the northwest of the town, is the Old Burying Ground, laid out in 1653, the object at once of veneration and study, for within this God's Acre lie not only the forefathers of the hamlet, but the ancestors of men who have become great in every State of the Union. Here is the oldest tombstone east of the Connecticut river, that of Capt. Richard Lord; here sleep the Saltonstalls, Deshons, Brewsters, Christophers, one of the lords of Gardiner's Island; Thomas Short, first printer in the colony; Captain Coit, who was one of the prisoners carried away by Arnold, hemmed like cat-



"THE HUGUENOT AND PURITAN SIDE BY SIDE."

tle in a pen, where thirteen of the heroes died during the night and were cast overboard while the *Transcript* lay at anchor in Gardiner's Bay. As they called out the number, Captain Coit, who was on deck, cried out, "Just one for every State!" The words were warm from his lips, when a blow from an officer's sword knocked him down. And there are the Shaws, Richard Chapman and Adam Shapley, and the Huguenot, far from France, side by side with the Puritan, united in death and liberty. The Hon. Augustus Brandegee has written so fully and ably on the Old Burying Ground that it is unnecessary to further dilate upon it.

"The old oaken bucket, the moss-covered bucket that hung in the well,"—the old oaken buckets, whose draughts were sweeter than nectar, have well nigh become a memory. In its place is the faucet, and there has not yet arisen

a poet to render dear to the children of to-morrow the faucet in the homes of to-day. Alack! alack! How progress annihilates the poetic and the picturesque. But there is never eliminated the reverence for the past so swiftly losing all tangible evidence in these days of rapid transition. About four miles from the town, in a bend of the old Colchester road, nestling out of the busy whirl and iconoclastic sarcasm of the nineteenth century, sturdily maintaining its grim outlines, is the Dart Homestead, which can substantiate its claim to be the second oldest in the State, for September 12, 1664, Richard Dart purchased it, and it had been erected by William Wellman, who had received grant of a house lot in October, 1650. Wellman removed to Killingworth in 1664. Strangely in contrast with the ornate and airy modern house is its rugged simplicity. Neither within nor without has modernity left its finger on the time-defying timbers. As it stood in 1664 and earlier, so it stands to-day, disdaining all connections with the present, a sentinel of the past in the ro-



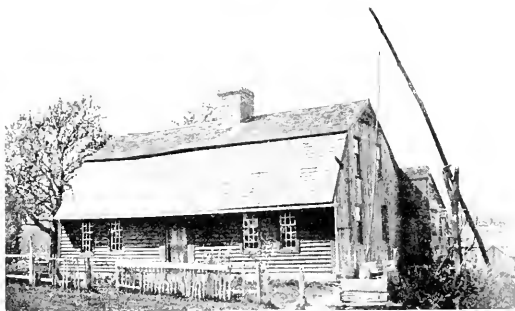
THE BROOKS TOMB.

mantic and secluded valley where the strong and hopeful husband reared it for the home of youth and age. In the centre is a massive stone chimney. The windows are few and many-paned, and the heavy door could resist a battering ram. The old sloop well, the oaken bucket, the stones covered with moss with delicate fronded ferns pointing up their slender fingers, the undulating brown fields divided off by stone walls, the perfect peace of the atmosphere, makes one linger long with but a curious glance at the other old house whose windows are filled with blue glass, glaring ghastly as the sun strikes the alleged health-giving panes.

These two are the remains of "Dart town," where in the memory of the older folk dwelt and toiled the Darts, cunning artificers in wood and iron, makers of wooden screes and cider presses, wagons in the days when the welding of tires was unknown, coffins, flax wheels—everything that man or housewife needed. They ran a tannery, too, and counted a bad year when they could not turn out 200 barrels of cider.

Quaint as is the exterior, the interior of the Dart homestead appeals more

strongly to the antiquarian. It takes one mentally to the days of Sassacus, and one looks for the muskets which should hang on the wall. The hewn rafters are black with age, the floors, wide-planked and paintless, the walls and ceiling always guiltless of plaster and paper, the tapering corner posts, the



THE DART HOMESTEAD.

wide-mouthed fireplace, with its old irons, make a picture not often seen in the nineteenth century. The house has been in the Dart family from 1664 to 1885.

It was to New London men, Capt. Moses Rogers, and his brother, Capt. Samuel Rogers, that the honor of sailing the first

steamship, the Savannah, across the Atlantic was intrusted. With the close of the Revolution there did not come a return of the busy commerce and trade which had employed New London's energies. The privateersmen seemed loth to return to peaceful industry. There were efforts to resume trade, but it was not till 1784 that the records show vessels cleared from this port for the West Indies, London, Liverpool, Cadiz, and Ireland. Norwich, however, which had suffered far less than New London, now completely outstripped the latter, though shipbuilding, even for the European trade, was carried on here with great activity.

In a few years there came the blight of the terrible yellow fever epidemic, which attacked 350 persons, and New London was driven back from the ranks of advance. But it

was to find a new hope in the whaling industry. That anything of importance had been accomplished in this industry in the seventeenth century is doubtful, though the General Court at Hartford gave permission to a Mr. Whiting in 1647, to monopolize whale-taking for a term of years.



THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE.

At that time, as long after, whales frequently appeared in the Sound. This is the sort of whaling to which Hempstead refers in his diary

when he says, Jan. 13, 1717-18: "Comfort Davis hath hired my whale boat to go a whaling to Fisher's Island, till the 20th of next month, to pay 20 shillings for her hire, and if he stays longer 30 shillings. If she be lost and they get nothing, he is to pay me £3, but if they get a fish £3 10s." When a whale was captured it was killed on shore and its fat cut up and dried. It was not till 1794 that New London embarked on the industry Nantucket had had nearly her own, and proved a formidable rival to all others. The first ship fitted out from New London was the *Rising Sun*, Squire, captain, 1784; but the voyage was not a long nor eventful one, and to the ship *Commerce*, which cleared from New London, February 6, 1794, is due the honor of having been the pioneer of the New London whaling fishery, and the first to make for southern latitudes, and after a cruise of fifteen months it returned July 6, 1798, with a full cargo of oil. It would have been interesting to know more than the meagre record of the name of the captain, Ranson, but the *Commerce*, after another voyage, was put into the West India trade, and was lost off Cape Henry, December 25, 1799.



CAPTAIN SAMUEL GREEN

Gen. William Williams, of the Williams family, noted for benefactions to the city, had also sent out the *Criterion*, which was successful, but for some reason, though endeavor was made to form a company in New London to prosecute whaling, the published call in *Green's Gazette* met with insufficient response, and the project languished till 1805, when Dr. Samuel H. P. Lee purchased the *Dauphin*, built by Joseph Barber, at Pawkatuck Bridge, especially for whaling. Dr. Lee organized a whaling company, but it is not alone through services to her commerce that New London is debtor to this noble man, for in the terrible yellow fever epidemic of 1798, which decimated the population, he remained at his post working day and night



CAPTAIN JOHN WARD

to save life and stimulating others to heroism and endurance. Soon three ships

were in commission — Daphne, Leonidas and Lydia — and their catches were sufficient to warrant the company in continuing; but there came the deterrents of the Embargo and the War of 1812. So that the real birth of the whale fishing in New London can be dated from 1810, when Thomas W. Williams fitted out the *Mary* (Captain Davis), Daniel Deshon and others the *Carrier*, Douglas, and the *Mary Ann*, Inglis; in 1820, the *Pizarro*, Elias Coit; 1821, the brig *Thames* and the ships *Commodore Perry* and *Stonington*, the latter so large that it was made a stock enterprise, divided into shares of one thirty-second each. Both ships sailed the same year around the Horn, and after an absence of twenty-eight months, brought back, the *Carrier* 2,100 and the *Stonington* 1,550 barrels. By 1827, there were six ships fitted out by T. W. Williams, and N. and W. W. Billings had three, the *Commodore Perry*, which was the first copper-bottomed whaler sent from this port, and the *Superior* and the *Phoenix*. The *Commodore Perry* made seventeen voyages and the *Stonington* thirteen before they were broken up in 1848. The *Neptune*, which T. W. Williams bought in 1824, was built in 1808, and had returned from an unsuccessful voyage when it was purchased from its New Bedford owner for \$1,650. Since its addition to the New London fleet it made more than twenty voyages. It was in the *Neptune*, 1829, that Capt. Samuel Green, the oldest living whaling captain in New London, made his first voyage. His last was in the *Trident*, in 1871, and so frightful was his experience that he determined, should he escape, never again to risk his life in the fatal trap which had caught so many good men and ships. In September, the fleet of 34 vessels were gathered in a narrow strip from 200 yards to half a mile in width, from Point Belcher to two or three miles south of Wainright Inlet. The whaling had been fairly good, and despite the warnings of the Esquimaux, who told them the ice was closing in, they remained until the wind changed and the ice flows were driven upon them; the vessels were crushed, the crews abandoned them, glad to save their lives, and after untold hardships, from the 29th of August to the 14th of September, when they abandoned the vessels, the devoted masters and crews started to reach the Arctic and another vessel which was free of the ice. The journey in the whale boats, the agony of fear, the grief at parting with the result of their labor, were all forgotten when they were safe outside their prisons. But Capt. Green had had his fill of the sea. After more than forty years' service, during which he had made eighteen voyages, eleven as master, he rested, conscious that he had well won the peace and happiness of his old age. Capt. Green is in his eighty-second year, hale in mind and body; eight years ago he celebrated his golden wedding. Both he and his wife take comfort in their infant grandson, named after the captain, in whom they mean to instill a preference for the life of the landlubber.

In the early forties, when whaling might be said to have reached its prime, New London had seventy-one ships and barks, one brig, six schooners, and a capital of over \$2,000,000 in the business, while 3,000 seamen were employed. After the gold fever and rush to California subsided, there was a revival of the business, and 67,508 barrels of whale oil and 2,914 of sperm oil were taken by the twenty-six ships and two schooners employed that year. About this time the *McLellan*, the seventy eighth vessel employed in whale fishing from New London, was crushed in the ice up in Greenland. The firms engaged at that period in whaling were:

	<i>Ship</i>	<i>Brig</i>	<i>Sloop</i>
Lyman Allyn,	1	0	0
Benjamin Brown's Sons,	4	1	0
J. Chester and F. Harris,	1	0	0
Frink & Prentiss,	3	0	0
Thomas Fitch, 2d,	3	0	0
James M. Green,	1	0	0
Miner, Lawrence & Co.,	0	0	0
Perkins & Smith,	8	0	2
E. V. Stoddard,	2	0	3
Weaver, Rogers & Co.,	2	0	0
William & Barns,	8	0	0
William & Haven,	10	0	0

Of these, the firms of Lawrence & Co., and Williams & Haven are the best known, not only for the magnitude of their interests, but because they remained successful pursuers of whale and seal fishing into the present day. Being bold, sagacious and alert to develop every opportunity, their occasional losses were more than recouped by one of their many gains.

The firm of Williams & Haven was one of the greatest developers of this peculiarly American industry. The sagacity and courage of Major Williams, father of the present C. A. Williams, laid the cornerstone of its success, and Henry P. Haven, a poor country boy whom he took into his office, and Richard H. Chapell, another whose industry and integrity were his only capital when he entered the employ of Hon. Henry P. Haven, were successively the principal members of the firm, though there are other gentlemen in the business who have most zealous care for its interests. It was during the active work of Mr. Haven that its chief achievements were made. During the thirty-five years in which he was virtual head of the concern, he sent out over two hundred vessels for whales, seals and sea-elephants, turning from the Southern seas to the Greenland fisheries, and early explored the regions east of Cape Horn for the sea-elephant and seals, and when his partner, the Hon. C. A. Williams, cruising in the Pacific, found guano in the Phoenix Islands, he soon had a number of vessels in that trade. From this firm and New London the first steam whaler was sent to the whaling grounds, and the first steam sealer. In the whaler, the *Pioneer*, Captain Ebenezer Morgan, better known as "Rattler" Morgan, was made the best whaling voyage on record; sailing June 4, 1864, for Hudson's Bay, she returned September 18, 1865, with 1,391 barrels of whale oil, and 22,650 pounds of whalebone, a cargo worth \$150,000, while the outlay for vessel and fitting was but \$35,800. This was the best whaling voyage ever made. The principle on which whaling was conducted was co-operative, the owners furnishing ship, outfit, and providing for the honoring of the captain's drafts; the captain was quite often a part or whole owner. Capital had two-thirds of the gain and the other third was divided proportionately among the officers and men. There being no wages settled, every incentive was furnished for diligence, and sometimes a bonus was offered to the first man who sighted a whale. There were very many daring and successful whalers from New London, indeed the solid comfort and foundation of many of her homes came from the splendid fortitude and perseverance of these heroes of the sea. There were no more brave and successful captains than the three brothers Smith—Capt. Robert Smith, who was killed on his sixth voyage, in 1828, while

capturing a whale: Capt. Frank Smith, in seven successive voyages, in 1831-37, brought home 17,301 barrels of oil, and Capt. James Smith, the third brother,



CAPTAIN FRANK SMITH.

made fame and fortune, but left whaling for commander of a packet between Honolulu and San Francisco. Capt. "Jim" Smith of the *Manhansett*, who is really known wherever a college boy goes for his skill and urbanity, is the youngest ex-whaler in New London. The names of Morgan, Smith, Blydenburgh, Davis, Chapell, Green, Ward, Tinker, Buddington, Hempstead, Baker, Brown, Allyn, Spicer, Fuller, Rice, Benjamin, Tyson, Pendleton, Fish, and others are sure to be thought of when whaling is mentioned. To-day there is very little done, save for the obtaining of whalebone, and whaling is practically a past industry as far as New London is concerned. The romance and profit of the old days are gone, though the demand for whalebone furnishes a great deal of the latter to those who secure it.

During the war of the rebellion whaling was, of necessity, almost abandoned by all the firms, but a small number being sent out. New London sold many of her old whalers, to be sunk in Charlestown harbor. In 1861, but one, the schooner *Atlantic*, is credited to her in the United States shipping list; in 1862, ten, among them the *Alert*, the famous bark on which Richard Henry Dana gained the experience embodied in that marine classic, "Two Years Before the Mast." The *Alert* was captured and burned by the *Alabama* when a few weeks out from New London, in the same year. Gen. Williams, Capt. Benjamin, Williams & Barns, owners, was captured and burned by the *Shenandoah* in Behring Strait, June, 1865, sent home 150 whale, 1,500 bone. The *Pearl*, Williams & Haven, owners, Bush, captain, was also destroyed by the same cruiser, in April, 1865, off Ascension, after she had sent home 1,483 whale, 5,600 bone. The *Shenandoah*



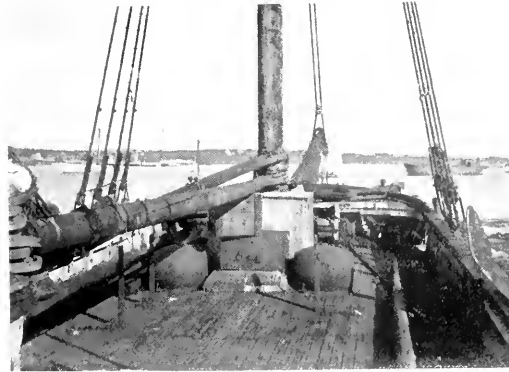
CAPTAIN JIM SMITH OF MANHANSETT.

also captured and bonded the Nile, which sailed for San Francisco crowded with the victims of her wanton malignity, when she burned nine vessels the 27th, June, 1865. Among them was the Nassau, of New Bedford, Capt. Green, of New London, master.

The whaling Captain Buddington rescued the Resolute, sent by the English Government in search of Sir John Franklin, and brought her to New London. The United States gave a handsome reward to the rescuers, and having put the Resolute in fine condition, restored her to the British Government. Whaling was the direct incentive to the expeditions into the Arctic, and through whaling many of the seekers for the North Pole were rescued from the dangers into which their zeal had led them. It was a standing order with the whaling merchants to their captains to help any of the explorers whom they encountered to the best in their power. In 1860, Capt. C. A. Hall came to New London and obtained from Williams

& Haven the bark George Henry with the famous Rescue, which had been consort to the Advance, in 1850-51, in the De Haven Arctic explorations. It was from the Monticello, another vessel of the same firm, that Capt. Hall dated his preface to his Arctic Researches. The men in the Polaris expedition were drawn from New London, and included S. O. Buddington and George E. Tyson, whose drift on the ice floe is the most wonderful thing in the history of navigation.

It was by the enterprise and alertness of New London merchants, C. A. Williams, Henry P. Haven and Richard H. Chapell that there was formed one of the greatest commercial enterprises of the latter half of the century, the Alaska Commercial Company. It has not only given wealth to those interested in it, but has resulted



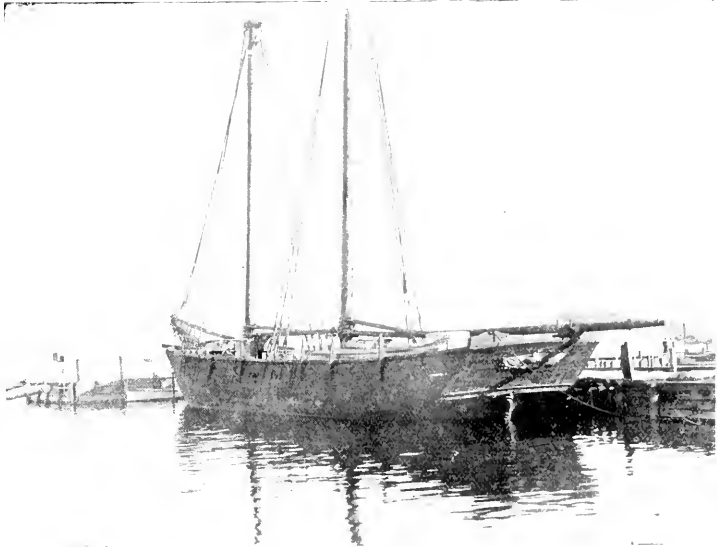
THE DECK OF THE CHARLES COLGATE.

in bringing to the natives of the seal islands the enlightened and humane protection of the company, which gave them civilized homes, ed-



CAPTAIN JOSEPH J. FULLER.

neation, and the advantages of Christianity. As soon as these gentlemen heard of the ceding of Alaska to the United States, Mr. C. A. Williams at Honolulu, Mr. Haven at New London, went to work with the utmost despatch. Mr. R. H. Chapell left New London in a driving snow storm in the vessel commanded by Capt. Ebenezer Morgan, and reached the Pacific by way of Panama. At Honolulu, taking the crew and a tender, they started for Alaska; reported at Sitka to Jefferson C. Davis, in charge of the port of entry, and pushed on to St. Paul Island, the sealing ground, 250 miles from the mainland, and there Capt. Ebenezer Morgan made the first landing and raised the first American flag. For some years, his son, Capt. Thomas F. Morgan, of Groton, was governor of St. Paul and St. George. The Californians who were eager to



THE LAST OF THE WHALERS.

obtain possession of the grounds found themselves forestalled by the Connecticut Yankees, and were obliged to ask them to form a combination.

The largest catch of seals was made by a New London man in the sealing grounds near Kerguelen, Capt. Joseph J. Fuller, in the schooner *Pilot's Bride*, in 1880-81, sent out by Williams & Haven. Capt. Fuller was an experienced captain who had made seals and their habitat a subject of exhaustive study. He had long been convinced that there was a seal rookery near Kerguelen, and he persuaded Mr. C. A. Williams to fit out the *Pilot's Bride* for sea-elephanting and whaling, with enough salt for 500 seal, this limit being placed by Mr. Williams, who agreed that after Capt. Fuller had taken 2,000 barrels of oil he might devote himself to demonstration of his pet theory. The *Pilot's Bride* left New London in April with a crew of twenty-seven men; reached Kerguelen, and

from September to November was quite successful in sea-elephanting, getting 12,000 barrels of oil, and then searching for a seal rookery he found it, as he predicted, and caught in fourteen days 1,643 seal. He might have had more had he salt. After sending the oil to New London from Cape Town and the seal to London, he returned to Kerguelen, but met with a series of disasters, the third mate, Mr. Gray, with a boat's crew of five, was drowned, and while the *Pilot's Bride* was trying to find some trace of the crew of the wrecked whaler *Trinity*, of New London, in a thick snowstorm she was caught in the Rocks of Despair, and the captain and crew were obliged to abandon her. They were shipwrecked on Kerguelen for eleven months, during which the captain successfully quelled a mutiny. All were rescued by the *Francis Allyn*, which had been sent to search for them.

The Charles Colgate, a veteran whaler, belonging to Lawrence & Co., known in connection with the *Trinity*, is still at New London.

THREE KILLINGLY BOYS

BY ELLEN D. EARNED

On the east side of the ample Common crowning old Killingly Hill—now known as Putnam Heights—a little back from the line of the other houses, stands a quaint gambrel-roofed house, the residence of Killingly's second and third ministers. It was built by Justice Joseph Cady for his daughter Damaris, wife of Rev. Perley Howe, after her husband's election to the pastorate of Killingly's first church in 1744. A bitter sectional quarrel had resulted in parish and church division and the erection of two new meeting-houses—that of the First church standing a few rods south of the pastor's residence. The house of the first pastor, Rev. John Pisk, had been burned one Sunday, with all its contents, while the family were at church, the housewife returning in time "to see her cherished store of linen sheets sailing away in folds of ashes."

Justice Joseph Cady was a man of substance and progressive ideas. It was he who brought the first "coach" or wheeled vehicle into town. He was a constituent member of Pomfret's famous Library Association of 1739—"The United Society or Company for Propagating Christian and Useful Knowledge in the towns of Woodstock, Pomfret, Mortlake and Killingly, and West part of Thompson Parish"—with books as ponderous as its title. His own dwelling-house, built at about the date of his marriage in 1714, is still standing east of Putnam City, and is the oldest datable house east side the Quinebaug in Windham county. After the death of Justice Cady it passed into the hands of a Pomfret boy who had made his mark in Providence—Deputy-Governor Darius Sessions—and was a famous place of resort during the Revolution.

In the house built for his daughter Justice Cady followed the later style of Colonial houses, omitting the hall and substituting the gambrel for the sloping roof. Its four rooms ranged around the great central stone chimney, were



OLD CADY HOUSE, PUTNAM. 1714.

somewhat in the form of a modern "Queen Anne," although this fashion of roof is believed to have come from France. Only one room was partitioned off in the upper story—a sunny south room with one window over the porch looking out over the Common and rolling hills. This pleasant room served as the minister's study for Rev. Perley Howe and his successor, Rev. Aaron Brown, who after accepting a call to the vacant pastorate, was accepted by Mrs. Howe as her second husband.

Mr. Brown was a native of Windsor; graduated from Yale in 1749; installed in Killingly, January 9, 1754. He was a scholarly and thoughtful man, much respected by church and people. Like other ministers of the day, he was accustomed to instruct such youths as sought higher privileges than the district school afforded, and among these pupils were three aspirants for college honors—Joseph Howe, his step-son, Manasseh Cutler, and Ebenezer Learned.

Presumably they were boys of more than ordinary advantages. Howe, the son of a minister, was reared among books and literary associations. The fathers of Cutler and Learned were among the substantial men of the town, and the mothers of the three were women of more than ordinary sense and breeding. They had a good teacher, and minds to profit by his instructions. They were lively boys, and enjoyed their social advantages. It was a time of merry-making and familiar intercourse. A Woodstock contemporary describes the young people of his day as given over to vanity and folly. Children of strict Separate families, debarred from open participation, would steal out of their beds at night to engage in dance and frolic. But though studying with the minister our boys were not unduly restricted. The Cadys were not strait-laced. An aunt of Joseph took her little girls to a puppet-show, and when on her death bed, in her hundredth year frankly responded to the grandson, who inquired into the state of her mind, "To tell you the truth, Joe, I have vain thoughts now."

Cutler was especially prominent among the young people, and aged grandmothers in later years delighted to recall the exploits and fascinations of

"Nassch Cutler." And so the boys had their fun, conned their books and dreamed their dreams, and went out into the world from the gambrel-roofed-study. Cady and Cutler were graduated from Yale in 1765, Learned a few years later.

There is no need to tell how signally Manasseh Cutler fulfilled his destiny. His name is honored wherever the Northwest Ordinance carried the blessings of freedom and education. A recent article in the *CONNECTICUT QUARTERLY* rehearsed the salient points in his career. In his inaugural address before the American Historical Association, Dr. Storrs pays full tribute to Dr. Cutler as one of the men who had laid the nation under vast obligation by his prompt and masterly seizure of opportunity. That his success in winning Southern votes for his great measure was largely due to his tact and agreeable manners gives more significance to his early training. That a man reared in a rough border town like Killingly should excel in courtesy and fine breeding "anyone that had before been seen from New England" is very remarkable.

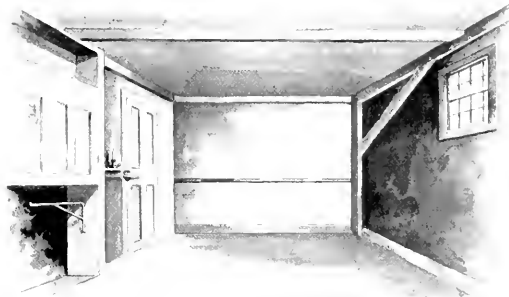


GAMBREL-ROOF HOUSE, PLITNAM HEIGHTS. 1744

In every respect Dr. Cutler ranked among the first men of his day. Versatile, yet profound, he led in many lines of investigation. Useful and honored in his own generation, his fame grows brighter with succeeding years.

Amasa Learned, after graduation from Yale, pursued theological studies with Mr. Brown in the pleasant parsonage on Killingly Hill, and was licensed to preach by Windham County Association. But the stirring questions of the times immediately following the Revolution drew him into public life, and after due preparation he entered upon the practice of law in New London. His standing in the community is strikingly manifested by his being selected to represent the town in that memorable Hartford Convention, called to dis-

cuss and give verdict upon the Federal Constitution of the United States. After serving in various public capacities, he was sent as representative to Congress, 1791-95. Though retiring early from public life, he was highly esteemed in town for his wide information and active interest in all political and national questions. He has also an especial claim to remembrance as the founder of the New London and Norwich Learned families, which have filled an honored place in both cities. His sons, Ebenezer and Edward, were long ranked among the leading citizens of New London. Among their descendants are Rev. Robert Coit Learned, whose services in preserving the history of the churches and ministry of Windham county are still held in grateful remembrance; Hon. William Law Learned, Justice of Supreme Court, Albany, N. Y.;



MINISTER'S STUDY, PUTNAM HEIGHTS. 1744-1775.

Rev. Dwight Whitney Learned, missionary, Kioto, Japan; Bela Peck Learned, Norwich, major in the late war; Walter Learned, New London poet, and orator at the opening exercises of New London's two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, May 5, 1896.

But it was Joseph Howe who bore away the first honors. Graduated at eighteen as valedictorian of an exceptionally able class, he easily kept the head in every line of effort. Assuming the charge of a public school in Hartford, then the most important institution of the kind in the colony, he at once won the respect and confidence of parents and pupils, as well as that of the community at large. Returning as tutor to Yale College, he achieved immediate popularity—"his literary accomplishments, especially his remarkable powers of elocution, not less than his fine social and moral qualities, rendering him a general favorite." It is said that through his influence the standard of polite literature and public speaking in Yale was very considerably elevated, and that to hint of a successor, he was "like Mr. Howe," was the highest praise that could be given. With "a frail, weak, crazy constitution," he attended to college duties and pursued his studies for the ministry, preaching to great acceptance. Wherever he went, hearts, homes and pulpits were opened to him. He received calls to settlement from churches of Hartford, Norwich, Wethersfield, and was everywhere regarded as the most brilliant and promising young man of the day. Visiting Boston for his health, he was invited to preach at New South Church, and made such an impression that he was called to become its pastor upon the strength of one day's hearing—"the character which Mr. Howe had received from the voice of mankind," the reason alleged for such unwonted precipitancy. Pronounced, indeed, must have been the voice which induced such a church to overlook precedent and prudence. But in this case its con-

fidence was justified, and after a year's delay Mr. Howe accepted the call, and was ordained pastor of New South Church, May 19, 1773, filling the place to great and universal acceptance. The magnetic charm of his address was abundantly evident. His "pulpit exercises" are reported as "of the most impressive and fascinating kind." He was the idol of the day, the popular favorite. A local rhymester sings:

"At New South, now, we'll visit Howe,
A genius, it is said, Sir,
And here we'll hail this son of Yale,
There's not a wiser head, Sir."

A Boston poetess reports:

"He in refined, pathetic sermons shone,
His diction pure, his methods all his own,
While his melodious voice his audience blessed,
And roused each noble passion in the breast."

His mind, according to Dr. Sprague, was "fitted perhaps alike for rigid and profound investigation on the one hand, and for the imaginative and rhetorical on the other." And when to these qualities were added an apparent unconscientiousness of his great attractions, and an unusually charitable and catholic spirit, it is not strange that he inspired such enthusiastic admiration. Censured for including in his ordaining council certain "new departure" ministers, he replied: "I am, it is true, of the sentiments of those who are called orthodox in Connecticut. I preach so. But, for all that, I can neither anathematize nor exclude from Christian charity and communion those who in some points differ from me."

The gathering clouds of the Revolution greatly obstructed church work during Mr. Howe's brief ministry, and after the breaking out of hostilities in the spring of 1775, public services were intermitted. With health seriously affected by severe labor and the agitations of the time, Mr. Howe returned to his native colony, passed a few days at his Killingly home, and went on to visit friends in Norwich and Hartford. At the home of his affianced bride, Elizabeth, daughter of Rev. Elnathan Whitman, pastor of Hartford's Second Church, he succumbed to complicated disease, dying August 25, 1775. Amid all the interests and excitement of that stirring summer, his death made a deep impression throughout New England. The solemnities of his funeral were depicted in deepest shades by his Boston admirer:

"The fair Eliza's anguish who can paint,
Placed near the corpse of our ascended saint?
Though his blest soul ascends the upper skies,
Her gentle bosom heaves with tender sighs."

In his old home, impression was deepened by accompanying bereavements. His stepfather, Aaron Brown, died suddenly on his way home from the funeral, and his mother and aged grandmother, both tenderly remembered in his will, survived but few months.

An elaborate and highly eulogistic obituary in the *Connecticut Courant*,

September 4, 1775, gives some idea of the light in which Mr. Howe shone among his contemporaries. He is enthroned among the lights and benefactors of the world; the beauty of whose mind was without a parallel; a great and universal genius; the embodiment of all graces and virtues. Even amid the engrossing scenes of the Revolution his memory was fondly cherished, and long after his decease he was brought again into public notice as the model hero of one of America's first works of fiction.*

But this brilliant young man left no permanent record. No reporter was on hand to catch even a fragment of those thrilling discourses; no helpful thought, no word of eloquence comes down to us. A small memorial volume still bears testimony to the "Life and Eloquence" of a young kinsman of Amasa Learned, dying at New Orleans after a brief career, but no such memorial tells the story of Joseph Howe. As time passed on, Cutler won fresh laurels in Washington; Learned took his seat in Congress, but the fame of the most favored of the three associates faded gradually from memory. The "anguish" of the fair Eliza was too easily and too unworthily consoled, and as the volume that hinted at their story became obsolete, its subjects were forgotten. Our modern and carefully-prepared "Cyclopædia of American Biography," excludes from its long and brilliant list of Howes one who had given such lustre to the name, and "no man knoweth of his sepulchre until this day." Buried at Hartford in the Old Burying Ground, the bereavements quickly following in his family, and the exigencies of the times, probably prevented the erection of a suitable monument, and this gifted and attractive man, the idol of his generation, was left without a stone to mark his resting-place.

There is often complaint made of the lack of historic shrines in our comparatively young country. In this prosaic, manufacturing county of Windham they are conspicuously absent. An Historical Society field-day might only care to note such points as Windham's Frog Pond, Putnam's Wolf Den, and the old Malbone Church of Brooklyn. And so it is fitting to bring to notice the old Gambrel-Roofed House at Putnam Heights, as one associated with names and events of historic import. To the summer sojourner who enjoys the noble outlook from this slightly eminence, it may give an added interest to recall the memory of these three boys, nurtured among these hills and equipped for life-work in the minister's study. And it may not be amiss to link in thought with these another boy reared upon this hill, now ranked among the leading educators of the day—Prof. William T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education.

*"The Coquette, or the Life and Letters of Eliza Wharton."

LAKE WARAMAUG

BY MYRON E. CABLES

Lake Waramaug, lying in one of the most picturesque parts of Litchfield county, eight miles north of New Milford, one of the largest bodies of fresh water in the State, is already widely known as a summer resort by those who seek mountain air, springs of clear, cold, living water, country quiet and romantic scenery. Between three and four hundred persons spend the summer months in this delightful region every year, enjoying the excellent boating and fishing, getting health, pleasure and happiness. It derives its name from "Waramaug," the sachem of the famous tribe of Weantinaug Indians, whose



STREET, NEW PRESTON.

hunting grounds encompassed this lake and lay along the valleys of the Aspetuck and Housatonic as far south as the "Falls," at New Milford. History tells us that Waramaug, who was friendly to the whites, was a chief of wonderful sagacity and shrewdness, ruling his tribe with great wisdom. They listened to him with respect upon all matters, and upon all occasions obeyed him implicitly. Old Waramaug had a bark palace at the "Falls," on the Housatonic river, but he also had a favorite camping ground at the foot of the southeastern slope of the Pinnacle mountain, near what is now called Christian street. Here in this sunny, warm and protected spot, he generally took up his winter quarters, breaking camp early in the spring to go to the fishing grounds at the "Falls."

The southern portion of the lake is closely environed by mountains and



THE STONE CHURCH.

well stocked with fish, the principal kinds being perch, pickerel, black bass and salmon trout, of which latter many have been caught, although it is but a few years since the lake was stocked with them.

Situated about a quarter of a mile south of the lake, upon Aspetuck creek, outlet of the lake, is the small but pleasantly located village of New Preston. It is essentially a mountain village, the houses, owing to the unevenness of the country, are of necessity placed in position illustrative of the old adage, that variety is the spice of life. There is no dull monotony of right-angled parallelograms here. The very irregularity of the streets, with houses perched along the hillsides, amidst cherry and apple trees, and clumps of

has abrupt shores while the northern and western portions have sloping shores which extend back and rise at rather a fast rate into mountains in the back country, but still afford many excellent farms. The waters of Lake Waramaug are as clear as crystal and as pure as ever were distilled in the great laboratory of nature, it being fed almost entirely by springs. Its shores and bed are gravel, sand and rocks, no lake in the State being so free from swamps and morasses. It is really a mountainous lake in a mountainous region. Its waters are



REV. HENRY UPSON.

evergreens, scattered in the valley along the winding stream, so far apart that they hardly seem neighborly, is pleasing to the eye and gratifying to the senses. It is an exceedingly rural hamlet, possessing no manufacturing of any kind. The peace and serenity of its denizens are never disturbed by gongs and steam whistles, by the lurid glare of furnaces, or the resounding hammers of boiler factories. No rumble of vehicles on hard pavements; no long vistas of nine-story brick blocks, shutting out the blue sky and health-giving sunshine. All is calm and peaceful.

Although the Aspetuck is a never-failing stream of good power, falling over two hundred feet in less than a mile and a half, and is all along the distance fretted with numerous water privileges, yet its waters turn only the wheels of two gristmills, one wagon repair shop and a marble sawmill. Years ago, when the marble quarries at Marbledale were in the height of their use-

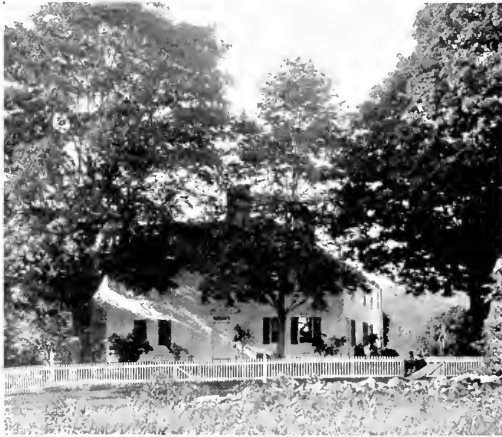


UPSON SEMINARY

fulness, before it was the fashion to import Italian marble, and before marble of a better quality had been discovered in Vermont, this stream turned the wheels of seventeen marble sawmills, all doing a thriving business. Now, the quarries having for years been abandoned, all that is left as a reminder of the activity of fifty years ago, are deep holes filled with water, a few dilapidated, roofless buildings, and in many instances only the ruined dams of the mills remain to call up the past.

The educational facilities of the village are unsurpassed, it being the seat of Upson Seminary, a famed and very successful school for boys, Rev. Henry Upson, principal. Rev. Henry Upson was chaplain of the 13th Regiment, Connecticut Volunteers, and Col. Homer B. Sprague says: "He was not only an eloquent and faithful preacher, but a good forager, as many a load of tur-

keys, pigs, sweet potatoes and the like brought into camp and distributed to the half-starved soldiers gave abundant witness. In battle, too, he fearlessly exposed himself, displayed great courage and rendered invaluable service by communicating orders and dispensing refreshments and consolation to the wounded." After his muster out, he became pastor in the old Stone Church on the Hill, and began preparing boys for college. In 1869, this ripened into a boys' school, with boarding accommodations for a limited number, and has been largely patronized by distinguished and wealthy families. The motto, "Sharpen your scythe before you go to mowing," is the terse rule of action in



RESIDENCE OF G. C. WHITTLESEY.
(Where Washington and Putnam Stopped.)

this man's teaching. He was honored by his townsmen, in 1896, by being elected to the General Assembly of the State, which position he fills with great ability.

There are also two fine stores and the post-office, a market, public hall and Congregational church. And, too, there are some storied places which are worth mentioning. The residence of G. C. Whittlesey is famed as the house at which General Washington and staff once stopped for dinner, while en route from New London to Poughkeepsie. Also General Putnam once stayed here, and, as there was that night one of those good old-fashioned house-warmings that we of this less favored day and generation only experience the pleasure of reading about, he was fain to go, and so he took Miss Cogswell upon his palfry behind. Away they went and did not return till "daylight did appear." She told her children of it with great delight, and they told their children, and it is now a family tradition of which her descendants feel pardonably proud. The residence of Mr. Burnham is pointed out with pride as the "Bushnell Place," having been once the property of Ensign Bushnell, father of Horace Bushnell. It was here that Rev. Horace Bushnell, the great and world-renowned theolo-

gian, spent his boyhood and laid the foundation for that character and that wealth of knowledge which are known the world over. Trees that he planted, and stone walls that he is said to have assisted in building are shown with pride. He spent many successive summers by the lake in later life, enjoying the varied scenery and rare beauty of the region where he had passed his boyhood.

One mile to the west, upon New Preston Hill, is the house in which Jeremiah Day, who, for so many years, was president of Yale College, was born.

The mountain on the west of the southern extremity of the lake was named Weantinaug Mountain, in remembrance of the Weantinaug Indians, by Mr. Bushnell, some years ago, but many of the villagers still persist in calling it Bushnell Mountain, in honor of Mr. Bushnell himself, and because his father once owned many acres of woodland upon it. It rises suddenly from the shore



of the lake, and from its apex there can be had a charming view of the villages of New Preston and Marbledale, and the valley of the Aspetuck for many miles. There is a legend connected with this mountain which is worth relating. Years ago, in the time of the first settlers, a certain warrior used to bring the white men, pieces of lead ore which he affirmed he had cut off the rocks with his hatchet. When questioned as to where he had procured it, he protested with many emphatic grunts and "ughs" that he got it in a cave on this mountain, and that there was any quantity of it there. Once, for a gallon of rum which was promised by the settlers, he went away and after two days returned with a hunk of the ore as large as he could well carry. No one was ever able to follow the dusky denizen of the forest to the spot, or in any way induce the wily Indian to divulge his secret; and, like the last resting place of Moses, no one knows of the place to this day.

On the east, rising abruptly from the water's edge, towers aloft the "Pinnacle," 800 feet above the level of the lake, and 1300 feet above the level of the sea, its crown the solid granite rock, treeless and shrubless, but polished and covered with glacial scratches of much geologic interest. Starting near the Sherman House, at the mouth of the lake, there is a mountain road and path

leading to its summit, a sightly place which is visited by hundreds of persons every summer. From the summit there is a magnificent view in every direction. Away to the south stretches the fertile valleys of the Aspetuck and the Housatonic as far as the eye can reach. Southeast may be seen a part of the Shepaug River valley and the village of Washington perched upon its eminence. To the east, almost beneath the feet, lies the productive valley drained by Bee Brook. Northeast may be seen the villages of Woodville, Bantam, and twelve miles away the historical borough of Litchfield, upon its high and breezy hill, and also glimmering in the sun, Bantam Lake. Almost directly north, perhaps fifteen miles away, is seen Mohawk Tower, upon Mohawk Mountain. In days of old the Indians used to light fires upon Mohawk Mountain and upon Mount Tom, away to the east, to inform the surrounding country that the fierce Mohawks were coming to wage war upon them. Upon such occasions, all the tribes, instinctively knowing that there is strength in union, combined



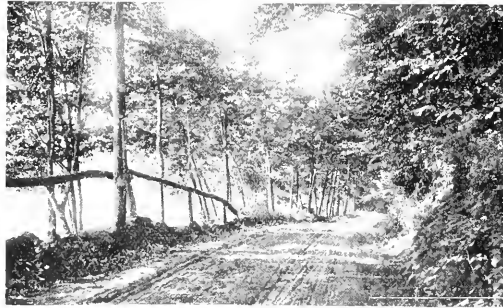
their forces to resist the invasion of their common enemy. To the west, almost a hundred miles away, looming above the horizon into the clouds, and hazy and blue with the glamour of distance, may be seen the Catskill mountains, while just below, so near it seems as if with little effort a stone might be thrown into its placid waters, lies the serpentine lake in all its wealth of beauty. Numerous boats glide over its smooth surface, their occupants bent on health and pleasure, while other boats, safely anchored in its inlets and bays, are occupied by zealous disciples of that famous Izaak of whom Byron wrote:

‘ That quaint old cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.’

All along its wooded shores, and upon its sloping hillsides may be seen the fine summer residences of wealthy city men, and the well appointed and pleasantly located hotels, scarcely discernible among the trees, and the outlying hills growing bluer and bluer in the distance till the ends of the earth seem to have been reached, all contributing to make the scene one of the love-

liest and most beautiful the human eye ever gazed upon. Standing here and looking north, east, south and west, over the broad expanse of hills and valleys and silvery streams in the distance, with the beautiful lake below, the blue sky overhead and a cool breeze from the land of zephyrs upon the brow, I do not wonder that Bushnell, who, though he had traveled much in California, Italy and Switzerland, in an ecstasy of admiration claimed this to be the loveliest, the most picturesque, and most beautiful spot on earth.

The largest stream flowing into the lake is Sucker Brook, so called because in the spring of the year, when the ice first disappears from the lake



and the wind is warm and southerly, suckers in great quantities sometimes run up the stream for the purpose of depositing their spawn. 'Tis then the old, the young and the middle aged men for miles about gather here evenings, sit around a large fire, tell stories, and at stated intervals during the night wade the stream, and by the lurid glare of their lanterns, spear the unsuspecting fish.

The arrow shaped point of land called Cheeree Point was named after Cheeree, son of the old sachem, Waramang. Cheeree lived in a hut upon this point for many years before white men ever had any vacations to spend in this region. He was a terror to white children, for he took especial pains to dress

fantastically and frightfully in feathers and war-paint. Although he delighted in frightening the children, tradition informs us that he never harmed any of them.



ONE OF THE HOTELS.

Just above the Wilson House snugly enclosed in the wild-wood is the house of "Old Harrison," the

"Lone Fisherman." He is a fixture of the lake, and a description of his region without mentioning him would be almost criminally here incomplete. He came here many years ago from New York State. For years he lived in a primitive manner in a hut built of slabs and turf, but coming into possession of a pension for service in the Union army during the great rebellion, a few years ago he had a real house built by a real, live carpenter. The structure is about as large as an ordinary freight-car, and sports windows and a good

coat of paint. In it he lives entirely alone and never has occasion to growl at the cuisine, for he does his own cooking. He lives upon the lake, as it were, and, as he has done ever since known by man in this region, devotes his whole time and attention to fishing. When he cannot lure the ichthyologic tribe to his hook, there is no use; common anglers had better unjoint their rods and go home.

For the summer visitor's pleasure, Lake Waramaug's beautiful waters are traversed by a bright and active little steamer, the "Flirt," which stops at all the hotels and every point of interest. It is capable of carrying eighty or ninety persons with comfort, and carries picnic parties hither and thither whereso'er they listeth, and also makes moonlight excursions a special feature of its existence.

The many hotels about the lake, supplied with all conveniences, the diversity of recreations, and the charm of the surroundings make this an ideal place



to spend the summer; and "mine host" is certain, whether he keeps a hotel or private boarding-house, if solicitude for the welfare and happiness of patrons can do it, to make his guests glad that they visited Lake Waramaug. Whoever has rusticated in this region, breathed its pure air, and gazed upon its wild and romantic scenery, will have no hesitancy in saying that that person who has been fortunate enough to spend one summer in the picturesque region of Waramaug Lake will long to breathe again its health-giving atmosphere and see again its high mountains and its crystal waters.

GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

"But there are deeds which shall not pass away,
And names that must not wither, though the earth,
Forgets her empires with a just decay."—*Kyron.*

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 *two cents for each query*. Querists must write only on one side of the paper. Subscribers sending in queries should state that they are subscribers. Preference in insertion will always be given to subscribers. Queries are inserted in the order in which they are received. On account of our space being limited, it is impossible that all queries be inserted as soon as querists desire. Queries and notes *must* be sent to Wm. A. Eardeley-Thomas, 5000 Woodland Avenue, Philadelphia, Penn.

The editor has in contemplation a series of articles on the New Fairfield, Conn., families. At some time or other the following names appeared in New Fairfield—Ball, Barnum, Bearss, Chase, Cozier, Fairchild, Hendricks, Hopkins, Knaap, Lacey, Leach, Nash, Pearce, Pepper, Perry, Sherwood, Swords, Wanzer and Wileman. This is all the editor can now think of. There probably were others. I would like to hear from all those interested in this subject and obtain all their records. Their descendants are scattered all over the United States.

Printed works of a genealogical character are constantly being added to the shelves of this department. A short time since, Mr. William C. Sharpe, of Seymour, Conn., contributed three pamphlet genealogies—Chatfields, of Connecticut (1800), principally from records in the Naugatuck Valley; Richard Dart, of New London (1888); and Washburn, of Plymouth, Mass., Stratford, Conn., and Hempstead, Long Island (1802). These pamphlets are compiled by Mr. Sharpe, and are certainly well done so far as they go. These pamphlets present a very neat appearance, and Mr. Sharpe deserves great credit. We wish more of our readers would follow the example of Mr. Sharpe and send to this department Genealogies, Church Manuals, Historical Sermons, Town Histories; copies of Church Baptisms and Burials; dates and names from tombstones, etc. I should like to get copies of the grave stone items from the Green's Farms Congregational Church Cemetery. I have the manuals of the following Congregational Churches—Bethel, 1874; Clinton, 1875; Christ Church, Colchester, 1803; Enfield First Church, 1804, and Redding, 1806. I should judge there must be at least twenty more. I should be much pleased to receive the rest.

The editor of this department is prepared to make personal researches. Correspondence solicited. Mr. Eardeley-Thomas is engaged upon a history of all the Fontaine families in America before 1800; of the descendants of Ezra Perry, of Sandwich, Mass.; of the descendants of William Chase, of Yarmouth, Mass.; of Thomas Chase, of Newbury, Mass.; Samuel Chase, of Maryland, and of John Chase, of Newport, R. I.; also he and Mrs. G. Brainard Smith, of 320 Wethersfield Avenue, Hartford, Conn., are writing the history of the descendants of Aquila Chase. We would like to hear from the Nantucket, Mass., and Oblong, N. Y., Chases.

We earnestly request our readers to assist us in answering queries. The duties of the editor are onerous enough in other directions, so that only a limited amount of time can be devoted to making query researches.

Notes.

[Continued from page 106.]

II. Fountain, *Aaron*, m., 1st, about 1678, prob. in New London, Conn., Mary Beebe (b. about 1657 in New London), dau. of Samuel (John) and Agnes (Keeney) Beebe, she must have died about 1680, probably in Waterford, Conn. [See p. 163 "Registration of Stamford, Conn.," by Rev. E. B. Huntington, for my authority.] That Mary Beebe was dau. of Samuel and Agnes (Keeney) Beebe and not of Samuel and Mary (Keeney) Beebe clearly appears from p. 291, Miss Cankins's New London, where it is stated that "in 1662 William Keeney was aged 61, and his wife Agnes (or Annis) 63; Mary, who m. Samuel Beeby, 22." If Agnes, the dau. of William Keeney, had been living she would have been mentioned at that time. Miss Cankins is wrong in saying that Mary, dau. of Samuel Beebe,

mar. Richard Tozor. It is simply a question of a Mary and a Mercy in the same family. New London town records say *Mercy* Beebe m. Richard Tozor, and Stamford Registration says *Mary* Beebe, dau. of Samuel, m. Aaron Fountain. I think this clearly proves Miss Cankins in error. Aaron m. 2nd about 1688, prob. in New London, Susannah (b. about 1661 in New London) dau. of Samuel and Mary (Keeney) Beebe. Miss Cankins is responsible also for this statement. I am inclined to agree with her from the fact that in the baptismal records Hannah is the wife of Aaron Fountain in 1698. But, strange to say, that in his will dated Nov. 10, 1702, Samuel Beebe names his dau., "Merrey Tozor" (just m. April 8, 1702), "Agnes and Susannah." Agnes was m. and had had children, 1686 to 1706; but he does not give her her married name, and the same may be true about Susannah. Then again there may

have been an Aaron Fountain, Jr., who m. Hannah——. There seems to be no way of telling exactly what children Aaron had, apart from a daughter Mary, or if he had two wives.

In December, 1681, Samuel Beebe gave "to my son-in-law, Aron Fontayn, 'certain lands' to be for his wife's use" (Clarence Beebe, 74 Wall St., New York). Sept. 22, 1693, Aron Fontaine, "upon Serious and good Consideration and for a valuable consideration already by mee received in hand before the signing and sealing hereof do sell alienate confirm and make over unto Samuel Beebe of the aforesaid town of New London a neck of Land it being given me by my Father Samuel Beebe Senr. it being bounded by——" (p. 72, vol. 1075-1097, New London Land Records). I presume this was an Aaron Fountain, Jr.; the neck was the present Waterford, Conn. But, as I have nothing definite, I have placed him as Aaron Fountain, Sr., and considered the term "my Father" as a loose way of saying *father-in-law*. However, I may be mistaken. There has not been found any record of Aaron again until the year 1698, when his name appears on the Cong. Ch. Records of Fairfield, Ct. Here again the Stamford Registration proves beyond a doubt that Aaron Fountain of Fairfield is the same person who was formerly in New London, Conn. It is a matter of great difficulty to properly construct his family. I have judged a good deal by the similarity in names in the family of Mary (Fountain) Mills.

[To be continued.]

12. Copied by Mr. Edward H. Pearce, of New Fairfield, Conn., from the Union Cemetery at Ball's Pond, New Fairfield, prior to 1850. [It is earnestly desired that other of our readers assist us in preserving such important and perishing records.—
EDITOR.]

1. Barnum, Thankful, dau. of Ira and Nancy, d. Dec. 27, 1836, æt. 4 yrs.
2. Barnum, Gorham, d. May 29, 1830, æt. 41 yrs. 8 mos. and 25 das.
3. Alba Bradley, d. Apr. 10, 1829, æt. 39 yrs. 6 mos. and 4 das.
4. Nancy Bradley, wife of Joseph, d. Oct. 17, 1833, æt. 25 yrs.
5. Harriet Ann Eastwood, dau. of Alanson and Polly, d. Feb. 11, 1840, æt. 3 yrs. and 6 mos.
6. Harriet Elwell, dau. of Barnum and Laura, d. July 21, 1838; b. July 12, 1822.
7. Philetus K. Elwell, son of Noah and Susannah, d. Aug. 25, 1845, æt. 5 yrs. 8 mos. and 13 das.
8. Sherwood Fanton, d. Sept. 16, 1841 æt. 60 yrs. 5 mos. and 24 das.
9. Lucy Fanton, wife of Bradley B., d. Sept. 23, 1848, æt. 49 yrs. 8 mos. 12 das.
10. Elias Gray, d. Nov. 27, 1826, æt. 80 yrs. 7 mos. 12 das.
11. Jemimah Gray, wife of Elias, d. Mar. 27, 1828, æt. 60 yrs. 11 mos. 8 das.
12. William Gray, d. Sept. 22, 1844 æt. 77 yrs.

13. Hiram B. Gray, son of Russel and Hannah, d. at Steubenville, Ohio, Apr. 12, 1849, æt. 20 yrs. and 6 mos.
14. Charles H. Hawley, son of D. L., d. Feb. 7, 1847, æt. 7 weeks.
15. Horace Hodge, d. Oct. 24, 1849, æt. 54 yrs. 8 mos. 24 das.
16. Sarah Eliza Hodge, dau. of Oliver P. and Lavina, d. Mar. 2, 1848, æt. 5 yrs. 3 mos.
17. Richard H. Hodge, son of Oliver P. and Lavina, d. Feb. 7, 1849, æt. 1 yr. 1 mo. 24 das.
18. Capt. Thomas Hodge, d. Sept. 6, 1832, æt. 68 yrs. 1 mo. and 5 das.
19. Abigail Hodge, wife of Capt. Thomas, d. Oct. 6, 1820, æt. 60 yrs. 4 mos. 13 das.
20. Sally Hodge, wife of Reuben, d. Feb. 7, 1835, æt. 34 yrs. 10 mos. 8 das.
21. Jane Holmes, wife of William, d. Feb. 5, 1841, æt. 53 yrs. 10 mos. 19 das.
22. Polly Holmes, dau. of William and Jane, d. Sept. 11, 1831, æt. 3 yrs. 9 mos. 7 das.
23. Amy Hoyt, wife of Daniel, d. April 6, 1849, æt. 78 yrs.
24. Amzi H. Hoyt, d. Nov. 3, 1850, æt. 31 yrs. 9 mos.
25. Daniel P. Hoyt, son of Darius and Clarry, d. Aug. 29, 1826, æt. 6 yrs. 10 mos. 3 days.
26. George W. Ingersoll, d. Oct. 11, 1850, æt. 24 yrs. 1 day.
27. Eli Jennings d. Nov. 4, 1833, æt. 50 yrs. 7 mos. 11 das.
28. Martha Jennings, wife of Levi N., d. Nov. 13, 1830, æt. 30 yrs. 2 mos. 3 das.
29. Abijah Knaap d. Jan. 14, 1840, æt. 72 yrs. 2 mos. 29 das.
30. Grace Knaap, wife of Abijah, d. July 2, 1845, æt. 68 yrs.
31. Mercy Lessey, wife of Chancy W., d. Dec. 9, 1838, æt. 66 yrs.
32. Chancey Lacey d. Sept. 26, 1826, æt. 12 yrs. and 23 das.
33. Richard C. Lessey, son of Alanson and Abigail, d. in California Dec. 12, 1849, æt. 25 yrs.
34. Rhoda Oakley, wife of Thomas H., d. Feb. 11, 1835, æt. 32 yrs.
35. John S. Phillips d. Dec. 23, 1827, æt. 59 yrs. 6 mos. 6 das.
36. Lucera Rowland, dau. of Daniel and Rachel, d. Aug. 23, 1844, æt. 24 yrs. 6 mos. 18 das.
37. Cynthia Rowland, dau. of Daniel and Rachel, d. June 16, 1845, æt. 6 yrs. 9 mos. 23 das.
38. Jabez Sherwood d. July 17, 1825, æt. 81 yrs. (First grave in the yard.)
39. Eunice Sherwood, wife of Joseph, d. Sept. 20, 1838, æt. 49 yrs. 11 mos. 11 days.
40. Harriet Sherwood d. Nov. 19, 1831, æt. 23 yrs. 7 mos.
41. Betsey, wife of Abel M., d. May 21, 1828, æt. 45 yrs. 11 mos. 17 das.
42. Aza Stephens d. Feb., 1843, æt. 68 yrs.
43. Benjamin Stevens d. Mar. 24, 1831, æt. 82 yrs.
44. Mary Stevens, wife of Benjamin, d. Apr. 8, 1838, æt. 82 yrs.
45. Polly Fanton, wife of Zadoc W. Stevens, d. June 29, 1830, æt. 23 yrs. 11 mos. 6 das.
46. Isaac Wilkon d. Oct. 5, 1844, æt. 78 yrs. 5 mos. 25 das.

47. Hannah Wilson, wife of Isaac d. May 4, 1847, aet. 80 yrs. 9 mos. 14 das.
13. *Wildman*.—Contributed by Rev. Joseph Edmund Wildman, of Wallingford, Conn. Thomas¹ Wildman, Bedford, N. Y., d. 1689; wife Sarah, who subsequently m. Thomas Seymour, of Stamford, Conn. Thomas¹ and Sarah Wildman had:
- i. Martha,² m. Abraham Ambler, of Stamford.
 - ii. Abraham²
 - iii. Thomas²
 - iv. John,² lived and died in Norwalk, Ct., leaving 6 ch.
 - v and vi, two others.²
- Abraham² Wildman; settled in Danbury, Conn., where he d. 1750; wife was Abigail; ch. were: i. Abraham.³ ii. Thomas.³ iii. Isaac.³ iv. Jacob.³ v. Matthew.³ vi. Mercy.³
- Thomas² Wildman; settled in Danbury, Conn., where he died 1752; ch. were: i. Sarah.³ ii. Abigail.³ iii. Thomas.³ iv. Joseph.³
- Thomas² (Abraham²) Wildman; d. 1779; wife was Abigail; ch. were: i. Richard³ (did he have a dau. Mary?). ii. Timothy.³ iii. Ezekiel.³ iv. Isaac.³ v. Lydia.³ vi. Thankful.³ vii. Abigail.³ viii. John.³
- Joseph² (Thomas²) Wildman; d. 1764; wife was Mindwell; ch. were i. Mindwell.³ ii. Joseph.³ iii. Josiah.³ iv. Jonathan.³ v. Philip.³
- Joseph² (Joseph²) Wildman; died 1820; ch. were: i. Obadiah.³ ii. Thomas.³ d. 1810. iii. Uz.³ d. 1805. iv. Arr.³ d. 1838. v. Ur.³ vi. Adah.³ vii. Zillah.³ and 3 d. infants.
- Philip² (Joseph²) Wildman, Brookfield, Conn.; d. 1810; 1st wife, Louisa Canfield; ch. were: i. Edmund.³ ii. Sally.³ 2nd wife was Luania Platt (?); ch. were: iii. Edward.³ b. 1795. iv. Joseph.³ b. 1797. v. Daniel.³ b. 1799. vi. Ira.³ born 1801. vii and viii. Elizabeth³ and Henry.³ b. 1805 (twins). ix. William Meeker.³ b. 1808 (father of Rev. J. E. Wildman).
- Joseph² (Philip²) Wildman; 1st wife, Betsey, dau. of Gideon and Lucy (Pepper) Chase; ch. were: i. Abraham.³ ii. Bennet.³ iii. Daniel.³ iv. Luany.³ v. dau.³ m. Mr. Benedict. vi. George.³ vii. Hannah.³ 2nd wife was Amanda Way; ch. were: viii. Elizabeth.³ m. Russell Hatch. ix. Laura Ann.³ x. Joseph.³ xi. Ira.³
14. *Elwell*.—Sally Betsey, b. Oct. 2, 1797, dau. of Abner (Jabez) and Abigail (Barnum) Elwell; m. 1817 Lyman Jennings; she was living in June, 1860.
15. Mr. Joseph P. Beach, Cheshire, Ct., says "Eliasaph Preston, Jr., was married three times; for his second wife he m., Jan. 2, 1717, Deborah Merriman (not Merwin). It is contended that the Merriam family of Wallingford was identical with Merriman. I do not believe it—they were distinctly recorded by respective names in Wallingford and also in Cheshire. Caleb Matthews was always of Wallingford. His son Thomas was early in Cheshire."
16. *Taylor*.—Thomas,¹ m. and had Nathan; b. Feb. 7, 1682, in Norwalk, Conn.; d. Apr. 24, 1781, in Bethel; m. Hannah, dau. of Daniel and Mary Benedict, and had Nathan.² b. June 2, 1717, in Danbury, Conn.; d. Oct. 29, 1798, in Bethel; m. Mercy Weed; she d. Nov. 8, 1868, aet. 87; they had i. Nathan.³ ii. Silas B.³ iii. Noah.³ iv. Eliud.³ v. Phineas.³ vi. Molly.³ vii. Mercy.³ viii. Deborah.³ Phineas,³ b. April, 1760, d. Oct. 17, 1837; m., 1st, Rebecca Benedict; she d. Oct. 1778; m., 2d, Sept. 11, 1783, Molly Sherwood, and had Irene, b. Oct. 7, 1784; m. Philo Barnum, and thus became parents of Phineas Taylor Barnum, circus man.

[Continued from page 109.]

17. 2.—John² Perry; d. Oct. 31, 1732, in S. (aet. 78, S. records say); m. Elizabeth—; she d. Apr. 21, 1727, in S.; John Sr. and Jr. on Fessenden's list, March, 1730. John Perry's wife admitted Nov. 25, 1694, to 1st Church in Sandwich; also John Perry, Sr., admitted July 24, 1720, to 1st Church in Sandwich; Rev. Cotten was pastor of this church.
- There was a Mr. Perry m. about 1682 Elizabeth, dau. of John and Elisbua Crowell, of Yarmouth. John Crowell was buried Jan. 7, 1672, in Yarmouth. Will of John Perry, June 6, 1727, names sons John, Timothy, Ezra, Elijah, Jacob, Elisha; and daus. Joanna, Bennet, and Experience Handy (p. 22, Vol. V., Barnstable Probate Records). On the town records of Sandwich, Mass., the names of the 6th, 8th and 10th children have been effaced by time. From the above will, the church baptismal records, and the Sandwich town records, we have the following order:
- 27—i. John,³ last of April, 1684, m. Abigail.—
 - 28—ii. Joanna,³ Aug. 1686; m. Dec. 18, 1707, in Sandwich. Joseph Bennet of Middleboro.
 - 29—iii. Timothy,³ Sept., 1689; mar. Desire Handy.
 - 30—iv. Experience,³ Mar. 1, 1691-2; m. Dec. 1st, 1716, in Sandwich, Hannibal Handy.
 - 31—v. Ezra,³ May, 1693; m. Mchitable.—
 - 32—vi. Jacob,³ Dec. 1, 1696; "bapt. May 16, 1697, infant." What became of him?
 - 33—vii. Arthur,³ Nov. 27, 1698. What became of him?
 - 34—viii. —, Dec. 30, 1699 (Rev. Frederick Freeman's notes).
 - 35—ix. Elijah,³ Apr. 2, 1701; bapt. June 22, 1701, in 1st Church, S.; m. Hannah.—
 - 36—x. Elisha,³ Apr. 2, 1701; bapt. July 30, 1704, in 1st Church, S.; m. Anna Saunders, of Plymouth.
 37. Samuel² Perry m. Oct. 23, 1680, in Sandwich, Esther Taber, of Dartmouth. Will Aug. 2, 1750, names children Marv, Mercy (m. and has issue), Elizabeth, Deborah, Nathan and Ebenezer. Ch. b. in Sandwich

- 37—i. Elizabeth, July 17, 1696.
 38—ii. Deborah, June 6, 1692. Did she m. July 25, 1717, Peleg Barnes?
 39—iii. Thomas, Feb. 24, 1693-4. What became of him?
 39½—iv. Sarah, June 5, 1696.
 40—v. Nathan, Jan. 11, 1699-1700; m. Martha——. Did he settle at Norton?
 41—vi. Mary, Dec. 10, 1702. Did she m. Aug. 4, 1720, John Freeman as his 3rd wife? (p. 159, Freeman's Cape Cod.)
 42—vii. Ebenezer, March 5, 1705-6; m., 1st, Abigail Fessenden; m., 2d, Abigail Hammond.
 43—viii. Seth, Feb. 24, 1707-8. What became of him?
 44—ix. Mercy, Dec. 8, 1710.
 5. Benjamin Perry, on Fessenden's list March, 1730; mar. Dinah Swift. Ch. b. in Sandwich:
 45—i. Meribah, June 11, 1695; m. Nov. 9, 1716, in S., Cornelius Gibbs.
 46—ii. Remember, March 13, 1690-7.
 47—iii. Seth, May 19, 1699. What became of him?
 48—iv. Benjamin, May 19, 1699; m. Deborah Johnson.
 49—v. Susanna, Dec. 27, 1701.
 50—vi. Abner, Mar. 10, 1703; m. Joanna Gibbs.
 51—vii. Josiah, Oct. 18, 1709. What became of him?
 52—viii. Nathaniel, July 2, 1713. What became of him?
 53—ix. Ehakim, May 8, 1716. What became of him?

[To be continued.]

- 18 *Nichols*.—Francis, m. and had Isaac; m. Margery (prob. Washburn) and had Ephraim; m. Mrs. Esther Hawley (wid. of Ebenezer) and had Ignatius; m. Abigail Staples and had Ephraim; m. Rebecca Gould and had David; m. Hannah Alvord and had Aaron Nichols, b. 1779 on Greenfield Hill, Conn.; m. 1st, Abigail Starr (d. Oct. 30, 1812); m., 2nd, Laura (b. Aug. 10, 1791), dau. of Phineas and Molly (Sherwood) Taylor; they lived in Grassy Plain, Conn.; he d. there Sept. 24, 1837; she d. there Sept. 9, 1873.
 19 Deaths on the Yarmouth, Cape Cod, Town Records previous to 1700 (W. A. E. T.).
 Mr. Edmund Hawes d. June 9 and buried June 10, 1693.
 Ruth, wife of Richard Taylor, Senir, in Yarmouth, d. June 22, 1693.
 Samuel Hall, Senir, d. Jan. 20, 1693-4.
 Nathaniel, son of Richard Bery, d. Feb. 7, 1693-4.
 John, son of David and Jane O'Kelia, d. Oct. 20, 1693.
 Ann, late wife of Andrew Hallett, d. April 6, 1694.
 Henry Whilding d. Oct. 28, 1694.
 Mary, late relief of Thomas Robards, d. Jan. 11, 1694-5.
 Mr. Joseph Hows, Senir, d. Jan. 10, 1694-5.
 Edward Sturges, Senir, d. Oct., 1695, in Sandwich, buried in Yarmouth.

Mrs. Mercy, late wife of Governor Thomas Prince, d. Dec. 9 and buried Dec. 11, 1695. John Hall, Senir, d. July 23, 1696.
 Mary, dau. of John and Mary Whiteamor, b. in Charlestown d. in Yarmouth Aug. 16, 1696, æt. 18.
 Lieu. Silas Sears, d. Jan. 13, 1697-8.
 Margaret, wife of John Miller, of Yarmouth, d. Oct. 26, 1698.
 Mrs. Desier, wife of Capt. John Haws, d. June 30, 1700.
 Mary, wife of John Wheilden, d. Dec. 10, 1700.

20 *Taylor*.—Richard, of Yarmouth. Two men of this name lived at the same time in Y., and both had a wife Ruth. One was known as "Of the rock" and the other as "tailor."

Richard Taylor, tailor, settled in Y. 1643; m. Ruth, dau. of Gabriel Whelden, prob. on Oct. 27, 1649, when Gabriel gave his consent. She d. 1673; he d. 1674. Their ch. were

1. Ruth, July 20, 1647; d. 1648.
 2. Ann, Dec. 2, 1648; buried Mar. 29, 1650.
 3. Ruth, April 11, 1649. Whom did she marry?
 4. Martha, Nov. 18, 1650; m. Dec. 3, 1676, Joseph Bearse.
 5. John, m. Sarah, dau. of James Matthews.
 6. Mary, m. Abijah Marchant.
 7. Elizabeth, m. Dec. 20, 1680, Samuel Cobb.
 8. Hannah, m. July 19, 1680, Job Crocker.
 9. Ann, m. June 25, 1679, Josiah Davis.
 10. Joseph, ———; Sarah, d. unmar. 1695.
- The above is taken from a newspaper, which is extremely rare. The family was compiled by Mr. J. B. Hawes, of New York.

21 *Ferris*.—Mrs. Lora C. Little, of Croton, N. Y., is collecting and collating all she can get on this family. All descendants are advised to send their records.

Jeffrey Ferris d. 1699, Greenwich, Conn.; and had John; b. 1630; m., 1st, Mary——, m., 2nd, Grace——; d. 1715, and had Peter, of Westchester, N. Y., and had Gilbert; m. Sarah, dau. of Moses Fowler, and d. Aug. 1777. This Gilbert is prob. brother of Jonathan Ferris, b. 1732, Eastchester. (See p. 290, Vol. II.)

Queries.

42 *Reynolds*.—Samuel, enlisted as Private in the 5th Regt. "Conn. Line" in Capt. Josiah Childs' Company, 26 May, 1777, and discharged 26 Apr., 1780 ("Record of Service of Conn. Men"). Was he the Samuel Reynolds born in East Greenwich, R. I., 12 Feb., 1752, son of Thomas and Elizabeth (Hopkins) Reynolds, and who died 24 Mar., 1828, in Eaton, N. Y.? H. K. W.

44 *Warner*.—Thomas. Desired his ancestry. He was known as "Capt. Thomas Warner," born at Stafford, Conn. (or probably Stratford), in 1748. He marched with the Minute men from the Connecticut towns when the alarm was given in 1775. These men were known as the "Lexington Alarm List," who marched to the relief of Boston. He was in the service throughout the whole

- war, 1775-1783. He was in the battles of White Plains and Harlem Heights, N. Y., in 1776 and he re-enlisted again and again. After the war he removed to Newport, N. H., and subsequently to Claremont, N. H., where he was a selectman in 1795, and where he d. Feb. 7, 1818. He was twice married, first to —, and 2nd to Huldah, dau. of John Blodgett, of Stafford or Stratford. W. A. H.
44. (a) *Chapin*.—Harlow, born Nov. 29, 1804, in Marlborough, Berkshire Co., Mass., son of Seymour and gr. son of John (?). Information desired as to his relationship with Dea. Samuel Chapin; also additional facts as to his parentage.
- (b) *Lawrence*.—Sarah, born July 31, 1746, in West Simsbury, Conn., dau. of Samuel Lawrence. What was her mother's name? Any additional facts about her or her father will be thankfully received. J. B.
45. *Van Meter*.—On page 100 note 9 should read Eliza Brown, dau. of Thomas and Siegmund (Shaffer) Brown, married John Trucks; she did not marry Allen Reshell Van Meter, but was his grandmother. A. R. V.
46. (a) *Brockett*.—John, b. about 1610; came to New Haven among the first and surveyed the original nine squares of the city, he d. in 1690. Where can his ancestry be found?
- (b) *Eaton*.—Theophilus, one of the first governors of New Haven. Did he have any male descendants? If so, please name them and their children.
- (c) *Smith*.—Thomas, came about 1638, at 4, in ship *Hector* to New Haven. Did his father come with him? What was his father's name? G. E. S.
47. (a) *Gilbert*.—Obadiah, son of Obadiah and Elizabeth; m. Abigail — and settled in Greenfield, Conn. What was her maiden name? They had Benjamin, John, Elizabeth (bapt. Sept. 8, 1706), Abigail, Mary, Joseph, Abigail, Sarah, and Margaret. Whom did each of these girls marry?
- (b) *Godfree*.—Christopher, settled in Green's Farms or Compo, Conn. His children were Christopher, Samuel, Elizabeth, Mary and Abigail, all bapt. July 17, 1668. John, bapt. April 23, 1699; Isaac, bapt. Feb. 14, 1703; Christopher d. 1715, leaving wife Anne. Whom did each of these girls marry, especially Elizabeth?
- (c) *Vonquier*.—Anthony, d. Oct. 23, 1740, at. 86; Jane, his wife, d. Oct. 24, 1739, at. 87. Both are buried in Fairfield, Conn. Did he leave any children? W. A. T.
48. *Button*.—Roswell, b. probably in 1740, m. Miss Spicer and settled in Preston, Conn. It is believed he was descended from Peter Button, who moved from Haverhill, Mass.; m. abt. 1687 Mary, dau. of George Lamphere, of Westery, R. I. It is supposed Roswell was b. there or in Hopkinton, R. I. Desired, his ancestry, also place and date of his birth. A. C. N.
49. *Hotchkiss*.—Gabriel, son of John and Susannah (Jones) Hotchkiss. John and Susannah m. in 1755, and Gabriel, b. Mar. 3, 1757, graduated from Yale 1774. John was killed by the British, who invaded New Haven under Gen. Tryon; Gabriel m. Hilpha Rosetta, dau. of Elisha and Rosetta (Owen) Phelps, of Simsbury. When Elisha died, his widow m. Mar. 31, 1778, Rev. Caleb Hotchkiss, of New Haven; after his death she m. Mr. Guensey, of Watertown. The date of Gabriel's marriage is desired. In all probability it occurred either in Watertown or New Haven. The only child of Gabriel and Hilpha was John Owen Hotchkiss, d. July 9, 1870, at. 88, according to which he was born in 1782. Through the kindness of Prof. Dexter of Yale, we have the date of death of Gabriel Hotchkiss. R. O. G.
50. *Olmstead*.—Richard,¹ first of Hartford, Conn., then of Norwalk, had James²; m. and had Nathan,³ b. Apr. 27, 1679; m. and had unknown⁴; m. and had John,⁵ resident of Wilton, Conn.; m. and had Lemuel⁶, m. and had Joshua⁷; m. and had John Wesley.⁸ What was the name of the father of John whom I have called unknown²? G. B. S.
51. *Glover*.—Abigail, wife of Henry, of New Haven, was living in 1655. When did she die? Did Henry Glover marry, by 1663, Heilena Wakeman, and was she widow of John Wakeman who d. at Hartford in 1661? R. P. W.
52. (a) *Stannard*.—John, Jr., m. Jan. 10, 1721-1722, Rachel Conkhn. They settled in Westbrook, Conn. Who were his parents?
- (b) *Stanard*.—Joseph, one of the 28 proprietors of Haddam, Conn., 1662-3. Who were his parents? Whom did he marry? How many children had he? When did he die?
- (c) *Stanard*.—John and his wife Ann. He was buried Aug. 13, 1649, at Roxbury, Mass. The Roxbury Records, pp. 4, 14, 16, 21, 23, 25, 29, 30, 41, 80 and 174 make mention of him, his "heirs," etc. Who were his children? Page 17, same records, mention is made of the "heirs of Thomas Stannard." Who was he? H. A. S.
53. *Forbes*.—Daniel, from Wethersfield, Ct., bought of Noah Gleason his homestead, bounded south on the Torrington line and the Ebenezer and Joel Preston lot; north on Amasa Wade (Norfolk Probate Records). He d. 1779, leaving a wife, Lydia, who, with Ozias Hurlbut of Wethersfield, Conn., administered the estate. Occupant in earlier years was a sea captain. He m. Lydia, dau. of Thomas and Abigail Hurlbut. After his death Lydia m. (it is thought) Isaac Buck, of Farmington. Any information regarding either Daniel or Lydia would be gratefully received. S. W. F.
54. (a) *Sutton* (Sackston on Wallingford records).—Jerusha, m. Oct. 5, 1733, Isaac, son

or Isaac and Sarah (Curtis) Cook; their son Ambrose, b. Mar. 17, 1744-5; m. Esther, dau. of Abel Peck. Ebenezer Saxton, of Wallingford, buys a quarter-acre of land in Wallingford in 1745; in February, 1749-50, he sells a quarter-acre of land with house and shop to Dea. John Peck. On Wallingford town records Ebenezer Saxton and Eunice, his wife, had children recorded: Jehiel, b. Oct. 1, 1743; Ebenezer, Sept. 7, 1742 (no further record). Waterbury town record (History of Waterbury) Ebenezer Saxton and Eunice (d. 1758) had Jerusha (6th ch.), 1751, Sarah 1754, Liddia 1759; his 2nd wife was Elizabeth Roberts. Ebenezer and Elizabeth (Roberts) Saxton had Joseph 1759, John 1761, Hannah 1764, Mamee 1766, Mary 1767, Dan 1769, Sibbel 1771. Jehiel Saxton, wife Rhoda, was post rider; had land in East Haddam in 1778; ch. were Anna, b. Sept. 15, 1768; Lucy, Oct. 9, 1770. Joseph Saxton admitted Stonington Ch. Apr. 18, 1689. Jerusha, dau. of Joseph Saxton, bapt. Dec. 1, 1683 (History of Stonington Church). Would like to know from whence the Saxtons came to Wallingford? Who were Jerusha's parents?

(b) *Curtis*.—Sarah, of Wallingford; m. Isaac Cook, son of Samuel and Hope (Parker) Cook, gr. son of Henry and Judith (Burdale) Cook. After the death of Isaac Cook in 1712, Sarah m. Caleb Lewis. Who were her parents?

(c) *Pardee*.—Silas, b. about 1700; m. in New Haven, Nov. 18, 1789, Elizabeth Alling, of Allingtown, dau. of John and Lydia (Hull) Alling. Lived and died in Allingtown in 1832, Elizabeth d. 1840. They had 11 children, 4 sons and 7 daus.; all settled in or near New Haven—names known. Silas is supposed to have come from Milford. Would like to learn his parentage.

(d) *Peck*.—Stephen, son of Eleazer, gr. son of Henry, of New Haven, b. 1681; m. 1700 Susannah, dau. of Joseph and Ely (Sanford) Collier; they had 3 sons, John, Jonathan and Abel, b. 1709, and a dau., Susannah, Abel's dau., Esther, m. 1706, Ambrose, son of Isaac and Jerusha (Saxton) Cook. Would like the name of Abel's wife. H. T. B.

55. *Bell*.—Isaac, b. March 20, 1783; d. in Rocky Hill, Conn., Oct. 2, 1835. His father lived in the eastern part of South Glastonbury, probably Eastbury; he was a soldier in the Revolution. Desired, the father's name of Isaac Bell. C. E. W.

56. *Chambrelain*.—Harvey, m. Betsey Warren, and was living in Pomfret, Conn., in 1805. His parentage or any information concerning him is earnestly desired. F. C. M.

57. *Micou*.—Paul, b. 1658, d. May 23, 1739, in Virginia; a Huguenot; left his home in Nantes before the revocation of the Edict of Nantes (1685). His wife, Margaret, is supposed to have been a Roy or LeRoy. His children, as shown by his will, were:

1. Paul, d. a bachelor.
2. John, d. 1751, m. Catherine Walker.

3. James,² ² What became of them?
 4. Henry,² ² }
 5. Mary, m. Col. John Hill.
 6. Margaret, m. Moore Faunt LeRoy or Fauntleroy.
 7. Judith, m. Lunsford Lomax.
 8. (dau.,² m. Mr. Scott and d. before 1730, leaving Paul and Margaret.
 9. dau.,² m. Rev. Mr. Waddell, "the celebrated blind preacher."
- John² and Catherine (Walker) Micou had:
1. Paul, m. Jeanne Roy.
 2. John,² What became of him?
 3. Richard,² m. Anne Boutwell; settled Caroline Co., Va.
 4. Henry,² m. Anne Hill.
 5. William,² What became of him?
 6. Clara,² m. ——— Brooke (?)
 7. Mary. Did she marry, and if so, whom?
 8. Catherine, m. Dr. Mungo Roy.
 9. James,² What became of him?
 - Richard and Anne (Boutwell) Micou had:
 1. William,² m. Martha Ann Chatfield of New Haven, (Conn.) ancestry.
 2. Henry,² What became of him?
 3. John,² ² bachelors.
 4. Samuel,² ² }
 5. Catherine, m. John Garrett
 6. Margaret, m. Thomas M. Burnett.
 7. Anna, m. Mr. Hudson.
 8. Richard. (Perhaps this is a mistake.) G. R. M.

58. *Hull*.—Rev. Lemuel, preached in Wallingford, Conn., in 1830; was son of Jonathan and Eunice (Beach) Hull; Eunice was gr. dau. of Rev. John Beach; Jonathan was son of Seth Hull and his wife ——— Mallory (or Mallory), dau. of John and Elizabeth (Adams) Malloy. They lived in or near Redding, Conn. Who were the ancestors of Seth Hull, and also of Elizabeth Adams? P. H. M.

59. *McDonald*.—There were 4 brothers of Scotch-Irish descent living in Limerick. John, the eldest, remained there. The 3 others—Nicholas, act. 20, Michael 18, and Patrick 20—came to America 1747-1750. It is thought they must have landed in Boston, as Nicholas m. there an English lady named Mollie or Mary Ellis, and were living there at the time of the great earthquake. They had 4 sons—James, Daniel, Joseph and Jacob. James must have been born about 1701, and m. Huldah Goff. They had 8 children. Nicholas bought a farm in Mass., and when he sold it about 1784 to move to Charlestown, Montgomery Co., N. Y., it is said he took Continental money, which was worthless. Information desired about the 3 brothers, their descendants, and this Ellis family. J. H. F.

CORRECTIONS

On p. 110, No. 1, Vol. III (January, February and March number of 1897) S (d), for Studley read Standley (or Stanley, as now spelled)

On p. 112, No. 1, Vol. III, 29, Morgan, second line, for Dan Biglow read Eli Biglow.

DESCENDANTS OF WILLIAM CHASE OF YARMOUTH.

[It is purposed to publish this Chase family in the QUARTERLY. It will be printed in such a way that the pages can be removed and bound separately. For the present, all mention of the English progenitors will be avoided. The author will be glad to receive additions. We shall not enter upon any discussion of the Townley-Lawrence-Chase estate question.]

(b., born, m., married, d., died, bapt., baptized, T. R., Town Records; Ch. R., Church Records.)

1. "William Chase, he came wth the first company, 1630 he brought one child his son willia, a child of ill qualitys, & a sore affliction to his parents: he was much afflicted by the long & tedious affliction of his wife; after his wives recovery she bare him a daughter, w^{ch} they named mary borne aboute the middle of the 3rd month, 1637. he did after y^t remove intending to Situate, but after went wth a company who made a new plantation at Yarmouth."

"Mary Chase, the wife of William Chase, she had a paralitik humor w^{ch} fell into her back bone so y^t she could not stir her body, but as she was lifted, and filled her wth great torture, & caused her back bone to goe out of joynt, & bunch out from the beginning to the end of w^{ch} infirmity she lay 4 years & a halfe, & a great Pt of the time a sad spectakle of misery: But it pleased God to raise her againe, & she bore children after it." (N. E. H. G. R., 1881). Such is the quaint language of the first church in Roxbury, now Boston Highlands, Mass., of which the Rev. John Eliot, "the Apostle to the Indians," was pastor. (Philip Sherman, whose family intermarried with the Chase family, was also a member of this church.)

William Chase died between May 4 and 13, 1659, in Yarmouth. *Mary*, his wife, was found dead in October, 1659, and a coroner's inquest being held, it was decided she died a natural death. Dr. O. W. Holmes described, in one of his characteristic letters, her restoration to health from the singular malady mentioned on the above church records. William came over in the fleet which brought Governor Winthrop and his colony. October 9, 1630, he applied for admission as a freeman, and on May 14, 1634, he took the freeman's oath. He was one of Mr. Stephen Bachilor's company, who spent the winter of 1638 at Mattacheese (Yarmouth), and the only one who remained after that unfortunate enterprise was abandoned. He fenced in a portion of the lands in "Old Town" (as that portion of Barnstable, then Yarmouth, was called), and claimed it when the settlement of the town was made. In 1639, he was made constable in Yarmouth, where he resided until his death. He was constable but six months, being involved in difficulties growing out of his opposition to Marmaduke Matthews, the pastor. In 1640, he was censured by the court for his language against the minister, and ordered to depart the colony in six months; but the order, for some reason, was not enforced. Mr. Theodore R. Chase, of Detroit, Mich., says: "William was at first a staunch Puritan. Later he evidently became much unsettled in his religious beliefs from association with Quakers, and the constant efforts of the Pilgrims at Plymouth to make trouble for him in various ways. He evidently, at home, in Yarmouth, was a man much esteemed, as he filled minor public offices and was the head of the military organization for defense against

Indians. It is very probable that he either named Yarmouth, or it was so named out of compliment to him and others from Yarmouth, England." In 1642, he mortgaged his land to Stephen Hopkins, and disposed of it in 1648. "The difference between Nicholas Sympkins & William Chase by consent of both parties are referred to the arbitrament of Mr. Mayo & Mr. Thom. Dimmack, & have entered into an assumpsit of £5 to each other to abide their award, and it's to be ended within a month next coming—June 17, 17th year of Charles" (1642). He was presented by the Grand Jury, in 1654, for driving a pair of oxen in yoke on the Lord's Day, in time of service, about 5 miles. In 1645, he enlisted as a drummer in the Narragansett expedition, and received 5 shillings extra pay. He was able to bear arms in August, 1643. He was a carpenter by trade, and his agreement to build a house for Dr. Thomas Starr for £5, which was afterwards sold to Andrew Hallet, is preserved. In 1657, he was one of two surveyors of highways. His "farm fence" is designated as a boundary in several deeds and other documents. He was not in accord with the body of settlers, being more latitudinarian in his notions than accorded with the sentiment of the times. He resided near Stony Cove, Yarmouth. The Yarmouth Register for July 15, 1847, says: "John Crow, William Chase, William Nicholson, Thomas Howes, Yelverton Crow, Nicholas Simpkins, Thomas Starr, John Hall, William Hedge and Edward Sturges sustained excellent characters as men and citizens, and at any and all times such men would command respect. Of such men the first church in Yarmouth was composed, and their posterity may well feel an honest pride that they are the descendants of so worthy an ancestry." October 28, 1645, Yarmouth sent out for thirteen days to the "Narrohigganset" expedition William Northcoate, William Twyneing, Teague Joanes, Henry Wheildon and William Chase, drummer. (Plym. Col. Rec.)

FREEMEN, YARMOUTH, 1643.

Thomas Payne.
 *Philip Tabor.
 Mr. Anthony Thacher
 Mr. John Crowe.
 Wm. Palmer.
 *Wm. Nicholson.
 Mr. Marmaduke Matthews.
 Thomas Falland
 Richard Hore.
 Emanuel White.
 James Mathewes.
 Richard Prichard
 Edmond Hawes.
 Daniel Cole
 Job Cole.
 Thomas Howes

Means moved away or died

THOSE WHO TOOK THE OATH OF FIDELITY,
YARMOUTH, 1657.

Mr. Nicholas Sympkins.
 Mr. William Lumpkin.
 Mr. Marmaduke Mathewes.
 Mr. John Crowe.
 Mr. Anthony Thacher
 Mr. Thomas Howes.
 William Chase.
 William Palmer
 Yelverton Crowe.
 Hugh Tillie als. Hilnet
 Peter Worden.
 John Miller.
 Samuel Rider
 Thomas Hatch.
 Giles Hopkins.
 Gabriel Wheldon
 James Brussells.
 John Clary.
 Joshua Barnes.
 Samuel Rider, Sr
 Richard Tayler.
 William Chase.
 William Twyneing
 Robte Dennis.
 Emanuell White.
 Richard Sares.
 William Clarke.
 James Mathewe.
 Richard Prichard.

Thomas Falland.
 Edward Sturges.
 Richard Templer
 William Nickerson.
 James Cade.
 William Northcoate.
 Thomas Flawne
 Thomas Bray,
 Richard Hoie.
 Thomas Starr.
 Francis Baker.
 Mr. Andrew Hellott
 Robert Eldred
 John Winge.
 Richard Berrey.
 Robert Nicarson
 David O'Killia, Irishman.
 Nicolas Nicarson.
 John Whilden.
 John Miller.
 Richard Lake.
 Thomas Crowe.
 Samuel Hall.
 Thomas Phillipps
 John Dillingham
 Thomas Gage
 Paule Seares.
 William Eldred
 Thomas Howes.
 Rich. Tayler.
 John Bell.

WILL OF WILLIAM CHASE (VOL. 2, PART 2, P. 63, PLYM. RECORDS.)

1, William Chase, of Yarmouth, the elder, being aged and sick in body, but of perfect memory, thanks be to the Lord, do make my last will and testament, as followeth: First, I give and bequeath unto my son Benjamin, after my decease, one heifer calf and two steer calves, of a year old and upwards; also I give to my son William, who hath had of me already a good portion, the sum of five shillings, to be paid in any good pay, if he demand it. All the rest of my goods, cattle and chattels, I give and bequeath unto Mary, my wife, together with this my dwelling house, the land and all the appurtenances thereunto belonging; as also half of my lot of land at the Bass pond, which I bought of William Palmer, a middle line made, and that half part next to Darbey's I give unto her Mary, my wife aforesaid, as also my orchard and land I bought of Goodman White, now in my possession, all unto her use and disposing during her natural life, if she continues a widow, and when she dies, to dispose a third part of that estate God shall leave her, as when she shall think good; the other two parts to our son Benjamin's part; but if it shall please God that she shall marry, my will is that she shall have a third part of that estate, and the other two parts to be to our son Benjamin aforesaid. Also I do make my wife Mary aforesaid, the executrix of this my last will and testament, and do appoint my neighbors Robert Dennis and Richard Taylor, tailor, overseers of this my last Will and Testament and have hereunto subscribed my hand this 4th day of May, 1659.

Witnesses hereunto:

RICHARD HOAR.
 MARY DENNIS.

HIS
 WILLIAM × CHASE.
 MARK.

These witnesses deposed before me, THOMAS PRINCE, GOV'R, this 13th of May, 1659.

Inventory Sept. 14, 1659—L. 74 s279 d16. (Vol. 2, part 2, p. 64, Plym Records.)

AUGUST, 1643. THE NAMES OF ALL THE MALES THAT ARE ABLE TO BEAR ARMS
FROM 16 YEARS OLD TO 60 YEARS; IN YARMOUTH.

Robert Dennis.	Richard Seeres
Thomas Flaune.	Heugh Norman.
*Nicholas Sympkins.	Peter Worden.
Wm. Chase, Sr.	Wm. Nicholsonsone.
Wm. Chase, Jr.	John Burstall.
Anthony Thacher.	Emanuel White.
Andrew Hellot, Jr.	William Norcutt
Samuel Williams.	Mr. Marmaduke Mathews.
John Derby.	Richard Hore.
Thomas Payne.	Roger Else.
Wm. Twyneing.	Thomas Falland.
James Mathews.	Nicholas Wadiloue.
Yelverton Crowe.	Samuel Hellott.
John Crowe.	Wm. Palmer.
Tristrame Hull.	Richard Taylor.
Edward Sturges	Wm. Lumpkine.
Anthony Berry.	Wm. Grause.
Thomas Howe.	Henry Wheildon.
Samuel Rider.	John Gray.
Richard Pritchett.	Andrew Hellott, Sr.
Richard Temple.	Job Cole.
Thomas Starre	Daniel Cole.
Benjamin Hamond.	Heugh Tilly als. Hillier.
James Burseil.	John Joyce.
Wm. Edge.	Wm. Pearse.
Robert Davis.	—— Boreman.

As William¹ Chase calls himself "aged" in his will, I take it he was aged over 70; but it must have been less than 70, because he was under 60 in 1643, sixteen years before his death. So the earliest possible date of his birth would, it seems to me, be the year 1584. I think the year 1595, as stated by most authorities, to be too late.

William¹ and Mary (——) Chase, had

- William,² b. in England.
- Mary,² b. May, 1637, Roxbury, Mass.; buried Oct. 28, 1652 (Barnstable Church Records).
- Benjamin,² b. ———, 1630, in Yarmouth, Cape Cod; m. Phillippe Sherman.
- William¹* Chase d. Feb. 27, 1684-5, at Harwich, Cape Cod. The record of his marriage and dates of birth of his children were probably destroyed when the Yarmouth Town Records were destroyed (see testimony of John, No. 6). He probably lived at Crocker's Neck, Harwich; another account says his family lived near Herring River, on the east side of Bass River, in Yarmouth, now Dennis or Harwich. His children, b. probably 1645-1670, were connected with the Society of Friends in the neighborhood, and undoubtedly attended meeting at Friends' Meeting, established in second month, 1681, at the house of Ivory Jones and John Dillingham, at or near Bound Brook. All his children, except John and Elizabeth, are found in Rhode Island, from 1680-1701. Abraham, the last one to change his residence, sold land in Harwich in 1695, and in 1701 was a member of Rhode Island Friends' Meeting. They were all named in R. I. Monthly Meeting Records, except Jacob. About 1700, William, Jacob, Joseph and Samuel went to Swanzy and were there members of the Society of Friends until their death. He paid £3, 7s. 2d., in 1676, toward the expenses of King Philip's war. He was ancestor of the Swanzy and Somerset branches. He did not serve in King Philip's war, because the William Chase who served in that war was alive in 1735, whereas this William d. 1684-5. It was evidently his son William who died 1737. He was on the tax list for 3s., 6d., in 1676, and a

townsman, 1679. William Chase, Jr., March 6, 1654 5, was presented for entering the house of Richard Berry and taking by violence a parcel of flax and a small parcel of house yarn; sentenced to sit one hour in the stocks on training day. Estate settled June, 1685, by John Thatcher and Barnabas Lothrop.

*William*² and ——— (——) Chase, had

4. William,² b. about 1645; m., 1st, Hannah Sherman; m., 2nd, Priscilla Perry.
5. Jacob,² b. about 1647; m. Mary ———.
6. John,² b. April 6, 1649 (?); m. Elizabeth Baker
7. Elizabeth²; m. Daniel Baker.
8. Abraham²; m. Elizabeth ———.
9. Joseph²; m. Sarah Sherman.
10. Benjamin²; m. Amey Borden.
11. Samuel²; m. Sarah Sherman.
3. *Benjamin*² Chase d. 1731, in Freetown, Mass.; m. about 1673, in Dartmouth, Mass., Philip (b. Oct. 1, 1652, in Dartmouth, Mass.), dau. of Hon. Philip (Samuel, Henry, Henry) and Sarah (Odding) Sherman. He was made a Freeman, May, 1674, at Portsmouth, R. I. There was Philip Chase, July 25, 1708, on the list of the First Sabbatarian Church, Newport, R. I. Benjamin Chase, Sr., bapt. in same Church, April 14, 1717. They both joined this Church, April 17, 1717. He was selectman of Freetown, Mass., in 1698 9, and 1705; assessor, 1691; March 6, 1705, he was appointed "guardian unto his grand-daughter, Sarah Makepeace." He was a cooper by trade. His will, dated Sept. 6, 1730.

EXTRACT FROM THE EARLY BRISTOL COUNTY (MASS.) PROBATE RECORDS.

July 25, 1731—The will of Benjamin Chace, the cooper, was proved in the Court of Probate:

"To sons Benjamin & Walter all my lands in Freetown purchase. To grandson Benjamin Grinnell one 40 acre lot of land in No. 23, and also the 7th. share in 3rd lot, it being a cedar swamp lot in Middleboro'. To daughter Barthiah Dunham one half of the 14th. lot near Baiting Brook in Middleboro' and one cow. To son Benjamin the 5th share of the aforesaid third lot in Middleborough purchase. To sons Benjamin & Walter all the rest of my lands in Middleborough. To daughter Philip Hathaway, & son in law Jacob Hathaway, all my land from & adjoining the land that my son Jacob Hathaway bought of my son Benjamin Chase & shall be a quarter Share in breadth & extending in leangth down to the river, always excepting 3 rods square which is to be reserved for a burying place & is to be in the south west corner. Also to daughter Philip 20 pounds, & all my moveable furniture that I have removed to my son Jacob Hathaway's house. To grand daughter Sarah the wife of Isaac Hathaway one cow. To grand child Daniel Grinnell 5 shillings. Son Walter, sole executor."

Witnesses: Isaac Hathaway, Benjamin Darnell, & Sarah Hathaway.

*Benjamin*² and Philip (Sherman) Chase, had

12. Mary,² b. probably in Dartmouth, Mass.; m. Thomas Makepeace.
13. Sarah,² b. probably in Dartmouth, Mass.; m. Daniel Grinnell.
14. Philip,² b. July 5, 1679, in Freetown (T. R.), Mass.; m. Jacob Hathaway
15. Benjamin,² b. July 15, 1682, in Freetown (T. R.), Mass.; m. Mercy Simmons.
16. Walter,² b. Oct. 23, 1684, in Freetown (T. R.), Mass.; m. Deliverance Simmons.
17. Barthiah,² b. Dec. 3, 1686, in Freetown (T. R.), Mass.; m., July 10, 1706, in Taunton, Mass. (T. R.), Joseph Dunham. (Did they have any children?)

4. *William* Chase d. 1737; m., 1st, Hannah (b. 1647), dau. of Hon. Philip (Samuel, Henry, Henry) and Sarah (Odding) Sherman; m., 2nd, Dec. 6, 1732, in Portsmouth, R. I., Priscilla Perry. Was she Priscilla, wid. of John Perry and dau. of Jonathan Getchell of Marblehead? This family were members of "The Friends Meeting" in Dartmouth, their first residence after leaving Yarmouth (p. 181, New Bedford History). Moved to Swansea about 1697, as in that year he was appointed on a committee "to aid in the completion of The Friends Meetinghouse, in Boston." He, among others, took part in a battle Sunday afternoon, Dec. 19, 1675. He served in King Philip's war. That he, and not his father, served in the Narragansett war, is clear, for April 18, 1735, the General Court confirmed grants in seven Narragansett townships for service in the Narragansett expedition of 1675; among thirty-nine names of those at Yarmouth appears William Chase, *alve*, James Maker's heirs, John Chase's heirs, Daniel Baker's heirs, Samuel Baker's heirs and William Baker's heirs. These seven Narragansett townships were: 1. Buxton, Me. 2. Princeton, Mass. 3. Amherst, N. H. 4. Goffstown, N. H. 5. Bedford, N. H. 6. Templeton, Mass. 7. Gorham, Me. (Vol. 16, N. E. H. G. R.) H. Franklin Andrews, Esq., in part 1 of his "History of the Hamlin Family," on p. 57, gives an account of this Narragansett expedition, along with the soldiers from Barnstable, Yarmouth, Eastham, Sandwich, Plymouth and Duxbury, who had grants in Gorham, Me. His will, dated Jan. 25, 1733, proved Aug. 16, 1737, names children William, Eber, Hezekiah and Joseph Chase; gr. ch., Abraham Chase and Hannah Brayton; witnesses, Preserved Brayton, John Brayton and William Hart.

William and Hannah (Sherman) Chase, had

18. William¹; m. Sarah Carter.
19. Eber¹; m. Mary Knowles.
20. Isaac¹; m., 1st, Elizabeth Blither, m., 2nd, Mary Fowler.
21. Nathaniel¹; b. 1680 (d. 1760, act. 80, Austin Ancestry 33, R. I.); m. Abigail Sherman.
22. Joseph¹; m. Abigail Tucker.
23. Hezekiah¹; m. Jale Pierce.
5. *Jacob* Chase d. April, 1733 or 1734, in Swanzy, Mass.; m. Mary——; she was, I think, probably dau. of Gershom and Bethiah (Bangs) Hall, or possibly Mary Hall may have married William Chase. The will of Gershom Hall, dated Harwich, Sept. 6, 1727, names sons Jonathan and Samuel; gr. sons, Edward (son of Edward) and Gershom; daus., Bethiah Winslow and Mercy *Chefs*; gr. daus., Bethiah, Hannah, Mary, Sarah and Patience Hall; gr. son, Seth Winslow (Vol. V, p. 19, Barn. Prob. Rec.) The name is spelt variously on the Cape records as Chase, Chace, Chaise, Chaes and Ches. So the fact of "*Mercy Chess*" being named would signify that she married a *Chase*. The will of Jacob Chase, dated Jan. 11, 1733-4, proved April 16, 1734; witnesses, George S.sson, Benjamin Barton, and John Earl.

Jacob and Mary (——) Chase, had

24. Isaac¹; m. —— Monroe.
25. Jacob¹; m. Alice Bowen.
26. Samuel¹; m., 1st, Mrs. Mary Vose, m., 2d, Sarah Vose.
27. Mary¹; not named in will of her father, m., Sept. 15, 1720, Thomas Woodmansey, in Swanzy.
28. Ephraim¹; m., 1st, : Mary Rounds?, m., 2nd, Elizabeth Bowen.
29. Joseph¹; m. Sarah Carter.
30. Joshua¹; m., 1st, Sarah Joyce; m., 2nd, May 18, 1731, Hannah Bosworth, of Bristol
31. Oliver¹; m., 1st, Priscilla Rounds; m., 2nd, Mary Wheaton.
32. Hannah¹; m. Benjamin Read.

HISTORICAL NOTES

FROM COLCHESTER TOWN RECORDS.

January ye 8th: 1716-17.— "voated to oblige every person in the town of sixteen years of age and upwards to kill one Duson of blackbirds or wood peckers or gay bards: & bring their heads to the select men. & what are killed in the months of march april or may: six shall be Counted as a dusion: & if any person kills more than his dusion he shall be allowed one penne pr head —& he that doth not kill his dusen as above-sd shall pay to town Rate one shilling—this order to Continue for the year next ensuing —further voated that no ratell snake shall be paid for except they Can satisfie the select men that they were killed in the months of april or may.

FIRST BOOK PRINTED IN CONNECTICUT.

A | Confession of Faith | Owned and Consented to by the Elders and Messengers | of the Churches | in the Colony of Connecticut in | New England, | Assembled by Delegation at Say-Brook | september 9th, 1710.

New London in N. E. Printed by Thomas Short, 1710. Sm. 8^o Pp (2), 110. Brimley, No. 2104.

Although the title page has the date of 1710, the work was not completed before 1711, and the greater part, if not the whole, of the edition remained in the hands of Mr. Short's widow until 1714. This book is commonly called "The Saybrook Confession and Platform."

From Documents Relating to the History of New Jersey.

FROM THE SOCIETIES

SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

The Sons of the American Revolution of Connecticut, held their annual meeting and banquet at Foot Guard Hall, Hartford, on February 22d. Governor Cooke and other distinguished guests were present. The excellent speeches given by prominent members were greatly enjoyed, and will be published in the "Year Book" of the society.

PRIZES FOR ESSAYS, OFFERED BY THE COLONIAL DAMES OF THE STATE OF CONNECTICUT.

The Colonial Dames of Connecticut offer four prizes, two of \$25 each and two of \$15 each, for the best composition relating to the colonial history of our state. The conditions are as follows:

The competitors to be members of the senior or graduating class of a public high school in Connecticut. The compositions to contain not more than 2,000 words nor less than 1,500.

The topic selected may relate to any historical subject between the founding of the colony in 1630, and the Declaration of Independence in 1776, and may be especially of local interest.

The compositions should be ready on or before June 1, 1897, and when forwarded for examination should be accompanied with a sealed envelope containing name and address of writer.

If compositions that fail to take a prize are of nearly equal merit with those that do, their writers will receive honorable mention in the publication of awards.

The purpose of offering the prizes is to interest the pupils in their own colonial history.

STATE CONFERENCE, D. A. R.

The sixth State Conference of the Connecticut D. A. R., was held in Waterbury, January 22d, at the invitation of the Mellicent Porter Chapter, delegates and alternates to the Continental Congress, 28 out of the 33 chapters of the State being present. Leavenworth Hall was beautifully and appropriately decorated for the occasion. The State regent, Mrs. S. T. Kinney, presided. Prayer was offered by the State chaplain, Mrs. H. T. Bulkley, and reports of treasurer and secretary read and accepted. The State regent's address was a brief summary of the work of the year, and was listened to with special interest; she reported three new chapters organized, in Torrington, Milford and Suffield, 1082 letters written, and 27 towns visited. Connecticut still holds her proud position of Banner State with an enrollment of 2,395; but in the very nature of things we must soon be left behind in the race, with such powerful rivals as New York, with a membership of 2,320, and Massachusetts with 2136. This state is especially distinguished by its number of Real Daughters, 29 having been added throughout the year, making 44 in all.

At the close of Mrs. Kinney's address, Mrs. V. O. Coffin, regent of the Wadsworth Chapter, which stands first in the order of seniority, presented to the state regent, in the name of the Connecticut chapters, the little golden star, which signifies life membership in the National Mary Washington Memorial Association. Through the efforts of Mrs. W. Wilcox, vice-president from Connecticut in this association, 25 life memberships have been subscribed throughout the state, and much interest felt in the organization.

The social hour which followed and the generous hospitality of the Melicent Porter Chapter, in providing an elegant luncheon, served by Maresi of New York, was thoroughly appreciated by the guests.

The afternoon session was devoted to business, and it was decided that Connecticut should give a reception in Washington during Congressional week, \$300 to defray expenses were pledged by voluntary subscriptions then and there.

A committee consisting of Mrs. A. J. Muzzy, Bristol, Mrs. J. S. Camp, Hartford, and Miss Alice Chew, New London, was appointed, in response to an invitation from the Sons of the Revolution to confer with other patriotic societies of the state for the purpose of appropriately marking historical landmarks.

A Bureau of Exchange for valuable historical papers written by the Chapters was established, and Miss Mary Philotheta Root, of Bristol, appointed custodian.

The state regent appointed a committee to consider the feasibility of erecting a monument to the memory of Connecticut women of the Revolution, consisting of Mrs. Holcomb, Hartford; Mrs. Wood, Simsbury; Mrs. Brooker, Ansonia; Mrs. Learned, Norwich; Mrs. Stanley, New Britain; Mrs. Farnum, New Haven; Mrs. Smith, Milford; Mrs. Litchfield, Willimantic; Miss Averill, Danbury. Also a committee for the revision of the state by-laws—Mrs. Noble, Norwalk; Mrs. Bulkley, Southport; Mrs. Newcomb, New Haven; Miss Gilman, Norwich; Mrs. Bunnell, Stratford, Mrs. Gross, Hartford.

Three new members, to serve two years on the state executive board, were appointed—Mrs. Slocum, Groton; Mrs. Kellogg, Waterbury; Mrs. Torrey, Bridgeport. And to fill the unexpired term of Mrs. Noble, for one year, Mrs. Comstock, of New Canaan, was appointed.

Motions were passed to the effect that hereafter each individual should pay for luncheon at state conferences, and all official expenses of the state regent should be paid from the state fund.

At intervals throughout the day, delightful music was rendered by Mrs. Buck and Miss Wagner, of Waterbury. One hundred and seventy Daughters were present from all parts of the state, and the occasion was one long to be remembered.

CLARA LEE BOWMAN, Secretary.

ESTHER STANLEY CHAPTER, D. A. R., OF
NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

The January meeting of the Esther Stanley Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, was held at the house of Mrs. G. B. Talbot, on January 8th.

Mrs. Charles Parker read a paper on "The Ancestry of Our Regent Mrs. Frederick N. Stanley"; Mrs. Peets, of New Haven, told of "The Organization of the Daughters of the American Revolution." Songs rendered by Miss Lillian Wetmore completed the program.

The February meeting was held at the house of Miss Mary Bingham, on February 5th. Mrs. Charles Parker gave a report of

the State Conference of the Continental Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution recently held in Waterbury. Mrs. William B. Thomson read a delightful paper on "Oldtime Schools and Schoolmasters." Miss Mary Whittlesey read an Ancestral paper, and Mrs. Harry B. Boardman read a story, entitled "Our Family Tree."

The March meeting was held at the house of Mrs. Elford B. Eddy, on March 5th. Reports of the Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution, recently held at Washington, D. C., were given by Mrs. Charles Parker and Miss Mary Whittlesey, Mrs. Parker giving a report of business transacted, and Miss Whittlesey reporting the social events. Music rendered by Miss Mae Foster completed the program.

During the social hour, at the close of each meeting, light refreshments were served.

KATHERINE GAYLORD CHAPTER, D. A. R., OF
BRISTOL.

At the December meeting of the Katherine Gaylord Chapter, on Saturday, the 20th, 1890, delegates to the Congress of Daughters of American Revolution, to be held in Washington, D. C., Feb. 22-27, 1897, were elected as follows: Miss Ida C. Sessions, Mrs. W. E. Sessions to serve with the regent, Miss Clara Lee Bowman, as delegates; alternates, Mrs. W. S. Ingraham, Miss Mary P. Root, Mrs. E. D. Rockwell. The subject for the afternoon was "The First Settlements of Connecticut," and papers were read on the settlements of Windsor, Hartford, Wethersfield, Saybrook, New Haven and New London. Also a paper of local interest, "The Old South Burial Ground of Bristol, and its Inhabitants, the Revolutionary Patriots." The social function of the Chapter this season was the third annual reception, held in the Baptist church parlors, Wednesday evening, January 20, this taking the place of the regular meeting of the Chapter. The guest and orator of the evening was the Hon. Jonathan Trumbull, of Norwich, Conn., president of the Sons of the American Revolution of Connecticut, also of the Connecticut Historical Society. Mr. Trumbull's address was entitled "The Part which Connecticut Played in the American Revolution," and was a valuable and scholarly paper. Music and a social hour completed the program of the evening. Our next meeting did not occur until March 10, in order that our delegates, who remained in Washington for the inauguration, might be present to give their reports.

Each delegate reported the proceedings of one day of the Congress of Daughters of the American Revolution, thus giving a comprehensive report of the whole.

On the opening day of the congress, it was announced that the first prize for the best biographical sketch of a Revolutionary heroine had been awarded to Mrs. Florence E. D. Muzzy of the Katherine Gaylord Chapter, of Bristol, Conn. Mrs. Muzzy was the organizing regent of this Chapter, and the subject of the sketch is the heroine of the Chapter, Katherine Gaylord.

LOUISE GRIGGS GOODWIN,
Recording Secretary.

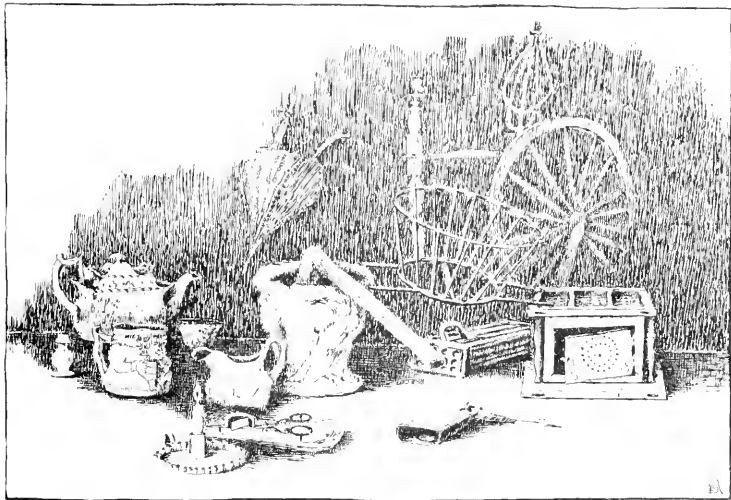
D. A. R. NOTES.

The Abigail Phelps Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Simsbury, raised \$250 for the Continental Hall, and has also raised money for the support of one who is a daughter of a Revolutionary soldier.

The Fanny Ledyard Chapter, of Mystic, and the Sarah Ludlow Chapter, of Seymour, intend to erect monuments to the memory of

the women for whom their Chapters were named.

The Millicent Porter Chapter, of Waterbury, has placed upon the inner wall of the public library a marble tablet bearing the names of the early settlers whose burial place was the site of the building.



The above illustration, from the pen of Mrs. Florence E. D. Muzzy, Organizing Regent of the Katherine Gaylord Chapter, D. A. R., of Bristol, Conn., is of special interest just at present, for the Continental Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution, recently held in Washington, has conferred upon Mrs. Muzzy the honor of awarding to her the first prize, in the contest for

the best biographical essay upon a Revolutionary heroine, which was open to competition for all the members of the National Society. Few among us have the double use of the pen thus possessed by Mrs. Muzzy.

The pictured articles are in the care of the Katherine Gaylord Chapter, and their like were in daily use by the Chapter's heroine, who is also the heroine of the prize essay.

REVIEWS.

Part One of the "History of the Hamlin Family," by H. Franklin Andrews, Esq., of Audubon, Iowa, is a pamphlet of 130 pp., price being \$2.00. The work starts with James Hamblen, Barnstable, Mass., 1639, and includes the first four generations, with many notes on collateral families. The work is of great value, not only to members of the family, but to others interested in genealogy. Mr. Andrews has been careful to give the text in full of the wills; the places of birth, marriage and death; some account of

the English progenitors, coats-of-arms, crests, etc. The author has, it seems to us, very wisely included in his work the "Roll of Battel Abbey" and the "Roll in the Church of Dives, Normandy." This makes the work of especial value to genealogists. Most people are content if they can trace their ancestry back to these early roles. The work ought to find a ready sale. All those interested in any way in this family are advised to communicate with Mr. Andrews.

"Hubbard's Ancestral Register" is a sheet for recording nine generations of one's ancestors. It "is finely engraved on a large sheet of heavy drawing paper, and is suitable for framing for permanent preservation." The register is certainly a beautiful piece of work, and the reasonable price makes it within the reach of all. It can be bought of Fannie Wilder Brown, 53 South street, Fitchburg, Mass., for \$1.00 a copy, or four copies for \$3.00.

"A Record of the Descendants of Richard Hull, of New Haven, Conn.," is a pamphlet of 78 pp., compiled by Mrs. Puella Follett (Hull) Mason, 212 Masonic Building, Milwaukee, Wis. The work is printed on one side of the page, leaving the other side for additions and notes. The printed pages are so ruled, and the work is so numbered, that it is a comparatively easy task to trace any line. The author deserves great credit for her work.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

We have kept a record of subscriptions received for Volume I, which we promised to reprint in case we got enough to warrant. We are sorry to note that only about one-fifth enough have been received, which would only be about half enough to pay for setting the type. This we much regret, as we would be very glad to accommodate those who wish the complete set, if we could. We shall endeavor in the future to print enough to supply all demands, and many of the towns represented in the first volume will have additional representation later.

So varied and picturesque is the scenery of our State, so rich in the pictorial of what comes within the scope of this magazine, that we have decided to have a Photographic Department in the QUARTERLY, and devote several pages each issue to the reproductions of the best photographs submitted. The conditions to be as follows:

The subject must be something of picturesque, literary, or historic interest from within the borders of Connecticut.

The photographs should not be marked with maker's name, but the outside of the package should be marked to indicate whom they are from.

They should be thus sent to the CONNECTICUT QUARTERLY, Photographic Department, Hartford, Conn., and a letter sent with same mail giving locations of subjects. Titles and brief descriptive or explanatory matter may also accompany.

These photos will be returned to

sender, if so desired, if sufficient postage is enclosed.

(Photographs are mailable at the rate of one cent for every two ounces or fraction thereof.)

The judges appointed to determine which of the photographs sent in are most worthy of publication are Mr. D. F. Wentworth, artist, of Hartford, Mr. E. M. Hulbert, of New Britain, and Mr. Charles R. Nason, of Hartford. The latter two are amateur photographers, and all three are gentlemen of marked ability in their respective lines.

The judges are to consider the pictures relative to their artistic and photographic excellence. They are not to know the makers' names until after their decisions, thus insuring impartiality toward all.

The pictures selected by the judges will be published with the maker's name, together with any comments that are deemed advisable.

Photographs intended for our July number should reach us on or before June 1, 1897.

Any photographer can submit work, there being no restriction as to amateur or professional; but the work will be essentially amateur, as there are few, if any, who make their living by landscape photography which is what we understand by a professional. Gallery work will not come within our scope.

We hope that this method will be instrumental in producing and bringing before the people much of the splendid material with which Connecticut is so richly endowed.

THE

SALE OF THE YEAR



APRIL

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
				1	2	3
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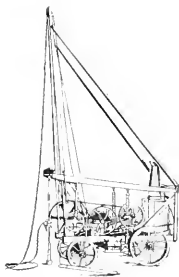
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31						

JUNE

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30				

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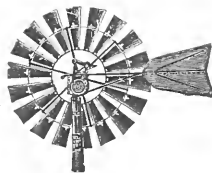
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1851.

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1897.

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January 1, 1897.

ASSETS.

Loans on First Mortgages or Real Estate.		\$5,793,119.51
Premium Notes and Loans on Policies in force.		722,100.68
Loans on Collateral.		6,600.00
Cost Value of Real Estate owned by the Company.		994,312.96
City and Municipal and Railroad Bonds and Stocks.		2,290,516.16
Bank Stocks.		184,318.00
Cash in Office.		188.95
Cash Deposited in Banks.		291,392.91
Add:		\$10,285,559.17
Market Value of Stocks and Bonds over cost.	\$47,465.04	
Interest accrued and due.	165,643.71	
Net Deferred and Outstanding Premiums.	159,374.79	372,483.54
Gross Assets January 1, 1897.		\$10,658,042.71

LIABILITIES.


Reserve on Policies in force at 4 per cent. interest (Conn. and New York standard.)		\$9,798,470.00
Claims by death outstanding.		32,694.00
Premiums paid in Advance.		7,248.00
Special Policy and Investment Reserves.	248,678.00	\$10,086,492.00
Surplus at 4 per cent.		\$571.5

	1891.	1895.	1
Total Premium received.	\$1,198,516	\$1,330,804	\$
Policies in force.	22,797	24,989	
Insurance in force.	36,381,019	40,460,331	
Paid Policy-holders.	1,087,556.	1,112,849	

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GEORGE C. ATWELL, EDITOR

HARTFORD, CONN.

CONTENTS.

Vol. III

July, August, September, 1897.

No. 3

Singing Brook. Poem. Illus. See Frontispiece.	<i>Anna T. Granniss</i>	253
Connecticut's Soldier. Illustrated.	<i>Charles W. Burpee</i>	254
Traffic on the Connecticut River Half a Century Ago. Illustrated	<i>Nellie Grace Abbe</i>	266
Connecticut River. Poem. Illustrated.	<i>James Dixon</i>	275
A Ministry of a Hundred Years Ago. Illus.	<i>Rev. Dr. Joseph W. Backus</i>	276
Old Time Music and Musicians. Illustrated.	<i>N. H. Allen</i>	286
Reminiscences of Bean Hill, Norwich. Illus.	<i>Burrell W. Hyde</i>	294
The Ancestral Chaise. Poem. Illustrated.	<i>Ellen Brainerd Peck</i>	306
An Old Neighborhood.—Boston St., Madison. Illus.	<i>Jane Finch Bushnell</i>	307
An Escape from Newgate. Story.	<i>Thomas Brabazon</i>	316
The Homeward Road. Poem. Illustrated.	<i>Elizabeth Alden Curtis</i>	323
The Farmington River and its Tributaries. Illus.	<i>M. H. Bartlett</i>	325
Departments.—PHOTOGRAPHIC DEPARTMENT.		345
GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT.		350
PUBLISHER'S NOTES.		358
DESCENDANTS OF WILLIAM CHASE OF YARMOUTH.		359
HISTORICAL NOTES.		365
FROM THE SOCIETIES.		367
BOOK NOTES.		368

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A guest who spends a day or even a part of a day at the New England Conservatory of Music, cannot fail to be impressed with the admirable facilities for musical study that are offered by this institution. Located in America's most musical city, with a fine building facing a beautiful park, and a cheerful, commodious home for lady students, its situation and environment leave nothing to be desired, while the busy happiness and enthusiasm of its student life prove that the privileges offered are fully appreciated.

An investigation of the courses provided gives the real secret of the Conservatory's success, for every department is thoroughly equipped with the best instructors, and admirably adapted to present-day needs. Into these departments students may enter at any

time and at any stage of advancement, and pass to the highest round of musical achievement. In addition, they not only have every opportunity to hear, but also to take part in concerts and recitals, this last being one of the most important features of musical development.

The election of Mr. George W. Chadwick, the foremost musician of this country, as Director, together with the addition of noted names to the Faculty, ensures a most successful future to the institution, and parents who are looking for a progressive school, thoroughly American in its spirit and conduct, in which to place their daughters and sons, cannot do better than to investigate the merits of the New England Conservatory.



MINING BROOK.

The Connecticut Quarterly.

‘Leave not your native land behind’—*Thoreau*

THIRD QUARTER.

VOL. III.

JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, 1897.

NO. 3.



SINGING BROOK.

BY ANNA J. GRANNISS.



THOUGHT I heard the singing of a brook
Mingled with murmurs as though many trees
Were chanting all together from one book,
Whose leaves were turned by some light summer breeze.
The brook sang louder as I ran along
Across the fields, and in my eager haste
I stopped but twice—to hear a blue-bird's song,
And pull a flower a butterfly had graced.
Then on I went led by the singing brook
Straight to an opening in a lovely wood.
The trees were chanting from an open book.
I peeped between the leaves—you see, I could.
This is the brook; here is the very place.
These ferns and grasses whispered 'round my feet,
The water kissed the rocks before my face,
And at each kiss it sang "So sweet, so sweet!"
You see the sunlight glinting down that tree?
In it I stood and fingered the rough bark,
And thought how many seasons there must be
Etched into it, each leaving its own mark.
A little farther up the brook you see
Two slender maples, one on either side,
Leaning their boughs together lovingly
Above the stream which cannot quite divide
They make one think of how congenial souls
May some way miss each other at the start
To meet where no dividing current rolls,
When they no longer may be kept apart
"So dear, so dear!" chanted the happy trees
And one more leaf was turned in that glad wood.
'Twas held a half breath by the careless breeze
So I could see—I read and understood,
And then I left the place and came away.
I've learned the chant the leafy woods repeat.
I know the music of the water night and day,
Kissing the rocks and singing "Sweet, so sweet!"

CONNECTICUT'S SOLDIERY.

BY CHARLES W. BURPEE.

A Connecticut schoolgirl the other day, choosing a comparatively original subject, wrote: "The militia of the State goes into camp once every year at the Spiritualist Camp Ground in Niantic." There were other equally peculiar statements in the course of the essay, but there are errors enough in this one sentence to require in correction all the spare space in a single number of a magazine. And they are worth correcting because they represent such general misconceptions of the facts. That girl's father and other male as well as female relatives probably make as bad blunders every time they think about the State soldiery. They know in a general way that it is a body of men that the State is proud of—governor after governor says that. They like to get occasional glimpses of them on parade, and they appreciate that should the need ever come, as it has lately in so many sister States, these men are ready to meet it at a minute's notice.

In the days of the old "train bands," the "soldiery" was more peculiarly the people. It was impossible that the habits and customs should not be known in every household. For then—and that was up to 1847—every able-bodied man between 18 and 45 years of age, with a few exceptions and an occasional variation in the age limit, had to be a soldier, according to the meaning of the word in those days. He kept his accoutrements at home, and in every well regulated family were to be found the flintlock, with powder horn, cartouche, priming wire, and the like, always ready for use. If so be a husbandman were negligent in this particular, he was ferreted out by the town or county officers and straightway fined.

In colonial times, the only occasion when a man was expected to formally display his weapons in the face of the home world, barring church guard duty and squirrel hunts, was on Training Day. The festive, bibulous, holiday features of that occasion, everyone participating from clergyman down to milk maid, have attracted too many narrative pens to need exposition here. Later there were spasmodic attempts at organization, and actual drill at least two or three times a year. Now and then a local organization, if it got to be a "flank company," made some pretence at uniform, but judging by the records, the relics handed down, and the few pictures of those days, the appearance of these uniforms must have served as a deterrent on other companies. The one thing which remained constant through succeeding experiments was the character of the celebration of Training Day, and even then New Bedford rum was gradually giving place to hard cider.

It may be remarked in passing that pessimists and intemperate temperance iconoclasts in the matter of the modern soldiery fail to appreciate the improvement in popular and in individual sentiment relative to strong drink. Everything isn't perfect yet, and nothing that isn't perfect is defended or covered up by the true friends of the Connecticut National Guard; but a compar-

ison of "good old times" with modern times—yea, a comparison of actual camp life only ten years ago with that of to-day—tends to encourage the observer.

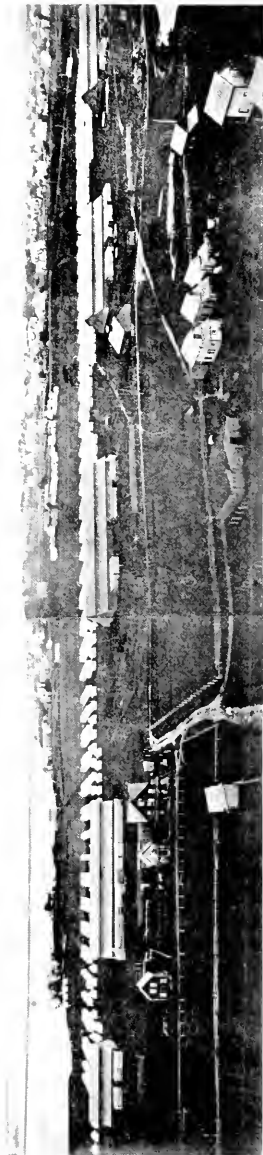
It may be pardonable to introduce here a mere outline sketch of the old times, taken from "The Military History of Waterbury," and made from contemporary personal testimony and records. It is as follows, for the century up to 1840:

"There were few regular drills by companies, but twice a year the companies and once a year the regiments met for parade and inspection, in the fall and in the spring. . . . Each man must have eight cartridges, blank or weighing an eighteenth of a pound each, two flints, one priming wire with brushes, and one powder horn, in addition to the muskets, bayonets, knapsacks, etc. The commissioned and non-commissioned officers held meetings before and after Training Days, at which time they imposed fines for non-attendance at parades and meetings, and transacted routine business. Generally these meetings were held at some tavern. . . . The customs of the day are indicated by such simple records as these: 'Bill for liquors, cake, cheese, pie, crackers, wine and cider, 82; paid.' 'Liquor bill paid by Silas Hotchkiss and Abner Scott [privates], they having appeared with their evidence to get off their fines.' 'No bill this evening.' 'Rum, crackers & cheese, 1 shilling each; paid.'

"Training Days were the red-letter days of the year for the towns in which they were held, not unlike those of the previous century which have already been described. Ministers, magistrates and veterans were invited to the one grand banquet following the 'parade.' Everyone drank to the health of the guests, never forgetting the clergy. The officers bore the expense in this proportion: Captain, 5; lieutenant, 4; ensign, 3; sergeant, 2; corporal, 1. The parades became more and more of a farce. The men presented little uniformity of appearance, either in dress or discipline."

The picture to be set over against this will be given later.

All this is necessary to explain the first error in the schoolgirl's composition and in daily parlance—a confusion of terms. The error is in the use of the word "militia." It arises from the fact that what has been described was



BIRD-EYE VIEW FROM SPIRITUALIST'S CAMP TOWER, LOOKING SOUTH.

then the "militia," and that term then was synonymous with "soldiery." "Militia" to-day, as then, includes every able bodied man from 18 to 45 years of



MORTAR BATTERY, LOOKING SOUTH.

age, with certain exemptions; but "soldiery" — which the schoolgirl meant — is as different from militia as a baseball club from a city voting list.

The militia as regular soldiery attained its greatest number in 1848. The total was 53,191, of whom 1,704 were riflemen, 1,575 artillerymen, 508 heavy artillerymen, and 692 cavalry. There were 960 companies divided into six brigades. The "militia" in 1896 numbered 108,989, of whom 105,636 could be called upon in case of war or invasion, and 2,883 were in active service. It is little wonder that the attempt to hold in hand all the militia resulted in the "rag-tag and bob-tail" or "Floodwoods" of the '40's. Realizing the absurdity of the thing, the General Assembly of 1847 decided to make two classes of the genus militia—the enrolled, comprising all, and the active. The commutation (or poll) tax to be paid by those who did not enlist in the active militia or the soldiery was fixed at \$1 a head (later \$2.)* Duty for at least three successive days was required of the soldiers, the State to pay them \$1.50 a day. One division was organized, of two brigades, four regiments to each brigade. The old militia companies were for the most part disbanded. The number of actives was further reduced, till in 1858 there were 58 companies, 2,045 men. This was the Connecticut State Militia, the ambiguous word still remaining.



LIGHT BATTERY "A" DRILL.

Then came the Rebellion with its costly lessons. For a time the home soldiery was almost completely disorganized, while the State was pouring out its best blood

*The rate to-day is \$2, but no special effort is made to collect it. Experts have said that if it were properly collected in each town, it would not only pay all the C. N. G. expenses but half as much again.

on Southern fields as a penalty for its indifference to drill and discipline in time of peace. The panicky despair of the State in 1861 is best indicated by the action of the Legislature that year, when it repealed the military law and disbanded all existing home companies August 1, just when they were most needed. But there were at that time only 485 infantrymen and 134 cavalymen out of a total enrollment of 54,968. It was then voted to organize not less than 40 nor more than 64 companies, as alarm companies, to be apportioned to the several counties according to population. Enough should be drafted from the inactives to fill the quotas. The result was 13 companies, 385 men. Drafting failed. The mistake of 1861 was self-evident. Fortunately, however, the people remained true to their martial spirit in time of need. In 1862, the pay system was adopted, and Gen. William H. Russell, of New Haven, commanded two brigades numbering 1,017 men. Then \$5 was granted to each man toward a uniform, and encampments of four days a year were allowed.



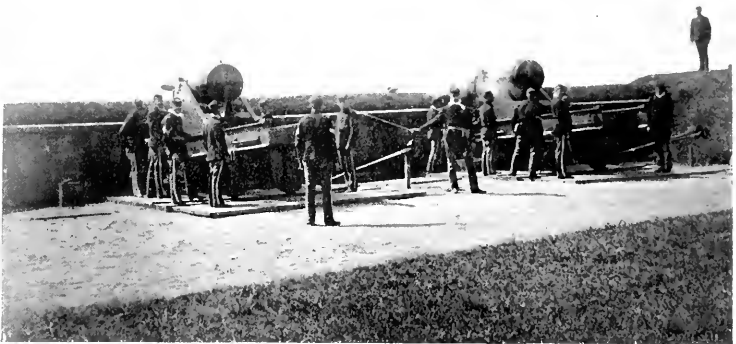
LINE OFFICERS' STREET, LOOKING EAST.

But a more radical change was necessary, if citizens were to learn much of the art of war, the importance of which had been so clearly demonstrated,—if the country, practically without a standing army, was to “prepare for war in time of peace;” if “a fool’s paradise” was to be abjured, and if the wise admonitions of Washington himself were to be heeded.

And the first thing was to drop the word “militia” as applied to the soldiery. We have seen why. A new standard must be created and young men brought to realize that soldiering was business and not play. On the suggestion of the Hon. Stephen W. Kellogg, of Waterbury, then colonel of the Second Regiment, the name Connecticut State Militia was changed by legislative act, July 9, 1865, to Connecticut National Guard, in which the soldiers since have taken more and more pride every year. Many other States have followed Connecticut in this. Order was brought out of chaos by General Russell, Col

onel Kellogg and Francis Wayland, chief of General Russell's staff and now the dean of the Yale Law School. Two brigades of the eight regiments were created, the total number of officers and men being 4,141; uniforms were to be furnished by the State, and there were to be six days' encampments by regiment or brigade. Still, the evil habits of the militia would crop out, and there was an undue amount of excursions from town to town. Frequently, there was more pride in buttons and braid than there was in drill or knowledge of tactics.

The present form of one brigade of four regiments (ten companies the maximum number for each regiment) was evolved in 1871. The old State uniforms having proved cheap and unsatisfactory, it was decided to let each regiment choose its own, the State to contribute \$25 toward the expense for each man. The only notable relic of the militia days now apparent was in the regi-



SIEGE GUNS.

mental individuality in the matter of dress, creating a ridiculous lack of uniformity in the brigade. But progress never can be faster than public sentiment warrants. The First Regiment, with its old artillery instincts, chose red trimmings on dark blue, with light-blue trousers; the Third, the light-blue trimmings of the infantry of the period; the Second and Fourth, black and gold trimmings on gray, somewhat after the fashion of West Point and the New York Seventh. Cross belts, epaulettes and shakos were worn. Of course it cost something to live up to this pride in "man millinery," and the balance had to be furnished by the men. In addition, certain individual companies had still more distinctive uniforms for private occasions, and they have them to-day, paid for by themselves. President Grant is quoted as having said in 1872 that the Connecticut soldiery was at the head of that of all the States. Since then the others have come up materially, but Connecticut, largely because of the State's liberality in contrast with past neglect, is still in the front rank.

There had been a constant commendable tendency in matters of detail to come as near as possible to the standard set by the regular army, the truth becoming more apparent that to get the greatest value out of the National Guard, there should be uniformity in all sections of the country. And happily it was disproved that local esprit de corps would be diminished by endeavors in this direction. In 1886, the old distinctive regimental uniforms were discarded for the present dark blue, furnished by the State, and patterned exactly after that of the United States Army. The main object to-day is service, not splendor. Changes in methods of drill and in the payment of the soldiers kept pace with the other improvements, wise heads directing and the civil department of the State encouraging and rewarding.

Enlistments now are for three years, re-enlistments for two, and long-service medals are issued for ten, fifteen, twenty and twenty-five years of service. The pay of officers and men is based on the system in the army. Officers are allowed \$15 each annually toward their uniforms. There is no financial compensation for time devoted to armory work, which makes up the chief part of the routine. The drills are held weekly, with monthly publication of percentages of attendance, from November 1 to June 1. There are annual musters and inspections and one spring field-day for each company and organization.



SIGNAL CORPS, HELIOGRAPH.

The various departments—hospital corps, signal corps and machine-gun battery—have every facility furnished, and have acquired a remarkable degree of proficiency. The one light battery is well handled. A naval reserve has lately been organized. There are careful examinations in all grades, and special instruction is given in the use of ordnance as well as of small arms. Annual encampments are held for the land force, and the

naval reserve, now a battalion, has a short summer cruise. This brings us to the second error of the schoolgirl's composition, the loca-



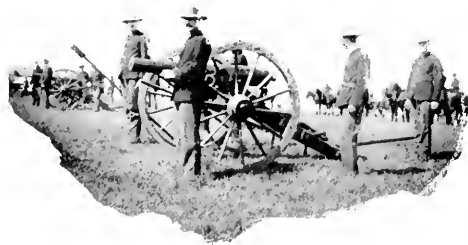
SIGNAL CORPS, HELIOGRAPH.

tion of the State military rendezvous, or the camp ground. The encampment of to-day is of very recent origin, though so well established that the recruit thinks it has been here from the beginning.

There have been camps in some form or other since 1847, when the officers' camps of instruction were ordered. These were for three days every fall, and on the second and third days the regiments were called out "for drill and exercise." Distinction between officers and men for camp duty was dropped in 1855, since when there have been regular encampments of varying length once a year, barring one or two occasions, when they were biennial.

In the militia days the different regiments pitched their tents in the most convenient spot—in the south meadows at Hartford, near West Rock in New Haven, near Norwalk, near Waterbury, according to circumstances and inclination. Some of these encampments, it may be surmised, were not without very striking picnic characteristics.

The biennial plan above referred to did not work well. About sixty per cent of the men who went into an annual encampment under the five-year term were raw recruits, and increasing that percentage by biennial tours of duty reduced the benefit derived by the brigade below a point at all in keeping with the expenditure. Under the three years term of enlistment, the number of new men in each annual camp is about one-third the total.



LIGHT BATTERY "A" DRILL.

The State made its first purchase of land for camp purposes in 1882. After the years of haphazard locations, a plot of land in the town of East Lyme, near Niantic village, had been tried with most gratifying results. On July 7, 1882, during the administration of Governor Hobart B. Bigelow, when Alexander Harbison, of Hartford, was quartermaster general, the State acquired this property by condemnation, the sum of \$8,031 being awarded to the owners. The court expenses were \$1,224. As requirements increased, additional land was bought as follows: December 31, 1884, when Thomas M. Waller was governor and Thomas McManus, of Hartford, quartermaster general, a strip for \$2,000; May 11, 1885, during the administration of Henry B. Harrison, when Arthur L. Goodrich, of Hartford, was quartermaster general, a piece for \$800; December 8, 1892, when Morgan G. Bulkeley was chief executive and William B. Rudd, of Lakeville, quartermaster-general, land for a military road from Pennsylvania avenue to the railroad tracks, \$3,650.11; and finally, May 14, 1894, during the term of Luzon B. Morris as governor and of John P. Harbison, of Hartford, as quartermaster-general, land west of the camp grounds for a rifle range, at \$1,800. Thus the total expense for land has been \$17,505.11. The grounds have been graded, fenced about, provided with driven wells, a hospital, guard quarters, permanent mess houses, quartermaster's storehouse,

stables and sinks, till now they are equalled by few, if any, in the country.

In the first place, the location is ideal. It is on the bank of the Niantic river, where it broadens to meet the bay, back of the village and some three-quarters of a mile from the railroad station. The river bank here forms almost a bluff, rising some twelve feet above the water. The soil is very dry and sandy, and yet it is covered with a thick sward. The ground is comparatively level, very slightly rolling, but the soil absorbs the moisture so readily that no artificial drainage has been found necessary yet, and the parade is practically dry within a short time after a heavy rain. The only trees on the grounds are two at about the center of the tent section and a small cluster on a knoll near the river. And near these latter trees, as though to heighten the artistic effect of the beautiful bank, with the wide expanse of water beyond, has been placed the battery, with six mortars and the two heavy siege guns. In reality this location was selected so that there might be practice with the guns over the river.



MORTAR DRILL.

The practice is under the special direction of some non-commissioned officer detailed from the regular army, and the guns are handled by men chosen from the different regiments.

Standing near the battery, the view landward during encampment week is almost as beautiful as the view seaward. Along the northern side of the broad green field, and beyond this artillery park just in front of us, are the regular rows of tents, sheltering some 2,800 men. Tall pine trees on a promontory the other side of the tents and rugged hills still farther away furnish an effective background. Away up at the western end is the quartermaster's storehouse and then, off there at the left on the southern side of the field, picturesquely arranged, are two semi-circles of large tents, the governor and staff in one and the brigadier-general commanding and his staff in the other. A pagoda bandstand marks the opening of the governor's semi circle, and from it floats the State emblem when His Excellency is in camp. In front of the brigadier-general's quarters is the post flag staff, with colors so high that they may be seen for miles in the surrounding country when the hills or the everlasting Niantic dust do not interfere. Back of these quarters may be seen the red

cross flag by day and the red light by night, indicating the location of a splendidly equipped and skillfully conducted hospital, with an ambulance shed in the rear, horses harnessed ready for a moment's call. Near by is a mess house, and down to the east of it the headquarters' stables. Beyond, to the west, are the quarters of the provost guard and the little quadrangle of the signal corps. The entrance gate, with the guard house, is at the southwest corner of the grounds, beyond the signal corps, from where we are now standing. And there floats a banner bearing the special name of the rendezvous for the year—that of the governor the first year of his term and that of his adjutant-general the second year. This year it will be Camp Cooke, and next year Camp Haven.

Closer inspection bears out the impression of universal cleanliness and precision. The regiments are encamped according to seniority of their colonels, from right to left—that is, from west to east. The tents are arranged along three lines. The first, in the rear, is that of the colonels and their staffs,



LINE OFFICERS' STREET, LOOKING WEST.

and the battalion majors and their staffs. They face the south. The next, with a wide space between, is that of the line officers, also facing the south, one tent for each captain and one for every two lieutenants. These are separated from the men's quarters by another wide space or roadway. Each of the company commanders' tents controls a view directly down the "street" of that company, the streets being at right angles to the officers' "street." The tents of the enlisted men are arranged eight on each side of the company street, facing each other, except in the case of the street leading directly from the colonel's quarters to the parade. That is what might be called a vacant street, a broad space between the backs of the tents of the companies on either side and marking the center of the regimental quarters.

The colonel's tent is a large-sized, double-wall tent. The other officers' tents are also commodious wall tents, with iron bedsteads, stands and chairs, and all are provided with platforms and flies. The men's tents are of the A pattern, with low walls; each can accommodate four men comfortably. There are three good mattresses which, when spread at night, cover the floor. Knapsacks for pillows and heavy blankets for covering give such comfort as the soldiers of no earlier day ever tasted. Veterans who have been through all grades in the National Guard say that the real pleasure of camp life is to be found down in those company streets.

The service-to-day makes finished housekeeping a necessity. At inspection of quarters at 8 a. m. every tent must be shipshape; mattresses piled on

the south side; blankets folded a particular way on top of them; dress coats, buttons showing, on the blankets; helmets, brasses to the front, on the coats; overcoats back of these; guns in the rack at the rear of the tent, bayonets inverted on the muzzles, belts looped over them; knapsacks, flaps to the front, stacked at the foot of the gun-rack; shoes and traveling bags, if any, the other side of the knapsacks; water bucket inverted with soap on top and candlestick close beside it, in the front of the tent, opposite the mattresses; towels suspended near the top of the tent—everything else of whatever kind or description out of sight, and not even so much as a match end to be found not only in the company street, but as far out as the color line and back to the mess houses. Each company is marked by inspectors every morning on the condition of its quarters and the "policing" of its street. The value of discipline as an aid to health and comfort is obvious.



GUARD MOUNTING, INSPECTION.

The following schedule gives the best idea of the daily camp routine:

Reveille and Roll Call,	5.45 A. M.
Sick Call,	6.00 "
Breakfast,	6.30 "
Police Call,	7.00 "
Company Drill,	7.30 to 8.45 "
Inspection of Quarters,	8.00 "
Battalion Drill,	9.00 to 10.30 "
Regimental Drill,	10.30 to 11.45 "
Orderly Hour,	12.00 M.
Dinner Call,	12.30 P. M.
Guard Mounting,	2.00 "
Battery and Machine Gun Drill,	2.30 to 3.30 "
Police Call,	3.30 "
Regimental Parade, Fourth and Third Regiments,	4.00 "
Regimental Parade, First and Second Regiments,	4.30 "
Brigade Formation, Wednesday and Thursday,	5.15 "
Retreat,	6.25 "
Supper,	6.30 "
Tattoo and Roll Call,	10.00 "
Taps,	11.00 "

One gun is fired daily at reveille and retreat, and the bands play simultaneously "The Star Spangled Banner" at retreat. No lights are allowed after taps, except in adjutants' quarters and the hospital. Men need the sleep for the duties of the following day, and the discipline of the present National

Guard makes sure that they have it. Absence from any roll call is punishable by a fine of \$5. Civilians are not permitted on the grounds, except by special pass, any day except Friday. There must be passes also for teams, which then may go only in the officers' streets. The sale of liquor on or near the camp ground is prohibited by law. Sentinels are posted around the entire camp, the guard being mounted as regimental, yet all under the direction of the brigade commander. This is an anomaly to which it is hard to accommodate the army regulations, since in the army brigade encampments are practically unknown and indeed are rarely seen at any other place than Niantic.

Directly back of the colonels' quarters are the mess houses, one for each regiment and one for the other organizations. The companies are separated from each other by semi-partitions. The men sit at two long tables facing each other, the space between the tables being devoted to the waiters who bring the food from the kitchens in the rear of the mess houses. The food is



TO PASS IN REVIEW, GOVERNOR'S DAY.

furnished by the State at so much a man, and is under the careful supervision of the commissary department. Permanent kitchens with necessary appliances are one of the few things still required for economy and comfort.

Farther back, toward the fence, are the sinks, and beyond them the trenches, in which the refuse is buried every morning and afternoon. The fence here separates the camp from a cove made by the river and from the camp ground of the Connecticut Spiritualist Association, in the beautiful grove of pine trees on the promontory made by the cove. A tall, white tower in the center of those grounds is a conspicuous land mark.

It would seem that, with all the progress which has been made, there must still be some inheritance from militia days. It is found here in what is known as Governor's Day—Friday—the one day given over to pomp and splendor, nominally for the delectation of the people who foot the bills. The day is of little practical benefit to the men, but the show in the review is of such a character as to have drawn from General Nelson A. Miles of the United States Army, last summer, the statement that it was one of the finest things he ever saw. To General Miles's trained eye, the strong point was not the full-dress uniform—which on that day alone replaces the more serviceable fatigue dress, with campaign hat—but the style and character of the officers and men, their

discipline and their bearing. And here is where we may get the picture of the soldier of to-day. To begin with, he must be physically sound, and he must



GUARD HOUSE.

whole 2,800 young men, most of them getting here their only outing, there are bound to be some black sheep, and their conduct when spread in the columns of the daily papers may bring discredit on the whole. But the discipline of to-day quickly marks these men. Their places are soon made vacant by the power of the military law, more inexorable than any other. The man who enters the service to become a soldier and for the honest camaraderie that goes with it finds every encouragement. No man is too high born to feel out of place in the ranks, and no man is of too humble origin to fail of promotion if he deserves it. The opportunity to rise to high position cannot fail to be apparent to anyone who makes a study of the system. And the best officers are those who have served through every grade, from the rear rank up. They are the men who enforce discipline while winning the love and respect of those whom they command. The craven officer who withholds deserved punishment rapidly finds his level, and that level is outside the Connecticut National Guard.

The rank and file demand that the honor of the organization be maintained. They want what pleasure and amusement there is to be had — and there is no end of it, of the honest kind and despite the hard work—but they require that the uniform shall be unsullied. With that and with this outline of his duties to prepare

him to defend life and property at any time, to be the sinew of the mighty arm of the law, enough has been said to give an idea of the Connecticut citizen soldier of to-day.

keep so. He must have force of character or he will soon drop out, for there are temptations here as there are everywhere else in life, not more than, if as many as among the same number of men not under military discipline. And he will drop out because the regulations as to "conduct unbecoming a soldier" are being more and more faithfully enforced without fear or favor. In the



RALLY BY COMPANY.



BY NELLIE GRACE ABBE.

The beautiful river of which New England is so justly proud flowed through its picturesque valley fifty years ago in much the same manner that it does to-day, with the exception of fuller banks and a deeper channel. Yet, in these days of the latter part of the century, with its waters practically closed to all navigation north from the city of Hartford, the present generation has little conception of the amount of traffic carried on through this medium in ante-railroad days. However, a moment of concentrated thought regarding the energy and courage inherited by the sons of pilgrim forefathers, coupled with the natural resources of the States, with no overland route save the cumbrous stage-coach, will serve to give an adequate idea of the great importance attached to our historic river as a pathway of commerce, connecting with lines for distant ports and foreign countries.

More than one hundred small boats carrying from fifteen to twenty tons sailed up and down the river, or, in the absence of a breeze, they were "poled" by the crew. This latter process was most tedious, especially when going against the current, and woe to the novice who for the first time placed a fourteen-foot pole against his shoulder and began his monotonous tread from bow to mast-board, lasting perhaps for hours, and representing many weary miles of travel. But throbbing muscles and sinews became hardened by repeated service, and many a youthful stripling developed in a remarkably short period into a brawny, broad-chested sailor.

These boats had no cabins, but if they happened to be loaded with grain the crew would lay themselves down in it to sleep, using the sail-cloth as a covering, with the starry heavens for a canopy overhead. There were taverns and inns within easy distance on either shore, where meals were served to order for twenty-five cents at all hours of the day or night. The boatmen would cast anchor and row ashore in the skiff, rehearsing bits of news from "port" while waiting for their food, carrying back with them a plentiful

supply of crackers and cheese, in case a favoring wind should compel them to remain aboard ship for several hours. On stormy nights, or when carrying a cargo of lumber or coal, they would put up at the tavern, paying twenty-five cents for a night's lodging. The tavern at Windsor Hill, on the east shore, was a favorite resort, although a mile away from the river, while Point Rocks, on the west bank, also Hinsdale's Inn at Windsor, and the Old Yellow Tavern at Windsor Locks, were frequently patronized by the fresh-water sailors.

One of the veteran inn-keepers, whose name was Welch, used to entertain his guests by recounting his varied experiences in the business, and proudly extending his hands with fingers extended like claws, invariably wound up with the complacent long-drawn remark, "Yes, these old *bread-hooks* hauled in all this property!"

The falls in the river opposite Enfield were a serious obstruction to traffic. Falls men used to hold themselves in readiness for piloting boats up over the falls at a fixed price of one dollar a trip for each man, and it usually required the services of six men, three on a side, for poling a boat through. In low water, freight often had to be carried in teams around to the head of the falls, when the empty boats drawing but a few inches of water would be piloted up and reloaded, then proceed on their way. At such times a "northeaster" was hailed with delight, as it caused a rise in the river, though the falls men rarely made but one trip a day, when the wind was in that quarter; but the south wind would bring the boats up from Hartford, and often as many as four trips a day would be made over the falls, bringing in what was considered a big harvest to the hard working falls men.



THE OLD YELLOW TAVERN, WINDSOR LOCKS.

The writer's father has commented on the beautiful sight of a fleet of forty boats, all under full sail, coming up the river, which he has often seen in the event of a stiff south wind. In those days, passenger steamers plied between Springfield and Hartford, at the rate of two dollars for the round trip. Among these were the old *Vermont*, the *Massachusetts*, the *James Dwight*, the *Agawan* and the *Greenfield*, one or another of which made regular trips at stated periods. It was considered quite a wonderful event to perform the journey to either city, said cities being very meagre and minute in comparison of wealth and size with the Springfield and Hartford of to-day.

A common sight was the floating of rafts down the river, consisting of immense trees felled at the North, and the logs, being drilled at either end, had stakes driven through, pinning them securely to logs running crosswise the width of the raft. They were accompanied by raftsmen, who lived aboard,

sleeping in rudely constructed tents, their daily *régime* being principally "hard-tack" and bacon.

Nine months out of twelve were generally counted on for the boating season. An open winter was a very rare occurrence, and an ice bridge meant safe crossing at almost any point along the river. All through the long winter the echo of the wood-chopper's axe could be heard far up and down the valley, and with the first signs of returning spring, a restless inactivity manifested itself, and men would gather at the tavern and in the cooper-shop to talk over the prospects of the coming season, while the busy housewives who lived on Water street began to look anxious as the sun mounted higher in the heavens, for the terror of former freshets was still retained in mind, and with reports



AMERICAN HOTEL, WAREHOUSE POINT.

of immense quantities of snow in the North frequently verified they might well have cause for alarm. The most vivid pen-picture could give but a faint idea of the grandeur and awe, and in some instances terror, with which an old-time freshet filled the hearts of the people. The breaking up of the ice was invariably a time of the most absorbing interest, and for miles and miles back in the country people would congregate along the banks of the little river towns to witness the exciting scenes. Great blocks of ice crushed into each other with an ominous crunch in the swiftly moving current, often piling up in a solid mass, and unless the obstruction gave way a dam would form, spanning from shore to shore; the ice would gradually move more slowly as it crushed up against this solid bank, now piled up between forty and fifty feet high, until at length it would stop entirely, and the water would rise steadily, often at the rate of six inches an hour, until the great pressure against the dam forced it along with a tremendous crash, and the receding waters would again rush swiftly by, huge cakes of ice twisting off and uprooting many a noble tree—the growth of centuries—as though it were but a tender sapling. After the great body of ice had disappeared, the muddy turbulent river would rush madly along, bearing upon its seething bosom trophies of prey and destruction. Sometimes it was part of the frame of a house washed away in the flood; again a dilapidated pig-sty bobbing up and down like a bell-buoy; then beautiful pieces of timber and giant logs, and among the debris of gnarled and twisted stumps and trunks of trees plunging about like things of life would be caught the glimpse of feet sticking up in the air for an instant, as some ill-fated pig whose life had been sacrificed was borne along in the eddying whirlpools.

This was the season when, with warm sunny days and plenty of melting snow at the North, swelling the Connecticut to an abnormal height, the river road inhabitants removed the stores from their cellars to places of safety, and

taking up carpets, etc., made ready to move out at a moment's notice. Often small skiffs were rowed over the tops of fences, and into the doors of houses, whose occupants after a sleepless night of suspense listening to empty barrels floating about in the cellar and bumping against the timbers overhead, had been obliged to vacate or remove to the upper story, until the flood subsided. The juvenile members of the family reveled in a freshet, being as much at home upon the water as a duck in its native element. It was exhilarating sport catching the driftwood with witch-hooks, which were stout poles with sharply curved iron prongs riveted in the end, requiring considerable dexterity to handle with skill. The little tots lent a hand, too, gathering sticks and rubbish on the shore as the waters receded, often laying in a supply of fuel sufficient for the year. It is difficult to realize, with such a body of water overspreading the meadows and lowlands, that in midsummer, or in the event of a drouth, the river was so shallow one could wade across, even the channel being barely knee-deep. In dead low water it was necessary to exercise the greatest care in guiding the boats through the proper channels, and to avoid the sand-bars, a half dozen or more of which lay between Hartford and Scantic. Many a time boats have been aground upon these bars, when the crew were obliged to get into the water, and, ranging themselves two or three on each side, they would insert heavy planks underneath the boat, and at the command, "Hurrah! Heave!" all would lift up together, and the wind filling the sail would carry the boat forward two or three feet. This process would be repeated until a sufficient depth of water was reached to float the boat along.

In May, 1854, the biggest freshet known since *Jefferson's flood, in 1801, occurred. It had been a late cold spring, with quantities of snow at the North, and during the latter part of April the mercury took a jump until the heat became almost torrid in its intensity, and the river rose steadily at the rate of two inches an hour. A terrific electrical storm ensued, when the wind veered around into the northeast, and the rain fell in torrents for three days without cessation. The *Goodsell*, with a cargo of sixteen hundred bushels of corn lay at Warehouse Point, near the American Hotel, from Friday until Monday, waiting to unload. Families living on the river road had deserted their houses, which were now surrounded by water, and in some cases almost entirely submerged. When the storm abated, the *Goodsell* made a landing on what is now called Bridge street, several rods east of the hotel. The New York, New Haven and



"HINSDALE'S," HAYDEN'S STATION.

*Named from Thomas Jefferson, then President.

Hartford Railroad, which had been built previous to this date, was inundated, utterly precluding the possibility of running trains. The public roads and highways were flooded, cutting off all communication between cities, and many of the business men of Windsor Locks, having bank-notes coming due, conferred together, and Chas. H. Dexter crossed the Connecticut to see if the *Goodsell* could be chartered to take a party down to Hartford and back. Securing the boat, he gave any who wished to take the ride for the novelty of it the privilege of doing so for the sum of twenty-five cents, and so great a number availed themselves of the opportunity, he received more than enough to pay the charter money. As they neared Hartford, the captain of the *Goodsell* sent two of his men ashore in the skiff to open the draw of the bridge belonging then to the Hartford, Providence and Fishkill Railroad Company. On passing through, the west end of the old Hartford bridge (recently burned) was seen to lay in the water, and the *Goodsell* went down through the East Hartford meadows *around* the bridge, and, coming back into the river, crossed



EAGLE HOTEL, EAST WINDSOR HILL, AS IT WAS IN BOATING DAYS.

over and steamed up State street to Doctor Bull's drug store, corner of State and Front streets, where it tied up, and the live freight made their way off the gang plank to terra firma once more. The United States mail was also brought down, and after business transactions were completed, the *Goodsell* brought her human cargo safely back around by the meadows to the place from which they started.

To-day, many persons, on being told of this experience, might regard it with much sceptical incredulity; but some few who made up that identical party on the *Goodsell*, as she steamed around the east end of Hartford bridge, are still with us to verify the statement.

In the following August of that same year the water in the Connecticut was the lowest ever known. For six weeks an *empty* boat could not get over the flats, and the up-river boats were kept busy carrying stone from the Portland quarries to Hartford for the Colt factories. But to retrace the thread of

our reminiscences twenty-six years, we find that a new era dawned with the building of the canal, which covered a period of from two to three years, and was completed in 1828.

It extended from the head of the falls on the Suffield shore south to the lower part of Windsor Locks, being about six miles in length, opening into the river directly opposite the Old Yellow Tavern.

About the first Irish help was employed at this time. They came on rafts and in scow-boats, often with their entire worldly goods knotted up in a red bandanna, and many with not even that. They camped in the woods and cooked their food in the huge caldrons used for melting tar. One of our oldest inhabitants affirms that about the first thing he recollects was hundreds of wheelbarrows, used by workmen in building the canal, floating off down the river in a big freshet.

With the completion of the canal, furnishing increased facilities for business, larger boats were built corresponding to the capacity of the locks at the



ENFIELD DAM.

head and foot of the canal. A number of scows, carrying from thirty to sixty and seventy-five tons, were constructed with cabins decked over, having a door at each end, one opening into the hull and the other leading up a few steps to the stern, where the captain stood at the helm. Besides a stove, table and cupboard pantry furnished with all the necessary utensils pertaining to successful housekeeping, the cabin contained two long narrow chests ranged along either side, which served as seats, and so made that at night the top and sides opened outward, disclosing the bunks where the boatmen slept.

The crew on each scow consisted of captain, steward, and one or two bowhands. One of these stewards had acquired an enviable reputation for his delicious chowders, and on one occasion when his boat was waiting at the landing for teams to unload the cargo, two little girls who lived near came aboard to play in the grain and in some way ascertained a chowder was in process of construction; so, with the adroit innocence of childhood, they managed to put in their appearance about supper time, when they were promptly invited

to sit down and partake. The captain remarked in his hearty way, "If I'd a' known we was going to have company, I'd had the cook put on a clean tablecloth."

A steamer, *P. B. Goodsell*, carrying fifty tons, was used for towing, and a pretty sight she made puffing up the Connecticut with three or four scows in tow. This fleet was owned by Abbe, Woodward & Co., who for many years carried on a lucrative business between the points of Saybrook, Conn., and Holyoke, Mass.

There were a number of distilleries in the vicinity of Scitico and Warehouse Point, Barber's being the only one now in operation at the latter place. There was also one on the west shore belonging to Herlehigh Haskell, which was located on the present site of Jabez H. Hayden's silk mill, and to which farmers from far and near drove through the woody, sparsely settled country



THE LOCKS, WINDSOR LOCKS.

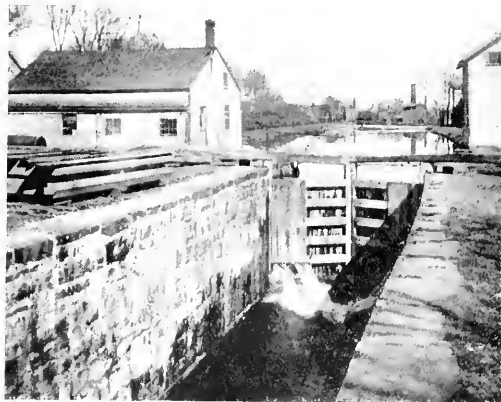
to obtain yeast for raising their bread. These distilleries used about three hundred bushels of corn a day, the bulk of which came from the Northwest through the Erie canal, thence down the Hudson river to New York, where it was shipped to Hartford, and there transferred from the vessels to the "up-river" boats. The expense for freight on corn and rye from Hartford to Windsor Locks was two cents per bushel, while that on coal was seventy-five cents per ton. The same was carried to Springfield for three cents per bushel and one dollar a ton, respectively. Large quantities of iron were transported from Hartford to the Homer Foot Company in Springfield, freight charges being one dollar and a quarter per ton.

If the boats were to pass through the canal, musical whistles from the *Goodsell* would notify the lock-tender to close the gates, and gauge the water preparatory to locking the boats through. The return cargo generally consisted of lumber, paper, tobacco and barrels of gin. Frequently loads of hogs

were carried down, many being raised by Vermont farmers, who drove them in herds to a suitable landing, where they were crowded into boats having sides built up temporarily to prevent them from jumping overboard. Many transfers were necessary before their journey to the mouth of the river was accomplished, when, on reaching New York, they were dispatched to their various destinations.

Powder was brought by team from the mills in Hazardville and stored in the magazine near the falls, on the east shore, where it was loaded on the scows with great care. It was put up in kegs weighing six and one quarter, twelve and twenty-five pounds each, and freighted to Hartford at the rate of one dollar and a half per ton. Thirteen thousand kegs were carried some trips, transferred at Hartford into schooners for New York, where much of it was stored on the Jersey flats, opposite Staten Island. Not a match was ever

lighted on board a scow when powder made up the cargo, and no accident ever resulted in the up-river boats from handling the dangerous explosive, although the story is told of a schooner loaded with it and bound for New York, being overtaken by a severe storm of thunder and lightning, when anchor was cast and the captain and crew with one exception went ashore in the long-



THE UPPER LOCK.

boat. "God Almighty! I have to shoot pretty straight to hit this old hulk!" shouted the rough sailor to his departing comrades. Later, on their return, Gaines was found lying unconscious in the companion-way, but he was soon resuscitated, when the course of lightning was distinctly traced, however, with no more damage than giving the man a thorough fright, as it did not reach the powder.

With the unparalleled water-power available after the canal was cut through, industries of various kinds sprang into existence and the boats brought loads of stone from the Portland quarries, which was used in building churches in the pioneer settlements, and in erecting buildings for manufacturing on the canal bank. The whir of the spinning wheel and rattle of the loom were familiar sounds in most households where their own home-spun garments were fashioned, and in some instances families were obliged to make one dress do double duty for two daughters, one attending school one week and the other the next, the same dress doing public service on both occasions. But before long they found themselves able to make provision for all alike, and a healthful increase of business augured future prosperity for the

little settlement of Windsor Locks. Many amusing incidents occurred in the life of the fresh-water sailor. Often the *Goodsell* would tow three or four scows to the foot of the Locks, and leave them to be met at the "head" by the *Enterprise* or *Reliance*—small tug-boats which would tow them on to Springfield. After passing through the Locks to the canal, a horse and driver would be in waiting to tow the boat up the canal bank to the head. Part of a harness would be strapped on the horse to which was attached a stout line made fast to the bow of the boat. After a series of attempts at starting, when the poor horse would barely escape being hauled over backwards, and the captain stood at his post with hand on the tiller, and the bow-hand vigorously poling the boat away from the bank, while the driver—oft-times but a half-grown lad—would prod the animal with a forked stick, shouting "Gee-dap!" they would get under way, and, providing bridges would swing without delay, a couple of hours or so would find them at the head.

One of these occasions, between the singing on Terry's Island, where the Millerites were holding camp-meetings, and the blackberries which grew in great profusion to the very water's edge, the youthful driver became quite careless, and the captain shouted a number of times, "Mind your line, there!" as it caught on the shrubs while Teddy was picking berries. Finally the line swung behind a "snag," and as the horse continued walking it became very taut, then suddenly gave way, striking poor Teddy, just in the act of picking a berry, with such force as to precipitate him head foremost into the canal, after turning a double somersault in the air. The captain and the crew forgave him because of the fun he had given them, and fishing him out, Teddy proceeded on his way, a sadder, wetter, and wiser boy.

Other amusing exploits were had with the fishermen up the Farmington river, who set their trammel nets there to catch shad in the early spring. It may not be amiss to state that all business for Poquonnock by water had to be done when there was a rise in the Connecticut, as the Farmington was not navigable at other seasons of the year. Sometimes thirty or forty nets would be set, which the fishermen were loth to disturb, and after fair warning of their coming, if no preparation was made to remove them, the captain of the *Goodsell* would let on steam and go ahead. Often fifty or more people would gather on the bank to see the sport which commenced just as the water-wheel caught up a net with such force as to throw the brick used to hold the lead line down clean over the steamer's deck. "You've got hung, an' I'm glad on't," shouted a fisherman, whose joy was short-lived when he beheld his ruined net.

Eel-pots were also strung across the river on lines which were fastened to piles driven deep in the mud, but after experiencing the loss of a hundred or more floating off down the river, they concluded to leave the water-course unobstructed for the passage of boats.

But the building of the railroad brought still another and a greater change, which gradually dealt its death-blow to the river traffic above Hartford. With the introduction of modern improvements and perfected facilities for rapid transportation, the former slow methods fell into disuse, and gradually the boating business became a thing of the past, remaining only as a pleasant reminiscence in the memories of those who yet survive the days of former generations.



CONNECTICUT RIVER.

BY JAMES DIXON.

Wandering 'mid flowery banks, or loud and hoarse,
Foaming o'er rock and crag, all wild and free,
From the deep woods that hide thy shaded source,
To where thy waters mingle with the sea.
Beautiful river! like a dream of love
Thy deep waves glide—blue as the sky above.
Bright are the happy homes along thy shores,
Shaded by drooping elms that kiss thy wave;
And grassy banks that bloom with gay wild flowers,
Thy calm and murmuring waters gently lave;
And warbling birds with music sweet as thine,
Sing in the branches of the o'er-hanging vine—
A song whose notes are with us evermore,
Stealing our hearts away to wander by the shore.

A MINISTRY OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY REV. JOSEPH W. BACKUS, D.D.

[Concluded from last number.]

And now that the scene changes for the better, it is not strange, after the long period of trial, that the pastor should find his nervous energies exhausted and his physical condition making him easily liable to the malignant fever prevailing around him, so that the new morning did not dawn upon him without a cloud. For a period well on towards forty years he has been little more than a candidate. But dreary and wearing as that has been, it is not as much so as to have forty candidates in one year.

Now at the summit of his years (63), though prostrated with the fever, he is really entering upon the brightest period of his ministry. Even in his sickness he could not forget his work. He drew up a set of rules for his children to live by, and penned a good many pieces of fatherly counsel for them. He dictated letters to the pupils he had been obliged to dismiss. And he was in his pulpit long before he was off his bed. He was selecting texts, planning sermons, forming schemes of pastoral work. This sickness lies about midway in

his ministerial course. If I may use the expression, it was the dwindling line between the ancient and modern times of his ministry. It is just over the line on this side that his ministry has the new opening. It seems as if he had a prophet's vision of another generation to pass under his leadership; as if he saw remaining to him a western slope of life reaching far out to pacific seas and far richer in visible fruits than the domain he had already traversed. The sickness had drawn out the hearts of his people towards him and he girded himself anew. He instituted weekly evening meetings in different parts of the sparsely settled town. "The brethren learned to pray in public to edification." "They set up prayer meetings between meetings on the Sabbath." As I picture it in imagination at this distance of time, I seem to see, while



DR. NOIT AT THE AGE OF SIXTY.

affairs are reaching their more harmonious condition, the stalwart form of the veteran hero emerging from the confused scenes of the past with a soldier's head upon him, his shoulders slightly rounded, head bowed, hair grown thin and shining white waving in the gentle summer breezes; and yet the step elastic

as ever and the foot as firmly planted, the eye undimmed, a sweet benignity beaming from his handsome features, altogether reminding one of Goldsmith's Village Preacher :

" Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed nor wished to change his place;
Unskillful he to fawn or seek for power,
By doctrine's fashioned to the varying hour.

* * * *

Thus to release the wretches was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt to every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all.

* * * *

E'en childhood followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed."



THE PRESENT CHURCH AT FRANKLIN.

The ark that had been careering and careening on the floods at last rested on Franklin hill. And as the old forty days' rain drowned all the wicked, so this forty years' storm purified the earth and the air, and left all the region surmounted with the rainbow.

Mr. Nott's work as an *educator* must not be passed without mention. He was fond of teaching, and was apt to teach. During most of his preparatory and college course he was also teaching. We have already seen him in the earliest part of his ministry conducting a theological class. About the same time he was the means of starting a town library with a nucleus of several hundred volumes. This awakened a taste for reading, and the young men and

boys began to walk across the lots to Mr. Nott's house for a book. In his own words, "he desired to contribute to the general improvement of his people in knowledge;" he taught the young men the common English branches. Quoting from his half-century sermon, "More than forty young men, in whole or in part, have fitted for college under my direction, of whom twenty belonged to this town (Franklin)." Half a dozen, at least, studied theology with him, and large numbers besides who studied with him became



HOME OF DR. NOTT.

physicians, merchants, mechanics and farmers. He numbers between two and three hundred who had been his regular pupils since he began to fit for college in 1774. Some of the most touching evidences of his affectionate devotion to his pupils are found in letters addressed to them from his sick bed after they had passed out from under his immediate care. Take this for a specimen:

"Whenever you write, write slowly. Compose carefully. Do all things as well as you can. You will then soon be able to do better. You may easily, with the blessing of God, make a very useful member of society. Seek for no promotion, but be careful to deserve any that it is in the power of the town to give. You must be careful to improve the instruction you have received, and fill up your leisure hours to the best advantage. You must, in addition to the books you now own, buy Webster's Dictionary, Morse's Eastern and Western Gazeteer. These, with the Bible, as you are a proprietor in the public library, will in some measure be sufficient for you." There are others to other pupils, in the same line of affectionate remembrance, from the same sick bed, written at his dictation by his amanuensis.

The passion for educating was a strong feature of his character. It appears to have been a family trait, handed down to him with the Abraham Nott library, which may have kindled a flame in his heart after that library was consumed. It was developed in his younger brother, Eliphalet Nott, of whom he had the early training, and who came to high renown as teacher of young men. It was transmitted in the person of Deborah Selden, his mother, in whose fam-

ily easy circumstances commanded the best liberal advantages of the day, and it asserted itself from the first in his fixed purpose to educate his own children. And not only was this trait transmitted in the veins of his own family, but in the family of his wife as well—Lucretia Taylor. For her mother, Mrs. Abigail Taylor (so her biography runs) “was a decidedly superior woman for her social virtues and her mental endowments. Her ideas of female education were far in advance of the age in which she lived. With a wonderful inflexibility of purpose she surmounted every obstacle in the way of the onward progress (improvement) of her family.” Now, up to the age of sixteen, Mrs. Nott’s education had been under the superintendence of the mother who had left such a memorial. After this her liberal advantages were the best the times could afford, and she in her turn instructed her children in the rudiments of an education; a course of home training that resulted in giving to the world two sons with liberal education, a missionary to India (Rev. Samuel Nott, Jr.), and two daughters with liberal advantages away from home. This, together with the home life, which was itself an education, in due time put forth before the parish and before the world an educated household; and the fears of those who years before had been so much exercised at “the liberal advantages” the minister’s children had were still unrealized. No mischief had been done in that “large house, and more elegant than any other house in the society.” On the contrary, that same house had become the seat of a most beneficent influence throughout the town. The minister’s children, whose liberal advantages had been such a scandal to so many, had become educators at home, and it became a “liberal advantage” to many of the youth in town to be educated there. The minister’s home became an institute of instruction, especially now for young ladies. The Misses Nott opened a school in their father’s house, and offered advantages for education beyond the conventional training of the day. They included in their plan home and social culture, refinement of manners, parlor etiquette. They drilled and rehearsed their pupils in the minute but important particulars of entering a room full of people and passing the ordinary civilities of a social hour. They taught fancy work, the nicer ways of household management, cooking, mending, making. All this touched a great many homes, and gave a new spring of life to the younger generation. A Christian refinement came in and sweetened the intercourse of life. Ideas of personal improvement, social and domestic accomplishments were planted in noble natures whose true nobility would otherwise have remained undiscovered, and those ideas reported themselves at a later day in many a refined home in Franklin, and are perpetuated to the present time. At that time Franklin had the name of offering unusual educational advantages to quite a region of country around. It was the minister and his family that gave that honor to the town.



LUCRETIA HYDE JOHNSON.
Dr. Nott's grand daughter, who lived with
and cared for him many years.

This topic must not be dismissed without noting the fact that Dr. Nott was a lifelong school visitor. It was always a great day in school when the "committee" came. Preparations were made beforehand; the schoolroom was swept; chairs were borrowed of the neighbors; the boys had on a clean collar, the girls a clean apron, and their hair was dressed so that it lay much more smoothly than it does nowadays. And when the visitors appeared at the turn of the road, a thrill of excitement passed all through the house, as much as if they were going to give a reception to a major-general and his staff officers. When the dignitaries knocked at the door, it was breathless within. The schoolmaster himself put an extra prim on his dignity, and advanced to open the door, as if he, also, had rehearsed his lesson before. As the company came in, the school rose and stood till the guests were seated. It is scarcely



VIEW AT THE FOOT OF HILL, BELOW DR. NOTT'S RESIDENCE.

necessary to say that the school appeared remarkably well. But the great treat was Dr. Nott's speech at the close. The little tired backs all straightened up on the backless benches, while the big boys and girls, in higher dignity on higher seats, were also full of expectation. The speech was made, and the committee were bowed out, the school standing. Going out at the close, the boys made a rather more elaborate bow than usual on leaving the room. When fairly out, they seemed to have forgotten some of their rowdyism. They did not yell and hoot as much as usual. Instead of a great many snowballs to pelt each other with, they joined hands in rolling up one big ball to see how fast their knowledge increased—according to the illustration Dr. Nott had just used. And they could not forget that he also reminded them that they "were in the *Centre District*, on Meeting-House Hill, where all the other schools in town had to look up to them," and that they, therefore, ought to be the best school in town. Dr. Nott's talk lifted up the school to higher endeavor.

And a word must be said about the old debating society. Perhaps we may not trace this institution directly to Dr. Nott, but it seems to lie clearly within the sweep of his influence. What a call there was for books, and where should they be found if not in the library in the minister's house? And who should guide in the choice of the needed books, and who should indicate the lines of reading on the subject of the next debate? We can see the same venerable educator's influence now at work on the parents, his pupils of a former generation, when they took up the same lines of reading and crammed the boys for the next exploit in debate, and then went to hear them "speak their piece" in the old schoolhouse, and when others came from other towns to join in the exciting tournament. But were not those questions cleverly handled though! Is it not written in the book of the Chronicles of those starlight winter evenings? An affectionate sentiment, surely, must accord to Dr. Nott an honorary membership at least in the Franklin Institute of Debate.



RESIDENCE OF COL. JACOB KINGSBURY, OF FRANKLIN.

He enlisted during the Revolution as a private soldier and rose by successive promotions to be colonel in the regular army and Inspector General of United States. He died July 1, 1837, aged 81.

But while the education of the people held so high a place in his estimation, it was entirely subordinate to the more spiritual work of the ministry. It had been the constant sorrow of his earlier ministry that so many extraneous matters came in, seemingly to defeat his most cherished aim—a spiritual harvest. But this harvest came at last, the way to which was really prepared in those rough experiences which brought out traits of character that established him forever in the confidence and love of two generations of men; one of the great advantages, by the way, of a long ministry, giving the minister time to reap what he sows. There is a great deal of truth in the remark of an editorial in one of our most influential religious journals in reference to the remarkable half-century occasion of the ministry of Dr. Richard S. Storrs. The remark is this, "Short pastorates are the curse of the churches."

We are now to take a glance at the period of ingathering.

When he first the work begun,
 Small and feeble was his day;
 Now the work doth swiftly run,
 Now it wins its widening way.—*Wesley.*

Up to 1820 there had never been any large ingathering at one time. The largest was an addition to the church of 25, in 1779. There was also an addition of 14 in 1809. Seldom a year passed, however, without some additions. But after that, large revival waves passed over the place. In 1821, 63 were added to the church, the marked feature of the work being its *continuoussness*, moving steadily along through the year, additions being made at four different times as follows: 19, 15, 20, 9. At this time the pastor was 67 years of age. In 1831, 41 were added, 20 each at two different times, and one at another. The marked feature of this work was the number of heads of young families that were the subjects of it, and they among the most prominent in town. At this time the pastor was



RESIDENCE OF ASHBEL WOODWARD, M. D.

A skillful physician, who was also deeply versed in the antiquities and genealogies of New England. He died December, 1885, aged 81.

77 years of age. In the years '42 and '43 there were 65 added. This work brought in especially young men and women. There was one case of a whole family—father, mother, and three adult children uniting at the same time. Some of the most enterprising business young men professed religion at this time. One firm of such had recently come into town. They were converted and their business with them. The pastor's age at this time was 89, and he was in full pastoral service. The winter before this work had attracted much attention, when Dr. Nott was 88 years of age; he kept up an unusual number of week-day evening meetings, among them one in a schoolhouse nearly a mile away, across the fields over the fences and over a steep hill, attended only by his faithful man-servant. In '44, when he was 90 years of age, and received 54 into the church, the record reads thus: "My labors have been very great the past year, as there has been great religious attention among my people. I have

not only preached stately on the Sabbath, but have attended many occasional meetings for prayer, or inquiry meetings, and a few times preached twice during the week."

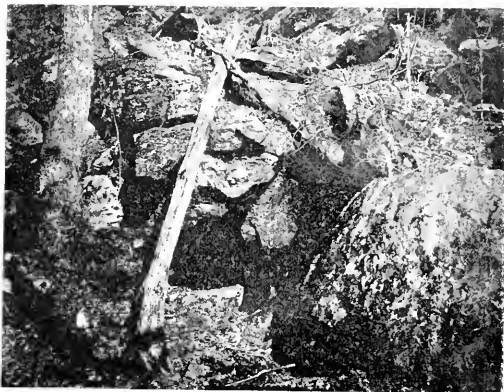
While the blessing of heaven was resting so graciously upon him in his home work and was giving him so much to do, other things came in for a more than usual share of his time. By way of correspondence he had always had an influence in other places than his parish, where his opinions and counsel had been sought, and he still held on to these lines of service, especially in his relation to the benevolent societies of the day. He was eighteen years a director of the Connecticut Missionary Society, also president of the Norwich Foreign Missionary Society, and president of the Connecticut Bible Society. These, with the monthly meeting of the New London County Ministers, and meetings of Consociation, with councils, and many other regular and special occasions, made many demands upon him which increased with his years, and always found him ready.

The brethren set their watches by his movements, and if he failed to meet an appointment, it was at the risk of being reported dead. Such a report did once start for such a reason, and gained some circulation.

Thus his work brightens as years accumulate upon him and when the wavering judgment comes to hold the reins, the ruling passion only becomes stronger

and brings into bolder relief the original traits of character. His motto always was "Up and Doing," and when the ruling passion strengthened as other powers weakened, gave it a new emphasis to that motto, and interpreted the character more fully, constituting the pathetic part of life sometimes called second childhood. If in this case it be such, it is nevertheless such a childhood that the wise men of the world may well bring their gifts to it. A few of the exploits and adventures of this sunset period may bring our story to its close :

"When he was 78 years old, he was called to attend a council in Plainfield, 15 miles away, to dismiss Rev. Mr. Fowler. The snow was very deep and much drifted, and the weather very cold. He started alone in his sleigh, upset before he got out of sight of his house, got righted, and went on many miles out of his way through Norwich for a better road, which he didn't find. In Canterbury he crossed a bridge by a sort of guess in the trackless snow, only to find himself in the lots. Leaving his sleigh to explore on foot, he found the



VIEW OF THE DRAGON HOLE.

A description of this place by Doctor Nott will be found in the Historical Notes, this number.

road and got to Plainfield on time, was made moderator of the council, and preached the sermon from this text, "So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God." Returning he tried again for a better road, but with no better success: his horse, this time getting completely down in the drifts. This was in January. The following July he was called to attend a council for installing the same Mr. Fowler in Fall River, Mass., seventy miles away; was moderator of the council, gave the charge; before returning home drove to Wareham to visit his son, Rev. Samuel Nott, Jr., preached for him, and returned safely to his family, July 11. This was the year in which he had two protracted (four days) meetings among his own people, the fruits of which were, as above noted, 41 additions to the church. In the same year also he attended thirteen other protracted meetings, some of them twenty miles from home, preached several times, and shared in other religious services of the several occasions.

At the age of 82, as delegate of the General Association of Connecticut, he attended the General Convention of Vermont, in Newbury, then crossing the mountains, kept Sabbath in Salsbury, preached twice for a son-in-law, and returned, having driven about 600 miles.

At the age of 85 he was called to act as one of the examiners in Yale College. As the examination closed on Saturday, he "kept Sabbath" at Haddam, preached for Dr. Field twice, and aided in the third service. The Tuesday following he drove to Colchester to attend the monthly meeting of the New London County ministers, and next day reached home with "Thanksgiving to God."

As he pens these items of his itinerary, he seems to be impressed with the contrast in his physical condition at the time, as compared with that of the youthful period of his ministry, when he was very feeble. "I mention them,"

he says, "that God may have the glory, and that feeble young men may try to live, go forward and do their duty."

At the age of 87 he drove to Schenectady, N. Y.; reached there Saturday night after dark, got a boy to guide him to President Nott's house, preached the next day, and started for home Monday morning. He might have stayed over Monday on account of the weather as it was very stormy and the roads very muddy; but there was to be a meeting of the American Bible Society in Hartford on Wednesday, at 9 o'clock A. M. He was president of that society and must be there. He started in the rain and mud, and got there (110 miles) just as the clock struck 8. At 9 o'clock, the hour for the meeting to begin, he



DR. NOTT AT THE AGE OF NINETY-FOUR.

was "in the chair ready for business," and returned home, as he says, "through the goodness of my Heavenly Father." He always made grateful mention of the Heavenly care upon him in all his ways. Any striking event

of the passing day he was apt to match with a quotation of Scripture. Whether it was a gleam of humor, or a bit of his characteristic realism, I cannot say, but when he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Yale College, he acknowledged with these words, "The Lord's ways are past finding out."

At the age of 88 he attended Commencement in New Haven, visited Saybrook, and as his pulpit was to be supplied the next Sunday, improved the opportunity to drive to Wareham, Mass., where he made a visiting tour among his son's parishioners, visited Plymouth Rock, and returned home in safety and without accident, except getting lost in the woods one night, when he was obliged to leave his horse till he had gone and looked up a lodging, where he found the kindest welcome and great refreshment from a night of good sleep.

At the age of 90, the year when his parochial labors were uncommonly great, on account of special religious interest above noted, when some of the time he preached three times in a week, besides holding prayer and inquiry meetings; he attended the annual meeting of the Connecticut Bible Society in Hartford, presided in it, and returned without accident, except a collision that damaged his carriage somewhat, "occasioned by the spring floods." The same year he attended the Foreign Missionary meeting in Norwich, and presided; also one installation council of which he was moderator, and in which he gave the charge to the pastor; also one ordination council at which he gave the charge; and preached before the Association of New London County.

At the age of 93, the last one that has a record in his hand-writing, besides preaching stately, he visited the five schools in the Society three times, called at every house but one, attended two ordinations and took part in the public services; also attended the half-century sermon occasion of Dr. Dow, in Pomfret, thirty miles away. But two things that occurred that year considerably disturbed his mind, as marring its record. One was the failure to attend all the New London County Ministers' meetings, having lost two of them on account of the weather, and having attended only ten—"such a neglect," he says, "as never took place before." The other was the failure one Sabbath to hold the regular church service. It was very stormy, the snow very deep and very high, roads blocked, hired man sick, and he had to go alone across the lots; got there on time, but he was the only one that did get there. No church service that day, which made him feel, as he said, that he must be "up and doing."

For two years after this he continued to "blow the Gospel trumpet." But the weapons of his long warfare were slipping out of his hands; his aim was not so precise; his bow was no longer abiding in strength. He seemed to be living in another world from his people, who loved him more rather than less as the time for parting drew on. To the younger people he seemed to be a visitor from another world rather than a worn-out worker in this. The strong, clear mind faded—faded more and more rapidly. The last three years of his life he had a colleague, but probably never realized it, supposing the new-comer was there at his own invitation, and preached for him because he had a hard cold. He who used to watch so sharply for an enemy threatening his fold could not now watch the elements of danger right around him, and the fire kindled upon his garments and took him straight to heaven.

OLD-TIME MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

BY N. H. ALLEN.

It is safe to assume that the little orchestra which Hallam and Hodgkinson brought to Hartford with their theatrical company, containing, as it did, some excellent musicians, was a revelation to the people, and gave an impulse to instrumental music which it had not before received from any source.

Its first effect was simply to increase the amount of atrociously bad fiddling prevalent at the time; and, so far as we know, it was twenty years before musicians considered themselves proficient enough to form a society for the purpose of giving concerts. In 1816, a company of young men organized what was known as the Euterpian Society. The first business meeting was held on the 5th of June, and the names of thirty-six men appear in the records as members. Articles 2 and 3 of the constitution read as follows:

"ART. 2. The Members shall elect such person of the Society, as they shall judge most adequate, for a Presiding Musician or President, & Two Vice Presidents, & when in the opinion of the President, necessary, the Committee shall appoint a Clerk, Treasurer, & Collector.

"ART. 3. It shall be the duty of the President to Keep Order, appoint meetings, direct as to manner of performance, Select and Name Tunes, or pieces of Music for the performance & nominate persons for the lead of each part in rotation, namely Air, Second, & Bass, or other parts."

Article 8 reads:

"Any person of morality and musical Talents may become a member by making known his desire to the Committee & signing his name to the articles."

From the records it further appears, that

"The first choice of Officers was to continue one Month, afterwards three Months. At the second legal Election, his Excellency, Jeremiah Wadsworth, a gentleman of known ability and Musical Talents, was duly elected President, their Hon^{rs} David L. Isham & George W. Bolles, Vice Presidents, Hez^h Huntington, Esq., Treasurer, James S. Bigelow, Collector, & Orin Fay, Clerk of the District."

"On the 26th of Augt the following gentlemen were chosen as a Standing Committee, to manage the concerns of the Society, viz., Jonathan Birge, Jeremiah Bolles, Thomas Mygatt, jun., and Horace Gilman. The following gentlemen were at the same time appointed Leaders of the first part, or air, viz., George W. Bolles & Amariah Miller; and the Leaders of the second were Jeremiah Butler & Orin Fay."

On the 24th of January, 1817, a concert was given, under the direction of the Hon. Jeremiah Wadsworth, when the society presented to its patrons a program of twenty-nine pieces. As indicating the condition of musical taste at the time, the "order" of the concert is here given:

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| <p>1. Caledonian March.
 2. Swiss Guards March.
 3. Handel's Clarionett.
 4. Washington's March.
 5. Dorsetshire March.
 6. Wood Cutters.
 7. Grand March in Abaelino.
 8. March in Judas Maccabeus.
 9. Bellisle March.
 10. Minuet de la Cour.
 11. Duett No. 9.
 12. Morelli's Lesson.
 13. Dead March in Saul.
 14. Pleyel's German Hymn.
 Short Intermission.</p> | <p>15. Handel's 148th.
 Short Intermission.
 16. Litchfield March.
 17. See the Conquering Hero.
 18. Trip to Pluckamin.
 19. Washington's Grand March.
 20. Col. Webb's Slow March.
 21. Handel's Water Piece.
 22. Air in "Alonzo the Brave."
 23. Grand March in Smeramis.
 24. There is na luck about the house.
 25. God Save America.
 26. Olmsted's Dead March.
 27. King of Prussia's March.
 28. Smith's Minuet.
 29. Hail Columbia, with a Chorus.</p> |
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The records do not inform us where this concert was given; but, as a collection was taken to defray expenses, it was probably held in one of the churches. The amount of money received was about twenty-three dollars.

The society lived long enough to give six concerts, the last of which was on the 15th of December, 1818, when the Hon. Sylvester Wells proposed the contribution.

Of a concert given at the State Assembly Room, on the evening of October 21st, 1818, the record book gives the following report:

"Notwithstanding the weather was unpleasant, yet we had a numerous, respectable and attentive audience. At the close of the performance, the Hon. Nathaniel Terry begged leave to propose a contribution to the gentlemen present to defray the expenses of the evening, which, being granted by the Society, he did in a very appropriate and handsome manner, when a collection was made which amounted to about \$14. We were pleased to observe that the audience conducted themselves in a manner highly pleasing to the Society, as there was no noise or confusion, but all were silent and attentive."

The late Christopher C. Lyman, then a lad of sixteen, was one of the original members, and was collector of the society most of the time and until it ceased to exist. His instrument was the flute. It is probable that other musical organizations were started at this period, and produced a rivalry that the Euterpian Society had to contend with.

Mr. Theodore Lyman, of Hartford, has in his possession a little document which reads as follows:

"We the subscribers, Members of the Euterpian Society, do by these presents bind ourselves jointly and Severally, to continue, and cause to be continued, this society, and that we will in No way, directly or indirectly, join any other Society of a similar kind, or for similar purposes, but by a Vote of said Society. Whereunto we have affixed our names this 16 January, 1817.

<p>James S. Bigelow. Jere. Butler. Benj'n F. Lee. Thos. Mygatt, Jr. Wm. G. Wessler, Esq. Jeremiah Wadsworth, Esq. I. M. Danforth.</p>	<p>Wm. K. Dwight. Jeremiah Bolles. Orrin Fay. Horace Gilman. Christopher C. Lyman. E. W. Lyman. James Church, Jr.</p>	<p>Wm. Storrs. E. W. Bull. Norm^d Lyman. W. H. Brace. Amariah Miller. Elihu Denslow. Jonathan Birge. George W. Bolles."</p>
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The word *programme* had evidently not come into use, and instead was printed "List of Tunes," or "Order of the Euterpian Concert."

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An unknown person, signing only the initial "B.," wrote from New York a communication to the *Courant*, in 1854, and I copy a part of the letter, as it throws light on some of the influences which helped to develop the Jubal Society, mentioned in previous papers, and its successor, the Choral Society. The writer is somewhat extravagant in his praise of Timothy Olmstead, but otherwise his letter is an important contribution to local history:

We remember well our first essay at singing school in an obscure parish of Connecticut in 1803, under the instruction of those renowned masters, Jenks and Griswold, where Parson ——— occupied the pulpit, and where "Mortality," "Greenwich" and the "Judgment Anthem" were the glory of the front gallery; where "Oh, for a cooling" chased itself round the circle like a dog after his tail, to the amusement of all the mischievous boys present, especially on a July Sabbath. After a short education in that school, circumstances brought us to Hartford, where a new era in our musical progress began, and we escaped from the barbarism which encircled that city in every direction, but could never enter during the life of those who are properly the "old folks" of Hartford in all that relates to its church music.

The history of church music in Hartford and Wethersfield—for the schools were the same, having been established by the same masters, Law and Olmstead—is an interesting subject; and it is an undoubted fact that its style, for probably a century, has been altogether in advance of New England generally. An interesting anecdote in relation to it was lately furnished to one of the papers of Rochester, N. Y., by Mrs. Backus of that city. When General Washington came to Hartford to meet the Count Rochambeau, just arrived from France, he spent the Sabbath at Wethersfield; attending church, he became so interested in the music that at his especial request the choir met often during his stay to gratify him with their performance, so superior to anything he had ever heard before.

Mr. Andrew Law, who probably was then their teacher, spent a long life in the cultivation and teaching of church music, and unfortunately in his later years invested a large portion of his property in the publication of his new system of notation, which failed to receive the patronage he anticipated and involved his old age in disappointment and pecuniary difficulty.

Timothy Olmstead was the Mozart of America. Commencing his musical career quite early in life as the fifer of the company raised in his native town for the War of the Revolution, he became literally "the child of the regiment," and often on their long and toilsome marches, young Olmstead was carried on the backs of the soldiers when overcome by fatigue and exposure. His talents as a song singer made him familiar with the officers of the army, at their mess-tables, and at the close of the war he was urged to accept a situation on the stage, at New York; he declined the offer, and devoted himself to the teaching of music in Connecticut. He was the most distinguished, if not the only *original* musical genius America has produced. Had he been born in Germany, surrounded by the authentic models of his art, and with opportunity for its cultivation, he would have achieved a fame like Handel and Mozart; but born in America, with no antecedents in the art he loved, unable to travel like West and Trumbull, dependant almost entirely upon the suggestions of his own genius, he nevertheless produced the only musical compositions in America worthy of consideration, up to his era. His "Jesus Shall Reign," composed for and sung at the dedication of the present First Church edifice, has never received the meed of praise to which it is entitled; and it is to be feared that the reputation and the compositions of Olmstead will be forgotten in the great advance which has been made in music in the United States during the last twenty-five years.

The younger members of society can hardly form the most faint idea of the comparative utter destitution of all musical culture which characterized the early days of the "old folks," when out of the church there was no music at all except the life and drum, and the fiddle of the ball-room; when piano-fortes were unknown almost, and when to play a few

tunes on the German flute, such as "Life Let Us Cherish" and "Over the Water to Charlie," and to possess a *manuscript* copy of these and a few others similar, was a wealth and an accomplishment confined to a few young gentlemen whose family associations put them in possession of rarities.

The musical taste of Hartford, after the days of Law and Olmstead, was carried forward by Dr. Jackson, who early in the present century resided there, and was organist of the Episcopal Church. Educated to the cathedral service of the Church of England, he made us acquainted with many of the works of Handel, among others the grand "Chorus of the Messiah." This splendid composition was first performed in America in choir, at the dedication of the present First Church edifice, with nearly one hundred singers; and though wanting the organ, its effect upon those who heard it was thrilling, and is doubtless remembered by many of the old folks, as well as "Old Hundred," on the same occasion, sung in breves, four beats to the note, and not in the style lately heard.

A little later, Mr. LeRoy, a musical professor from Philadelphia, spent two or three summers at Hartford, and for his own amusement, and to gratify his friends, assembled weekly at the residence of a distinguished citizen and amateur, all the musical talent of the city, and patiently drilled them in Haydn's Symphonies, written for Mr. Solomon's celebrated concerts, which introduced Haydn to the public in London. These quartette parties were more a novelty then, and badly as they were performed, more in advance of the general musical status of that day than Julien's concerts are at present; they left their impression upon everyone who participated in or heard them, presenting a model of classical music of the highest order, fresh from the pen of the great master.

Next came the Misses Gillingham. Their style, derived through their father, from the best school of Italy, at once stamped its impress upon the whole city, and especially upon the female portion of it, and made at once the church music of Hartford the best and most classic of any city in the United States; it lives to this day, coursing freely in the same channels of song, with the productions of more modern artists of the same school.

The two men who were chiefly active in founding the two choral societies before mentioned were Christopher C. Lyman and Flavel Goldthwaite. Mr. Goldthwaite was principal of the South School, when it was located on the present site of St. Peter's church, and was a popular singing school teacher and choir leader. He died many years ago. Many readers of the QUARTERLY well remember Mr. Lyman, who lived to be more than eighty years old. As a young man he was identified with nearly every enterprise for the advancement of music in Hartford, and the value of his labors, as bearing on the present musical culture of Hartford, has never been fully recognized or appreciated.



FLAVEL GOLDTHWAITE.

The Jubal Society was organized January 4, 1822, for the study and performance of choral works. The first list of officers was as follows: Daniel Colt, president; Flavel Goldthwaite, vice-president; George W. Bolles, secretary; Thomas Smith, treasurer; Christopher C. Lyman, Lynde Olmsted, Edward P. Terry, committee. There were seven honorary members, as follows: Rev. Abel Flint, D.D., Rev. Joel Hawes, Rev. N. S. Wheaton, Rev. Elisha Cushman, Hon. Nathaniel Terry, Mr. Samuel Tudor and Dr. Eli Todd.

Article IV of the constitution reads:

"Honorary Members may be elected and admitted by the officers, without being entitled to vote. Female performers shall be considered as Honorary Members."

The first concert was given in Christ Church, in June, 1822. The program contained choruses from Handel's Messiah and Dettingen Te Deum, together with a half-dozen hymn tunes.

"After the pieces and Tunes were performed to general satisfaction, the Society was adjourned sine die,—or till notified by the President or Secretary.

"Thanks were returned to Rev. Mr. Wainwright for his attendance and reading prayers at the altar, on the occasion, & to the Rector and Episcopal Vestry for their politeness and the favor of the Episcopal Church for the Rehearsals previous to the Concert, and the performances of the Music on the occasion; also to Miss Bruce for her performance on the organ.

"Att.: GEO. W. BOLLES, Secretary."

In January, 1823, Mr. Flavel Goldthwaite was elected president and leader, and remained in the office one season, when he was succeeded by Mr. Charles Spencer.

The first three concerts were given in Christ Church, but in October, 1823, the fourth concert was given in the "Brick Meeting House," and the thanks of the society were presented to Rev. Dr. Hawes for his attendance and prayer.

The organist, Mr. Alexander T. Pierson, was also made an honorary member at that time.

A meeting of the society was held October 21, 1824, when it was voted to disband. The books and other properties were divided among the members, except the tickets and engraved plate, which were given to Mr. Lyman as trustee for the benefit of future societies, the trust to continue ten years.

About this time, Mr. Lyman was in the State of Maine for several months on business, and a correspondence was kept up between him and Mr. Goldthwaite which was devoted chiefly to the musical interests which they had in common. I am permitted to give extracts

from some of Mr. Goldthwaite's letters to Mr. Lyman, which are interesting as explaining the short life of the Jubal Society, as indicating the unswerving purpose of these two friends to keep musical matters active and progressive and because of the side glances on choir work of the period.

FLAVEL GOLDTHWAITE TO CHRISTOPHER LYMAN.

[Letter dated Hartford, April 23, 1824.]

* * * The first of your inquiries relates to the Jubal Society. We have not had an opportunity of looking each other in the face since you left us, and though I would not be understood to say of the Society that it is dead, I think it is buried in a profound sleep from which I know not whether it will ever awake. I trust, however, that after the refreshment it may receive from a summer's quietude, it will awake in the fall with fresh vigor and pursue the object of its formation with more success than ever. I can by no means reconcile myself to its entire extinction, yet until some greater facility presents itself for our obtaining music, I think it of not much use for us to meet. You say you have had the account of the ordination (Rev. Mr. Linsley, S. Church, Feb. 25, 1824). I enjoyed much satisfaction both on that occasion and in preparation for it. I have met with your choir weekly ever since the ordination, and have lately made a bargain with the committee to take a new school. Last Tuesday evening the 1st I had the pleasure of meeting from fifty to sixty, among whom I found



CHRISTOPHER C. LYMAN.

many very fine voices. We adjourned for a week, waiting for Goodwin to receive a new supply of the Musical Reader, which I intend to introduce if they can be obtained. The new Society (North Church) is doing well. We have not begun to think much about dedication, however, yet. That will not take place probably until fall. We have formed a fine singing society with reference to that church. It is called the North Singing Society, and consists of something like fifty members. We meet weekly for rehearsal at Morgan's Hall. We have also a fine new school of about fifty coming forward who are to join the North Singing Society when they shall have made sufficient proficiency. These are under my instruction, assisted by Mr. D. Copeland. On the whole, I think our prospects in regard to singing in the new society are quite flattering. My evenings through the summer, I expect, will be entirely taken up in singing, and for some of it I shall probably meet the common fate of gratuitous service of this description, viz., "more kicks than coppers." Maj. Olmsted has opened a subscription among the members of his company (Governor's Foot Guards) for the amount of two hundred dollars, for the purchase of instruments for the band and the employment of an instructor. He intends to have one F clarionette, one patent six-keyed Kent bugle, two concert horns, one concert trumpet, cymbals, and what not. I trust it will succeed.

[Extract from letter dated Hartford, Aug. 4, 1824.]

Of all subjects, musical ones, I know, will be the most interesting to you. First, then, with regard to the Jubal Society. Agreeably to notice, which you probably saw in the papers, a respectable number of the Society assembled at the place appointed, where we rehearsed some of our old pieces as well as could be expected after so long a recess. The president said his object was more to see whether we did exist as a society than to improve or edify us much by singing. At the close of the rehearsal, the male members received due warning to meet at Morgan's the next evening for the choice of a new president to serve the remainder of the year. Met according to adjournment. * * * I was unable to attend, being engaged in singing school, but the result was Mr. Charles Spencer is president of the Jubal Society. So mote it be!!—he having 9 votes, Major O., 3, and my noble self, 1. Some such things were talked of as burning the constitution and drinking the remaining funds over its ashes, but good order prevailed, and the Jubal Society outrode the gale. Mr. S. has not exchanged a word with me since his advancement, and I do not know what his intention is with regard to a plan of procedure. This much for the Jubal. Now for the South choir. On Monday evening before last, I met the old and new singers together the first time at the meeting-house, the schoolhouse not being nearly large enough to contain us. The orchestra was pretty well filled. Among the new singers, especially the treble, there are a number of very fine voices, indeed. Next Sabbath we all appear in public and I ken we'll make the welkin ring. The school throughout the whole time I have been in it has been uncommonly pleasant to me, and I have looked forward to the successive evenings for practice with pleasure rather than as a laborious task. I flatter myself that I have many warm friends in the South choir, and long may they remain such. For the choir of the new society, I have just finished the new school there, and most of them have been admitted to the singing society, which makes its number somewhat large. Agreeably to previous engagement, Col. Warriner has arrived to-day from Springfield to take charge of the Society for a month or two. He will probably be here at the dedication, so I shall resign the helm and just step before the mast. The new church progresses finely, and I hope will be ready to dedicate in one or two months. It is a fine building, and is thought to exceed anything of the kind in New England. One other thing I would not forget to mention—the arrival of Mr. Hathaway is announced to prepare for the dedication of the Universalist Church, which takes place the 18th of the present month, and the ordination the 19th. Mr. Hastings has not published any music lately that I know of. He has become the editor of a paper in Utica, and I am told does not teach singing at all, now.

[Letter dated Hartford, Sept. 1, 1824.]

I have delayed answering, because I wished to communicate the result of an adjourned meeting of the Jubal Society, which was held last evening. About two weeks since, by advice and consent of some of the members the new president called a meeting of male members of

the Society for the ostensible purpose of consulting the best measures to be adopted for the future management of the Society. After considerable *spouting*, a motion was made and seconded that the Society be dissolved. For my own part, although I had hitherto been violently opposed to such a measure, yet such was the state of the Society and so much discord was there manifest among its members, I most cordially acquiesced in the motion. I, however, considered the motion rather premature, as there were various articles which ought first to be disposed of, and after further consultation the motion was withdrawn and a committee appointed to collect the books and other articles belonging to the Society and make report at a future meeting, which meeting was held last evening. The weather was very unpleasant, consequently very few attended. The president also, having recently lost his child, did not attend. The meeting was therefore adjourned indefinitely. When another will be called to resume the subject, I cannot tell. Perhaps not till the next annual meeting. As I said before, I am inclined to think the Society had better be dissolved—not, however, that I am disposed to relinquish my exertions for the support of a musical society, but I am fully convinced that the present one can never succeed until it is purged from the dross which in a liberal quantity now exists in it. I am also convinced that the plan on which the Society first started was radically defective. Had it at first included none but those who could read music at first sight, as was intended by those with whom the plan of its formation originated, although the membership had been extremely small, I think it would have been far better. You know how it is—if those who can sing a piece of music as well the first or second time they attempt it as they can ever afterwards are obliged to sing it fifty times or more before the Society can learn it, it loses its interest, and the rehearsals must be in a measure dull and uninteresting. The plan is talked of by a few (I presume it will meet your cordial approbation) of forming a select society, to be composed of those only who can read music at sight, and though their number does not exceed eight or ten (and it is thought they may equal that), yet by the introduction of a suitable proportion of instruments, its rehearsals may be made doubly interesting. I should like to have you communicate your opinion respecting it. Your views of the unconstitutionality of the course pursued at the meeting for the choice of a president were entertained and strongly urged by Smith and one or two others, but to no avail. I think them perfectly just, yet I am glad they pursued the course they did. You may have your old seat in the South choir, as I have nearly finished my term there. The new Society are to meet in the lecture room of their new church [old North Church] next Sabbath, when I shall probably meet with them. I shall leave the South choir with a great deal of reluctance, but must leave them notwithstanding.

[Letter dated Hartford, Oct. 23, 1724.]

My wish to communicate the result of a long-expected meeting of the Jubal Society has caused the delay in answering yours of the 12th Sept. The meeting has at length been holden and the result of it is the Jubal Society no longer exists—not even in name. On opening the meeting a resolution was introduced and passed “*nem. con.*” “that it is expedient to dissolve this Society and that we do now proceed to take measures preparatory to its dissolution.” A question relative to the disposal of its funds next came up. Various plans were suggested, when the treasurer *pro tem.* reminded the Society of the time when the generosity of a few individuals was called into exercise and the Society relieved of a debt which they had not the means of paying. A motion was then made and carried “That all the effects belonging to the Society after its expenses were paid should be given to those donors.” A vote of thanks was then passed to the worthy Secretary for his long continued and faithful services to the Society, which drew from the doctor an address in his true, native style. It was voted that the Jubal Society be now dissolved. Fortunately there were few if any present but true and loyal members, consequently much unanimity and good feeling was manifested. Thus has set the brightest luminary that ever shone in the musical firmament of Connecticut. I flatter myself, however, that it will not be the last nor for any considerable length of time the greatest. The same spirit, the same love of the sublime art which gave rise to *that*, still live, unabated by all the discouragements which indifference or positive opposition have thrown in its way. I am strengthened in my belief that the best way to form a society that shall be durable and respectable, is to have it composed of none but those that can read music, even though the number should not exceed half a dozen. I wish you would hasten through with

your business and come on here and assist in the organization of a new society, for a new society we are determined to have, and the number, under the restrictions we intend to impose, will be so very small that the absence of a single one of that number will be very much felt. I think it doubtful whether we do anything about it before you come. You wish to know who are thought of to compose this association. I will tell you whom I have in mind. First, then, there are Maj. Olmsted and Mr. C. Spencer. These two we used to consider as being rather doubtful, but they have both assured me, and I think I may depend on what they say, that the indifference they have manifested was that they did not like the principle on which the Jubal Society was formed, viz., that of admitting every applicant, but that if a society can be formed on the plan now proposed, however small, they will give it their most cordial and active support. Then there is Mr. Force, who is impatient to have the thing go into operation. Mr. Force is a most able performer on the violoncello. He will do justice to the accompaniment of almost anything we shall wish to perform. There is Mr. A. Colton, who will read music tolerably well—so well, that in consideration of other things, I should be in favor of having him admitted. The younger Mr. Nelson reads very well, and there is a Mr. Edwin Hollister in town, a dry goods merchant, a tenor singer, and next (don't laugh) is Mr. Hathaway. I know not whether you may have heard him or not, but he is said to be a very good performer on the flute. In fact I have heard him myself and am inclined to think he would be a very useful member for us. He is an old acquaintance of Mr. Force who has suggested the thing to him and says it meets his cordial approbation. Mr. Hathaway has become a permanent resident, has opened a small store, and is now teaching the flute to a school of a dozen or fifteen. These, together with you and myself, and perhaps Doctor Bolles, would make a number of ten which would be quite a respectable beginning. With regard to female performers, we should find none, probably, who would answer the qualifications spoken of, and I am of opinion that it would be better to begin without them. If their presence adds much interest to the meetings of such a society, yet so far as the real interests of the society are concerned, the trouble of teaching them the pieces would more than counterbalance it. A few flutes on the air with perhaps a single voice will, I think, be a very good substitute. In my enumeration I should perhaps have mentioned A. Copeland, who, with a little practice, would be very useful on the flute. From attending the rehearsals of such a society, we may safely, I think, anticipate much pleasure. It will perhaps necessarily involve some expense on the part of the members at first, as we cannot calculate much on a remuneration from concerts at present. We might, however, with so good a violoncello player as Mr. Force, and a few flutes, give very acceptable concerts in a small room or hall. We will talk the subject over at full length when we meet.

It was not until October 24, 1847, that Mr. Goldthwaite's cherished plan was carried into execution. At that time seven gentlemen met at the house of Major Lynde Olmstead and organized what was for several years known as the Choral Society. Mr. Daniel Copeland was elected president; Mr. Flavel Goldthwaite, vice-president; Mr. Christopher C. Lyman, secretary; Major Lynde Olmstead, treasurer; and Messrs. Charles Spencer, Salmon Phelps and Albert H. Bull, trustees. Major Olmstead and Mr. Goldthwaite were appointed a committee to invite "Ladies to perform the treble part"; and when the society met, on the 8th of November, for its first rehearsal, the Misses Lucy Clapp, Emeline Dwier, Sarah Kelsey, Jane Boardman, and Sarah S. Benton were present to take part. This meeting was held in a room under the North Church, where there was a small organ, played by Mr. Deodatus Dutton, Jr.; while Mr. Phelps played the violin and Mr. Downes the double bass.

In my next article an account of the work of this Society under Mr. Goldthwaite's direction will be given, which will include a performance of the Messiah, probably the first in Connecticut, and the music performed at Washington College commencement.



BY BURRELL W. HYDE.

“ Old times, old friends and old events recalling,
With many a circumstance of trivial note,
To memory dear and importance grown
How shall we tell them to a stranger's ear ?”—*Charles Lamb.*

A spirit of inquiry as to whence they came and what their predecessors have been about, seems to be unusually active among this generation of humanity.

One of its local developments is the New London County Historical Society, organized for the laudable purpose of gathering in what may be from our still existing ancestral evidences, making a note of the passing present, and preserving the united record for the gratification of ourselves and the curious among our successors.

The long and indefatigable labors of Miss Frances Manwaring Caulkins upon her histories of New London and Norwich have aggregated the prominent features and much fireside detail of the lives of the earliest inhabitants, and their immediate following successors will be to future generations, as it is now to us, an ever flowing fountain of pleasant memories.

The Bi-Centennial Celebration brought forth choice additions to the record, but I think no published history has as yet awarded fair relative position to the distinctive district of Bean Hill.

The merits of its dwellers seem to have been dwarfed somewhat by the specific glory and praise of those who dwelt “around town,” or “round the plain,” adjacent to the court house, jail, whipping post and pound; so what I have to say will be a contribution in behalf of the ancient and honorable “West Town Street School District,” always known as Bean Hill.

The origin of the savory old name, “Bean Hill,” is thoroughly affirmed, I think, by several histories of the settlement of New England, which assert that those who first visited this region were prospectors under an invitation from Uneas. They struck upon this cosy little patch of table land having its rear

sheltered from the bleak north winds by a high, rocky, wood-covered ridge, a rolling meadow in its warm southern front divided by a beautiful fish-stocked river, beyond which lay another strip of tableland skirted by a romantic range of highlands, the Wawecus Hills. The weary and hungry prospectors, being favorably impressed with the locality, halted, and casting about for greatly needed food, they discovered pots of beans deposited in the earth. Considering them an equivalent to the manna sent to the Israelites, they joyfully appropriated them, and for the time being acknowledged with thanksgiving the providential meal—since which time, and most appropriately, too, not only upon and around this original Puritan bean mount, but wherever the foot of her descendants press the soil, the savory rye and Indian bread and dish of baked beans continues to be the Saturday night and seventh-day meal.

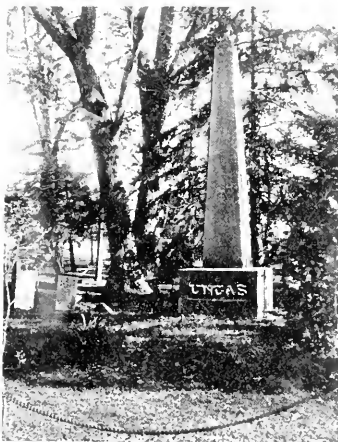
Its local centre was the "Plain," at the "West End of the Town Plot," in the year 1729 declared in town meeting and by the surrounding proprietors to "be lying between Richard Edgerton's & John Waterman's & Abiel Marshall's and Widow Hyde's houses." There, and adjacent thereto, settlers were located quite as early as at the Town Plain, and it evidently was the earliest introduction there of the mechanical and manufacturing enterprises which made it earliest the commercial centre of the settlements, Wawecus Hill, Scotch Cap, Yantic, New Concord (Bozrah), West Farms (Franklin), Colchester, Windham, Lebanon, Portipaug, Beaver Brook, and Plain Hills.

The first dwelling-house erected in the town, according to some authorities, has been located at the junction of Hammer Brook Lane (or Col. Elisha Tracy's Lane) with the southwest side of Town street (opposite the residence of S. B. Case), known through successive generations as the old Birchard, then Farlane, and lastly Roberts house; but the Bean Hill ancients always claimed prior antiquity, and located the first house upon the site of the original bean discovery and within the division subsequently allotted to Jonathan Royce in the Town Plot, in 1660—this was called the old Royce, afterwards old Marshall, and finally the old Lamb house on Bean Hill.

The old Roberts house, whose owner was a rival claimant for precedence of construction over the old Lamb house, was demolished in 1873, and the house of James Lathrop has been built upon the site.

Allusion to the Royces recalls what befell those who cast reflections upon their mothers-in-law in early times; it is stated in the Colonial Records of Connecticut (Norwich, June 23rd, 1701), Bean Hill:

"Whereas Thomas Stoddard being called before me to answer for casting reflections and aspersions upon his Mother-in-law Deborah Royce, after much kindness received, by him and



THE UNCAS MONUMENT.

his wife, after all, reporting that his wife's mother had broken his wife's heart for her unkindness in not giving her a bit of the cake made for her son Jonathan Royce, ordered that Thomas Stoddard pay a fine of ten shillings to the County Treasurer.

"JOHN TRACY, Justice of the Peace."



THE OLD ROBERTS HOUSE.

Tradition asserts that the site of the old Lamb house was selected and built upon not only because it was the place of the historical bean finding, but from its very pleasant topographical features, being upon the brow of the plateau, where it projects suddenly into and overlooks a pleasant section

of the Yantic River Valley, and has a pleasant view of the romantic hills beyond. A corroborating peculiarity was the fact that whereas nearly, or quite all, of the other residences fronted and were set at right angles with the street lines, this was set back out of line from the others and diagonally with the street, the lean-to usually, if not invariably, being placed in the rear, but in this instance being on the north side toward the street and the front side facing from it towards the valley. This house passed through three generations of Marshalls, thence to Samuel Caswell, and from him a portion of it, in 1808, to Joseph G. Lamb, and the other part to Capt. James Hyde. From the Lambs it was sold to Miss Almira Hazard, and from her to Mr. David Keefer, who has since erected a modern house upon the historical site. The writer is in possession of a handsome cane that was made from the woodwork of this ancient landmark. It was given him by Mrs. Eliza Winship Lamb, the widow of Joseph G. Lamb, Esq., who was born there, as was also his father. The handle of the cane was made from a tooth of a whale captured by his brother, Capt. George Niles Lamb, on the coast of Kamchatka when on the ship *Isaac Hickey* of New London. Mr. Lamb, who was a historian and fond of research, especially into the history of our own town, wrote at the time of the demolition of the old house, when the cane was secured: "Good bye, old servant of more than two centuries' standing; good bye, my dearly loved parental cot, and the old shoemaker's shop by it; good bye, old home of my cradle and barefoot days. Thy vestiges have passed away, save a small sacred relic which I rescued from the hands of those who tore the pilgrim fathers' homestead down—a sliver that the worms and rot as yet had spared from one of thy huge, old oaken, rough-hewn ribs, and of which I have fashioned me a walking staff—and as I grasp its venerable hilt, it shall be to me as a friendly hand-shaking with those of the generations who have passed along."

It may seem surprising that so early there were manufactories of various

kinds at Bean Hill. The first cloth working and fulling establishment in the town was started by John Tracy across the stream from the present site of Sturtevant's upper mill. Christopher Leffingwell and Simon Huntington started another several years after. The first corn or grist mill had its origin on Bean Hill by the Tracys. The first linseed oil mill in town was commenced at this old Tracy mill, in 1728, by Hezekiah Huntington, thirty years previous to the one at the Falls.

Flax was then universally raised, rolled and hetcheled by the settlers, and the linen and tow spun and woven by their wives and daughters. The first cut-nails made in America were by Edmund Darrow, in 1772, at the old Bean Hill mill site. The first pot-and pearl-ashes were made by the Watermans near Governor Sutton's bridge. Governor Sutton was well known and far-famed as a dispenser at home and at regimental training of spruce-beer, molasses cookies and ginger bread. The first stoneware pottery was made here about the same time as the potash works. The first cards were made by Abram Fosdick on Bean Hill. The first leather tanneries were begun by Frederick Ellis. Warming pans were introduced about this time by Richard Collier, a brazier from Boston, and Noah Hidden manufactured combs.

Bean Hill was not only the centre of business, but also of fashion and gaiety. The Hill had its grand society. Social dinners and tea parties were sources of excitement and interest, and they made Bean Hill, as well as the "Meeting-house Green" and "'Round the Square," the brilliant part of the town. It is rather remarkable that so much gaiety and social enjoyment should have existed in conjunction with early hours, industrious habits, moderate expenditures and strict propriety of manners—the noon bell and the evening bell retained their authority, twelve o'clock summoned families to dinner and nine o'clock sent them to bed.

The first burial place in the town was set apart and consecrated by the earliest settlers to their dead upon a pleasant mound overlooked from the Bean Hill plain and near its southwestern base. The humble headstones that once marked their last earthly resting place have long since been sacrilegiously torn away, the ploughshare has riven their sodden coverings, and the knowledge of the place of their dust has but recently been rescued from almost oblivion and preserved by the erection of the Capt. John Mason monument.



THE OLD LAMB HOUSE.

The first Episcopal service in town was held privately by some half-dozen

persons in Edmund Goodkin's residence, about 1738, the Rev. Missionary Punderson officiating.

The war record of the inhabitants of Bean Hill is a good one, and they were conspicuously represented. In the early French Colonial and Revolutionary wars the people were active. Captain Durkee, brother of Col. John Durkee, Capt. Jedediah Hyde, Lieut. Andrew Griswold and Capt. James Hyde were among the first recruits, and served through the war.

Lieut. Andrew Griswold was in Col. Durkee's regiment. He was crippled for life by a shot wound in his knee at the battle of Germantown, but remained with the army. After the war he returned to Bean Hill and carried on the cider cooorage at the ancestral Griswold homestead, west side of Wawecus Hill road (Quarter Lane now called), formerly the residence of the late Chauncey K. Bushnell. The workshop was on the corner, and was last occupied by the late Chester Fuller, in the same business.



JOSEPH G. LANE.

Lieut. Griswold died in the fall of 1827, aged 72. His decease was announced to the 18th Regiment, which was at that time on parade at Williams Park (then called Chelsea Parade), a large number of whom the next day assisted at his burial with military honors. These men were not the high-flown paper heroes so many of whom shine in history like illuminated balloons, but were the "power at the wheel."

In the War of 1812, it was said a majority of the male population of Bean Hill, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years, were actively engaged on the land or water in behalf of their country, showing a patriotic record unsurpassed.

Bean Hill in its palmy days was the west half-shire with "Down Town," and always its rival—even to Thanksgiving bonfires and games of two-hole cat and baseball. It had its rival academy. Samuel Austin was its first principal (1782). He was succeeded by Jedediah Morse, the future celebrated geographer, followed successively by others who became conspicuous in public positions. It had its half-dozen or more stores. The proprietors owned, officered, manned and freighted their own coasters, West India and London packets; they raised colts and mules and shipped them, and country produce, and bartered them for Cognac, St. Croix and Antiga strong water, salt and sweetening, and occasionally an African slave; they sent ship-knees and cordwood to New York in exchange for sundries, and thereupon reared an aristocracy based upon similar foundations alike in kind and quite as crank as that which reigned below the Rocks, where the good man lived who was licensed by the General Court to make the spirits out of rye! The F. F. V.s of Bean-Hill kept their African slaves and by their wills parceled them about among their heirs in thirds and halves, rode in their Boston or London chaises to make their calls, and "Down Town" to meeting, where they occupied broad-aisle seats but an inch board's thickness distance from the pews of rank and dignity. In 1698, after

the pinnacle of the ancient meeting-house had been repaired and the building enlarged by a lean-to, five of the oldest and most respected inhabitants were directed to seat the people with due regard to rank, the *Square* pew to be considered the first in dignity, and so on through the classes—a common practice among the settlements, but a most perplexing business and causing endless feuds and disputes among the payers of ministers' rates. The tithing man, being a sort of police officer with summary powers to preserve order generally, but especially on Sabba'-days in meeting (and a terror to rognish urchins) had a prominent position. The poor classes were near the doors, and the Africans in the far corners. The prominence attained in national and state affairs by three of the Huntingtons previous to and during the Revolutionary war seems to have placed them in front, and led to the addition of two more pews of the first rank and dignity, and severally recorded as Judge or General Huntington and Lady, other people being named "and wife."



THE GOV. SUTTON HOUSE.

The West-Enders seemed to have taken the city government distemper as early as their down-town relatives, but it does not appear to have led either of them into such fearful follies as the same complaint did their "Landing" cousins.



THE BEAN HILL MEETING HOUSE.

For fifteen years the popular Mayor Elisha Hyde was from above "the Rocks." His sceptre swayed from Trading Cove to Backus Iron Works. In 1798, Bean



THE TRACY HOUSE.

Hill had two celebrated taverns, at one of which a real English lord "put up." Bellasize was his name. He sported his coach and four with liveried servants. Count Henry Felix, a French grandee, likewise domiciled in one of the principal mansions on the Hill, creating sensations by his grand entertainments, at which the culinary skill of one Nancy Ruggles was conspicu-

ous. She commemorated the name by christening two of her ebony cherubs, one Henry and the other Felix.

The same Generals Washington and Lafayette who have historically glorified "Down Town" and Lebanon street, by passing through them en route to Boston, called on Bean Hill also, raised their chapeaus and bowed adieus, etc., in passing. The late Joseph Otis, to whom Norwich is indebted for her public library, was born and spent his boyhood in Yantic. What education he received was at the Bean Hill school.

The large elm tree—the largest, I think, in circumference in New London county—deserves a passing notice. Elm, ash and Lombardy poplar trees were



"DOWN TOWN" OR "ROUND THE SQUARE."

set out about the period when the boundary lines of the Plain were re-established in 1729, and by the same parties. The large elm was set at the same time, and its extra size is due to its favorable location for nutriment, the others being mostly in hard, gravelly soil. This large elm was then on the north edge of a basin which received the wash from Sylvia's Lane and the Ebe Hyde garden, underneath a water vein and other exceptional resources. A large yellow willow stood on the south edge of the basin; it was blown down many years ago, probably in the great September gale. The large ash tree succumbed about 1840 or 1850. One of them stood by the Col. Rogers or John Austin house; one of the trees across the street by the Erastus Huntington house, with the "3 m. to n" stone leaning against it; one in front of the Edmund Goodkin house (the west corner of the Plain); one across the way in front of Abiel Hyde's hat shop, which was cut down by Mr. Oliver Coates; one on the south corner of the Plain in front of the meeting-house, and one on the northeast side of the Plain, near the entrance to Sylvia's Lane (this was the one tree where old Uncle Peter Pettis's horse was never hitched); one in front of brave Capt Culver's residence, where the yeoman train band used to wake him, if they caught him napping before



THE MASON MONUMENT.

cock crowing on training-day mornings.

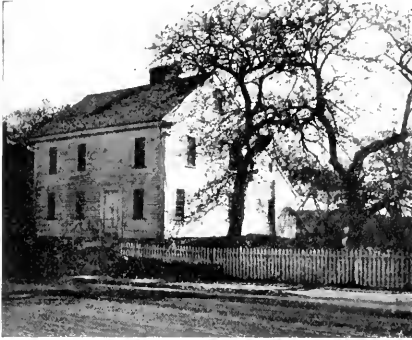
With one or two exceptions, every house and shop had its pile of wood in front, or in an open space on one side, and, when circumstances favored, a year's supply was sledged home in February. The quantity requisite to run some of those old open fireplaces made formidable piles—chopping



THE EDMUND GOODKIN HOUSE.

them up, including the back logs, constituted knitting work for hired men and boys nights and mornings, and when the weather was too foul to farm it.

The old shoemaker's shop is not without its historical interest, and must have a passing notice. A wood-colored one-story fabric, some twenty feet square, with a heavy projecting cornice front and rear which stood on the southern side of the main street, fronting the



THE LIEUT. GRISWOLD HOUSE.

plain and the big elm tree, was a place of mark for half a century. Its occupants were leaders of the "Ton" in the cordwainer's craft, and turned out the sharpest toed satin slippers with the highest stitched heels, gotten up regardless of cost for the reigning belles, and the most stylish aristocratic white-top boots for gentlemen's wear. During the War of 1812 the manufacture of military accoutrements was added to the regular craft for Commissary Col. Elisha Tracy's navy-yard, such as knapsacks, cartridge boxes, sword and bayonet belts, suwarrow boots for officers of rank, leather cockades of the regulation style, suggesting a strutting cock-turkey, and drumheads were put in. The long leather fire-buckets, required by law to be hung in the front hall of every house, were made there; dilapidated foot-gear of the neighborhood and county around were brought there to be cobbled and harness to be repaired. The boys came there for waxed ends to sew on their ball covers and to rig up their skates, and the passing teamsters to tie on their woodchuck skin whip lashes and snappers. The weekly newspapers were left there for subscribers who lived off from the post rider's route; the men gossips made it their headquarters upon rainy days and winter evenings for comparing notes and taking new departures, and matters of church and state had due consideration. The old shop was the headquarters of the fife-major, then the ranking officer of the shrill life and spirit-stirring drum forces of the 18th Regiment Conn. Militia (clarionets, bassoons and instruments of brass had not then invaded the state army). The musical talent of all the surrounding region was also cultivated there by instruction on the fife and flute, forming a combination of attractions abundant to secure for the old shop a widely extended and popular notoriety.



"THE ROCKS."

The old shop had chronological records charcoaled upon its inner walls, something like the following:

"17th April. Snow." "Gov. Sutton's bridge and Jo. Strong's oil-mill carried away by the freshet." "Mr. Carder Hazard caught cold and died." "Methodist meeting-house at the Landing carried away the same time."

"Sept., 1815. "September gale"—"blew down houses and trees"

"May training day"—"deep snow all day."

"Minor Babcock hung"—"a cold day, cold year, and cow's milk shrunk away from under the cream."

Some of the above quoted facts suggest amplifications worthy of record. In relation to the latter phenomenon, divers theories were prevalent in explanation. Some persons held that it, and the unusual cold weather, were judg-



"THE LARGE ELM."

ments sent on account of the improper hanging of the poor mulatto; others, that it was witchcraft; others, that it was in consequence of certain roguish chaps who had access to milk rooms, holding their faces over the milk pans and having one end of straws in their mouths while the other end was down beside the edge of the pan under the cream. The latter theory ultimately prevailed.

In connection with this old shoemaker's shop, many are the stories told of the apprentices, showing that "boys will be boys" and enjoy harmless jokes. The Major's apprentices were a trifle tinctured that way, and in the absence of the Major occasionally applied sundry "ticket-of-leave" methods of quietly getting rid of too long tarrying or troublesome visitors, such as sending them down to Capt. Thomas's shop after "stirrup" oil, or to Hyde & Maples's tan-yard for "lim-

bering" oil, or to Tracy's hat shop for "round squares and catgut," or to Harry Morgan's store for "green" lampblack—messages understood among the crafts and always responded to promptly, but the messenger seldom made return.



SYLVIA'S LANE.

Others were invited to sit over the wash-tub on a board previously prepared by sawing nearly apart on the under side. If he accepted the invitation, he did not sit long, and, although he was kindly sympathized with, he generally went elsewhere to dry his pantaloons. There was a garret to the old shop, to which access was had by means of stairs running up inside from a small entry

at the right hand side of the outer front door. In it was stored a little of everything. There were to be found the sides of sole and harness leather and the harness-stitching horse when not in use below; the quiet wheel and swifts with which the youngest apprentice wound the home-made flax shoe thread from the skeins on to the bench spools; the form over which the leathern fire-buckets were made; a machine for stamping the sun's rays and spread eagle on the sole leather cockades; a quantity of low and stick wooden heels for boots, shoes and ladies' slippers, the residuum of by-gone fashions; a lot

of unseasoned pegwood; sundry base and snare drums awaiting new heads; a section of a trunk of a butternut tree, over which Doctor Turner's colored man's annual election shoes were made, and made "straight" so they might be changed alternate days to alternate feet to get an even wear (a fashion then in vogue with prudent people the right and left turnover style not having obtained general adoption). The quantity of material requisite for Colored Jack's pair of shoes made fearful inroads upon the hides from which they were taken, and there was no mistaking their imprint in mud or snow.



DR. JOHN TURNER.



CARDER HAZARD.

The box of resin and kettle of tar were there, and the iron skillet in which

the resin and tar were melted together into wax, which, after being worked and cut into balls of convenient size for handling, was spread upon the floor on either side of the top of the stairs. It was from this stock that one of Nancy Ruggles' boys (David) obtained a ball of chewing-gum clandestinely for a lady friend and put it into his hat. The operation was noticed by one of the apprentices through a crack in the inner door. No allusions were made, but Dave was quite accidentally met, as he landed at the bottom of the stairs, by the apprentice, who just then happened to come out of the shop, and requested to go round the shop to where the grind-stone was placed in a boiling August sun, and turn it. Half

suspicious, he dare not refuse, and was kept turning until the melting wax began to streak down his face with the perspiration, when he was kindly thanked and discharged with a suggestion "to take off his hat and cool his head," but he declined and left. He kept aloof for several days, but when he appeared it was with a different skull-cap, which, upon being accidentally knocked off, disclosed the sheared head.

There remains much to be said about other residents of this section, methods of travel and customs, which shall have our attention at another time.



OLD SHOEMAKER'S SHOP.



A LEATHERN FIRE BUCKET.



THE ANCESTRAL CHAISE.

BY ELLEN BRAINERD PECK.

A curious form—the ancestral chaise,
 Long years hath idle stood,
 A relic of the earlier days,
 Built of hickory wood.
 Strong for journeys, by dark and light,
 O'er rugged road and hill;
 It speaks the age of courageous might,
 And an undaunted will.

The body on the high springs hung,
 Its old-time running gear,
 Our modern carriages among
 Would look full quaint and queer.

But when this chaise first came to town
 It was the latest style,
 And good folk scanned it up and down,
 With praising nod and smile.

The top is wondrous deep and wide,
 Where, in its shadowy charms
 The spirit of comfort seems to bide,
 Far from the world's alarms,
 There, oft, a peaceful heart I ween,
 Hath spent a happy while,
 A jaunting through the lanes of green,
 Many a cheery mile.

It is a hundred years or more
 Since with an air of pride,
 This vehicle its owners bore
 About the country-side,
 When Mistress Prue it took perchance,
 To drink a cup of tea
 With gossip fair, or to a dance,
 Perhaps to quilting bee.

When country inn and hostelry,
 With way-side signs were gay,
 Whose homely comforts ceased to be
 With customs, passed away,
 When news and fashions, both, were
 slow,
 And simple were the ways,
 Then it could hold its own I trow,
 It was a modern chaise



AN OLD NEIGHBORHOOD

Boston Street, Madison, Conn.

BY JANE FINCH BUSHNELL.

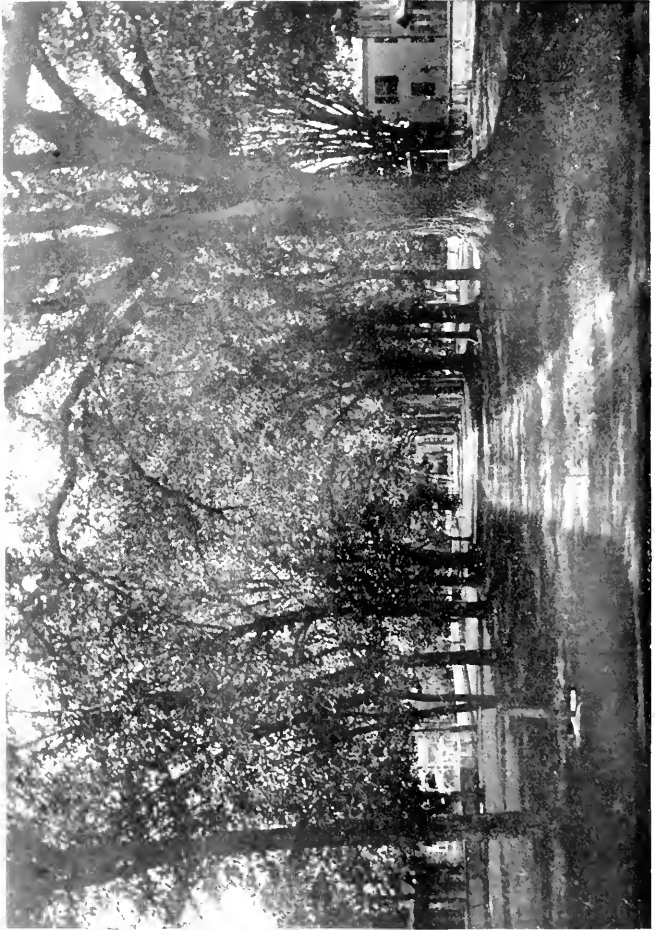
“Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.”—*Pope*.

Writes the author of “Meadow Grass” with truth and feeling, “We who have walked in country ways, walk in them always, and with no divided love.” City neighborhoods have not the attaching power of these dear old village streets, which, however far we may wander afield, keep up a steady tug at the heart strings, until sooner or later we are forced to obey the summons and return, if it be only to take a look at the old places, and note, with a pleasure akin to pain, how unaltered they are, while we bear in our hearts and upon our faces the marks of the conflict. On spring days, in city streets, when the sparrows are chirping joyously—as they never chirp in winter—and someone is selling along the sidewalk little bunches of arbutus fresh from the leafless April woods, we pause a moment on our busy way, and the brick walls, and the passers-by, and the day’s cares, vanish as if by magic, and we see instead a sweet pasture slope where the early violets and the “Quaker Ladies” await the coming of the children. We wonder, lovingly, if the daffodils are out in the sunny old door yards, and if the martins are back in their quaint houses up under the eaves.

One undying conviction is cherished by all Madison people of pure birth and lineage. We one and all believe in our secret hearts that, in some mysterious way, Madison is “entirely different” from the other towns along the “Shore Line,” and “has been from the beginning.” It is needless to say that the difference is in a sense very gratifying to our pride.

No one tries to analyze this subtle aroma of superiority—these things must be felt rather than defined—and we hardly expect neighboring villages to bow down before us after the fashion of Joseph’s brethren in that pleasing dream of his. Usually we have too good taste to refer to the matter in public, but among ourselves we always speak of it with great satisfaction and say how remarkable it is! But though we are thus united as to our superiority as a village there exist among us intense neighborhood rivalries as ancient and undying as the town itself.

We in Boston street are fond of declaring that “to us Madison is Boston street, and that if we were obliged to move down to the “Green” we really would not care to stay in the town at all,” while the Green people, serene and self-satisfied with the old white meeting-house standing over them like a good orthodox guardian angel (rather fallen from grace in their eyes of late, it must



BOSTON STREET, MALDEN.

be said, since its manful effort to strip off its crumbling robe of Calvinism and appear before the world more suitably clad for present-day needs), have from time immemorial regarded Boston street as a trifle below par socially. And the residents of the "Neck" stare haughtily at you if you thus forget yourself and speak of their beloved neighborhood by its old-time title. They say with much dignity that "Elm street is by far the pleasantest part of Madison," and that "strangers usually regard it so."

The neighborhood of Boston street originated in the beautiful patriarchal fashion of early New England, when large families were regarded as imperative for purposes of populating and settling a new country, and sons, as they arrived at manhood, were given their share of their father's estate, married, built homes for themselves, and brought up their own sons and daughters within sight and sound of the old roof tree.

Boston street was not only a remarkable example of one of these exclusively family neighborhoods, but its possessors were people of such unique and interesting personalities that the flavor of their presence still clings to their old haunts, in no wise dimmed or diminished by the passing of the years.

Nearly all of the old-fashioned homesteads that now line the broad, elm-shaded street were built by the stalwart sons of old "Grandfather Stanton," universally so-called. His ancestor was one of the signers of the Guilford Covenant in 1639, Madison being "East Guilford" until 1825. Stories are yet extant about this first old planter which prove him to have possessed in ample measure the strong eccentric personality which has reappeared in every generation of his successors like an indelible stamp. Certain characteristics are the undying heritage of this family, cropping out as strong as ever in its youngest representatives.

"Got consid'able Stanton him, haint he?"—or in *her*, as the case may be—is a remark often heard to-day from the lips of knowing old villagers in shrewd comment upon the speech or conduct of some youthful scion of this old and well-known stock.

Heredity counts for a great deal in a New England village, and the fiat of one's neighbors regarding one's abilities is felt to be as irresistible as Fate. It would be a brave man, indeed, in this town, who would venture to try and make something of himself after the verdict of his townspeople had gone forth that he was not likely to amount to anything, owing to the fatal fact that "his mother was a so-and-so, you know," or, "all his father's folks were dreadful slack-twisted," or had a "shif'less streak in 'em."

Whenever the older villagers get together, their talk soon drifts, usually, into amusing reminiscences of this interesting family of brothers who seem almost as much a part of Madison to-day as they ever did, so immortal is personality.



THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, MADISON.

Without their unconventional, impetuous, whole-souled lives, Madison would have been inestimably the loser. They were all men of splendid physical proportions and deep, sonorous, far-reaching voices. From one end of the street to the other echoed their cheerful hallooes and greetings to one another, and to passers-by, as they stood on their door-steps in the early morning, or came forth to impart some interesting bit of family news, or to exchange comments upon the latest village excitement. Boston street then was like a big family homestead, with voices calling back and forth from room to room, upstairs and down.

At that time Madison was the centre of a thriving coasting trade. To-day her fish-houses are deserted, her harbor filling up, and her wharves dropping to pieces. When thirty or forty large, these brothers were the most town ever produced. Utterly reckless of property, their own or others', too difficult for them to undertake, school boys. Back and forth they gardless of wind or weather, buying sorts and conditions of cargoes, to phia, New York, anywhere or every-

vessels were owned in the vil-
enterprising captains that the
less of life, and it must also be
no risk was too great or venture
with the joyous enthusiasm of
sailed, summer and winter, re-
and selling produce, carrying all
Nantucket, Virginia, Philadel-
where, often in leaky, unsea-



WEST WHARF.

worthy old sloops that, to quote a survivor of those glorious days, "wa'n't fit to sail across Tuxis pond in."

Nevertheless, the memories of those old vessels are most tenderly cherished to-day, and spoken of by the few remaining old captains who once sailed in them with far more affection than is usually heard in their references to the dead and gone partners of their lives' joys and sorrows. There was the *ol' Elenora*, the *ol' Cynthia-Ann*, the *Galloping Tiger*, the *ol' Hector*, and how many more! The names of that dear, defunct, old fleet are as familiar to us as those of the men who commanded them. We never tire of listening to the famous old yarns, nor does our loyal credulity ever waver.

These brothers were uncles to the entire township, and are always referred to nowadays as "Uncle Ezra," "Uncle Reuben," "Uncle Harvey," "Uncle Richard," "Uncle Nathaniel," and "Uncle Josiah," the family name being understood from one end of the town to the other.

The big, old, yellow house on the south side of the road, with the knickerbocker door and the brass knocker, and the giant cherry-tree towering high above the roof, was the home of Uncle Ezra, whose character was perhaps the richest in those eccentricities which supply the village story-teller with his raciest material. The cherry-tree is of the same age as the house, having been planted by Uncle Ezra on the day when he brought his first bride to the new home—his matrimonial experience was a rich and varied one. From that beautiful cedar-crowned hill rising directly back of the house is a wide and lovely view of the Sound, lying not a quarter of a mile away beyond the stone-walled fields and pasture land. On the topmost point of this hill still stands the big old cedar whose branches were lopped off many years ago to afford an easy ascent for anxious watchers on the lookout for home-coming ships.

Uncle Ezra dearly loved good company and a good cigar, and was never over-fond of hard work, if anyone could be found willing to bear the burden and heat of the day in his stead, though he was capable of immense feats of energy and courage under the stimulus of a sufficient incentive. Care and he were never even on speaking terms throughout his long life — indeed, a notable characteristic of all these brothers was the cheerful serenity with which they were in the habit of viewing their ships go down and their hopes depart. Fond by nature of the excitement attending



THE UNCLE EZRA HOMESTEAD.

risk and adventure, they were gifted with the happy philosophy which renders men invulnerable to misfortune's darts. Like the debtor in the story, they always deemed it wisest to let the "other fellow do the worrying."

Uncle Ezra, especially, had a passion for bartering and trading, particularly for horse trading, which latter proclivity made him the joy and the un-failing resource of the village wag at store and post-office.

"He loved to barter better'n he loved to eat, Uncle Ezra did," declared one of the old villagers with reminiscent relish one hot day last summer, as he sat on our shaded veranda, with a palm-leaf fan in one hand and a glass of hard cider at his elbow—drawn by me with crafty purpose from Uncle Ezra's own old cellar, where the cider barrel ever flowed with liberal freedom.

"He used to load up here with hogs, an' stone, an' cattle, an' apples, an' chestnuts, an' chickens, anything he could pick up, and he'd carry 'em down to Nantucket an' barter for 'em. Nantucket was his great place. There are old men down there now who remember Uncle Ezry.

"He'd ruther barter any day than take money, an' he'd come back with ol' carriages, an' whale-oil, an' smoked beef, smoked white-fish, codfish, salt sword-

fish—oh, truck of all sorts. He never could sell half the things he brought home with him. Wish you could ha' seen the inside o' that ol' corn-house o' his'n when I was a boy! I uster live with Uncle Ezry, ye know. I begun goin' on the water with him. He was an awful reckless sailor, but he was a smart captain, too; he was a good pilot, if he'd only foller his judgment, but half the time he'd rather take some risk. I never shall forgit once goin' into Ston-



FIRE-PLACE IN THE UNCLE EZRA
HOMESTEAD.

in'ton with him jest at evenin'. The wind, 'twas blowin' pretty fresh. 'Come to the bar,' says he; 'I bet we can go over without jibin'; try it, anyway!' She struck quicker'n lightnin', and in less'n a minute the water was on the cabin floor. She rolled right over with all sails set, come pretty near catchin' us underneath her. We managed to git into the boat an' git ashore. He was carryin' a valuable cargo, an' he lost the hull on't—pretty much everything he was worth in the world at that time. Why! he had as many as a hundred hogs aboard, an' cattle, an' chickens, an' I dunno what all. Well, he went right up to the hotel an' bought him a good cigar an' twenty minutes after he'd turned in he was snorin' so loud the rest of us couldn't get to sleep no way in the world. That was Uncle Ezry all over. He was a funny feller! You'd ought ter hear Johnny-Sammy Bishop tell about the first trip he took to New York with him, when Johnny-Sammy was a boy, ye know. He was dretful pleased to go, an' he took right hold an' wanted to do everything. Uncle Ezry he let him steer. He got along pretty well, an', come night, Uncle Ezry he turned in and went to sleep—he'd allers do that if he could work it. Well, in the mornin' he begun a praisin' of Johnny-Sammy up. 'Why, you're the smartest boy I ever see in all my life,' said he; 'I'd rather have ye than any man I ever hired in this world. I'll tell your father when we git home that I'll give you twenty dollars a month to go with me right straight along.' Johnny-Sammy he was so set up he hardly knew which end he was on. Well, come to go back, Uncle Ezry he turned in again an' left Johnny-Sammy to steer. 'Keep along jest about as ye be now,' sez he, 'an' you'll be all right' Pretty soon Johnny-Sammy begun to git kinder confused; he didn't know the course very well, an' he felt pretty certin he was wrong, so he called to Uncle Ezry and said he wist he'd come up an' take a look at things. 'Oh, you're all right!' sings out Uncle Ezry, waking up a minute; 'keep along jest about as you be!' Well, pretty soon they struck somethin', an' Uncle Ezry he was on deck in a minute, madder'n a hornet. 'What you up to, you fool boy, you!' he roars; 'why, I have a good mind to throw you overboard. Casting me away off here! I shall lose every dollar I'm worth in the world! Why couldn't you a' kep' off there?' They managed to git off, but Johnny-Sammy, when he come to make the dock at home, did some little thing the wrong way, an' Uncle Ezry, sez he: 'You

can go ashore as quick as you're a minter, an' stay there. I wouldn't give you your bread. You c'n tell your father that you ain't good for nothin' in this world!"

"Johnny-Sammy loves to tell that story to this day. His pride had a pretty big come-down, I tell ye. Uncle Ezzy was a quick-tempered man, but land! he wasn't no more capable of holdin' a grudge than he was of resistin' a hoss-trade. He never kep' the same hoss more'n six weeks at a time, an' he never owned a decent hoss in his life, I don't b'lieve."

To this day property rights meet with scant consideration in Boston street. In the old times, what was the property of one brother belonged equally to all, and was calmly appropriated upon occasion without preliminary formalities. Habit is hard to change, and the result has been the establishment in Boston street of a sort of Utopia—as far as having all things in common is concerned—which is probably as perfect in its workings as anything so ideal can be. One effect has been the development in us of great skill in keeping one eye out of the window, and we feel it to be great good luck if someone happens to see just who it is going out of the yard with the ladder or the lawn-mower, the well-chain or the hay-gagon.

Many amusing stories are told illustrating the feeling these old neighbors of one household had of being perfectly at home in Boston street, whether in their own houses or each other's, or on the road between.

My grandmother returned to the old street in middle life to spend the rest of her days among her beloved brothers. She had spent many years of widow-



BUSHNELL HOMESTEAD.

hood in New Haven, where, through her zeal and efficiency, she became one of the circle of devoted women who were largely associated with the founding of the Yale Theological Seminary. She was a tall, majestic woman, with a fine noble tread and the unruffled air of one who dwells habitually upon a height. She was as great a stranger to conventionality as her brothers, and it is a joy to try to think about the free, interesting, widely-helpful life she contrived to lead in that limited age for women, even though her reputation as a house-keeper suffered somewhat by comparison. It is related of her that one sum-

mer night, after she had made herself ready for bed, she thought of something she wished very much to say to "Brother Nathaniel;" accordingly, she slipped a quilted petticoat over her short "bed-gown" and sallied forth as serenely unconscious of her appearance as though she were merely on her way downstairs in the night to get a drink of water for a thirsty child. Some bad little boys, however—her own nephews, who ought no doubt to have been in bed—were so struck by the sight of their majestic relative thus scantily attired that they snickered aloud as she passed them. She stayed her steps and reproved them with calm dignity, but she remarked to a friend the next day, "That things were coming to a pretty pass in Boston street, when a woman of her age and position could not step out in the evening to see her brother without being mocked at by rude children."

She was all her life an enthusiastic advocate of foreign missions, and the first words my father and his brother were taught to lisp were the names of two famous mission stations' "Tilly-Pally," "Batty-Cotty." (Probably I have not spelled them correctly.) She destined both her sons for the ministry, and



AN OLD HOMESTEAD, BOSTON STREET.

my father, who had a sensitive nature, says he often wished his mother was different, the boys at school making fun of him because he was sent out to "beg skim-milk for the Grecian heathen." He has lived to know that that mortifying incident of his boyhood proves his mother, alone of her townspeople, to have been in touch with one of the most famous

philanthropic movements of her day, when Margaret Fuller and her Greek husband inspired such wide sympathy for his suffering countrymen, and those interested accepted the poorest offerings, managing in some way to convert them into money. So the skim-milk story was doubtless literal truth.

Like her brothers, she was very adventurous. Once, when a young woman, she took a trip to Canada, for pleasure solely, driving herself in a one-horse chaise, and with only her youngest child for company. Not many women are courageous enough to take such a trip to-day; but at that time, when the country was thinly settled, and the roads rough and unknown, it was almost as great a feat as crossing the ocean in a sail-boat.

With Uncle Reuben's last birthday party, when he was eighty-six years old, this memorable generation passed picturesquely off the stage, so to speak, in thoroughly characteristic fashion. He was the last remaining one of his large family of brothers and sisters, but, far from allowing that fact to depress him, he entered into the arrangements for this celebration as gleefully as a schoolboy prepares for a Fourth of July picnic, himself decreeing that it should be held out under the spreading elms of his dear Boston street, with the breath and murmur of the sea coming up over the fields like a loving greeting from a life-long friend. Relatives and friends came from far and from near to attend this unique and famous birthday party. Tables were spread on the soft June

turf, laden with country dainties, and decorated with old-time posies and waving ribbon-grass from the sweet gardens of his boyhood. Songs were sung, and toasts drunk, and speeches made, in favor of this fine, white-haired, old "Colonel," in whose dark eyes still glowed unquenched the fire of youth.

Nephews who had made for themselves famous names in the busy world traveled many miles to be present that day, and it required no great effort of the imagination to fancy that, mingling with the rest, unseen, were all those brothers and sisters, the comrades of his life's journey—"loved long since and lost awhile," but soon to be regained in that land of "old friends and young years."

It was not long before he, the last of these dear old uncles, slipped quietly over the shadowy boundary line that divides the seen from the unseen, and joined once more that unbroken family circle.

Perhaps there are towns where family parties held on the public highway would excite remark and ridicule. Not so in Madison! Eccentric proceedings have been the natural product of the soil in Boston street for so long that they are accepted by our neighbors with little surprise.

"The elms are old in the village,
A shelter from sun and rain,
The May winds make a murmur
As over the boughs they run.

"Tis a pleasant sound, but a sweeter
Is the anvil's merry ring,
And the tap, tap, of the cobbler,
And the mill wheels as they sing.

"A long, long mile is the village,
When the oxen draw the wain,
And long to the feet of the children,
And long to the funeral train.

"The wain is gone to the thicket
For the aromatic pine,
The children are off to the pasture
With the slowly-moving kine;

"And the tongue in the belfry is tolling
To many a hill and glen,
That a soul, like a mist of the morning,
Will never come back again.

"Oh, a merry time for the living,
With the high boughs overhead,
And down by the Lombardy poplars
Is a sunny home for the dead!"

AN ESCAPE FROM NEWGATE.

BY THOMAS BRABAZON.

It was long toward evening in the early part of April, 1777, that a man somewhat under medium height and with a pack on his back, was climbing a hill on the road leading to East Granby, Conn.

He was coarsely dressed, and covered with dust were the shoes and leather leggings which he wore, but in spite of his burden he trudged briskly along and hitched his pack well up on his shoulder.

Ezra Wall was this man's name, and, as may be surmised, he was a pack-peddler, well known throughout that section, and like all peddlers of those times, far different from the present, was everywhere a most welcome guest. The peddler as well as the stage-driver was anticipated with pleasure, and he was the more appreciated when he came to the news, for he had more time to dilate upon it than the latter. He visited every house, and the amount of gossip that he collected and his expressive manner of telling it went a great way toward winning the generous aid of the many good housewives.

Ezra Wall kept on up the road, shifted his pack to the other shoulder, and said half aloud: "It's mighty strange news I've got for Hannah, and there aint another girl in East Granby I'd trust with it. But she's a good girl, as fair as a lily, and what's more, she can keep a secret."

He kept on through the town, and after passing a few scattered houses quickened his pace.

"I can't help it," he muttered, "but there aint another place I love to stop at better than the Wayside Tavern. Must be because old John is such a jolly old chap, and then again I guess those two daughters brighten things up considerable. 'Guess I won't bother 'em much," he continued as he came in sight of the tavern, "but just go around to the back door and surprise the girls a little."

So saying he passed on down the driveway and knocked on the door with his staff.

He waited some little time. A smile played around the corners of his mouth as he saw a form go to the fireplace, light a candle, and then come to the door. He heard the latch lift, the door open, and as he stepped back into the shadow could see the willowy form of Hannah in the doorway. There was a puzzled look on her face when she found no one there, and in a tone half afraid but still with considerable spirit, demand, "Who is it?" Then a voice from out the darkness piped, "Rings, ear-rings, sealing-wax, tape and other eatables," and the peddler appeared. "Why, how you did frighten me at first," exclaimed Hannah, as she hurriedly set the candle on the mantel and began to assist in unloading the pack from the peddler's shoulder.

"I was just thinking," she began— "Of me," broke in Ezra, as he sat down.

"Now, Uncle Ezra!" said Hannah, as she cast a girlish side glance at him, "stop your nonsense and I'll tell you. I was thinking what I would do if General Washington should come to the door. Before I had done thinking what should I hear but bang! bang! bang! and who should it be? Only you."

"Only me, only me?" repeated Ezra, pretending to be offended at not being considered as great as Washington. "perhaps I had better be going."

"Now, Uncle Ezra," she said, placing one hand on his shoulder, "you know I didn't mean that, and you have no right to get angry. Of course, I would very much like to see him, but then, he couldn't pop corn like you, and we're going to have some. Mr. Gidds and Sue are in the other room, and now don't be angry, will you?"

"I don't know whether I will or not, Hannah; but there's one thing certain, I can't live on pop corn and talk. So flax around and get me a bite and we'll see."

She fluttered around and soon had supper ready for him, and, telling him to help himself, darted away and made straight for the tavern part of the house where her father was.

"Uncle Ezra is here, pa," she said, leaning on the door casing.

"Very well, my dear, take good care of him; I'll be in presently; and, Hannah," he continued, as she was about to hurry away, "on the top shelf of buttery, left corner."

Returning to the kitchen she got a chair and reached down a decanter and set it beside Ezra, who without further ceremony proceeded to sustain the reputation of the Wayside Tavern.

After the meal was over they retired to the sitting room, where he greeted Susan, made the acquaintance of Mr. Gidds, a prison guard, and shortly a merry time was under way.

Wayside Tavern was kept by Mr. John Betts in the town of East Granby, about half a mile from Copper Hill. The tavern was erected fifty years prior to the opening of my story, and was set well back from the main road, leaving a pleasant and roomy yard in front which was dotted here and there with flowering shrubs and shade trees. Altogether the place bore a cheerful appearance and was a well-known resort for travelers who frequently passed through that section. Mrs. Betts, a Pennsylvania lady, had died when Hannah, the younger of the two children, was only three years old.

At the time of my story Hannah had reached the age of eighteen. She was a girl of lively disposition, rather tall, with auburn hair, beautiful large blue eyes, and as graceful as a fairy. Susan was two years older than her sister and much the opposite both in appearance and disposition, being dark complexioned, quiet and thoughtful. Mr. Gidds, of whom mention has been made, was connected with the prison which was situated about a mile away. He had come from Massachusetts, and having occasion to call at the tavern at various times, had formed the acquaintance of the two sisters. His visits to the village became more numerous whether supplies were needed at the prison or not, and he never failed to spend an hour or two at the tavern, where he was always welcome.

This is the way things stood at the Betts tavern that night when Ezra Wall found himself shaking the corn popper, telling funny stories, and with the help of Mr. Gidds keeping up the flow of merriment.

"Well, glad to see you, Ezra," said Mr. Betts, making his appearance and shaking hands. "Aint got much time to stay, so try and get along as best you can with the young folks. And, Hannah," he continued, "don't laugh yourself to pieces."

He stopped long enough to listen to a story that Ezra had been telling,

and when it was finished joined in the laugh and started off. "By the way, Mr. Gidds," stopping and surveying the party, "who are the two new prisoners? Heard some one say they were Tories. Is it so?"

"No, I believe not," said Mr. Gidds, looking up. "Suspicion lays on one for sheep stealing and the other for burglary. But we'll manage to work it out of them," he said rather boastfully. "Show them no mercy is the orders, and I dare say they won't get it."

"Well, seeing they are thieves, undoubtedly they deserve it, but for my part I wish the hell-hole of a prison was somewhere else beside around here," and without another word he hurried away.

"It's a bad place," said Gidds, addressing his three companions, "but its the best the state can afford at the present time, and I dare say that it is an excellent place for some of the inmates."

"Oh don't, George," said Susan with a shudder, "it is dreadful to think of. Father is always condemning it, and I don't blame him. We have heard about its horrors so many times, so don't say any more about it."

"Well," said Hannah, "I don't think half the fellows ought to be there, and to make up for lost time Uncle Ezra will sing. Now," she said, raising her finger as Ezra was about to protest, "now don't say you won't, for you will sing, won't you?" and she looked at him pleadingly.

After a little urging on the part of all present, Ezra began in a squeaky voice, making rhyme as he proceeded and ending with the following chorus:

" For I'm still a peddling over the same old road,
Making a penny here and there to replenish my load,
So friends deal with me,
For I'm sure 'tis pleased you'll be,
If you'll kindly look at what I'm selling."

When he had finished, which he did after half a dozen verses, Hannah went into the kitchen and presently appeared carrying his pack, which she wanted opened, and in a very short time Ezra Wall was displaying his goods in true Yankee fashion.

Thus the evening passed until the tall clock in the corner struck the hour of eleven.

Mr. Gidds started. He was due at the prison in half an hour, and bidding all good night, started for the back way followed by Susan.

The moment Ezra heard the door close, he looked at Hannah, who was still poring over the contents of the pack.

"I've news for you, Hannah," he began, bending close to her.

"What is it, Uncle?" she said without looking up.

"Can you keep a secret, and if so will you?"

"Why, Uncle Ezra, what a foolish question!"

"Well, I know I can trust you, Hannah; but remember, not a word is to pass your lips, even your sister must not know."

"Oh hurry, Uncle, what is it?" she said, dropping a pair of ear-rings she held in her hand.

"The so-called sheep thief is no other than Roswold Dane."

"What!" she exclaimed, "Roswold Dane a thief? I don't believe it."

"Keep perfectly calm, Hannah. Nobody said he was a thief. Sit right down, for what I am about to tell you must be kept dark. Remember." He drew a small stool to his side and she settled down, one hand resting on his knee.

"In the first place, Roswold Dane is no thief, so you may rest contented there, but is as true a patriot as ever drew breath. But listen," he resumed, raising his finger as a smile passed over his face. "He has been arrested on a bogus charge, and with the assistance of his most trusted friends has been lodged in that hell-hole, as your father rightly calls it," and he pointed in the direction of the prison.

"Friends have succeeded in lodging him in Newgate. What do you mean, please explain?"

"This," he said, in a half-whisper, bending close to her ear. "You have heard of Hanlon, the buccaneer, who was incarcerated a few months ago on the charge of raiding a hamlet near Bridgeport, of which I certainly know he is entirely innocent.

"It seems," continued the peddler, "that while Roswold was at Yale he went out for a sail in a small boat which was capsized. He was picked up and safely landed that same evening by no less a person than this very Hanlon. And Roswold, knowing full well the circumstances connected with Hanlon's imprisonment, has put on foot a daring scheme for liberating this pirate.

"On next Sunday night," he continued, raising his hand as Hannah was about to interrupt him, "the plans are laid for the escape, and all that is needed is the best horse in this part of the country. One has already been secured with which they expect to reach Morristown, where Washington is encamped. Once there, they will be safe, for good men are scarce."

Here the peddler heard the outer door close, and putting his head closer to Hannah's, he whispered, "Under the big elm in the rear of your father's pasture at 9 15 o'clock, and, for the love of God, say nothing."

Just then the door opened and Susan appeared, and to cover all traces of suspicion Ezra began to whistle.

It was almost morning before all the inmates of the Wayside Tavern had retired, and even then, do what she would, Hannah could not sleep. Her brain seemed to be in a whirl.

"Why should Uncle Ezra tell me?" she soliloquized. "Is it because he has always told me his little secrets. And to think of Roswold helping that old pirate—but still he has good cause. And they want the best horse around here. Why there's only one, and that's my dear old Duke. Can they want Duke?"

She thought the whole thing over again carefully, and then very silently, so as not to awaken her sister, she slipped out of bed. "He wants Duke," she kept saying to herself as she made her way to the sitting-room, "and for liberty's cause, too. Yes, he must have Duke, and he shall have him." And with beating heart she got a piece of paper and hastily wrote:

"Dear Uncle Ezra:

You can have Duke. I will lead him to the elm.

HANNAH."

She folded it up with trembling fingers and putting her pretty lips to it she passed into the hall, paused before the peddler's chamber, slipped it hastily under the door, and hurried away to her room, where her troubled brain was soon resting in slumber.

Roswold Dane was a native of Virginia, having settled near East Granby after completing his college course at Yale, and an elderly lady whom he called "Aunt" kept his house. He was six feet and two inches tall, dark, and having

a military appearance was an attractive figure. He seemed to be quiet, but was at times jovial, and his door was always open for the reception of friends, strangers, and whoever wished to stop.

On hearing of the arrest of Hanlon, he had set to work to devise some means for liberating him. He invited five of his most trusted friends, among them Ezra Wall, to his house one night and to them explained his reasons for setting Hanlon free—not alone because he felt as though he owed him a favor, but because he was an innocent man. In concluding he said, "I have selected five of my most trusted friends, knowing you to be all patriots, to help me in this act. Two of the best horses that can be procured will be wanted, and for my own incarceration, all is arranged. At 9.15 o'clock, on next Sunday night, you are to overpower the guards, and at 9.20 Hanlon and myself will be flying toward Morristown. Disguise yourselves thoroughly is all that is required, and no one will be the wiser."

Thus the scheme was laid and agreed to by Roswold Dane's five friends.

The Sunday arrived. Hannah had arisen much earlier that morning than usual, and hurried to the bars, where Duke was in the habit of coming every morning to be caressed and petted. He was in his usual place, and Hannah rubbed his velvety nose and gave him a handful of dew-wet clover sprinkled with sugar—a tempting morsel he always expected.

"Oh, Duke," she said, as she picked a snarl from his forelock and patted his neck, "You're going to leave me. Do your prettiest, won't you? Fly like the wind. That's a good horse."

She lingered for some time at the bars. She did not know for sure whether she would ever see her dear old companion again or not, but still she felt that she was doing right.

The day dragged slowly enough. After supper she tried to read, but could not get interested, and when Susan spoke of retiring she brought forth her writing materials and began to write—nothing.

At last the clock struck the hour of nine. Everything about the tavern was quiet. Quickly throwing a light wrap over her shoulders she passed noiselessly out of the back door. Passing the stable she got a blanket and bridle, and crossing the yard entered the pasture. She saw Duke a little way off, and was about to call in a low voice, when he raised his head, pricked up his ears, and came forward. She gave him a lump of sugar, slipped the bridle over his head, threw the blanket across his back, and started straight across the pasture for the large elm. As she waited there, she began to feel afraid and shrank closer into the shadow of the tree. At the same time Duke pricked up his ears. "Someone's coming sure," said Hannah, half aloud, as she tried to shrink still closer into the shadow.

She was right, for almost the same instant a figure came running up the hill and made straight for the big tree. She remained as quietly as she could, her heart beating fiercely as the man slackened his speed, when he came to the elm and stalked under its shadow. He was somewhat out of breath, and gazing at the trembling, shrinking figure a moment, he bowed his head and said in a deep voice, "It is important for me to express my gratitude to you, Miss Betts, for this act of kindness, but it is impossible to do so with words." He straightened up and continued as the clatter of hoofs met their ears. "I cannot tarry longer. Hanlon is tearing along as fast as his horse can carry him and in a moment will be here." Quickly swinging himself to the back of Duke,

Roswold bent down, took Hannah's trembling hand, raised it to his lips, and the next moment he dashed into the road and joined Hanlon as he went tearing by. Turning in his seat he could just see the flutter of a little handkerchief, and then all was lost.

Hannah stood perfectly still. It seemed almost like a dream. She listened to the hoof-beats dying away in the distance, then all was quiet, and she passed from the shadow of the big elm toward the house.

* * * * *

The battle of Brandywine had been fought and the Continental troops had retreated a few miles and gone into camp for the night. Many a brave fellow's life had been sacrificed for the sake of liberty, and Lafayette was among those who would thereafter carry the mark of that eventful day.

Roswold Dane sat on a blanket, his arm bound up and a ghastly expression on his face. He had received a bullet in the upper right arm and the pain was almost unbearable, although he tried to appear comfortable.

"You've got to go, Dane," said a wiry little man, hurrying up. "Orders from General Washington himself."

"Where are they, doctor?" asked Roswold, as he tried to smile and failed.

"Not written but verbal. We are to retreat back to Pottsgrove, and it's right on the road of Brother Simons. Tut, tut, tut; not a word, now. You need time to heal that arm up, and you're going to get it," and the little man hurried away.

Roswold saw that it was useless to protest further, and the next day saw him at the home of Simon Cole, after spending a most wretched night in camp.

"Now, Jane," said the doctor as he was leaving, "give that fellow good care; see that he gets better and don't let him escape."

Thus it was that Roswold found himself under the care of Mrs. Cole and her daughter, with a wound that would keep him there some time. He was very impatient at first, but soon became reconciled to his fate, as he afterward called it.

Since escaping from Newgate he had helped route the British at Danbury and had figured conspicuously in the capture of the ninety British soldiers at Sag Harbor, where not a patriot soldier was lost.

Hanlon, being well acquainted with the waters thereabout had volunteered to assist in piloting, and under his careful guidance was due the success of that renowned surprise party.

So gallant had the two volunteers acted since joining the Continental forces that shortly after the Sag Harbor affair Col. Meigs had selected private Dane to deliver a message to General Washington. Thus he came under Washington's direct command.

The days dragged slowly enough, and although he enjoyed the company of his new associates, he longed for the time to come when he could join the army. He would wander about the garden in company with Jane, who was trying to carry out her uncle's orders as best she could, and many a happy hour they spent.

He had often thought of writing to East Granby, but could not. Jane had written several letters for him, but he couldn't have her write *one*.

So one day that seemed to hang heavier than ever, he went to his room, opened a little book, took out a small piece of paper and read:

"Dear Uncle Ezra:

You can have Duke. I will lead him to the elm.

HANNAH."

He drew his hand across his eyes. "What a noble little soul!" he said, half aloud. He held the little piece of paper in his hand and smiled at it. "I must write," he resumed. So he got his writing materials, and after a painful effort leaned back in his chair and read:

"Dear Miss Hannah Betts:

I shall never forget your kindness. Excuse this wretched writing, as my arm is slightly disabled. I will have to stop.

ROSWOLD DANE."

He folded it very carefully and went down into the sitting-room, where Jane and her mother were winding yarn. He smiled as he came up, and stepping in front of Jane, said: "I'm in an awful fix. I want to seal and direct a note. I have written it after a fashion, but for the outward appearance I must have assistance. So if you will kindly do it for me I will hold the yarn."

"There!" exclaimed Mrs. Cole, jumping up, "that loaf cake is burning," and she hurried away to the kitchen.

Jane pulled a chair up to a small table, Roswold seated himself beside her, and after the note was sealed she said, dipping a quill, "Now, Mr. Dane, what shall I write?"

"First of all, 'Miss.'" "

"'Miss,'" said Jane. "'Hannah' comes next." "Yes." "But that isn't right; you have spelled it backwards," said Roswold, trying to look serious. "Why, no, I haven't, have I?" replied Jane, slightly bewildered, reading it over. Then they both laughed.

"Now for the last name," said Jane, looking out of the window. "O hurry, Mr. Dane, the stage is coming now and can take it right along." "B E T T S." "Hannah Betts!" exclaimed Jane, "why, that's my own sweet little cousin from East Granby, and we expect her on the stage to-day," and the next moment she was flying down the path just as the stage drew up. Roswold stood as though paralyzed. He dashed his hand across his face to ascertain if he was dreaming, and as he thought of his appearance he bolted from the room. But alas! too late—or, better still, just in time—for as he reached the hallway Hannah reached it, too, and they met face to face. He gazed down into her blue eyes for a moment, and then clasped her with his good arm.

* * * * *

It has been a long time since the struggle for independence, and almost the same length of time since Roswold and Hannah were united in wedlock in the church which nestled in the town of East Granby. The bride wore the best ring that the little peddler could procure. Their descendants often meditate on those eventful times; about the pirate, who was never heard from; of Duke, who was found in the pasture shortly after the escape, and of kind and jovial Ezra Wall.



THE HOMEWARD ROAD.

BY ELIZABETH ALDEN CURTIS.

The sun that has kissed the homeward road
Goes blushing down in the west,
And the pied, old, arching trees look down
On a silent world of rest.

Then, ah! to stroll in the golden mist
Down the dear old path—and stay
An idle span by the burnished spring
That mirrored the blue all day.

The far-away cattle low and low,
And the sheaves are stacked full straight,
The wee brown wren has a tender note
For her cheery, homing mate.

The twilight comes with a vesper spell
When the dusty road grows grey,
The wood is heavy with lyric calms
Where the feathered fern-tufts sway.

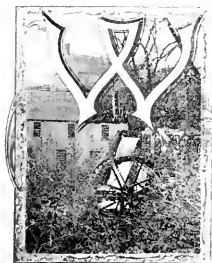
But lo! my love, tho' the peace-brimmed earth
Is balm to the daily load,
Nought than the shine of your lambent eyes
Can lighten my homeward road.



THE RIVER AT FARMINGTON.

THE FARMINGTON RIVER AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.

BY M. H. BARTLETT.



HERE the Farmington enters the Connecticut, on its southern bank, the first house in the state was erected. It was designed by Governor Winslow, of Plymouth Colony, for a trading house or place of barter with the Indians, and William Holmes was selected by the governor to build it. In the latter part of October, 1633, with a daring and adventurous crew, Holmes set sail in a large new bark for the Connecticut river. He took with him the frame of the trading house, all fitted, and all materials necessary to complete it, and passed up the river without opposition until he came to the Dutch fort, at Hartford, where

two pieces of ordinance were brought to bear upon him and he was ordered to "strike his colors or they would fire upon him." Holmes said he had the commission of the governor of Plymouth to go up the river and he should go. When reaching the mouth of the Tunxis (or Farmington), he erected his trading house. The point where he landed is still called "Old Point Comfort," and the meadow lying in the vicinity, "Plymouth Meadow."

The mouth of the Farmington, which river they named "The Rivulet," has materially changed since then. Little did those early settlers dream of the immense utility that "rivulet" was to be in the industrial development of a large section of the Connecticut to be.

The statistics given in this article concerning the manufacturing done, number of persons employed, value of articles made annually, will be found as a whole, nowhere else. They have been gathered from reliable sources, and care has been taken to have them authentic.

Upon the Hoosic range of the Green Mountains, seventeen hundred feet above sea level, in the town of Becket, Berkshire county, Massachusetts, the main or west branch of the Farmington begins in two little brooks. A branch of the Westfield takes the watershed of the northeastern part of the town, and the Housatonic the northwestern. Within the distance of a mile, water flows into the Farmington, the Westfield and the Housatonic rivers.

These two little sources of the Farmington begin in the interval between Mt. Becket and Wadsworth Mountain, and unite at southern base of the latter, passing on three or four miles in a southerly direction to the town of Otis. As the town of Otis is reached the Farmington has become a considerable stream, having taken the larger part of the watershed of Becket and passed into and out of four ponds—Nichols's, Ward's, Thomas's, and Shaw's.

Nearly a century ago, at Cold Spring, Otis, on the river, there was a puddling furnace, where iron ore, brought from Salisbury, Connecticut, was manu-



AT COLEBROOK RIVER.

factured into wrought iron. In Otis, too, were formerly the celebrated Otis Ponds, now converted by the "Farmington River Water Power Company" into the reservoir at Otis, Mass.

This reservoir was built in 1865, for the purpose of supplying water to the Farmington river for power purposes during the dry season. It is owned and managed by this company, a corporation having a paid-up capital of \$100,000.

There were in Otis Ponds



ALONG THE FARMINGTON BELOW RIVERDON.

originally 318 acres with an outlet into the Farmington, which the water power company improved by building a dam at the old outlet and raising the water, so that it now covers in one lake 1,050 acres, and is twenty-five feet deep at the gate in the dam. Through this the



AT RIVERDON - ON SANDY BROOK.



SANDY BROOK, AT ROBERTSVILLE.

water is drawn as may be required by the mill owners on the Farmington. The outlet is quite picturesque, especially where the water flows over a cliff

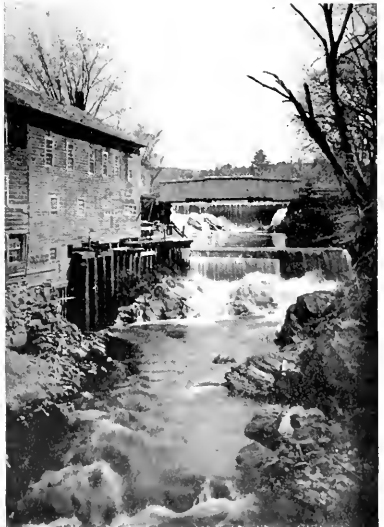


AT ROBERTSVILLE.

known as Otis Falls. During the summer months the water is drawn to supply the stream in varying quantities. A gate-keeper lives in a house at the dam owned by the company, and has telephonic connection with the president's office in Collinsville by a private wire. The experience of the principal factories on the river before the building of the reservoir showed that nearly every year there would be from one to three months when the water in the river would be insufficient for them to run, while now through such periods. The dam is tial type, having been rebuilt in 1887. The surface of the reservoir is 1422 feet above sea level.

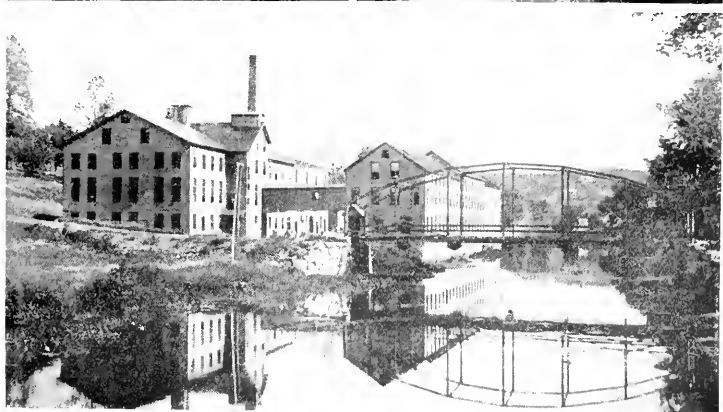
The river, after leaving Otis, forms for a few miles the boundary between Tolland and Sandisfield. The Clam and Buck rivers form a junction at West New Boston and enter the Farmington at New Boston, the former rising in Monterey, and the latter in New Marlboro. At New Boston, in the town of Sandisfield, O. D. Case & Co., manufacturers of school furniture, are located, their office being in Hartford, and their furniture found in school houses all over the country. One of the most delightful of Berkshire towns is the quiet pastoral town of Sandisfield. Few towns possess more romantic views, without great grandeur, than this isolated town. Traversing its entire length on the east side, and forming its boundary at that point of compass,

the reservoir seldom fails to carry them now cut-stone masonry of a very substan-



AT THE OLD CHAIR FACTORY, ROBERTSVILLE.

is the Farmington river, and he who has



ON STILL RIVER, WINDSLED.

not seen the tumbling Farmington has lost much. The eight miles from Otis to New Boston is a succession of panoramic beauties. The traveler will see here and there the ruins of foundries, which upon inquiry will prove to have been iron forges, as this section of the country was once the seat of a prosperous iron industry.

Hanging Mountain, just below New Boston, on the river, has a fine outlook. Its peculiarity lies in the fact that on its southern side a crag 300 feet high overhangs the noisy Farmington at its feet, and occasionally large masses of rock come crashing down its side.



AT TUNXIS FALLS.

Showing power house in process of construction.

On the Clam and Buck rivers, at New Boston West, are the ruins of the once prosperous Hull tanneries, which show that years ago an immense business must have been done in that line. The hotel at New Boston is an old-time, old-fashioned, hospitable country inn, famous the county over for its honest Yankee hospitality.

A few miles below New Boston the river passes into the state of Connecticut, entering the town of Colebrook and cutting off its northeastern corner, then it enters the town of Hartland, cutting off its northwestern corner, and then passes into the town of Barkhamsted, just above the village of Riverton. At Colebrook river there is a fine cotton mill, employing in good times one hundred and fifty persons, manufacturing cotton duck.

At Riverton, Sandy Brook enters the Farmington. It rises in Sandisfield, passing through the western part of the town into Colebrook to Robertsville and Riverton.

The beautiful Tunxis falls at Robertsville have been transformed into 225 horse power, which manufactures the electric light for the borough of Winsted.

Mad river is the most important tributary of the Farmington, and deserves extended notice.

It rises about two miles southeast of the village of Norfolk, near the summit of the Philadelphia, Reading and New England R. R., that railroad following its course as far as East Winsted. About three miles above West Winsted is the Mad River dam, recently built by the Improved Water System of Winsted. By its construction, and also the construction of a canal of half a mile in length, the whole or a part of the river is conveyed into Rugg Brook or Winsted Reservoir; capacity, twenty-seven million cubic feet. From this



ON THE POND HILL STREAM, WINSTED.

reservoir the water is conveyed through a tunnel four thousand feet in length, six feet wide and six feet high, cut through solid rock, to Crystal Lake; capacity, fifty-four million cubic feet. This lake is 137 feet higher than Highland Lake and 284 feet above the bed of Mad River at the Beardsley House, West Winsted.

From Crystal Lake the water is conveyed in iron pipes of twenty and twenty-four inch diameter, about one and one-half miles, to the borough of Winsted, in its course going near Highland Lake, which has a water surface of 489 acres, and with which it is or can be easily connected. Sixteen manufactories in Winsted, East and West, are driven mainly by power furnished by Mad River or water from Highland Lake, employing in their full capacity 1634 persons, and manufacturing annually \$2,375,000 worth of goods, consisting of pocket cutlery, paper boxes, book leather, optical goods, wagon springs, shelf hardware and wire goods of every variety; scythes, chisels, drawing knives,



“THE KINGDOM” GORGE.

tackle blocks, and a large variety of turned goods, hosiery and underwear, pins, coffin trimmings, clocks, carriage bolts, sewing silks, shoes, etc.

At East Winsted, the Mad River forms a junction with Still River, which, coming from Burrville, flows to the north, and, after Mad River enters, continues in the same direction to Robertsville, four miles, where it unites with Sandy Brook, changing its course to the east and south for three miles, entering the Farmington at Riverton, where are Stevens & Son Rule Co., E. R. Carter, sleigh shoes, and a paper and grist mill, employing eighty persons in all. Below Riverton is Rogers' rake shop, deriving its power from a small stream emptying into the river above New Hartford.

At the north entrance to the Satan Kingdom gorge was the first dam constructed on the river at New Hartford as early as 1751, and a saw and grist mill was maintained here a century. It was where the P., R. & N. E. R. R. bridge; now crosses the river. The river at this point was very narrow and

is still narrower since the two railroads cut their paths out of solid rock and crowded their way through the gorge on either side. The mills were located



VIEW AT NEW HARTFORD.

on the western side, since occupied by the New Hartford branch railroad.

In 1847, Manchester's puddling works were located just above the gorge, iron ore being hauled from Salisbury and made into wrought iron.

W. McNary had a turning shop and melodeon factory on the eastern side of the river nearly opposite. At Bakersville, on the Nepash, were mills where clothing, clocks, baby carriages, hand sleds, and paper were made, the Nepash



AT PLEASANT VALLEY.

being a tributary entering the Farmington a mile above Collinsville. Just above the Kingdom gorge the east branch of the Farmington joins the main

river. It rises in Tolland, Mass., passing through Hartland and Barkhamsted, having no large important manufactories.

There are at present five or six manufacturing concerns in New Hartford obtaining wholly their power from the Farmington River.

At Pine Meadow village, New Hartford, are located D. B. Smith & Co., cotton duck and furniture hardware, brass and iron foundry, saw and gristmill; H. Chapin's Son, rules, planes, hand screws, levels, etc. Both concerns employ in good times about 250 persons.

Michael Kellogg erected the first dam at the north village.

In 1845, the Greenwoods Company organized, and are now the largest concern in New Hartford, employing 700 hands and running 20,000 spindles, manufacturing cotton duck, canvass from one inch to two hundred and twenty inches in width, cotton belting, heavy cotton fabrics in



THE NEPASHI AT THE OLD POWDER WORKS.



THE COLLINSVILLE DAM.

great variety, special goods for rubber manufacturers, car builders, agricultural, mining and government purposes. The canvass used by the *Vigilant* in her race with the *Valkyrie* was made here. Power is conveyed from their factory across the river by cable to a brush factory employing about twenty persons. The Greenwoods dam is a massive granite structure giving twenty-five feet fall, setting back the river nearly two miles, and forming a beautiful lake.

Between New Hartford and the sources of the river in Becket, the country through which it passes is wild and peculiar.

Eighty years ago two distinguished travelers went over the route by horse



THE UNIONVILLE DAM.

and carriage. They were Daniel Wadsworth, of Hartford, and the elder Professor Silliman, of New Haven. I quote the latter's description of the scenery and trip:

Passing through a part of Canton we arrived at a cluster of houses handsomely situated on the Farmington River. This was a part of New Hartford, where we dined pleasantly. Everything was good, and neatly and well prepared, and we were attended by one of those comely, respectable young women (a daughter of the landlord), who so often in our public houses perform these services without departing from the most correct, respectable and amiable deportment. In the afternoon, during a ride of sixteen miles, which brought us to Sandisfield, in Massachusetts, we never left the banks of the Farmington River, which, owing to its windings, and our own, we crossed during the day no fewer than seven times, and on as many bridges. We had now left the Albany turnpike and the great thoroughfare of population and of business, and purposely deviated into one of those wildernesses which, intersected by roads and sprinkled with solitary houses, afford the traveler an interesting variety, and easily transports him back in imagination to the time when the whole of this vast empire was a trackless forest. In a very hilly and almost mountainous region, we found a delightful road, so level that our horses hardly ever broke their trot. The road generally followed the river, and was laid out with few exceptions on the alluvial bottom which the river had formed. We passed almost the whole distance through a vast defile in the forest which everywhere hung around us in gloomy grandeur, presenting lofty trees rising in verdant ridges, but occasionally scorched and blackened by fire, even to their very tops, and strongly contrasted with the cliffs and peaks of rude rocks which here and there rose above the almost impervious forest. This tract of country had the stillness of a rural scene embosomed in

mountains; there were no villages, and the few scattered farmhouses were scarcely near enough, even for a rural neighborhood. Their very graves were solitary, little family cemeteries several times occurred, marked by white marble monuments, and by graves covered with the richest verdure, while the gloomy bier stood hard by in the field ready again to support the melancholy burden.

After spending the night at Sandisfield, they again continue their course, and he says:

For ten miles we again followed the course of the Farmington River; our road was one continued vista, through an uninterrupted wilderness of the most lofty trees; occasionally the wide forest crowned ridges caught our eyes, as they showed themselves through the openings of the wood or towered above its top, but for the most part, the river, now much diminished in size, murmuring over a rocky channel, and presenting many a formidable barrier of drift-

wood recently accumulated by an unexampled deluge of rain, was a principal object of contemplation; while the forests, interspersed with numerous pine trees, rising to a great height, often burnt to their very summits, and, tottering to their fall, appeared as if only recently invaded by man, and as just beginning to resign its solitary dominion to



the axe and to the fire. The river we crossed again and again till we numbered the ninth time, and then a few miles from the confines of Lenox we traced it to its source. Thus we bade adieu to our little river, after having been familiar with it for more than forty miles; and for nearly thirty, we had constantly traveled upon its banks, finding a smooth road in the midst of a rugged country. To

those who wish to enjoy an interlude of forest scenery, almost in the wildness of nature, and a little more subdued by man than is necessary to render it comfortable to travel through, this ride from New Hartford through Sandisfield to Lenox, may be strongly recommended. Such a tract in the midst of well cultivated regions is in this country rare, and probably more resembles a Western wild than a district in an old populous state.

And it may be said that no more charming drive may be taken to-day than over this same route. The scenery is still rugged and wild, apparently but little more subdued than in Prof. Silliman's day, and the iron horse has not yet penetrated this section of the country, which explains much of its prevailing quietude.

When Connecticut incorporated the New Haven and Northampton Canal Company and granted it its charter, authority was also given it to construct a canal from Farmington via New Hartford to the Massachusetts line at Cole-



THE PEQUABUCK, NEAR BRISTOL.



ON THE LEGABOOK

Plainville Pond.

At Bristol

At Forestville.

brook, following the Farmington River. As a curiosity, I copy two letters written by Benjamin Wright, the chief engineer in charge of the construction of the Erie Canal, who was employed by the New Haven and Northampton Company in preliminary surveys for that company:

Gentlemen:

In addition to the report I had the honor to make yesterday, relative to the projected or proposed canal in the State of Connecticut (from New Haven to Southwick), I beg leave to say that I have, since making that report, examined the country between Farmington Plains and the village of New Hartford, and the result of this examination is an opinion favorable to the proposed canal, the ground being generally extremely favorable, and may be said to be remarkably so, with the exception of four or five prominent points of rocks which project into the river. The descent will make considerable lockage necessary. Perhaps it may be advisable to build wooden locks in the first instance as more economical—and I should rather advise as to the width of the canal not being more than twenty feet on the bottom and thirty-two feet on the top water line.



AT TARIFFVILLE.

I am, Gentlemen, Very Respectfully,

Your Obedient Servant,

New Hartford, March 10th, 1822.

BENJ. WRIGHT.



BRIDGE AT TARIFFVILLE.

Near R. R. station, before the present iron one was built.



A. J. SIMSBURY.

Gentlemen:

I have viewed the ground along the Farmington River from New Hartford to the north line of the state. I discover several places where the appearance of bluff hills is rather forbidding, and some rocky places. I, however, think that by making a canal where the ground is favorable, and in one or two of the most difficult places erecting a dam and passing into the bed of the river and forming a tow-path along the bank, which may be done by timber and stone at a moderate expense, the navigation may be so continued up to the state line as to be useful. The great item of expense will be the lockage, which, if it should be thought advisable to substitute wood for stone, may be overcome without very great expense.

Respectfully I am, Gentlemen,

Your Very Obedient Servant,

Hartland, March 19, 1822.

BENJ. WRIGHT.

There is now a railroad over a portion of the canal route proposed seventy years ago, and Connecticut and Massachusetts granted charters for an extension from New Hartford to Lee, Mass. The people of Otis and Sandisfield were very enthusiastic in anticipation of its construction, and bonded their towns to the extent of thousands of dollars in its aid. The road-bed for miles



THE OLD BRIDGE AT TARIFFVILLE.

Is now replaced by an iron one.

was graded, and a bill granting state aid passed both branches of the Massachusetts legislature, only to be vetoed by Governor Washburn. This veto killed the enterprise. So much sympathy was felt for those towns that had expended so many dollars on the road that Massachusetts passed a bill to reimburse them for money actually expended, and the bonds were publicly redeemed and burned on the village green in New Boston, amid great rejoicing of the people.

From New Hartford the river passes through the wild Satan's Kingdom gorge to Collinsville, a mile above which the Nepash enters. Here, as early as 1805, the manufacture of powder was carried on. The Hazard Powder Company, formed in 1828, bought it and operated it for awhile, but after successive explosions, in which thirty-five persons were killed, the place was abandoned. The secretary of the Hazard Powder Company says of it: "It was a very rough place, and our Hazardville people used to say that it was the last place made on Saturday and there was not time to finish it."

The Hon. William E. Simonds, in his Canton article in the CONNECTICUT

QUARTERLY (July, August and September number of 1895), gives a graphic description of the Collins Company's works at Collinsville, which is the largest manufacturing concern on the river.

At Unionville, the next place below on the river, are six concerns mainly dependent on Farmington River for power, and employing in all about 600



RUINS OF THE SPOONVILLE FACTORY,
Where electro-plated ware was first made in the United States.

persons. They are the Upson Nut Company, bolts and nuts, rules, belt hooks, and door springs; the Upson & Hart Company, table cutlery, nut-cracks, nut-picks, bicycle pedals and chains; the Platner & Porter Paper Company, fine book and writing paper; the Ripley Company, binders' board; J. Broadbent & Son, cotton bats



and hosiery yarns; the Case Company, manilla and wrapping paper.

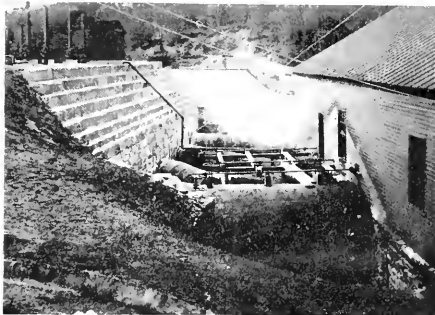
Just below Unionville was what used to be called the feeder dam and canal for conveying water from the Farmington River about three miles to the New



AT THE FARMINGTON RIVER POWER CO'S STATION.

to the New

Haven and Northampton Canal, intersecting the main canal near the aqueduct and supplying all the water needed from Granby to New Haven. Between Granby and Southington, a distance of twenty-five miles, there were no locks, the canal being on a level. Between Southington and New Haven, a distance of twenty miles, there were twenty-two locks and a continuous descent of 182 feet, so that the river water from Unionville ran through to New Haven, and canal boats have been from New Haven to the village of Unionville.



STONESLOCKS AT POWER STATION OF FARMINGTON RIVER POWER CO.

If ever there was an estuary of the sea, extending from New Haven to Northampton, as geologists claim, no doubt the mouth of the Farmington was near the locality of the dam in Farmington, having there reached the base of its fall of 1,240 feet from Otis reservoir, and changing from the primitive region was entering the triassic, a region very nearly level from Northampton to New Haven. Northampton being 86 feet below the level of the river at the feeder dam, it is obvious that with no obstacles intervening water could go down to Northampton as well as to New Haven. Below the feeder dam the Farmington swings from a southeasterly



AT RAINBOW.

way it flows. It is a singular fact that in a state where all other water flows to the south, water in the Pequabuck, beginning in Plymouth, flows for sixty

course to due north, and when it reaches its extreme south the Pequabuck enters, flowing northerly. Here the Farmington is only eight miles from the Connecticut, at Wethersfield, and about forty the

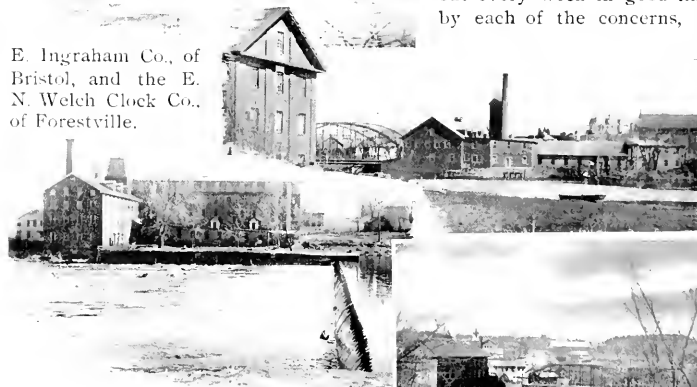
miles northeasterly to Windsor. The Pequabuck is quite an important tributary of the Farmington, passing through Terryville, Bristol, Forestville and Plainville. At Terryville are the Eagle Lock Works and an iron foundry, employing about 500 persons.

In Bristol are at least twenty-five concerns employing about 2,000 persons, more than half of whom are engaged in manufacturing clocks or parts of clocks, and the rest turbine water wheels, all kinds of iron castings, stockinet underwear, ivory goods, cutlery, brass goods, spoons, rawhide belting, etc.,



the power being only part water. Here was where Chancy Jerome, in 1838, made the first one-day brass clock, which revolutionized the clock trade of the world. It was thought a wonderful thing then to turn out 10,000 clocks in a year, now about that number are turned out every week in good times by each of the concerns, the

E. Ingraham Co., of Bristol, and the E. N. Welch Clock Co., of Forestville.



About the time the present water system of Hartford started, a project was considered of supplying the city with Farmington River water, using the old feeder dam and canal and taking advantage of the thirty-eight feet fall from canal to river at the aqueduct to obtain power to force a sufficient supply over the mountain at Farmington, but upon examination this was found impracticable.



AT POQUONOCK.

The aqueduct was quite a work of art in its day, its piers of sandstone were quarried north of the Albany turnpike, near the old tower, and taken on rafts up the river. The Climax Fuse Co., in Avon, using water power of a stream entering the river there, employ 25 or 30 persons.

The Ensign Bickford Fuse Works at Simsbury are on a stream entering

the Farmington there; they employ 75 persons, but use steam mainly as motive power. At Tariffville the river changes its course from north to south-east, passing through Talcott Mountain. The Farmington Valley scenery from Unionville, or a little below to Tariffville, has changed completely from that above, from primitive or granite formation to the triassic, from the rough, rocky and wild, to broad, level, fertile meadows, there being a fall in the river of only six feet in twenty miles. This lower valley is one of wonderful beauty and loveliness. Of it the Rev. J. B. McLean says (in the *QUARTERLY* of April, May and June, 1895): "Search out and feast upon the unsung beauties of the Farmington, a stream which would have ravished the soul of Wadsworth or David Gray. For miles the road follows the river, where the waters flash to the eye their frescoes of over-arching elms, with background of blue sky, and fleecy cloud and river bank on the one hand and hedge row on the other seem



VIEW NEAR WINDSOR.

to compete in wild luxuriance of flowers, grasses, and tangles of clematis and woodbine." He was here describing the river in Simsbury, but the description is appropriate to it from Tariffville to Farmington.

At Tariffville the Salmon Brook enters the Farmington. This stream rises in Granville, Mass., and passes through Granby. The city of Hartford is making its plans to take the southern branch to add to its present water supply, which will more than double it and of water much purer.

At Tariffville formerly was the old carpet company, now at Thompsonville, afterwards the screw company, the silk mill, and at present the Frank Wilkinson Co.'s lace curtain mills, employing 75 persons.

On the Farmington River, one mile east of the Bartlett Tower, the first electro-plated wares made in this country were made by the Cowles Manufacturing Co., in 1846. As a company they failed, but out of their failure sprang two firms which have attained eminence in the business. Asa Rogers, of Hartford, had been connected with the Cowles Co., and after its failure started the business of making forks and spoons with his brothers in Hartford, and

originated the Rogers Co., subsequently merged in the Meriden Britannia Co. Samuel Simpson, of Wallingford, Conn., then engaged in the manufacture of britannia wares, visited the Cowles Co. in 1846 or '47 and attempted at first to use the electro-plating process on his britannia wares, but finding the composition too soft to burnish well, abandoned it, and used a much harder white metal composed of block tin, antimony, copper, etc. He was afterwards connected with the Meriden Britannia Co., who are the largest manufacturers of this class of goods in the world.

Three miles farther down the stream, near Oil City, is the dam of the Farmington River Power Co. Here, with a river power equal to 1600 horse power and a fall of twenty-four feet of the whole river, the whole electric light used by the city of Hartford is manufactured and transmitted to Hartford by the first long-distance high-tension wire to the largest storage battery in the world, from which it is taken at hours most needed, between 4 P. M. and 10 P. M.

Still further down the river two miles, we come to Rainbow, where the river describes its third large semi-circle of at least five miles, the first being at Farmington, second at Tariffville, changing its course nearly as at Tariffville from northerly to southeasterly and on nearly the same latitude as at Tariffville and New Hartford. At Rainbow are the Springfield Paper Co., light papers, 26 hands; the Rainbow paper mill, 32 hands, tissue paper and copying books; the Hartford Paper Co., 21 hands, colored papers. At Poquonock, a mile farther down, are the Health Underwear Co., underwear and worsted yarns, two mills and 200 hands; the Hartford Paper Co., book papers, 48 hands. At Poquonock are the last manufactures on the Farmington, and the river is nearly down to the level of the Connecticut. The remaining four miles to Windsor the river passes through a rolling, open country of pasture lands and smooth banks. Between the Wilkinson dam at Tariffville and Windsor, or water level above dam, the fall has been about 130 feet, quite a proportion of which is in the Tariffville gorge, near the Bartlett Tower, where the scenery is very picturesque in the immediate vicinity, as the Farmington passes through its rocky gateway into the broader Connecticut Valley. A number of streams tributary to the Farmington have not been mentioned, on which are saw and grist mills, and some small shops and factories. The river is spanned by more than forty bridges, iron and wooden. Those below New Hartford are mostly iron, many of which have been recently built. The water-shed of fifteen towns passes into the Farmington River, and that of four partially, and it appears that the machinery of seventy factories is moved by its power, giving employment to 7,500 persons and annually producing an infinite variety of articles having a value of at least ten millions of dollars. No other river in the state is its equal in this respect, or can furnish such variety of scenery through which it passes.

[We are indebted to Mr. K. T. Sheldon, of West Winsted, for a number of the pictures illustrating this article.]

...Photographic Department...

In response to the announcement in our last number we have received over twenty pictures to select from, for representation in this department.

From those the judges have chosen the following: No. 1, On the West Branch of the Naugatuck, by Geo. F. Carr, of Terryville; No. 2, Canaan Falls, by J. A. Lewis, of New Britain; No. 3, View at Pleasant Valley, by J. A. Lewis, of New Britain; No. 4, Falls on the Hammonasset, by W. A. Dudley, of Guil-



NO. 1 ON THE WEST BRANCH OF THE NAUGATUCK.

ford; No. 5, Along the Farmington, by George J. Turnbull, of New Britain; No. 6, Remains of the Birthplace of Titus Coan—the first missionary to the Sandwich Islands—in the town of Killingworth, by W. A. Dudley, of Guilford; No. 7, Falls, near Simsbury, by K. T. Sheldon, of West Winsted.



NO. 2. CANAAN FALLS.



NO. 3. VIEW AT PLEASANT VALLEY.

The order of their arrangement is no criterion of their respective merit. Number 1 combines some of the best and one of the worst features of any



NO. 4. FALLS ON THE HAMMONASSETT.



NO. 5. ALONG THE LARMINGTON.

shown. We refer to the posing of the figure, looking "straight at the camera." With that omitted, the paddle laid across the canoe, the result could have been splendid. The points of excellence, however, merited its selection in spite of this serious drawback.

Number 2 is worthy of attention from the fact that the clouds were not obtained by resorting to any trick in printing. The negative was made on an orthochromatic plate, and a yellow screen used.



NO. 6. REMAINS OF THE BIRTHPLACE OF THUS COAN.

Number 6 is given for its historical interest. The subject admitted of no particularly artistic work, but the photograph was excellent, mechanically considered, and well adapted for half-tone work.



NO. 7. FALLS, NEAR SIMSBURY.

To the person taking and submitting the best picture to this department for our next number we will give a 16x20 bromide enlargement of the picture. See Publisher's Notes.

THE ANCESTOR

A Genealogical Epigram.

BY DELIA B. WARD.

While I meander in and out
The labyrinth of ancient date;
Sometimes I catch him on the fly;
Sometimes he goes sedately by.
Or scans me closely with his eyes,
Or greets me with a glad surprise
That I should know him—strangers we.
Where did we meet before? says he.

GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

"Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit."—*Virgil*

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 at least *ten cents for each query*. Querists should write only on one side of the paper. Subscribers sending in queries should state that they are subscribers, and preference in insertion will always be given them. Queries are inserted in the order in which they are received. On account of our space being limited, it is impossible that all queries be inserted as soon as querists desire. Always give full name and post office address. Queries and notes *must* be sent to Wm. A. Eardeley-Thomas, 5000 Woodland Avenue, Philadelphia, Penn.

The editor requests all those of New Fairfield (Conn.) descent to send him all they can of their ancestry. Thus far I have obtained some incomplete records of the Bearss, Chase, Cozier, Fairchild, Hopkins, Pearce, Perry and Sherwood families.

Printed works of a genealogical and historical character are constantly being added to the shelves of this department. Book notices will be inserted gratis on the receipt of the book; and notices of forthcoming books will be inserted gratis on condition that we receive a copy of the work when published.

It is earnestly desired that readers of the QUARTERLY assist us in getting the name and date from every tombstone in the State. Of course, we desire only such cemetery records as have never been printed en masse.

The editor of this department is prepared to make personal researches. Correspondence solicited. Mr. Eardeley-Thomas is engaged upon a history of all the Fontaine families in America before 1800; of the descendants of Ezra Perry, of Sandwich, Mass.; of the descendants of William Chase, of Yarmouth, Mass.; of Samuel Chase, of Maryland; of Lieut. Isaac Chase, of Dukess County, Mass., and of John Chase, of Newport, R. I.; also he and Mrs. G. Brainard Smith, of 320 Wethersfield Avenue, Hartford, Conn., are writing the history of the descendants of Aquila Chase, of Newbury, Mass. We should like to hear from the Oblong, N. Y., and Cape Cod Chases. We have all the Chase and Chace items from Arnold's Vital Records of Rhode Island and Rehoboth, Mass.; every item from the town records of Dartmouth, Dighton, Freetown, Harwich, Yarmouth, Dennis and Tisbury, Mass., also the majority of those from the Swansea Town records. We should like to get the Easton, New Bedford and Mendon, Mass., town records. We have all the Edgartown, Barnstable, Nantucket and Plymouth, Mass., Probate records regarding Chase and Chace. We should now like to get all the Chase and Chace items from the Probate records at Taunton, Salem and the Rhode Island towns.

We earnestly request our readers to assist us in answering queries. The duties of the editor are onerous enough in other directions, so that only a limited amount of time can be devoted to query researches.

On page 240, the third line under Jacob Chase should read William Chase, ["To be continued"] at the bottom of page 246 should be scratched out. The pages should have been numbered 1 to 6. This can be accomplished by erasing the figures 2 and 4 of the numbers, leaving the third figure remaining.

Notes.

[Continued from page 26.]

22. I have not been able to find any record at New London, Fairfield, Norwalk or Stamford, Ct., stating that the Fairfield AARON was Aaron *Junior*. Until documentary evidence is found, I feel safe in placing the Fairfield Aaron as Aaron *Senior*. In New London, Aaron Fountain lived in the present Waterford where, I understand, the Rogerine sect (a sort of Quaker) lived. Hence I have supposed he was a member of that sect, because the Fountains and Beebes were related, and so were the Beebes and Rogers. This might account for there being so few records at New London about these Fountains, since the Rogerines were persecuted. The Fountains, undoubtedly Huguenots, were probably tired of persecution, and so moved westward. June 23, 1695, James, Sara, Mehitabel, Peter and John, children of Mehitabel Fountain, were baptized in the First Church, Salem, Mass. The Rev. Peter Fountain mentioned in Suffolk deeds may have been their father, and Aaron may have been brother of this Rev. Peter. This "Sara" is probably the Sarah Fountain who mar. William Reeves, and had Sarah, bapt. Aug. 26, 1722, in Marblehead; m., 1744, Jonathan Felt (see Felt Genealogy, p. 70). This James may be the one who was in 1703 in Greenwich, Conn. The Essex Co., Mass., deeds and wills ought to reveal many facts about this family and where they went. The Greenwich James may have been a brother of Aaron, or else a son of Aaron, being named, possibly, from James Beebe of New London, Stratford, Norwalk and Danbury, Conn. (son of John, John, Alexander). I have placed the Greenwich James as son of Aaron. Aaron and Mary (Beebe) Fountain had
- 1—i. Mary,² b. about 1679, in New London; m. John Mills (see p. 75, Registration of Stamford, by Rev. E. B. Huntington).
- 2—ii. James,² b. about 1681.
Aaron¹ and Hannah (poss. same as Susannah) Fountain. Children bapt. Fairfield (Ct.) Cong. Church.
- 3—iii. Samuel,² bapt. May 29, 1698. The Fairfield Cong'l Church, organized 1639, has no baptisms previous to 1694. Fairfield Land Records. John Andrews for £40 deeded March 23, 1721, land lying on Aspetuck Neck to Samuel Fountain (Vol. 3, p. 631); John Burr for £160 deeded Jan. 31, 1739-40, land to Samuel Fountain (Vol. 6, p. 402); Jarvis Rhodes, of Norwalk, for £150 deeded Jan. 1, 1741-2, land to Samuel Fountain (Vol. 7, p. 264). Nothing further is known of this Samuel. I have not been able to learn who purchased his land which the above deeds show he owned.
- 4—iv. Aaron,² bapt. June 5, 1698; mar. Elizabeth ——. Who was her father?
- 5—v. Moses,² bapt. June 5, 1698; mar. Mrs.

Elizabeth Gregory, wid. What was the name of her father? And the name of Mr. — Gregory?

- 6—vi. Hannah,² bapt. June 5, 1698; m. Joseph Waterbury.
- 7—vii. William,² bapt. May 26, 1700; mar. Elizabeth Kame. Aaron Fountain for £10 deeded Nov. 30, 1720, land to his son William (Vol. 3, p. 389, Fair. Land Records).
- 8—viii. John,² bapt. May 9, 1702. Aaron Fountain for £40 deeded Feb. 26, 1723-4, to his son John, land "my house or home Lot with my dwelling-house and barn Situate on the Same S^d . . . near Sawkatuck River" (Vol. 3, p. 573, Fair. Land Rec.). Isaac Quimard for £20 deeded Nov. 1, 1725, land to John Fountain (Vol. C., p. 25, Stamford Land Rec.). John Fountain for £20 deeded Sept. 15, 1720, land to Ebenezer Weed (Vol. C., p. 54, Stamford Land Rec.) Nothing further is known of him.
- 9—ix. Abigail,² An Abigail Fountain of Norwalk mar. Samuel Philleo (see Fallow Genealogy). Aaron¹ was certainly in Norwalk quite often (see under Mary² below) and Abigail may have been his daughter.
- [NOTE. Hannah, wife of Aaron Fountain, was bapt. and admitted into full communion in Fair. Cong'l Ch. on the same day—May 20, 1698. This was in the ministry of the Rev. Joseph Webb. This Fountain family lived at what is now Compo or Westport.
1. Mary² (Aaron¹). Stamford Registration, p. 103, by Rev. E. B. Huntington. "John Mills of Stamford, and Mary Fountain, daughter unto Aron Fountain, who was born to him by his wife Mary whose maiden name was Mary Beebe, who was ye daughter of Mr. Samuel Beebe of new london, were married in Fairfield by major Peter Burr, Assistant, October, ye 2th, 1702." Strange to say, I could not find this marriage on any Fairfield records. Mary, "ancient widow," d. Nov. 19, 1732. John d. Dec. 1, 1723; he was probably gr. son of Mr. Mills d. Dec. 25, 1660. Mr. Mills was a son of Richard Mills. A Richard Mills m. a dau. of Sergt. Francis Nichols (p. 1252, Stratford and Bridgeport History).
"Aug 20, 1717, Aron Fountain" surrenders to his son-in-law, John Mills, his interest in Samuel Beebe's estate of New London. "Aron Fountain" appeared at Norwalk. (Vol. B., p. 292, Stamford Land Rec.) John and Mary² (Fountain) Mills had, in Stamford
- i. Sarah² Mills, b. Sept. 27, 1703. Whom did she marry?
ii. Robert¹ Mills, b. ——. Whom did he marry?
iii. Mary² Mills, b. Nov. 24, 1706. Whom did she marry?
iv. John¹ Mills, b. —; a ch. d. Feb. 11, 1707.

- v. John² Mills, b. Feb. 20, 1709-10; mar., Oct. 30, 1728, Tabitha Dibble.
- vi. William² Mills, b. Feb. 20, 1711-12. Whom did he marry?
- vii. James² Mills, b. ———. Whom did he marry?
- viii. Abigail² Mills, b. March 2, 1719-20. Whom did she marry?
2. James² (Aaron¹) died about 1709. His inventory, dated Jan. 8, 1710, at Greenwich, was recorded at Fairfield Conn. He left two daus., both minors. Wife not named. Anthony Nonquier guardian to Magdalen and Alexander Resseque guardian. The estate amounted to £428 8s. 10d. Samuel Peck sold for £25 on Nov. 23, 1703, 4½ acres of land to James Fountain now a resident of Greenwich (Vol. 1, p. 372, Greenwich Land Records).
- James and ——— (——) Fountain had.
- 10—i. Judith, b. ———; mar. Robert Smith.
- 11—ii. Magdeline, b. ———; mar. John Smith. What were the names of their children?
- June 9, 1724, Lemuel Price for £54 deeded to Madeline Fountain. He bought the land of Alexander Resseque of Norwalk. (Vol. 3, p. 573, Fairfield Land Rec.)
[To be continued.]
- [Continued from page 338.]
23. (73.) Ezra² Perry (Ezra,¹ Ezra¹) mar. abt. 1707 Bethia (prob. Tupper). He was on Fessenden's list, March, 1730. Will, Feb. 23, 1750, names wife Bethia; children Ichabod, Eldad, Rebecca, Martha and Patience. Bethia Perry admitted May 6, 1710, to 1st Church in Sandwich.
- Children b. in Sandwich, Mass.
- 70—i. Ichabod,⁴ b. Mar. 28, 1708; bapt. May 13, 1710. What became of him?
- 71—ii. Martha,⁴ b. Oct. 24, 1709. Whom did she marry?
- 72—iii. Eldad,⁴ b. April 9, 1712; bapt. May 13, 1710. What became of him?
- 73—iv. Rebecca,⁴ b. Feb. 24, 1714-15; bapt. May 13, 1710. Whom did she marry?
- 74—v. Patience,⁴ b. Feb. 21, 1719-20; bapt. April 3, 1720. Whom did she marry?
- 75—vi. Martha,⁴ b. Feb. 28, 1723-24; bapt. April 20, 1724. Whom did she marry?
17. Samuel² Perry (Ezra,¹ Ezra¹) m. Dec. 14, 1710, in Bridgewater, Mass., Sarah Leonard of Middleboro'. On Fessenden's list "jr." Ch. b. in Sandwich, Mass.
- 100—i. Prince,⁴ b. Nov. 15, 1712. What became of him?
- 101—ii. Moses,⁴ b. Dec. 20, 1714; m. Eleanor Ellis.
- 102—iii. Sarah,⁴ b. Jan. 27, 1718-19. Whom did she marry?
- 103—iv. Joseph,⁴ b. Aug. 2, 1721. What became of him?
- 104—v. Mary,⁴ b. June 3, 1724; admitted May 2, 1742, to 1st Ch., Sandwich. Did she marry Mar. 20, 1746, in Sandwich, to Reuben Gibbs?
- 105—vi. Samuel,⁴ b. Oct. 25, 1735; m. Thankful Bourne.
27. John² Perry (John,¹ Ezra¹) d. April 18, 1739, in S. On Fessenden's list Mar., 1730, "jr."; m. ——— Abigail ———, Will ——— 1700, names wife Abigail, children Abigail, Remember, Mary, Zachariah, David, Silas, Arthur; gr. son John, son of Silas (Vol. 12, p. 117, Barn. Prob. Rec.). Ch. b. in Sandwich.
- 114—i. John,⁴ Oct. 31, 1717. What became of him?
- 115—ii. Silas,⁴ Nov. 24, 1718; m. Deborah Sanders. Who were her parents?
- 116—iii. Elizabeth,⁴ Mar. 3, 1719-20. Whom did she marry?
- 117—iv. Arthur,⁴ July 18, 1721. Did he mar. Nov. 28, 1751, in Falmouth, Mass. (Town Records), Catharine, dau. of Reuben (Justus) and Phebe (——) Gifford?
- 118—v. Zachariah,⁴ Mar. 22, 1722-23; mar. Hannah Blish.
- 119—vi. Abigail,⁴ Mar. 25, 1725. Was she the Abigail Jr. who m. Apr. 19, 1750, in Sandwich (Town Records) Seth Tobey?
- 120—vii. Remember,⁴ June 25, 1727. What became of this person?
- 121—viii. David,⁴ April 1, 1729. What became of him?
- 122—ix. Mary,⁴ Feb. 27, 1730-1. Did she m. Jan. 14, 1740-7, in Sandwich (Town Records) to Job Handy?
29. Timothy² Perry (John,¹ Ezra¹) m. Nov. 9, 1719, in Sandwich. Desire Handy; she d. Jan. 29, 1753. Desire Perry admitted July 9, 1727, to 1st Ch., Sandwich. Both he and his wife on the list of Church members (of the 1st Ch., S.) prepared in March, 1730, by Rev. Benjamin Fessenden. There probably were other children.
- 129—i. Timothy,⁴ b. ———; bapt. July 16, 1727, "of Timothy and Desire;" m. Susanna Ellis.
[To be continued.]
24. Contributed by John Bearss Newcomb, Esq., of Elgin, Ill. (author of the Bearss and Newcomb Genealogies). New Fairfield families:
- Fairchild Thomas,¹ came from England; 1639 he purchased Stratford, Ct.; m. about 1639 Sarah² dau. of Robert¹ Seabrook of Stratford. Thomas¹ d. Dec. 14, 1070. Among his 10 ch. was Thomas² Fairchild, b. Feb. 21, 1645-6; d. Mar. 27, 1686, in Woodbury, Ct.; m. Sarah, dau. of William and Mary² (Seabrook) Preston; among 5 ch. was Alexander² Fairchild, b. Feb. 1070-80; m. Deborah, dau. of Thomas and Elizabeth Beardsley; lived in Stratfield. Alexander and Deborah (Beardsley) Fairchild had
- i. John³, bapt. Dec. 20, 1702; m. Marah Wheeler of Stratfield.
- ii. Alexander,³ bapt. July 2, 1704
- iii. Deborah,³ bapt. May 19, 1700.
- iv. Sarah,³ bapt. June 20, 1708.
- v. Abraham,³ bapt. May 27, 1711
- vi. Hannah,³ bapt. June 20, 1713.
- vii. Andrew,³ bapt. April 20, 1710.
- viii. Ruth,³ bapt. Jan. 12, 1718-19.

ix. Thomas,⁴ bapt. May 21, 1721, recorded as 1731, prob. an error. (Very likely several of these children moved to New Fairfield.)

John¹ Fairchild (Alexander²) bapt. Dec. 29, 1702, m. Marah, dau. of Sergt. Samuel and Hannah (Wheeler) Wheeler. They had 4 ch., the first born in Strathfield and the rest in New Fairfield. Moved to New Fairfield 1733-4. [The first 14 pages of New Fairfield town records had disappeared before 1863.] Sept. 19, 1738, he sold for £150 lands in N. F. to Zephaniah Hough. He was Proprietor's clerk many years and on Proprietor's committee several years. His inventory is dated Mar. 24, 1787. Her will dated Sept. 24, 1788, proved (must be an error) the same day. He served in the Co. of Capt. Nehemiah Beardsley of N. F. in 6th Co., 5th Regt., Col. Waterbury's; the regt. was raised on first call April and May, 1775, marched to New York in June and encamped at Harlem; was at Lake George and Champlain, and assisted in the reduction of St. Johns in October; was discharged Oct. 15, 1775; served from Aug. 13 to Dec. 25, 1776, in Capt. Abel's Co., Bradley's Battalion; also in Capt. Yates Co., Col. Enos regt., May 29 to Aug. 27, 1778.

John¹ and Marah (Wheeler) Fairchild had i. Elijah,² b. Aug. 3, 1730, in Stratfield; living in 1788.

ii. Hannah,² b. Nov. 23, 1734; m. ——— Lacy; living in 1788.

iii. Ruth,² b. Aug. 3, 1736; m. Sept. 14, 1755, in N. F., Dea. (Capt.) Phineas' son of Dea. Obadiah¹ and Mercy (Jackson) Beardsley.

iv. Marah,² b. May 22, 1742, m. John Beardsley; living in 1788.

Thomas Butler, Jr., m. Sept. 18, 1702, Ann Torrey of Weymouth.

Arthur Snow of Great Britain m. Dec. 28, 1737, wid. Deborah (Rutter?).

John Sumner of Roxbury m. Sept. 22, 1738, Mrs. Jedidah Smith.

William Donnam of Colchester, Conn., m. Nov. 13, 1739, Persis Donham of Edgartown.

Ebenezer Joye of Dartmouth, m., Sept. 25, 1740, Elizabeth Covell.

Simon Newcomb of Lebanon m. Nov. 17, 1740, Mrs. Jerusha Lathrop.

Isaac Pope of Dartmouth m. Jan. 11, 1744, Sarah Worth.

Benjamin Sanford of Newport m. Oct. 27, 1748, Abiah Trap.

David Humphreys, of Conn. m. Dec. 9, 1745, Mrs. Pernal Butler.

Samuel Ruscoe of Norwalk m. Dec. 13, 1753, Mary Ross of Edgartown.

Elijah Webster of Lebanon m. March 28, 1757, Elizabeth Trap.

Daniel Donham of Newport m. Dec. 18, 1759, Elizabeth Donham.

Garison Meers of Gloucester m. Aug. 21, 1760, Jean Claghorn.

Lemuel Pease of Glassenbury m. Jan. 1, 1761, Lydia Smith.

John Clark of Middleboro' m. Nov. 27, 1764, Lydia Marchant.

John (Garish?) of Dartmouth m. Sept. 4, 1767, Abiah Claghorn.

John Ogden of New York m. Nov. 10, 1768, Jedidah Cleveland.

Henry Huxford of Marlboro' m. Jan. 20, 1774, Ester Huxford.

Sam'l Pees of Glassenbury m. Dec. 15, 1774, Thankful Butler.

27. Fountain Family of Staten Island, New York.

Antone¹ Fountain, act. 30, witness in a suit on Staten Island, in 1680, seems to be the first mention of this name in Richmond county, N. Y. Nothing is definitely known of his ancestry. He was undoubtedly a French Huguenot. But from whence he came, or how, has not been learned. Probably it never will be known. It seems to be one of the many pages of unwritten history. It appears very singular to me that we should find Aaron and Charel (Charles) Fountain or Fonteyn on Long Island, N. Y.—Aaron 1674 and Charel about 1660—and Antone Fountain on Staten Island 1680. It certainly would seem that there must be some relationship. But the names in the families of these three Fountains afford us no clue. James H. Fountain, Esq., of Riverside, Cal., a descendant of Aaron,¹ makes Anthony the son of Charel, but I can find no authority for such a statement. If Anthony were son of Charles, it seems more than probable that Anthony would have named his son Charles instead of Vincent; and the same reasoning applies to Aaron as son of Charles. In Aaron's line the names Moses, John, Aaron and James occur, names that are common in the Virginia Fontaine family. Mr. James H.

25. *Andrews*.—In 1800, Mr. H. Franklin Andrews, of Audubon, Iowa, published a Genealogy of Robert Andrews and his descendants. 1035-1800; pp. 234. press of Wm. E. Brinkerhoff, of Audubon, Iowa. Mr. Andrews now writes: "Since printing the Andrews family in 1890, I have discovered beyond doubt that the male issue of Robert¹ Andrews of the name *Andrews* terminated with John¹ Andrews (John,² Robert¹), No. 19, p. 55. This John² m. Ann, dau. of George and Mary Jacobs, and had Elizabeth, Mary and Ann, but *no son*; he was called 'Shipwright of Salem,' 1685. Lieut. John Andrews (No. 29, p. 62) was another man. In 1701, he made a deposition stating that his age was 80 yrs. He was the soldier mentioned at p. 200 of my Andrews book. Hammett supposed he may have been a brother of Robert. It is supposed that John m. Jane, dau. of Stephen Jordan of Newbury, Mass. So Lieut. John of Chebacco, Ipswich, was my ancestor, and not Robert as first supposed."

26. Marriages copied from Town Records of Edgartown, Mass., by Wm. A. Eardeley-Thomas:

Matthew Pease, son of James, m. Apr., 1699, Mary, dau. of Charles Green of Marblehead.

Fountain, Riverside, Cal., says: "There seems to be three branches of the Fountain family in this country who trace their origin back through France to the crusaders. It is supposed that the younger brother of James and Abraham [sons of John] de la Fontaine went from Rochelle to Holland, where he dropped the 'de la' and spelled his name Fontein or Fonteyn. Charel Fonteyn (supposed to be his son) came to America in the 'Golden Beaver' with wife and son, in 1058 Callaghan's Doc. Hist., N. Y.). The Deutsch Standard Book or 'Book of Coats-of-Arms of Noted Dutchmen' contains a family tree of the Fonteyns. He had a brother Jacques and a son Anthony born in 1650." I will deny this last statement until I can see documentary proof to the contrary. There was a Jacques and Johannes in Bushwick, L. I., N. Y., in 1687. Jacques named his first son Carel, and Johannes named his first son Karel. What is more natural than that they should name their first son after their own father. I have never seen the Deutsch Standard Book. Mr. J. H. Fountain says further in regard to the S. I. line: "This branch of the family shows its French blood—you can tell one of the Staten Islanders anywhere by his small stature, black hair, brown eyes, and small hands and feet." A Richard Fountain and William Pender, "marriers," buy land Nov. 6, 1702, of William Blackford (Book B, p. 426, Richmond Land Rec.). Nothing more is known of this Richard Fountain. Anthony "Fontaigne," grantee; Abraham Corbett, grantor; Sept. 16, 1686 (Book B, p. 73, Richmond Land Rec.). Clute's Annals of Staten Island, p. 382, states that Antone, *act.* 30, was a witness in 1680. In a deed by Vincent Fountain on May 5, 1697, Anthony is called "lately deceased" (Book B, p. 250, Richmond Land Rec.). "Sara Hance, mother of Vincent Fountain and Elizabeth Gerritse vande Hans, her heir"—date May 22, 1700 (Book B, p. 376, Rich. Land Rec.) Sara prob. m., 2d, James Hance. I have supposed Sara was a dau. of John Vincent who was on Staten Island in May, 1687 [p. 50, Clute's Annals] because her son was named Vincent. Will of John Vincent made Jan. 28, 1696-7, proved Dec. 4, 1705; wife Susannah sole executrix, says he has children, but does not name them; he had a brother Francis (Liber 7, p. 223, N. Y. City Probate Records).

- Antone¹ and Sara (—) Fontaigne had
 1—i. Vincent,² b. about 1680; m. Anne Martino.
 2—ii. dau. b. about 1682; mar. prob. James Hance Dye. What children did they have?
 3. Vincent¹ Fountain m. Anne, dau. of Francois¹ and Hester (Dominees) Martino. He bought and sold land on Staten Island in 1697. He deeds land May 5, 1697, to James Hance Dye and wife. Anthony is called "lately deceased" (Book B, p. 250, Rich. Land Rec.). John Mulhear is bound to him Nov. 1, 1698 (Book B, p. 300, Rich.

Land Rec.). He buys land for £122 10s. on June 28, 1714, of Charles Marshall and Mary, his wife (Book B, p. 503, R. Land R.). On the same day for £27 he buys land of William Britton and Rachel, his wife (Book B, p. 504, R. L. R.). His will dated Jan. 4, 1731-2, "Vincent fountain Senr" names sons Vincent and Anthony, dau. Anne and her husband, Henry Peine (prob. Perine); gr. son Anthony, son of his eldest son Vincent; his "much honoured mother, Sarah Dye;" executors, wife Anne, 2 sons, and friend nephew, Steven Marteneau; will proved June 14, 1732, Anthony, one of the executors, being since deceased (Liber 11, p. 323, N. Y. City Probate Records).

Vincent¹ and Anne (Martino) Fountain had
 7—i. Vincent,² b. abt. 1700; m., abt. 1718, Martha ——. What was her father's name?

8—ii. Anne,² b. abt. 1702; m. Henry Peine or Perine. What were the names of their children?

9—iii. Anthony,² b. abt. 1706; m. Isabella Byvank. Who were her parents?

+Francois Martino joined the Church at New York July 28, 1670, and is the first mention of him; he m. Hester Dominees, widow of Wabran Lutin or Lutine; issue: 1. Stephen, b. 1720. 2. ii. a dau. m. Vincent Fountain. In his will made Oct. 1, 1704, proved Aug. 5, 1707, he gave his estate, on the death of his widow, to his two grandsons, Stephen Martino (son of Stephen, deceased) and Vincent Fountain, Jr. (p. 301, Kiker's History of Harlem, N. Y.)

28. Deaths recorded on records of Cong'l Ch. Abington, in Promfret, Ct.

1783.—Feb. 11, Jerusha, dau. of Benjamin Allen, in the 16th year of her age.

Feb. 20, Susannah, wife of William Trowbridge, about 27.

April 2, Lieut. John Ingals, *act.* 56 yrs

April 15, Pomp, negro servant of Mr. Ephraim Ingals, *act.* 30.

June 2, Widow Sarah Warner, *act.* 78 yrs.

July 13, Joseph Coats, *act.* 17 yrs.

Sept. 5, Joseph Royal Ingals, *act.* 19 yrs.

Oct. 12, Rhoda Sharpe, *act.* 19 yrs.

Nov. 18, infant child of Calvin Ingals.

Dec. 18, Capt. Zachariah Goodell, *act.* 82 yrs.

Dec. 31, Catharine, wife of Calvin Ingals.

1784.—Jan. 7, Widow Elizabeth Williams in 70th year of her age.

Jan. 13, Mr. Isaac Williams.

Feb. 10, Lieut. Silas Holt, *act.* 27 yrs.

March 21, Sophia, child of Lieut. Robert Sharpe.

March 25, Robert Coates.

April 20, Mary, wife of Mr. Benjamin Ingals, *act.* 66.

April 25, Dinah, an Indian woman.

Aug. 5, Samuel Lyon, in the 28th year of his age.

Aug. 30, Mr. Edward Goodell, in the 70th year of his age.

Oct 25, Joseph Grosvenor, *act.* 27.

Nov. 5, Widow Zerviah Goodell, in the 80th year of her age.

Dec. 7, an infant child of Benjamin Sharpe.

To be continued.

Queries.

60. *Barnett*.—James, went in 1703 to Oneida Co., from Nine Partners, Dutchess Co., N. Y. He or his father moved to the latter place from Conn., but the name of the town is not known. Information desired about his ancestors, and the name of the town from whence he moved in Conn. to N. Y.
J. R. J.

61. *Maker*.—James, along with James Matthews, William Nickerson and others, settled at the Little Bass Pond, now called Folland's Pond, Yarmouth, Cape Cod, where many of the early settlers located themselves on account of the advantages which the situation afforded for taking fish. Oct. 31, 1678, the land of James Maker became the property of Joseph Rider. This James Maker served in King Philip's War, on tax list, 1670, for 1s. 2d.; town's man 1670. There was "desesed the 7th of Feby 1680," ——— of James Maker. Was not this the wife of James Maker? What was her name? Who was the father of John Maker, mar. Nov. 21, 1757 (int. Nov. 5), in Rehoboth, Mass. (T. R.) Susannah Goff? They had at least: i. Charles, d. Aug. 31, 1854, aet. 92 yrs. 6 m. (R. T. R.); m., 1st, Nov. 4, 1787 (int. May, 1780) R. T. R., Nancy Wright of Dighton; m., 2d, Oct. 16, 1843 (int. Aug. 27) R. T. R., Elizabeth Goff, at this second mar. he was aged 82, she 64. ii. Elizabeth, d. Feb. 6, 1850, aet. 83 y., 3 m., 12 d. (R. T. R.); m. July 25, 1801 (R. T. R.) Wm. Frost Lesure. Charles and Nancy (Wright) Maker had at least: i. Charles Jr.; m. April 29, 1810 (R. T. R.), Elizabeth Lee of Swansea. ii. Philip P., d. Jan. 8, 1890, aet. 82 y., 5 m., 27 d. (R. T. R.); m., 1st, April 6, 1835 (int. March 1), R. T. R., Clarissa W., dau. of Job Wheeler; she d. Oct. 20, 1861, aet. 49 y., 3 m., 23 d. (R. T. R.) m., 2d, aet. 67; his second marriage; born in Rehoboth; son of Charles and Nancy; to Phebe A. Matteson; aet. 40; her second marriage; b. Warwick, R. I., dau. Jeremiah and Julia A., Sept. 28, 1873.
W. A. E. T.

62. *Smith*.—Comfort, b. Oct. 31, 1740, in Groton, Conn., son of Samuel (d. Nov. 1, 1792) Smith. Comfort Smith m. Lucy —, b. Sept. 20, 1759; d. Apr. 13, 1817. Comfort had a son, Gordon Smith, who m. Nov. 14, 1805, Mary Morrison, b. Mar. 13, 1785 (perhaps Vernon or Enfield, Conn.); d. Dec. 17, 1820. Did Samuel serve in the Revolution? What was the maiden name of Lucy, and did her father serve in the Revolution? Did the father or grandfather of Mary Morrison serve in the Revolution?
H. M. C.

63. *Kennedy*.—Ruth, of East Hartford; m. Oct. 21, 1705, Samuel Arnold, of East Hartford. Her mother's maiden name was Spencer. Who was Ruth's father? What was the name of the parents of Miss Spencer? Did her father or grandfather serve in the Revolution?
J. A. E.

64. *Stannard*.—John Stonard, Stonnard or Stonhard mortgaged his estate at Roxbury, Mass., to Gov. Dudley, Aug., 1645, and he was buried there, Aug. 13, 1649; "a middle-aged man." Joseph Stonard of Haddam, Conn., proposed for freeman, 1609, "may have been son of preceding." Was Joseph son of John? If so, had John other children? Who were John's children, and where was he born?
J. F. S.

65. (a) *Jennings*.—Eli son of Lyman; m. Polly Wanzer. Whom did Lyman marry? What was the name of his father?
(b) *Sherwood*.—Sarah⁴ (Matthew³, Thomas¹), d. May 25, 1743, aet. 67. She m., 1st Ephraim Wheeler, m., 2d, Benjamin Fayerweather; m., 3d, Anthony Nonguiet. Is he the same Anthony mentioned on page 239?
(c) *Hildman*.—Capt. Daniel, m., 2d, 1762, Elizabeth (b. 1732) Rockwell of Ridgefield, Ct.; their 3d dau. was Mary. Richard Wildman had a dau. Mary. Capt. Daniel and Richard were gr. sons of Abraham² (Thomas¹) Wildman of Danbury, Ct. Whom did these Marys marry?

66. *Brainerd*.—In what book can be found the fact that the first Daniel Brainerd was in the Wadsworth family. I have seen it in print, but forget the title of the book. [Questist forgot to give name and address.]

67. (a) *Osborn*.—Anna (widow of Dr. John Osborn of Middletown, Ct.) m. as second wife, May 27, 1750, Thomas Smith of East Haddam, Ct., and had a son Samuel b. Dec. 1, 1757. Wanted, her parentage and date of birth, and all information concerning her son Samuel.
(b) *Smith*.—Jonah Gates, son of Matthew and Thankful (Ackley) Smith of East Haddam, b. March 26, 1785; m. Oct. 8, 1808, Lucy Graves Ring of Warner, N. H., and had a son Jarvis Ring b. Nov. 8, 1809. It is said they "removed to the Genesee Country then called New Connecticut, and that he was a land owner there." Wanted, all information.
(c) *Smith*.—Thomas, Jr., of East Haddam, Ct.; m. Dec. 11, 1760, Mary Green of Middletown, Ct. It is claimed she was a dau. of Warren and Mary (Paine) Green of Middle Haddam, but formerly of Eastham, Mass., where she was born. Wanted, her parentage and date of birth.
G. B. S.

68. *Baldwin*.—Ezra, of Milford and Durham, Ct., b. Sept., 1700; m. Ruth Curtis. Their first children were born in Milford. Who was Ruth?
E. C. S.

69. *Gilbert*.—Thomas, of Windsor, Ct., secured a grant of land in Springfield, Mass.; m. June 30, 1655, Catherine Chapin Bliss, dau. of Dea. Samuel Chapin. Their ch. were: i. Sarah, b. 1656, m. Samuel Field. ii. John, b. 1657, captured by the Indians, escaped. iii. Thomas, b. 1659; d. young. iv. Henry, settled in Brookfield. John Gilbert from Springfield, Mass., came to Stratford, Ct.; m., 2d, July, 1695, Hannah

- Ranfield. He had one child by his first wife named Anna, b. 1688. Was John Gilbert who came to Stratford the John who was the son of Thomas, b. in Springfield in 1657? J. G. S.
- 70 (a) *Eastman*.—Azariah, b. 1715; m. Ruth Jenkins. Did he have a dau. Deliverance who m. Paul Wellman? I have supposed that Azariah Eastman was son of Philip² (Philip, Roger) Eastman. This Philip, b. 1681, m. Mary Eastman. I desire to get all I can about the children of Philip.³
- (b) *Jennings*.—Jeremiah had a dau. Mary who m. David Wakeman. Whom did Jeremiah marry? What was the name of the father of Jeremiah? John Jennings emigrated to Hartford, 1628, and had a son Joshua. What children did Joshua have? Was Jeremiah a grandson of Joshua? Whom did Joshua marry?
- (c) *Nash*.—Eunice, mar. John Hendricks. Who were the parents of Eunice? Edward Nash, Norwalk, 1652; John² (m. Mary Burly), John³ (m. Abigail Blakely). What children did John and Abigail have? Was Eunice a granddaughter of John and Abigail?
- (d) *Nickerson*.—Mercy, m. a Mr. Turner. Who were her parents? The Ridgefield, Ct., records show, 1st, that there was a James Nickerson, wife Dorcas, two sons, Thomas and William; James d. late 1757 or early 1758; 2d, that Thomas Nickerson had a wife Mercy; William had three wives, Tabitha, Bethia, Sarah, and ten children. William d. 1761, leaving Harsel, Hannah, Enos, John, William, Abijah, Dinah, Sarah, Jonah and Barrack; his will witnessed by Thomas and Mercy, and by a Nathaniel. Nathaniel had a son Nathaniel b. 1732. Nathaniel and Seth bought and sold land, 1747. Was not James the emigrant from Mass. to Conn.? It is known that James Nickerson of Chatham, Mass., was given permission to bring corn to Conn. Perhaps he settled here later. Dorcas (sister of Mercy) was born 1748, and m. Jonah Osborn; her will is signed by Isaac and Joseph Nickerson. Were they not two of her five brothers? Then an Ezra Nickerson died and Wm. was appointed administrator, 178-; Ezra owed his brother Samuel £3 and Dorcas Osborne £5. If Samuel was brother, was not Dorcas sister? And if Wm. was administrator, was he not a brother? And were not Isaac, Joseph, William, Samuel and Ezra the five brothers? C. L. S.
71. *Co.*.—Robert, Jr., d. 1650, at Stratford, Conn., act 32; his widow, Hannah, mar. Nicholas Elsey of New Haven, and removed to that city. What was the name of her father? D. C.
72. *Caswell*.—Lemuel, was a sergeant in a Mass. Regt.; native of Nantucket, we feel sure. When and where was he born? When and where did he die? Moved to Tolland, Ct. Any information thankfully received. F. A. S.
73. *Hooker*.—Rev. Thomas. Who was the mother of his children? Samuel, son of Rev. Samuel, of Farmington, m. Mehitabel Hamlin. Who were her parents and grandparents? Were they Giles and John of Middletown? J. L. C.
74. *Avery*.—James, Jr.—supposed to be of Groton, Ct.—m. Mercy, dau. of Capt. Simeon and Mercy (Gallup) Allyn. Capt. Simeon was killed Sept. 6, 1781, at Fort Griswold. James and Mercy had, among others, a son William Billings Avery, b. Feb. 21, 1793. It is said that he emigrated early in the century to Rome, N. Y. Would like the address of any descendant of his or anything about him or his descendants. C. J. R.
75. *Fuller*.—Ephraim, of Berlin, Ct.; m. before 1757 Mary Dunham, sister of Solomon Dunham, who is said to have come from Martha's Vineyard to New Britain, Ct., before 1758. What were the parents' names of Ephraim and Mary? H. L. P.
76. *Keeney*.—Capt. Ethel, was the first white child born at Derby Landing, Ct., and is buried, it is believed, in Derby. Any information regarding him will be very acceptable. E. V. P.
77. *Clark*.—Harvey, of New Haven (or North Haven), Ct.; m. Oct. 19, 1831, Jane, dau. of Elijah Andrews, of Woodbury; was buried in New Haven. What was his ancestry? F. D. S.
78. *Dickinson*.—Mehitabel, b. about 1715. Where was she born and when? Who were her parents? H. W. B.
79. *Truesdell*.—Joseph, of Hampden, Ct., m. June 15, 1742, Mary Holt, of the same. What children did Joseph and Mary have? What was the ancestry of Jeduthan Truesdell of Woodstock, Ct., who served in the Revolution? What was the full name of the wife of Ebenezer Truesdell of Pomfret, Ct., whom he m. about 1710? Can anything be found about her ancestry? Who was ancestor of the family of Truesdells that went about 1750 from Conn. to New Jersey of which Stephen Truesdell was a member? Who was the ancestor of the Fairfield Co., Conn., family that subsequently went into Westchester and Putnam counties, N. Y.? M. B. T.
- 80 (a) *Hopkins*.—Joseph, of Kensington; m. Elizabeth ——. He died 1784, and in his will gave everything to his wife Elizabeth. What was his ancestry? Also the names of his brothers and sisters? He had a son, Benjamin, bapt. Nov. 17, 1751, in Southington. What were the names of the other children of Joseph and Elizabeth? This Benjamin (son of Joseph) m. Ruth Peck, and had 6 children.
- (b) *Hopkins*.—William, of Stratford. What were the names of his wife and children?
- (c) *Russell*.—John and Ralph, brothers, appeared at the East Haven Iron Works

about 1664. Who were their ancestors?

(d) *Appleton*.—Judith, m. Capt. Samuel Wolcott of Windsor. What was the name of her father and mother? S. A. P.

81. *Harris*.—Joseph, said to have been a physician; had at least one son, Reuben, whose wife was Lucy. What was her maiden name? Reuben and Lucy had several children. He was a soldier in the Revolution, and d. Dec. 27, 1820, at Lishon, Ct., in his 89th year. What was the name of the wife of Joseph? C. H. S. D.

82. (a) *Seymour*.—Harriet, b. Jan. 3, 1782, Hartford, Conn.; m. there Oct. 18, 1807, Nathaniel Webb. She d. 1860, and is buried in the old North Burying Ground, on North Main street, Hartford. It is thought her father was Zebulon Seymour who owned quite a tract of land about the spot where the State House is now situated. He deeded a part of this tract to his daughter Harriet, in tail to her heirs. This property extended from a street called at one time Bliss, I think, and afterwards Trinity, back to the Little River. It was condemned by act of legislature, about 1800, for a park. Who were her ancestors?

(b) *Webb*.—Nathaniel, was, it is thought, a schoolmaster. He d. about 1844 or 1845, and is buried with his wife. Who were his ancestors? Was he a descendant of the Nathaniel Webb who was a captain in the Connecticut Troops during the Revolution? First Lieut. 20th Conn. Infantry, Jan. 1, 1776; Regimental Adjutant Sept. 7 to Dec. 31, 1776; Captain 4th Conn., Jan. 1, 1777; retired Jan. 1, 1781 (Heitman's Historical Register of Officers of the Continental Army, 1776-1781). Information requested by a grandson of Nathaniel and Hannah (Seymour) Webb. A. C. R.

83. *Perry*.—Margaret, m. July 18, 1651, in Sandwich, Mass., Edmond Freeman, Jr., and had: (1) Edmond, b. Oct. 5, 1655. (2) Eales (dau.), b. March 20, 1658; (3) Margaret, b. Oct. 2, 1652. Hannah Perry [d. June 9, 1673] m. June 24, 1652, in Sandwich, Mass., Henry (b. 1627), son of Edward and Drusila Dillingham, and had: (1) John, b. Feb. 24, 1658; (2) Mary, b. Dec. 25, 1653. Deborah Perry m. May 9, 1654, in S., Mass., Robert Tupper (Quaker records say she m. Robert Harper, and had Experience, b. Nov., 1657; and m. Oct., 1676, Joseph Hull. Were these three Perrys sisters? Were Ezra and Edward brothers? Who were parents of these Perrys? W. A. E. T.

84. (a) *Farrington*.—Joseph, b. June 25, 1772 (where?), m. Oct. 31, 1804, in Meriden, Ct., Triphena, dau. of Capt. Simeon Wood and Triphena (Benham) Perkins. She d. May, 1855, at Meriden, Ct. He d. 1803, at Battle Creek, Mich. He was a member of Compass Lodge, Wallingford, before 1822. Information desired of the ancestry of Joseph Farrington and Capt. Simeon Perkins.

(b) *Parmelee*.—Rhoda, dau. of Asahel (b. 1744, d. 1784); Rhoda, bapt. April 19, 1707, Newtown, Ct., dau. of Stephen; and Rhoda, dau. of Jeremiah, of Wilmington, Vt. Whom did these three Rhodas marry? G. L. P.

85. *Johnson*.—Ephraim, m. Sept. 23, 1804, in Cromwell, Ct. (Congl Ch. Records) by Rev. Gershom Buckeley, to Submit, dau. of Asher and Rebecca (Sage) Riley of Cromwell. Who were Ephraim's ancestors? Ephraim and Submit had a family of eight children. He was b. Feb., 1782, supposedly in Middletown, but cannot find it on the records there. He d. in Willshire, Ohio, July 8, 1840. J. B. D.

86. *Smith*.—Joseph, of Stamford; m. Dec. 7, 1708, Mary Cornell of Danbury. Who were her parents? When was she born? G. M. C.

87. (a) *Fuller*.—Elizabeth, m., 1646, in Hartford, Thomas Upson. Who was she?

(b) *Carrington*.—John; m., 1720, in Southington, Deborah Hunn. What was his ancestry?

(c) *Hunn*.—Deborah. What was her ancestry? H. T. B.

88. *Lee-Bull*.—Dr. Ebenezer Lee, born at Farmington, 1727, studied medicine with Dr. Jonathan Bull, of Hartford, and married, 1750, his niece, Abigail Bull, descendant of Capt. Thomas Bull, who came to Hartford, 1740. Wanted to know, the direct line of Abigail from Capt. Thomas Bull. She had sisters Sarah, m. Joel Holcomb; Thankful, m. Elijah Porter, 1748, and Mary, who m. William Lewis. It is believed that she was the fourth generation. L. L.

Correction.

James Shepard of New Britain, Ct., writes: "On page 237 of last QUARTERLY, Mr. Joseph P. Beach, of Cheshire, states that 'Eliasaph Preston, Jr. * * * for his second wife m. Jan. 2, 1717, Deborah Merriman (not Merwin).' It is erroneously so stated in Davis's History of Wallingford, which is never to be relied on. Probably the most frequent errors ever contained in any genealogical work are found in the genealogies compiled by Elisha Yale and printed in said history. The marriage of said Preston is recorded in the town records of both Wallingford and Milford, and in both towns the record is 'MERWIN' and not Merriman. Being misled by said history, I corresponded extensively with persons interested in Merriman genealogy and searched diligently for over two years and could not find a Deborah Merriman who was of a marriageable age in 1717. I also searched in vain for a Deborah Merriam. Deborah Merwin was easily found. She was the dau. of Samuel Merwin and Sarah Wooding of Milford [see Milford town records]. Mr. Beach further says, 'It is contended that the Merriam family of Walling-

ford was identical with Merriman.' The names are often inadvertently confused and the question of their identity has often arisen, but no one at all familiar with the matter has ever contended that they were of the same family in this country. The Merrimans of Wallingford descended from Capt. Nathaniel who was born in Tenderden, Eng., June 2, 1613, and m. Abigail Olney (dau. of William) in Eng. 1649 [see Adams' History of the Adams & Evert families, p. 72. The Merrimans of Wallingford descended from Joseph, who was born in Eng. about 1595; m. Sarah Goldstone in Eng., came to Concord, Mass., as early as 1639 [see 'The Family of Merriam of Mass.,' by W. S. Appleton; also N. E. Historical and Genealogical Register, Oct., '66, Vol. 50, pp. 500-510.]] Mr. Beach further states that 'Caleb Matthews was always of Wallingford.' I understand him to

mean the present Wallingford exclusive of Cheshire, which was formerly a part of old Wallingford. Caleb Matthews m. Elizabeth Hotchkiss in New Haven, Jan. 13, 1702, and lived there until after his second child was born, Oct. 6, 1705 [see New Haven town records]. His third child is recorded in Wallingford town records born Aug. 1, 1708. He is described in a deed on Wallingford land records dated May 30, 1731, and again in March, 1751, as of 'New Cheshire,' the present town of Cheshire. Mr. Beach further says of Caleb Matthews, 'His son Thomas was early in Cheshire.' I cannot find that he ever had a son Thomas. Thomas Matthews of Wallingford was a younger brother (not son) of Caleb and they were the sons of William Mathews of New Haven [see New Haven Probate Records, Vol. 1, part 2d, p. 120.]

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

We regret not being able to insert the second part of Dr. Williams' valuable article on "Prehistoric Remains of the Tunxis Valley" in this number, but the immense amount of detail work necessary to prepare the illustrations made it impossible. We expect to have it in the October number.

We would like to hear of a good party to do canvassing or agent's work. We can put the right person in the way of securing a good position.

CONDITIONS FOR PICTURES SUBMITTED TO OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC DEPARTMENT.

The subject must be something of picturesque, literary, or historic interest from within the borders of Connecticut.

The photographs should not be marked with maker's name, but the outside of the package should be marked to indicate whom they are from.

They should be thus sent to the CONNECTICUT QUARTERLY, Photographic Department, Hartford, Conn., and a letter sent with same mail giving locations of subjects. Titles and brief descriptive or explanatory matter may also accompany.

These photos will be returned to sender, if so desired, if sufficient postage is enclosed.

(Photographs are available at the rate of one cent for every two ounces or fraction thereof.)

The judges appointed to determine which of the photographs sent in are most worthy of publication are Mr. D. F. Wentworth, artist, of Hartford, Mr. E. M. Hurlbert, of New Britain, and Mr. Charles R. Nason, of Hartford.

The latter two are amateur photographers, and all three are gentlemen of marked ability in their respective lines.

The judges are to consider the pictures relative to their artistic and photographic excellence. They are not to know the makers' names until after their decisions, thus insuring impartiality toward all.

The pictures selected by the judges will be published with the maker's name, together with any comments that are deemed advisable.

Photographs intended for our October number should reach us on or before August 1, 1897.

Any photographer can submit work, there being no restriction as to amateur or professional; but the work will be essentially amateur, as there are few, if any, who make their living by landscape photography which is what we understand by a professional. Gallery work will not come within our scope.

We had an inquiry asking if we required the work, such as developing and printing, to be done entirely by the person taking the picture. We had neglected to specify, but will say that the developing should be done by the photographer, but not necessarily the printing, as the prime requisite for good photos is a good negative, the making of which shows the skill and proficiency of the operator.

For the best picture sent in, selected by the judges, we will give a 16 x 20 bromide enlargement of the picture, as previously stated in the Photographic Department.

DESCENDANTS OF WILLIAM CHASE OF YARMOUTH.

[Continued from last number.]

6. *John*² Chase (William,² William¹), d. prob. in Yarmouth, Mass. (where he had lived), before April 18, 1735, when the Narragansett grants were made; m. Elizabeth (b. about 1636), dau. of Francis¹ and Isabel (Twining) Baker. On p. 455 of Amos Otis Papers on Barnstable Families it is stated that John Chase m. Mercy (b. about 1670) Hall, dau. of Gersham (John Sr.) and Bethia (Bangs) Hall. It is well known that John² Chase m. Elizabeth Baker. Mercy Hall may have married John¹ Chase (John³). He served in King Philip's war; was on tax list, 1676, for 07d.; townsman, 1694; proprietor of common lands, 1711. One of his children was 4 years old Aug. 6, 1679 (prob. son John). He paid 12s. 4d., in 1676, toward expenses of King Philip's war. "Given and granted to John Chaise, his heirs and assigns forever, twenty acres of upland convenient to his house, so that it hinder not the cart way that leads to Thomas Gages; June, 1678." "The same time was given to John Chase the nooks and slips on the west side of Herring River, from William Griffith his meadow downward toward the sea, unless we could elsewhere accommode him better." On the 3rd of June, 1700, the Committee of the town of Yarmouth bounded the land of John Chase at the Herring River, and in their record they say that it was "for many years past granted unto John Chase." John Berry and John Chase were among others in an expedition, June, 1675, to repel an expected attack on Swansea. He received, 1712, twenty-two shares in common lands (p. 129 or 130, Yar. Rec.). To him and his six sons is due the credit of prolonging the name on Cape Cod. All the rest of his brothers and uncles lived to the west away from the Cape. Up to 1800, there was hardly a Chase on Cape Cod who could not trace his descent from this John.

John Chase and Daniel Baker, two of six fence viewers, elected Mar. 14, 1693 (vol. 1, p. 19, Yar. Town Records): John Hall jun., John Chase and John Rider, sen., elected March 7, 1700, grand jurymen.

"John Chase of full age Testifyeth and Saith I do know upon my certain knowledge That Teague Jones lived in a Field where Nathaniel Baker now lives, about eight or nine and forty years ago, and he then possessed both Land and meadow on the westward Side of the Bass River, and the Stage Island, which was so Called then, and is called by the Same name now, he Improved by mowing, and was a liver there before the Records was burned at Old Mr. Howes, and in the Eastward End of the S^d Island there was a piece of Thatch Grew, from which grew this marsh, which is now in Controversy. Apr. 8, 1715 Then John Chase in Open Court did affirm that as he was in the presence of God this Evidence was truth, etc." (Barn. Court Records, 1737.)

*John*³ and Elizabeth (Baker) Chase, had

33. John,⁴ Aug. 6, 1675; m. Sarah Hills.

34. Thomas⁴; m. Sarah Guell.

35. Jonathan⁴; m. Sarah Green.

36. William,¹ d. 1771, æt. 98 or 99; m., 1st, Doreas Baker; m., 2nd, Patience Walker.

37. Jeremiah¹; m. Hannah Baker.

38. Isaac¹; m., 1st, Mary Berry; m., 2nd, Charity O'Kelley, widow.

7. *Elizabeth¹* (William² Chase) *Baker*; m. May 7 (or 27), 1674, in Yarmouth, Mass., Daniel (a) Baker: Fence viewer at Bass River—"daniel" Baker, March 19, 1696-7; March 22, 1697-8; April, 1699, first Tuesday; March 7, 1700, with Benjamin "gray;" March 19, 1701, with Benjamin "gaige;" April 1, 1702, March 10, 1703, and March 16, 1704, with John Nickerson; March 27, 1707, March 18, 1707-8, March 15, 1708-9, March 14, 1709-10, with John Crow; March 14, 1711, with Thomas Whilden and Ebenezer Rider. Sept. 26, 1704, Daniel Baker and Nathaniel House serve upon jury of trials. He served in King Philip's war; tax list, 1676, for 97d.; townsman, 1694; proprietor common lands, 1711. Children all born in Yarmouth.

Daniel and Elizabeth² (Chase) Baker, had

Daniel² *Baker*, April 15, 1675; d. 1689.

39. Samuel² *Baker*, Oct. 15, 1676; m. Patience ———.

40. Hannah² *Baker*, ———, 1676; m., March 19, 1714-15, Joshua Wixon; d. Nov. 27, 1730.

What children did they have?

41. Elizabeth² *Baker*, 1696; m. Nathaniel³ Baker (Nathaniel,² Francis¹).

42. Daniel² *Baker*; m. ? Sarah Chase? What children did they have?

43. Thankful² *Baker*, 1698; m., Jan. 5, 1727-8, Jabez Snow, Jr. (Davis Notes say); m., 1734, Jesse Cable (Theodore R. Chase says).

44. Tabitha² *Baker*, Oct., 1700; m. Joseph O'Kelley.

(a) Francis¹ Baker became, about 1645, a permanent resident of Yarmouth. He came over in the *Planter*, 1635, æt. 24, from Great St. Albans, Hertfordshire, Eng. He d. July 23, 1696, in Y.; m., June 17, 1641, Isabel, dau. of William Twining; she d. May 16, 1706, in Y. His lands were bounded by Bass River, near the Second Narrows, and within the present town of Dennis. The abundance and variety of fish found at all seasons in the waters of that river induced many early settlers to build near its banks. Their farm lands were there, and though many times divided and subdivided, they are generally retained by the descendants of the original proprietors. He was on the tax list, 1696, for 2s. 04d.; townsman, 1679 and 1694. On June 1, 1641, he was permitted to dwell at Y.—called a cooper. June 7, 1648, he and Richard Taylor, surveyors of highways for Y. May 3, 1653, he was presented "for retailing wine contrary to order of Court," but was cleared. June 8, 1655, presented for misusing Samuel, son of John Hall, servant to him, "by kicking of him and otherwise unreasonably striking of him." March 16, 1665-6, he received 20 sh. each from Thomas Starr and Jonathan Barns for abusive carriage against him; at the same time he and John Casley were each fined 3s. 4d. for breach of the peace, and Elisha Hedge accused him and Casley of being drunk. In 1657 took oath of fidelity, and in 1680 he sues Abraham Hedge for £12, for tar barrels. His will, March 4, 1693, shows he had four more children than appear on the town records, making eight in all. Children prob. all born in Y.

Francis¹ and Isabel (Twining) Baker, had

i. Nathaniel,² March 27, 1642; he and his widow both d. Dec., 1691, in Y.

ii. John,² d. 1712; m. Alice ———.

iii. Samuel,² b. May 1, 1648. Whom did he marry? What children did he have?

iv. Daniel,² b. Sept. 2, 1650; m. Elizabeth² Chase—7.

- v. William,² d. 1727, m. Mercy ———.
- vi. Thomas²; m. Bathsheba ———.
- vii. Elizabeth²; m. John² Chase—6
- viii. Hannah², m. ——— Pease or Pierce. What children did she have?
8. Abraham³ Chase (William,² William¹) d. Oct., 1738, Tiverton, R. I.; m. Elizabeth ———. She joined the First Sabbatarian Church, Newport, 1692, and was still on the list July 25, 1708. Resided at Tiverton, then in Mass., now in R. I. His will, dated May 10, 1737, proved Oct. 17, 1738, names children Abraham, Phineas, Josiah and Henry Chase, Elizabeth Chilson, Mary Chase, Tabitha Petty, Experience Chase and Malissent Crandall; witnesses, John Reed, Stephen Gifford and Samuel Foreman.

Abraham³ and Elizabeth (——) Chase, had

45. Josiah⁴, m., March 31, 1710, Mary Hornbrook. What became of him?
46. Abraham⁴; most authorities say he m. Bethiah Ayres. The North Kingston, R. I., records say Nahum Chase, mariner, m., March 8, 1727-8, Bethiah Ayres. What became of Abraham?
47. Phineas,⁴ b. 1693; m., July 1, 1710, Freetown, Mass. (T. R.), Desire (b. Feb. 3, 1700), dau. of John and Martha (Spooners) Wing. What became of him?
48. Henry⁴; m., 1st, Mary Tripp; m., 2nd, Sarah Durfee. (What children had he by his first wife?)
49. Elizabeth⁴; m. ——— Chilson. What children did they have?
Mary⁴; m., April 16, 1741, Ammi⁴ Chase—86.
50. Tabitha⁴; m. James Petty. What children did they have?
51. Johanna⁴; m. Nicholas Otis. What children did they have?
52. Experience⁴; m., Feb. 13, 1744, Thomas Smith. What children did they have?
53. Malissent⁴; m. ——— Crandall. What children did they have?
9. Joseph³ Chase (William,² William¹) d. 1724, in Swansea, where he had lived; m., Feb. 28, 1693-4, in Friends' Church, Newport, R. I., Sarah (b. Sept. 24, 1677, in Portsmouth, R. I.), dau. of Samson (Philip, Samuel, Henry, Henry) and Isabel (Tripp) Sherman. He was a member of Friends' Meeting at Sandwich, in 1681. He was at Portsmouth, R. I., in 1688, and was a prominent member of R. I. Friends' Meeting until his death. His will, dated Nov. 8, 1724, at Shawomet, proved Jan. 30, 1725, in Bristol county, Mass., names wife Sarah; children Job, Stephen, Silas, George, Ebenezer and Moses Chase; Abigail and Lydia Davis; Also, Sarah and Ruth Chase. First eight children born in Portsmouth, R. I.; rest probably born in Swansea; first four also on records of R. I. Friends, and Sarah's birth on records of Narragansett Friends.

Joseph³ and Sarah (Sherman) Chase, had

54. Abigail,⁴ 6—7 m. 1695; m. John Davis.
55. Lydia,⁴ 18—10 — 1696; m. Thomas Davis.
56. Job,⁴ 21—10 — 1698, m. Patience Bourne.
Alice,⁴ 7—0 m. 1699; d. unmarried.
Ruth,⁴ 15—2 — 1701-2; d. young.
Samson,⁴ 1—2 m. 1703-4; d. young.
57. Isabel,⁴ 6—8 m., 1705; m. Benjamin Buffington.
Joseph,⁴ 11—5 m., 1707; d. young.
58. Stephen,⁴ 2—3 m., 1708-9; m., 1st, Esther Buffington; m., 2nd, Bashaby Stafford; m., 3rd, Abigail Porter; m., 4th, Nancy Bushnell.
59. Sarah,⁴ 14—8, 1711; m. George Shove.
60. Silas⁴; m., 1st, Hannah Buffington; m., 2nd, Mrs. Sarah Chase.
61. George⁴; m., 1st, Lydia Shove; m., 2nd, Sarah Cornell.
Ebenezer,⁴ d. young.
62. Moses⁴; m. Alice Shearman.

10. *Benjamin* Chase (William,² William¹) d. about 1716; m., Sept. 21, 1696, in Portsmouth, R. I., Amey (b. May 30, 1678, in Westerly, R. I.), dau. of John² (Richard¹) and Mary (Earle) Borden. They resided at Portsmouth, R. I.

Benjamin³ and Amey (Borden) Chase, had

63. *Patience*,⁴ April 16, 1699; m. ? March 6, 1727-8, in Swansea, Mass., Ebenezer Petty ?
What children did they have ?

64. *Elizabeth*,⁴ June 16, 1701; m. Job Durfee.

65. *Amey*,⁴ July 21, 1702; m., 1733, Benjamin (b. Jan 5, 1700), son of Benjamin (Thomas¹) and *Patience* (Earle) Durfee. What children did they have ?

66. *Nathan*,⁴ Jan. 13, 1704; m. Elizabeth Shaw.

67. *Benjamin*,⁴ d. 1707; m., ? Dec. 1, 1720, in Swansea, Mass., Hannah Chase. What became of him ? Who were her parents ?

Abner,⁴; d. 1715.

Hope,⁴; d. Feb. 14, 1714-5, in Newport, R. I.

11. *Samuel*³ Chase (William,² William¹) died about 1758; m., 1699, in Portsmouth, R. I., Sarah (b. April 10, 1682, in Portsmouth), dau. of Samuel (John) and Martha (Tripp) Sherman. His will, made Feb. 19, 1755-6, in Swansea, proved April 4, 1758, names his children Martha Bowen, Susanna Buffinton, Sarah Baker; Elisha, Samuel Elieza, Philip and John Chase; gr. ch., Elizabeth Hull and Sarah Buffum, Samuel, Joseph, Edward and Philip Slade, ch. of Phebe and Edward Slade; and gr. daus., Abigail Chase and Sarah Robinson; witnesses, Elisha Cornell, Caleb Earle and Benjamin Buffinton. First six ch. R. I. Friends records.

Samuel³ and Sarah (Sherman) Chase, had

68. *Phebe*,⁴ 1—22, 1700; m. Edward Slade.

69. *Martha*,⁴ 2—24, 1702; m., 1st, Ezekiel Fowler, m., 2nd, Samuel Bowen. What children did she have ?

70. *Susanna*,⁴ 4—7, 1704; m. William Buffinton.

71. *Elisha*,⁴ 5—5, 1706; m., 1st, Elizabeth Wheaton; m., 2nd, Sarah Tucker.

72. *Samuel*,⁴ 1—29, 1709-10; m., Aug. 13, 1730, Abigail Buffum. What children did he have ?

73. *Eleazer*,⁴ 1—27, 1711; m., May 20, 1730, in Swansea, Ruth Perry. What became of him ?
Who were her parents ?

74. *Philip*,⁴ Aug. 20, 1715; m. Hannah Buffum.

75. *John*,⁴ Dec. 8, 1720; m. Lydia Luther.

76. *Sarah*,⁴ 1722; m. Daniel Baker, son of Joseph. Who was Joseph's father ?

12. *Mary*³ (Benjamin² Chase, William¹) *Makepeace*; said to have married Thomas Makepeace. Page 157, Vol. 19, N. E. G. H. R., says of the children of Benjamin Chase that Mary m. ——— Grinnell and Sarah m. Thomas Makepeace. While Austin, in his R. I. Dict., p. 309, says Sarah m. Daniel Grinnell. The will of Benjamin Chase, the cooper, speaks of his gr. sons Daniel and Benjamin Grinnell, a gr. dau. Sarah, wife of Isaac Hathaway.

Mr. Charles Estes, of Warren, R. I., sends the following, taken from the Bristol Co. Registry of deeds and wills at Taunton, Mass.:

The inventory of Thomas Makepeace, late of Taunton, deceased, was rendered Feb. 4, 1705; amount, £42-15-10.

Mary Makepeace, widow of Thomas, late of Taunton, made oath, Mar. 6, 1705, that this was all that her husband died seized of.

Mar. 6, 1705, John Simmons, brother-in-law to Thomas Makepeace, brought in a bill of charge which was allowed, he being sick and dying at S^d Simmons's house.

Mar. (16 or 17 ?) 1709, a second rendering of the inventory.

Mar. 6, 1705, Benj. Chase appointed Guardian of Sarah Makepeace, being the granddaughter of S^d Chase, he giving bonds etc. (book 2 p. 148).

Apr. 9, 1708, the creditors of Thomas Makepeace, late of Taunton, were :

To Major Ebenezer Brunson,	£00 18 05
" Capt. Jared Talbot,	00 05 00
" Sargent William Slade,	00 11 03
" Joseph Dean, Jr.	04 00 00
" Ephraim Hathaway	00 10 00
" William Anthony,	00 18 00
" Hezekiah Luther, Jr	00 13 00
" Caleb Eddy,	00 11 07
" William Winslow,	00 14 08
" charge to toling clames	01 16 00

Aug. 4, 1708, Mary Makepeace ordered to pay the creditors 10 sh. for every 20 sh. due them.

Robert Durfee and John Simmons, Jr., were Bondsmen for Mary Makepeace, wid. of Thos late of Taunton & her accounts to be rendered the first Wednesday in July next May 5, 1708.

Thomas and Mary³ (Chase) Makepeace, supposed to have had

Sarah⁴ *Makepeace*; m., Feb. 22, 1710-11, in Taunton, Mass., Isaac Hathaway of Freetown.

13. Sarah⁵ (Benjamin³ Chase, William¹) *Grinnell*: Matthew¹ Grinnell d. 1643 (—); wife Rose d. 1673 (+), leaving Matthew,² d. 1705 (+), leaving Daniel,³ b. 1668, in Freetown; m. Sarah Chase and had: i. Daniel,⁴ b. Jan. 12, 1696, in Freetown. Record says he was son of Daniel, son of Matthew (Austin's Rhode Island). Daniel Grennell, "of a French family," was in Portsmouth, R. I., in 1638 (Vol. II, p. 316 Baird's Huguenot Emigration to America). ii. Benjamin.⁴

14. Philip³(pe) (Benjamin² Chase, William¹) *Hathaway*; m. Jan. 26, 1696-7, in Taunton, Mass. (T. R.) Ensign Jacob, son of John (John) Hathaway, of Freetown.

Jacob and Philip³ (Chase) Hathaway, had

77. Joseph⁴ *Hathaway*; m. Alice Strange.

78. Hannah⁴ *Hathaway*, Feb. 24, 1701; m. Lot Strange.

79. Benjamin⁴ *Hathaway*; m. Mary Davis.

80. Philip⁴ *Hathaway*; m. Martha Simmons.

81. Melatiah⁴ *Hathaway*; m. Anna Hoskins.

15. Benjamin³ Chase (Benjamin², William¹) d. 1767 (Griffin's Journal); m., June 23, 1703, in Taunton, Mass. (T. R.) Mercy Simmons. Benjamin Chase, Jr., bapt. Sept. 25, 1716, in First Sabbatarian Ch., Newport, R. I.; Mercy Chase bapt. March 15, 1717, in First Sabbatarian Ch., Newport, R. I.

Benjamin³ and Mercy (Simmons) Chase, had (per Freetown, Mass. T. R.)

82. Benjamin,⁴ March 28, 2704; m. Mary Briggs.

83. Oliver,⁴ Sept. 22, 1709. Westerly, R. I., records say he was born July 11, 1715, in Bristol; m. Elizabeth Cleveland.

child,⁵ Oct. 11, 1711; d. soon after birth.

84. Michael,⁴ Nov. 17, 1714; m. Thankful Cleveland.

85. Israel,⁴ June 25, 1719; m. Wealthie Keene. Who were her parents?

86. Ammi,⁴ June 11, 1718; m. Mary,⁴ dau. of Abraham Chase (8).

87. Caleb⁴ 1 twins, 1 m., 1st, Ruth Pain; m., 2nd, Sarah Chase.

88. Joshua⁴ 1 May 5, 1722, 1 m. Mary Maxon. Who were her parents?

16. Walter² Chase (Benjamin², William¹); m., Jan. 29, 1706-7, in Taunton, Mass. (T. R.), Deliverance Simmons.

Mr. H. E. Hathaway, of 8 Jarvis St., Providence, R. I., writes: "I think that

Mercy and Deliverance Simmons, who m. Benjamin² and Walter² Chase respectively, were daus. of John Simmons of Freetown, Mass."

Walter⁴ and Deliverance (Simmons) Chase, had (1st Ch., per Freetown, Mass., T. R.)

Edward,⁵ Jan. 20, 1707-8; d. 1735.

Constant,⁴ April 26, 1710; d. Aug. 20, 1710.

89. Seth,⁴ Oct. 4, 1711, m., 1st, Abigail Briggs; m., 2nd, Mrs. Philip Pain.

90. Philip⁴; m. Sarah Cushman. Who were her parents?

91. Sybil⁴; m., March 19, 1735 (Freetown, Mass., T. R.), James (b. Jan. 16, 1697), son of James and Betty (Hatch) Cudworth. What children did she have?

92. Walter⁴; m. Anna Simmons.

93. George,⁴ 1719; m. Mary Strange.

94. Charles⁴; m., 1st, Abigail Strange; m., 2nd, Huldah Hathaway. Who were Huldah's parents?

95. Sarah⁴; m. ——— Arnold. What children did she have?

96. Hannah⁴; m., May 11, 1751 (Freetown, Mass., T. R.), Peleg Durfee. What children did she have?

97. Alice⁴; m. ——— Crapo. What children did she have?

98. Hannah⁴; m., Sept. 12, 1751 (Freetown, Mass., T. R.), Mary Baggs. What became of him?

18. *William*⁴ Chase, Jr. (William,² William,² William¹); m., May 27, 1701, in Friends' Church, Newport, R. I., Sarah, dau. of Robert Carter of Swansey. A William Jr. is said to have m., June 25, 1701, in Swansey, Sarah Castovyan. I think this should be Carter. Children born in Swansey, Mass.

William⁴ and Sarah (Carter) Chase, had

99. Hannah,⁵ April 11, 1702. Did she m., Dec. 1, 1720, Benjamin⁴ Chase (97)?

100. Peleg,⁵ June 14, 1705; m. Martha Wilbur.

101. Sarah,⁵ May 11, 1707. What became of her?

102. Mary,⁵ A Mary of William and Sarah Chase m. Jan. 11, 1770, William⁴ (b. Oct. 9, 1702) son of Benjamin² (Thomas¹) and Hannah Buffinton. What children did she have?

19. *Eber*⁴ Chase (William,² William,² William¹), d. 1740, in Swansey, Mass., where he had resided; m., Oct. 22, 1706, in Kingston, R. I., Mary, dau. of, William (Henry) and Alice (Fish) Knowles. His will, dated June 12, 1740, proved July 15, 1740, was witnessed by Jonathan Slade, Obadiah Slade and William Hunt.

Eber⁴ and Mary (Knowles) Chase, had

103. Daniel,⁵ Feb. 13, 1712; m., 1st, Hannah Cook; m., 2nd, Mary Baker. Who were parents of Hannah and Mary?

104. William,⁵ May 21, 1714; m. Mercy Cole.

105. Eber⁵; m. Sarah Baker. Who were her parents?

106. Patience,⁵ Oct. 12, 1707; m. Esek Luther.

107. Hannah,⁵ April 22, 1710; m. Stephen Brayton.

108. Alice,⁵ March 3, 1717; m. James Anthony.

109. Mary,⁵ March 4, 1719; m. Abraham Anthony.

HISTORICAL NOTES.

NOT A GLASTONBURY STORY.

Editor Connecticut Quarterly:

My attention has just been called to an article in the January QUARTERLY, entitled "A Glastonbury Story."

The main facts as related are nearly correct, but there are errors in names, location, and I have been requested to write out the story as I have often heard my father tell it.

General Washington's Life Guard during the greater part of the Revolutionary War was composed of two companies of soldiers, one of which was commanded by Capt. Nathaniel Stillman of Wethersfield.

The Asa Tallcott of the story was Capt. Stillman's grandson, and my father. After Asa was eight years old, he lived several summers with his Grandfather Stillman in Wethersfield.

The Story.—One day while we were at dinner, a post-horn sounded a call at the gate. Grandfather said, "There is a call for you, Asa." Upon going to the door I found a trooper on horseback, who asked, "Does Capt. Nathaniel Stillman live here?" I said he did, and he asked, "Is he within?" I said, "He is." He said, "I would like to speak with him." I went in and said, "Grandfather, there is a trooper out there who asked for you." Grandfather got up and said, "General Washington is coming; thank God, I will see him again." I followed grandfather to the door, the Trooper made a military salute, and asked, "Is this Capt. Nathaniel Stillman?" Grandfather said, "It is." The trooper then said, "I hear you the compliments of General Washington, who wishes you to meet him at the church in half an hour." Grandfather said, "I will be there." The trooper again saluted and rode back down the street. Grandfather went in and shaved, dressed, put on his cocked hat, and started down the street. I started to follow him, when grandmother called, "Asa, where you going? Your grandfather don't want boys tagging after him." Grandfather turned and said, "Let him go, he may never see General Washington if he don't see him to-day." So I followed him down the street. Some of the boys seeing grandfather all dressed out, asked me, "Where is your grandfather going?" I said, "To meet General Washington." So they followed along, and when we got to the green in front of the church there was quite a number of boys with us. Soon we saw a cloud of dust way down the street, and grandfather said, "Now, boys, stand back, General Washington is coming." The company rode up, and General Washington stopped a few feet from grandfather and dismounted, and they clasped their arms around each other and cried. After talking a few minutes, General Washington said, "I want you to come to Hartford and stay with me to-night." And grandfather replied, "I will follow you inside of an hour." General Washington mounted his horse, and then threw some small change to the boys, saying, "There, lads, is something to remember General Washington by." I picked up several pieces, when one

boy said, "I ha'nt got any, Asa," and I gave him one; then another came, and I gave them all away, the last to a little boy. General Washington was watching me, though I did not know it, and when I had given mine all away he said, "Capt. Stillman, what lad is that?" Grandfather said, "He is a grandson of mine." And the General replied, "I thought he was a chip of the old block. Come here, my lad." I went up to him and he gave me seven pieces and said, "Now, don't you give them away; you keep them to remember General Washington by." They then rode off and grandfather went home and in a few minutes started for Hartford and staid with General Washington all night and came home next day.

Such is the story as often told by my father, in nearly, if not quite, his exact words.

Yours,

THOMAS H. L. TALLCOTT.

Glastonbury, March 3, 1897.

[It is thought necessary to insert the above to correct any wrong impressions that might have been gathered concerning the locality of Washington's visit, as that was the essential feature of the narrative in a historical sense, it never having been published that Washington ever visited Glastonbury. It is not strange that her memory slipped in a few details after a lapse of more than fifty years from the time when Mrs Hyde heard the story told.—ED.]

EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY
HORACE BUSHNELL AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION
OF LITCHFIELD, AUGUST 13 AND 14, 1851.

A hundred years from now everything that was most distinctive will have passed away. The spinning wheels of wool and flax that used to buzz so familiarly in the childish ears of some of us will be heard no more forever—seen no more, in fact, save in the halls of antiquarian societies, where the delicate daughters will be asking what these strange machines are and how they were made to go. The huge hewn timber looms that used to occupy a room by themselves in the farmhouses will be gone, cut up for firewood, and their heavy thwack, beating up the wool, will be heard no more by the passer-by, not even the antiquarian halls will find room to harbor a specimen.

The long strips of linen, bleaching on the grass, and tumbled by a sturdy maiden sprinkling them each hour from her water-can under a boiling sun—thus to prepare the Sunday linen for her brothers and her own wedding outfit—will have disappeared, save as they return to fill a picture in some novel or ballad of the oldtime. The heavy Sunday coats that grew on sheep, individually remembered, more comfortably carried in warm weather on the arm, and the specially fine striped blue-and-white pantaloons of linen just from the loom, will no longer be conspicuous on processions of footmen going to meeting, but will have given place to showy carriages filled with gentlemen in broadcloth, festooned with chains of California gold, and delicate ladies

holding perfumed sunshades. The churches, too, that used to be simple brown meeting-houses covered with ived clapboards of oak, will have come down mostly from the bleak hill tops into the close villages and populous towns that crowd the waterfalls and the railroads; and the old burial places where the fathers sleep will be left to their lonely altitude-taken, shall we say, of an age that lived as much nearer to heaven and as much less under the world. The change will be complete.

A ROMANCE.

"Uncle Sol Finch," of Southington, the veterinary surgeon, is no less known for his skillfulness and tenderness in treating the diseases of animals than for his wonderful genius for telling stories and reciting poetry. Those who have listened to "Uncle Sol's" inimitable stories and heard him quote Shakespeare by the hour, will not be averse to becoming acquainted with a little bit of romance connected with his early life, when, nearly sixty years ago as an actor in the South, and with Rory Williams as "leading lady," they held large audiences spell-bound in "Hamlet," "Richard the Third," and other plays.

"Uncle Sol" also enacted the part "Henry, Earl of Richmond" with the elder Booth as "King Richard the Third." He is now eighty-four years old. This bit of romance came to light when the old manuscript of the following poem fell from among the leaves of the old gentleman's diary:

TO RORY.

BY SOL FINCH.

Fare you well, my pretty Rory,
I must e'en excuse you
All our little quarrels, Rory,
Now that I must lose you.
I scarcely kept my bosom free,
And you, I fancy, guess it;
Nor were you displeas'd with me,
Though you won't confess it, Rory;
Though you won't confess it.

Half ashamed of nature, Rory
Girls attempt concealing;
Then they grow too flippant, Rory,
Lest they seem too feeling;
But O, give up this little war;
You are not really spiteful;
Any change from what you are
Makes you less delightful, Rory.
Makes you less delightful.

Take my counsel wisely, Rory,
Nor reject it blindly,
And when distance parts us, Rory,
Recollect me kindly.
You'll s'arcely meet with other men
That you can be so pert with —
I shall never find again
Such a girl to flirt with, Rory,
Such a girl to flirt with.

See page 283 of this magazine.

[From a letter descriptive of Franklin addressed by Doct. Nott to Simeon Baldwin of New Haven, August 29, 1800.]

The only natural curiosity of importance is the Dragon's Hole on the south-eastern part of Ayer's mountain. This is the occasional resort of many. August 5, 1800 I went in company with the Rev. John Ellis and four students, one a member of college, the others were fitting, to take a view of it.

The ascent of the mountain from the east is laborious for about one quarter of a mile. The mouth of the caverns between two ledges of rocks. The ledge on the right as you ascend is about 35

feet in height and that on the left about 20. The space between them is about 30 feet and covered with rocks of various shapes and sizes thrown together in such a manner as to bring to remembrance those lines more celebrated for their wit than piety —

"Nature having spent all her store,
Heaped up rocks, she could do no more."

The descent from the general surface of those promiscuous rocks to the mouth of the cavern is about 10 feet.

The door by which the first room is entered is 4½ feet in height and 2 feet 8 inches in width.

The first room which is something in the form of a parallelogram, is 12 feet in length, 9 in breadth, and 6 in height.

The passage from the first room to the second is 9 feet in length, 3½ in height and 2 in width.

The second room is not so large. Its length is 9½, width 4, and height 6 feet.

From the second room there is an opening to two others one on the right the other on the left.

The one on the right I shall call the third room. I did not enter myself as the door was but 2½ feet high and 1½ in width.

My son and another of the students entered in and measured it. The height was 5 feet, length 7½, width 3½.

The room on the left which I call the fourth is 9 feet in length, 5 in height and 4 in width.

From this there is a narrow passage on the left into which my son entered, 12 feet in length and 2 in width.

From one extremity of the cavern to the other is about 40 feet. Our candles burnt freely the whole time we were in the cavern.

HISTORICAL DATA WANTED.

The chairman of the committee on historical landmarks in Connecticut, representing nine leading historical and genealogical societies, has issued a pamphlet showing the results of its work hitherto and asking for additional data for the purpose of identifying prominent historical places and things in the state. It is hoped that a complete report will be presented to the General Assembly of 1809, with a view to having monuments erected at appropriate landmarks. One of the matters, which will probably be investigated, is the question of the location of the encampments of the French army in marching through this State under Count Rochambeau.

[Contributed by E. W. Ellsworth of East Windsor Hill.]

The daily stage which conveyed passengers and mails between Springfield and Hartford, on this, the east side of Connecticut River, and made *Sperry's Hotel a stopping place, was run for many years by a driver, not now living, by the name of Bond. He was a good driver but of a quick temper that would flash at little annoyances.

In one of his exalted moods he "wreaked himself upon expression" by racing his stage coach furiously through the old Hartford Toll Bridge, in defiance to the bridge penalty of one dollar fine.

When he came out at the Hartford end of the bridge, the toll gatherer stopped him and said, "Mi Bond you are liable for this, and you have done it before. To-day you must pay the one dollar fine."

Bond jerked out a ten dollar bill, and said, "Here! Take this, don't give me back any change, I'll run it out."

The toll-gatherer refused the money,

*Also called Eagle Hotel, see page 270.

CONTRIBUTED BY MRS. GILBERT CHAPMAN,
OF SOMERS.

[The following is of interest in connection with our article in this number on "Traffic on the Connecticut River."]

"Hiram Smith loaded two loads with merchandise of various kinds on the 18th of February, 1828 at South Hadley Falls and run his boats on Connecticut river to Hartford the 10th day of February 1828, and shipped his goods on board of vessels for New York and Boston, took his freight and sailed his boats back to South Hadley Falls the 23rd day of February, 1828. In warm and strong south winds he has run his boats from the Falls to Hartford several times in the month of January in different years, but never but once in February. Frogs were heard to peep at night on the way.

January 9, 1841, was the greatest flood in the river we have had since 1801 (Jefferson flood.)

Clipping for an old paper.

CONTRIBUTED BY DR. F. H. WILLIAMS, OF BRISTOL.

Found among the papers of Benoni Gillet of Granby, Conn., pensioner of the Revolutionary War.

All these names are old residents of Granby, Conn.

Whereas great pains have been taken to impress the public mind with the idea that the war in which we are engaged, with Great Britain, is extensively unpopular, and that it will not be supported by the people of New England, the undersigned think proper to declare, that while they lament the necessity of a war, they are fixed in the determination to support it, till the attainment of an honorable peace.

Benoni Gillet,	Almond Gillet,
Eliphalet Clark,	Benjamin Linsley,
Aaron Gillet,	John Griffins, Jr.
Ebenezer Holcomb,	Reuben Case,
Datus Godard,	Seth Hays
Cullen Hays,	Philo Gillet,
David Goodrich,	Roderick Hubbard,
Pliny Haseltine,	Joseph Gillet, Jr.
Joseph Gillet,	Elias Gillet,
Jonathan Church,	Noadiah Kendall, Jr.

FROM THE SOCIETIES.

KATHERINE GAYLORD CHAPTER, D. A. R. OF
BRISTOL.

The March meeting of the Katherine Gaylord Chapter was held on Friday the 20th. Selections were read from the able address of the state regent, Mrs. Kinney, given at the state conference in Waterbury, January 22. The glee club quartette sang the patriotic "New Hail Columbia." The subject of the historical program for the afternoon was the second period of "The Colonial History of Connecticut," and original papers were read as follows: "The Aborigines of Connecticut" by Mrs. G. A. Scott. "The Pequot War" by Mrs. S. A. Gridley. "The Personnel of the Pequot War" by Mrs. A. S. Gaylord. A selection from Longfellow's Hiawatha and Cooper's address to the soldiers of the Pequot War were read.

On April 10th a prize contest in English composition and declamation by the pupils of the Bristol grammar schools was held in the High School Hall in which contest most of the grammar schools of the town participated. The object of this contest was the development of special talent for writing or speaking among Bristol boys and girls, and the awakening of an interest in American History, the subjects all being historical. The prizes, pictures of Washington and of the Frigate Constitution, were offered by the Katherine Gaylord Chapter. The April meeting was held on Friday the 30th. At this meeting it was voted that the Katherine Gaylord Chapter extend an invitation to the Business Conference of Connecticut Daughters of the American Revolution to meet in Bristol in January next. This invitation was given at the State Convention in Bridgeport and accepted. After a solo by a member of the Chapter's glee club followed the literary program of the afternoon, the subject,

"The First Twenty Years of Connecticut Colony, or the period immediately following the Pequot War. The original papers were entitled "The Early Colonial History of the Period of First Magistrates," by Miss M. P. Root, "The Settlements of the Period," read by Miss Roberts, "Troubles with the Dutch," by Miss Bartholomew, and "The Earliest Courts and Commissions of the Connecticut Colony," by Miss Hubbard.

These papers showed that during this period the greatest progress was made by the colonists.

The May meeting was postponed to Wednesday, June 2.

Reports of the State Conference held in Bridgeport, May 28, were given by delegates. The subject of the historical program was, "The Period of the Charter, 1660-1690." The original papers were "Introduction and Conclusions of Last Chapter on Political Leaders," by Miss M. P. Root. "The Story of the Charter in Two Parts—Part I, How the Charter was obtained; Part II, Its Surrender Demanded by Andros," by Mrs. A. J. Muzzy. "Connecticut's Share in King Philip's War and Sketch of Gov. John Winthrop," paper prepared by Miss Brooks of Baltimore, Md., a member of our Chapter and direct descendant of Katherine Gaylord. The paper was read by Mrs. Welles. "The Story of the Regicides," paper prepared by Mrs. Dayne, read by Miss Merick.

This program completed the study of the fourth Chapter in the history of early Colonial Connecticut, which history our Chapter has taken for its theme the past winter and spring, and it has proved very interesting and profitable. After singing America the Chapter adjourned for the summer to meet again the latter part of September.

LOUISE GRIGGS GODWIN, Secretary.

RUTH WYLLYS CHAPTER, D. A. R., OF HARTFORD.

In the work of restoration and improvement in the old cemetery in Hartford, undertaken by the Ruth Wyllys Chapter, D. A. R., the ladies would invite the co-operation of all persons throughout the state of Connecticut or elsewhere who have an interest in the burying ground. Doubtless there are many who would like to attend to the stones of their own kindred, if they knew of the existence of such memorials. Through the kindness of Dr. Charles J. Hoady, state librarian, the committee of the chapter are permitted to print a list of the stones standing in 1835, and made by the late Nathaniel Goodwin. Dr. Walker estimates that between five and six thousand people were buried in the ancient cemetery, so that it will be easily realized that the list represents but comparatively few of the persons there interred. Besides this list of stones Dr. Hoady has furnished a sexton's list of burials from the year 1749 to 1801, which, so far as it goes, is complete, covering a period of forty-two years. Miss Mary K. Talcott, registrar of the chapter, has made a very careful copy of this sexton's list, and it will soon be printed in small book form and be placed on sale. Such a list in convenient printed form will be of great value to gene-

alogists. It is hoped that by such means many persons may become acquainted with the fact of their having ancestors buried in the old cemetery, and that there will be aroused a widespread interest in a work which may be considered a sacred privilege as well as a duty. The chapter having raised the money for its contribution to the "fund for widening Gold street" is now ready to enter upon the real object of its labors in the improvement on the cemetery. Work has begun in earnest and very soon several monuments will be in order and the grounds will be open for inspection through July. Fortunately, for the perfection of the work of restoration, Dr. Hoady has an exact copy of the inscriptions on the stones made by him in 1870, many of which but for his foresight and labor would now be lost forever. Anyone interested in this matter and wishing further information may apply to the following ladies: Mrs. John M. Holcombe, 70 Spring St.; regent Ruth Wyllys Chapter, or the Committee on Cemetery Work—Mrs. Wm. N. Pelton, chairman, 702 Asylum Ave.; Mrs. Francis Goodwin, 103 Woodland St.; Mrs. Charles W. Havemeyer, 137 Washington St.; Miss Mary K. Talcott, 815 Asylum Ave.; Mrs. Henry Ferguson, 123 Vernon St.

BOOK NOTICES AND REVIEWS.

EARLY CONNECTICUT MARRIAGES AS FOUND ON ANCIENT CHURCH RECORDS PRIOR TO 1800. Edited by Frederick W. Bailey, New Haven. 2 vols., cloth 8vo., pp. 116, 138. (Price, \$3.00.)

Rev. Mr. Bailey has commenced a good work which every person interested in the preservation of early Connecticut records will hope to see continued. The records of 27 churches are here printed, every county in the state being represented, and includes the marriages on the Congregational Church records of New London, Lebanon, Thompson, Plainfield, West Hartford, East Hartford, Cromwell, Branford, Saybrook (Westbrook), Canterbury, Mansfield, and Newtown. The town records are now taken care of and are put in safe deposit vaults, while the church records are not so well preserved, but are usually in the hands of some member of the church and at his own home. The editor deserves great credit for his attempt to put in permanent form such records as now remain. They are of incalculable assistance to the genealogist. In many cases, they are the only records that exist.

A list, not entirely accurate, is given

of churches whose records are lost. The errata to each volume is much longer than it should be in carefully copied record work, and even now comparison with original records shows some uncorrected errors. The index to each volume is separate from and not bound in with the volume. Only surnames are indexed, and they are arranged only by the first letter of the name.

Smith.—Mr. G. Brainard Smith, P. O. Box 968, Hartford, Ct., is engaged in compiling a genealogy of the descendants of Matthew Smith, 1684-1751, and his sister, Elizabeth Smith, who married Thomas Hungerford, all of East Haddam, Conn., and would be glad to hear from all descendants. Information and records of any of their descendants would be thankfully received.

"Traditions Concerning the Origin of the American Munsons," gathered and digested by Mr. Myron A. Munson, of 202 Exchange street, New Haven, Conn., is a neat little pamphlet of six pages. The work is so arranged and digested that the matter must be of immense interest to descendants of this stock.

Shotwell.—Mr. Ambrose M. Shotwell of Lansing, Mich., is ready to publish a genealogical history of the Shotwell family in America, comprising nine generations of the posterity of Abraham¹ Shotwell of Elizabeth, N. J. (1665). There will be charts of the Gardner, Greene, King, Moore, Pound, Watson, Webster, and various other seventeenth century families of N. J., N. Y., and N. E. The work will be carefully indexed. Only a limited edition will be issued; price, \$2.00, or \$5.00 for three copies to one address. The volume will be furnished to subscribers only. An alphabetical table of the heads of over 400 families sketched in the book will be sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents. It is earnestly hoped that persons interested will freely subscribe for the work. It is a work we highly recommend to all.

Sharon, Conn., "Born, Married and Died," is the title of a book of not less than 125 pages which will be published as soon as enough subscriptions are received to cover cost of printing. It consists of births, marriages and deaths recorded in the old land record books of Sharon, beginning about 1730; also in the early church records in Sharon, and over 150 marriages by Roswell Hopkins, Esq., in the adjoining town of Amenia, N. Y., making a total of 2,000 marriages previous to 1800. The book, bound in cloth, will be \$2.00 per copy, and may be had of Mr. L. Van Alstyne, Sharon, Conn. The compiler deserves great credit for his endeavor to preserve these valuable records, and we hope he may be thoroughly supported.

"The Andrews Family" is a neat book of 234 pp. (including a fine index) by H. Franklin Andrews, Esq., of Audubon, Iowa (see note 25). All those in any way connected with this family are advised to write to Mr. Andrews.

"Thomas Newton, Fairfield, Conn., 1639, and Henry Walbridge, Preston, Conn., 1688," is the title of a work of 39 pp., 12mo., from the press of George E. Marshall & Co. of Chicago, the former compiled by Newton Lull (8th generation) of Chicago, Ill., the latter

by W. G. Walbridge (6th generation) of Litchfield, Conn. All those connected in any way with the above families are advised to correspond with the compilers. The work consists of genealogical notes and does not pretend to be anything like a complete genealogy. We are confident the work will fill a much needed want.

Truesdell.—Miss Mary Belle Truesdell, of West Stockbridge, Berkshire county, Mass., is "looking up the Truesdell family in America with the view of publishing a genealogy of the family." The family came to America about 1630 and lived in Newton, Mass., until 1708, when a part went into Windham Co., Conn. Those descended from this family are asked to communicate with Miss Truesdell.

Mr. Frederick Dickinson of 226 La Salle St., Chicago, has issued a genealogy of the DESCENDANTS OF THOMAS DICKINSON, SON OF NATHANIEL AND ANNA GULL DICKINSON OF WETHERFIELD AND HADLEY. (Chicago, 1897, quarto, pp. 145. Price 84.) The volume is superb in style, worthy of the family whose record it preserves. It is printed on hand made, deckled-edged, linen paper, with wide margins, and bound in dark red buckram.

It opens with a pedigree of descent from Ivar, a Norwegian prince who lived about A. D. 700, and follows the line through 13 generations in England of the descendants of Johnne Dykonson, of Kingston, Yorkshire, A. D. 1260. Dates of marriages are given beginning with 1376. As the Kingston records contain no records contain no marriages earlier than 1558, it is difficult to even guess where they were found, and the most that can be said of the pedigree is that it is remarkable if true. The genealogy in this country is well followed out; careful extracts from land and probate records, and well written biographical sketches and historical notes are given. We are unable to find authority for the statement that Nathaniel came in Winthrop's fleet in 1630, or that his sons John, Joseph and Thomas were born at Watertown, Mass.

LAMBERT JANSE VAN ALSTYNE AND SOME OF HIS DESCENDANTS, by one of them. *Amenia, N. Y.* 1897. square 8vo., cloth, pp. 142. (Price, \$2.50.)

Lawrence Van Alstyne, of Sharon, the author of this work, is a genealogist of much experience, and has shown wonderful success in tracing the descendants of this early Dutch settler of Albany and Kinderhook. Many of the family lived in the towns adjoining Connecticut, and intermarriages with New England families are numerous. A useful and interesting feature is a list of about two hundred Dutch Christian names with their English equivalents. The work is arranged on a new plan, which, when one discovers that the numbering refers to pages, is clear and has much to commend it. The index of names is complete and well made.

"Ancestry and Descendants of Gershom Morehouse, Jr., of Redding, Connecticut, a Captain in the American Revolution," was printed for private circulation. [Mr. C. S. Morehouse, New Haven, Conn.] "It is the hope of the publisher that his imperfect work may stimulate an interest among the descendants of the immigrant ancestor Thomas, and aid in soon publishing a full and complete history of the family."

"The descendants of Stephen Pierson of Suffolk Co., England, and New Haven and Derby, Conn., 1645-1739," by Frederick Lockwood Pierson of Ellsworth, Litchfield Co., Conn., is a pamphlet of 33 pp. which can be had for one dollar each as long as they last. The few copies remaining ought to find a ready sale. It is a work that every member of the family ought to possess while they can.

"Estes Genealogies, 1097-1893," is an 8vo. cloth-bound volume of 402 pp. + XVI, compiled by Charles Estes, Esq., of Warren, R. I., from whom the work can be obtained at \$7.00 a copy. The book presents a neat appearance, is well printed, and has a good index of names and places. It is a work that anyone would be proud to possess, and we trust the author will be able to sell the few copies now on hand.

"Family of John Savage of Middletown, Conn., 1652," by James Francis Savage, Esq., of Lowell, Mass., contains 26 pp. with a fine index. A small part of the work first appeared in the *New England Register*. The author says, "I have confined myself to the first four generations with my own line to date." Two charts accompany the work. The work shows the result of diligent and painstaking labor. We congratulate the author on his work. This family, one of the bulwarks of our state, has now a good foundation for a complete history. The appended list of Revolutionary soldiers (with date of birth for identification) ought to be of the utmost service to the family.

Genealogists have devised many forms for arranging and tabulating their material. One of these printed blank forms called the "American Lineage Leaf," gives space on each "leaf" for filling in the important happenings of a family—names, dates of births, marriage, deaths, residence, and family history. These leaves are sold in pads of 31 leaves each, with title and prefatory directions, and are intended for the use of persons who are tracing their various ancestral lines. Additional leaves may be inserted and the whole bound when completed. (For sale by William S. Mills, 352 Clifton Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. Price 75 cents.)

Another form of "Ancestral Register" is a fan-shaped chart with spaces for the names of eight generations (512 persons). It has an admirable system of numbering; in each instance the father's number being twice that of the child's, and the mother's one more than the father's. We believe this has proved the most satisfactory for a working chart of any yet devised. There is, however, no room for more than the names with possibly the dates of birth and death. This chart and the lineage leaf might be used together with advantage. (For sale by Frank F. Starr, Middletown, Conn. Price 50 cents.)

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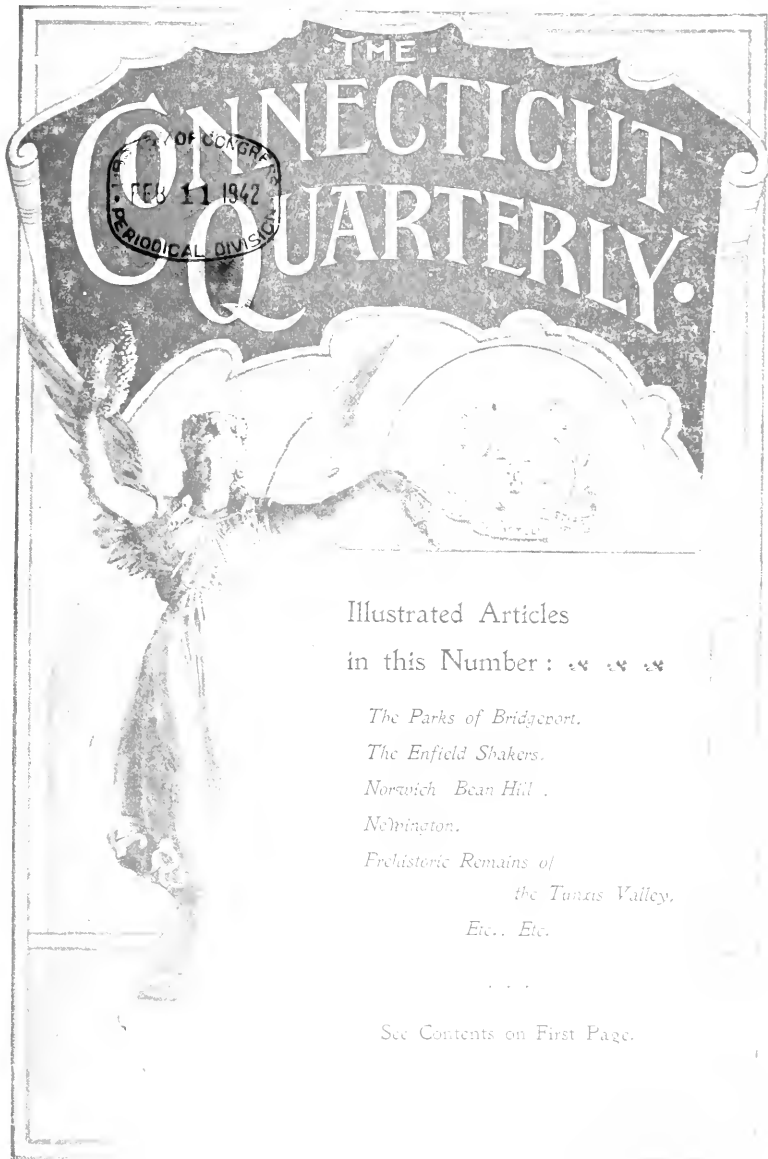
Engineering Digest

Published by
Brunson Engineering Digest
1000 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

Feb. 1997

Engineering and Building News

Published by
Brunson Engineering Digest
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- The Parks of Bridgeport.*
- The Enfield Shakers.*
- Norwich Bean Hill .*
- Newington.*
- Prehistoric Remains of*
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AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Literature, History, and Picturesque Features
of Connecticut

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY

BY THE CONNECTICUT QUARTERLY COMPANY

66 STATE STREET, COURANT BUILDING

GEORGE C. ATWELL, EDITOR

HARTFORD, CONN.

CONTENTS.

Vol. III

October, November, December, 1897.

No. 4

The Ebbing Tide. Frontispiece.		
The Parks of Bridgeport. Illustrated.	<i>John W. Banks,</i>	373
Newington. Illustrated.	<i>Edwin Stanley Welles,</i>	389
Prehistoric Remains of the Tunix Valley. Illus.	<i>Fredrick H. Williams,</i>	403
A Trip to Paradise. Story.	<i>Milo Leon Norton,</i>	424
Our Neighborhood Churches During the Revolution. Illustrated.	<i>Mrs. Albert Hastings Pitkin,</i>	430
Reminiscences of Bean Hill, Norwich. Illus.	<i>Burrell W. Hyde,</i>	441
Reverie. Poem. Illustrated.	<i>Carotyn E. Dickerman,</i>	452
The Battle of the Hartford and the Tennessee. Illustrated.	<i>As described by Henry Howard Brownell,</i>	454
The Fire Ship. Poem.	<i>Elizabeth Alden Curbiss,</i>	461
The Enfield Shakers. Illustrated.	<i>Jessie Miriam Brainard,</i>	461
The Cardinal Flower.		475
Departments.—PHOTOGRAPHIC DEPARTMENT.		476
GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT.		479
DESCENDANTS OF WILLIAM CHASE OF YARMOUTH.		487
BOOK NOTES.		493
HISTORICAL NOTES.		500
EDITORIAL NOTES.		501
PUBLISHER'S NOTES.		502

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CONNECTICUT.

Vol. III.

JANUARY TO DECEMBER, 1897.

HARTFORD, CONN.

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME III.

JANUARY—DECEMBER, 1897.

Battle of the Hartford and the Tennessee, <i>Illustrated</i> —as described by Henry Howard Brownell	454
Bean Hill, Norwich, Reminiscences of, <i>Illustrated</i> . Burrell W. Hyde	294, 441
Connecticut's Soldiery, <i>Illustrated</i> . Charles W. Burpee	254
Connecticut and Virginia a Century Ago, <i>Illustrated</i> . James N. Granger	100, 160
Convention Troops in Connecticut, The, <i>Illustrated</i> . Mary K. Stevens	144
Copper Mining in Connecticut, <i>Illustrated</i> . E. M. Hulbert	23
Daughter of Puritans, A, <i>Illustrated</i> . Charlotte Molyneux Holloway	3
Early Rules of Yale. Copied and annotated by Edwin Stanley Welles	184
Entiold Shakers, The, <i>Illustrated</i> . Jessie Miriam Brainard	401
Escape from Newgate, An. Story. Thomas Brabazon	310
Fair Trader's Voyage, The. Story. Josephine R. Baker	178
Farmington River and Its Tributaries, The, <i>Illustrated</i> . M. H. Bartlett	325
FRONTISPIECES—The Ebbing Tide	372
The Old Love Lane. From a drawing by D. F. Wentworth	1
The Old Mill. From a drawing by C. R. Loomis	121
Singing Brook	253
Hillhouse Avenue, New Haven, <i>Illustrated</i> . Ellen Strong Bartlett	47
Madison, Boston Street, An Old Neighborhood, <i>Illustrated</i> . Jane Finch Bushnell	307
Ministry of a Hundred Years Ago, A, <i>Illustrated</i> . Joseph W. Backus	107, 270
Music and Musicians, Old Time, <i>Illustrated</i> . N. H. Allen	66, 286
Music Vale, <i>Illustrated</i> . Florence Whittlesey Thompson	19
Miss Sally. Story. Martha B. Richards	83
New Connecticut or Western Reserve. II, <i>Illustrated</i> . Ellen D. Larned	88
New Haven Church, A, <i>Illustrated</i> . Ellen Strong Bartlett	123
Newington, <i>Illustrated</i> . Edwin Stanley Welles	389
New London—A Daughter of Puritans, <i>Illustrated</i> . Charlotte Molyneux Holloway	3
The Old Whaling Port	206
Old Neighborhood, An; Boston Street, Madison, <i>Illustrated</i> . Jane Finch Bushnell	307
Neighborhood Churches, During the Revolution, Our. Mrs. Albert Hastings Pitkin	430
Old Time Music and Musicians, <i>Illustrated</i> . N. H. Allen	66, 286
Old Whaling Port, The, <i>Illustrated</i> . Charlotte Molyneux Holloway	206
Parks of Bridgeport, The, <i>Illustrated</i> . John W. Banks	373
Paradise, A Trip to. Story. Milo L. Norton	424
Prehistoric Remains of the Tuxis Valley, <i>Illustrated</i> . Frederick H. Williams	150
Satan's Kingdom, In. Serial III. Mrs. William Edgar Simonds	33
Three Killingly Boys, <i>Illustrated</i> . Ellen D. Larned	221
Traffic on the Connecticut River Half a Century Ago, <i>Illus.</i> Nellie Grace Abbe	260
Waramaug, Lake, <i>Illustrated</i> . Myron E. Cables	227
Wolcott Plateau, The, <i>Illustrated</i> . Milo Leon Norton	199

POETRY.

Ancestral Chaise, The, <i>Illustrated</i> . Ellen Brainerd Peck	300
Beautiful River, <i>Illustrated</i> . Grace Appleton	70
Cardinal Flower, The, <i>Illustrated</i> . Annie Laurie Lynde	475
Connecticut River, <i>Illustrated</i> . James Dixon	275
Dog Corner, <i>Illustrated</i> . Milo Leon Norton	77
Homeward Road, The, <i>Illustrated</i> . Elizabeth Alden Curtis	323
Fire Ship, The, Elizabeth Alden Curtis	491
Ideal Recreation, <i>Illustrated</i> . Anna J. Granniss	86
Involunt. Delia B. Ward	189
Lesson in Life, A. Grace Irene Chaffee	183
Old, Old Love Lane, The, <i>Illustrated</i> . Louis E. Thayer	65
Old Mill, The, <i>Illustrated</i> . Charles R. Loomis	160
Planting Time, <i>Illustrated</i> . John Rossiter	205
Return, <i>Illustrated</i> . Julia Merrell	40
Reverie, <i>Illustrated</i> . Carolyn E. Dickerman	452
Settler, The, Alfred B. Street	18
Singing Brook, <i>Illustrated</i> . Anna J. Granniss	253
Twilight in Spring. Catherine C. Clark	168
What the Drinking Fountain Said, <i>Illustrated</i> . Sherman W. Adams	142

DEPARTMENTS.

Photographic Department	345, 479
Genealogical Department	100, 235, 350, 479
Publisher's Notes	250, 358, 502
Descendants of William Chase of Vermont	241, 359, 487
Historical Notes	110, 247, 305, 500
From the Societies	110, 247, 307
Book Notes	308, 403



The Connecticut Quarterly.

"Leave not your native land behind.—*Thorcutt.*"

FOURTH QUARTER.

VOL. III. OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, DECEMBER, 1897. NO. 4



THE PARKS OF BRIDGEPORT.

BY JOHN W. BANKS.



WYDE PARK, Regents and Battersea are known as the "lungs of London," and the metaphor is an apt one. The life current of a large city rushes forth from its heart in a feverish circulation, through narrow streets and alleys, arteries often choked with filth and foul with smoke and dust, through crowded tenement districts, and into dirty factories and close shops and warehouses. Unless it can come forth occasionally into some reservoir of fresh air to be purified and invigorated, the city will drag on at best a sickly life. "God made the country; man made the town," and unless man can succeed in blowing into the nostrils of his creature the breath of the fields or the sea, the pure fresh air of the country, he cannot put life into the thing of his creation.

The founders of New Haven and other towns along the Sound, such as Milford and Guilford, which followed their wise example, reserved the central portion of the town as an open common or "green." These old "greens" (at first the village churchyards and later the convenient pasturage of the peaceful cows of the townfolk) became later, in the days of village improvement societies, the chief pride and attraction of the old towns. The early settlers of Bridgeport, however, seem not to have been impressed with the sanitary and social value of parks. Not only was no plot of ground set apart for such purposes in the early history of the town, but for nearly a third of a century after its incorporation as a city it was still without a foot of ground reserved for the rest and recreation of its citizens. Another thirty years have passed, and today Bridgeport is known as the "Park City." The six parks within the city limits bear witness that this is no mere empty pseudonym. Their total area

of about 300 acres probably exceeds, in proportion to population, that of the parks of any other city in the Union.

Of the two large parks, Seaside and Beardsley, the latter has until quite recently been comparatively inaccessible to the public, and Seaside Park has been popularly known as "The Park." Within a mile of City Hall, and at the foot of half a dozen streets and two lines of electric cars, Seaside Park practically is as accessible as though originally reserved for that purpose in the heart of the city. It was in 1862 that attention was first attracted to the natural beauty of the place and its adaptability for park purposes. In that



SOLDIERS' MONUMENT—SEASIDE PARK.

year the Seventeenth Regiment of Connecticut Volunteers encamped here upon the very spot where now stands a noble monument to the memory of the brave men who then went from thence many of them never to return. Soon after this efforts were made to acquire possession of this property for the city, and on September 9, 1864, the *Bridgeport Standard* published the following description of the locality:

"A beautiful undulating piece of ground free from rocks, skirted for a good part of the way on the north by fine forest trees, and bounded on the south for the entire length by the sparkling waters of the Sound. From this water front, which is cool

and pleasant even in the hottest days, a picturesque and striking view is obtained. On the left, as we stand facing the water, is the city with its tall spires and chimneys pointing skyward from among the trees; the harbor dotted with its sailing craft, and the wooded point with its cottages opposite; on the right the green sloping shores of Black Rock stretching far around to the lighthouse. Far away to the south the hills of Long Island loom up from the horizon in clear weather, while in the foreground a constant pano-

rama meets the eye of white-sailed vessels passing up and down the blue waters of the Sound."

It was not until 1865, however, that the city took official action to acquire this property for park purposes. In May of that year the common council passed a resolution that a committee of three, consisting of Nathaniel Wheeler, Eli Thompson and Frederick Hurd be appointed to "inquire especially in regard to the possibility and feasibility of procuring for the city the land in the southern portion of the first ward, the appropriating of which for purposes of a seaside park has been contemplated, and that said committee ascertain the terms on which such land may be procured, and all facts material as a basis of action thereon by the common council, and report the same as early as practicable." The committee reported that the owners of the greater portion of



VIEW ON THE BOULEVARD—SEASIDE PARK.

the contemplated park offered to donate their land to the city for park purposes and that a sufficient sum had been raised by private subscription to purchase the remainder, so that thirty-one acres would be donated to the city on the simple condition that it be accepted, laid out and improved as a public park. In their report the committee said: "The committee know no other locality in the city or its neighborhood possessing so many advantages and attractions for a public park as the one under consideration. With Main and Broad streets united, forming its eastern boundary, and Iranistan avenue its western, with Division street and every other north and south street in the city, when extended, terminating on its northern boundary—a tract of high and healthy table-land looking out on the waters of the Sound, and during the sultry days of summer fanned continually by its cooling breezes—it seems ex-

pressly adapted, and almost providentially to have been preserved for the use to which it is now proposed to be devoted." Deeds to the city were accepted August 14, 1865, and it was officially resolved "that said land be hereafter designated and known as the Seaside Park." The donors of the land were George Bailey, P. T. Barnum, Captain Burr Knapp and Captain John Brooks. An additional tract of about ten acres was purchased in September of the same year, which together with some adjoining land given by Nathaniel Wheeler and P. T. Barnum, increased the area of the park to about seventy acres. In 1884 P. T. Barnum presented to the city thirty acres of land adjoining the park on the west and fronting on the Sound, which with other subsequent additions makes the present area of the park 127 acres.

From the concourse at the foot of Main and Broad streets, a broad, shady



BY THE HOWE STATUE.

drive, bordered with rhododendrons and other flowering shrubs, leads along the eastern edge of the park to the boulevard which runs along the sea-wall, at once the most attractive and distinctive feature of the park. Extending from the foot of Main street on the east to the Barnum dyke on the west, a distance of 7110 feet, it appears from the deck of a passing vessel like a huge serpent stretching its sinuous length in graceful curves along the shore. The maintenance of the sea-wall has been the most difficult problem which has confronted the park commissioners. Jutting out boldly into the Sound, it is forced to bear the full brunt of the fiercest storms, and time and again under the impetus of a raging sou'wester the waves have pounded upon the solid masonry with such tremendous effect that the large stones have been displaced, and the sea has swept in upon the park to the great damage of the shrubbery, lawns

and drives. A notable storm of this kind in August, '93, is remembered by many as a wonderful exhibition of the force of wind and wave. The wind had blown a hurricane all night and in the morning at high tide huge waves driven by the fury of the blast dashed against the wall and then rose straight up fifteen or twenty feet in the air to be swept in spray many feet inland. By long observation and experience the park commissioners have learned that a wall properly protected by "rip-rap" (loose stones placed at the proper angle to break the force of the waves before they reach the wall proper) is the only thing that will withstand the fury of the waves. Nearly the whole of the new wall, completed in 1895, is now so protected and is believed to be secure against the wildest attack of the sea.

The boulevard, sixty feet in width, extends the whole length of the sea-wall. To the right, as one drives westerly, stands the Soldiers' Monument



THE P. T. BARNUM STATUE.

upon the highest ground in the park, a conspicuous object from land and sea alike. It was erected through the efforts of the Ladies' Soldiers' Monument Association at a cost of \$28,900, of which the Association raised \$10,000 and the balance of \$18,900 was voted by the city June 10, 1873. The cornerstone of the monument was laid August 29, 1866, and it was dedicated August 17, 1876. Some distance in the rear of the Soldiers' Monument is the bandstand where on summer evenings free concerts attract not only the people of the city, but many from the country around. West of the monument is a large open tract the greater portion of which is devoted to two baseball fields for such amateur games as obtain a permit from the park commissioners. At this point, upon a projecting angle of the sea-wall, stands a flag-pole 128 feet in height. A little farther along the wall takes a sudden turn to the north forming "Lookout Point." Here on the hottest and most sultry of summer days a sea breeze brings coolness and refreshment to the wayfarer who would fain spend idle

hours watching from a shady seat the beautiful panorama before him. To the left the lighthouse marks the entrance of the harbor, with Pleasure Beach upon the further side, while in the distance Stratford Point can just be seen stretching far out into the Sound. The Sound itself is alive with craft of every description from the smallest of catboats to the big Sound steamers. On the right the green slopes of Grover's Hill rise beyond Fayerweather's Island and the Black Rock light, while the sunset sky outlining the tall black chimneys of the west end factories throws its light across the water with ever-changing hues of green, purple and crimson



FOOT-PATH—SEASIDE PARK.



ROADWAY—SEASIDE PARK.

As the boulevard winds northward from Lookout Point it meets the drive from the foot of Park avenue, and here stands a bronze statue of Elias Howe, Jr., the inventor of the sewing-machine, which was presented to the city in 1884. From the Howe statue the boulevard extends westward in a straight line to the Barnum dyke, making an excellent speedway. It is probable that in the near future it will be further extended along the Government break-

water to Fayerweather's Island, and thence across Cedar Creek to Black Rock, near the club house of the Bridgeport Yacht Club, making a magnificent sea drive of three miles and connecting with the drive around Grover's Hill to Fairfield.

To no other one man is Bridgeport so much indebted for the possession of Seaside Park as to Phineas T. Barnum. It is eminently fitting therefore that there should be in the park some memorial of the man who took such an interest in its creation and extension. Facing the Sound at the edge of the boulevard, near the foot of Iranistan avenue, is a bronze statue of P. T. Barnum, presented to the city by his former partners in business. It is of heroic size and remarkably lifelike in feature and pose. A superbly sculptured pedestal was the gift of the citizens of Bridgeport, and bears the following inscription,



VIEW SHOWING SEA-WALL.

"Pro beneficiis a quo extento vivet, P. T. Barnum 1810-1891." The statue was unveiled July 4, 1893, known then and ever since as "Barnum Day."

In this western portion of the park, which was the gift of Mr. Barnum, is the race-track and the football and lacrosse grounds. The track is an oval one-half mile course enclosing a small lake. Here also is the location of the proposed bicycle track.

The layout of Seaside Park is from the plans of Olmstead & Vaux. Waldemere avenue, a beautiful residence street, forms the northern boundary. The broad drives of the park wind beneath tall forest trees which furnish ample shade but are not so dense that one "cannot see the park for the trees that are in it." Children, and all who wish, wander at will over the smooth lawns or rest on the numerous seats, and the beautiful condition of the lawns attests that the public is worthy of the trust thus imposed in it. The smooth, hard boulevard along the sea-wall and the shady roads of the park furnish an ideal

resort for wheelmen, and here they resort in large numbers, especially of a Saturday afternoon and evening when the band concert is an additional attraction. It is in the morning, however, when the park is comparatively deserted, that a spin along the boulevard is most exhilarating. The breeze blows fresh and salty over the Sound which ripples and sparkles and fairly dances in the bright morning sunlight; and as you skim along the very edge of the wall, with every breath you feel a new vigor and inspiration for the work of the day before you.

In our physiological metaphor we have called the parks of a city its lungs, and without pushing the figure too far we may say that, as every well regulated man is provided with a pair of those useful organs, so it were well if every city of size could have within its borders at least two reservoirs of fresh air.



LOOKING TOWARD THE LIGHTHOUSE—SEASIDE PARK.

Seaside Park alone were sufficient to show that the sobriquet "Park City," as applied to Bridgeport, is not a *lucus a non lucendo*. But Bridgeport has another park, greater in extent than Seaside, and of equal charm and attractiveness.

Beardsley Park is on the northern boundary of the city, lying along Pequonnock river, and extending from the head of Noble avenue to the Trumbull line. The Beardsley family were among the earliest settlers of Bridgeport and the adjoining town of Trumbull. The greater portion of the present park property had descended in the Beardsley family from father to son until it came into possession of James Walker Beardsley. Mr. Beardsley was a bachelor and lived on the old homestead with a maiden sister, his only heir. Early in the '70's he expressed his desire to present the family homestead and adjoining



THE DRIVE—BEARDSLEY PARK.

property to the city for the purpose of a public park to be known as Beardsley Park, in perpetuation of his name and memory. Strange to say, the city fathers were rather slow in accepting the gift, but in March, 1878, the city received from Mr. Beardsley a deed of twenty-five acres, and in 1881 deeds of three additional tracts aggregating about sixty-seven acres, conditioned that the property be used only for the purpose of a public park to be known as Beardsley Park, and that the city expend \$3,000 annually for the improvement of the same. A portion of the property is subject to the life use of Juliette B. Beardsley, the sister of the donor. Additional tracts were bought from time to time by Mr. Beardsley and presented to the city, so that now the total area of the park is about 150 acres.

There is no comparison possible between Seaside and Beardsley parks. The beauty of the former is the sea and sky, well-kept drives and velvet



BY THE LAKE—BEARDSLEY PARK.

lawns; the latter's charm is found in the wild beauty of nature, in forest and field, hill and wooded dale,

"With bits of sunny openings, and with nooks,
To lie and read in, sloping into brooks."

Less than a quarter of a mile in width, the park extends two miles along the banks of the Pequonock from the Trumbull line on the north to where the river widens near the entrance of the park into a lake. Only about one-third of the park has been improved, under the direction and plans of Mr. Frederick Law Olmstead. Like Fairmount Park upon the Schuylkill, it is most charming and attractive in its natural state. Both Mr. Beardsley and Mr. Olmstead realized this and wisely refrained from attempting any of the formal effects of the landscape gardener's art. All the art they used was such only as was needful

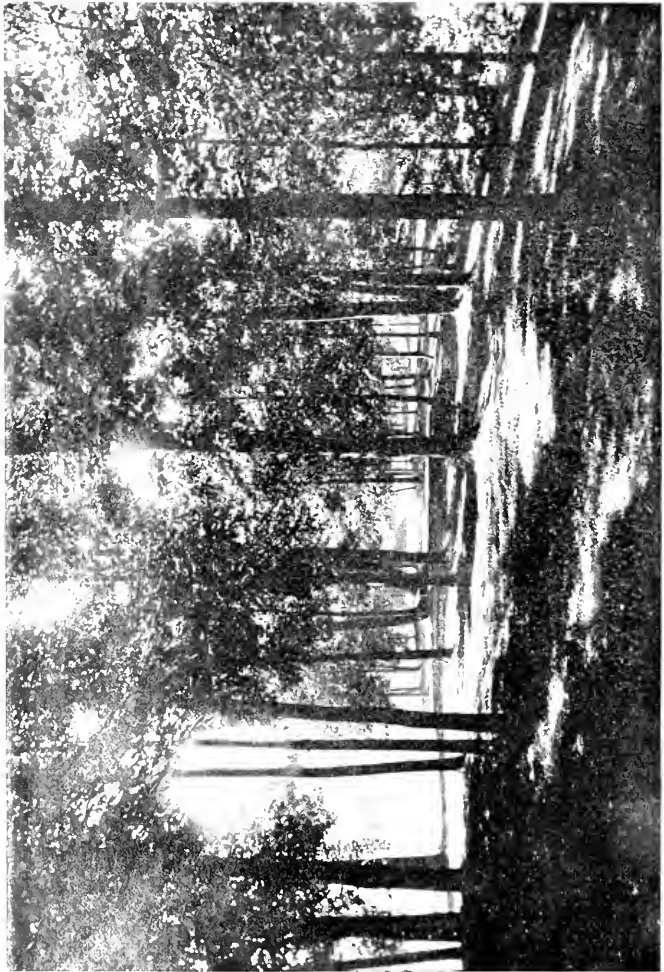
to make visible and accessible the natural beauties of the spot. From each entrance of the park on Trumbull road and Noble avenue, drives wind slowly up the ascent of Walker Hill, upon whose summit they converge in the "concourse," 70 feet wide and 1,000 feet in length. This is in the shape of a letter S, one end of which rests upon the southern brow of the hill and discloses a beautiful view of the city and harbor and the blue waters of the Sound bounded in the distance by the shores of Long Island; from the opposite end, on the northern declivity of the hill, the peaceful valley of the Pequonnock is seen stretching far away to the north.

Beside the native growth of forest trees, the park is stocked from its nursery with some fifty varieties of trees, and is also supplied with nearly every known variety of shrub. The main drive from the Noble Avenue entrance is



A FOOT-BRIDGE.

banked with huge beds of rhododendrons which in the spring are a mass of blooms. Laurel, kalmia, azaleas and hollies make the drives brilliant with color. At the head of Glenwood avenue a picturesque little waterfall is formed by the dam of the hydraulic company. In the lake above a small wooded island, joined to the mainland by a rustic bridge, is the favorite haunt of picnic parties, which also frequent the grove on the adjoining mainland. Like Seaside, the park is for the use and pleasure of the public, and almost without restriction they enjoy it to the fullest extent. For the greater distance along the lake and river the land rises abruptly in a thickly wooded bluff. At the foot of this bluff, and near the water's edge, there runs a picturesque path known as the "wildwood walk." Upon the top of the bluff the "Glen drive," fragrant with the smell of the woods, winds along the river bank. When com-



THE GROVE—BEARDSLEY PARK.

pleted, it will extend the whole length of the park and be a fitting counterpart to the sea drive of Seaside Park.

The atmosphere of the park is pastoral, sylvan and idyllic. Here Nature has been lavish of her charms, and as one wanders along the river bank or rests beneath some spreading chestnut tree or gnarled oak, he can scarcely realize that he is not far from the haunts of men. This is especially so as one leaves the improved portion of the park and strays over meadow and through forest. At a bend of the river in the wilder portion of the park there is a singular freak of nature known as the "kettle," a perfectly round hollow or bowl some fifteen feet deep and about a hundred feet in diameter. Tall trees stand



SCENE IN BEARDSLEY PARK.

all about the rim of its steep grassy sides, their branches meeting and forming a complete arch above it. It is supposed that years, perhaps ages, ago it was scooped out by the eddy current of the river, which then for some unexplained reason changed its channel. At the other side of the park, not far from the old Beardsley barn, a huge boulder weighing some fifty tons and known as the "Balancing Rock" is so nicely poised on its foundation that it seems as if a touch of the finger would be sufficient to overthrow it. Another

of the park's curiosities is the "Great Oak," whose branches stretch out like giant arms till they rest upon the very brow of the hill on whose slope it has stood for at least two centuries.

It was only a little over a year ago that by the extension of the trolley line up Noble avenue the park became practically accessible to the people of Bridgeport, and doubtless there are many of them who even now are unacquainted with its charms. They need but to be seen, however, to be appreciated, and doubtless as the years go by an increasing number will seek there not only rest and recreation, but also that higher enjoyment of nature which

" Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

There are two duties which the citizens of Bridgeport owe themselves in connection with Beardsley Park. The first is the erection of a monumental



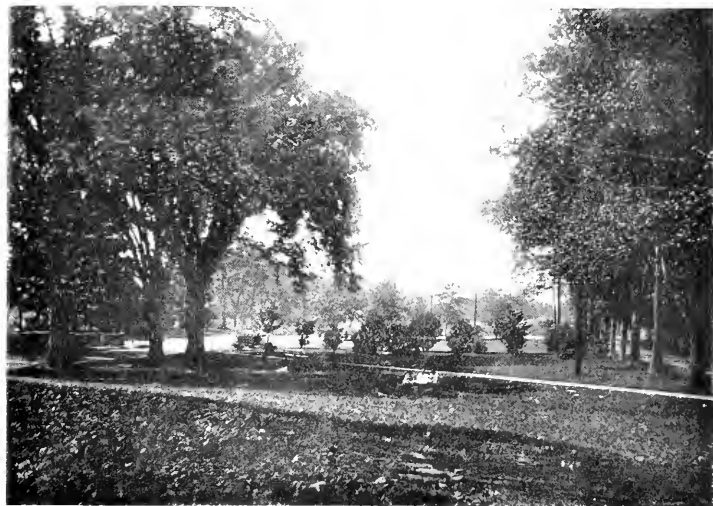
WASHINGTON PARK.

entrance to the park in memory of James Walker Beardsley, as a token of their appreciation of his magnificent gift to the city. The second is to do what little remains to round out and complete this gift. There is still a strip of land within the proper limits of the park which does not belong to the city. Mr. Beardsley was unable to purchase it during his lifetime, and the city has thus far failed to do so. It should be acquired as early as practicable, and made a portion of the most beautiful park in New England.

At the same time that the city acquired Seaside Park it obtained another breathing spot in East Bridgeport, which was then just beginning its wonderfully rapid growth. A tract of about six acres of land, covered by a beautiful natural growth of forest trees, was offered to the city by P. T. Barnum and

William H. Perry, on condition that it be improved and maintained as a public park. The deeds were accepted by the city July 17, 1865, and it was designated Washington Park. In the very heart of the most densely populated quarter of the city, Washington Park affords fresh air and a place for rest and recreation to many who are most in need of the same. All the walks converge to the bandstand in the centre of the park, where summer evening concerts divert the denizens of the east side.

Before Bridgeport was Bridgeport it was a small settlement on the road between the old towns of Stratford and Fairfield, and was consequently known as Stratfield. This road, originally an old Indian path, became known as the "King's Highway," being one of those roads which the General Court in 1679 ordered to be constructed in the colony as "Country roads or King's highways."



OLD MILL GREEN.

In 1685 the town of Stratford voted that "all the uplands and marshes lying southward of the road leading to Fairfield between the physical spring and the uppermost cartway over —— Brook shall be left for a road to Fairfield bonds." In spite of this vote of the town, the abutting proprietors in time reduced its breadth almost to that of the ordinary country road, save at one point known as "Old Mill Green." This was so called from the mill which was built on Mill Brook in 1654 by John Hurd, Sr., and Thomas Sherwood, Sr. Old Mill Green became about 1700 a flourishing and aristocratic part of the old town of Stratford, and it is said that one Theophilus Nichols was soon after this time largely influential in preserving the green at its original width. Certain it is that we find in the town records an old deed dated November 25, 1740, from him and several others reciting that "in consideration of the love and good will we have for the town of Stratford and the inhabitants thereof,

and in order to preserve the common good thereof, said town being the land of our nativity, and the inhabitants the first of our acquaintance here on earth," they give, grant, etc., to the inhabitants of said town a tract of about six acres "to have and to hold the above described tract of land to be and lye a perpetual common to and for the use of them and their successors throughout all generations to the end of time." When this portion of Stratford was annexed to Bridgeport, Old Mill Green became a part of Bridgeport's park system under the official name of Pembroke Park, and the old King's Highway became officially known as North Avenue. There is now a resolution in the common council to restore to the latter its original appellation, while the former is still popularly known as Old Mill Green. It contains about eight acres and extends from East Main street to the head of Pembroke Lake. A large rude mile-stone standing on the green was set there, it is said, by the direction of Benjamin Franklin while he was Colonial Postmaster between 1753 and 1774.

The original settlement of Stratfield was on the old King's Highway at the corner of what is now Clinton avenue (formerly Truck street). It is current tradition that an open plot at this corner was donated by one Richard Hubbell as a training ground, and that down to the time of the Revolution it was used for this purpose by the old Stratfield Trainband which was organized in 1703. It was formerly known as the Old Parade Ground and is now called Clinton Park. The old Stratfield cemetery is just in the rear.

Lafayette and Wood parks are small open squares of no special interest save as they contribute their mite toward making the Park City healthy, beautiful and worthy of its name.

All the parks of Bridgeport are under the special care of the park department, consisting of a board of park commissioners and a superintendent of parks, who devotes his whole time to their preservation and improvement. Thousands of dollars are spent every year for this purpose, and the park property itself is officially valued at \$450,000. Their value, however, as expressed in the health and happiness of the people, is inestimable. Nor is the mere physical benefit derived from them the only thing to be considered. Who shall say that we are not all better men and citizens for every hour spent there in a communion with nature, which makes us realize the truth of the poet's words:

" One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can "

NEWINGTON

BY EDWIN STANLEY WELLS



DOORWAY TO CHERHILL HOUSE,
BUILT ABOUT 1750.

N THE southeast corner of the town of Hartford, there rises a hilly ridge which stretches in a southerly direction for perhaps half a dozen miles, and which is commonly called Cedar Mountain, from the many cedars clothing its sides. On the eastern side of Cedar Mountain lies the ancient town of Wethersfield, and on the western side the town of Newington, once a parish of Wethersfield. In extent of territory the two towns are nearly equal, but in population there is considerable difference, Wethersfield more than doubling the 1000 inhabitants of Newington.

The observant traveler notes some very pleasing resemblances between the parent town and her vigorous child. The same fertile, well-tilled fields, like huge gardens, are found on either side of the range.

The farms in both places present the appearance of prosperity, and one is impressed with the lavish beneficence of nature as he stands upon the summit of the mountain and gazes across the one and the other valley unrolled before him. But there are evidences that Newington has been the off-shoot of some older town. That conspicuous feature of the earliest New England villages—the one main street, with its roomy old-fashioned houses clustering along on each side, is absent from Newington. A few houses have a venerable aspect, but they are scattered in different parts of the town. Nor is the visitor conscious of that pensive air of decay which broods over most of our ancient New England villages. Nearly every house is still a home, and the oldest dwelling in Newington still shelters family life, as it has for almost two hundred years.

There is scarcely a grand mansion or a shabby hovel in the place. The houses, for the most part, are well-painted, substantial buildings, not designed for show, but for the needs of an industrious, thrifty people. In the center of the town, on a pleasant rise of ground, stands the Congregational Church with its commodious chapel. The modern appearance of the church edifice makes it hard to realize that it is nearly a century older than the chapel attached to it.

In the rear of the church is the village graveyard, where the Newington dead since 1726 lie buried. The inscription on the stone of "Lyddiah, the wife

of Pelatiah Buck, who died July the 29, 1726, in the 28th year of her age," records the interesting fact that she was "the first that was laid in this yard."

Across the street from the church is the town hall, erected in 1873, two years after Newington became an independent town. Northward from these buildings lies the village green, once the scene of militia trainings, and now intersected lengthwise close to its eastern boundary by the new trolley road running between Hartford and New Britain. The Center post-office and store kept for many years by the Kilbourne family is a few rods south of the town hall. The Center schoolhouse is a short distance away on a cross street. The one pressing desideratum is a comfortable country inn, where visitors may enjoy the quiet charms of a country village. It is hoped, with the advent of the trolley, that this need will soon be adequately supplied.



ELM VIEW FROM GREEN.

One of the most picturesque bits of Newington scenery is down by the paper mill which stands on what is called the "Old Back Lane," below the rocky ledge of the mill pond, a quarter of a mile west of the Center post-office. Boys for many a generation have enjoyed the skating on that pond in the winter and the fishing in the summer.

Trees and shrubs and flowers likewise enjoy the rocky soil of the ledge. The columbine grows in profusion along its slope, and the schoolboy knows that the first wild strawberries ripen there.

Newington Junction is the name applied to the northwest part of the town through which pass the tracks of the New York, New Haven & Hartford and the New York and New England railroad companies.

It forms quite a distinct community with its post-office, store and market.

From the train the traveler can see the graceful spire of the Episcopal church, a quarter of a mile northeast of the railway station. It was built in 1874, and ministers to the needs of many of the people in that vicinity.

The wildest, most romantic region in Newington is the southeast district "The Punch-bowl," a curious scoop of ground, lies just north of the residence of Deacon Jedediah Deming. Cedars and white birches, in some instances, grow along the hilly roadsides, and the imagination readily pictures the Indian prowling in some of the dark recesses of the woods. It also forms a little hamlet by itself, and has furnished some of the chief men in Newington.

The land in Newington was originally sold to the early settlers of Wethersfield by Sowheag, a sachem of the Mattabesett tribe. Doubtless before 1680 there was a log house or two in Newington. In October, 1677, lots of



THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

twenty acres each were granted by the town of Wethersfield to Emmanuel Buck, John Riley, Samuel Boardman and Joseph Riley, in the territory "about Pipe Stave Swamp," on condition that they construct a sawmill "to be up and fit to work" by the close of September, 1678.

This saw mill, probably located where the paper mill now stands, is known to have been in existence by the spring of 1680. From this fact it looks as if the first settlers of Newington had been attracted thither by the mill privileges of the lake in a well-timbered valley.

And, besides, the rich meadow lands offered a tempting inducement. This region was often termed "Cow Plain" in the ancient deeds before it became known as Newington. Tradition has it that five persons first settled Newington—three by the name of Andrus, one by the name of Slead, and one by the name of Hunn. Joseph Andrus, the son of John Andrus, of Farmington,

bought a lot near the saw mill in March, 1684. He is supposed to have built his house diagonally across the street from the present post-office, which was enclosed by a high wall and used as a common fort by the handful of settlers. But the Indians, who had a village about the mill pond, were, let it be said to their honor, always friendly. The other two named Andrus were probably Daniel and John, nephews of Joseph and sons of Daniel Andrus, of Farmington. They are supposed to have settled in the south part of the town. John Slead bought a lot in December, 1681, and is said to have located across the street south of the house of Deacon Whittlesey. Samuel Hunn bought land in August, 1695. He is supposed to have settled in the north part of the town, where the Hunns lived for generations. The little band of pioneers thrived in the fertile valley. Others came to share their prosperity, and less than a hundred years later, in 1776, the parish contained about 500 inhabitants. On Octo.



OLD PAPER MILL.

ber 16, 1726, a company of militia was organized with John Camp as captain, and in 1741, as appears from a diary kept by Daniel Willard 1st, it consisted of 58 men.

"Newington," wrote Capt. Daniel Willard, "has furnished its full share of soldiers in the War of the Revolution. It has furnished more generals and field officers in proportion to its population than any place with which I have been acquainted—four colonels, viz., Roger Welles, Levi Lusk, Martin Kellogg and Joseph Camp, three of them, viz., Welles, Lusk and Kellogg, were afterwards brigadier-generals, and two of them, Lusk and Kellogg, were promoted to the rank of major-generals. . . . In the War of 1812-15, two small drafts were made from the company and stationed at Groton to defend New London and the frigate 'Macedonian' and the sloop of war 'Hornet' from any attack that might be made from the British fleet on the coast. Gen. Levi Lusk com-

manded the militia, and Lieut. Joseph Camp, afterwards Col. Camp, had a command there."

In the civil war, Newington sent her quota of 49 volunteers, one of whom, the late Charles L. Willard, became a sergeant.

The history of the Congregational church absorbs to a great extent the history of Newington.

As early as 1708 the progressive settlers petitioned the town of Wethersfield to form by themselves a distinct parish. The petition was in part granted, permission being given them "jointly and publicly to gather in the public worship of God amongst themselves for four months of the year, yearly, that is to say, December, January, February and March," which were the most trying months of the year in which to make the toilsome journey across the mountain to the meeting-house in Wethersfield, four miles distant. But this action of the parent town was not satisfactory, and late in 1712 thirty persons, representing probably the number of families then in the so-called west division, again offered a petition for a separate parish, which was favorably acted upon by Wethersfield, and a charter to that end was granted by the General Assembly in May, 1713.

A site for the new meeting-house was selected on the commons, "near Dr. Joseph Andrus's house."

The records of the new parish begin with an entry for April 5, 1716. At a meeting of that date, Josiah Willard was chosen clerk of the west society.

"It was also voted to raise our meeting-house in this instant month April, and also that the said meeting-house should be raised within a few rods of the place where the timber now lies." It was four years before the new building was in habitable order. During the period the name Newington was given to the parish. It appears for the first time in the Society records under date of December 15, 1718.

On the 6th of April, 1720, a committee was chosen to "treat with Mr. Elisha Williams to come and be our minister in Newington." Mr. Williams accepted the invitation, and soon began to minister to the little parish. Wednesday, the 3d of October, 1722, was set apart as a day of fasting and prayer, when the church was formally organized by the Rev. Stephen Mix of Wethersfield and the Rev. Samuel Whitman of Farmington. A fortnight later, on the 17th of October, Mr. Williams was ordained the first minister of Newington.

The Rev. Elisha Williams, who heads the list of eleven ministers the parish has had, heads it undoubtedly also in point of ability.

He was a very unusual man. The son of the Rev. William Williams of

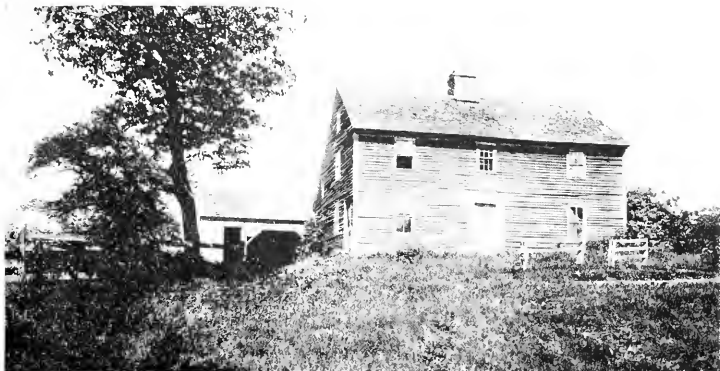


CORNER CUPBOARD IN AN OLD HOUSE.



WILLOW TREE BRIDGE, NEAR CLAYTON.

Hatfield, Mass., he was born August 24, 1694, and was graduated from Harvard College in 1711. He married Eunice, daughter of Thomas Chester of Wethersfield, in 1715, and removed to that place. His versatility was quickly recognized. In 1717, when twenty-four years old, he represented Wethersfield in the General Assembly, and was chosen clerk. He was also a member for several of the following sessions. From 1716 to 1718 he acted as tutor for the Yale students at Wethersfield.



THE ANDRE'S HOUSE.
The oldest house in Newington.

So highly was he thought of that in 1725, three years after his ordination as minister of the Newington parish, he was chosen rector of Yale College, which position he filled until 1739, when he resigned on account of ill health. It is said that his sedentary life had induced frequent headaches. He returned to Wethersfield, was sent to the General Assembly in May, 1740, and was elected speaker. He was a member of the General Assembly for twenty-two sessions and was speaker during five of them, between 1740 and 1754. For three years he was judge of the Superior Court. In 1745, when the state sent forces in the expedition against Cape Breton, he was appointed chaplain at the suggestion of Sir William Pepperell, the victor of Louisburg, who was struck with his conversational powers. In 1746, the Assembly appreciating his military abilities appointed him colonel and commander-in-chief of the Connecticut forces, raised for the projected expedition against Canada. Late in 1749 he went to England as special agent to negotiate for the payment of the expenses incurred in raising a regiment of soldiers for the Canada expedition, and to solicit funds for the College of New Jersey. While there he received tidings of the death of his wife, which occurred May 31, 1750, and on January 29, 1751, through the influence of the great Dr. Doddridge, he married Elizabeth Scott, the only daughter of the Rev. Thomas Scott, the well-known Bible commentator. She was a remarkable woman, of rare accomplishments, and in every way worthy to be the wife of so gifted a husband.

In 1754, Mr. Williams was chosen as one of the three delegates from Connecticut to the Intercolonial Congress at Albany. He died in Wethersfield the

24th of July, 1755, and was buried there. His character was admirably summed up by Dr. Doddridge, who wrote: "I look upon Col. Williams to be one of the best men upon earth; he has, joined to an ardent sense of religion, solid learning,



REV. ELISHA WILLIAMS.

ing, consummate prudence, great candor, sweetness of temper, and a certain nobleness of soul capable of contriving and acting the greatest things without seeming to be conscious of his having done them."

From a letter written by Mrs. Elizabeth Scott Williams, we learn that Elizabeth Canning, whose remarkable trial for perjury almost divided England into two parties, and who was transported to New England in August, 1754, came over to Newington, not long after her arrival in Wethersfield, to learn how to spin.

One may read at the State Library, Hartford, in Volume 19 of the State Trials of England, about her mysterious disappearance from home for twenty-eight days, and conjecture

whether her explanation of that absence was true or not.

The Rev. Simon Backus, who succeeded Mr. Williams as minister of the Newington church, married in 1729 Eunice Edwards of East Windsor, daughter of the Rev. Timothy Edwards and sister of the great Jonathan Edwards, who used to visit her occasionally at Newington and occupy the pulpit when spending the Sabbath. In the fall of 1745 Mr. Backus was appointed chaplain of the Connecticut troops stationed at Louisburg, Cape Breton. During the following winter much sickness prevailed there, and Mr. Backus was one of the many victims, dying February 2, 1746, at the age of 45. In June, 1745, a few months before his departure for Louisburg, the General Association of the colony held its annual convention in Newington with Mr. Backus. At this meeting the following important resolution was adopted: "Whereas, there has of late years been many Errors in Doctrine, and Disorders in Practice, prevailing in the Churches of this Land, which seem to have a threatening aspect upon these Churches: and whereas Mr. George Whitefield has been the Promoter, or at least the Faulty occasion of many of these Errors and Disorders, This Association think it needfull for them to de-



REV. JOSIAH BRANT, D. D.

clare that if the said Mr. Whitefield should make his progress thro' This Government, it would by no means be advisable for any of our Ministers to admitt him into their Pulpits, or for any of our people to attend upon his Preaching and Administrations."

The Rev. Joshua Belden, the successor of Mr. Backus, was pastor of the church for fifty-six years, from 1747 to 1803. Converted while a student at Yale during the visit of Mr. Whitefield and his associate at New Haven, he held the great evangelist in affectionate admiration. Within a few years after his settlement in Newington, he welcomed Mr. Whitefield to his home and accompanied him to Farmington to hear him preach to a great congregation. It was during his ministry that the present church edifice was built. The foundations were laid in September, 1797, and the building was practically finished the next year. It stands a few rods northwest of the spot where the first meeting-house stood. In the dark days of the Revolution, Mr. Belden was a vigorous champion of patriotism, and exhorted his people both to pray and to fight for their country's freedom. And the little parish of scarce five hundred souls sent one hundred men, equivalent to her entire fighting force, into the field of warfare. In August, 1779, those at home, in accordance with the governor's proclamation, contributed over 106 pounds for the "Relief of the Inhabitants of the Towns of New Haven, Fairfield and Norwalk," who had suffered so cruelly from Tryon's invasion.

Mr. Belden died July 23, 1813, at the advanced age of 89, and was buried in the village church yard.

The fourth minister was the Rev. Joab Brace, D.D. He spent all of his pastoral life in Newington, and was minister of the church for fifty years, from January 16, 1805, until January 16, 1855. He left a powerful impress upon the character of the entire community. Possessed of a homely wisdom, he forcibly exemplified the character of Goldsmith's village preacher. Tall and commanding in appearance, with piercing black eyes, he was held in great reverence by his people. When Mr. Belden resigned, in 1803, the church numbered fifty-one members; at the close of Dr. Brace's ministry it numbered one hundred and seventy.

Dr. Brace died in Pittsfield, Mass., at the residence of his son-in-law, the Rev. Dr. John Todd, April 20, 1861, at the age of 80. His remains were brought to Newington and interred among those of his people he loved so well. The late Rev. Dr. Woodworth, of Berlin, in a tribute to Dr. Brace, said of him: "Altogether this man was unique. None of the ministers whom I have known have had a more marked individuality. . . . He was great in goodness, great in love, great in practical wisdom. I have known many a preacher that surpassed him in eloquence, in logic, in intellectual power, in learning, though he was always a student, but I have never known one with a larger heart or more common sense than he."

Since Dr. Brace's day the church has been completely renovated, both without and within. In 1895, during the ministry of the Rev. Herbert Macy, who is still pastor, a well-arranged, attractive chapel was erected at a cost of over \$3,000, and the number of communicants is now 240.

As early as 1723 the people of Newington began to bestir themselves about a school. On the last day of that year, a school committee was appointed, and it was voted that the "country money" be placed in their hands "to



THE STONE BRIDGE ON THE WAY TO HARTFORD.

defray part of the charge of a school." In an entry of December 15, 1729, the school-house is first mentioned; it stood, no doubt, in the center district. At the north end, one was built in 1757, and a school-house at the south district is mentioned in 1773. In 1835, the south-east district was created, completing the present number of four school districts.

For thirty years Dr. Brace kept a school at the parsonage "of," as he wrote



THE BROWN BRIDGE

"perhaps two hundred in the whole, out of which some came to be teachers, lawyers, physicians, ministers, members of Congress, and officers in missionary institutions." In 1829, some of the more progressive citizens organized "the Newington Education Company," for the purpose of establishing an academy for the higher education of their children. The academy was built south of the house of Deacon Whittlesey, and for a quarter of a century it gave to the youth of Newington sterling educational advantages. The late Rev. Dr. Sanford J. Horton of Cheshire was one of its honored preceptors. Since that day many of the children have attended the public schools of Hartford and New Britain after passing from the common schools of Newington. And since the days of Rector Williams young men from Newington have been enrolled on the register of Yale College. She has contributed about thirty-six students to that institution. In the list of one hundred valedictorians at Yale, Newington has furnished two. She has furnished one class orator and as many as six Phi Beta Kappa men.

Three generations ago, Newington was noted for the superior teachers she sent out into the neighboring towns, and Deacon Charles K. Atwood, in an address on Forefathers' Day, 1896, stated that early in this century, when his father was a young man, there were fourteen young men teaching school at one time from Newington. One of her daughters consecrated her life to the cause of missions in Turkey, and one of her sons is now a devoted missionary in China.

One of the earliest public libraries in the state was established at Newing-

ton. In the volume numbered 2, belonging to this first library, the inscription reads, "This book belongs to the Book Company in Newington, 1752." It is quite likely that the credit for starting this library, which exerted a wide and potent influence, belongs to the Rev. Joshua Belden, who had been ordained as minister five years earlier. Dr. Brace, in his half-century discourse, says that Mrs. Williams, the second wife of the rector, was a member of the "Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge," and that through her agency Mr. Belden and other ministers in the neighborhood "were furnished with good books for distribution." A small fee was charged for the use of the books, which numbered two or three hundred, and were naturally of a strongly religious character. The first free library was the "Charity Library," which originated through a legacy of Jedediah Deming, who left sixty pounds for the purchase of "good orthodox books of divinity—of Calvinistical principles" in his will made April 14, 1787, five days before his death. Not many years later, in the neighborhood of 1800, some persons who wished to be fed on something beside a theological diet, established the "Social Library," which was composed mainly of historical and literary works.

The Young People's Literary Association, which was organized "to form a library in Newington for general circulation," founded a library of high excellence in 1877.

The new Town Library was opened to the public Saturday afternoon, October 19, 1895. The books are kept in the upper story of the town hall, and have been surprisingly well patronized. The directors have exercised wise discrimination in selecting the books, and the library has already won a permanent place among the ennobling influences of the community.

No man of national eminence has been born in Newington, though several of her sons have attained more than a local prominence. Probably the two most distinguished natives of Newington were Martin Welles and David Lowrey Seymour. Martin Welles, a lineal descendant of Gov. Thomas Welles, and eldest child of Gen. Roger Welles, was born December 7, 1788, and died January 18, 1863. He was graduated from Yale College in 1806, and was admitted to the Hartford county bar in 1810. Three years later he removed to Newburgh, N. Y., where he practiced his profession until 1820, when ill health compelled him to abandon it. He returned to Wethersfield, and until 1850 he was principally engaged in the healthful employments of a farm life. For the years 1829 and '30 he was a state senator, and during the years 1827, '28, '31 and '32 he was a representative from Wethersfield in the General Assembly. For the last two years he was elected speaker of the House, and presided with unusual ability. He was also for some years associate judge of the Hartford county court. In politics he was a strong Whig, and succeeded after several years of



JUDGE MARTIN WELLES.

arduous exertion in securing the site of the present state prison at Wethersfield. From 1850 until his death, thirteen years later, he practiced the law in Hartford. He was a man of great intellectual strength, and his masterly power as a pleader was recognized by all. Tall and massive in appearance, cultured and dignified in speech, and possessed of a stern, unbending will, he carried conviction in his utterances. Had he been endowed with a more tact-



AT LUTHER'S MILL, CLAYTON.

ful and engaging disposition, he might have reached positions of greater honor to which his abilities easily entitled him.

David Lowrey Seymour, the son of Ashbel and Mary Lowrey Seymour, was born in Newington, December 2, 1803, and died October 11, 1867. He was graduated from Yale College in 1826, and at his graduation delivered the Greek oration. He then began the study of law in the law department of his alma mater under the instruction of the celebrated David Daggett, and in 1829

was admitted to the bar. During the years 1828-30 he was a tutor at Yale College. In 1830 he removed to Troy, N. Y., and began the practice of the law with the Hon. John P. Cushman, a distinguished jurist of that city. He soon engaged actively in politics, and in 1835 he was elected a member of the Assembly. In 1842, at the age of 39, he was elected to the Twenty-eighth Congress



HON. DAVID LOWREY SEYMOUR.

as a Democrat, and was made a member of the important committee on ways and means, where his conspicuous abilities won for him a deserved prominence among the leading members of his party. Defeated in 1844, he was chosen a member of the Thirty-second Congress in 1850, and was appointed chairman of the committee on commerce. His lofty disinterestedness and large-hearted sympathies were shown in his attitude toward the proposition before the state of New York, in 1846, that the right of suffrage be extended to colored men irrespective of property qualifications. Voting for that measure, which was deemed disadvantageous to his own party, Mr. Seymour uttered the following characteristic sentiment: "I will not stand up before my God and deny to any other man any right which I claim for myself."

In one of the Democratic state conventions, he came within a dozen votes of receiving the nomination for governor.

Mr. Seymour's cast of mind was essentially scholarly, and in every undertaking he labored with most scrupulous fidelity. He was modest and unobtrusive in his intercourse with men, and dearly loved the domesticities of his family life. Above all, he was a devout Christian, and it could be truthfully said of him that he loved both God and man.

"The inhabitants of Newington," wrote Mr. Barber in his Connecticut Historical Collections, "are chiefly engaged in agriculture, and are distinguished for their general intelligence and attachment to the institutions of morality and religion."

This observation made over sixty years ago truthfully describes the people of to-day.

One hundred years ago, the village nestling in the valley was comparatively isolated—there was not even a road leading from it to Hartford. Religion and education were loyally supported by the sturdy farmers as a matter of course. To-day the quiet of the valley is broken by the steam and electric cars at the junction and by the trolley cars at the center. Yet the same spirit of reverence for law and order survives in their descendants. No saloons exist in the town: violations of the law are infrequent, and the stable and progressive character of the people is based upon their steadfast allegiance to the institutions of their fathers.



PREHISTORIC REMAINS OF THE TUNNIS VALLEY.

BY FREDERICK H. WILLIAMS.

[Concluded from April, May and June number.]

"The devices of primitive man are the forms out of which all subsequent expedients arise. The whole earth is full of monuments of nameless inventors."—*Mason* *

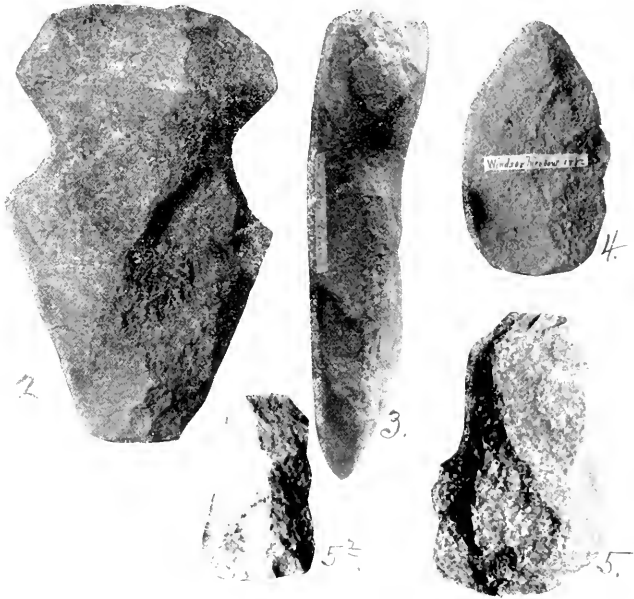
The general similarity of the culture existing among the Tunnis Indians to that of the natives of other sections of North America, as shown by their remaining implements, points to their common origin. Yet the dissimilarity of speech and the extent to which special forms of art and customs had differentiated in different sections, point also to a very ancient origin of man in America. In judging the advance and skill of any people by their artefacts, we must consider their surroundings, their food supply, and especially those materials upon which their skill might be expended. The comparative ease with which the more tractable materials could be obtained must ever have had as large an effect upon the expansion of special arts as the pressure of that necessity called the "mother of invention."

Yet a comparison of such worked objects as we possess shows the Tunnis† Indian to have been capable of work equal to most any people of America—unless it be claimed, which we shall not consider, that his better objects were the result of barter. The Indians of this section are believed to have always

* *Origin of Inventions*, p. 413.

† We know nothing of prehistoric migrations of tribes. Those Indians whose relics we are discussing may have been of a hundred successive nations.

been few in number; for, except he attach himself to some food supply that is either by nature or through his own efforts made regular and unfailling, man never multiplies rapidly nor emerges from a savage state. All the great Oriental civilizations grew up around the wheat, barley, rice or date fields, or in the pastures of domesticated animals. So in America the nuclei of budding civilizations were found amid the maize or cocoa fields, or attached to the buffalo or the llama. Elsewhere existed only different degrees of a baser savagism, and even that a largely degenerate and apparently a disappearing people.



VARIOUS AGRICULTURAL TOOLS.

Of the Connecticut Indians we are told, "The women of an ordinary family cultivated and harvested two or three heaps of maize in a season of from fifteen to twenty bushels each," and also raised beans, pumpkins and tobacco.* In their agricultural labors we are told that they used largely their fingers as tools. "The only other implements which the Indians seemed to have used were spades rudely constructed of wood, or a large shell fastened to a wooden handle." † As it must have been easier for the Indian to have made a stone spade than one of wood, such a conclusion seems hardly tenable.

* DeForest, *Indians of Connecticut*, p. 5, quoting Roger William's key.

† *Ibid.*

Our early settlers were more interested in converting the Indian, when not killing him, than in studying his physical surroundings, to which we must owe the poverty of their descriptions.

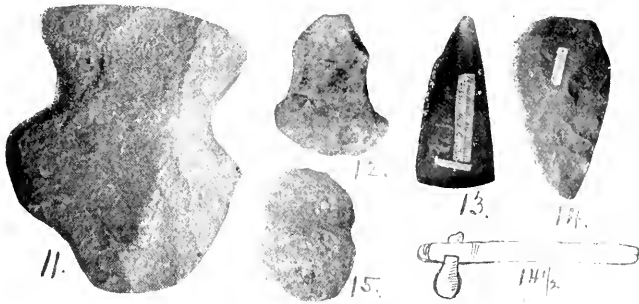
It is only the span of three generations since the learned men of Europe



GROOVED AXES

considered their prehistoric relics to be either the weapons of fairies or the thunderbolts of the god of lightning.

While the ungrooved celt was a universal tool, curiously enough the grooved tool, excepting a few hammer forms, seems to have been mostly confined to America. The prehistoric dwellers of the Tunxis Valley left us many



TOMAHAWKS.

grooved implements, ranging from the rudely notched picks of the steatite miners, through more or less perfect axe-like forms, to little hatchets or tomahawks. These are mostly classed as axes, but from many years' study of the ruder forms the writer cannot consider them either rejects or unfinished axes, but believes many of them were used as earth picks and hoes in cultivating

maize. The agricultural tools are more rudely made than celts, often merely coarsely flaked into shape. Showing no signs of hammer pecking, their only polish is that of use, and this shows chiefly on the bit and in the groove. When we examine such a tool it will be seen that a line drawn from the center of the head to the center of the blade shows the blade curving away to one side. Fig.



GROOVED AXES AND ADZES.

2 (Farmington.) No one could direct a straight blow with such a tool used axe fashion.

Fig. 3 (Plainville) gives us a side view of this form of tool which shows the point contended. Various leaf-shaped tools seem to belong in the section of digging implements. Fig. 4, from Windsor meadow, shows a fine and ancient example. Chipped spades of quartzite, somewhat resembling

those from Illinois, only much ruder and smaller, have been found at Congamond Lake. They show a fine polish from use. Figs. 5, 5(2).

The real grooved axe was built upon a straighter line than the hoe. Usually pecked into a more perfect shape, it was often laboriously polished all over. The nomadic nature of our aborigines and the vast forests full of partly decayed timbers must have rendered a great number of these tools unnecessary, yet we find some fine examples. Fig. 6c illustrates one from Southington. Fig. 7 is an unusual specimen from Farmington. Ornamented with a ridge around both sides of the groove, it was once polished all over, but has been roughened anew by the unrelenting fingers of time. Fig. 8 shows a fine flat axe from Plainville. We also illustrate another example in fig. 9.

We may here speak of the tomahawk, which doubtless served to break up wood and bones on the march as well as for purposes of war. Some of these are very axe-like, as the specimen, fig. 11c from Southington. Fig. 12 shows a very rare tool, a chipped quartzite hatchet from Farmington. Fig. 13 shows a beautiful object of the celt type, from Burlington, which we consider a typical

tomahawk. In fig. 14, from Farmington, we have a third type which must have been used exclusively for war or chase. We believe this to have been much the more common form. We read of the torture of captives by the Indians, who were said to have tied the victims to a tree and thrown tomahawks with such skill that they remained attached to the tree around the captive's head. The futility of such a use of the prehistoric tomahawks needs no comment. The curious reader can find in Vol. 2, p. 16, of Winsor's "Narrative and Critical History of America," a Caribbean form of tomahawk, showing how they were helved, as given by Oviedo in his book, edition of 1547; fig. 1412. In this section we must include certain grooved stones found in Farmington and Southington, fig. 15c. These stones were doubtless firmly fastened to a slightly elastic handle by a strap of rawhide and used as war clubs. We cannot agree with those who style them hammers.

GOUGES AND ADZES.

Closely connected with the celt and axe and having the same dual develop-



GOUGE-ADZES.

ment, grooved and ungrooved types, are the gouge and adze. They are among the most remarkable of ancient tools. Made of very hard stones they are always finely polished, and the cutting edge is always nearly perfectly symmetrical. They all agree in having one face flat and the other more or less acutely rounded. The gouges are hollowed out more or less deeply on the flat face and brought to a sharp curvilinear blade; some representing nearly a half circle, while others are more expanded, a few being nearly flat.

Examples: from Farmington, fig. 16; Granby, fig. 17; Plainville, 18, and Bristol, 18a, are shown. Fig. 19 shows a chipped quartzite gouge from Congamond lake, which recalls the paleolithic implements of Sweden.* It is the general opinion that gouges were used in making canoes. The adze differs from the gouge in being made for a helve. It is usually less deeply hollowed, has a more curved back, with a flatter face. The arrangement for helving is often exceedingly ingenious, especially when we consider that it must have been planned before the stone was worked down to its final shape. Some are

* In the writer's cabinet are two similar tools from Sweden.

merely flat celt-like forms with the blade brought to an edge even with the lower surface and only slightly curved to the sides. Fig. 20 shows a rare style from Granby, three inches long. Fig. 21 represents a typical form of adze, with a curved back and two ridges forming a raised groove for helving.

THE GOUGE-ADZE.

This implement combines the features of gouge and adze and is more common than the flat forms. The cutting edge varies the same as gouges and the raised back is sometimes grooved, and at others has carefully made ridges for attaching the helve, often so arranged as to protect the withe or strap used in seizing on the handle from the friction of use. Figs. 22, 23 R, 24, 25 illustrate the several forms.

In fig. 23 the mode of attachment is a small nipple-shaped protuberance. Fig. 26 R, from Plainville, is a very peculiar form, only 2½ inches long. It is exceedingly well made and deeply gouged on its face; upon its back is one very sharply made ridge. This tool must have had a small handle, probably of bone, and been driven chisel-fashion by a mallet. The illustrations show the several forms. This whole series of implements is of the highest interest but lack of space forbids further individual descriptions. This form of implement seems to have had a fuller development in New England than to the South or West.

THE PLUMMET OR SINKERS.

Stones shaped like various styles of plummets are found all over the United States. Very elaborate forms in soapstone have been taken from the Florida mounds. The writer has collected them made from the central column of great sea shells (*Busycon*) on the shell mounds around Tampa. They were probably used as ornaments, although their use is a disputed point among many archaeologists. We illustrate two local examples, fig. 27, Farmington; fig. 28, Plainville.

(A late writer in the *Antiquarian* contends that they were weapons to use as slings. We should enjoy seeing him using some of the plummets of shell, pottery and soapstone from the South.)

ORNAMENTAL AND CEREMONIAL OBJECTS.

That the ancient red man was not insensible to the seductions of pleasing shapes and colors is easily shown when we study their vestiges. Arrow points are found which to-day are valued for jewelry. No one can look over a good collection of these points without a feeling of wonder, not only at the great variety of shapes and materials, but also at the skill with which the beauties of the stone are made manifest. In all manner of implements we find uncommon and curiously marked stones, laboriously worked into shape. Upon the pottery we have already shown the love of ornamentation. The love for color expended itself also upon mats and basketry, of which we possess no prehistoric examples from this valley. Tanned skins and barks were dyed and painted. Teeth and claws of animals were made into necklaces. Bones and shells were largely made into beads both for use as ornaments and for money. But we know only of a few long beads from a grave in Farmington. These long beads are considered as of greater antiquity than the wampum forms.† The

† Although these beads came from a grave in Farmington, the writer is not satisfied of their being prehistoric. He would be pleased to hear of any others from this section of the state.

Indian was also lavish in the use of paints upon his own person. We are able to illustrate two small paint cups, one of which was dug up by Mr. Jacob Mesrole, of Southington, near Wonx spring, and when found was partly filled with red paint powder, fig. 27*a*, and fig. 28*a*, also from Southington. Lumps of red and yellow paints are not uncommon in Florida shell mounds. Aside from this use of paint and beads upon himself and his trappings, the subject of ornaments appears to have been closely allied to religious and ceremonial observances. The Indian made various ornamental objects of stone, bone and shells. The stones were mostly beautifully grained slates or crystalline forms. The use for which the varied objects were intended is yet buried in the oblivion that overwhelmed their makers. They no doubt filled a place in his imagination and helped to satisfy a craving, which, if it were not a love of art and beauty, was at least its embryonic form. They also doubtless had a further reason for being, some probably may have been the badges of official or priestly rank, and used as ceremonial accessories, while others may have simply ministered to the pride of their possessors, as mankind to-day takes pride in possessing painting and sculpture. Whatever may have been their use, they are found all over the United States east of the Rocky Mountains, more or less sparsely in New England, and becoming more numerous and varied in shape as we approach the ancient centers of denser populations. Uncommon forms have more restricted areas, and there is quite a perceptible difference in special arts among the Southern Indians, where certain forms unknown to New England are found. Various names are given to these objects, according to the imagination of the describer. Curiously enough the older authorities in ethnology, such as Schoolcraft, seem to be the poorest. Comparative study has proven more valuable than tradition.

GORGETS AND PENDANTS.

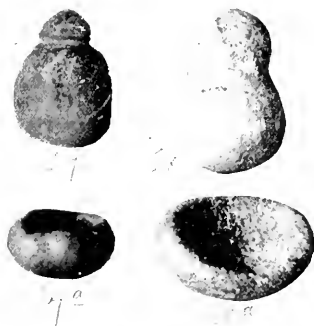
Flat objects with two perforations whose opposite faces are always beautifully polished and which are usually symmetrical, that is if cut into two equal parts each would be the counterpart of the other, are called gorgets. Fig. 29 shows a beautiful specimen in green banded slate from Plainville. Similar objects with only one perforation, more usually near one end, are called pendants. Fig. 30 gives one of an unknown lightish colored material from Granby, and fig. 31 one from Southington of black slate. Broken and decayed fragments of gorgets are frequently found on village sites.

AMULETS.

These are long and narrow stones, always highly polished, usually made of black or banded slate, having one face flat and the other either convex or triangular. They appear in two types, the plain bar; called bar amulet, or with the upper face more or less resembling a sitting bird, with an expanded tail, and head with projecting eyes, called bird amulet. Both forms agree in having one conical perforation at each end passing from the flattened base obliquely upward and outward. Fig. 32 shows a beautiful bar amulet of banded slate from Bristol. Fig. 33 shows a bird amulet from Ohio to illustrate the type. Fig. 34 represents a bird amulet, the head broken off, made of soapstone, from Terryville. These objects are exceedingly rare in New England. Their use is unknown. The writer imagines them to have been connected with the operations of the shamans or priests called pow-wows. Fig. 35 and 36 por-

tray a very different form of ornament from Burlington. This handsome relic is a perfect specimen, and its perfection seems more wonderful when we consider that it was made with no other rule or square than the eye and hand of the artisan. It has two perforations passing up from the center of the central

boat-shaped groove at such an angle that a cord passed through each suspends the object on a level. It is made of banded slate. These stones are called shuttles, but of their use we know nothing: they are quite rare. Never bored except in the center, their perforations are always cylindrical and very small for an Indian tool. Fig. 37 shows a singular and well polished object from Bristol of no apparent use. This may be a clay stone, but it has the greasy polish of long handling, which seems to cling to an Indian implement for ages in the earth.



HUMPHREYS AND PRINCE, CO.

BANNER STONES

The banner stones differ from other objects in this class in having one large perforation through the center. In this section all bores are round; west and south a few are found with oval perforations. Examinations of a number of large collections seem to prove to the writer that all symmetrical forms have round bores, while those with a symmetrical wing have oval bores. The writer would be pleased to learn of exceptions to this statement for New England.

These are among the choicest examples of prehistoric art. While mostly made of slate, many are found in very hard materials. Fig. 38 represents one from Columbia, Conn., worked from crystal. They seem to have been



GORGES AND PENDANTS.

blocked out and shaped before being bored, as is shown in fig. 30 R from Farmington. They are thought to have been badges of office or ceremonial flags, borne upon handles which were doubtless painted and gayly bedecked with colored feathers and carried in dances and processions. The finished specimens are al-

ways very highly polished and almost perfectly symmetrical. Fig. 40^R represents a fine "butterfly" banner from Bristol. In fig. 41 we illustrate an immense arrow-shaped stone found some twenty years ago in Southington. One face is of light gritty sandstone, the other of a smooth red shale almost slate. It is fully seventeen inches long, thirteen inches wide, and less than one inch thick. Its great size precludes any useful purpose. We must believe that some figure was painted on its smooth face, and that it was used as a banner stone. Yet it may have been a totem. When shown to Prof. Otis T. Mason, the curator of ethnology of the National Museum, he told the writer that he knew of but two such objects, both being in Washington. They were much smaller, and came from the Apache country.

It opens a curious conjecture what the occurrence in so widely separated districts of such singular stones may mean, more especially when we consider that the Tunxan and Apache Indians probably represent different phylogenetic stems.

THE RELIGIOUS IDEA AMONG THE ALGONKINS

It is not the scope of this paper to discuss the moral and religious life of



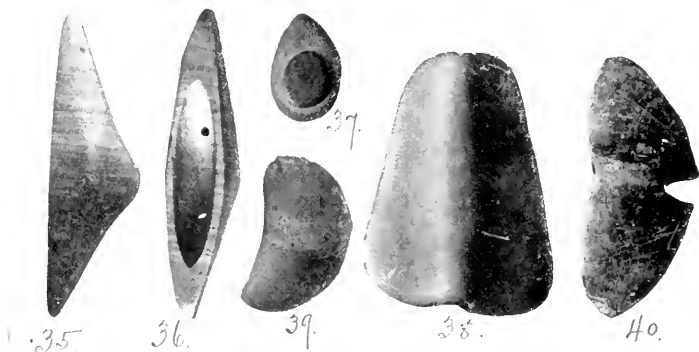
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our Indians. But a better appreciation of certain objects may be obtained by a slight glimpse into the workings of the later Indian's mind. Dr. Daniel Brinton¹ has published a learned book upon Indian myths and religious traditions. Cushing² is also publishing a singular attempt at describing the ancient Zuñian system of religious ceremonials. These works give us the remaining opinions of the higher minds, among the Indians and their traditions. It seems hardly probable that the common people comprehended what glimpses of ethical or cosmic truths might underlie their myths or ceremonials. For instance, the great divinity among the Algonkin people was *Michabo*—the great white rabbit. This word was compounded from *michi* (great) and *wabos*, the little grey rabbit of our woods. Now the Algonkin root word for white was *wab*. Dialectic forms occur, as *waupan*, the morning; *warubon*, the east, the dawn. The name *michabo* probably was really the great white dawn, the creating light, the morning and sunlight, which was a common form of Nature God among many people. But the Indian, confused by the similarity of the root form of the words, degraded the conception to a big white rabbit and made

1. *Myths of the New World*, Phil., 1890.

2. 13th Annual Report, Bureau of Ethnology, Washington.

this nonsensical being his god.³ Such misconceptions are not unknown in modern religious cults. Having no real monotheistic conceptions the Indian supplicated such local superstitions as his fancy feared or hoped to bribe. Brinton⁴ gives an Algonkin⁵ prayer overheard by the Jesuit Brebœuf, anterior to 1636: "Oki thon who dwellest in this spot I offer thee tobacco. Help us; save us from shipwrecks; defend us from our enemies; give us good trade; bring us back safe to the village." This contains no moral principle; recognizes no relation above that of barter.



AMULETS AND BANNER STONES.

The Indian gave tobacco in exchange for that which he thought that the invisible could yield to or deny him. And yet is not this even a higher standard than that of some of our modern sagamores of trade who seek to bribe the demiurge of legislation for power to prey upon their fellowmen? Those ceremonial relations that grew out of the etiquette of contact, or which were woven around the individual by tribal conservatism, modified by and intermingled with a belief in the incantations and conjurations of the Shamans, bounded the religious horizons of the common Indian. The Shamans or Pow-wows were the priests among the Indians; also the jugglers, nature-doctors, rain-makers and witch-finders. Incapable of comprehending the phenomena of nature, he lived in a superstitious fear of unseen influences and sought to propitiate or deceive the forces that he supposed were behind them. But it is nowhere shown that he worshipped devils, any more than that Saul worshipped a devil when he besought the witch at Endor. Yet, even if certain esoteric truths may have been conveyed along the centuries through the initiations of those secret societies which seem the common property of a certain stage of savagedom, they seemed to have exercised no ennobling power over the individual.* He was hopelessly entangled amid the meshes of an hun-

3. Brinton, *Ibid.*, p. 196.

4. *Ibid.*, p. 339.

5. The historic Tunxans were of Algonkin stock.

* Vide Churchill, *Pop. Scie. Mon.*, Dec., 1890, "The Duk Duk Ceremonies."

dred ancient remembrances and customs whose beginnings and causations had been lost in the mist of ages, but whose power to enthrall him grew ever stronger with the procession of the years. We are irresistably led to the conclusion that among the red men the religious idea had become completely submerged in the ceremonial. The spontaneity of the individual had been lost in a debasing web of ceremonial communism. Their myths indeed remained like those shining planets which science teaches us are dead and yet nightly parade the glittering but soulless shadows of once life-sustaining orbs. Communism invaded every walk of the Indian's life. Whatever he possessed, it forced him to share with others,† although among some tribes horses and probably arms and personal adornments belonged to individuals, male and female owning their own implements. The land, however, was held in common. When he died his chiefest possessions were commonly destroyed at his burial. His wife and children were usually left nothing. Religion demanded prolonged and shameful mourning among many tribes for the poor woman whose husband had departed for the happy hunting grounds. In every direction he seems to have been compassed about with customs that he dare not violate and yet which forbade the possibility of individual progress beyond fixed lines, hence everywhere we found the Indians a degenerating people. A civilization blasted in its generous youth by the deathly germ of socialism, its age ever "looking backward" into the night of tradition, the future of the Indian had no hopes of ultimate amelioration. His highest efforts at civilization could not escape the ban of socialism. The priestly classes who ruled Mexico and Peru maintained the most elaborate forms of prohibitions and debasing paternalisms, ever the obverse sides of socialism.

All mankind, be it red, black or white, dream of an Arcadia where labor is not needed and selfishness unknown. The modern followers of Balaam, cursing at present progress, point to this golden age in a communal past. But the finger of investigation, ever delving deeper into the mysteries of the ages, always finds the golden age of socialism receding yet deeper into the elusive obscurity of the past. Along the centuries time has printed the immutable law of evolution. It is in the liberty to variation and the guaranteed integrity

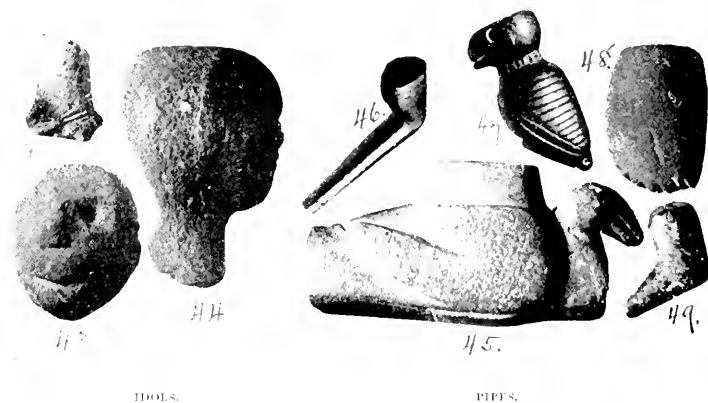


FIGURE 41.

† See Lucian Carr, *Antiquarian* for 1897, page 92.

of the individual effort that progress plants her seeds. Whatever unduly restrains the individual under the bonds of a forced uniformity ultimately blights the whole collection of individuals. Such Aryan people as cast off socialistic communism progressed. The Indian retaining communism sank ever deeper in its hopeless enmeshments.

An interesting treatise might be elaborated upon this subject, but to our present purpose it limits itself to the uses of tobacco, the occurrence of images and totemism. The manner in which the religious idea was undoubtedly connected with the ceremonial objects just described is at present too much involved in obscurity for any description. Regarding images Dr. Brinton says, "Idols of stone, wood or baked clay were found in every Indian tribe without exception so far as I know."* We must not conclude from this that idols were largely venerated among the half-nomadic Connecticut aborigines. And we should hesitate to believe that such images as have been found represented



any fixed attributes or definite divine qualities, as they seem to have done in Mexico. In the Western States very many curious pieces of pottery representing often old hunchbacked squaws are found among the mounds and called idol mugs. In the middle South, stone and clay images and heads occur. For the curious we insert a clay image, fig. 42, with the peculiar flat face seen upon the larger idols in stone, and a stone head, fig. 43, which we consider as very ancient, both from Nagooche, Ga., and never previously illustrated. The student will find a very ancient and probably pre-aztecan idol in the Bristol museum, found in Central America. The writer possesses a quartzite mealing stone, or round pestle from Farmington which has been elaborately worked into a perfect shape, whose upper face shows a bird plainly scratched out, but not suitable for photographing. We also show in fig. 44 a singular flat head exhumed on Union Hill, Bristol, some ten years ago. This is the only representation of a human head, we have ever known from this valley, except some

pipes, which are obviously intrusive and apparently of post-Columbian Cherokee manufacture.

TOTEMS.

Among all peoples we find individuals or families with animal names, and among some remain beliefs or traditions which associate these people with animal ancestors. The ancient Jews possessed these Totemic animal names,* which was one among the many singular resemblances of rites and customs

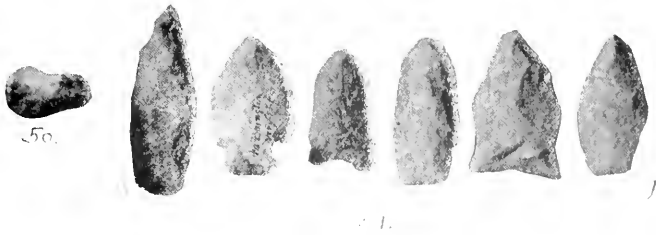
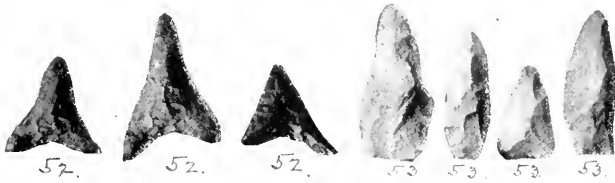


FIG. 50 IS PROBABLY A FLAKE. FIGS. 51 ARCHAIK FORMS OF ARROWS.

that led many theoretical writers to consider the Indians as the veritable lost ten tribes of Israel.† We now recognize that such resemblances do not indicate any necessary blood relationship or previous intercommunication, but that similar mental states when meeting similar environmental conditions develop similar expedients. It is hardly probable that the Indian actually believed himself to have descended from any brute such as he saw about him, but rather from some transcendent and spiritual animal, which possibly he may have considered as a common ancestor of both himself and his animal namesake.



ARROW POINTS.

Among some tribes a belief was said to have prevailed that at death they would return into their totemic animal, and probably some animals were held as sacred from this cause. It seems probable that all animal worship may have grown out of this idea of metempsychosis allied with the veneration of ancestors. When an Indian found a natural object which he believed to resemble his supposed totemic ancestor he was led to venerate it, either as a

* "Israelite and Indian," by Garrick Mallory, *Pop. Scie. Mon.*, 1889—Nov. and Dec.
 † See "Peruvian Antiquities," Von Tschudi, pp. 8 to 12. New York, 1855.

reminder of his ancestral form, or perhaps as the veritable abode of the ancestral spirit, for the Indian in his ignorance of nature's laws was not troubled to explain the manner of things. The local Manitos we read about were often doubtless these totems, while others represented the mysterious forces of nature, as the noises at Moodus. We are able to present a fine totemic image of a duck which was found on the Indian trail that ran from Bristol to Burlington: It is now in the cabinet of W. C. Richards, at Bristol, a venerable and respected relic. [See frontispiece.]

TOBACCO AND PIPES.

To elaborate the use of tobacco alone would be more than sufficient to occupy all our allotted space. A great deal has been written upon it since the time when the earlier visitors from Europe were amazed upon seeing smoke pouring out from the nostrils of the naked Indians. Amid much that has been fancifully written about tobacco we may safely reach a few conclusions. The Indians believed the smoke to be agreeable to his invisible gods, and wafted it to them as an incense. He seems nearly everywhere to have connected the cardinal points with his creating spirits and to have wafted smoke to the four quarters of the horizon as well as to the east at sunrise. In the more agricultural sections where a sedentary population had bred up more elaborate ceremonies the pollen of maize was used as a holy sprinkling, or emblem of fructification. Large pipes with long stems gaily painted and elaborately adorned with the heads, and more especially the wings of birds, were used by heralds and other travelers as passports or safe permits when approaching strange tribes. Treaties of peace or alliance and all social compacts seem to have been ratified and sealed, so to speak, by the general successive smoking among the contracting parties of one of these pipes. War is also said to have been proclaimed by sending a red pipe adorned with red feathers. Says the Jesuit Charlevoix:* "The custom is to smoke the calumet when you accept it, and perhaps there is no instance where the agreement has been violated which was made by this acceptation. To smoke in the same pipe, therefore, in token of alliance, is the same thing as to drink in the same cup, as has been practiced at all times by many nations." We have no calumet pipes from this section, but illustrate a noble specimen from Nagooche, Ga., fig. 45. What would we not give could it only tell us the story of all the lips that have pressed it? Among all peoples where the social compact has not yet acquired the force of definite and general laws and an efficient police, we find these singular substitutes, which stand to our laws as do hieroglyphics to our modern alphabets. The cities of refuge among the Semitic nations, the eating of salt among the Bedouin, blood brotherhood among the African, taboos in Australasia, and church sanctuary in mediæval Europe, seem various ways of attaining a common idea. Yet it remains probable that the Indian ordinarily had nothing more than a sensual love for its narcotic qualities in using tobacco. It gave him dreams, and dreams are ever the cherished mentor of the savage, and assisted him in acquiring the frenzy necessary to incantation and prophecy. The pipes which have been found in this section all differ one from another, so that we cannot assign to any the honor of being a local form. In the American Museum of New York is a magnificent greenstone calumet pipe from near

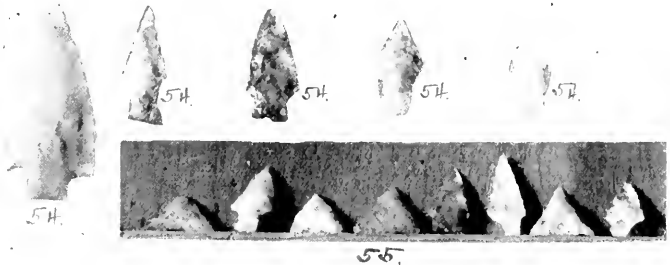
* "Voyage to America," Vol. 1, page 180. Dublin, 1766.

Middletown, Conn., of the platform type, which has been called the mound-builder's pipe. Fig. 46 shows a pipe of steatite with a long stem, resembling a modern briar pipe. At the union of bowl with stem is a hole which has been luted with cement, a common Indian expedient rendering it easy to clean. Found in Plainville it represents a type thought by some to be common to the dreaded Mohawks. Fig. 47 *m* shows a very peculiar and elaborately carved pipe of black slate found on the west mountain of Southington. It has a hole in the rim of the bowl for suspension. It resembles a raven. In the Algonkin myth of the deluge the raven took the place of the Jewish dove. This pipe also reminds one of the thunder bird of the Vancouver Indians. In fig. 48 we present a pipe made of red sandstone, the mate of which we have never seen. The superb collection of Commodore Douglass in New York contains nothing like it. It is certainly genuine, and was dug up in Bristol about ten years ago. Fig. 49 shows a small steatite pipe also found near Bristol. A pottery pipe was shown in the April paper. Several other pipes have been found in this valley. Such as the writer has seen are manifestly intrusive, and not prehistoric. Among them is one genuine Haidah black pipe and several green slate pipes from the Cherokee artisans.

We now turn to the red man's art as we find it embalmed in his offensive and defensive weapons. We believe the primitive man was by choice an eater of meat, although made by his oft necessities, omnivorous. We are led more closely to this opinion from the belief which grows upon us that all our edible grains and fruits have been modified toward perfection by man, even by this naked savage man, from primitive forms not capable of sustaining human life. As they journeyed and jostled together along the slow and rugged course of evolution, man gave such plants as were useful to him his protection, and they returned his care with an ever increasing harvest. It was also the spirit of primitive man to be cruel, for was not all nature cruel and pitiless unto him? He recognized nothing of that pity of our modern conceptions of the brotherhood of life, and having the universal instinct of savageism which considers all mankind without the pale of its own clan as an enemy, war was, if not his pastime, at least his frequent necessity. Hence we find the highest development of his skill in those weapons devoted to the destruction of life, and in the manufacture and adornment of those ceremonial objects whose functions were closely interwoven with the pomp and panolpy of war. It is our privilege to-day as at no other known epoch of the world's history to attempt a review of a people in their entirety. To seek man out ere he was able to record his achievements and to follow him where his deeds were no longer worth recording. The Indian lived in the present, forgetful of his true past, and knowing nothing of his future beyond those unanswering fears and fancies which attend both the weakness of infancy and the decrepitude of age. But we may view him from the swaddling clothes of the primitive troglodyte, through the robust adolescence of invention, to the miserable senility that closed his epoch. It is this priceless privilege of forcing from the past a mental biography of the progress of mankind and his inventions which contributes the truest zest in our study of man.

The bow and arrow of the Indian furnished his most effectual weapon, both in war and chase, to which he added for closer thrusting the spear or lance and the knife or dagger. These arrows and spears, while sometimes

headed with bone or wood and canes tempered hard by heating in a fire, were mostly tipped with points of chipped stone. In the "Story of the Pilgrim Fathers," by Arber, 1897, page 432, we find the following in "Governor Bradford's Relation," which was printed in 1622, referring to the first conflict with the Indians: "We took up 18 of their arrows, which we sent to England by Master Jones (of the Mayflower); some whereoff were headed with *brass*, others with hart's horns and others with eagle's claws." Not a word spoken of



FIGS. 54. ROCK CRYSTAL POINTS, FIGS. 55. MINUTE POINTS.

stone heads. Some modern archaeologists are beginning to believe that our historic Indians made none of such weapons as we now find. In the first interview with Samoset, we read, "He had a bow with three arrows, one headed and two unheaded." I find no mention in stone arrowpoints in use, in the Relations of Governor Bradford. Hence it is that we find the art of stone chipping, which we have classed as the eldest of his inventions, ultimately carried by the Indian to the highest point of perfection. The bows

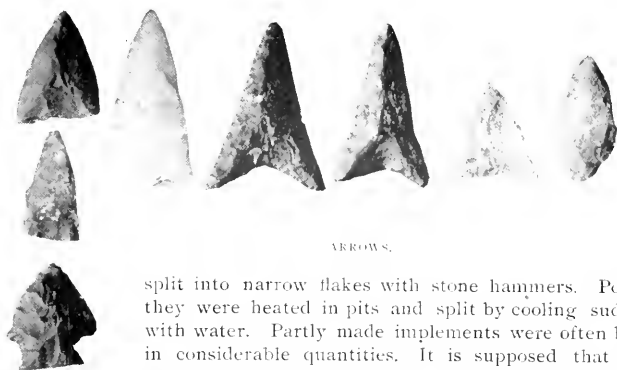


ARROWS.

themselves that gave the Tunxan arrows force have turned to dust along with the arms that drew them; the shafts of the spear and arrow have melted in the pitiless crucible of nature. But the stones that gave them their cruel effectiveness remain, eloquent witnesses of their fabricators' skill. When we handle these beautiful objects of inanimate stone, we feel speaking from them an epitome of the Indian's civilization. When we compare the rude and almost formless figurines taken from the early tombs of Asia Minor with the

finished works of a Phidias we may compass the evolution of Grecian art.* So here we find entombed the fruits of the entire evolution of the red man's art in chipping in stone. From the timid and uncertain blows of the paleolithic savage, step by step the acquired skill of assured art was imperceptibly welded with the conscious hand, until we behold here such results as the white man with all his tools has nowhere been able to imitate. Stone chipping is now believed to be a lost art. The ethnologists of the Smithsonian Institute have never found an artisan who, even when supplied with all the tools of modern art, was able to imitate some of the leaf-shaped implements of prehistoric man. And the most skillful of the flint knappers of Brandon, England, men whose occupation is making gun flints also failed after months of effort to produce the forms made by a savage whose only tools were stones and bones.

It is not certainly known how the Indian made these arrow points, working such a brittle material as white quartz into the exquisite forms here portrayed. It is the general belief that chert jasper slate and quartz cobbles were first



ARROWS.

split into narrow flakes with stone hammers. Possibly they were heated in pits and split by cooling suddenly with water. Partly made implements were often buried in considerable quantities. It is supposed that these stones were thus softened and rendered more tractable

Such a cache was found some years ago near Hadley, Mass., containing sixty arrow and spear blocks. These blocks are so old that they were turned to an ashy white; they resemble the St. Acheul blocks in shape and coarse chipping. The flakes were gradually chipped down into shape with the little knockers. When the stone had thus been partly outlined, it was finished by another process. Either some hard object as stone, bone or horn was used as a chisel driven by a hammer to force off little flakes from either side alternately, or the so-called flakers† were used to push suddenly against the arrow, being worked from alternate sides, each impulsion of the tool taking off a little splinter opposite the point of impact. Various arrow flakers have been found among surviving savages. The only tool resembling these from this section that we have seen is shown in fig. 50, which resembles the alleged bone flakers from the prehistoric cemetery of Madisonville, Ohio. We are able to conceive no other use for the above implement. Skillful men in all tribes where suitable materials

* Vide De Cesnola Collection of Central Park, New York.

† See figs. 15 and 16 April number of QUARTERLY.

were obtainable seem to have made a business of arrow chipping, and it is known that points were sent in barter to great distances from the places where they were fabricated. Some twenty-five years ago a cache of perfect jasper arrow points was found near Compounce containing seventy-eight fine specimens.

These chipped implements divide naturally into two orders, those notched or tanged for attachment to a shaft, and those with no perceptible arrangement for hafting. By general consent archaeologists separate them into three divisions—arrow points, usually under two inches in length; spear points, two inches and upward, and knives. The arrow point differentiates into the drill, the bunter, and the tanged knife or scraper, as shown in our first articles. We shall here consider only those forms used in war and chase. Space forbids a consideration of the many curious forms, and speculations upon the manner of their development from some presumably primitive ideal. The inquiring reader will find the general type forms carefully worked out in a recent monograph by Mr. Gerard Fowkes.* A glance at the forms here illustrated will readily convince the student that no one people had a monopoly of arrow forms, as we can show here every type of Mr. Fowkes except the long lozenge shape tang which we find from Arkansas and Mississippi. Anyone familiar with large collections of arrow points learns to distinguish certain peculiarities of finish and material by which the probable source of any individual point may be guessed. There is a distinct individuality which distinguishes the fossil chert points of Florida from the same colored type of Wisconsin. The white quartz of Connecticut are easily separable from those of Virginia or Carolina. Yet this shows more in the material and the way it takes a finish than in the skill of the artisan. If there is any form more common than others in this region, we think it is the small points of white quartz. Upon some workshops, notably at Compounce, nearly all are found of this substance, and upon the near mountain may be seen the veins and pits from which the Indian has pounded out his material. Also red sandstone and shale seem to have been largely used, as they are the most abundant of our workable stones; very many decayed fragments are found in every considerable workshop. If the writer were to express an opinion as to the more ancient forms in this valley, it would be for the type here illustrated, fig. 51, of which many are found so very old that all trace of the chipping has been eroded, and they look as though they had been rubbed into shape. Most of the forms occur universally, but occasionally local workshops are found with nearly all the points of one type, notably in Granby, where all the specimens are triangular; figs. 52. In one place in Farmington were found a number of very rude arrows of an intractable metal which may be very old; we have seen nothing like them elsewhere, either in shape or material; figs. 53. Basanite and red and yellow jasper pebbles were found in the bed of the Farmington and made into beautiful forms. Argillite occurs in older types. Also some exceedingly beautiful points

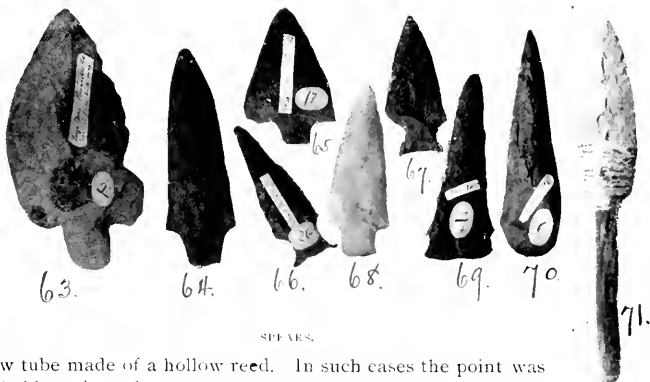


FIGURE 52.

* 13th Annual Report, Bureau of Ethnology.

are found of the clearest rock crystal, equal to anything from North Carolina, fig. 54. Many arrows occur in materials of whose source we know nothing.

Arrows have been divided into war points and hunting points, the former inserted into the shaft so loosely that when the shaft was pulled out the head would remain in the wound; such a wound would be very serious in Indian surgery. While those styled hunting arrows are notched or tanged so as to secure firm attachment to the shaft and be easily recovered by cutting the dead animal. It is also possible that some of the smallest points were used in a



SPEARS.

blow tube made of a hollow reed. In such cases the point was probably poisoned. Venomous serpents were made to bite raw flesh, and when this had become partly putrescent the arrows were thrust into it and made highly poisonous. Fig. 55 shows these minute points from this valley. Fig. 56 shows eight war points of various shapes. Fig. 57 is a very curious shaped tanged point. Fig. 58 is a beautiful object of smoky quartz. Fig. 59 is of smoky quartz, and may have been a knife; it has sharp edges. Fig. 60 has serrated points with long barbs and a deeply notched tang, a rare and beautiful object in greenish stone. Fig. 61 is beveled off on opposite sides like a reamer.

Many other forms are illustrated, which our space forbids us to classify.

THE SPEAR OR LANCE.

The spear was made both for war and chase, and used also for fishing. The long slender points are commonly called fish spears, but the writer has not found them as often on the banks of brooks as on the uplands. Spears represent some of our most beautiful objects of the Indian's handiwork. We believe that many were used for diverse purposes of which we know little. The spear is usually tanged for hafting similarly to the hunting arrow and was probably attached in the same manner. In fig. 62 we present a marvelous implement of black chert from Southington, fourteen inches long, and a small part, probably two inches, has been broken off and lost from one end. This tool has that peculiar elongated diamond shape which may be noticed in some large obsidian implements from Mexico, called sacrificial knives. Some twelve years ago we saw two similar implements in white chert at Palatka, Fla.,

which were unfortunately lost in the great fire a few years later. The occurrence of such aberrant types of implements in such diverse regions opens many conjectures. We illustrate nine typical spears. Fig. 63 is an immense leaf-shaped blade of yellow slate from Plainville. This is our rarest form. It is probable that some of the leaf-shaped implements were intended to be finished in this shape. Figs. 64 and 65, beautiful black chert, Bristol. Fig. 66, fine arrow-shaped spear, Farmington. Fig. 67, red jasper, Plainville. Fig. 68, magnificent white spear, almost like noraculite, from Granby. Fig. 69, red sandstone, Bristol. Fig. 70, large awl-shaped spear, from Bristol.

We know nothing how the shafts of these spears were made, and possessing neither spear nor arrow shafts or bows from this region, shall not attempt to discuss their forms. Those interested in the subject of Indian bows should read the splendid monograph of Prof. Mason.*

KNIVES AND DAGGERS.

The earlier explorers of America, especially those who touched along the coast of Florida, described the Indians as using knives of shells, with which



KNIVES AND DAGGERS.

they cruelly cut and mangled their victims. It is probable that similar implements were used by all Indians dwelling near the seas, but none have come down to us from this section. We also believe that very many of the sharp points which we class as arrow heads, were inserted into split wooden handles, securely fastened with fibres, glue or pitch, and used as knives.

It is also more than probable that some of our long slender spears were used with very short handles as daggers. In fig. 71 is given an ideal restoration of a fine red jasper knife from Farmington, which would serve equally for a scalping knife or a dagger. In figs. 72, 73, 74, we show three typical forms. Fig. 75 is a curious implement which both curves on the edge and bends sideways upon itself.

In fig. 80, from Granby, is a magnificent specimen of the leaf-shaped implement which represents the highest perfection of the art of stone chipping. Made of a fine yellow chert, it is absolutely perfect in all directions. Near the edge of the broad end is a crystal that sparkles like a nest of diamonds. This tool was dug up from apparently undisturbed gravel in digging a well six feet

* "North American Bows and Arrows," by Otis T. Mason, Smithsonian Report, 1893, p. 631, et seq.

below the surface. It is believed that many of these leaf-shaped tools were wrapped in pieces of fur or rawhide for handles and used as daggers. Fig. 81 is a beautiful chert dagger from Bristol.

We have shown what vestiges of the prehistoric man have come down to us. There yet remain many articles which undoubtedly are Indian—notably a fine canoe found at Plainville, and now in the Bristol Historical rooms. There is also a large stone mortar which tradition associates with an old Indian who gave his name to Chippen's Hill in Bristol, and the traditionally historic cave dwelling of one Compounce, whose name lingers in the beautiful glacial lakelet that he owned. But the writer intended only a description of prehistoric remains. There are many graves in Farmington of unknown age. On the highway from Bristol to Burlington, in the edge of Edgewood, there is a hill of glacial debris that rests upon stratified gravel. On this hillside have been seen low mounds which were undoubtedly artificial, and which had not been constructed since the white man settled in Bristol. Of this, the owner of the adjoining land, Mr. Jerome, is sure. Some years ago, Mr. William Richards and the writer met Mr. Jerome and dug into one of these mounds. Digging down about two feet through soil that showed plainly marks of previous disturbance, we came to a level floor made of round cobble stones, perhaps three feet long by two in width. When these stones were removed, we found yet another layer beneath, which showed plain evidence of a severe heating. Between the two layers of stone was an inch or more of charcoal. The lower floor rested upon undisturbed and stratified gravel. No tool of any kind was found. A specimen of the charcoal was sent to Washington, but the Government microscopist found no evidence of animal matter in it. The nature of the pits or altars, or whatever they may have been, remains a mystery.

The preparation of these papers has been a labor of love to the writer, in hoping to help rescue from oblivion some few remaining vestiges of those who once roamed these valleys in their pristine beauty; if he thus helps to hinder their further dispersion, he has his full reward.

We, in all the pride of our higher civilization, owe it to the memory of these races, whose very savageism kept the hills and dales of America a rich and virgin soil that we might wax strong upon them. They gave untold centuries to the development of the maize from a wild grass of Florida, those golden grains that are richer to us than all the golden cliffs of the Rockies. Let us then garner into museums those vestiges that yet remain. Time, ever envious of the sole prerogative of immortality, seeks their sure effacement. The earth and air wage unrelenting warfare for the destruction of these unprotesting witnesses of a vanished people. In their history as left us in these stones, silent no longer to those who interrogate them aright we may read the story of our own ancestral struggle in the long, dark, awful night which left no verbal record. The winged spirit of thought goes backward into those prehistoric, abysmal depths, and shows us the sure origin, both of what remains to us of savage instincts and that tenacious, ever upward, aspiring spirit which through invention seeks the mastery of nature.

A TRIP TO PARADISE.

BY MILO LEON NORTON.

I had read of people who died, apparently, but who afterward revived, and told marvelous tales of their experiences in the other world; but little did I think that I should ever be one of the few privileged to explore the almost unknown regions beyond the the Styx, and then return once more to dwell in the flesh.

Yet such was the case.

I had long been ill with a strange malady, a complication of diseases, that puzzled the doctors. Council after council of the best physicians examined my case, yet could not determine upon its exact nature, and their treatment was almost wholly in the line of experiment. None of their experiments seemed to reach the case, however, and in spite of all their efforts I grew weaker and weaker, until at last, surrounded by my weeping family, I passed away.

As my body lay, limp and lifeless, I was conscious of being separated from it, and of looking down upon it with a feeling of sadness; just as one feels, who, leaving forever the home of his childhood, stops for a last look at the road-bend, which will shortly shut out from his sight the old familiar home, while a thousand memories crowd through his brain, and blind his eyes with tears. There lay the faithful limbs, the inert body, the folded hands, the head that had so long been the seat of my intelligence—the old familiar home of my soul. I fell to wondering how I could ever get along without it.

Just then I became aware that a Presence stood at my side. I could see but dimly at first. My new eyes had not yet become accustomed to the new light. The scene in the death chamber gradually faded away, and I turned to the Presence at my side.

"It is an angel," I thought, "sent to pilot me to the ports of Life and Love."

The Presence remained silent, but looked earnestly, intently, eagerly, into my face.

Eyes blue as the vault of heaven itself looked into mine, set in a face, a beautiful face, round and full, yet colorless. Long, wavy, nut-brown hair fell about it and over the rounded shoulders like a cascade. A vague sense of recollection came stealing over me. When, where had I seen that face before?

Then, all of a sudden, I knew.

Two score years before, when I was in the flush of early manhood, I met and loved a fair young girl. It was a case of love at first sight. In a few months we had plighted vows of undying love. It seemed to us that the old saying, that the course of true love never ran smoothly, did not apply to us. Our life, in those few, happy months, was an unbroken dream of bliss. She was very young, though mature beyond her years, and her parents insisted on

a long interval before marriage, only three years, but it seemed an eternity to me. I urged her to elope, but she had the good sense to refuse. Love denied a speedy consummation becomes morbid. I became unreasonably jealous, and in a rash moment demanded a release from the engagement. I was sorry for it in an hour. But I was proud, stubborn, wilful. I thought she ought to apologize. She, conscious of no offense, presumably deemed it my duty to take the first step toward a reconciliation.

I soon wooed and won another, and put all thought of my first love out of my heart and life.

Long afterwards, she, too, married. We drifted far apart. Rumors that she was subjected to cruelty and neglect, and finally of her untimely death, came to my ears. After a few short years of disappointment, crushed and heartbroken, she sank into a decline and died. If I had any feeling of remorse or regret, it soon faded away, and I had actually forgotten her. Yet it was she, my first love, whom I had thus cruelly spurned and rejected, who was the first to welcome me to the strange, new world, into which I had been ushered.

O, how wonderful is woman's love!

A flood of remorse came over me. I tried to speak her name, "Una," but not a sound issued from my lips. Then I knew that words were never spoken in that land. I had only to *think* and she would understand; and she would think in reply, and I would *see* the thought as it unfolded, blossomed, just as flowers unfold, blossom, in the bright summer sunlight.

I thought of all the suffering I had caused her, and hung my head in very shame. She raised my head quickly with her two hands, and as I looked in her eyes I saw that she had never loved but me, neither in life nor in death. I saw that I had been forgiven, and that all through these long weary years she had been waiting and watching at the gate of death for me.

Then I knew that I had never really loved but her.

I clasped her fair, shapely hand in mine, and thought how, one night beneath the stars, I had clasped that same dear little hand to my breast, and held it there, an unresisting prisoner. I wondered why my heart did not throb as it did on that night of long ago.

My fair companion answered in the beautiful thought-language, that no heart pulsations ever disturb the serenity of the disembodied soul. All that pertains to the animal nature is gone—shadows that are flown. Only the substance remains. The most enduring of all substance is love.

Hand in hand we wandered, she leading the way. I could but notice that our feet were motionless. We had but to will, and we would move without other effort.

I saw many strange scenes, many strange people, that I am not permitted to describe. We came, at last, to a vast body of water; an ocean, tideless and still as the woodland lake when not a breath disturbs the foliage of the overhanging shrubbery. No keel ever plows its glassy surface; no tempest ever tosses its waves into foam.

As we stood upon the verge of this vast ocean, I, for the first time, caught a reflection of myself in its clear waters. I started back in surprise. Before me was the image of myself as I was at twenty. I had been reconstructed. For the first time, too, I noticed my dress. I had observed that my companion wore a robe of soft, clinging texture, more delicate and beautiful than any

produced from loom of earth. It resembled in fashion the loose, graceful costume worn by the women of ancient Greece. I, too, wore a robe of similar, though coarser texture, that hung about me in graceful folds. My flesh seemed soft and fair as an infant's. Blemishes that disfigured my old body had disappeared. I was a new man.

"What callest thou this ocean?" I asked.

"Its name," answered Una, "is Immensity."

Along the shelving beach, its sands white as the driven snow, she led me, conversing regretfully of the past, happy, supremely happy, in our present.

Before us loomed a lofty cliff, jutting far out into the ocean. At its foot we paused.

"Its name?" I asked.

"Its name is Majesty."

She pointed upward with her unpinioned hand, for the other had never been unloosened from my clasp.

Without an effort we rose through the ether and stood upon the highest battlement of the mountain. Before us lay a vast plain, stretching away until it was lost in the dim distance.

"And this?" I asked.

"This plain is called Eternity."

Then my lovely almoner and guide explained to me the meaning of the symbolic names of sea, mountain and plain. It seems that I had been conducted through a sort of initiation, degree after degree, in order that I might be admitted into the upper and highest court, where none but those who had taken the lower degrees, and had obtained their passwords might enter. I learned, too, that but for the services of my devoted conductress, I might have wandered many weary years ere I had found them out for myself. Then did I realize, more than ever, the constancy and faithfulness of my lovely, my charming Una, my first and best love on earth, my guardian angel in heaven.

Instantly before us, though until then unobserved, I saw a massive jeweled gate, hung on massive hinges of burnished gold. In obedience to a sign from Una, I approached and gave one distinct rap. The gate was opened slightly, and a radiant face appeared.

"The word?" it said.

"Immensity," I answered.

A smile lit up the face, then it disappeared, and the gate was closed.

Had I made a mistake?

My companion smiled, reassuringly.

Again I knocked, this time twice. The same face reappeared, and again requested the word.

"Majesty," I said.

A smile of approval greeted me, and again the gate was closed.

I trembled with excitement. The final signal and word were to be given. Would I succeed?

Encouraged by my guide, who remained a few paces away, I again approached.

Three raps.

Again the face appeared.

"The word?"

"Eternity."

"'Tis well; thou mayest enter." The gate swung wide open.

I stood upon the threshold transfixed with wonder. Within was a portico of sculptured columns. Beyond were sloping lawns of living green, far transcending the richest velvet. Music, such as never greeted mortal ear, floated in the air. Fountains were spouting jets of liquid silver. Throngs of people in robes of snowy white were walking and communing together. I looked and saw patriarchs, patriots, prophets, apostles, saints, martyrs, reformers, sages, philosophers of all ages—men of renown in the worlds history. With them I saw many men and women from every walk in life; but I looked in vain for some whose professions of piety were the loudest while upon the earth. They had not found the way.

I was filled with rapture. I looked upon the forms of men of whom I had read—benefactors of their race. Some of them were men whom the church calls heathen. There were Socrates, and his brilliant disciple, Plato; Aristides, the patriot; Solon, the law-giver. When I thought that I would be permitted to spend eternity with them; to sit at their feet and learn wisdom from their lips, unworthy as I was of such an honor, my emotion was too deep for expression, even in thought.

I turned at last for my companion, who still stood a few paces away, a look of deep sorrow in her beautiful face.

I was at her side in an instant.

"Come, let us enter at once," I said.

She only shook her head sadly.

"It may not be. Go thou. For this I brought thee here," she said.

Then I understood how, in waiting so long at the gate of death for me, she had forfeited her right to enter into the holy city. By a law of heaven, who tarries too long in the lower planes near the earth, may never enter the high court above, but must dwell forever without the gate.

I hesitated not an instant. Claspng her in my arms, I said:

"Una, once I basely deserted thee, of whom I was not worthy; now I will never leave thee. If thy exclusion is the cost of my speedy entrance into the realms of light, then I will remain forever with thee, and share thy fate. Heaven itself would be a place of torment, were I to enter and know that thou art forever shut out, and doomed to wander alone in outer darkness."

'Twas then a radiant being came to us from the gateway. I dared not to look in his glorified face. There were nail scars in the beautiful hands that he extended to us. Instinctively we both fell on our knees as he approached.

"Children," he said, "because ye both have made this sacrifice, ye both have won the right to enter in through the gate and into the city. The entrance to this high court is not alone obtained by an understanding of its Immensity; neither by the contemplation of its Majesty; nor is it merited by an Eternity of righteousness, according to the standard of men. Sacrifice, *self-sacrifice*, inspired by unselfish love, will alone suffice to admit the earth-born to the presence of the elect."

Overcome with joy, still hand in hand, we entered into the holy city, through the gate, which was immediately closed. The thought came to me—strange to say, painfully—that all communication with the earth was now forever cut off. I never dreamed that I, surrounded by the delights of paradise,

should ever once think of the cold world I had left, except with a feeling of gratitude for deliverance.

How strong are the links that bind us to earth.

My thoughts were too much occupied with my new surroundings, however, to permit them to dwell upon the past. It seemed strange indeed that there were no lengthening of the shadows—"no night there." It seemed strange that there should be no sense of hunger or thirst; no drowsiness; no weariness; no *haste!* What a change from the hurry, the mad whirl of earth, to the repose, the tranquility of heaven! Yet, somehow, I missed the old excitement to which I was accustomed.

I was greatly interested in the conversations of the great *savants*, who discussed with animation the deepest mysteries of the universe. At one time they would converse upon the genesis and nature of the myraids of stars. I learned that there were many inter-stellar planets, undiscoverable by science because of their texture. I learned that not all planets are opaque. There are worlds of a nature incomprehensible to the mind of man in the mortal state. I learned that there are great planets, beyond the reach of the most powerful telescopes, inhabited by teeming millions of beings, like ourselves, only that they have never sinned, and consequently have no knowledge of good or evil. Their life is one unending round of sameness, and they live to a great age, many centuries. Still they are happy.

I learned also the mysteries of Providence. I learned why the best people of earth were persecuted, beset with difficulties, crushed and cut off in life; while the vile and vicious prospered and acquired honors and influence among men. I understood why many strange and mysterious events occurred in human history, that have never been explained because of our limited understanding. I learned that the human mind is illimitable, freed from the restrictions of mortality. I learned of the origin and generation of souls, that greatest of all mysteries.

While these subjects engrossed my attention; while the sublimity of the scenery and the magnitude of knowledge impressed me, still at times the old love for the earth and the scenes of my earth-life haunted me. Gradually I was forced to admit to myself, though I carefully concealed it, that I was homesick!

At such times I would steal away alone. On the city wall was a watch tower that commanded a view of the earth. There it floated, a shining globe, no larger, seemingly, than my native state of Connecticut. There were the continents, with the snow-caps at the poles; there were the mighty oceans, glistening like mirrors in the sun. I would sit for hours, so it seemed—I had no way of computing time—and watch the beautiful old world, and then tear myself away.

Once, as I sat thus gazing, with a feeling of longing in my breast for the old planet from which I came, an angel of the guard chanced to pass me on his beat.

"What meaneth this?" he asked severely.

In some confusion I confessed the feeling of homesickness that had taken possession of me.

"Come with me," was his stern command.

I obeyed tremblingly.

I was taken before the commander, the same radiant Being who had so graciously admitted me.

He looked upon me kindly, compassionately, as I knelt before him. The angel had stated my offense. In that instant I thought of Una, and she, instantly obeying the summons, came and threw herself down at my side, and raised her clasped hands imploringly.

It was a thrilling moment.

"I perceive that thou art not yet wholly severed from earth. Although apart from thy body, life has not yet forsaken it; hence the attraction that bindeth thee to thy old habitation. Shall I sever the cord and release thee; or wilt thou return to earth, and there complete thy days, until I shall send for thee?"

I hesitated. Then I remembered how much work I had left undone. I thought of my responsibilities; of my dependent family. I remembered how unworthily I had lived; how selfishly. With the memory came a desire for another trial; the desire to be more worthy of heaven by my zeal for good deeds upon the earth. I turned to Una. "Help me to decide," I said.

She addressed the Great Commander:

"May I return with him to the earth-aura, and there await him?" she pleaded.

"Thou mayest."

"Then go," she said, "and take up thy work again. Thou art needed. Until thou comest again I will watch over thee, be ever near thee, and greet thee once again."

"Thou art commanded to reveal none of the mysteries thou hast learned; what thou seest thou mayest describe. Go, and my blessing attend thee until thou shalt return at my bidding," said the Commander.

I bowed low, and kissed the hem of his garment and so did my companion. Then the great gate swung open, and we passed out into the dim inter-space without. Back to my dwelling place we came. There lay my old body, as I had left it. Physicians were bending over it. "Life is not yet fully extinct," they said. "He is in a trance."

With a long, passionate embrace, I bade my sweet Una good-bye. Her lovely face faded from sight. I entered my old body again, raised it into a sitting posture, opened its mouth and spoke:

"Home again from Paradise."

OUR NEIGHBORHOOD CHURCHES DURING THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

BY MRS. ALBERT HASTINGS PITKIN.

[Notes from the histories of the churches of Hartford, Windsor, Wetherfield, East and West Hartford, Glastonbury, Farmington, Simsbury and Middletown.]

"Our Revolutionary Parson." What was he like? Backward over the years we send him a grateful thought, remembering that he had no mean share in establishing America's freedom and independence, blessings that might have long been delayed, but for his timely aid and influence, and we believe when the war was over he was in harmony with the jubilant company who rejoiced that their enemy, obstinate old King George, was conquered.

A description of the Rev. Eliphalet Williams, pastor of the church in East Hartford from 1748 to 1801—a period which covered all the Revolution, and years before and after—may serve as a type of the personal appearance of the Revolutionary parson. "He wore the old-time minister's dress, which consisted of a black straight-buttoned waistcoat, with the ends of its broad white bands showing on his chest, long black stockings and knee breeches, with shoe and knee buckles; a big white wig, so large that a child once called it a lamb, covered his head. On the top of all this he wore a large, stiff, broad-brimmed hat. He had a high sense of the dignity and sanctity of his office. To him the clergy were as 'Lords over the heritage of God.'" He was not, by nature, tolerant. He was never cordially loved; and no doubt he did call some of the wood his parishioners were obliged to bring him "crooked stuff," and "had the making of all the letters of the alphabet in it." Upon which remark, the owner drove promptly home, and left none of the wood. One of his pet phrases, and one which he put into Governor Pitkin's epitaph, pictures him to our conception most palpably "as scattering away evil with his eye," especially since we are told that the children would crawl under the fences and hide when they saw him coming along the street. He clung to his dark views of what in the unlovely phraseology of that day was known as "Infant Damnation," until many mothers withdrew from his preaching.

The minister's position was well expressed by the word Parson. (The parson with a capital). This was very august. He had the complete monopoly of all the material of the intellectual and spiritual life of the people, with no competition.

"The requirements were many and varied. He must be as full of facts as an encyclopedia, and full of the knowledge of human nature; interesting as a play; close to life as a newspaper. He must have the style of Ruskin, the eloquence of Carlyle, the prophet-tone of Emerson and the imagination of Shakespeare. To say nothing of calling on everyone, before he called on anyone else. A kind of miniature omnipresence."

In those good old days people were taxed for the minister, just as they were taxed for highways, and evidently intended to keep the roads well open to the next world, as they were in this.

"From the lowly little structures first used for worship, like the one now standing in Salem, Mass., they had now advanced to good, roomy 'meeting houses,' and these buildings were used for court houses as well as for church purposes. What is known as the square meeting house, of which the Old South, Boston, is a typical model, needs no further description."

All kinds of notices were posted on the meeting house, and the stocks, whipping-post and pillory—until about 1800—graced the meeting-house green.

In the middle of the century paint became cheaper, and a gay rivalry obtained in church decoration. For instance, the new meeting house in Pomfret was painted a bright yellow, and proved a veritable apple of discord throughout the county.

Windham and Killingly quickly voted their meeting house colored like



DR. WILLIAM'S HOUSE.

Copied from the Memorial History of Hartford County by permission of the publisher

Pomfret's; and Brooklyn, Conn., ordered the body of the meeting house to be a bright orange, the doors a warm chocolate, and the weather and corner boards white. One old writer speaks quite scornfully of the bad taste which prevailed "from the example of the foolish and useless colouring of the Pomfret meeting house."

Inside all was simple enough. Sanded floors beneath, rafters above, a few pews and rows of benches, and looking down the middle aisle, the formidable pulpit. "It was reached by a staircase on the north side"—this is a description of Farmington church—"and was overhung by a sounding-board, a wondrous canopy of wood, with a roof like the dome of a Turkish mosque. Along the front of the pulpit was the deacons' seat, and on the right the minister's pew, and on the left the pew for widows. From this a door opened into

a closet under the high pulpit, which was reserved for the tything-man for unruly boys."

One old church reserved until the middle of the present century as its sole decoration, an enormous, carefully-painted, staring eye, terrible and suggestive to all wrongdoers. Sounding-boards were variously decorated by carved and painted rosettes, ivy leaves, as in Farmington, grapes, pomegranates, appropriate texts and mottoes, hanging fringes, and thus formed a great ornament to the church.

When the parson arrived the people arose and stood in token of respect until he had entered the pulpit and was seated. It was also the custom for the congregation to remain standing in their pews until the minister descended from his pulpit, opened the door of his wife's pew, and led her with stately dignity to the church porch, where they greeted the congregation as they slowly passed out. They were great respecters of persons in those days, as was shown by the great attention given to seating the congregation for public worship; which custom was not abandoned in East Hartford and Windsor until 1824. A committee designated where people should sit, according to age, military service, office and wealth, and fines as high as twenty-seven pounds were imposed for non-conformity thereto. We find, in fact, in old church and town records, that each person, deacon, elder, singer and even the boy, had his allotted place, as absolutely assigned him in the old meeting house, as was the pulpit to the parson. In a law book in which Jonathan Trumbull recorded the cases which he tried as justice of the peace, was found this entry: "His Majesties Tythingman entered this complaint against Jonathan and Susan Smith, that on the Lord's Day, during Divine Service, they did smile." They were found guilty and each was fined five shillings and costs. Poor smiling Susan and Jonathan. One Deborah Bangs was fined five shillings "for Larfing in Meeting House in time of public worship," and a boy at the same time paid ten shillings. Perhaps he laughed louder and longer. The cruel Hartford church folk ordered that the Hartford boys who misbehaved or played in a time of public worship "shall be punished publicly, before the assembly depart."

Pleasant it is to think of the church appearance of some of the good wives. One garb is described as a "blue mohair petticoat, a tabby bodice, with a red lining cote, a laced neck-cloth or cross-cloth, a scarlet cloak over all this finery, with cut-work coiffure with long wings at the side, and a silk or tiffany hood on her head."

In the Revolutionary times, after divine service, special contributions were taken for the benefit of the army, and large quantities of valuable articles were thus collected, not only in money, but finger-rings, ear-rings, watches and other jewelry, all kinds of male attire, and produce of all kinds were brought to the meeting house to give to the soldiers. Even leaden weights were taken out of window sashes and clocks and made into bullets and brought to meeting.

On one occasion, Madam Faith Trumbull rose up in Lebanon meeting house, where a collection was being made for the army, took from her shoulders a magnificent scarlet cloak, which had been made a present to her from Count de Rochambeau, the commander-in-chief of the French allied army, and advancing to the altar, gave it as her offering to the gallant men who were

fighting not only the British, but terrible want and suffering. The fine cloak was cut into narrow strips and used as red trimmings for the uniforms of the soldiers. The romantic impression of Madam Trumbull's act kindled warm enthusiasm in the congregation and an enormous collection was taken, packed carefully, and sent to the army.

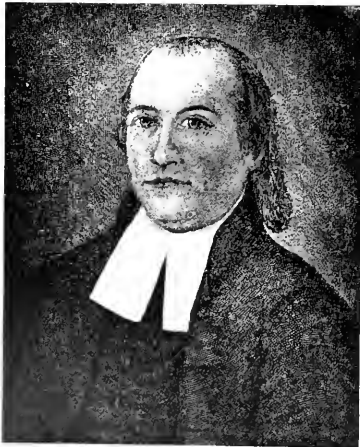
Notwithstanding the lengthy sermons with their twenty-seventhlies and twenty eighthlies, when the parson would show his godliness and endurance by preaching four and five hours, notwithstanding the prayers of one hour long, during which the custom was to stand, of all dismal things of that period of our nation's history, that of the music was most helplessly forlorn, and the singing bad beyond belief. Some psalms of 130 lines, when lined and sung, occupied a full half hour, during which the congregation stood. Of one "leader" it is said that he set "York" tune, but the congregation went over to "St. David's" on the second verse, do what he could. The total effect was summed up by one writer as follows: "It sounded like 500 different tunes, sung at the same time, with perpetual interfering with one another."

Still, confused and poor as must have been the singing it was undoubtedly the source of unceasing delight, "foretaste of heaven." In 1779 lining the hymns was abandoned in Worcester, later in other towns. Many new psalm books appeared about this time, with no hint of Great Britain in them, and, as indicated by their titles, "Federal Harmony," "Continental Harmony," "Columbian Harmony," "United States Sacred Harmony," showed the new nation.

Mr. Billings printed in 1770 his "Psalm Singer," and these tunes were played on the battle-field with drum and fife, to inspire the American soldiers. When this hymn book was first introduced, some of the older people went out of the church after the first verse was sung. Some of the clergymen preached from the text, "The songs of the temple shall be turned into howlings": and another, when fugue singing was introduced, preached from the text, "Those that have turned the world upside down are come here also." Mr. Billings paraphrased the 137th Psalm, "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, we wept when we remembered thee, oh! Zion!" as follows: "By the rivers of Watertown we sat down, and wept when we remembered thee, oh! Boston!" We were well into the present century before any cheerful and simple music was heard in our churches.

The Church of England had early sent out missionaries to this country, and had tried, as early 1766, though unsuccessfully, to create an American Episcopate. There were just a score of clergymen of the Church of England in Connecticut at this time, with twice that number of churches, and a proportion of one to twelve non-Episcopalian. Nowhere in the colony was the church so strong as in Fairfield county; Newtown, New Haven, Branford, Norwich, New London, Middletown, Milford and Stratford all had flourishing parishes. But a storm was now gathering which was to burst upon the church and arrest its prosperity. Amid the popular discontents and tumults, what was now the course of the Church of England? These clergymen were natives of the colony, born and educated here, knowing all the prejudices of the people, and expecting to share the fortunes of the colony. We read that these ministers sought to guide their flocks to peace and quietness. Not stopping there, were using their influence in England to procure a relaxation

of the obnoxious policy of the home government. Their good Christian lives caused them to be respected, even when they stoutly refused to sacrifice any of their principles to gain popular favor. The clergy could not officiate publicly, and use the prayers for the king and royal family, according to the liturgy, without exposing themselves to inevitable destruction, and to omit these



THE REV. DR. NATHAN PERKINS.

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prayers was contrary to their oath and views of duty. Therefore, to avoid the evils of this dilemma, a convention was held in New Haven, July 23, 1773, Mr. Jarvis, of Middletown, presiding, when they resolved to suspend a public exercise of their ministerial functions, and all the Episcopal churches of Connecticut were thus for a time closed—except those under the care of Abraham Beach, of Newtown, which were kept open during the war, using the full liturgy. How this was done during the winter of 1779, when General Putnam's command was stationed there, does not appear. Mr. Beach's course gave great offense to the Sons of Liberty, and more than one attempt was made to bring him under congressional rule. When warned of personal danger if he persisted, he replied with the spirit and firmness of a martyr, that he "would do his duty and pray for the king till the rebels cut out his tongue." A squad of patriots watched him one day as he entered his desk, and a loaded musket was pointed at him as he proceeded in the forms of the liturgy, evidently intending to take his life if he used the prayers "for our most gracious sovereign, King George and the Royal Family." But God withheld the hand of the assassin, or rendered the shot harmless. One loyal divine had prayed so long for our excellent King George, and after the war commenced, he inadvertently used in his pulpit devotions the stereotyped phrase, but saved himself in time from the vengeance of his flock by immediately adding, "Oh! Lord, I mean George Washington."

Samuel Peters, of Hebron, was without doubt the most unwise in his intense loyalty, and it soon involved him in serious trouble. A mob of three hundred people assembled at his house in August, 1775, and made known their desire to obtain an acknowledgement of his intentions. He assumed for protection his official robes, for which they had little respect, seized him violently and carried him to the meeting-house green, where he was forced to read a confession.

At Middletown there were a number of men on both sides now exerting an influence. Middletown had long held a place of importance in the Colony. In the days of the first pastor, Mr. Collins, Cotton Mather writes of this church

as follows: "The Church of Middletown upon Connecticut is a golden candlestick which illumines more than that Colony." The Rev. Enoch Huntington was fourth pastor of the Church, and served during the period of the Revolution. He was a trustee of Yale College, and many distinguished and useful men studied under his care. President Dwight was of his pupils, and thirty years later placed his son under his care. Rev. Mr. Huntington engaged warmly in politics, taking sides against England. Several of his sermons are preserved. So great was his popularity that his people would not consent to his dismissal. He was the brother of Samuel Huntington, President of the Continental Congress and Governor of Connecticut.

The rector of the Episcopal church at this time was Rev. Abraham Jarvis, afterward bishop of the diocese. Whether this church was actually closed is uncertain, but the parish register shows that he performed baptisms, marriages and burials very frequently during the war. Some of the prominent people of the town were sympathizers with the king, one, at least, Dr. John Osborne, who named his son William Franklin, for the Tory Governor of New Jersey, then in confinement in the town.

A number of prominent citizens held high positions on the patriotic side, Nehemiah and Elijah Hubbard, Jabez Hamlin, Comfort Sage, Col. Jonathan Johnson, Major Robert Warren, Col. Return Jonathan Meigs, Samuel Holden Parsons, and Titus Hasmer, whom Dr. Noah Webster called "one the three Mighties," with Samuel Johnson, L. L. D., of Stratford, and Oliver Ellsworth, of Windsor. He was a member of the Continental Congress.

In Glastonbury the ministry of the two cousins, Eels, spans the whole period of the Revolution, in which the people of Glastonbury deeply sympathized from the outset, and did all in their power to promote the cause of freedom, though she seems to have had a few tories among her sons. Two prominent individuals were complained of before the General Assembly, asking their removal to a place of safety, Ralph Isaacs, Esq., and Abithar Camp, though Mr. Camp subsequently took the oath of fidelity.



REV. TIMOTHY PITKIN,

Copied from Pitkin Genealogy by permission of A. H. Pitkin.

On the church records is a list of twenty-five members who died in the Revolution. No Episcopal church was established till long after, in 1806.

Prominent citizens were Col. Howell Woodbridge, Col. Elizur Talcott, Elizur Hubbard and Samuel Welles.

I have already mentioned the Rev. Eliphalet Williams' long reign as pastor in East Hartford. He was the brother of a signer of the Declaration of



REV. JOHN MARSH.

Copied from the Memorial History of Hartford County by permission of the publisher.

Independence, and tradition says that he was somewhat English in his tastes, but he nevertheless, by his utterances evinced his faithful adherence to the cause of his people in those troublous times. He preached sermons on Fast days and Thanksgiving prescribed by the Governors. His sermons written on scanty sheets of paper, are utterly undecipherable, showing merely crooked pen strokes across the page. Several of his printed sermons remain, one on the terrible earthquake entitled, "The Duty of the People Under Dark Providences or Symptoms of Approaching Evils to Prepare to Meet Their God."

Many antique belongings to his home are still preserved. Dr. E. P. Parker has his old arm-chair. A letter is still preserved from a lady in London, expressing great sympathy with the colonists, copied in Dr. Williams' hand

and there is no reason to doubt his loyalty to the cause of the Colonists.

Among the church membership was Col. Jonathan Wells, once in command at New London and Groton, Col. George Pitkin and Timothy Cheney.

There was no lack of patriotism on the part of the people. They gave hospitality to French troops on their march, and the meeting house was used as a hospital for the sick.

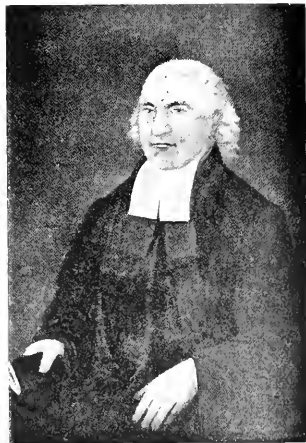
In Manchester, or what was then known as Orford Parish, the church society was only just formed, and had called a pastor, the Rev. Benajah Phelps. He had a severe experience in connection with the war. His home was in Nova Scotia and his sympathies with the royalists. He was put to the alternative of leaving the town or taking up arms against his king. He escaped, leaving his family and all his effects.

In West Hartford, the Rev. Nathan Perkins was pastor, first preaching in 1772, in the pulpit made vacant by the death of the Rev. Nathaniel Hooker. He continued to labor with great diligence and fidelity during the long period of sixty-six years. In the course of his ministry he preached ten thousand sermons, attended more than one hundred ecclesiastical councils, assisted one hundred and fifty young men to prepare for college, and had under his care thirty theological students. In 1774 he married Catherine Pitkin, daughter of Rev. Timothy Pitkin, then pastor of the Farmington church. She was spared to him for sixty-three years. They had six sons and three daughters. In Sprague's

"Annals" it states that the most prominent attributes of his character were judiciousness, sobriety, equanimity, patience and perseverance. His mind had acquired a habit of expanding any subject which was presented to it, so that Dr. Strong, when Dr. Perkins expressed a wish that some hint which had been given by some member of the council might be "spread out" on paper, replied with his usual facetiousness, "I should like to see it spread out, too, and I nominate Brother Perkins to do it." His conversation was rich in interesting anecdotes, in respect to the past, and he numbered not a few distinguished men of this country among his personal friends. A number of his sermons have been preserved, and many are in the possession of the Connecticut Historical Society. One he preached June 2, 1775, to the soldiers who went from West Hartford to the defense of their country. ("Being the day before they marched from that place. Published at the desire of the hearers.")

Farmington! "Well may that beautiful old street have a dignity and serenity all its own, conscious of the interest that attaches to its quaint homesteads and lofty trees, and remembering, too, that once upon a time, it was the largest town in the county. It is still a town of charming scenery, sturdy people, and institute of learning, and has contributed materially to the welfare of humanity, both before and since the time when it was a commercial center, when Burgoyne's captive soldiers found life worth living amid such surroundings, and when Revolutionary soldiers were paid off in rum and molasses at Squire Lewis's tavern."

If the Rev. Mr. Smalley, in New Britain, did not determine which cause to espouse at first, there was no doubt in the mind of the pastor of the church at Farmington, the Rev. Timothy Pitkin. His pulpit rang with fervid discourses on liberty. He visited his parishioners in their camp, and wrote them letters of encouragement and sympathy. To Amos Wadsworth, in camp at Roxbury, he writes: "Truly I feel for my native, bleeding country, and am embarked with you in one common cause. My hope is yet in God, the Lord of Hosts and God of Armies." To the first company of soldiers marching to Louisburg he preached a farewell sermon from these words: "Play the man for your country, and for the cities of your God, and the Lord do that which seemeth to Him good." He lived to welcome the soldiers home from their victorious struggle—their beloved pastor and faithful friend. Among those in the war actively engaged, of "his communion," were William Judd, Captain of the Continental Army; John Treadwell, Samuel Richards, Roger Hooker, Nodaiah Hooker, Timothy Hosmer, Col. Ichabod Norton and Elijah Porter. The manuscripts of Gov. Treadwell contains this description of him. The Rev.



REV. BENJAMIN BOARDMAN.

Copied from South Church History by permission of Rev. Dr. E. P. Parker.

Timothy Pitkin was a fervent and godly man, distinguished for his courtly and dignified manners, his warm and winning address from the pulpit, his solemn and searching prayers with the sick. Of his sermons, little more than the heads or leading thoughts were committed to writing and usually filled up in delivery. Mr. Pitkin married the daughter of President Clap, of Yale College, and when he brought his wife home they rode from New Haven to Farmington in a sort of phaeton or four-wheeled carriage. The older and more respectable men of the town went out on foot to meet the pastor and his wife, and so escorted them home.

In the town of Simsbury, the Rev. Samuel Stebbins was pastor from 1777 to 1806. Rev. C. E. Stowe writes "that Mr. Stebbins was an odd and eccentric genius, and no doubt expressed himself after his fashion on passing events." In the Connecticut Historical Society is a copy of one of his sermons on the "Policy of the Devil to Hinder the Success of the Gospel." This sermon fills thirty pages of very fine print, and is full of quotations, evidently aimed at the sympathizers with the crown, as follows: "Ye enemies of religion! Ye haters of God! See yourselves and tremble! What if I am plain as John! What if ye persecute me with bitter invectives and cut off my head!"

There were very distinguished officers in this church and congregation. Col. Noah Phelps commanded the most daring expedition of the war, against Ticonderoga; Col. Hezekiah Humphrey, Maj. Elibu Humphrey, Abel Pettibone, Ebenezer Bissell, Samuel Stoughton and Andrew Hillyer, who was Colonel of the Connecticut State Dragoons. Mr. Stowe adds these words: "This church, like the gate of heaven, has never been closed." St. Andrew's Parish of Episcopalians in this town is one of the oldest in the State, the church building was erected in 1740, with six members. In 1743 there were twenty-seven members. The Rev. Roger Viets was pastor during the Revolution. He was a zealous churchman and is said to have been confined at Hartford for assisting British prisoners to escape from the prison at Newgate. He removed to Nova Scotia, where he subsequently died.

When the courier who was sent to spread the alarm throughout New England of the fight at Lexington, reached Windsor on the following day, a distance of about one hundred miles, he found the people attending the funeral of their beloved pastor, Rev. Mr. Russell. While they engaged in these services, either at the church, or assembled around his open grave, a rider drew up his panting steed, and told of the battle of Lexington. At once, Thomas Hayden, one of those present, mounted a horse and bore the news to Suffield. The funeral services ended, men hurried to their homes and seized their muskets. The dread war had come! That night was one of preparation. Many a wife or mother equipped a soldier to go forth on the morrow. When mustered in on the 23d of April, there stood twenty-three men, who at once took up their march to Boston. One year later the Rev. David Rowland was settled over Windsor Church. He came from Providence, R. I., where his zealous defense of the patriotic cause made him so obnoxious that he made his escape during the darkness of the night. Stiles says of him: "That he not only impaired his fortunes in the cause of his country, but equipped a son and sent him into the field, where he continued during the whole war."

Among those who distinguished themselves in the service of their country was Oliver Wolcott, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, Ma-

for General of Connecticut troops. During the war he was either in the field or attending Congress. He commanded at the battle of Long Island. His public services were continuous and important for many years. Chief Justice Oliver Ellsworth, later Minister to France; Samuel Wolcott, Commissary to the Army; and Erastus Wolcott, Brigadier-General of the Continental Army.

In Wethersfield, the Rev. John Marsh was pastor from 1774 to 1821. This congregation was large and influential in the State. There were times when it contained as many as thirty college-bred attendants.

Timothy Dwight, of whom it is said that he learned the alphabet at a single lesson, and at the age of four could read the bible correctly and fluently—went to Wethersfield with his class from Yale, when the students there dispersed, owing to the tumult and panic occasioned by the war. After a few months he received an appointment as Chaplain in Gen. Parson's brigade. He served more than a year, and made the acquaintance of many distinguished officers of the army, especially Washington, who afterward honored him with his friendship.

The Rev. Mr. Marsh was young, earnest, and burning with patriotism. Mr. Sprague in his "Annals" writes: "Perhaps he wore the last white wig in New England."

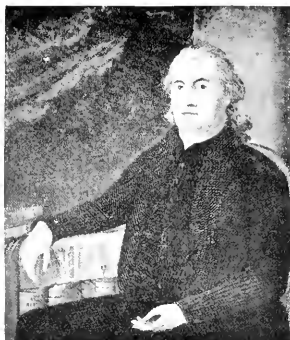
The church edifice, now in use, was begun in 1761, and was modelled after the Old South, in Boston. In 1838 its sounding-board was removed and slips substituted for ancient pews. In 1883 a general renovation took place, and some of its most interesting features were sacrificed.

Within its walls Washington and the elder Adams attended divine service.

The capture of Fort Ticonderoga, May 10, 1775, but for the assistance furnished by the citizens of Wethersfield, might not have been so successful. The Hon. J. Hammond Trumbull has conclusively shown that the plan for that enterprise was formed in Hartford, and that Samuel Holden Parsons, of Middletown, Col. Samuel Wyllys, of Hartford, and Silas Deane, of Wethersfield, first projected taking that fort. Ezekiel Williams was one of six signers of a note for five hundred pounds to defray the expenses of this expedition. There were forty-seven prisoners captured at Ticonderoga, and these were distributed among the people of Hartford and Wethersfield. They were allowed, and some embraced the opportunity, to attend divine service at Dr. Marsh's church.

Of this membership was Captain Chester, whose company was called the "Elite Corps" of the army; Lieut. Samuel Webb, father of General James Watson Webb, and grandfather of General Alexander L. Webb, now President of the College of the City of New York; James Lockwood, Ezekiel Williams, Col. Thomas Belden, Stephen Mix Mitchell, Silas Deane, the *confidante* of Washington and member of the Continental Congress in 1774.

In Hartford, the Rev. Elanthon Whitman, who had been preaching at the



REV. NATHAN STRONG.

Copied from the History of the First Church of Hartford by permission of Dr. George Leon Walker.

South Church, died in 1777, and the church was without a pastor until 1784. The records of the church since 1767 have been preserved, and testify to the "Darkness of that day declension and considerable demoralization prevail." This church called, in 1783, the Rev. Benjamin Boardman, who had been a chaplain in the war. Tradition says that by virtue of power to make himself heard in exhortation and prayer, he had earned for himself from the soldiers the soubriquet, "Big Gun of the Gospel Boardman." His portrait in the Connecticut Historical Society, indicates a man of great personal vigor. Dr. Parker has a number of his sermons, two of which were preached at the Camp at Roxbury. His diary is also extant, a "relic rather than a treasure." In which the good parson jots down his own idea "that General Washington sets no great by chaplains." Of this membership, prominent in the war were Col. Nathaniel Stanley, Thomas Seymour, Daniel Bull, William Hooker and James Church.

It is said of the pastor of the First Church, at this time the Rev. Nathan Strong, "Few men in New England had during this period in which he lived so much influence as he." He graduated in 1769 at Yale with highest honors in a class conspicuous for illustrious names. At the death of the Rev. Edward Dorr the church called him, and January 5, 1773, he was duly installed. Mr. Strong was hardly settled in his ministry before the war broke out, which in its issue gave us our independence. His energies were all enlisted in his country's cause, and he rendered every service he could cheerfully. For some time he served in the capacity of chaplain. His vigorous pen was often at work in vindication of his country's rights and to quicken the public pulse to a higher tone of patriotism. He published many valuable articles, notably a series of twenty in respect to the adoption of the Federal Constitution. I quote a few words from one of his sermons delivered before the people "who have collected to the execution of one Moses Dunbar who was condemned for high treason against the State of Connecticut and executed March 19, 1777." His text was "Bloody and deceitful men shall not live out half their days." He writes:

"There is room for prayer that this day may be blest for our good and that the unhappy criminal *may receive forgiveness of his sins unto God* though he *cannot have forgiveness of the State of Connecticut* with public safety. My discourse will not be calculated, as has been usual on such occasions, for a dying creature who is to appear immediately before a great Judge, but to assist my hearers in making use of the event for their improvement. This event is an awful and affecting demonstration of the danger of sin. May this awful scene do us good." (Eighteen pages of fine print.)

The Wyllyses—Samuel, George and Hezekiah—the Wadsworths, Bulls, Talcotts and others were of this "communion."

Sometimes a father with his eight sons, all full grown men, could be seen in the "Meeting House," all members of the church and representative men in the parish. Society was a unit, having similar aims and occupations. All the inhabitants except a few negroes were of one race.

Now, the people of American birth and descent are but a handful compared with other nationalities which throng our streets, but it is worthy of note that so many descendants of the old stock are here, and the names so prominent in the earliest records are names familiar to us to-day in the social and church life of our city.



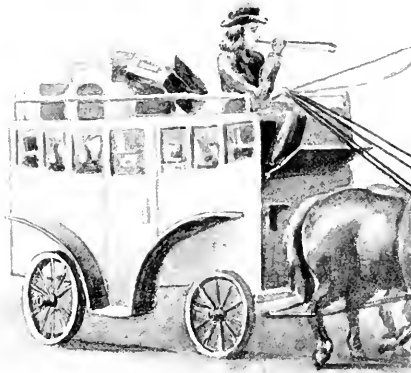
BY BURRELL W. HYDE.

[Concluded from last number.]

Bean Hill was by no means isolated or cut off from connection with the surrounding towns, direct intercourse being held by stages from Boston, Providence, Hartford and New Haven. Mr. Jesse Brown was a stage contractor, and in the early part of the Revolutionary War was in the service of the state as an express agent and confidential messenger. He kept a sort of a tavern at a site now occupied by the Rock Nook Home. The communication with Boston was three times a week, the stage arriving on Sunday, Wednesday and Friday—as quite as often between Hartford and New Haven. Perrigo was the name of the driver who journeyed between Hartford and Norwich. A friend wrote the following as complimentary:

Hark! 'tis the cheery note of the driver's horn
That Perrigo blows the people to warn
That the Hartford stage is coming along,
On the Lebanon route, with hills high and long,
Roger Huntington (Comptroller) is going to-day
And Thomas L. Harris to college away.
Squire Morgan's been 'round in a violent stew,
And sent Sheriff Tracy away with a whew.
Likely somebody's going somebody to sue,
Which young Lawyer Wait will make somebody rue."

Later on, even in the remembrance of many of us, long before the time of Hough's omnibus and the horse-cars, the only public conveyance between Bean Hill and the Landing was the "Hourly," and by it the only communication. It was run by old Mr. William Bennett. It was called the "Hourly," but



THE OLD STAGE COACH.

"The old lady's man was the "Hourly" man—
If you can't start now, he'll wait till you can.
He carried them slow, but he carried them sure
'Twixt their uptown homes and the Landing store,
With his gay calabash, and half of a pair
Of thorough-broke colts (rather worse for wear),
Whose prominent points showed a wanting of hay,
Scarce made up by "baitings" of grass by the way.
'All aboard, now!' 'She's going to go'—
'There ain't no mistake, and that's jest so.'
'Git up, old feller,' or, don't you see,
'All the ladies aboard 'll be late home to tea'
Cheery old Mr. Bennett, whilst thou wert here
Thou filledst the bill in thine ordained sphere,
Thou and all thy patrons have gone before
Over the Ferry to the Heavenly shore."

The Trumpeter, the yeomanry of Bean Hill from its earliest settlement were born troopers, and made a gallant record in war or peace, and generally furnished a supply of regimental and company officers, and a trumpeter for their company from among their number. A highly-prized, very ancient instrument of brass, without keys, much undulated on the surface by Revolutionary and 1812 war batterings, had been "handed down," the honored and ambitious possessor of it at any time being expected to save up his spare wind during the balance of the

I doubt if he ever made more than two trips a day—for, if one was in a hurry, he made much better time by walking. He was patronized mostly by old ladies and children. The ladies who patronized Mr. Bennett invariably took their knitting work, and dear old Mrs. Gilbert Huntington often made her boast of knitting many times around on her stocking while going to and from the Landing.

Soon after the death of old Mr. Bennett, who lived to quite an advanced age, a friend contributed the following:



HON. ROGER HUNTINGTON.

year for practice and display previous to and at the May and September troopings; and when a strong-lunged Rogers, or Edgerton, or Holt, or Fargo, emptied his distended cheeks into that old trumpet's mouthpiece, it was not strange that the thrilling strains that came forth from the muzzle should "stir" the young blood to deeds of chivalry and set neighing steeds to charging or wake a dreamer across the valley of Bean Hill.

When elder Nehemiah Dodge went into the tavern-keeping business at New London and abandoned the business of "Riding-Post" on horse-back, blowing his tin horn to prepare the people for his approach, distributing a pair of saddlebags full of Norwich weekly newspapers through Town and Franklin, Lebanon and Windham, Uncle Peter Pettis succeeded him, and being of a speculative turn of mind, put the business on wheels and enlarged it by the addition of a retail trade, along the route, of pins, needles, Daboll's almanacs, snuff, and clay pipes. The latter

were twisted into his tow string hat-band, and, when fully stocked, a distant view of his head reminded one of a "crown of thorns." It was on



HON. THOMAS L. HARRIS.

one of his regular trips that he accepted of an invitation to a supper of the standard "baked beans and rye and indian bread" at the house that flanked on the west the entrance to Sylvia's Lane, which had an open roadway for a mile or more, where a bar-way (open in the winter season) gave access to numberless cart-paths through miles of unfenced woodland. The old horse was left unhitched, his head towards the lane. While Uncle Peter was enjoying his meal, the old horse moved up the lane far into the swamp, capsizing the team, got his head round in reach of a stack of hay, and there he bivouacked. It was dark when old



HON. JOHN T. WALK.

Mr. Pettis came out and found the whole business gone. After canvassing the situation, he concluded the old horse knew the road home and

had gone for it. He footed it after some six or eight miles to his home, and continued the search the next day, scouring the country from Windham and Colchester to Norwich. The second day the establishment was discovered and rescued, and the latest news duly distributed with the joke



THE ELISHA HYDE HOUSE.

included. Uncle Peter was a man with some quaint peculiarities, but of sterling honesty and sound sense, well informed and highly esteemed by all his acquaintance. He lived to a good old age, enjoying to the last as much as anyone the mention of the assumption by old Dobbin of the post-riding business.

Horse-blocks with several steps were a

necessity then, as wheel vehicles had but partially superseded the horseback method of conveyance. The wives and daughters rode to town upon side saddles or upon pillions behind their fathers, husbands or beaux, and mounting or alighting required the horseback facilities.

The early houses covered a large area, but they were seldom thoroughly finished and the upper rooms of course cold and comfortless. They were generally square, heavy buildings, with stone chimneys that occupied a large space in the centre; the posts and rafters were of great size and solidity, and in the rooms heavy beams stood out from the ceiling overhead and projected like a low, narrow bench around the sides; the floors were made of stout plank; the ceilings were low, and the fireplace, running deep into the chimney, gaped like an open cavern; but when the heaped-up logs presented a front of glowing coals and upward-rushing flames, while storms were raging without or the heavy snow obliterated the landscape, such a fountain of warmth not only quickened the blood, but cheered the heart, inspired gratitude and prompted social festivity. There is certainly a charm in the name, "The old fashioned fireplace."



"THE HOURIA".

The Caulkins family bore a prominent and highly honorable part in the

history of the town and Bean Hill for the first one hundred and fifty years, and were conspicuous in the Colonial Records.

Deacon Hugh Caulkins was allotted his home lot on the southeast side of the West Town Street, next east of John Caulkins, his son, whose home lot was on the corner of West Town Street and Quarter Lane (Wauwecus Hill road). Uncle Hugh (as all the good people were then called) was a highly esteemed, hard-working and very useful citizen, who, in his multifarious occupations of farmer, teamster, butcher, flax-breaker and hetcheler, cooper, and unexcelled expert with the winnowing fan, kept in perpetual activity six long days of every seven the year round. In his time, the hill opposite his house was quite steep—railways had not then taken the teaming from the highways and the passing was constant. His old well was very near the road in the open space east of the house. About opposite the well, there was a bar across the road for checking the wash after hard rains, and it also made a convenient resting place for teams to take wind and their drivers a drink from the old (or rather very often his new) oaken bucket, which, together with the

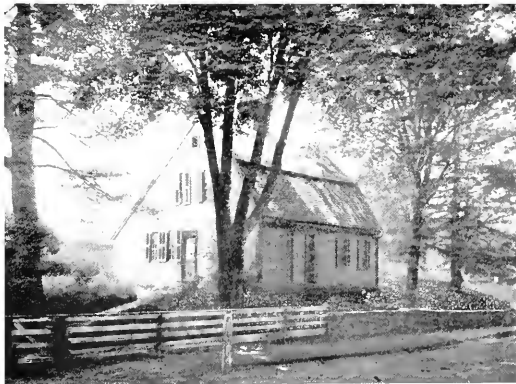


UNCLE PETER PETTIS.

other fixtures, were always kept in ample order by him at no small expense.

A friend writes: "Thou and thy helpmeet, both were ever everybody's

friend and helper in time of need, and to the brim hast filled the measure of thy earthly duties. The old glass-apple tree by the roadside of the ancestral meadow above Yantic Bridge, reminder of thee and thy ample pockets when returning with the cows at night from thy hard day's labor in the field, and of the boys who danced



DEACON HUGH CAULKIN'S HOUSE.

a welcome around thee in mouth-watering glee, still yields its delicious fruit, but, save two or three, the boys are far, far away; the old well-

gears are no more replaced at the old well; the adze and the old winnowing-fan have received their last grasp, the urchins have received from thy hands the last shining apples. Peace be with thee and thy household, worthy Uncle Hugh!"



PARSON AUSTIN'S HOUSE.

to receive a kindly recognition and judicious intimation that to us was law." He died in 1831. The fine elms which shade the public square and vicinity in New Haven were planted by him and the Hon. James Hillhouse.

Mention should be made of Dr. John Foster, who kept school for many years in the old house, afterwards familiarly known as the "Foster House," which was situated across the road from the tanneries lately owned by Mr. S. B. Case. Dr. Foster was a man of considerable note in those days. He was born in that vicinity, educated for the ministry—he abandoned the profession, however, and became the popular head of an academy in Lansingburg, N. Y. He was chaplain in the Revolutionary Army, and was wounded in the victory over General Burgoyne at Saratoga. He was entitled to a pension, but like many others declined to ask for it under what they considered at that time the degrading conditions required by Congress. In after years it was obtained for him through the efforts of his relative, Judge Lafayette S. Foster.



HON. LAFAYETTE S. FOSTER.

After the war he returned to this place and resided there with a maiden

sister and taught a private school, of all grades, mainly patronized, especially in the winter season, by young farmers, mechanics and laborers, who had not had opportunities for early education. He taught also evening schools for apprentices and others who could not attend in the daytime. They furnished



RICHARD FALLEY CLEVELAND.



REV. ERASTUS WENTWORTH.

their own lights in the shape of dipped tallow candles, using potatoes for candiesticks, the equipments of the schoolroom and books differing very essentially from what is now demanded. The compensation of the master was necessarily limited, their tuition being paid, a small portion in cash and the balance in produce or store pay.

Many of those who attended his school, with those small beginnings have grown to men who have held high positions in society and state, conspicuous among whom was a distinguished judge of our Supreme Court (Hon. L. F. S.



HON. HENRY T. BACKUS.



JAMES H. HYDE.

Foster); a prominent lawyer and judge of the Supreme Court in Michigan (Hon. Henry T. Backus); a member of Congress from Illinois who distinguished himself as an officer in the Mexican War, a warm friend of Stephen A. Doug-

lass Hon. Thomas L. Harris; a master-builder who became one of the wealthiest citizens of St. Louis; several prominent physicians, distinguished clergymen, Rev. Erastus Wentworth (afterwards missionary to China), Rev. Zebadiah Mansfield; civil engineers, merchants and bankers.



CLEVELAND HOMESTEAD

Later the residence of Patrick Brewster, Esq.

special mention in these reminiscences, Aaron Cleveland, to whom allusion has been made, the great-grandfather of Grover Cleveland, ex-President of the United States, was a business man and politician in Norwich in post revolutionary days; he was active in speaking and writing, and took

Of his educational record his kindred have just reason to be proud, and those who were the recipients of his instructions, I am sure, will agree with me in the propriety of placing the name of "Old Schoolmaster John Foster" among those of the once denizens of Bean Hill who should be gratefully remembered.

The old family of Clevelands, from whom has descended so many prominent men in our country, deserve



THE CLEVELAND OLD SIDE.

the lead in opposing slavery, introducing the first bill for its abolition, being dissatisfied with the gradual emancipation measures adopted in 1790

Later he became a Congregational minister. He died leaving thirteen children! one of whom was Father Cleveland, the venerated city missionary of Boston; another the wife of Rev. Samuel Hanson Cox (their son, by the way, being the eccentric bishop, Arthur Cleveland Cox, of Western New York). The second son, William (the ex-President's grandfather), married Margaret Falley, a Norwich lady, and was a deacon in the Congregational church for twenty-five years. The deacon's business was that of a silversmith, watch and clock maker, and like many a Yankee boy of his period he learned a trade, and the work shop where he and his apprentices were sent is typical of many others that subsequently developed into extensive manufacturing concerns.

There is in existence in Norwich several clocks and a few silver spoons that came from his modest little factory. He was a pupil of Thomas Harland, who came here from London in 1773—William Cleveland at that time being in his twenty-third year. The little old shop stood very near the Cleveland homestead, later the residence of Patrick Brewster, Esq., two doors south of the old Methodist meeting-house, and was purchased by the late James H. Hyde (father of the writer) and moved to its present site (originally the site of the old Foster House) and is now



ABIEL SHERMAN, ESQ.



ABIEL SHERMAN HOMESTEAD.

known as Adam's Tavern. The building has been but little changed, and while retaining its old-fashioned style of architecture, is kept neatly painted and in good repair. Just before one comes to the turn in the road by the Methodist meeting-house that fronts the common is the Cleveland homestead, standing close to the sidewalk in the shade of two more of the frequent elms that struck root into the soil two centuries ago. It is a comfortable-looking two-story dwelling, about 40 feet square, with a sort of "hip-roof" and a chunky chimney to each corner, suggesting the reflection that

the winters must indeed be severe where so many fireplaces were required. Deacon Cleveland led a placid, contented, dignified and honorable life in this vicinity, blest by reason of his honest thrift, in his basket and his store. Grover Cleveland's father was Richard Falley Cleveland, and although President Cleveland wears no grandfather's hat, the Democracy's chieftain is sprung from a race of New England clergymen that would do honor to any citizen of the land.

William Mansfield, who married a daughter of Mayor Elisha Hyde, and who received from the Indians the land on which the old house still stands (the deed still being in preservation), was the father of thirteen children. Col. Charles A. Converse and the late William M. Converse and Albert Tracy Converse, with two sisters, Miss Mary and Miss Emma, were great-grandchildren of this William Mansfield.

Abiel Sherman, for many years a resident of Bean Hill, who married for his first wife Wealthy Tracy, and for his second wife Julia Hazard, lived to a



THE WILLIAM MANSFIELD HOUSE.

good old age. He was one of the ablest men of his time. His old home is still standing and occupied by his daughter, Miss Elizabeth T. Sherman.

Miss Caulkins says in her History of Norwich: "The Hydes and Huntingtons of Bean Hill, with a sprinkling of Watermans and Tracys, were sufficient of themselves to form a community. Capt. James Hyde had a family of five sons and one daughter. The father lived to be 87 years of age, the sons quietly flourishing around him; they were blameless men and excellent citizens. None of them emigrated, all lived into the present century, and all are buried in Norwich.

The four Huntington brothers, sons of Deacon Simon Huntington, who were dwellers upon Bean Hill, as they grew up to manhood went away to other places, and their descendants are scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Erastus, the youngest of the Huntington brothers, had nine sons—six removed to Cincinnati.

The descendants of these energetic shipmasters, Jared and Frederick

Tracy, in like manner left their home in their youth, and were engaged in active business-life in many States of the Union.

How great the change, even in the present century! All the old families—the Hydes, the Huntingtons, the Tracys, the Watermans, the Austins, the Shermans, the Brewsters, the Rogers, the Giffords, and many others are gone. Scarcely any descendants left at the old homes. They may be traced, however, to far distant homes throughout the land.

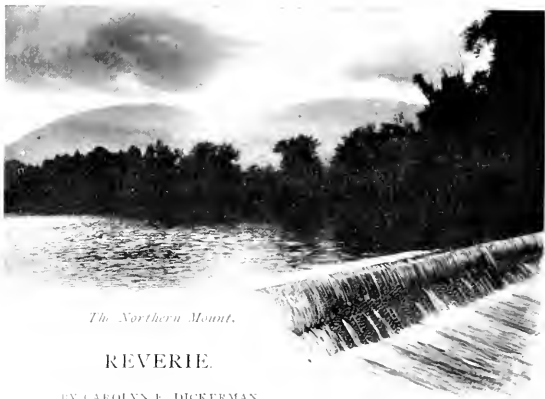
We could dwell at quite a length upon the Religious Separatist movement and its followers; the Sons of Liberty; the early history of Wesleyan Methodism and Father Williams, the first to espouse that cause on Bean Hill; playing ball on Fast Day, which had its origin on that historical spot; the old-fashioned training-day; the origin of bonfires (barrel burning) as a feature of Thanksgiving festivities; old Uncle Barrett and his fine cider, made from his far-famed mike-apples; the singing Jillson family, and many more are the creditable records



THE WILLIAM MANSFIELD HOUSE.

that could be mentioned here, but time and space forbid me to continue these delightful reminiscences.

Bean Hill! That name is historically most honorable; name worthy of reverential remembrance; a name suggestive of the trials of the pioneers of civilization; name reminding us of the Saturday-night bill of fare, the inviting pork and beans and delicious brown bread, steaming hot from the brick ovens, which nourished the founders of empire in the New World; name suggestive of the principal food that infused the hardy virus into the blood of that long list of men from whom has been transmitted the power and vigor that has pioneered the settlements and furnished prominent representatives in every honorable calling in every State of this grand Union.



The Northern Mount.

REVERIE.

BY CAROLYN E. DICKERMAN.

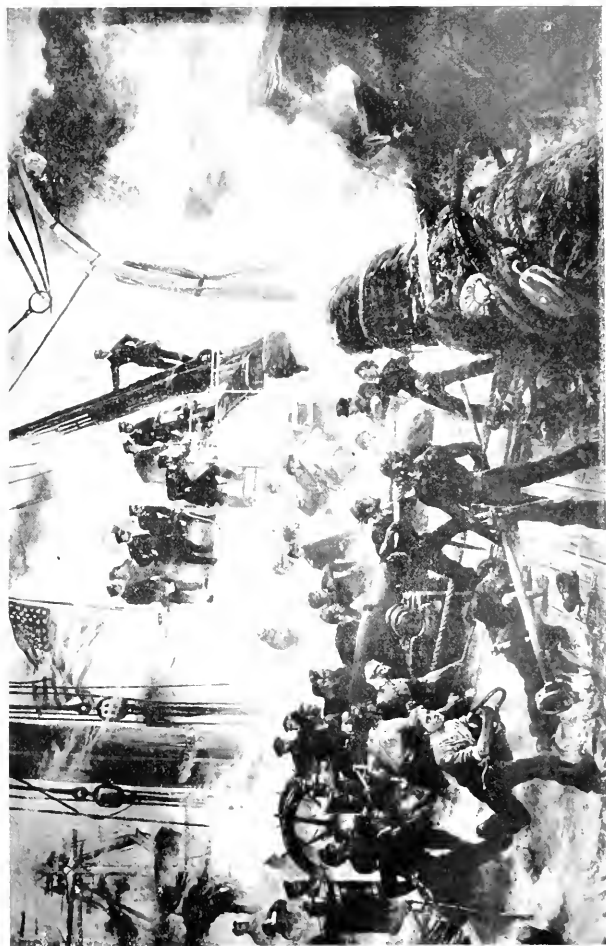
A purple hill and a quiet star,
And the thoughts ye bring me from afar
Carry me back to the days of yore,—
My childhood's home with its wide front door,
Its narrow porch and the grassy yard,
The shady maples and meadow sward
Stretching off to the hill on the west,
The setting sun aglow on its crest
And the northern mount so high and still
Seemed the abode of some holy will
When the wood thrush's note so clear and sweet
Came floating in to my window seat.





THE WESTERN HILL.

And the dear old house is abiding still
By the northern mount and the western hill
Where the sun sinks nightly to his rest
On his daily round from east to west.
The whip-poor-will's note and the thrush's song
Are still to be heard the woods along:—
But I am a wand'rer far from home,
No longer my feet o'er meadows roam
I walk instead through a city street,
With hurry and rush my pulses beat.
Ah, well for me that still there lie
Somewhere on earth such hills, such sky,
And in God's own time shall I come once more
To the hills and the vales that I loved of yore.



From the painting by William H. Overend.

BATTLE BETWEEN THE HARTFORD AND THE TENNESSEE

By permission of The Wadsworth Athenaeum.

THE BATTLE OF THE HARTFORD AND THE TENNESSEE.

AS DESCRIBED BY HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL
IN THE BAY FIGHT.

The presentation of the figure-head of Farragut's flagship, the *Hartford*, to the city whose namesake it was, by Commander Philip Hichborn, through Senator Hawley, recalls to mind some of the stirring scenes through which that grand old battleship passed.

In connection with the *Hartford* no name shines out more prominently with Farragut's than that of our own poet, Henry Howard Brownell, the war laureate. Though born in Providence, he belongs peculiarly to Connecticut, for it was here that he was educated and passed most of his life.

Little did the young man Brownell think, when teaching school at Mobile for a short period in early life, that in the bay of that city he was to find years later opportunity and inspiration for producing his best poem, "The Bay Fight," which has been called "probably the best description of a naval battle ever written." Though of a retiring and modest disposition, he always had a liking for adventure, and upon Farragut's learning of his desire to witness a battle, he was attached to the Admiral's staff as private secretary with the rank of ensign. He had first come to Farragut's attention through poem "General Orders," afterward incorporated in "The River Fight." The friendship thus formed was lifelong, and a poem he read at the third annual reunion of the "Army and Navy of the Gulf," at Newport, R. I., in July, 1871, testifies to the appreciation he felt for his old chief and nearest friend, who had died since the last reunion of the club. The following are two of the stanzas of that poem which so enthused the hearts of the veterans who heard it.



HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL

In the nation's troubled hour, 'twas not for rank or power,
Nor even for the fame he won and wore so well—
But for freedom's holy cause, and for just and equal laws,
He dared the iron shower, he hurled the victor shell.

'Tis deed becomes the great, more than reward or state—
Methought that he was grander in his mien,
Ringed round with flame and wreck on the old *Hartford's* deck,
Than when the honored guest of emperor or queen.

One year and three months later, in his fifty-third year, Brownell himself passed away at his home in East Hartford, and his body was laid at rest in the quiet cemetery overlooking the beautiful Connecticut, of which he was so fond and upon which he had often spent hours in musing as he rowed or sailed.

Mrs. Farragut and her son attended the funeral, and the flowers they brought betokened the regard they had for the friend of husband and father.

Though Brownell had written and published in 1847 a volume of poems, and had also written prose works of a historical nature which had been so successful for the publishers that Hartford became a noted subscription book publishing center, it was not until the events of the civil war stirred his soul that he produced those poems which won for him deserved recognition.

Great events call out the dormant genius and Brownell showed his grasp of the situation when he wrote his "Annus Memorabilis," brief clarion call to arms, a lyric which so impressed Senator Hawley, when he read it in his Hartford editorial office, that he jumped up in an instant, all afire with its power and passion, the poet being at the time an unknown quantity to him.

The engagement at Mobile between the *Hartford* and the *Tennessee* has been most admirably depicted in a large and spirited painting by William H. Overend, which now hangs in the entrance corridor of the Athenæum at Hartford. On the hurricane deck stand the *Hartford's* officers, among them Brownell leaning eagerly forward as he watches the fight, fully exposed to the storm of shot and shell, and near by in the rig-

ging, standing boldly out, is Farragut. Brownell holds a piece of paper in his hand, probably the artist's conception of fidelity to detail in history, for the poet made notes throughout the battle and actually wrote some of the stanzas of "The Bay Fight" on the spot.

In speaking of this poem, Dr. Richard Burton in an admirable article on Brownell in the *New England Magazine* for July, 1895, says: "Taking it for all in all—sustained power, freedom yet artistic beauty of force, glow of feel-



THE FIGURE HEAD.
Side View.

ing, imaginative uplift and frequent inspiration of word, passage and passage—
 'The Bay Fight' is Brownell's most representative and memorable piece of
 work, an epic performance. Here was no student's echo of the strife, but the
 clash and flash of war itself, writ red in blood and booming with big guns and
 the cry of victor or vanquished, hot from the heart, amidst the scenes it
 pictures. The very lack of polish, the artistic imperfections, testify not more
 to this genesis than does the potency of inspiration."

The reading of "The Bay Fight" brings home to us a realizing sense of
 the historical importance of that cherished figure-head which it has been the
 good fortune of the city of Hartford to secure. We are sorry the length of
 this poem precludes our giving it here entire. It is hard to preserve for the
 reader a just idea of the poem by quoting only brief passages, but those
 selected, after the opening ones, are what refer especially to the battle-action
 and the *Hartford's* connection therewith:

"Three days through sapphire seas we
 sailed,

The steady trade blew strong and free,
 The Northern Light his banners paled,
 The Ocean Stream our channels wet,
 We rounded low Canaveral's lee,
 And passed the isles of emerald set
 In blue Bahama's turquoise sea.

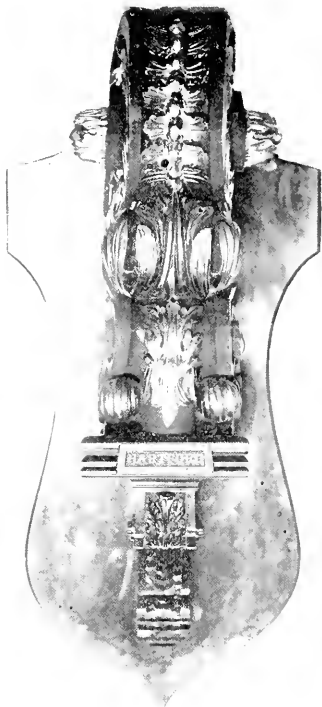
"And weary was the long patrol,
 The thousand miles of shapeless strand,
 From Brazos to San Blas that roll
 Their drifting dunes of desert sand.

"A weary time—but to the strong
 The day at last, as ever, came ;
 And the volcano, laid so long,
 Leaped forth in thunder and in flame !

"Man your starboard battery !
 Kimberly shouted—
 The ship, with her hearts of oak,
 Was going, mid roar and smoke,
 On to victory !
 None of us doubted—
 No, not our dying—
 Farragut's flag was flying !

"Sixty flags and three,
 As we floated up the bay—
 Every peak and mast-head flew
 The brave Red, White and Blue—
 We were eighteen ships that day.

"With hawsers strong and taut,
 The weaker lashed to port,
 On we sailed, two by two—
 That if either a bolt should feel
 Crash through caldron or wheel,
 Fin of bronze or sinew of steel,
 Her mate might bear her through.



THE FIGURE HEAD OF THE HARTFORD.
 Front View.

“ Steadily nearing the head,
The great flagship led,
Grandest of sights !
On her lofty mizzen flew
Our Leader’s dauntless Blue
That had waved o’er twenty fights—
So we went, with the first of the tide,
Slowly, mid the roar
Of the rebel guns ashore
And the thunder of each full broadside

“ Then, in that deadly track,
A little the ships held back,
Closing up in their stations—
There are minutes that fix the fate
Of battles and of nations.
From the main-top, bold and brief,
Came the word of our grand old chief,
‘Go on !’—’twas all he said—
Our helm was put to the starboard,
And the Hartford passed ahead.

“ Ahead lay the Tennessee,
On our starboard bow he lay,
With his mail-clad consorts three—
(The rest had run up the Bay).
There he was, belching flame from his bow,
And the steam from his throat’s abyss
Was a dragon’s maddened hiss,
In sooth a most cursed craft !—
In a sullen ring at bay
By the middle ground they lay,
Raking us fore and aft.

“ Trust me, our berth was hot,
Ah, wickedly well they shot ;
How their death-bolts howled and stung !
And the water batteries played
With their deadly cannonade
Till the air around us rung.

“ So the battle raged and roared—
Ah, had you been aboard
To have seen the fight we made—
How they leaped, the tongues of flame
From the cannon’s fiery lip !
How the broadside, deck and frame,
Shook the great ship !

“ And how the enemy’s shell
Came crashing, heavy and oft,
Clouds of splinters flying aloft
And falling in oaken showers—
But ah, the pluck of the crew !
Had you stood on that deck of ours,
You had seen what men may do.

“ Still as the fray grew louder,
Boldly they worked and well ;
Steadily came the powder,
Steadily came the shell
And if tackle or truck found hurt,
Quickly they cleared the wreck ;
And the dead were laid to port,
All a row, on our deck

“ Never a nerve that failed,
Never a cheek that paled,
Not a tinge of gloom or pallor—
There was bold Kentucky’s grit,
And the old Virginian valor,
And the daring Yankee wit

“ There were blue eyes from turfy Shannon,
There were black orbs from palmy Niger—
But there, along-side the cannon,
Each man fought like a tiger !

“ So grand the hurly and roar,
So fiercely their broadsides blazed,
The regiments fighting ashore
Forgot to fire as they gazed.

“ Grand was the sight to see
How by their guns they stood,
Right in front of our dead
Fighting square abreast—
Each brawny arm and chest
All spotted with black and red,
Chrim of fire and blood !

“ From the first of the iron shower
Till we sent our parting shell,
’Twas just one savage hour
Of the roar and the rage of hell.

“ So, up the Bay we ran
The flag to port and ahead,
And a pitying rain began
To wash the lips of our dead.

“ A league from the fort we lay,
And deemed that the end must lag ;
When lo ! looking down the bay,
There flamed the Rebel Rag—
The ram is again under way,
And heading dead for the Flag !

“ High in the mizzen shroud
(Lest the smoke his sight o’erwhelm),
Our Admiral’s voice rang loud,
“ Hard-a-starboard your helm !

Starboard ! and run him down !
 Starboard it was—and so,
 Like a black squall's lifting frown,
 Our mighty bow bore down
 On the iron beak of the foe.

" We stood on the deck together,
 Men that had looked on death
 In battle and stormy weather—
 Yet a little we held our breath,
 When, with the hush of death,
 The great ships drew together.

" Just then, at speed on the foe,
 With her bow all weathered and brown,
 The great Lackawanna came down,
 Full tilt, for another blow ;
 We were forging ahead,
 She reversed—but for all our pains,
 Rammed the old Hartford instead,
 Just for'ard the mizzen chains !

" Ah ! how the masts did buckle and bend,
 And the stout hull ring and reel
 As she took us right on end !
 (Vain were engine and wheel,
 She was under full steam)—
 With the roar of a thunder-stroke
 Her two thousand tons of oak
 Brought up on us, right abeam !

" A wreck, as it looked, we lay—
 (Rib and plankshear gave way
 To the stroke of that giant wedge !)
 Here, after all, we go—
 The old ship is gone—ah, no,
 But cut to the water's edge.

" Never mind then—at him again !
 His flurry now can't last long ;

He'll never again see land—
 Try that on *him*, Marchand !
 On him again, brave Strong !

" Heading square at the hulk,
 Full on his beam we bore ;
 But the spine of the huge sea-hog
 Lay on the tide like a log,
 He vomited flame no more.

" By this he had found it hot—
 Half the fleet, in an angry ring,
 Closed round the hideous thing,
 Hammering with solid shot,
 And bearing down, bow on bow—
 He has but a minute to choose,
 Lite or renown—which, now,
 Will the rebel admiral lose ?

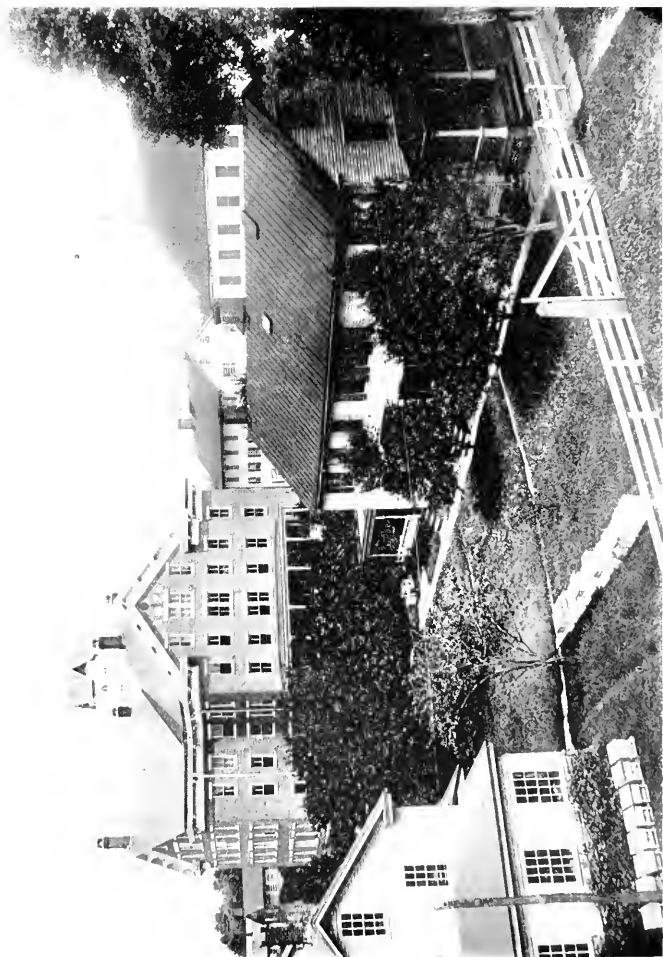
" Cruel, haughty, and cold,
 He ever was strong and bold—
 Shall he shrink from a wooden stem ?
 He will think of that brave band
 He sank in the Cumberland—
 Ay, he will sink like them.

" Nothing left but to fight
 Boldly his last sea-fight !
 Can he strike ? By heaven, 'tis true !
 Down comes the traitor Blue,
 And up goes the captive White !

" Up went the White ! Ah then
 The hurrahs that, once and agen,
 Rang from three thousand men
 All flushed and savage with fight !
 Our dead lay cold and stark
 But our dying, down in the dark,
 Answered as best they might—
 Lifting their poor lost arms,
 And cheering for God and Right !"

This, then, was the *Hartford's* experience, and to Commander Hichborn for his thoughtful kindness we should be doubly grateful not only for giving us possession of a priceless relic, but for the inspiration it gives in keeping green the memory of one of our noblest of patriotic singers. To quote again from Dr. Burton : " In the bead-roll of the makers of literature whom by birth or adoption the state of Connecticut may claim as her own, Henry Howard Brownell should have a sure and honored place. The list is neither short nor insignificant. But in all the division of letters naught is rarer than the true poet, and such an one is to be recognized in Brownell—recognized not only by the partial eye of local pride, but also by the colder scrutiny of critical opinion at a time when the first magnetism of the singer's theme begins to lose its magic."

We'll have the committee of arrangements chosen for the celebration of the reception of the Figure Head, to take place in Hartford, this October, and may we give credit to those who obtained for us an honorable peace.



BUILDINGS OF THE CHURCH FAMILY — ENFIELD, SHAKERS.

THE FIRE SHIP.

BY ELIZABETH ALDEN CURTIS.

Above, in myriad tracings, countless stars
Set forth the lace-like patterns of the sky,
And glimmered whitely on the empty sea,
To light the shadow cliffs, so darkly high.

Till swift, as sprung from out the brine-washed breeze,
And warning, as an omen of the dead
There hung in middle air a lurid light,
Which glowed against the star-shine, wierdly red.

It moved, at last, along the fable line
That marked the bound'ry of the misty sea,
And silent, vanished in the shrouded night
As swiftly as a troubled soul set free.

MOTHER ANN'S CHILDREN IN CONNECTICUT.

THE ENFIELD SHAKERS

BY JESSIE MIRIAM BRAINARD.

Ever since the dawn of history the world has been in a state of social unrest. Mankind is always striving for an ideal existence. Among communistic experiments, the "United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing," or Shakers, have a distinct place.

They have been described as having "a peculiar etiquette, a unique costume, a queer worship, a wonderful social polity, and have solved for a few persons the secret of living peacefully, usefully, sociably, contentedly purely and lovingly."

It is a noteworthy fact that of all that has been written and all that has been said of them by the world's people, many of whom have known them



THE OLD CHURCH.

intimately, there is naught but good. To have come from the Shakers is at once a guarantee of an article's being just as represented. Their religion is an



ELDER GEORGE WILCOX.



ELDRRESS SOPHIA COPLEY.

every-day practically lived up-to faith, and the agreement of their preaching and practice is well substantiated.

However vague the meaning of the word Shaker to the average person, to



MOTHER ANN.

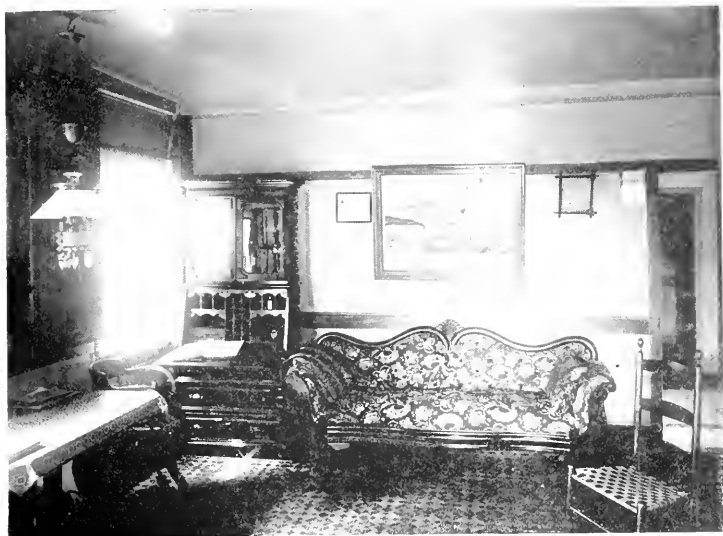
one who has passed most of his life within the sound of the bells of a Shaker community it means a true friend and neighbor. It is impossible to judge of their lives or feel the influence of their work by a casual visit or an afternoon call.

The origin of the Shaker faith was in England when Mother Ann Lee was seized with a spirit to proclaim a true Christian religion. She was born in Manchester, England, February 29, 1736 and became converted to the faith of a sect called from their physical contortions, "Shaking Quakers," in 1758. By 1770 she had grown greatly in favor among her people and was acknowledged to be their spiritual mother in Christ, the incarnation of infinite wisdom and the "Second Appearing of Christ," as Jesus of Nazareth was the incarnation of Christ's first appearing. Being persecuted in England, she, with eight follow-

ers, among them, William Lee, her brother, and James Whittaker, her nephew, who were her chief supporters, crossed the Atlantic in 1774 to the land of new

creeds, and in 1776 established at Watervliet, N. Y., the first Shaker community ever formed, her socialistic polity never having been applied in England. In 1780, during a revival, she gained many new converts and established societies at Mt. Lebanon, N. Y., and various places in the New England states. It was near this time she preached her new faith, in Enfield, Somers and the surrounding towns in Connecticut and gained many believers, having made three different visits at David Meacham's, where the Church family is now located.

It was upon one of these visits that the wicked of the neighborhood gathered in mobocratic array and drove the visitors out of town, following them to the Connecticut at "Lovejoy's Ferry," near where the Thompsonville bridge now crosses the river. Upon the occasion of another visit, a big mob surrounded the house, determined to see the "Elect Lady," (a stigma for Mother Ann). She seeming to have no fear of them, opened the front door, and, bidding a young girl of thirteen, Elizabeth Wood by name, to follow, told the



INTERIOR—HILL HOUSE.

crowd to "stand back and let me come"; they parted, huddling backwards and sideways, giving herself and young companion free passage around the house to the back door, near the chamber stairs which Mother Ann ascended. Just as she disappeared up the stairs, the eyes of the crowd seemed to be opened and someone exclaimed, "there she is," and a general rush ensued. At that instant one of the brethren, a strong and courageous man, sprang on the stairs and facing the crowd, commanded them to keep back, but one cunning fellow tried to pass between his limbs when his head was caught by the knees and a vigorous spanking followed, which created a scene of roaring laughter. It is thought that at the third visit here they were undisturbed and remained about a week,

ministering their doctrines and testimony of the clean separation between good and evil, and a life of virgin purity and innocence before God, angels and men.

Elizabeth Wood lived in the Church family in Enfield to the great age of ninety-six years; and many now living have heard her relate this and many other incidents of those early days of Shakerdom, in the narration of which her countenance would shine and her laughing eyes fairly sparkle.

In religion the Shakers are Christian, but instead of a belief in the Trinity, they define God as a conscious being who combines the Mother element and Father principle, or nature, and as being therefore Dual, considering Mother Ann the female manifestation of Christ, and quoting many passages of Scripture to sustain this belief. They object to the average Christianity as wholly



THE CHAPEL.

masculine. They retain very little of what would be called orthodoxy at Yale or Princeton. They reject not only "plenary inspiration" and the Trinity, but all avenging or merely vindictory punishment, all vicarious work on the part of Christ, all the supernatural in his birth, life or death; regard his crucifixion as a hindrance and not a means of Salvation, and attach no value to his blood but only to his teachings and true life. Jesus is to them a man, naturally conceived and born, but "Christ" is to them a doctrine, a principle or power, a baptism of the Holy Spirit. A Shaker would say that Jesus was human, Ann Lee was human, and both were fallible except as the "Christ Spirit" taught them.

Rationalism underlies the Shaker's mode of reasoning on every question. Singular as the outcome of their faith is, one has but to open a page of their printed pamphlets to find that they plant themselves upon nature's laws, and

they are not wanting in shrewd casuists to defend their position. They worship literally with the song and dance of Mosaic law, and in defense of this, point to nineteen places in the Bible where it is taught. Their faith is strongly tinged with Spiritualism, but the opinions of individual members vary greatly on this subject, some of them scarcely believing in it all. An after life of probation and training is taught. The heavens and hells are spiritual states. They observe neither feasts nor fasts, have no ceremony, and pass by all the sacraments as observed by church people, believing in a spiritual baptism and communion instead of the literal and symbolical practice of other sects. It is a noticed fact that at their public service there are no audible prayers.

Although in Shaker morals no two persons of the opposite sex may with propriety be together alone, their life is not monastic. They associate freely like the members of a family. Mother Ann had been married when young, but upon



THE DRAWING ROOM.

embracing a life of regeneration, she formally dissolved the marriage ties, and the Shakers are vowed to celibacy, while great stress is laid upon sobriety, honesty and industry as cardinal virtues. They use no wine or liquor as a beverage but may use it as a medicine; their abstinence has the form of a habit merely and not a pledge. Some of them are strict vegetarians, others eat meat.

They admit that private property and marriage are a proper part of the natural or earthly life whose business it is to populate the earth, to sow and not to reap. But the Shakers claim to live the "harvest life," whose function it is to populate the heavens and not the earth. The judgment they say, comes to a man when he sees that it is better to harvest than to sow. Jesus led the way in living the harvest life. They who live also in the resurrection cannot at the same time live the natural or earthly life.

Divine retribution, whether for marrying or any other declension from the harvest life, does not in the Shaker policy, involve any other punishment than the unhappiness which attends such relations as their inseparable adjunct and sequence. Hence their numbers are free when they will to fall back from the harvest life to the natural plane upon no other condition than that of withdrawing from the society. But this withdrawal is often a kindly parting and not a condemnatory expulsion. They provide for such of their members as get tired of the higher life and desire to marry and leave the society very much as an ordinary family would try to do for its offspring.

When a man enters their society he must pay his debts as well as confess his sins. Before he can put his property into their fund he must provide for his heirs. Those who are brought up among them, if sincere believers at the age of twenty-one, sign the covenant and are members of the faith and family.



BUILDING OF NORTH FAMILY.

Mother Ann died at Watervliet, September 8, 1784, leaving the leadership to James Whittaker who guided the band in Mother Ann's footsteps. He died at Enfield in July, 1787. His funeral was held in the old church and was largely attended by the people of the vicinity.

The government of the communities now rests on the ministry, generally consisting of four persons, two of each sex. These, together with the elders of the families constitute the governing board. They, being supported by the union and approbation of the members, are invested with power to appoint their successors, to counsel and direct in all matters, to establish all rules and regulations in accordance with the general principles of the Shaker faith. Each community for convenience is divided into families under separate leadership by the elder and eldress, yet all united under the head of the community.

There are now fifteen communities in the United States, numbering from

30 to 100 or more in each Society of two, three or four families, being distributed in various places in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New York, Ohio and Kentucky,—two or three Communities in each state.

The Enfield Shakers were organized in 1792 and the Church family was the first settled. There were originally five families, North, South, East, West and the Middle or Church. In 1854 the West family was abandoned and twenty



AN OLD-TIME SHAKER'SS COSTUME.

years later the East. The Church Family is the center of activity and is the one most visited. The dwelling house of this family is a large substantial structure of brick with greystone basement. It was built in 1876 and is a model of convenience throughout in every department, with steam heat, running water, good ventilation, and the most improved appliances for preparing food in their cooking and baking departments. Any housekeeper will admire

all these arrangements, the extreme cleanliness everywhere noticeable, and perhaps wonder whose arms ache to impart that scrubbing to the floors and



EMILY COPLEY.



JOHN COPLEY.

woodwork wherewith all Shakerdom shines. No dust or dirt is to be found in all their domain. In the laundry, in an adjoining building, washers and wringers run by an engine remove the terrors of Monday.

The dining room is in the basement of the dwelling house, adjoining the

cooking rooms and here the family receive their meals at regular hours, the men and women sitting at separate tables. Above are the music room, the sitting room, the library and the meeting-room or chapel. The remaining portion of the home is divided into sleeping apartments, each person having a room, or usually two in one room, connected with a bath. The old meeting house built in 1792, has been remodeled and converted into a thoroughly equipped hospital, but is seldom required for use, as they have very little sickness, their excellent sanitary arrangements and regular habits being conducive to good health and long life. Perhaps the old adage about early rising holds good in their case, the edicts of some modern physicians to the contrary notwithstand-



"GRANDMA" ELIZABETH COPLEY.

ing, for at 4:30 every morning in the summer, the bell is rung and each person rises to begin the day's duties. At six a peal from the bell announces that Shaker breakfast is served, and so through the day everything is done by a systematic plan.

On Saturday evening at 7:30 o'clock, at the ringing of the bells, all gather in their house chapels for a short praise service. Sunday all meet at the



RICHARD VAN DEUSEN.

Church family, service consisting of a solemn march and hymns with addresses by the elders. Then Sunday-school, where the older people study their bible lessons as applied to their Shaker belief and the writings of Mother Ann Lee, and the little folks have international primary cards. Sunday evening an experience or prayer meeting is held, and thus is passed the Sabbath day. Until 1884 public meetings were held, but now they are private, and as the numbers

have grown less and less, the big church is closed and the pretty little chapel is used instead.

In their schools the children are taught in the common branches and are if they wish instructed in drawing, painting and music.

Their dress is indicative of comfort and simplicity. That of the women is a plain close-fitting waist, with a full, not too long plaited skirt, and a cape-like collar about the shoulders. A close-fitting lace cap covers the smoothly-combed hair, and the regulation Shaker bonnet is worn when out of doors. That of the men is a long loose coat of the same color as their trousers. The colors vary according to individual tastes.

Their conversation is "yea, yea" and "nay, nay," one seldom hearing a Shaker say yes or no.

Though considerably swelling the tax-lists of the several towns wherein they are located, they never vote.

The Shakers have long been noted for their fine apple sauce, herb extracts, preserved fruits and garden seeds which everywhere enjoy a good reputation. In fact, the practice of putting up garden seeds in little packets such as you can buy them in to-day, originated among the Enfield Shakers as early as 1802. Thirty years ago the seed industry was a large one with them, but now only a few are put up, other branches of business taking its place, such as canned corn and beans and dairy produce. The Church family have a large herd of

cows and formerly made a specialty of butter and cheese, but now sell the milk and cream from the door.

The leader of the Church family is Elder George Wilcox, who is well known throughout all New England. Born in Rhode Island, he came among the Enfield Shakers in 1827. A keen business man now, although he has nearly reached his four-score years, interested in all movements for the good of humanity, a great thinker, in every sense a leader, Elder George is a typical Yankee in speech and ways, and



DWELLING-HOUSE—NORTH FAMILY.

has the respect of his neighbors and business associates.

The North family is perhaps not so much visited as the Church, but Sister Emily Copley gives everyone a hearty welcome, and truly no place in all New England can be more charming and restful than here.

The elder, as we might say, "emeritus," of this family is Gilbert Avery,

who was born in Essex when the century was young. He distinctly remembers the war of 1812. He was placed at the Shakers in 1818 and lived with them until 1835, when he took a trip to the then far west Ohio. For forty-seven years he has been at the North family. He is an old gentleman of most pleasing manner, and as he tells of his boyhood and his wonderful journey west, his enthusiasm is remarkable. As increasing years brought their weight, and as he possesses a retiring disposition, the leadership in business has fallen upon younger men.

Omar Pease was in the past a noted elder. He was placed at the Shakers when two years old, and for sixty-six years dwelt among them. His policy was that Shaker property should be invested on the home place, so he built the big dwelling-house at the North, and the stock barn which is a marvel of



INTERIOR OF PARLOR.

convenience. He also changed the grade of the public highway, shifting the road about ten rods toward the east and raising it, thereby vastly improving the lawns. His particular hobby was forestry, and about one hundred and fifty acres of sown pine forest stand a living memorial to Elder Omar. This is the most celebrated piece of sown forest in Connecticut, and is frequently quoted in the agricultural papers. After his death in 1883, Richard Van Deusen was placed in temporal or business charge, coming from the Church family where he had lived for many years. He was born at Tyringham, Mass., February 14, 1829, and had lived with the Shakers since he was seven years old. He was noted as a horticulturist, and his tall, graceful figure was a prominent feature at gatherings of pomologists for many miles around. He did much to give the "Walter Pease" apple notoriety and improved the orchards greatly. To the

people he loved so well he left acres of growing fruit trees carefully selected and well trained. Another branch that claimed Brother Richard's attention was the breeding and training of fine blooded stock, especially horses. Always busy and useful, the news of his death came as a great shock to the people in the vicinity, occurring very suddenly August 6, 1893. The Shakers felt his loss very keenly, and the neighborhood wondered who would lead the North in his stead.

Mr. John Copley, born in England, but trained at the Shakers, then came back and acted as their agent for three years, until in February of the present year a new family from Lebanon, N. Y., was located there. Mr. Copley had left the Shakers when of age, and merely acted as agent, not being connected



A BEDROOM.

with them. The leadership of the North family now rests upon Elder George W. Clark and Eldress Miriam Offord.

For sixteen years Sister Emily Copley, one of the cheeriest little women that ever was, has been very active at the North family. In 1852 a company came from England, among them Sister Elizabeth Copley with her six little ones, who all grew up among the Shakers. Sister Emily, and also Eldress Sophia at the Church family, were among these children. Of both of them I would say that if you ever want to see and feel true friendliness and hospitality, just give them a visit.

Another family which stands forth prominently with the Wilcox and Copley names is the Lyman. All who visited the Shakers a quarter of a century ago will remember Amelia Lyman. On her it oftenest devolved to entertain guests, and a model hostess she made. At her death a few years ago she left

many loving friends. She is revered by many of the younger women as a sort of mother, as she brought up so many girls. It is customary to give the care of the little girls to some of the younger women who are to train and care for them. Eldress Sophia has brought up nearly fifty, and in the past sixteen years Sister Emily has taken charge of thirteen different girls, most of whom have left—for a child is not obliged to stay with them after the legal age is attained—some of them stay and some do not.

The South family is, as its name indicates, south from the church, and is as fully well equipped as a model farm as either of the others. Here will be found Elder Thomas Stroud, with his fine greenhouses for the cultivation of cucumbers, and his model poultry houses. He makes a specialty of small fruits and is much interested in nut culture, having set his fenced borders with choice nut trees. Elder Thomas is a most genial man to meet, and shows in all his



BUILDINGS OF THE SOUTH FAMILY.

work the value of an education in farming. He makes a science of it, and spends much of his leisure time in study on the subjects which interest him so much. The herd of fine Jersey cows on this place are hornless, as he thought dehorning best, and afterward the Church family followed his example and had theirs dehorned. Eldress Marion Patrick is also much interested in fruit culture, and as the dairying has been taken out of the house, has more opportunity to attend to outdoor matters.

One of the most interesting of the Shaker men was Elder Robert Aitken, who for many years previous to 1890 was elder at the South family. He was an enthusiastic Shaker, and in the hope of inducing many new converts to come to them, went abroad visiting his native Scotland. His last trip he made when an old man, and he returned in company with Andrew Carnegie, a Scottish cousin and childhood friend. They were both natives of Dunfermline,

and many a tale would Elder Robert tell of their trip across the ocean together.

I have tried from a neighborly standpoint to give a glimpse of these simple kindly Christian people. They do all that they consider their duty to their fellow man, and really accomplish much more than many societies whose works are much vaunted. They have taken pains to relieve cases of want and suffering of people outside their community brought to their notice, often traveling hundreds of miles to investigate cases and succor the afflicted. Many a homeless waif has been taken into their homes, brought up and educated, and hundreds of useful Christian men and women in this broad land owe their place in the world to the training received by the elder or eldress of some of the Shaker families. One of their fixed rules, however, is that the mother of the child adopted must be of good character, for they think it an impossibility to make anything from the children of an evil mother. The children are carefully educated in their own school and the little girls are trained in all the housewifely arts, while the boys are farmers or mechanics, or follow out their bent of mind whatever it may be. There is a chance for farmer boys to know something of their trade by the time they reach the age of twenty-one, for the united families of Enfield own about 2700 acres of land, and if anyone is interested in the evolution of farm machinery, the Shaker tool houses would prove a mine of delight.

All of their charity is unostentatious, and the golden rule is their model.

Such are the ripe fruits of their philosophy. Opinions may differ as to their faith, whether it be a delusion or no, but the happiness, industry, order, neatness and peace they win from it can by no means be a delusion, and for all this should we not give them due credit? "By their fruits ye shall know them."

At peace with all, at enmity with none, they live out their simple lives striving to follow the leadings of the Holy Spirit, and when at last they are gathered to their fathers their bodies are laid quietly at rest in the cemetery on the hill where the marble slabs facing the glowing sunset tell of many a race that is run and many a soul gone home.



THE CARDINAL FLOWER.

BY ANNIE LAURIE LYNDI

When the heart of the summer is throbbing slow
And the blooms of her life are dying,
When the frosts are setting the hills aglow
And the swallows are southward flying,
Down here by the brook where I stroll along
In the sun of an autumn morning,
The cardinal flower is crooning a song,
All notion of fading scorning.

We hail her buds as a promise sure
For the few sweet days, God-sent,
That shall brighten the homely and commonplace
In the winter of discontent.
But they're only the hearts of a bygone host
Filled high with a pulsing flood
That with every breeze flows swiftly down
Till the shining folds of her satin gown
Are dyed in their crimson blood.

Yet her dimpled cheek no paleness shows
And her lips make mock at grief,
As she mirrors a smile in a limpid pool—
And hides a crumpled leaf!

She might be a stately and gracious dame
With a puffing of powdered hair;
She might live up to her sounding name
And bow 'neath a weight of care;
But she's only a saucy and gay coquette,
And she tips and tilts and bends
In the rush and swing of the bubbling stream
To a host of passing friends.
This way to a dancing butterfly
And that to a tippling bee,
With a flirt
Of her skirt
At the drifting foam
On its way to the salt old sea.

Oh, blood-red, velvety, bending bloom,
How like to a human life!
With here, perchance, a perfect flower,
And there, where tempest and tide are rife,
A bleeding bud or a tattered leaf
To tell of the fretting strife!

The stream flows on to the ocean,
Through shadow and shine and dark,
Down the whispering years of the future
Where man must listen and hark;
And whether the path of joy or pain,
Or the commonplace way we've trod,
Whit will it matter, bye and bye,
When our souls are at home with God?



...Photographic Department...

From the pictures sent in for the contest in this number the judges have selected the following: No. 1, as being the best, takes the prize of the bromide enlargement mentioned in the last number. No. 2 was chosen as the next



NO. 1. MAKING UP THE BUTTER. By E. T. Porter, New Britain.



NO. 2. NEAR SILVER GROVE, PLAINVILLE. By W. W. Bullen, Plainville.

best. A criticism of it was that "the figure should not have been sitting down to get the best effect. Too evidently posed." The order of selection of the others is as given.



NO. 3. SPRINGTIME.
By F. H. Pond, Terryville



NO. 4. NEAR MAIN STREET, TERRYVILLE.
By F. H. Pond, Terryville.



NO. 5. THE NEW LONDON LIGHTHOUSE.
By F. L. Coit, New London.



NO. 6. THE CRISSEY HILL ROAD, NORFOLK.
By F. L. Coit, New London.

GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

"They who care nothing for their ancestors are wanting in respect for themselves—they deserve to be treated with contempt by their posterity. Those who respect and venerate the memory of their forefathers will be led, not by vanity but by a filial affection—by a pious reverence to treasure up their memories."
—Hon. Wm. Whiting, U.S.D.

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 at least *ten cents for each query*. Querists should write only on one side of the paper. Subscribers sending in queries should state that they are subscribers, and preference in insertion will always be given them. Queries are inserted in the order in which they are received. On account of our space being limited, it is impossible that all queries be inserted as soon as querists desire. Always give full name and post office address. Queries and notes *must* be sent to Wm. A. Eardeley-Thomas, 5000 Woodland Avenue, Philadelphia, Penn.

The editor earnestly requests our readers to assist him in answering queries. His duties are onerous enough in other directions, so that only a limited amount of time can be devoted to query researches.

The editor requests all those of New Fairfield and Sherman (Conn.) descent to send him all they can regarding the genealogy of this region. It is hoped that enough material may be collected to keep up interest and have some notes in every number. The editor is pleased to announce that notes have been obtained from many sources on the following families—Barnum, Bearss, Briggs, Chase, Cozier, Conch, Fairchild, Girard, Hayes, Hodge, Hopkins, Hoyt, Hubbell, Knapp, Lacey, Leach, Marsh, Pardee, Pearce, Peck, Penfield, Penny, Perry, Sherwood, Spencer, Treadwell, Trowbridge, Wanzer, Wheeler and Wilkes; and notes on the Pepper and Swords families are expected. The editor has also obtained some other notes of great value, including marriages, baptisms, deaths, tombstone data, etc. Thanks to the editor of the *Westerly, R. I., Narragansett Weekly* for the 1897 issues of May 6, 13, 20 (3 different), 27 (2 different), June 1, 3 and 7, containing the genealogy of Elder Chad Brown—the Stonington, Conn., branch.

Printed works of a genealogical and historical character are constantly being added to the shelves of this department by gift or purchase. The editor thanks Mrs. Charles A. Dudley for "Manual of the First Congregational Church, Guilford, Conn., Jan. 1, 1875," and Albert H. Wilcox, Esq., for "The First Congregational Church, Meriden, Conn., 1729-1897." Thanks are also extended to the donor of "Manual of the New Haven East Congocation" (1893); and for the manuals of the Congregational churches in Harwinton (1868), Plantsville (1865), Stanwich (1874), Wolcott (1865), and for the First Presbyterian Church, Amenia, N. Y. (1895). I have obtained the Amenia Town Records of births, marriages and deaths complete, and the Amenia First Presbyterian Church baptisms from 1757 to 1815 complete; also about 1/4 of Danbury, Conn., town records of births, marriages and deaths, and many cemetery inscriptions. It is earnestly desired that readers of the *Quarterly* assist us in getting the name and date from every tombstone in the State. The location of the cemetery and *every* name and date in it should be sent at the same time for identification and reference. Of course, we desire only such cemetery records as have never been printed *en masse*. About 1800 there was a Nickerson burying ground in Ridgebury, Conn.; it has since been ploughed up and the stones taken away. We should like to learn what has become of these stones.

The editor of this department is prepared to make personal researches at moderate terms. Correspondence solicited. Mr. Eardeley-Thomas is engaged upon a history of

1. All the Fontaine families who came to the States before 1800, with their descendants to the present time
2. The descendants of Ezra Perry, of Sandwich, Mass.
3. " " William Chase, of Yarmouth, Mass.
4. " " Samuel Chase, of Maryland.
5. " " Lieut. Isaac Chase, of Dukes Co., Mass.
6. " " John Chase, of Newport, R. I.

Also he and G. Brainard Smith, of 320 Wethersfield Avenue, Hartford, Conn., are writing the history of the descendants of Aquila Chase, of Newbury, Mass. We should like to hear from the Vermont and New Hampshire Chases.

The *Editor* of this *Department* would be pleased to receive suggestions tending to the more efficient working of the Department.

If anyone feels slighted in any particular, please write Mr. Eardeley-Thomas, informing him of the slight, and he will do all in his power to remedy matters. No one should hesitate about it. The Editor has endeavored (and will continue) to do all in his power to assist people out of their difficulties.

Notes.

[Continued from page 352.]

29. (1) Aaron² Fountain appears in Greens Farms, Fairfield Co., Ct., about 1720. There was an Aaron d. there Apr. 15, 1700. Exactly who this was has not yet been learned. Tradition in the line of Moses, Matthew, Rev. Ezra¹ (per his descendants) is to the effect that the first Fountain of their line in this country died aged 100, leaving a son Moses and another son who d. s. p., *et.* 104 (Bolton's History of Westchester Co., N. Y.) If this tradition is reliable, then it would probably be Aaron¹ who died 1700; but I incline to the belief that it was Aaron¹ who d. in 1700. On Mar. 20, 1718-9, Aaron Fountain and William Fountain for £27 bought land of Peter Bennet (p. 110, Vol. 3, Land Records, Fairfield, Ct.) This land was formerly purchased by David Sherwood, David Gray and Peter Bennet of Joseph Applegate. Feb. 20, 1722-3, Aaron and William Fountain divide the land purchased of Peter Bennet on Mar. 20, 1718-10 (pp. 324 and 325, Vol. 4, Land Records, Fairfield, Ct.) I have not been able to learn what became of the land of Aaron F. It seems to me that there must be several volumes of land and probate records missing at Fairfield. I have been assured by a genealogist that about 1860 he saw a certain will (dated at Greenwich, 1733) which he then had no occasion to copy, but he made an item of the date, place and testator's name. In a few weeks he wrote to a man interested in this particular family, and in reply was requested to make an abstract of this will in question. My friend had no occasion to go to Fairfield for some 15 years, and when he finally did go he could find *no* trace of the will. The will of James² F. is the only one recorded at Fairfield.
- Aaron¹ F. m. Elizabeth——. What was the name of her parents? I would not be surprised if this marriage occurred on Long Island (Huntington, Hempstead or Jamaica), as there was considerable intercourse. The Congregational Parish Records at Green's Farms show that Aaron² and Elizabeth (——) Fountain had
- 13—i. Mary,² b. June 5, 1722; m. David Hendrick. Who were his parents and when was he born?
- 14—ii. Timothy,² b. June 27, 1725; d. Aug. 28, 1803, at Green's Farms. Was he married and did he have any issue?
- 15—iii. Hannah,² b. Apr. 2, 1730; m., 1st, Abel Sherwood; m., 2d, Elisha Perry.
iv. Abel,² b. April 24, 1734; d. Dec. 4, 1756, at Green Bush, on his return home from the army. Was he married?
- 16—v. Sarah,² b. Nov. 23, 1737; m. David Raymond. Who were his parents and when was he born?
- [To be continued.]
31. (Continued from page 352.) *22.* Ezra¹ Perry (John², Ezra¹) d. about 1753; m. Mehitable ——; her parentage has not been learned. He moved to Danbury, Ct., probably with his brother Elisha. His will,

dated 1753, at Danbury, names wife Mehitable, sons Thomas and Ezra, daus. Elizabeth, Mary, Lydia and Johanna, daus. Mehitable Weed and Jemima Roberts (see Danbury Probate Records). In Massachusetts the Registry of Deeds was usually at the county seat. This was the case with Cape Cod, the Registry being at Barnstable. About 1827 all the deeds and original files of wills at Barnstable were destroyed by fire, so it is now impossible to ascertain from that source what families left the Cape and when. The copies of the wills were fortunately preserved. Children b. in Sandwich (T. R.):

- 133—i. Thomas,⁴ Dec. 20, 172—. What became of him?
- 134—ii. Elizabeth,⁴ March 20, 172—. What became of her?
- 135—iii. Mehitable,⁴ April 16, 173—; m. —— Weed. What was his given name? What were the names of his parents? What children did he have?
- 136—iv. Jemima,⁴ Oct. 2, 173—; m. —— Roberts. What was his first name? Who were his parents? Did he have any issue?
- 137—v. Mary,⁴ Feb. 20, 173—. What became of her?
- 138—vi. Lydia,⁴ April 15, 17—. What became of her?
- 139—vii. Ezra,⁴ Sept. 2, 17—. What became of him?
- 140—viii. Joanna,⁴ Apr. 10, 17—. What became of her?
2. Deborah¹ (Ezra¹, Perry) Pope d. Feb. 10, 1711; m. Seth¹ (b. Jan. 31, 1648, Plymouth, d. March 17, 1727, Dartmouth), son of Thomas¹ b. 1608 and Sarah (Jenney) Pope; Seth: m. 2d, Rebecca ——, b. 1662, d. Jan. 23, 1741. Seth² and Deborah (Perry) Pope had: Ch. b. in Dartmouth
- i. John² Pope, Oct. 23, 1675; d. Nov. 18, 1725, in S.; m., 1st, Elizabeth, dau. Elisha and Patience (Skiff) Bourne; m., 2d, Experience (Hamblen) Jenkins.
- ii. Thomas² Pope, Sept. 1, 1677; d. about 1720; m., 1st, Elizabeth Manser; m., 2d, Elizabeth Handley.
- iii. Susanna² Pope, July 31, 1681, d. Feb. 5, 1760, m. Dec. 31, 1701, Jonathan Hathaway. Who were his parents?
- iv. Sarah² Pope, Feb. 10, 1683; d. Sept. 20, 1759; m. "Ensign" David Peabody.
- v. Mary² Pope, Sept. 11, 1686; m. ——, 1720, Charles Church.
- vi. Seth² Pope, Apr. 5, 1689; d. Nov. 23, 1744; m. ——, Hannah, dau. Elisha and Patience (Skiff) Bourne.
- vii. Hannah² Pope, Dec. 14, 1693; m. —— Rev. Samuel Hunt.
- viii. Elnathan² Pope, Aug. 15, 1694; m. —— Margaret², dau. of Isaac² (Thomas¹) and Alice (Mind) Pope; he d. Feb. 8, 1735-6.
- xi. Lemuel² Pope, Feb. 21, 1696; d. May 23, 1771; m. ——, Elizabeth, dau. of Ephraim and —— (——) Hunt.
15. Edmund Perry (Ezra², Ezra¹) m. Oct. 10, 1705, Elizabeth Smith. Who were her parents? What children did they have? (This marriage was received from H. P. Perry, Esq., of Westfield, Mass.)

31 NEW FAIRFIELD FAMILIES.—II. PEARCE.

Contributed by Edward H. Pearce of New Fairfield, Ct., and Theodore D. Rogers of Norwalk, Ct.

The Pawling, N. Y., Pearce family have a tradition from their ancestors to the effect that a man named Pearce came from Wales to Boston with his family, among whom were three sons. Soon after the vessel arrived, the father fell down the hatchway and broke his neck. The sons afterward separated, one settling in Conn., one in Mass., and one in R. I., from whence the Pawling family come.

Nathan¹ Pearce,* b. Mar. 15, 1700, at Providence, R. I., and had 4 sons

- i. Benoni,² b. —, 1730, North Kingston, R. I.; was a self-educated man noted for his wit and great learning, particularly in languages and mathematics. Did he have a family?
- ii. Ephram,² b. —, 1733, Providence, R. I.; was remarkable for great physical strength. Did he have any family?
- iii. Nathan,² b. —, 1739, Pawling, N. Y.; was an active participator in the Revolution and a terror to Tories. He was finally decoyed into ambush, taken by Tories and robbers, and whipped to death.
- iv. William,² b. —, 1745, Pawling, N. Y.; exasperated at the murder of his brother, he obtained assistance and pursued the gang. He finally succeeded in locating them among the rocks on Quaker Hill. He killed Vaughn, the leader, and broke up and dispersed the gang. He afterward raised a company of volunteers and served as captain during the Revolution. He was in the battles of L. I., White Plains, Yorktown, and was present at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. After the war he returned to Pawling and lived to a good old age, a much respected citizen.

William² Pearce had ch. all born at Pawling, N. Y.:

- i. Henry,³ b. 1768. Whom did he marry?
- ii. Benoni,³ b. 1771. " " "
- iii. William,³ b. 1784. " " "

Henry³ Pearce (William,² Nathan¹) had ch. born at Pawling, N. Y.:

- i. Benoni,⁴ b. 1807. Whom did he marry?
- ii. Nathaniel,⁴ b. 1809. " " "

NOTE.—From this Nathaniel⁴ and his cousin, Nathan Pearce (b. 1792 at Pawling), were obtained by Alvah Sherwood Pearce and Aaron Pearce the origin and early history of the Pearce family in the U. S. Mr. Alvah S. Pearce left a diary containing accounts and family history, now in possession of his descendants.

William³ Pearce (William², Nathan¹) had:

* Austin's Genealogical Dictionary of R. I., p. 147, shows that John Pearce of Portsmouth, R. I., and wife Mary, had a son Daniel Pearce, d. 1731; m., 2d. Dec. 13, 1703, Elizabeth Tucker, and had: i. Benoni, 1704; m. Nov. 10, 1723, Sarah Rhodes. ii. Nathan, 1706; m. Oct. 7, 1724, Abigail Spink. iii. William, 1707.

- i. Lorenzo Dow,⁴ b. 1810. Whom did he marry?
 - ii. William Henry,⁴ b. 1815. Whom did he marry?
 - iii. James Montgomery,⁴ b. 1820. Whom did he marry?
 - iv. Jonathan H.,⁴ b. 1821. Whom did he marry?
 - v. George,⁴ b. 1832. Whom did he marry?
- Col. Nathan Pearce (b. 1792). What was his father's name? He has 1.
- i. William, b. 1816. Whom did he marry?
 - ii. Henry J., b. 1827. " " "
- Benoni² Pearce (Henry,¹ William,² Nathan¹) had:
- i. Dr. Henry, b. 1833; a surgeon in the Union army and lost a leg in battle.
 - ii. Jeremiah,³ b. 1837.
 - iii. James S.,³ b. 1839.
 - iv. Charles W.,³ b. —.
 - v. Edwin M.,³ b. —.

[To be continued.]

32. Contributed by John Bearss Newcomb, Esq., of Elgin, Ill.:

NOTE: See table at end of this Department.

33. Fountain Family of Staten Island, by W. A. E. T.

[Continued from page 354.]

7. Vincent¹ Fonteigne (Antoine¹); the witnesses to his will were Jan Van Voorhies, Rem Van Der Beck and John Dupuy.
7. Vincent¹ Fountain (Vincent,¹ Antoine¹) d. 1740, —; m. about 1718, Martha —. His will, dated Sept. 28, 1740, names his wife Martha and children Anthony, John, Elizabeth, Vincent, Sarah and Martha; executors, wife Martha and friends Stephen Martine and Richard Stilwell; witnesses, Rem Vanderbeck, Nicholas Britton, and Avis Rejerse (Liber 14, p. 1, N. Y. City Surrogates Records). Vincent¹ and Martha (—) Fountain had.
- 25—i. Anthony,² b. about 1720; m., 1st, Hannah Gerretson; who were her parents? m. again (either 2d or 3d time) Elizabeth —. Who were her parents? If he had another wife, what was her name? There seems to be endless confusion with the Anthonys.
- 26—ii. John² b. —. What became of him? Did he emigrate to near Easton, Maryland?
- 27—iii. Elizabeth,² b. —. What became of her?
- 28—iv. Vincent,² b. —. Whom did he marry?
- 29—v. Sarah,² b. —; m. Daniel McSwain. What children did they have?
- 30—vi. Martha,² b. —. What became of her?

Anthony² Fountain (Vincent,² Anthony¹) dead before June 14, 1732, when his father's will was proved; m. — Belitze (Isabella) Byvank.

There was a Johannis Byvank of Staten Island made his will March 3, 1711-12, and names wife Alkie and children Evert and Belkie (see N. Y. City Surrogate Records). Clute in his Annals, p. 350, says, "The name should possibly be Burbank," and she

may have been the dau. of Thomas and Maritje (Martling) Burbank, bap. April 22, 1707, in Ref. Dutch Ch., Port Richmond, S. I., N. Y. William A. Harding, Esq., of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I am convinced that the *Byvancks* were an Albany family, or at least went at an early day from New Amsterdam to Albany. On Oct. 24, 1660, Jan or Johannes Byvancks of Oldenze, now Albany, m. *Belitje Everts* Duycking of N. Y., dau. of Evert and Hendrickje (Simons) Duycking, who were m. Sept. 9, 1649 (Dutch Ch. Rec.) and she was bap. June 30, 1647, in N. Y. There was an *Evert* Byvanck m. May, 1693, wid. Wyntje Stoutenburg, and Jan or John Byvanck m. Nov. 3, 1692, wid. Sara Evans. I do not find any records of baptisms of Byvancks in Dutch Ch. Rec., 1600-1700, but I am very certain that the *Belitje* Byvanck (or Byvank) who m. Anthony Fountain was a granddau. of *Belitje Evert* or *Everts* Duycking Byvanck."

Anthony³ and *Belitje* (Byvanck) Fountain had:

i. Antje⁴ (Nantlie, or Ann), bap. May 11, 1729 (Clute's Annals); m., ———, Thomas Stillwell, and had: i. Antone,⁵ bap. Feb. 16, 1755 (Dutch Ch. Rec.) The Stillwell Gen. says Nancy Fountain, b. 1720, dau. of Anthony, m. Thomas, b. 1733, son of Thomas and Sarah (Van Name) Stillwell, and had a son Anthony.

[To be continued.]

34. The deaths on the records of the Abington (Ct.) Congregational Church begin in 1783, and those on page 354 are the first. (W. A. E. T.)

[Continued from page 154.]

1785.—Jan. 9, Jerusha, wife of Edward Ruggles junr., act. 25.

Mar. 9, infant child of Wil'm Trowbridge.

Mar. 20, Hannah, wife of Mr. Griffin Craft.

July 28, Prescott, child of Jn. Burnham.

Aug. 22, Mr. "Johnathan" Lyon in his 70th year.

Sept. 2, the Rev. David Ripley, act. 54.

Sept. 6, infant child of Amasa Goodell.

1786.—Jan. —, Mr. Peter Maxfield.

June 12, infant child of Amos (II) or Kinnee.

June 25, Elisabeth, child of Peter Cunningham.

Aug. 1, infant child of Thomas Grosvenor 2d.

Aug. 26, widow Susannah Craft.

Aug. 27, Sabria, wife of Pelatiah Lyon.

Dec. 24, Sarah May, grandchild of Mr. Sam'l Sumner, act. 6 mos.

1787.—Mar. 2, Sarah Truesdell.

Mar. 15, Mr. Pearly Grosvenor in 22d yr.

Mar. 27, infant child of Peter Cunningham.

Mar. 28, infant child of Thomas Denison.

Apr. 9, infant child of Appleton Osgood.

Apr. 13, Mr. Ben'j'n Sharpe.

Apr. 15, widow Lydia Goodell in 80th yr.

May 7, Silas, child of Jeduthan Truesdell and Abigail, his wife.

May 13, Payson, child of Joshua Grosvenor junr. and Sarah, his wife.

June 29, Mr. Joseph Ashley.

Oct. 14, Lucy Coates.

Nov. 19, infant child of Simeon Ingals.

Dec. 1, child of Hannah Chase.

1788.—Mar. 2, child of Ruben Spalding, act.

20 mos.

Apr. 20, Mr. Caleb Grosvenor in 72d yr.

May 16, infant child of Appleton Osgood.

May 18, Abigail, wife of " "

May 20, Hannah, dau. of Ben'j'n Allen.

June 12, Mr. Zachariah Whitney.

July 7, Frances, wife of Mr. Daniel

Goodell.

Sept. 20, Ebenezer, child of Mr. Ebenezer

Force.

Oct. 17, Hannah, wife of William Stone.

Oct. 21, Walter, child of Rev. Walter

Lyon and Polly, his wife.

Dec. 1, widow Rebecca Lyon.

1789.—Jan. 20, infant of Mr. ——— Snow.

Mar. 8, Alethea, wife of Capt. Thomas

Grosvenor, act. 27.

Apr. 9, Elizabeth Coats.

Aug. 29, Harvey, child of Jeduthan

Truesdell.

Sept. 5, Sarah, child of Jeduthan Trues-

dell.

Sept. 26, Benjamin Fay.

1790.—Jan. 30, child of Benjamin Gould, act.

7 mos.

Mar. 1, Abigail Wey, a melatto woman.

Mar. 9, Mr. Nathan Griggs, in 75th yr.

Apr. 14, "Johnathan" Primus, a melatto

man.

May 28, Hannah, wife of Sam'l John, an

Indian.

Aug. 6, Lieut. John Fiske.

Oct. 4, Jesse Gay, killed by the splitting

of a pistol.

Oct. 26, Mr. Joseph Ingalls.

Dec. 3, Mr. Caleb Goodell.

Dec. 26, Mr. Seth Sabin.

1791.—Feb. 8, John Morey, child of Peter

Cunningham.

Mar. 21, Willard, child of Amasa Goodell.

May 11, widow Whitney.

May 28, Harvey Eldridge.

June 27, wife of Mr. Daniel Trowbridge,

act. 81.

Aug. 19, Pearly, child of Capt. Thomas

Grosvenor.

Sept. 20, William Osgood, Esq., in octh yr.

Oct. 1, Susanna, child of Will'm Trow-

bridge.

Oct. 26, child of Will'm Trowbridge.

Nov. 20, Sam'l Craft, Esqr., in 70th yr.

Dec. 6, Mr. Robert Stephens, originally

of Canterbury.

1792.—Feb. 22, child of Thomas Ruggles.

Mar. —, child of Samuel Crafts.

June 4, widow ——— Havens.

July 4, Mr. William Plank.

1793.—Feb. —, widow Sarah Grosvenor 72 y.

Feb. 20, Mr. (Geeckham?) Beecham

Goodell.

July 10, Capt. Ben'j'n Ruggles in 47th yr.

July 12, widow Jerusha Goodell.

Aug. 3, Capt. Elijah Sharpe.

Aug. 18, Storrs, child of Deacon Sam'l

Crafts and Lucy, his wife.

Aug. 24, Albigeon Waldo, child of Dr.

Jared Warner.

- Nov. 3, widow ——— Stowel, in Soth yr.
 35. *Notes* copied by Wm. A. Eardeley-Thomas from Edgartown, Mass., Town Records.

[Continued from page 3.]

- Nov. 16, 1696, Thomas Harlock mar. Sarah Arey.
 Mar. 5, 1699, John Adkins mar. Elizabeth Newcomb.
 Oct. 11, 1700, Nathaniel Pease mar. Abigail Vinson.
 July 17, 1701, Joshua Smith mar. Rachel Norton.
 Apr. 3, 1702, Isaac Chace mar. Mary Pease.
 Apr. 8, 1703, Samuel Adkins mar. Embling Newcomb.
 Sept. 8, 1704, John Worth mar. Ann Sarson.
 Jan. 19, 1704, Ebenezer Cleveland mar. Mary, dau. of Thomas Vinson.
 Feb. 21, 1704, Thomas Chase mar. Joan, dau. of Benjamin Smith.
 July 11, 1705, Samuel, son of Capt. Thomas Daggett, mar. Mary, dau. of Serj. Thomas Pease.
 July 24, 1705, Benjamin Hawes mar. Dorcas, dau. of Benjamin Smith.
 Nov. 20, 1705, Joseph Newcomb mar. Joyce, dau. of Capt. Butler.
 Dec 6, 1705, Richard Arey mar. Lydia, dau. of Joseph Norton.

[To be continued.]

Queries.

89. *Bradlock*.—Henry (my grandfather) b. 1777, d. 1863, told me that his mother or grandmother was a French woman and traveling in Egypt when a revolution occurred in France, and she came to America. Who was his father? Did any of his immediate ancestors serve in the Revolution? S. E. B.
90. (a) *Clark*.—William, mar. Nov. 30, 1731, Hannah, dau. of Joseph³ Peck of Lyme, Ct. He moved about 1735 with his family from Lyme to Derby, Ct., and resided there for the rest of his life. Can anyone give the genealogy of his family, the dates of his birth and death, and the date of the death of his wife?
- (b) *Hull*.—Joseph,⁴ b. May 28, 1694, in Derby, Ct.; d. there June 12, 1778; m. 1725, Sarah ———. Can anyone give her family name, the genealogy of her family and the dates of her birth, marriage and death?
- (c) *Peck*.—Joseph,² b. Jan. 17, 1641, in New Haven, Ct.; d. Nov. 25, 1718, in Lyme, Ct.; m. Sarah ———, who d. Sept. 14, 1720, Lyme, Ct. Can anyone give her family name, the genealogy of her family and the dates of her birth and marriage?
- (d) *Peck*.—Joseph,⁴ b. March 20, 1680, Lyme, Ct.; m. Oct. 3, 1704, Susanna ———. Can anyone give the date of Joseph's death, the family names of Susanna, and the dates of her birth and death? C. F. R.

91. (a) *Holmes*.—Joseph, b. 1758; m. Sept. 9, 1778, Torrington, Ct., Lydia, dau. of Zebulon and Lydia Curtis; they moved to Winchester and d. there, she in 1820, he in 1826. Their children were David, Rufus (d. 1855), Jerusha, Roxelena, Phebe, Polly and Willard. Norton's Manuscript History of Goshen, Ct., p. 726, says: "Chileab Smith from Farmington m. (2nd wife) widow Phebe Holmes somewhere in N. Y. State. She had a son David Holmes in the Army at New York. She d. May 10, 1792, in the 55th year of her age. Mr. ——— Holmes, the first husband of Phebe, must have d. about 1760 (possibly in the French and Indian war) since Phebe had children by Smith about 1762. Phebe also had a son Joseph Holmes. The family Bible of David Holmes says he was born Oct. 27, 1760, in Nine Partners, N. Y. (was it Little or Big Nine Partners?)—May, 1782, he lived in Torrington, Ct. He m., Apr. 29, 1784, Winchester, Conn., Chloe, dau. Asabel and Hannah (Lyman) Strong, and settled in Winchester, 1786. In 1806 he moved with his family to Russell, Mass., and died there Sept. 15, 1821. David and Chloe Holmes had (see p. 150, Dwight's Strong Gen.) William, Charlotte, Asenath, Chloe, Clarissa, Lyman, Sophia, Sally, Sophia, Sally, Asabel, and David. Who were the parents of widow Phebe Holmes, and where and when was she born? Who was father of Joseph and David Holmes? Such records as could be found both in Little and Big Nine Partners have been searched and fail to reveal the desired facts.

(b) *Holmes*.—Mary, of Bedford, N. Y., and Martha, wife of Richard Wildman, sold land, April 15, 1763, as heirs of Jonathan Holmes, the witnesses being Mary Holmes, Silvanis Clark and Jehoiada Wheten. Was this Mary Holmes, one of the witnesses, the widow of Jonathan? When was Jonathan born, married and died? Page 143, Vol. 3, Bedford, N. Y., Town Records: On Jan. 8, 1768, Isaac Chase and Mary, his wife, of Danbury, Ct., sell land of Jonathan Holmes for £50 to Nathaniel Clark of Bedford; wit., John Rall and Titus Mills. When and where was Isaac and Mary born, married and died? What were the names of their children? R. E. H.

92. *Barlow*.—Peleg, b. Feb. 25, 1692, in Sandwich, Mass.; m. there July 25, 1717, Elizabeth Perry. They moved to South America, N. Y., where he died. Who were the parents of Peleg and Elizabeth? From what part of England did these Barlows come? E. B. O.

93. (a) *Cass*.—Moses (of Hebron), b. July 24, 1724; m. Aug. 11, 1744, Phebe Peters. Moved to Warren or Kent about 1753. Their dau. Patience, b. Dec 17, 1754, m. Jan. 1775, Dr. Isaac Swift of Warren (afterward of Cornwall), who served in 1777 as surgeon on staff of his cousin, Col. Heman Swift. Wanted, the ancestry of Moses Cass.

- (b) *Crisey*.—Jesse Conklin (the 7th of a family of ten—Sylvanus, William, Esther, Isaac, Deborah, Moses, Jesse C., Nathaniel, Hannah and Phoebe) was born Nov. 7, 1773; m. Jan. 12, 1800, in Cornwall, Abia, dau. of Dr. Isaac and Patience (Cass) Swift. Who were father and mother of Jesse and their ancestry? Did they not originally come from one of the Criseys of "old Woodbury"—and can anyone give the line back to the original William who left his brother, Mighill, in Mass., and came over to Conn. about 1645? I imagine Jesse to have lived in Canaan, Norfolk, Colebrook or vicinity at the time of his marriage.
- (c) *Peters*.—John (of Hebron?) m. Mary Marks. Phoebe, their dau., b. June 30, 1728, m., 1744 Moses Cass. Wanted, the ancestry of John Peters. F. C. Y.
94. (a) *Arnold*.—Eunice, wife of Abraham Tyler of Haddam, Ct., and mother of Eunice Tyler, b. Oct. 20, 1729. When was Eunice (Arnold) Tyler born?
- (b) *Gillette*.—Hannah, m. May 9, 1722, Jonathan Evarts of Guilford, Ct. When was she born and what is her ancestry?
- (c) *Hart*.—Samuel, of Berlin, Ct., m. Lucia b. Sept. 20, 1720, dau. of John^d and Lucia (Norton) Kirby.
- Mason*.—Sarah, m. Apr. 15, 1677, Thomas Cook, Jr., of Guilford.
- Mason*.—Mary, m. June 29, 1681, John^d Parmelee of Guilford.
- Wanted, dates of birth and ancestry of Sammel, Mary and Sarah. C. A. D.
95. *Little*.—Martha, b. Feb. 5, 1768; m., June (or August) 29, 1787, at Williamsburg, Mass., John Nash, Jr., b. Nov. 12, 1704; she d. July 24, 1805, at Williamsburg. She had brothers Isaac and Samuel; half-brother Joseph, and sister Sarah. Desired, the parents' names of the above Martha. The Nash family book, p. 121, says that these Littles came originally from Simsbury, Ct., but no one of that name appears among the records there. A. C. T.
96. *Wetherell*.—Hannah, d. Mar., 1779, æt. 70; m. Oct. 7, 1731, Daniel Loomis of Colchester, b. Feb. 20, 1700. Who were the parents of Hannah? She probably came from Windsor or South Windsor. J. H.
97. *Brown*.—Deliverance, lived at Rye, Westchester Co., N. Y., before 1780; had 3 daus. and 1 son, viz.: i. Mary, m. Robert Post of Peekskill, N. Y. ii. Phoebe, m. Mr. ——— Bugbee. iii. Fannie, m. Peter Blood of Essex, Vt. iv. Ebenezer, b. Sept. 11, 1770 (record in Stamford, Ct.); m. ———, 1788, in Pawling, Dutchess Co., N. Y., Pamela, b. July 23, 1773, dau. of Benjamin and Hannah (Benedict) Ferris. Hannah was sister of Lt. Col. Benedict in War of Revolution. Benjamin and Hannah Ferris had Pamela, Phoebe and William, and lived at North Salem, N. Y., and Quaker Hill. Deliverance Brown moved with his family to Peekskill, N. Y., and was living there in 1780. He moved in 1795 with his son to Burlington, Vt. Did Deliverance come from Rye, Eng., or was he a grandson of Hachaliah Brown of Rye, Westchester Co., N. Y.? Whom did Deliverance m., and where? The Hachaliah record does not give anything farther than that he had a son Deliverance and his oldest son was Deliverance. Find nothing of his family. He was not of Peekskill nor Mass. Browns. The Rye family came from Rye, Sussex Co., Eng. B. R. S.
98. (a) *Buckingham*.—Gideon. Was he son of Daniel and Alice (Newton) B., or of Daniel B. and his first wife Hannah Fowler?
- (b) *Dickinson*.—Nathaniel, of Springfield, Mass., mar. Anne, wid. of William Gull. Who were the parents of Anne?
- (c) *Fuller*.—Elizabeth, mar. ———, 1674, James King, and moved about 1678 from Ipswich, Mass., to Suffield, Ct. Who were her parents?
- (d) *Lusk*.—John, m. Jane ——— and had a 2d son James, b. 1746 in Newington, Ct. Was she Jane Trumbull, and who were her parents? Was John Lusk b. in America, and where?
- (e) *Raynolds*.—Rev. Peter, grad. Harvard, 1720. Pastor Enfield, Ct., 1725. Where was he born and who were his parents? M. F. B.
99. (a) *Van Meter*.—An old Bible (æ. 107 in 1809) in possession of Mrs. Sarah E. (Van Meter) Frames of Baltimore, Md., contains the following dates: Joseph and Rebekah Van Meter had, i. Henry, b. Dec. 1, 1781, d. Aug. 21, 1828. ii. James, b. July, 1789; iii. John, b. Mar. 13, 1793, d. July 23, 1858, in Salem, N. J.; m. Sarah E. Witham. iv. Elizabeth, b. June, 1795 (supposed to have m. a Mr. Nash). v. Joel, b. Dec., 1800, d. Mar. 5, 1844. Who were parents of Joseph and Rebekah? Did any of the family serve in the Revolution?
- John Van Meter m. Aug. 25, 1814, Sarah E. Witham and had, i. Ann Rebekah, b. July 9, 1815, d. Mar. 15, 1883; m. ——— Beckley. ii. Thomas Hurley, b. Jan. 27, 1817, d. July, 1848. iii. Rebecca Matilda, b. Nov. 4, 1818, d. Apr. 16, 1821. iv. John, b. Mar. 16, 1821, d. Apr. 14, 1821. v. Joseph Eastburn, b. Apr. 23, 1822, Philadelphia, Pa.; d. June 17, 1802, Riverton, N. J.; m. Kate Brown, dau. of John and Eliza (Brown) Trucks. vi. Henry L., b. Sept. 21, 1824, d. Aug., 1870. vii. Mary Anna, b. Apr. 20, 1828, d. unmar. Nov. 24, 1894, Riverton, N. J. viii. Joel, b. June 4, 1830, d. Mar., 1890. ix. Sarah Elizabeth, b. Sept. 27, 1834; m. James Parker Frames.
- (b) *Witham*.—Thomas, a Baptist clergyman of London, m. Anna Curry of Scotland and had, i. Isaac. ii. Thomas. iii. Archibald (had a dau. who m. her uncle, Ebenezer Witham) iv. Mary A. v. Ebenezer (m. his niece). vi. Sarah Elizabeth, b. Apr. 7, 1793, in London; m. John Van Meter. Who were the parents of Thomas and Anna?

- (c) *Benedict*.—Samuel, son of Samuel (Thomas) and ——— Benedict, b. Mar. 15, 1675, d. Jan. 18, 1735; in his will, Mar. 4, 1734-5, recorded Apr. 9, 1734-5, he names wife Abigail, and among his heirs gr. son Matthew Wildman, only ch. of dau. Mary, deceased; Ephraim Pickett, his brother-in-law, was an executor. Who was father of this Matthew Wildman, and did he have any other children?
- (d) *Saunders*.—"In answer to the petition of Charles Saunders for men to be appointed to appraise the tackling and other goods in & belonging to his shipp, that was blowne vp, that so a certificate may be made to give satisfaccoon to his owners, in England or elsewhere, his request was granted; and Matthew Chase and Arthur Gill are appointed for that service."—May 10, 1649, Vol. III (1644-1657), p. 101, Records of Mass. Who were parents of Charles Saunders and Matthew Chase, and did they have any children? A. R. V.
100. (a) *Gilbert*.—Samuel, m. Oct. 2, 1684, Mary Rogers, and had Samuel, b. Feb. 5, 1687, Hartford, Ct., d. May 1, 1760, Gilead Parish, Hebron, m. Mercy, d. Oct. 13, 1750, dau. of Isaac Warner. When and where was she born? When and where did she m. Samuel Gilbert? Desired, names of some of their living descendants.
- (b) *Isham*.—John, Barnstable, Mass., 1677. When and where was he born? When and where did he die? Where his wife Jane Parker was born? When and where did she die? When did Joseph Isham move from Barnstable to Colchester, Ct.? Did any of the line down to Capt. John Isham (m. Eunice Baldwin and lived in Colchester) take any part in colonial times? A. J. H.
101. (a) *Hamblin*.—Elisha; m. Rachel Bradshaw and had Russell, m. 1st, Sally Wildman, and had, i. Oliver; ii. Julia, m. Norman Bradley; iii. Arline, m. Hiram Barnum. Who were parents of Elisha Sally, Norman and Hiram?
- (b) *Hamlin*.—Ebenezer, b. Sept. 12, 1737, Colchester, Ct. I have his descendants. Who was his father?
- (c) *Hamblin*.—Ebenezer, of Coventry, Ct., 1750-1827; m. Prudence, dau. of Abraham and Ursula (Stone) Marcy. Who was father of Ebenezer?
- (d) *Collins*.—James; m. Ruth Hamblin and had Zerviah, b. Jan. 8, 1702, Voluntown, Ct. Who was father of Ruth?
- (e) *Andrews*.—Whiteley Hunn, b. 1708; m. Rosina, dau. of Mark Hamblin of Burlington, Ct. Who was father of Mark?
- (f) *Hamlin*.—Dorcas; m. Oct. 22, 1751, Preston, Ct., Nathan, b. Aug. 10, 1725, son of Richard and Mary (Plumer) Starkweather; res. Killingly, later Preston and Lebanon. Numerous descendants. Who was father of Dorcas? H. F. A.
102. (a) *Galpin*.—Elizabeth, of Stratford, m. Isaac Norton of Farmington; he born 1680. Who were their parents?
- (b) *Stoddard*.—Mary; m. Heskia, b. abt. 1700, son of Joseph and Hannah (Buel) Porter. Who were her ancestors and where from? J. L. C.
103. *Farnham*.—Capt. John and Elizabeth (Chapman) of Norwich, Ct., had, i. John, ii. James, iii. Russel, iv. Charles, v. Elizabeth, m., 1st, Mr Caulkins—was divorced; m., 2d, John S. Peters of Hebron, Ct.—afterwards he was judge. vi. Sarah, b. 1774; m. Wyllis Lord and moved from Hebron, Ct., to Rome, N. Y. Nothing more is known of the parents or the sons. Tradition says they were from Bean Hill, Norwich, Ct. Desired, their ancestors, W. L. M.
104. *Bailey*.—Jeremiah, b. Oct. 9, 1758, Haddam, Ct., son of Gideon and Sarah (V or Fenter) Bailey; m. Mary, b. Sept. 27, 1759, Middletown, Ct., dau. of Moses and Susanna (Brooks) Freeman. When and where were Jeremiah and Mary married? I have been unable to find the marriage record; but in Haddam records the wid. Mary Bailey's two ch., i. Moses Freeman, and ii. Sarah, were baptized, and by family Bible I know Sarah Bailey's birth to be on Nov. 24, 1784. So the marriage was not far from 1780. W. J. R.
105. *Alden*.—Benjamin, b. Warwick, Mass., and moved to Claremont, N. H.; m. there, Dec. 25, 1776, Mary or Polly Judd, and had i. Mary or Polly, ii. Adam, iii. Amos, iv. Malinda, v. Henry, vi. Scheherajade, vii. Atalanta, viii. Deborah. Any information of the descendants of Benjamin (d. Dec. 13, 1825, Stow, Vt.) and Polly will be fully appreciated. Isaac Alden (nephew of Benjamin) b. abt. 1792, at Claremont, N. H., was son of John and Keziah (Moore) Alden. Has Isaac any descendants? W. A. H.
106. (a) *Hale*.—Gideon, b. Glastenbury, Ct.; representative in Connecticut Legislature, 1782, '83 and '84 from Glastenbury. Would a descendant be eligible to the Sons of the Revolution? Gideon had a son Ebenezer and he had Joseph W. (of Hartford); m. Clarissa Tryon and had J. C. Hale.
- (b) *Morgan*.—Zedekiah, of Conn (my gr. gr. father), served in Revolution as conductor of 8 ox teams (p. 628, Conn. men in Rev.). Whom did he marry? Who were her parents? J. C. II.
- 107 (a) *Adams*.—Abraham, b. Sept. 3, 1740; m., 1765, Lydia, dau. of Capt. Nathaniel Giddings of Norwich, Ct., and had as 2d son Smith Adams, b. 1778, Preston, Ct., m. Eunice, dau. of John Young. Abraham served in 1761 in Capt. Thomas Hobby's Co. (see p. 107). I have been told that we are connected with the Adams family of Canterbury, Ct., and I find there an Abraham, b. Ang. 1, 1701, son of John of Medfield, 3d ch. of Edward, 5th ch. of Henry of Braintree, b. 1634 in England. I desire help in connecting these lines and placing them properly.
- (b) *Young*.—Eunice (wife of Smith Adams) dau. of John Young; her mother, Eunice, dau. of Capt. Nathaniel Giddings of Norwich, Ct., and sister of Lydia who m. Abraham Adams. Think that John Young went to Stafford, Ct. Would like to find early history of the Youngs. H. A. W.

108. (a) *Mead*.—Joseph, son of John (William), b. May 2, 1666, d. 1725; m. abt. 1698, Mary —, and had Elizabeth, b. 1704. Whom did Elizabeth marry?

(b) *Barber*.—Jeremiah (or Jerry). Did he m. Amelia Gregory? Was she an older half-sister of a Mary Perry who is supposed to have m. an Olmstead Gregory and moved to Ill. from Danbury, Ct.

W. A. E. T.

109. *Williams*.—Samuel, b. about 1760-5, in or near Berlin, Ct., died leaving ch., viz.: 1. Norman; 2. Horace; 3. Seth; 4. Wm. Russell (my gr. father); 5. Sally; 6. Betsey; 7. Abby; 8. Irinsha. Any information from any of the surviving heirs will be thankfully received. S. P. W.

110. *Waterman*.—Richard,¹ d. Oct. 26, 1673, Prov., R. I.; m. Bethiah, and had:² Resolved,³ b. 1638, d. 1670; m. 1659, Mercy, dau. of Roger and Mary Williams, and had John,⁴ b. 1666, d. 1728, Aug. 26; m. Anne, dau. of Thomas and Elizabeth (Marsh) Olney, and had Benoni,⁵ b. May 25, 1701; m. Sarah, dau. of John Wicker, and had Col. John,⁶ b. Aug. 23, 1730, Prov., R. I.; m. June 13, 1754, Sarah, dau. of John Potter, and had Benjamin.⁶ I am almost certain that Benjamin⁶ was b. July 15, 1755, Coventry, R. I. I am anxious to join the D. A. R. and should be pleased to get the service of each of the above as served. A. W.

111. (a) *Hitchcock*.—Eliakim, son of John and Elizabeth (Jones), was born Feb. 14, 1712, Colchester, Ct.; d. there Dec. 14, 1758; m. Ann —. Desired, date of her marriage and names of her parents with names and records of their ancestry.

(b) *Mason*.—Mary, m. June 29, 1681, in Guilford, Ct., John Parmelee. Desired, names of her parents with ancestry, to-

gether with records of their families. Dates of marriages particularly desired.

A. J. H. D.

112. *Holton*.—Israel, b. 1719; lived in Worthington, Mass., from about 1765 until his death in 1777; m. Sybil —, b. 1722 and d. 1822 within a few months of 100 years old. The ancestry of Israel Holton is desired. G. F. N.

(CHASE GENEALOGY.)

Additions and Corrections.

- i. Miss Myrtle Chase of Jamestown, N. Y., wrote Mr. Charles Estes in Mar., 1897, that "William Chase first was born in Lincolnshire, England, 1580." I am of the opinion (and so is Mr. Theodore R. Chase of Detroit) that William¹ Chase came from near Yarmouth, Eng., and that Yarmouth, Mass., was named by him or out of respect to him.
- ii. Hannah Baker, No. 40, was born 1696, (not 1676).
- iii. Elizabeth Baker, No. 41, was born 1676, (not 1666).
- iv. Thankful Baker, No. 43, did *not* m. Jesse Cable.
- v. No. 46. Is the name "Nahum" a clerk's error? If not, then who was father of this Nahum and whom did Abraham 46 marry?
- vi. Nos. 67 and 99. Benjamin¹ Chase (Benjamin,² William,³ William³) did not m. Dec. 1, 1720, Hannah Chase 99. Mr. Charles Estes of Warren, R. I., says the index copy of Swansea, Mass., T. R., had it so. "I have searched the original record and find it is Benjamin Read. I drew the clerk's attention to the mistake, and we made the correction." It was Hannah 32 who m. Benjamin Read. What became of Benjamin 67 and Hannah 99?

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN NEW FAIRFIELD,¹⁰ ORGANIZED NOV. 9, 1742.

Ministers.	O—Ordained. I—Installed.	Years.	Settled.	Dismissed.	Remarks.
Benajah Case,	O	10	Nov. 9, 1742	Jan. 2, 1753	
James Taylor, ¹	O	6	Mar. 25, 1758	June 5, 1764	
Joseph Peck,	I	6	June 5, 1764	—, 1775	
Medad Rogers,	O	10	Nov. 30, 1766		d. Aug. 24, 1824
Abraham O. Stansbury,	I	2	Oct. 20, 1824	Jan. 31, 1827	
Daniel Crocker,	I	1	Oct. 7, 1827		d. Mar. 14, 1831
George Coan,	I	2	June 5, 1753	May 19, 1755	
Benajah V. Morse,	O	1	July, 1755	May 19, 1755	
David C. Perry,	O	6	Dec. 12, 1758	Nov. 14, 1764	
Henry H. Morgan,	I	1	May 28, 1815	May 2, 1817	
Lewis Pennell,	I	1	Oct. 10, 1815	Oct. 1, 1817	
Aaron B. Peppers,	O	1	May 25, 1755	May 25, 1756	
Fredrick J. Jackson,	O	1	May, 1758		
	<i>Deaths.</i>				<i>Retvals.</i>
Samuel Trowbridge,		appointed	1752	1755	Fruits 20
Thomas Bush,		"	1761	1818	" 40
Jabez Hall,		"	1763	1825	" 30
Obadiah ⁴ Beardsley (b. June 14, 1706),		"	1794	1824	" 24
Peter Denfield,		"	—	1733	" 24
Capt. Phineas ⁵ Beardsley (b. Mar. 4, 1730-9),		"	—	1752	" 12
Amos Stevens,		"	—	1812	" 7
Benjamin Peck,		"	1810	1748	" 11
Seevle Barnum,		"	1827	1749	" 4
Ira Kellogg,		"	1741	1741	" 5
Levi Penfield,		"	1746	1753	" 10
John C. Peck,		"	1812	1757	" 7
David B. Rogers,		"	1854		
Enoch Knapp,		"	1759		

¹⁰ Oct. 24, 1741. In a case of a complaint against the church in New Fairfield south (now New Fairfield) by one of its members, the Council sustained the church and required the complainant to make a public confession. He refused, and the next year, Oct. 2, 1740, the council excommunicated him.

¹¹ May 25, 1755, a complaint was made against him to the Association; his error was "Saudemariamism"; he was put on probation for three months, but gave no satisfaction to the Association. June 7, 1754, a council of both associations dismissed Rev. James Taylor, under censure.

DESCENDANTS OF WILLIAM CHASE OF YARMOUTH

BY WILLIAM A. TARDELFY-THOMAS

PART III.

19. Eber⁴ Chase (William,³ William,² William¹). Tradition tells us he left home when about 17 years of age and went to Newport, R. I., and served in an Indian war. After the war he returned to Newport. He next settled in Fall River, Mass., and from there he moved to Somerset, Mass., about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile north of the Slade's Ferry Bridge, on the farm where Daniel Wilbur, Jr., now (1896) resides. He was a member of Swansea Monthly Meeting of Friends, and was appointed Treasurer of that Meeting the 4th day of the 9mo., called Nov., 1734, which office he held until his death. Children born in Swansea and Somerset.
20. Isaac⁴ Chase (William,³ William,² William¹) d. —, 1760; m., 1st, 12 m. 10, 1704 (O. S.) Salem Friends Rec., Elizabeth, dau. of John and Jane (Marks) Blethem (on page 246 this name is spelt wrong); an Ebenezer Chase was one of the witnesses of this marriage, where Isaac⁴ is called a "Mason"; m., 2d, 10 m. 2, 1720, Fr. Ch., Newport, R. I. Mary, dau. of Samuel Fowler. He resided in Swansea, where his will was dated Oct. 15, 1757, proved April 1, 1760; names ch. James, Isaac, William, Ezekiel, Robert and David Chase, Elizabeth Sherman, Lydia Chase, Mary Hathaway and Susanna Austin; wit., SA—— PERRY, Stephen? Broin? and Benjamin Buffinton. Ch. prob. all b. in Swansea.
- BY FIRST WIFE:
- 110—i. James,⁵ Dec. 12, 1706, Sw.; m., 1st, 5 m. 11, 1727, Alice Anthony; m., 2d, June 30, 1762, Mrs. Lydia (Goddard) Thurston.
- 111—ii. Wait,⁵ April 24, 1708; m. 4-29-1725, Fr. Ch., Newport, R. I., Francis, son of Francis and Elizabeth Tripp. What became of them and did they have any children?
- 112—iii. Isaac,⁵ May 19, 1710; m., 1st, 11-13-1729, Amy Anthony; m., 2d, ——— Elizabeth ———. Who were her parents?
- 113—iv. William,⁵ Oct. 31, 1712; m. Jan. 5, 1737-8 (Swansea T. R.), Isabel Perry. Who were her parents? Did they have any children? What became of them?
- 114—v. Elizabeth,⁵ May 6, 1715; m. int. May 24, 1738, in Dartmouth, Mass. (T. R.) Peleg Sherman. Who were his parents? Did they have any children?
- BY SECOND WIFE:
- 115—vi. Ezekiel,⁵ ———; m. 8-10-1744, Elizabeth Buffinton.
- 116—vii. Lydia,⁵ ———; m. 2-11, 1749, Sw. Fr., Judah⁵ (195), son of John⁴ (John,² William,³ William¹) Chase. Did they have any children?
- 117—viii. Mary,⁵ ———; m. 7-13-1750, Sw. Fr., Jonathan⁴ (b. April 2, 1729, d. Feb. 3, 1793) son of Ephraim³ (John,² John¹) and Abigail (Davis) Hathaway (see N. E. H. G. R.) They had per Freetown T. R. (per H. E. Hathaway, p. 303). i. David *Hathaway* May ——— Did he ever marry? ii. Abigail *Hathaway*, July 20, 1755. What became of her? Did Jonathan and Mary have any other children?
- 118—ix. Robert,⁵ Jan. 29, 1726; m. Feb. 10, 1774 (Sw. T. R.) Ruth Marble, will of Robert, made April 10, 1794, Somerset, proved June 3, 1794 wife Ruth; consins Isaac Collins, Philip, Isiah and James Chase; cousin Isaac Chase, exr. Will of Ruth Chase, made Mar. 13, 1815, Somerset, proved April 5, 1816, brothers Benjamin,

- Charles and Stephen Marble; legatees Elizabeth and James Chase; exr. Samuel Marble.
- 119—x. David,⁵ ———; m., 1st, Oct. 11, 1753, Elizabeth Asten; m., 2d, 12-22-1791, Mary⁵ Chase (311).
- 120—xi. Susanna,⁵ ———; m. Feb. 14, 1757, Benjamin Austin. Who were his parents? Did he have any children?
- 121—xii. Benjamin,⁵ Oct. 18, 1739, d. prob. before 1757, as he is not named in his father's will.
21. Nathaniel⁴ Chase (William,⁴ William,³ William¹) d. May 10, 1760, æt. 80, Dartmouth T. R.; m. Nov. 2, 1703, ——— Abigail⁶ (b. Sept., 1680, Portsmouth, R. I., d. Sept. 20, 1748, Dartmouth T. R.), dau. of John⁵ (Hon. Philip,⁴ Samuel,³ Henry² Henry¹) and Sarah (Spooner) Sherman. There was a Nathaniel Chase m. int. Dec. 1, 1701, Rehoboth (T. R.), Mass., a Mary Kingsley, prob. dau. of John and Sarah (Sabin) Kingsley. His will made July 8, 1758, Dartmouth, proved July 27, 1760, names ch. Barnabas and John Chase, Hannah Russell, wife of George; gr. ch. Abigail, Meribah and Nathaniel Chase; wit. Isaac Smith, Joseph Barker and Daniel Smith. Ch. b. in Dartmouth, Mass. (T. R.):
- 122—i. Barnabas,⁵ Nov. 18, 1703; m. May 13, 1736, Ruth Sherman.
- 123—ii. Hannah,⁵ Sept. 21, 1705; m. Oct. 17, 1754 (Dartmouth T. R.), George Russell of Dartmouth. Who were his parents? Did they have any issue?
- 124—iii. Isaac,⁵ July 4, 1707; m. Dec. 18, 1735, Parnell Spooner. Who were her parents?
- 125—iv. Elizabeth,⁵ Dec. 7, 1711; d. July 19, 1747 (Dartmouth T. R.) Hence she did not m. Peleg Sherman in 1738, but it was Elizabeth⁵ No. 114. Dartmouth T. R. say Elizabeth Chase, dau. of Nathaniel and Abigail, d. July 19, 1747.
- v. Thankful,⁵ July 5, 1716; d. July 21, 1729, D. T. R.
- vi. Benjamin,⁵ Feb. 18, 1719; d. Aug. 23, 1721. D. T. R.
- 126—vii. John,⁵ Oct. 15, 1722; m. Jan. 10, 1750-51, Lovina Hammond.
22. Joseph⁴ Chase (William,³ William,² William¹) d. Nov. 25, 1730; m. August 10, 1710, Abigail (b. Dec. 21, 1688, Dartmouth), dau. of Abraham³ (Henry¹) and Mary (Slocum) Tucker; she m., 2d, 6-6-1734, Narragansett Fr. R., Isaac Pierce of Middleborough, Mass. He resided in Warwick, R. I. Ch. b. per Warwick T. R.:
- i. Gideon,⁵ Dec. 22, 1712; d. soon.
- 127—ii. Ebenezer,⁵ Jan. 17, 1715. What became of him?
- 128—iii. Paul,⁵ May 22, 1716. What became of him?
- 129—iv. Naomi,⁵ July 23, 1718; m. Aug. 10, 1765, Warren, R. I., Joseph Garzia. Did they have any children? Who were his parents?
- 130—v. Abraham,⁵ July 1, 1720; m., 1st, April 12, 1741, Susanna Burlingame. Who were her parents? m., 2d, June 5, 1743, Mary Gorton.
- 131—vi. Joseph,⁵ Jan. 13, 1723. What became of him?
- 132—vii. Abigail,⁵ Jan. 13, 1723. Did she m. April 10, 1757, Cumberland, R. I. (Vital Records) Edward Pickering, Jr., of Mendon, Mass.? Who were his parents? Did they have any issue?
- 133—viii. Mary, June 18, 1720; m., 4-22-1749, Benjamin Howland.
- 134—ix. David,⁵ Jan. 4, 1729. What became of him?
23. Hezekiah⁴ Chase (William,⁴ William,³ William¹) d. about 1738; m. July 24, 1717, Jale,⁴ dau. of John³ (Ephraim,² Michael¹) and Patience (Dobson) Pierce. He resided in Swansea, Mass. His will, dated April 1, proved June 19, 1738, was witnessed by Benjamin Norton, Samuel Eddy and Benjamin Buffinton; exr., Jale Chase. Ch. were:
- 135—i. Barnabas,⁵ ———; m. Oct. 6, 1745, Mary Eddy.
- 136—ii. Hezekiah,⁵ ———. Did he m. Dec. 9, 1744 (Sw. T. R.), to Abigail Brown? Did they have any issue? Who were her parents? Hezekiah Chase, son of Hezekiah and Jemima, b. Nov., 1704 (Sw. T. R.). Where do these belong?

- 137—iii. Enoch,² ———— What became of him?
- 138—iv. Batsheba ———— What became of her?
- 139—v. Jale,² ———— Did she m. Jan. 1, 1740 (Sw. T. R.), Miel Eddy? Did they have any issue? Who were her parents?
- 140—vi. Phebe,² ———— Did she m. Nov. 30, 1749 (Sw. T. R.), Nathaniel Wood? Who were his parents?
- 141—vii. Christian,² ———— What became of this person?
- 142—viii. Sybil,² ———— Did she m. Jan. 25, 1750 (Sw. T. R.), Abner Anthony of Swansea? Did they have any issue? Who were his parents?
24. Isaac⁴ Chase (Jacob,³ William,² William¹) m. ———— Monroe. Who were her parents? When were they married? He is said so have moved to Swansea, Mass. Did he have more than 3 children? They had at least
- 143—i. Isaac,⁵ b. ———— 1708; m. Jan. 24, 1733, Mary Estabrook. Who were her parents?
- 144—ii. James,⁵ b. ———— What became of him?
- 145—iii. Ezekiel,⁵ b. ———— What became of him?
25. Jacob⁴ Chase (Jacob,³ William,² William¹) m. Jan. 13, 1707-8, Swansea, Alice Bowen. Who were her parents? Did he have more than two children? Jacob and Ealse Chase of Swansea had
- 148—i. Patience,⁵ b. Oct. 29, 1700. What became of her?
- 149—ii. Exekiel,⁵ b. Oct. 20, 1711. Did he m. April 19, 1736 (Sw. T. R.), Rebecca Chase? Did he have any issue? Who were her parents?
26. Samuel⁴ Chase (Jacob,³ William,² William¹) m., 1st, Sept. 13, 1716, Mrs. Mary, wid. of Nicholas Vose and dau. of Jared (Jared) and Elizabeth (————) Bourne; m., 2d, Dec. 31, 1730 (Sw. T. R.), Sarah Warsware. Who were her parents? American Ancestry for 1895 says she was Sarah "Ware," while the Chase Gen. (1886, Wash., D. C.) says Sarah "Vose." Who were her parents? m., 3d, before Aug., 1744 (birth of son Benjamin) to Mary ————; she d. Oct. 30, 1792. Who were her parents? Ch. b. in Swansea; except iv.:
- 155—i. Mercy,⁵ Aug. 13, 1717. Did she m. June 27, 1736 (Sw. T. R.), Anthony Sherman? Did they have any issue? Who were his parents?
- 156—ii. Elizabeth,⁵ Aug. 8, 1719; m. 11-10-1739, Thomas, son of John and Sarah (————) Gavett. Did they have any issue?
- 157—iii. Martha,⁵ Dec. 6, 1721. What became of her?
- 158—iv. Benjamin,⁵ Aug. 8, 1744 (Dartmouth T. R.). A Benjamin of Samuel and Mary m. 8-12-1767, Martha Buffinton of Freetown.
- 159—v. Samuel,⁵ Feb. 22, 1734-5. Mr. C. E. Chase of Cleveland, O., writes that Samuel d. June 15, 1736. A Samuel and Patience Chase had in Swansea, Mass.: a. Jathunel, b. April 8, 1761; m. Nov. 4, 1787 (Sw. T. R.) Sybil Wheaton. Who were her parents? Did they have any issue? b. Allen, b. April 7, 1767. What became of him? What was the ancestry of Samuel who m. Patience?
- 160—vi. Jacob,⁵ June 23, 1736; m. May 27, 1762, Patience Brownell. Who were her parents?
- 161—vii. Phebe,⁵ Mar. 12, 1738-9. Family bible says she was b. June 12, 1739, d. Oct. 18, 1778. C. E. Chase says she m. ———— Wilber; a Phebe m. Feb. 18, 1765 (Dartmouth T. R.), Henry Wilbour, both of D. Did they have any issue? Who were his parents?
- 162—viii. David,⁵ April 7, 1740 (C. E. Chase). What became of him?
27. Mary⁴ (Jacob³ Chase, William,² William¹) *Woodmansee* m. Sept. 15, 1726 (Sw. T. R.), Thomas Woodmansee. What was his ancestry? Ch. b., Sw. T. R.:
- i. Thomas⁵ *Woodmansee*, Oct. 1, 1727. What became of him?
- ii. John⁵ *Woodmansee*, July 25, 1729; m. April 10, 1751 (Warren, R. I., Records), Esther Heath Ch. b., Sw. T. R.: a. John,⁶ b. Sarah⁶ (m. Samuel Smith). c. Esther (m. Garduer Sisson). d. Amey,⁶ e. Reuben⁶ (father of George⁷ of Warren, R. I.).
- iii. Ledy⁵ *Woodmansee*, Nov. 13, 1733; m. April 5, 1759, Paul Luther.

- iv. Eleazer¹ *Woodmansee*, July 25, 1738. What became of him?
 v. James¹ *Woodmansee*, Jan. 9, 1739-40; m. Sept. 24, 1761, Patience Eddy.
28. Ephraim¹ Chase (Jacob,² William,³ William⁴) m., 1st, April 26, 1721, Mary Rounds? Who were her parents? m., 2d, Oct. 25, 1722, Swansea, Elizabeth Bowen. Who were her parents? His will, made June 4, 1773, Swansea; proved Feb. 11, 178-: wife Elizabeth, ch. Jabez and Ephraim. gr. ch. Hannah Bowen.
- 163—i. Hannah,² Nov. 21, 1724; m. int. May 13, 1749 (Rehoboth, Mass. T. R.); m. June 1, 1749, (Sw. T. R.) Jonas or James Bowen. What issue did they have? Who were his parents?
- 164—ii. Jabez,² Feb. 22, 1733; m. July 17, 1755, Mary Edmonds. Who were her parents?
- 165—iii. Ephraim¹ —————. What became of him?
29. Joseph¹ Chase (Jacob,² William,³ William⁴) m. May 27, 1725, Sarah Carter. Who were her parents? Ch. b., Sw. T. R. (New Style):
- 166—i. Priscilla,² April 8, 1726. What became of her?
- 167—ii. John,² Mar. 4, 1729; John, of Joseph and Sarah Chase, m. Dec. 29, 1782, Ruth Wilkin-son—There was a John Chase m. Sept. 25, 1757 (Sw. T. R.), Ruth Ormsbee of Bristol, R. I. (Who were her parents?) They had b. Bristol: a. Persis, Sept. 22, 1758. What became of her? b. John, July 1, 1760. What became of him? Who was father of John Chase who m. Ruth?
- 168—iii. Joseph,² Oct. 10, 1733. What became of him?
- 169—iv. Charles,² —————, of Joseph Chase, m. Nov. 5, 1786, in Cumberland, R. I., Abigail, dau. of Timothy Ide. Did they have any issue? Who was her mother?
- 170—v. Barnard,² May 31, 1738; m. May 24, 1767, Margery Pain. Who were her parents?
30. Joshua¹ Chase (Jacob,² William,³ William⁴) m., 1st, —————, Sarah Joyce (who were her parents?); m., 2d, May 18, 1731, Hannah Bosworth of Bristol (who were her parents?). Did he have any issue? Nothing is known of him.
31. Oliver¹ Chase (Jacob, William, William⁴) d. abt. 1775, Swansea, Mass.; m., 1st., Oct. 24, 1728, Priscilla Rounds (who were her parents?); m., 2d, Aug. 19, 1764 (int. June 23, 1764), Rehoboth, Mass., T. R., Mary Wheaton (who were her parents?). His will dated July 20, 1776, Swansea; proved July 7, 1777; wife Mary; ch. David and Samuel Chase; Mary Horton; Sarah, Ann and Oliver Chase; gr. ch. Bosworth Chase; wit, Uriale Wood, Christopher Mason and Russell Mason.
- 183—i. David,² Sept. 29, 1730. What became of him?
- 184—ii. Oliver,² Mar. 5, 1733; m., 1st, Dec. 21, 1752, Hannah Wood. David Wood, son of Thomas and Hannah (Kidei) Wood, b. May 12, 1703, Sw. T. R.; m. there Mar. 26, 1730, Mary Child, and had Hannah, b. July 13, 1732, m. Oliver Chase. Did he m., 2d, Comfort Hor-

BOOK NOTICES AND REVIEWS



The above illustration is from proof-sheets of "Katherine Gaylord—Heroine," a handsome booklet soon to be published under auspices of Katherine Gaylord Chapter, D. A. R., of Bristol, Conn. This book, as the title indicates, will be a complete life history of Katherine Gaylord, and makes a story of absorbing interest. It is a romantic story capitally told—how well, is indicated by the fact that its author and illustrator, Mrs. Florence E. D. Muzzy, was recently awarded the first prize by the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution for the best article.

The book will be profusely and artistically illustrated, with pen drawings, many of them from photographs of scenes incidental to the theme, and will be printed in a superior manner. The book has been somewhat delayed by the printers, but it is expected to be ready for delivery shortly.

The Journal Publishing Company of Meriden have gotten out a Souvenir History of the Town of Bristol. The text, which was compiled from authentic sources, is pretty generally correct. It is profusely illustrated and some of the cuts are good. There are some errors in naming the illustrations—G. S. Hull, M. D., is called in one place G. S. Russell and Mr. Thomas Brown is called Isaac W. Beach, whose picture is on another page.

The district numbers of two schoolhouses are transposed, and Mr. J. H. Sessions, Jr.'s house is reversed. A serious mar to the whole appearance of the work is the execrable quality of a large number of the cuts. As a gentleman of Bristol, in commenting on it, said: "There is no uniformity (in the cuts), which is so desirable in a work of the kind, and which the subscribers, who paid liberally, had a right to expect." We are sorry for the subscribers, for the town is deserving of a better fate than going down to posterity with such an abominable representation.

"Insurance in Connecticut" is the title of a book by Mr. P. Henry Woodward of Hartford, which goes into the subject exhaustively from the earliest times. Mr. Woodward put a great deal of hard work into this book, and it bears testimony in the results attained. It is embellished with several plates of prominent insurance men, and is a most creditable publication. For sale by Belknap & Warfield, Hartford.

Mrs. Susan Whitney Dimock, of New York and South Coventry, has copied and "printed for private distribution" an admirable little volume of Coventry Records, containing in about 8,000 entries the b., bapt., m. and d., 1711-1844, from the records of the town and of the First and

Second churches. The copies from the town records are alphabetically arranged, those from the two churches, chronologically. No records are extant of the first two pastors of either church, the First Church records beginning in 1763, those of the Second Church in 1801. The volume has a full name index. This book has the enviable distinction of being the first publication of the complete birth, bapt., m. and d records prior to 1845 of any town in Connecticut.

HISTORY OF LITTLE NINE PARTNERS OF NORTH EAST PRECINCT, and PINE PLAINS, NEW YORK, by ISAAC HUNTING, is the title of a volume of 400 pages which has recently come to our attention. This is the history of a locality in which extremes meet. Pine Plains, settled about 1750, with which the volume is chiefly concerned, is a New York town originally embraced in the Little Nine Partners grant and bounded on the east by Salisbury and Sharon, in Connecticut. The eastern part of the town, included in "the oblong," was for some years under Connecticut jurisdiction. The early settlers were in part from Litchfield county, and a number of early Connecticut names appear. A large proportion were "Palatines," direct from Germany; then there were descendants of early Dutch families, and a few Scotch, including one Graham, a descendant of the Marquis of Montrose. The churches of the vicinity included the Episcopal, Congregational, Baptist, Lutheran and German Reformed denominations. A considerable portion of the volume is made up of transcripts of documents, including copies of early grants and rolls of Revolutionary soldiers which contain over six hundred names. Considerable space is devoted to information which is within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant," but if not now preserved would soon be lost. About seventy pages of "lineage" is given. The volume is very welcome, giving as it does so much concerning a region whose local history it has been almost impossible to find in any printed work.

Miss Anna J. Granniss, whose "Skipped Stitches" was so favorably received, has just published a new volume of poems entitled "Sandwort." Besides the poem which gives the volume its name, there are a number of others, some of them illustra-

ted, of thoughtful character and good expression. Perhaps we can give no better example than to quote her poem on "June," a subject which one would think was long ago worn threadbare, about which nothing new could be said. There is nothing hackneyed, however, in Miss Granniss' handling of the subject, as the following sprightly lines will show:

"June, with sunshine in her eyes,
Passed her hand across the skies,
Then, with archly smiling lips,
Blew upon her finger-tips.
Soon the air grew wondrous sweet,
Overhead and under feet,
Under feet and overhead,
Trooped the roses, white and red.

"Trooped the roses—crimson white,
Pink and yellow, pale and bright.
Till they perfumed earth and air—
Roses, roses, everywhere;
Wearied then, she shook her head,
And the petals, white and red,
All the petals—crimson, white,
Pink and yellow, pale and bright.

"Fluttered slowly, softly down
To the border of her gown.
Half dismayed to see them fall,
Quick she turned to leave them all,
And looking back to say good-bye,
Met the warm glance of July."

This neat little book may be had by sending to Miss Anna J. Granniss, Plainville, Conn. Price, 50 cents.

A "GENEALOGICAL NOTE BOOK."

Joseph F. Swords of this city has designed and copyrighted an excellent "Genealogical Note Book" which is sold by Belknap & Warfield for 30 cents. In these days of the study of family trees, a publication of this kind is exceedingly convenient and there ought to be a good demand for it. Mr. Swords knows what is wanted and has prepared sheets that "fill the bill." They are duly lettered and numbered and in the hands of the genealogist will be thoroughly appreciated.

E. C. Jones, No. 2527 Gilbert Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio, desires to correspond with descendants of Elder William Brewster. Is preparing a genealogical history of the family.

"Genealogical Notes of Barnstable Families," is a reprint of the Amos Otis papers originally published in the Barnstable Patriot. The work was revised by Hon. Chas. F. Swift (of Yarmouth, Mass.), largely from notes

made by the author. [F. B & F. P. Goss, publishers and printers, Barnstable, Mass.] The work, nearly out of print, can be had of the publishers for \$5.00, cloth binding; \$6.00, morocco binding. Copies will be forwarded by mail on receipt of price. The work contains two volumes bound in one. Volume I contains 536 pp. and treats of 68 families; Volume II contains 244 pp. and treats of 28 families. The work is of immense value and represents a life work. Good paper and binding, fine print, a clear and comprehensive arrangement, are only a few of its many attractive points.

"The Genealogical Dictionary of Rhode Island," comprising three generations of settlers, who came before 1690 with many families, carried to the fourth generation, by John Osborne Austin, P. O. Box 81, Providence, R. I. Price, \$10.00. Remit by check or postal money order. A few copies can still be had at the above price. This is a splendid chance to get a first-class book on the early settlers of Rhode Island. As one reads the book, we are impressed with a keen sense of how much labor and industrious research is represented on its 443 pages. We are told where each individual lived and just what he or she did. It is almost as though we could see each one alive, so minutely is every record printed here. The author gives baptisms, births, marriages, deaths, deeds, wills, inventories, parentage of those marrying into the families cited, an index of families, a general index (surnames of other families), etc. Time is lacking to permit us to do justice to the work. There is no other work that can fill the place it fills.

JOHN LEE OF FARMINGTON, CONN., AND HIS DESCENDANTS, 1634-1897, containing over 4,000 names. By Leonard Lee and Sarah Fiske Lee. Meriden, 1897. 8vo., cloth, pp. 527 + 65.

In 1878 a modest volume of 180 pages was issued giving descendants of John Lee, and from that, through the efforts of the "Lee Association," has come this second edition of three times the size of the first. From the original home in Central Connecticut,

the family has spread not only throughout the state but to almost every state of the Union, and has intermarried with many of the old Connecticut families, the descendants in the female lines being generally followed for two generations. The work is well arranged and appears complete. Some notes are given on the Lees of England, and although the connection with the family in this country cannot be positively traced, an interesting pedigree is given, tracing back ten generations previous to 1630. A list of about 200 soldiers is given, and half of them serving in the civil war, the remainder in the Revolution and other early wars. Maps of the early layouts of Hartford and Farmington are also given. At the back is a full account of the family reunion held at Farmington in Aug., 1896.

Appended to the Annual Report of the Connecticut Historical Society for 1897 are twenty-three pages of "Historical Notes on the Probate Districts of Connecticut." These notes are of so great value to the student of Connecticut family history that they deserve extended notice. They are the work of Mr. Albert C. Bates, librarian of the society, and the careful editor of "Rev. Dudley Woodbridge, his Church Record at Simsbury, 1697-1710," and "Records of the Rev. Roger Viets, Rector of St. Andrews, Simsbury, 1763-1800,"—who has modestly omitted to attach his name.

The Connecticut and New Haven colonies maintained separate and distinct governments until they were united under the charter of Charles II, in 1665, much against the will of the New Haven colony. In the last named colony the law provided that wills should be proved and estates administered in the plantation [town] courts of the plantations in which the deceased persons resided, and that the wills should then be filed with, and an abstract recorded by, the secretary of the colony at New Haven. In the Connecticut colony, estates were administered under orders of the Particular Court until 1666, when the General Court established the four counties of Hartford, New London, New

Haven and Fairfield, and ordered that "wills and inventories of persons deceased within any of the counties of this colony shall be exhibited and proved at the County Court to which the deceased did appertain by his habitation." Probate courts separate from the county courts were created in 1698, but the limits of the counties and probate districts were coterminous until 1719. In that year probate courts for the district of Windham, which included towns in Hartford and New London counties—Windham county had not been created—and for the district of Guilford were established in partial compliance with a demand for the creation of new counties to be called respectively Windham and Guilford.

Towns have been temporarily or permanently lost to New York, towns have been gained from Massachusetts, and since 1719, towns and sections of towns have been shuffled by the General Assembly into strange and confusing combinations to meet the real or imaginary convenience of their inhabitants, or for personal or political ends. The record of the bounds of the probate districts of Connecticut is scattered through the proceedings of the colonial and state General Assembly. From the foundation of the colony to 1780, these proceedings have been printed and adequately indexed, but from that date to 1834 an examination of the public acts, page by page, is necessary to know with certainty what action was taken. The bounds of the probate districts have been dug out of the legislative record with much painstaking labor by Mr. Bates, and his Notes show in what district any territory now or formerly within the jurisdiction of Connecticut is, or has been, included, and the exact dates of transfer from one district to another.

In Bradley's Connecticut Register for 1847 is an account of the probate court districts and their modifications, but, printed fifty years ago, it is now inaccessible, and, besides, it is not accurate. Middletown is set down as included in the district of East Haddam until 1752. Now, Middletown, except the part included in the parish of Middle Haddam, and the part south of Salmon river, was in the Hartford

district until 1752. There are other errors, and too many to permit the compilation to be used as a basis for further work.

A few extracts will give an idea of the work accomplished by Mr. Bates:

Town of East Windsor—Incorporated May, 1768, from Windsor. In Hartford and Stafford districts, partly in each, the parish of Ellington being in Stafford until May session, 1782; since then in East Windsor district, except that the small portion of Ellington parish lying east of a meridian line drawn from the northwest corner of Tolland remained in Stafford.

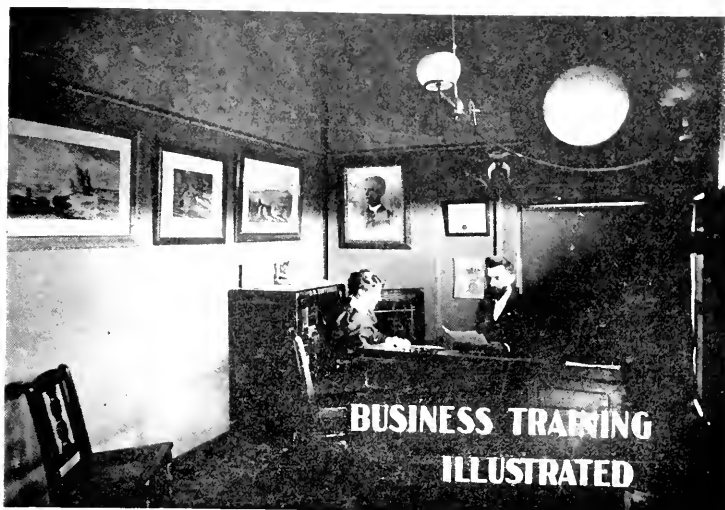
Town of Salem—Incorporated May, 1819, from Colchester, Lyme and Montville. In New London and East Haddam districts, partly in each, the part taken from Lyme being in New London until July 9, 1841, the part taken from Montville being in New London from June 3, 1824, until July 9, 1841 (previous to June 3, 1824, it had apparently been overlooked and not assigned to any probate district); the part taken from Colchester being in East Haddam until May 29, 1832, then in Colchester district until July 9, 1841. In Salem district since July 9, 1841.

Town of Woodstock—Incorporated by Massachusetts, March, 1690; annexed to Connecticut, May, 1749. Probably in Suffolk county (Boston, Mass.) until 1731; then in Worcester county until May, 1749; then in Windham district until May session, 1752; then in Pomfret district until May 30, 1831; since then in Woodstock district.

There is no doubt that the earlier Woodstock estates were settled in Boston.

In searching for wills and the distribution of estates the student of Connecticut family history will no longer be compelled to grope in the dark, or journey miles to look for papers to be found in his own town, and he can know definitely when his work has been completed. He has one less guess to hazard. To the Connecticut genealogist this is the most valuable publication put forth by the Connecticut Historical Society, or perhaps within the state.

J. G. WOODWARD.



Nothing is easier than to start, and in some sense to carry on, what is called a business college. On the other hand, no educational work requires more intelligence and devotion if it is to be made useful according to the possibilities of the occasion. One reason is that such a school stands in immediate relation to actual life, as does a technical or professional school. It is required to qualify its students for a specific kind of work. They do not come for general mental training, but to learn thoroughly and precisely certain things which are essential to success in the occupation they are to follow. The person who offers to give this training is morally bound to accomplish his agreement, which means for one thing, to make sure that all pupils who use ordinary diligence, and possess average ability, shall go out thoroughly qualified to do the work for which they are said to have prepared themselves. It follows that there must be the same individual care of each pupil that is demanded by educational theory everywhere, and is neglected in all but a few of the best schools of every kind.

An illustration may make this point clearer. A pupil in a business school is not properly treated if his standing depends on marks for daily results, because these have the practical disadvantage of not representing the conditions of real life. There are theoretical objections also, but these may be neglected for the present purpose. Looking only at the practical side it is to be noticed, that the essential thing is to have the pupil work intelligently, and that to accomplish this, he must receive advice or reproof according to his individual necessity. It will do him little good to be a rapid stenographer if he is sometimes heedless in taking a dictation or careless in writing it out. Two or three occurrences of this kind would not materially reduce his marks, but they might

easily cost him a place. Where the marking system fails in this respect, personal study of the case succeeds, for it notes the fault and finds a remedy. The treatment of a pupil from the individual standpoint is more especially required because there is no opportunity here to count on the influence of time and mental growth as may be done in a scientific school where the course covers several years and includes much that is directed, rather to mental development than to immediate professional use. In the business school the course is short. Only a few subjects are taught, but they must be taught thoroughly, and the pupil must be educated somehow in the personal qualities which are as important in their way as the special skill he needs to acquire. Without this education he may get a place, but he is likely to lose it for some reason that has no relation to his proficiency in book-keep-



LETTER TRANSCRIPTION.

ing or stenography. The training in short should result in perfect familiarity with book-keeping and the ordinary methods of business, or with stenography and typewriting or both, but it should include mental stimulus, training in courteous and self-possessed



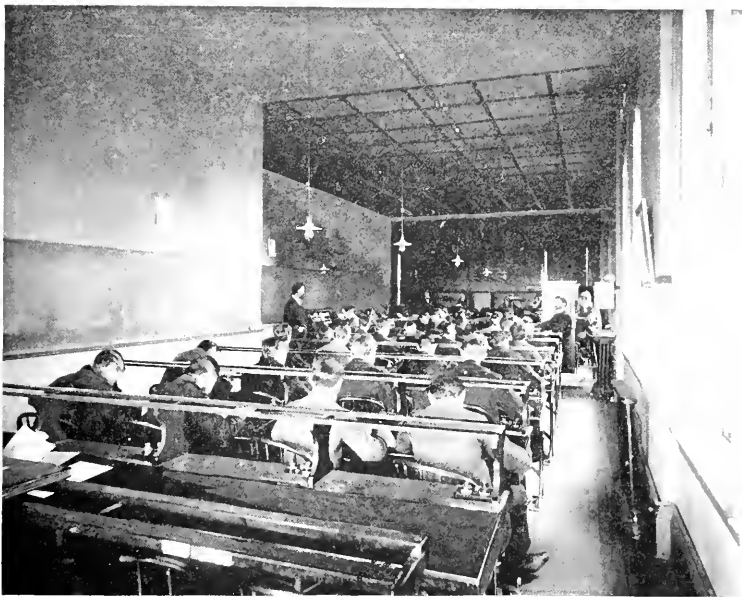
GIVING OFFICE INSTRUCTIONS TO TYPEWRITER CLASS.

manners in business, and the self-respect that accompanies genuine qualifications, and a determination to succeed in one's calling, after having learned the mechanical part of it. To ask all this is to ask no more than every parent of a pupil has a right to demand.

It is the purpose of this article to describe the method in which these general principles are applied in a Hartford school known as Huntsinger's Business and Shorthand College. There are other good schools, but the advantage of this for description is that while it does all that others do in the mere imparting of information, it pays unusual attention to the individuality of each pupil and creates an atmosphere of honest, conscientious work and personal character. This was what Dr. Arnold did at Rugby, and it is the foundation of all real teaching the world over.

While it is impossible here to consider the methods in detail or with any fullness, a few illustrations may indicate the manner in which the task is undertaken. One of the characteristic things is the record kept of each pupil.

It begins with his admission, and the first document is a letter in his own handwriting, addressed to the principal, and containing replies to a set of questions about himself. These are so framed that the replies throw a good deal of side light on the character and mental standing of the pupil, apart from the information which alone he supposes he is imparting. One of these questions asks his opinion of the schools in which he has studied; another asks what he expects to get out of a course in the school and what he hopes to make of himself. This letter, just as it comes from the pen of the new pupil, forms the first item in a record, chiefly in his own handwriting. It includes specimens of his work from time to time, and furnishes to him or to his father the clearest proof of the progress he is making. Aside from this there is a monthly record, not of marks for lessons, but of actual performance in each branch of study, and also an estimate of progress. This is sent to the father, and must

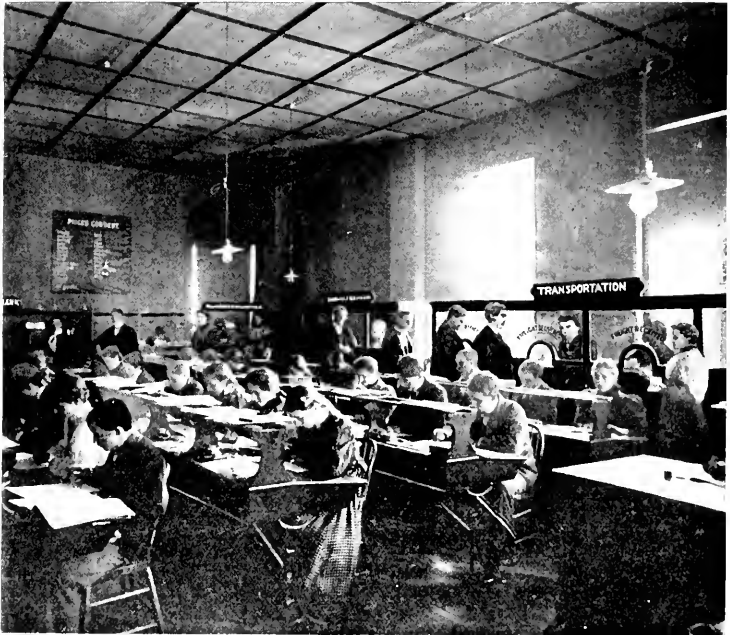


TAKING A LECTURE ON ACCOUNTS.

be signed by him and returned, after which it is filed with others relating to the same pupil in what is called the character record. This includes a further special record, and makes a compact history of the boy so long as he is in the school. This record work is supplemented by the interested personal observation and human sympathy that make the material record a vital force.

Take again the custom as to hours of work. The school opens at nine in the morning and continues until three in the afternoon, with an interval of an hour at noon for lunch. But the rooms are open from eight in the morning until four-thirty in the afternoon, and many pupils use them during this additional time. There could hardly be a stronger proof of the interest they come to feel in their work than this voluntary application beyond what is expected. It is to be noted, however, that there may be work required in these hours. For instance, three o'clock comes, and a boy who is studying book-

keeping has not been able to get a balance. He stays on because his work is not done until that balance is obtained. But this however, is merely incidental. The point to which attention is called is the purely voluntary work of pupils beyond that which is required. They are encouraged to give it, but the decision rests with themselves. That so many use the opportunity for actual hard work is due largely to the individual influence that pervades the school. Each pupil is getting as nearly as possible the particular attention that is required to bring out whatever there is in him. But how about those who do not respond? They are presently advised that they are not going on in the way to benefit themselves or do credit to the school. It may be merely that they are not suited to business, and have a distinct turn for something else. All this is taken into account. There is no harshness, but before long such a



A GLIMPSE AT SOME OF THE OBJECTS.

pupil does retire. With only those at work who really mean to accomplish something, it is comparatively easy to keep up the spirit of work.

It will be seen that whatever is taken for examination, we come back sooner or later to the individuality of the pupil as the primary factor in the problem of training him for his future work. It must be so because this is the foundation of the whole system. It appears, for instance, as soon as one inquires how any subject is taught. Take the case of arithmetic. The first effort is to find what the pupil already understands in it, and from that to make him reason out the problems he is to solve, not on any basis of rules, but from what he sees and clearly comprehends. Thus he may say truly enough that he understands fractions, but is bothered by interest and percentage. If he

does understand fractions he can easily be made to see how three per cent. may be written, 1-300, and every problem of interest worked out fractionally. Before long the thing becomes clear enough to him. Whenever a problem in arithmetic or any other subject is presented to him the effort is to lead him easily from whatever nearest point is clear in his mind on to the solution required. The process may vary greatly according to what this nearest established point in the mind of any particular boy is, but it always rests on the principle of connecting the unknown with that which is known to him, and doing it so that he shall not merely follow the process, but discover as much of it as possible for himself. It is in keeping with all the rest of the system that as little use as possible is made of text books. No teacher uses one when it can be avoided. There is no parrot repetition of half-understood answers to questions that attract no attention beyond that needed to associate them with the expected reply. The pupils in the business department do not copy entries from a printed page, but first buy and sell goods, and then enter the transactions. Every barrel of flour bought is a material object. It is represented perhaps, by a card bearing its name, but there is the object bought, and it must be delivered when sold. It comes through the freight office properly billed, and the charges have to be paid. A note maturing to-day must be paid in actual currency. The pupil's bank account rests on a cash capital which he has paid in, his gains and losses represent goods or currency which he has now or has had, his books are the records of what he has done, not what he has read about or imagined. All the routine work of ordinary business becomes as familiar to him as if he were doing it in a store, because there is just as material a basis for it all, and it has to be done as often, in its true character of a mere incident in the transaction in which he is engaged but one which must be perfectly accomplished if the result is to be good for anything.

Now, some one may say, all this is very pretty theory, but what does it amount to? What does the school really do more than any other for its pupils? The answer must be divided, because there are first, the mere tangible results shown by the number of pupils who have found employment and done well in it, and second the special, immaterial advantage obtained by every pupil in a school where teaching is really educational in the true sense. This is a benefit which continues through life, and counts more rather than less as the years go on. Mere technical proficiency makes its mark at once; the character and habit of mind which qualify one to carry on more responsible work tell most in the long run. This school has been in existence only nine years, and it is too soon to judge fully the wholesome influence it has exerted in this direction. Yet in this time it has grown to have an annual attendance of nearly four hundred and fifty pupils, to rank fourth in size in New England, to establish a very high reputation, and to introduce a system of instruction that is simple, absolutely practical and conspicuously efficient.

Returning to the first of the two points just mentioned, the record of pupils who have gone into business houses as employees, it is found to be conspicuously satisfactory. On the details of a point like this the management must speak for itself. This is not the place in which to enter into particulars, but the records including letters from scores of the best business houses in Connecticut furnish ample evidence on this point. These records are open to any one who has a legitimate interest in the subject.

Little as it has been possible to say of the details in the management of this school, enough has been told to indicate the method on which it is conducted. Individuality lies at the basis; development of character is given its true value; the teachers themselves are believed to be business models for the pupils to study, and the record of graduates proves that the principles described are actually followed and produce the results naturally to be expected. All this is accomplished through the intelligent and conscientious application of doctrines that are known to every student of pedagogy, but that is not thus practically applied in one school in twenty. It is by virtue of this last fact that this school becomes in a measure typical and worthy of study.

HISTORICAL NOTES.

In response to a request in our last number for the location of the camps of Rochambeau's army, the following has been sent us by Mr. Albert Lyman of New York. It is taken from a French book published in 1782. The spelling is retained as in the book.

ROUTE AND CAMPS THAT WERE MADE BY THE
ARMY OF COUNT DE ROCHAMBEAU IN THE
COURSE OF THE CAMPAIGN OF 1781.

<i>Dates.</i>	<i>Camps.</i>	<i>Distances.</i>
June	From Newport, Rhode Island.	Miles
11,	at Providence,	30
11 to 20,	Sojourned.	
20,	at Waterman,	15
21,	Plainfield,	16
22,	Windham,	16
23,	Bolton,	16
24,	Easharford,*	12½
25 and 26,	Sojourned.	
27,	at Farmington,	12½
28,	Barons Tavern,	13
29,	Breaknek,	13
30,	Newtown,	15
July 1,	Sojourned.	
2,	at Ridgebury.	15
3,	Northeastle,	20
4 and 5,	Sojourned.	
6,	at Philisbury,	22
Aug. 20,	Northeastle,	22
21,	Crampon,	14
22,	Kings Ferry,	18
23 and 24,	Sojourned.	
25,	at Stony Point,	5
26,	Sufferency,	16
27,	Pompton,	14
28,	Wipeny,	16
29,	Sojourned.	
30,	at Ballions-Tavern,	16
31,	Sommerset,	17
Sept 1,	Prince-Town,	13
2,	Trenton,	12
3,	Lions-Tavern,	15
4,	Philadelphie,	15
5,	Sojourned.	
6,	at Chester,	16
7,	Newport,	18
8,	Head-Ofelke,	18
9,	Susquinnah-Ferry,	16
10,	Burk-Tavern,	14
11,	White-March,	15
12,	Baltimore,	12
13 14 and 15,	Sojourned.	
16,	at Spire,	16
17	Coath,	18
18,	Anapolis,	8
	Sojourned until the 21st of they put to sail in the bay of Chesapeack for arriving at James-Town.	

* This must be meant for East Hartford

<i>Date.</i>	<i>Camp.</i>	<i>Distance.</i>
Oct. 24,	at James-Town	178
20,	Williamsburgh.	6
27,	Sojourned.	
28,	before York.	12
	Total miles,	750
	or 252 leagues.	

Total of camps, 39.

BARKHAMSTED'S TRIBUTE.

A handsome Barre granite monument erected to the memory of the Barkhamsted patriots who served in the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, and the War of the Rebellion, was dedicated in that town, Friday, September 10, in the presence of fully 2500 people from the vicinity, besides many distinguished guests, most of them former sons of Barkhamsted.

The monument is a plain shaft twenty-three feet high, of Barre granite. It is stately and imposing, and stands as a sentinel guarding the beautiful hills and valleys.

The only designs on the monument are the cross guns and wreath and the dates 1776, 1812, 1846 and 1861.

Below are four pure copper tablets. On the south face is the inscription, "The Tribute of the People of Barkhamsted to the Memory of her Sons who Fought to Establish, Defend and Preserve the Nation," and the date, "Erected 1897."

The south tablet contains a list of 130 of the Barkhamsted soldiers who fought in the Revolution.

The east tablet gives the names of the forty-seven who fought in the War of 1812. On the north the list of the eight men who battled in the Mexican War, and on the west the list of the 127 who fought in the Civil War.

One of the notable facts to be mentioned is that Barkhamsted is one of the first, if not the very first, to recognize the services of her Revolutionary heroes by a monument.

The exercises, consisting of selections by the band, a procession, songs, poems and addresses were full of interest and made a gala patriotic day which will live long in the memory of those present.

The presentation address by Mr. Hubert B. Case, the address of welcome by Mr. Orville H. Ripley, the historical address by Mr. William Wallace Lee, and the oration by Mr. Walter S. Carter were of the stirring patriotic kind, and our regret is that we have not space at present to quote liberally from them.

The occasion was one of those links in the chain that binds us to the past and teaches us to live in the present for the good of the future.

THE MILD OCTOBER OF 1773.

NORWICH, November 12, 1773.

Tha season has been so remarkably mild that about a fortnight since a mess of green peas were picked up at Norwich, produced from seed of this year's growth; and at Fairfield, about the same time, near a pint of strawberries were gathered in a field [from vines which had produced a crop at the usual season] equal in color and of as agreeable a taste and flavor as

those that are gathered in June.—*Connecticut Gazette*.

One of those sayings which looks different upon second thought. We quote from the sketch of a neighboring place, published recently in one of our papers:

"The first greeting of a late pastor by one of his lady parishioners was the kindly meant wish, "We have buried all our pastors and we hope we shall you."

The notes made recently by several of our State papers in regard to the youngest living real daughter of a revolutionary soldier in Connecticut show Mrs. Elisha B. Avery of Willimantic, whose age is 58, to be entitled to that distinction. Mrs. Jane Hollister of East Hartford and Mrs. Nancy A. Warren of Stamford, 64 and 65 years of age respectively, also give additional evidence of Connecticut's important place in the patriotic societies.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The people of Hartford and New Britain have been fortunate in being able to observe right at home, and at the same time derive the benefit from the interesting experiment of electric service applied to steam roads, which may mean so much to the transportation interests of the country, and possibly of the world, in time to come.

The experiment has been all the more interesting by reason of the competition between the third rail and the local trolley companies' extension lines between the two cities. The history of the bitter fight put up by the steam roads to prevent that extension is green in the memory of all, and for once there was a sort of satisfaction in seeing a corporation that had had its own way for years in state legislation, nicely beaten. This was the probable reason for the selection of this locality for the electric rail experiment.

If reports are true, both companies lost money, there not being enough traffic, when divided, for either one to pay expenses. But temporarily, at least, the public have had the benefit of this war of capital against capital, and it seems about the the only kind of compensation the dear public ever gets from corporations

who so cordially damn it when they have no axes to grind.

There is certainly no fault to be found with the present facilities from either of the cities to the other. It is vastly different from the time when, just after the Consolidated had acquired control of the New England and pulled several trains off, as the Hartford Courant said: "If you dont like it, you can walk." It is different, by reason of the growth of the cities, from the suburban service of a few years ago, the brevity of which we would not like to see repeated, and as capital should have its just returns, it is hoped that there will be traffic enough to prevent the discontinuance of the present service of either line, and that competition will be the life, and not the death of trade.

If the legislature was a little foggy on what constituted a good Sunday law, enacting one that has caused much criticism, it was sensible enough in enacting the following Guide Post Law, which we trust is not on the statute books for ornamental purposes only.

"The selectmen of every town shall on or before Sept. 1, 1897, erect and thereafter maintain at the intersection of all high-

ways a guide post, for the direction of travelers, which shall be a substantial post not less than eight feet high, near the upper end of which shall be placed a sign of metal or wood, upon which shall be plainly marked the name of the next town or place, and such other town or place of note as the selectmen think proper, to which each road leads, the number of miles to the same, and the figure of a hand with the fore finger thereof pointing towards such towns or places or the figure of an arrow indicating such direction. The selectmen of any town who shall neglect or refuse to erect such sign-post and maintain the same according to the provisions of this act shall be fined \$5 for each and every offense."

Let it be enforced.

"Within Alaska's coast there lies,
If travellers don't, a golden prize."

But owing to the timely warnings that have come concerning the rigors of the

arctic winter, the exodus from this part of the country has not reminded one of the excitement of '49. Perhaps the people are more disposed to heed the advice of the verse quoted by Mr. F. L. Hamilton in his entertaining article on The Henry Lee Argonauts of 1849, published in The Quarterly, No. 3, 1895:—

Why seek far shores for precious ores?

To me the case is clear;

We need not roam at all from home—

We've lots of 'owers' here."

But seriously, we think it more likely that the best sense of the community realizes that for one glowing tale of success there are a thousand failures; that it is impossible to get something for nothing, and there is a growing disposition to profit by the experience of history; that the majority of adventurers who naturally flock to such a place are the element society can best spare, though it would seem they would be the first to hesitate at the prospect of whiskey at \$1 00 a glass.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

We wish to call attention to the work of improving the Center Church Cemetery, taken up by Ruth Wyllys Chapter, D.A.R. of Hartford.

The importance of this movement can hardly be overestimated, and the ladies who have so successfully carried it on are entitled to all commendation.

Beginning with the next number, we shall print the list of burials kindly furnished by Dr. Charles J. Hoadly and prepared for publication by Miss Mary K. Talcott, including two thousand names, the burials from 1749 to 1806. This is a very important list and will be run in the four numbers of 1898, about five hundred of the names in each number.

According to our usual custom, and as we understand most of our subscribers wish, we do not send to those whose subscriptions have expired until they signify their desire to continue by sending in their renewal. As the majority of subscrip-

tions expire with this number, we should be glad to have all renew as soon as they can, thereby ensuring them of receiving the next number promptly and helping us to determine the probable demand for 1898. We want to print enough to supply all and be in no danger of running short. We are arranging for a series of numbers for '98 that shall excel our previous efforts and the greater the encouragement we receive, the more generous we can be in every department of the magazine.

We will sell the half-tone cuts in the magazine at half the original price. Explicit information furnished on request.

CORRECTIONS.

On page 451, title of illustration, for The William Mansfield House read Residence of James H. Hyde.

On page 465, title of illustration, for The Drawing Room read The Dining Room.

GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT

INDEX NOTES AND QUERIES

NOTE — Names on pp. 107-8 not in this index.

“Oct” in this index means that the name is found in the fine print at the head of the Genealogical Department in Oct. 197 QUARTERLY.

The pages marked *c* will be found so numbered on the bottom of the page. They are all in the Genealogical Department of No. 4.

- Ackley Thankful 355
- Adams Abraham 506*c*
Edward 506*c*
Elizabeth 240
Henry 506*c*
John 506*c*
Smith 506*c*
- Adkins John 504*c*
- Akerly Benjamin 111
Catherine 111
- Allberson John 109
- Alden Adam 506*c*
Amos 506*c*
Atalanta 506*c*
Benjamin 506*c*
Deborah 506*c*
Henry 506*c*
Isaac 506*c*
John 506*c*
Malinda 506*c*
Mary 506*c*
Polly 506*c*
Scheherajade 506*c*
- Allen Benjamin 354, 503*c*
Hannah 503*c*
Jerusha 354
- Alling Elizabeth 240
John 240
Susannah 108
- Allyn Mercy 356
Simeon 356
- Alvord Hannah 238
- Ambler Abraham 237
- Andrews Ann 353
Elijah 356
Elizabeth 353
H. Franklin 353
Jane 356
John 351, 3
Mary 353
Robert 353
Whiteley H. 506*c*
- Appleby Charles 111
Elizabeth 111
Emma 111
George 111
James 111
Jane 111
Louisa 111
Martha 111
Mary 111
Philemon 111
Samuel 111
- Sophia 111
Thomas 111
William 111
- Applegate Joseph 501*c*
- Appleton Judith 357
- Arey Richard 504*c*
Sarah 504*c*
- Arnold Eunice 505*c*
Samuel 111, 355
- Ashley Joseph 503*c*
- Avery James 356
Joseph 111
Samuel 111
William B. 356
- Bailey Gideon 506*c*
Jeremiah 506*c*
Moses F. 506*c*
Sarah 506*c*
- Baker Elizabeth 109, 507*c*
Hannah 507*c*
John 109
Sarah 109
Thankful 507*c*
- Baldwin Eunice 506*c*
Ezra 355
- Ball ———— 235
- Barber Jeremiah 507*c*
- Barlow Peleg 504*c*
- Barnard Rebecca 112
Samuel 112
- Barnes Amos 110
Ariel 110
John 110
Joseph 110
Josiah 110
Peleg 238
- Barnett James 355
- Barnum ———— 235, Oct
Abigail 237
Gorham 236
Hiram 506*c*
Ira 236
Philo 237
Phineas T. 237
Seelye 507*c*
Thankful 236
- Bartlett Horace 111
Joseph 111
Josiah 111
- Beach Eunice 240
Hannah 113
John 240
- Joseph P. 237, 357
- Beard Robert 106
- Beardeley Deborah 352
John 353
Nehemiah 353
Obadiah 353, 507*c*
Phineas 353, 507*c*
Thomas 352
- Bearss ———— 235, 350-2, Oct
Joseph 238
- Beckley Mr. ———— 505*c*
Abraham 113
Asahel 113
Daniel 113
David 113
Elias 113
Elijah 113
Gordon 113
Isaac 113
Jason 113
John 113
Jonathan 113
Joseph 113
Richard 113
Solomon 113
Zebedee 113
- Beebe ———— 351
Agnes 235
Alexander 351
James 351
John 235, 351
Mary 235, 351
Samuel 106, 235, 236, 351
Susannah 235
- Bell Isaac 240
- Benedict Mr. ———— 237
Abigail 506*c*
Daniel 237
Hannah 237, 505*c*
John 107
Mary 506*c*
Rebecca 237
Samuel 506*c*
Thomas 506*c*
- Benham Triphena 357
- Bennet Joseph 237
Josiah 115
Peter 501*c*
- Benton Sarah 112
- Berry Nathaniel 238
Richard 238
- Betts Ann 112
- Bidford Samuel 109

GENEALOGICAL INDEX.

- Biglow Anna 112
Dan 112, 240
Eli 240
- Birched Jon's 107
- Blackford William 354
- Blakely Abigail 350
- Bhnn Esther 110
- Blish Hannah 352
- Bliss Catherine C. 355
- Blodgett Huldah 239
John 239
- Blood Peter 505 c
- Bosworth Jane 113
- Bourne Elisha 501 c
Elizabeth 501 c
Hannah 501 c
Thankful 352
- Boutwell Anne 240
- Bowen Ichabod 112
Lucy 112
- Bradcock Henry 504 c
- Bradley Alba 230
Joseph 230
Nancy 230
Norman 506 c
- Bradshaw Rachel 506 c
- Brainard Daniel 112
Deborah 112
- Brainerd Jabez 112
- Bray Thomas 109
- Briggs ———, Oct.
- Britton Nicholas 502 c
William 354
- Broadbrook Bennet 109
- Brockett John 239
- Brooke Mr. ——— 240
- Brooks Susanna 506 c
- Brown Chad, Oct.
Deliverance 505 c
Ebenezer 505 c
Eliza 108, 239, 505 c
Fannie 505 c
Hachahah 505 c
Mary 505 c
Nathaniel 111
Phebe 505 c
Robert 111
Thaddeus 115
Thomas 108, 239
- Brush Thomas 507 c
- Buck Isaac 239
- Buckingham Daniel 505 c
Gideon 505 c
- Budd John 111
- Buel Hannah 506 c
- Bugbee Mr. ——— 505 c
- Bull Abigail 357
Jonathan 357
Mary 357
Sarah 357
Thankful 357
Thomas 357
- Bunce Charles 110
- George 111
Gideon 110
Israel 110
- Burbank Thomas 503 c
- Burge Dorothy 109
- Burges Elizabeth 109
Martha 109
Thomas 109
- Burly Mary 355
- Burnett Thomas M. 240
- Burnham Jn. 503 c
Prescott 503 c
- Burr John 351
Peter 351
- Bursdale Judith 350
- Butler Joyce 504 c
Mary 108
Peual 353
Sibbel 108, 109
Thankful 353
Thomas 353
- Button Peter 239
Roswell 239
- Buttye Edward 106
- Byvanck Alkie 502 c
- Byvank Belkie 501 c
Behtze 502 c, 503 c
Evert 502 c, 503 c
Events D. 503 c
Isabella 354, 502 c
Jan 503 c
Johannis 502 c, 503 c
- Cable Jesse 507 c
- Cadwell Ellen 111
Hepzibah 111
John 111
- Camp Adah 110
- Canfield Louisa 237
Samuel 107
- Cardell Ralph 106
- Carrington John 357
- Carver David 112
- Case Benajah 507 c
John 109
- Cass Moses 504 c, 505 c
Patience 504 c, 505 c
- Caswell Lemuel 356
- Caulkins Mr. ——— 506 c
- Chamberlain Harvey 240
- Chapin Harlow 239
John 239
Samuel 239, 355
Seymour 355
- Chapman Elizabeth 506 c
- Chace ——— 235, 350, Oct.
- Chase Aquila 106, 235, 350, Oct.
Benjamin 507 c
Betsey 237
Gideon 237
Hannah 503 c, 507 c
Isaac 350, 504 c, Oct.
Jacob 350
John 106, 235, 350, Oct.
Matthew 506 c
- Myrtle 507 c
Samuel 106, 235, 350, Oct.
Theodore R. 507 c
Thomas 106, 235, 504 c
William 106, 235, 350, 507 c, Oct.
- Chatfield ——— 235
Martha Ann 240
- Child Josiah 238
- Chittenden William 108
- Church Charles 501 c
- Claghorn Abiah 353
Jean 353
- Clark Mr. ——— 112
- Clarke Ebenezer 110
Harvey 356
John 353
Mary 110
Nathaniel 504 c
Silvanus 504 c
William 504 c
- Cleveland Ebenezer 504 c
Jedidah 353
- Coan George 507 c
- Coates Elizabeth 503 c
- Coats Joseph 354
Lucy 503 c
Robert 354
- Cobb Samuel 238
- Coe Abel 110
Edgar 110
Robert 356
- Coit Martha 108
- Collier Joseph 240
Susannah 240
- Collins James 506 c
Zerviah 506 c
- Conklin Rachel 239
- Cook Alice 108, 110
Ambrose 240
Elizabeth 109
Henry 240
Isaac 239, 240
Samuel 240
Thomas 109, 505 c
- Cooley Ebenezer 110
Eleanor 110
- Corbett Abraham 354
- Cornell Mary 357
- Cory Benjamin 115
Couch ———, Oct.
- Covell Elizabeth 353
- Cozier ——— 235, 350, Oct.
- Craft Griffin 503 c
Hannah 503 c
Samuel 503 c
Storis 503 c
Susannah 503 c
- Crissy Deborah 505 c
Esther 505 c
Hannah 505 c
Isaac 505 c
Jesse C. 505 c
Mighill 505 c
Moses 505 c

GENEALOGICAL INDEX.

- Crissey, Nathaniel 505
 Phebe 505 c
 Sylvanus 505 c
 William 505 c
 Crocker Miss — 111
 Daniel 507 c
 Job 238
 Crofut Hiram 108
 Martha 108
 Crowell Elizabeth 237
 John 237
 Cunningham John M. 503
 Peter 503 c
 Curry Ann 505 c
 Curtis Lucy 110
 Lydia 504 c
 Peter 113
 Sarah 240
 Ruth 355
 Zebulon 504 c
 Daggett Samuel 504
 Thomas 504 c
 Dart Richard 235
 Daten Jonah 107
 Davis Josiah 238
 Dayton Elizabeth 112
 Deming Elizabeth 113
 Denison Thomas 503 c
 Dickinson Mehitable 350
 Nathaniel 109, 505 c
 Dillingham Edward 357
 Henry 357
 John 357
 Mary 357
 Dimercke Desire 109
 Dodd Ashbel 112
 Edward 112
 Eli-ha 112
 John 112
 Lydia 112
 Mary 112
 Rebecca 112
 Dominees Hester 354
 Donham Daniel 353
 Dunham Elizabeth 353
 Mary 350
 Persis 353
 Solomon 350
 William 353
 Doolittle Daniel 112
 Ezra 112
 Douglas John H. 113
 Wheeler 113
 Dudley Charles A., Oct
 Dunham, see Donham
 Dunbar John 110
 Miles 110
 Dupuy John 502 c
 Duycking Belitjie 503 c
 Everts 503 c
 Evert 503 c
 Dye James H. 354
 Sara 354
 Eastman Miss — 112
 Azariah 112, 356
 Deliverance 350
 Mary 350
 Philip 350
 Roger 350
 Eastwood Alanson 230
 Harriet Ann 230
 Eaton Theophilus 230
 Eldridge Hervey 503 c
 Ellis Eleanor 352
 Molly 240
 Susannah 352
 Elsay Nicholas 350
 Elwell Abner 237
 Burnum 230
 Harriet 230
 Jabez 237
 Noah 230
 Philetus R. 230
 Sally B. 237
 Estes Charles 507 c
 Evans Sara 503 c
 Everts Jonathan 505 c
 Fairchild — 235, 350, Oct.
 Abraham 352
 Alexander 352 3
 Andrew 352
 Deborah 352
 Elijah 353
 Hannah 352-3
 John 352-3
 Kuth 352 3
 Sarah 352
 Thomas 352-3
 Fanton Bradley B. 236
 Lucy 236
 Polly 236
 Sherwood 236
 Farnham Charles 506 c
 Elizabeth 506 c
 James 506 c
 John 506 c
 Russel 506 c
 Sarah 506 c
 Farrar Mary 115
 Farrington Joseph 357
 Fauntleroy Moore 240
 Fay Benjamin 503 c
 Fayerweather Benjamin 355
 Felt Jonathan 351
 Fenter, see Venter
 Ferris Benjamin 505 c
 Gilbert 238
 Jeffrey 238
 John 238
 Jonathan 238
 Pamela 505 c
 Peter 238
 Phoebe 505 c
 William 505 c
 Fes-enden Abigail 238
 Field Samuel 355
 Filer Amy 112
 Fillow, see Philleo
 Fiuch Jeremiah 106
 Fiske John 503 c
 Flowers Lydia 111
 Folland Elizabeth 109
 Fontaine — 106, 235,
 Fonteyn — 350, Oct.
 Aaron 106, 351-2 3, 235-6,
 501 c
 Abel 501 c
 Anne 354, 503 c
 Abigail 351
 Abraham 354
 Anthony 354, 502 c, 503 c
 Antje 503 c
 Antone 106, 353-4, 502 c
 Carel 354
 Charel 106, 353 4
 Edward 106
 Elizabeth 501 c, 502 c
 Ezra 501 c
 Francis 109
 Garrett 112
 Hannah 351, 501 c
 Jacques 106, 354
 James 106, 351-2-3-4
 James II 353 4
 Johannes 354
 John 106, 351, 34, 502 c
 Julith 352
 Karel 354
 Magdalen 351
 Mautha 502 c
 Mary 351, 501 c
 Matthew 501 c
 Mehitable 351
 Moses 106, 351-3, 501 c
 Nancy 503 c
 Nantlie 503 c
 Peter 106, 351
 Richard 354
 Samuel 351
 Sarah 351, 501 c, 502 c
 Timothy 501 c
 Vincent 106, 353-4, 502 c
 William 351, 501 c
 Forbes Daniel 230
 Force Ebenezer 503 c
 Foster Thomas 110
 Zachariah 106
 Fountain, see Fontaine
 Fowler Hannah 505 c
 Moses 238
 Sarah 238
 Frames James P. 505 c
 Sarah E. 505 c
 Freeman Miss — 109
 Eales 357
 Edmond 109, 357
 John 238
 Margaret 357
 Mary 506 c
 Moses 506 c
 Rebecca 109
 Fuller Elizabeth 357, 505 c
 Ephraim 356
 Gallup Mercy 356
 Galpin Elizabeth 506 c
 Garish John 353

GENEALOGICAL INDEX.

- Garrett John 240
 Gay Jesse 503 *c*
 Gerretson Hannah 502
 Gesham Sarah 109
 Gibbs Cornelius 238
 Joanna 238
 Reuben 352
 Giddings Eunice 506 *c*
 Lydia 506 *c*
 Nathaniel 506 *c*
 Gifford Catherine 352
 Justus 352
 Reuben 352
 Gilbert Abigail 239
 Anna 355
 Benjamin 239
 Elizabeth 239
 Henry 355
 John 239, 355
 Joseph 239
 Margaret 239
 Mary 239
 Obadiah 239
 Samuel 506 *c*
 Sarah 239, 355
 Thomas 355
 Gill Arthur 505 *c*
 Gillette Hannah 505 *c*
 Giraud, — Oct
 Gleason } Betsey 112
 Glezen }
 Jason 115
 Noah 239
 Glover Abigail 239
 Henry 239
 Godfree Abigail 239
 Christopher 239
 Elizabeth 239
 Isaac 239
 John 239
 Mary 239
 Samuel 239
 Goff Elizabeth 355
 Huldah 240
 Susannah 355
 Goldstone Sarah 358
 Goodell Antasa 503 *c*
 Beecham 503 *c*
 Daniel 503 *c*
 Edward 504 *c*
 Frances 503 *c*
 Jerusha 503 *c*
 Lydia 503 *c*
 Willard 503 *c*
 Zachariah 354
 Zerviah 354
 Goodsell Abigail 113
 Gould Benjamin 503 *c*
 Rebecca 238
 Graham Susanna 115
 Graves Abial 115
 Abigail 114
 Anna 115
 Catherine 114, 115
 Ebenezer 114 5
 Elizabeth 114-5
 Ezra 114-5
 Grace 115
 Hannah 114-5
 James 114 5
 Joanna 115
 John 114 5
 Jonathan 114-5
 Joseph 114
 Josiah 114
 Ketura 114
 Lebbeus 114-5
 Lucy 115
 Lydia 114-5
 Martha 114-5
 Mary 114
 Mercy 115
 Micah 114-5
 Miriam 114
 Olive 115
 Patience 114-5
 Rebecca 114
 Reuben 115
 Richard 114-5
 Sally 115
 Samuel 114-5
 Sarah 115
 Silas 114-5
 Silence 115
 Submit 114-5
 Susanna 114
 Thaddeus 114
 Thomas 114
 William 114
 Gray David 501 *c*
 Elias 236
 Hiram B. 236
 Jemimah 236
 Russell 236
 William 236
 Green Charles 353
 John 115
 Mary 353-5
 Warren 355
 Gregory Amelia 507 *c*
 Elizabeth 351
 Olmstead 507 *c*
 Griffith Stephen 109
 Griggs Nathan 503 *c*
 Grosvenor Alethea 503 *c*
 Caleb 503 *c*
 Joseph 354
 Joshua 503 *c*
 Payson 503 *c*
 Pearly 503 *c*
 Sarah 503 *c*
 Thomas 503 *c*
 Grout Patience 115
 Guernsey Mr. — 239
 Gull Anne 505 *c*
 William 505 *c*
 Haddany Thomas 109
 Hale Ebenezer 506 *c*
 Gideon 506 *c*
 J—C 506 *c*
 Joseph W. 506 *c*
 Hall David 106
 Elizabeth 109, 112
 Jabez 106, 507 *c*
 John 109, 238
 Mary 108
 Nathaniel 109
 Samuel 109, 238
 Sarah 112
 Thomas 109
 Hallet Ann 238
 Andrew 238
 Hamblen } Ebenezer 506 *c*
 Hamblin } Experience 501 *c*
 Mark 506 *c*
 Rosina 506 *c*
 Ruth 506 *c*
 Hamlin Arline 06 *c*
 Dorcas 506 *c*
 Ebenezer 506 *c*
 Elisha 506 *c*
 Giles 356
 John 356
 Julia 506 *c*
 Mehitable 356
 Oliver 506 *c*
 Russell 506 *c*
 Hammond Abigail 238
 Hance } Elizabeth G. 354
 Hanse } James 354
 Sarah 354
 Hancock Phebe 113
 Handley Elizabeth 501 *c*
 Handy Desire 237, 352
 Hannibal 237
 Job 352
 Hanford Elizabeth 109
 John G. 109
 Harding Mary 112
 William A. 503 *c*
 Harlock Thomas 504 *c*
 Harlow Bashaba 109
 Harper Experience 357
 Robert 357
 Harris Joseph 357
 Reuben 357
 Hart Martha 113
 Ruth 113
 Samuel 505 *c*
 Sarah 110
 Zachariah 113
 Hartford Elizabeth 109
 John G. 109
 Hartwell Elizabeth 111
 Peter 113
 Hatch Moses 109
 Russell 237
 Hathaway Jonathan 501 *c*
 Havens wid. — 503 *c*
 Hawes Benjamin 504 *c*
 Edmund 238
 Haws Desire 238
 John 238
 Hawley Charles H. 236
 Ebenezer 238
 Esther 238
 Hayes — Oct
 Hedge Sarah 109

GENEALOGICAL INDEX

- Hendricks ——— 235
 Betsey 112
 David 501 c
 Demark 112
 Elisha 112
 John 112, 35b
 Molly 112
 Phoebe 112
 Stephen 112
- Hesselton Miss ——— 110
- Hicks Jane 111
- Higgins Daniel 111
- Hill Anne 240
 John 240
- Hills Mr. ——— 111
 Ebenezer 111
 Elizabeth 113
 Hepzibah 111
- Hinsdale Sarah 109
- Hitchcock Eliakim 507 c
 John 507 c
- Hobby John 107
 Thomas 106, 506 c
- Hodge ——— Oct.
 Abigail 236
 Horace 236
 Oliver P. 236
 Reuben 236
 Richard H. 236
 Sally 236
 Sarah E. 236
 Thomas 236
- Holcomb Joel 357
- Holmes Asuhel 504 c
 Asenath 504 c
 Charlotte 504 c
 Chloe 504 c
 Clarissa 504 c
 David 504 c
 Jane 236
 Jerusha 504 c
 Jonathan 504 c
 Joseph 504 c
 Joshua 109
 Lyman 504 c
 Martha 504 c
 Mary 504 c
 Phebe 504 c
 Polly 236, 504 c
 Roxelena 504 c
 Rufus 504 c
 Sally 504 c
 Sophia 504 c
 Willard 504 c
 William 236, 504 c
- Hooker Samuel 350
 Thomas 350
- Hopkins ——— 235, 350, Oct.
 Benjamin 350
 Elizabeth 236
 Giles 110
 Joseph 111, 356
 Ruth 111
 Stephen 110
 William 356
- Holt Mary 350
 Silas 354
- Holton Israel 507 c
 Sybil 507 c
- Hotchkiss Caleb 239
 Elizabeth 358
 Gabriel 239
 John 239
 John O. 239
- Hough Zephaniah 353
- Howe(s) Ebenezer 109
 Hannah 109
 Joseph 238
 Mercy 109
 Prudence 109
 Sarah 113
 Thomas 109
- Hoyt ———, Oct.
 Amy 236
 Amzi H. 236
 Daniel 236
 Daniel P. 236
 Darius 236
- Hubbard Dorcas 111
 Huldah 112
 John 111
 Joseph 107
 Ruth 113
 Timothy 112
- Hubbell ———, Oct.
- Hudson Mr. 240
- Huggins Sarah 111
- Hull Hannah 109
 Jonathan 240
 Joseph 357, 504 c
 Lemuel 240
 Lydia 240
 Samuel 109
 Sarah 504 c
 Seth 240
- Humphreville David 353
- Hunn Deborah 357
- Hunt Elizabeth 501 c
 Ephraim 501 c
 Samuel 115, 501 c
- Hurlburt Lydia 239
 Mehitable 108
 Ozias 239
 Thomas 239
- Hurlbut Ebenezer 109
 Gideon 111
 Margaret 109
 Thomas 111
- Huxford Esther 353
 Henry 353
- Ingals Benjamin 354
 Calvin 354
 Catharine 354
 Ephraim 354
 John 354
 Joseph 503 c
 Joseph R. 354
 Mary 354
 Simeon 503 c
- Ingersoll George W. 236
- Isham John 506 c
 Joseph 506 c
- Jackson Frederick J. 507 c
- Mercy 353
 William 106
- Jacobs Ann 353
 George 353
- Jenkins Experience 501 c
 Ruth 112, 35b
- Jenney Sarah 501 c
- Jennings Eli 236, 355
 Jeremiah 356
 John 356
 Joshua 356
 Levi N. 236
 Lyman 237, 355
 Martha 236
 Mary 356
- John Hannah 503 c
 Samuel 503 c
- Johnson Deborah 238
 Ephraim 357
 John 108
 Thomas 108
- Jones Anna 110
 Ebenezer 110
 Elizabeth 507 c
 Hannah 109
 Jeremiah 109
 John 106
 Lydia 112
 Matthew 110
 Mercy 110
 Sarah 109
 Susannah 239
 Thomas 110
- Jordan Jane 353
 Stephen 353
- Joyce Dorcas 109
- Joye Ebenezer 353
- Judd Elizabeth 113
 Mary 506 c
 Polly 506 c
 Thomas 113
- Keeney Agnes 235
 Ethel 356
 Mary 235
 William 235
- Kellogg Ira 507 c
- Kennedy Ruth 355
- Ketchum Edward 111
 Joseph 111
 Rebecca 111
- King James 505 c
 Peter 115
- Kinnee Amos 503 c
- Kirby John 505 c
 Lucia 505 c
- Knapp ——— 235, Oct.
 Abijah 236
 Enoch 507 c
 Grace 236
- Knowles Huldah 109
 Rebecca 109
- Kupper Charles F. 112
- Lacey ——— 235, Oct
 Lacy { Mr. ——— 353
 Lessey { Alanson 236

GENEALOGICAL INDEX.

- Chancy W. 236
 Mercy 236
 Richard C. 236
 Lamphere George 239
 Mary 239
 Lathrop, see Lothrop
 Law Mary 111
 Lawrence Caroline 109
 Samuel 239
 Sarah 239
 Leach ——— 235, Oct.
 Lee Ebenezer 357
 Elizabeth 355
 May H. 113
 Stephen 107
 Leonard Ebenezer 107
 Sarah 109, 352
 LeRoy, see Roy
 Lesure Wm. F. 355
 Lewis Caleb 240
 William 357
 Liddel Henry 108
 Lindall Henry 111
 Mercy 111
 Little Isaac 505 c
 Joseph 505 c
 Lora C. 238
 Mattha 505 c
 Samuel 505 c
 Sarah 505 c
 Loker Sarah 114
 Lomax Lunsford 240
 Loomis Daniel 505 c
 Lord Wyllis 506 c
 Lothrop Elizabeth 110
 Jerusha 353
 John 110
 Mattha 112
 Samuel 110
 Lusk John 505 c
 Latin Walraven 354
 Lyman Hannah 504 c
 Lyon Jonathan 503 c
 Pelatah 503 c
 Rebecca 503 c
 Sabria 503 c
 Samuel 354
 Walter 503 c
 McDonald Daniel 240
 Jacob 240
 James 240
 John 240
 Joseph 240
 Michael 240
 Nicholas 240
 Patrick 240
 McSwain Daniel 502 c
 Mackrory David 113
 James 113
 Mary 113
 Macon Elizabeth 110
 Maker Charles 355
 Elizabeth 355
 James 355
 Philip P. 355
 Mallery and Mallory
 Miss ——— 240
 John 240
 Mauser Elizabeth 501 c
 Manville Uri 111
 Marchant, see Merchant
 Marcy Abraham 506 c
 Prudence 506 c
 Marks Mary 505 c
 Marsh ——— Oct.
 Elizabeth 507 c
 Marshall Charles 354
 Martine f. Anne 354
 Martino f. Francis 354
 Stephen 354, 502 c
 Martling Maritje 503 c
 Mason Elizabeth 110
 Mary 505 c, 507 c
 Sarah 505 c
 Mathews f. Benjamin 109
 Mathews f. Caleb 237, 358
 Esther 109
 James 238, 355
 Sarah 238
 Thomas 237, 358
 William 109, 358
 Matteson Jeremiah 355
 Phebe A. 355 c
 Maverick Samuel 106
 Maxfield Peter 503 c
 Mead Elizabeth 507 c
 John 507 c
 Joseph 507 c
 Mary 507 c
 William 507 c
 Meers Garison 353
 Merchant Abijah 238
 Elizabeth 109, 110
 Lydia 353
 Merriam Joseph 358
 Merriam Deborah 237, 357
 Nathaniel 358
 Merwin Deborah 237, 357
 Samuel 357
 Micou Anna 240
 Catherine 240
 Clara 240
 Henry 240
 James 240
 John 240
 Margaret 240
 Mary 240
 Paul 240
 Richard 240
 Samuel 240
 William 240
 Miles Almiton 109
 Frances 109
 John 109
 Miller John 238
 Margaret 238
 Mills Abigail 352
 James 352
 John 351, 2
 May 236, 351
 Richard 351
 Robert 351
 Sarah 351
 Titus 504 c
 William 352
 Mind Alice 501 c
 Mirick William 110
 Moore f. Jane 109
 More f. Kezia 506 c
 Morehouse James 107
 Morgan ——— 240
 Evert 106
 Henry H. 507 c
 Thaddeus 112
 Zedekiah 506 c
 Morris Samuel 109
 Morrison Mary 355
 Morse Benaiah Y. 507 c
 Moss John 112
 Sarah 112
 Mould Hugh 108
 Susannah 108-9
 Mullicar John 354
 Munson Ennice 110
 Muxom Edmund 109
 Samuel 109
 Nash ——— 235
 Mr. ——— 505 c
 Edward 356
 Eunice 112, 356
 John 110, 356, 505 c
 Newcomb Elizabeth 504 c
 Embling 504 c
 John B. 352, 502 c
 Joseph 504 c
 Simon 353
 Newton Alice 505 c
 Nichols Aaron 238
 Ann 108
 David 238
 Ephraim 238
 Francis 238, 351
 Ignatius 238
 Isaac 238
 Salray 108
 William 108
 Nickerson ——— Oct.
 Abijah 356
 Barrack 256
 Dinah 356
 Enos 356
 Ezra 356
 Hannah 356
 Har-el 356
 Isaac 356
 James 356
 John 109, 356
 Jonah 356
 Joseph 356
 Mercy 356
 Nathaniel 356
 Samuel 356
 Sarah 356
 Seth 356
 Thomas 356
 William 355-6

GENEALOGICAL INDEX.

- Nonquier Anthony 239, 352-5
 North David 110
 Norton Isaac 506
 Joseph 504
 Lucia 505
 Lydia 504
 Rachel 504
 Ruth 110
 Thomas 110
 Oakley Rhoda 236
 Thomas H. 236
 Ogden John 353
 O'Kelly David 238
 John 238
 Olmstead James 239
 John 239
 John W. 239
 Joshua 239
 Lemuel 239
 Nathan 239
 Richard 239
 Olney Abigail 358
 Anne 112, 507
 Thomas 112, 507
 William 358
 Osborn Anna 355
 Dorcas 350
 John 355
 Jonah 350
 Osgood Abigail 503
 Appleton 503
 William 503
 Owen Rosetta 239
 Paine Mary 355
 Philip 110
 William 110
 Pardee — Oct
 Silas 240
 Parker Christina 113
 Eliphalet 113
 Hope 240
 Jane 500
 Parmelee Asahel 357
 Jeremiah 357
 John 505, 507
 Rhoda 357
 Stephen 357
 Parsons Jemima 111-2
 John 113
 Lois 113
 Mary S. 112
 Samuel 112
 Sarah 113
 Pattison Edward 113
 Elizabeth 113
 Peabody David 501
 Pearce — 235, 350, Oct.
 Aaron 502
 Alvah S. 502
 Benoni 502
 Charles W. 502
 Daniel 502
 Edward H. 236, 502
 Edwin M. 502
 Ephraim 502
 George 502
 Henry 502
 Henry J. 502
 James M. 502
 James S. 502
 Jeremiah 502
 John 502
 Jonathan H. 502
 Lorenzo P. 502
 Nathan 502
 Nathaniel 502
 William 502
 William H. 502
 Pease y James 353
 Pees — Lemuel 353
 Mary 504
 Matthew 353
 Nathaniel 504
 Samuel 353
 Thomas 504
 Peck — Oct.
 Abel 240
 Benjamin 507
 Eleazer 240
 Esther 240
 Henry 240
 John 240
 John C. 507
 Jonathan 240
 Joseph 504, 507
 Ruth 350
 Samuel 111, 352
 Sarah 504
 Stephen 240
 Susannah 240, 504
 Peffers Aaron B. 507
 Peine Henry 354
 Pender William 354
 Penfield — Oct.
 Levi 507
 Peter 507
 Pennell Lewis 507
 Penny — Oct.
 Pepper — 235, Oct.
 Lucy 237
 Perine Henry 354
 Perkins Abigail 10
 Simeon 357
 Triphena 357
 Perry — 235, 350, Oct.
 Abigail 352
 Abner 238
 Arthur 352
 Benjamin 109, 239
 Bethia 109
 David 352
 David C. 507
 Deborah 109, 237-8, 357,
 501
 Ebenezer 109, 237-8
 Edward 357
 Edmund 109, 501
 Eldad 352
 Eliakim 238
 Elijah 237
 Elisha 237, 501
 Elizabeth 237-8, 352, 501,
 501
 Esther 115
 Ezra 109, 109, 235, 237,
 350-2-7, 501, Oct.
 Experience 237
 Freelove 109
 H — P 501
 Hannah 109, 357
 Ichabod 352
 Jacob 237
 Jemima 501
 Johanna 237, 501
 John 109, 237, 352, 501
 Joseph 352
 Josiah 238
 Lydia 501
 Margaret 357
 Martha 352
 Mary 109, 237-8, 352,
 501, 500
 Mehitable 501
 Mercy 237-8
 Meribah 238
 Moses 352
 Nathan 237-8
 Nathaniel 238
 Patience 109, 352
 Prince 352
 Rebecca 109, 332
 Remember 109, 238, 352
 Samuel 109, 237, 352
 Sarah 109, 238, 352
 Seth 238
 Silas 352
 Susanna 238
 Thomas 238, 501
 Timothy 237, 352
 Zachariah 352
 Peters John 505
 John S. 506
 Phebe 504, 505
 Phelps Elisha 239
 Hilpha R. 239
 Philleo Samuel 351
 Phillips John S. 239
 Picket Ephraim 506
 Plank William 503
 Platt Luania 237
 Sarah 111
 Plumer Mary 506
 Pope Deborah 501
 Elnathan 501
 Hannah 501
 Isaac 353, 501
 John 501
 Lemuel 501
 Margaret 501
 Mary 501
 Rebecca 501
 Sarah 501
 Seth 109, 501
 Susanna 501
 Thomas 501
 Porter Elijah 357
 Henry 110
 Hezekiah 506
 James 110
 Joseph 506
 Joshua 109

GENEALOGICAL INDEX.

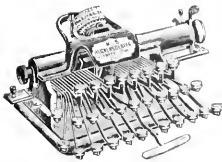
- Melitta 109
 Seth 110
 Thomas 110
 William 110
 Post Robert 505 c
 Potter John 112, 507 c
 Sarah 112, 507 c
 Pratt Mary 109
 Prence Rebecca 109
 Prescott Rebecca 111
 Preston Ebenezer 239
 Eliasaph 237, 357
 Joel 239
 Sarah 352
 William 352
 Price Lemuel 352
 Primus Johnathan 503 c
 Prince Mercy 238
 Thomas 238
 Prindle Abel 107
 Putman DeWitt C. 106
 Quintard Isaac 351
 Rall John 504 c
 Ramé Elizabeth 351
 Ranfield Hannah 355
 Rathbone Martha 113
 Raymond David 501 c
 Riley 110
 Reynolds J. Eli 107
 Reynolds J. Peter 505 c
 Samuel 238
 Thomas 238
 Read Benjamin 507 c
 Reeves Sara 351
 William 351
 Rejerse Avis 502 c
 Resseguié Alexander 352
 Rhodes Jarvis 351
 Sarah 502 c
 Rice Abigail 115
 William 115
 Rich Ruth 111
 Richards Mr. — 111
 Rider Elsiebeth 109
 Hannah 109
 Joseph 355
 Patience 109
 Rebecca 109
 Riley Asher 357
 Submit 357
 Ring Lucy G. 355
 Ripley David 503 c
 Robards J. Elizabeth 240
 Roberts J. Jemima 501 c
 Mary 238
 Thomas 238
 Rockwell Elizabeth 355
 Rogers — 351
 David B. 507 c
 Mary 507 c
 Medad 507 c
 Theodore D. 502 c
 Ross Mary 353
 Rowland Cynthia 236
 Daniel 236
 Lucera 236
 Roy Jeanne 240
 Margaret 240
 Mungo 240
 Royce Isaac 110
 Ruggles Benjamin 503 c
 Edward 503 c
 Jerusha 503 c
 Thomas 503 c
 Ruscoe Samuel 353
 Russell Eunice 113
 John 356
 Ralph 356
 Rutter Deborah 353
 Ryland Samuel 110
 Sabin Seth 503 c
 Sage Rebecca 357
 Sanders, see Saunders
 Sanford Benjamin 353
 Ely 240
 Sarson Ann 504 c
 Saunders Anna 237
 Charles 506 c
 Deborah 352
 Saxton Anna 240
 Dan 240
 Ebenezer 240
 Hannah 240
 Jehiel 240
 Jerusha 239, 240
 John 240
 Joseph 240
 Liddia 240
 Lucy 240
 Mamee 240
 Mary 240
 Sarah 240
 Sibbel 240
 Scott Mr — 240
 Margaret 240
 Paul 240
 Seabrook Mary 352
 Robert 352
 Sarah 352
 Seers Joseph 109
 Richard 109
 Silas 238
 Severans Abigail 109
 Seymour Harriet 357
 Thomas 357
 Zebulon 357
 Shaffer Siegmond 108, 239
 Sharpe Benjamin 354, 503 c
 Elijah 503 c
 Rhoda 354
 Robert 354
 Sophia 354
 William C. 106, 235
 Shepard James 357
 Sheiman Chloe 111
 Elizabeth 111
 Isaac 111
 John 111
 Martha 111
 Mehitabie 111
 Oliver 111
 Rebecca 111
 Roger 111
 Sarah 111
 Will 111
 Sherwood — 235, 350, Oct.
 Abel 501 c
 Abel M. 236
 Betsey 236
 David 501 c
 Eunice 236
 Harriet 236
 Matthew 355
 Molly 237-8
 Jabez 236
 Joseph 236
 Sarah 355
 Thomas 355
 Simons Hendrickje 503 c
 Skiff Patience 501 c
 Smith Abner 112
 Benjamin 504 c
 Chileab 504 c
 Comfort 355
 Dorcas 504 c
 Elizabeth 113, 501 c
 G. Brainard 106, 235, 350,
 Oct.
 Gordon 355
 Jarvis R. 355
 Jedidah 353
 Joan 504 c
 John 352
 Jonah G. 355
 Joseph 107, 357
 Joshua 504 c
 Lydia 353
 Matthew 355
 Moses 106
 Rebecca 110
 Robert 352
 Samuel 355
 Thomas 113, 239, 355
 Snow Mr — 503 c
 Arthur 353
 Spalding J. Hannah 112
 Spaulding J. John 112
 Joseph 112
 Ruben 503 c
 Samuel 112
 Sarah 112
 Sibel 112
 Stephen 112
 Susan 112
 Spencer — Oct
 Miss — 355
 William 109
 Spicer Miss — 239
 Spink Abigail 502 c
 Standley J. — 240
 Stanley J. —
 Stannard John 239, 355
 Joseph 239, 355
 Stansbury Abraham O. 507 c
 Staples Abigail 238

GENEALOGICAL INDEX.

- Starkweather Nathan 509
Richard 506 c
- Starr Abigail 238
- Stebbins Joseph 109
- Steele Mary 112
- Stephens Aza 236
Ezra 107
John 107
Robert 503 c
- Stevens Aaron 112
Amos 507 c
Benjamin 236
Mary 236
Timothy 110
Zadoc W. 236
- Stillman George 110
- Stilwell Antone 503 c
Richard 502 c
Thomas 503 c
- Stoddard Mary 506 c
- Stone Hannah 503 c
Jehiel 108
Mary 108
Ursula 506 c
William 503 c
- Storrs Samuel 109
Sarah 109
- Stoutenburg Wyntje 503 c
- Stowe Mary 108
- Stowel wid. ——— 504 c
- Strong Asahel 504 c
Betsey 111
Chloe 504 c
- Studley ——— 240
Noah 110
- Sturges Edward 238
Fear 109
Samuel 109
- Sumner John 353
Samuel 503 c
- Sutliff John 110
Lucy 110
Nathaniel 110
- Swift Abia 504 c
Dinah 238
Ephraim 109
Heman 112 504 c
Isaac 504 c, 505 c
- Swords ——— 235, Oct.
Joseph F. 114
William 110
- Taber Esther 109, 237
- Talcott Ann 111
Eunice 111
Hezekiah 111
Jemima 111
John 111
Rachel 111
Rhoda 111
- Taylor Ann 238
Deborah 237
Elizabeth 238
Eliud 237
Hannah 238
Irene 237
- James 507 c
John 238
Joseph 238
Laura 238
Martha 238
Mary 238
Mercy 109
Molly 237
Nathan 237
Noah 237
Phineas 237-8
Rhoda 111
Richard 110, 238
Ruth 238
Silas B. 237
Thomas 111, 237
- Thacher Elezabal 109
John 109
- Tharp Adwert 106
- Thomas Benjamin 108
Dyar 108, 109
George 108
George H. 108
Isaac 108
John 108
Joseph 109
Nabby 108
Peleg 108
Phelie 108
Polly 108
Rowland 109
Sally 108
Tabitha 108
Weighty 108
William 108
- Titus John 111
- Tobe(y) Seth 352
Thomas 109
- Torrey Ann 353
- Towner Abraham 107
- Tozor Richard 235
- Trap Abiah 353
Elizabeth 353
- Treadwell ——— Oct
- Trowbridge ——— Oct
Daniel 503 c
Samuel 507 c
Susannah 354, 503 c
William 354, 503 c
- Trucks John 108, 239, 505 c
Kate B. 108, 505 c
- Truesdell Ebenezer 350
Harvey 503 c
Jeduthan 356, 503 c
Joseph 350
Sarah 503 c
Silas 503 c
Stephen 350
- Trumbull Jane 505 c
- Tryon Clarissa 506 c
- Tucker Elizabeth 502 c
- Tupper Bethia 352
Experience 357
Robert 357
- Turner Mr. ——— 350
- Tyler Abraham 508 c
- Eunice 505 c
- Upson Daniel 113
Jesse 113
John 113
Stephen 113
Thomas 113, 357
- Van Der Beek Remi 502 c
- Van Meter Allen R. 108, 239
Ann R. 505 c
Elizabeth 505 c
Henry 505 c
Henry L. 505 c
James 50 c
Joel 505 c
John 108, 505 c
Joseph 505 c
Joseph E. 108 5 5 c
Sarah E. 505 c
Thomas H. 5 5 c
- Van Name Sarah 503 c
- Van Voorhies Jan 502 c
- Vaughn Mr. ——— 502 c
- Venter Sarah 506 c
- Vincent Francis 354
John 354
- Vinson Abigail 504 c
Mary 504 c
Thomas 504 c
- Waddell Mr. ——— 240
- Wade Amasa 239
- Wadsworth ——— 355
Joseph 110
- Wakely Henry 111
Richard 111
- Wakeman David 356
Hellena 239
John 110, 239
- Walker Catharine 240
- Ward Andrew 108
- Wanzer ——— 235, Oct.
Perry 108
Polly 355
- Warner Albigeance W. 503 c
Isaac 506 c
Jared 503 c
Mercy 506 c
Sarah 354
Thomas 238
- Warren Betsey 110
- Washburn ——— 235
Jonathan 109
Margery 238
- Waterberg Joseph 351
- Waterman Alice 112
Almira 112
Amaziah 112
Benjamin 112, 507 c
Benoni 112, 507 c
Benoni C. 112
Henry P. 112
Herbert 112
John 112, 507 c
Nathaniel 112
Resolved 112 507 c
Richard 112, 507 c

GENEALOGICAL INDEX.

- Way Amanda 237
 Webb Joseph 351
 Nathaniel 357
 Webster Elijah 353
 Weed Ebenezer 351
 Gilbard 109
 Mehitable 501 c
 Mercy 237
 Wellman Barnabas 112
 John 112
 Paul 112, 356
 Wey Abigail 503 c
 Wheldon } Catone 110
 Whelding } Gabriel 110, 238
 Wheldon } Henry 110, 238
 John 110, 238
 Jonathan 109, 110
 Mary 238
 Ruth 110, 238
 Sara 110
 Thomas 109, 110
 Wheeler ——— Oct.
 Abigail 112
 Clarissa 355
 Ephraim 355
 Hannah 353
 Job 355
 Marah 352-3
 Samuel 353
 Whelpley Isaac 106
 Wheten Jehoiada 504 c
 White Daniel 108, 109
 Hugh 108
 Isaac 108, 109
 John 108, 109
 Joseph 108
 Laurinda P. 109
 Moses 109
 Nathaniel 108, 109
 Rachel 108
 Ruth 108
 Susannah 108
 Whiting N ——— 107
 Whitney Mrs. ——— 503 c
 Amity 115
 Zachariah 503 c
 Whittemore Isaac 115
 John 238
 Mary 238
 Wicker John 112, 507 c
 Sarah 112
 Wilcox Albert H., Oct.
 Josiah 110
 Salome 110
 Wildman Abigail 237
 Abraham 237, 355
 Ailah 237
 Ara 237
 Bennet 237
 Daniel 107, 237, 355
 Edward 237
 Edmund 237
 Elizabeth 237
 Ezekiel 237
 George 237
 Hannah 237
 Henry 237
 Ira 237
 Isaac 237
 Jacob 237
 John 237
 Jonathan 237
 Joseph 237
 Joseph E. 237
 Josiah 237
 Laura A. 237
 Luany 237
 Lydia 237
 Martha 237
 Mary 113, 237, 355
 Matthew 237, 506 c
 Mercy 237
 Mindwell 237
 Obadiah 237
 Philip 237
 Richard 237, 355, 504 c
 Sally 237, 506 c
 Sarah 237
 Thankful 237
 Thomas 237, 355
 Timothy 237
 Uz 113
 William M. 237
 Zillah 237
 Wileman ——— 235
 Willard Daniel 109
 Williams Abby 507 c
 Benjamin 111
 Betsey 507 c
 Elizabeth 113, 354
 Horace 507 c
 Iriusha 507 c
 Isaac 354
 Mercy 112, 507 c
 Norman 507 c
 Roger 112, 507 c
 Russell 507 c
 Sally 507 c
 Samuel 507 c
 Seth 507 c
 William 507 c
 Williamson Sarah 112
 Wilson Hannah 237
 Isaac 236-7
 Winchell Thankful 111
 Winslow John 108
 Witham Archibald 505 c
 Ebenezer 505 c
 Elizabeth 108
 Isaac 505 c
 Mary A. 505 c
 Sarah E. 505 c
 Thomas 505 c
 Witherell Hannah 505 c
 Wolcott Samuel 357
 Wood John 107 8
 Wooding Sarah 357
 Woodruff Mary 113
 Worth David 110
 John 504 c
 Sarah 353
 Wright Nancy 355
 Yale Elihu 357
 Young Eunice 506 c
 John 111, 506 c
 Youngman Ebenezer 110



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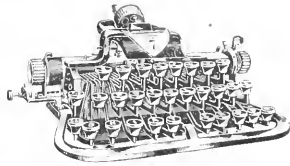
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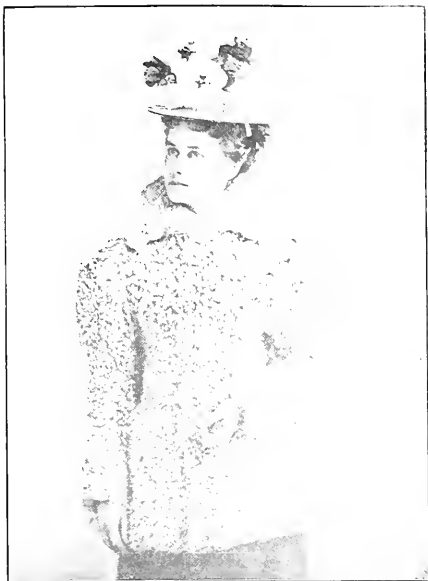


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