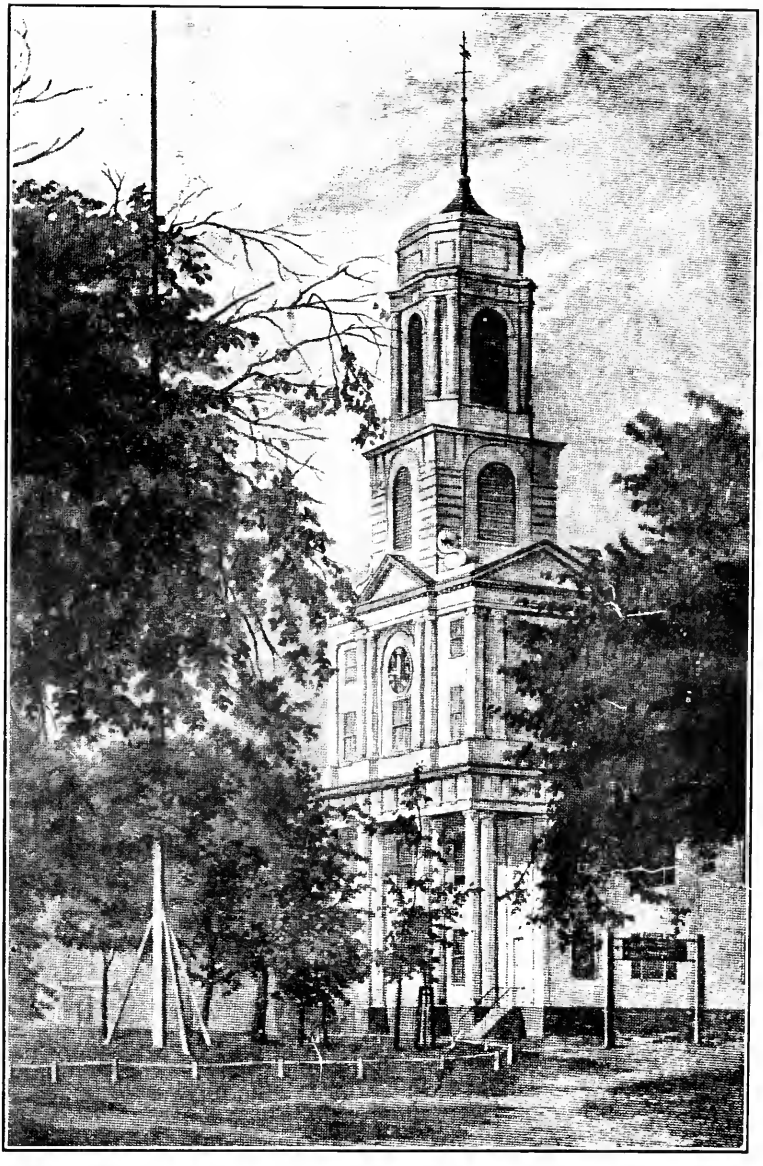


The "Old Church" 1812–1876 (*See page 34*)

EARLY NORTHAMPTON

"A breath of memory on the dust of time"

PUBLISHED BY
BETTY ALLEN CHAPTER
DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION
NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS
1914

THE F. A. BASSETTE COMPANY
PRINTERS
SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

Contents

Illustrations

*The pen and ink sketches, reproduced in *Early Northampton*, were drawn by Thomas Munroe Shepherd.

Foreword

THIS sheaf of Northampton history and reminiscence, garnered from the archives of Betty Allen Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and now inviting the attention of a wider hearing than that to which its contents first appealed, is but an echo of the long ago, borne across the centuries to those of today who care for the old times, the old ways and the records and belongings of our forebears.

Among the generous subscribers to the book who eagerly welcome its publication, are many who rejoice in Northampton as their birthplace and early home, or that of their ancestors, which indicates a reason for its compilation and that the volume will find a place, not alone on the shelves of the private and the public libraries for which it has been sought, but in the hearts of Old Northampton's sons and daughters everywhere.

THE ORIGINAL GRANTS OF LAND

The Original Grants of Land

In retracing the years intervening from the present time back to that far-away day before the first settlement of Northampton, the early history of the Connecticut Valley impresses one like some romantic tale, and but for our familiarity with it, through frequent recital by antiquarian, historian and poet, it might seem more of a myth than a reality.

When John Pynchon, Eleazer Holyoke and Samuel Chapin, of Springfield, petitioned the General Court of Massachusetts "that liberty be granted to erect a plantation about fifteen miles above on the Connecticut River," the Nonotuck tribe of Indians claimed all the territory on both sides of this beautiful stream, from the head of South Hadley Falls to Mount Sugar Loaf. The Indian name "Nonotuck" signifies "in the midst of the river;" and so these lands appear now, as the Connecticut, in its winding course, curves in and out among the points of the projecting meadows.

In their rude forts, built beside the river, or perched on sightly bluffs not far removed from it, the savages looked upon this wide domain as forever their own, if they failed not to give their portion of wampum to the Mohawk tribe of the Iroquois, farther to the west. For once a year, two Mohawk chiefs, after crossing the Hudson in their elm-bark canoes, followed the Hoosic River to its head waters, crossed the mountain range, and by way of the Deerfield to the Connecticut, visited the Indian villages of the valley, claiming tribute from all.

Into this wilderness home of the rightful owners of it all stalked the vanguard of our little band of ancestors. As the imagination pictures this pageant, of essentially Puritan make-up, thus intruding itself upon the ancient planting ground of the red man, one realizes that two hundred and sixty years is a marvellously short time for all the changes

which have been wrought here since the first white men built their log houses at Nonotuck.

Pynchon and his associates secured permission to "erect two plantations, one on each side the Connecticut River." The one on the east, with boundaries north and south similar to those of the Northampton grant, comprised the original territory of Hadley, settled in 1659. The prospective settlers of Nonotuck being, with one exception, residents of Connecticut, their petition to the General Court, with its twenty-four signatures, was supplemented by that of the Massachusetts men, Pynchon, Holyoke and Chapin, who later were chosen to lay out the plantation. Only eight of the original petitioners were included in the list of first settlers. Their names were Robert Bartlett, William Clark, William Holton, Edward Elmore, William Janes, William Miller, Thomas Root and John Webb.

In 1653, after permission had been granted them to make a settlement at Nonotuck, a few of the men came up to look over the ground, for which Pynchon agreed to pay the Indians one hundred fathoms of wampum, ten coats, a few small presents and the plowing of sixteen acres of meadow land. But they went down to Springfield for the winter, returning again in the spring of 1654, the recognized date of actual settlement.

The original territory of Northampton embraced, besides its present area, the towns of Southampton, Westhampton, Easthampton and parts of Hatfield and Montgomery; it extended from The Great Falls—now the site of the Holyoke dam—on the south, north to the Hatfield line, and westerly, into the woods, nine miles; the Connecticut River marked the eastern boundary. On the south, Springfield, Windsor, Hartford and Wethersfield were comparatively near; Lancaster, eighty miles away, being the solitary habitation of white men to the east, until the settlements in the vicinity of Massachusetts Bay were reached. The nearest western neighbors were the Dutch at Albany; while to the north, one; would needs find Canada, and the French occupants there, to meet with signs of civilization in that direction.

Many early New England towns were settled as a result of troublous times in the churches, at the former homes of the pioneers. This was the case when Thomas Hooker brought his people from Cambridge and Dorchester to Hartford; and when John Russell, Jr., of Wethersfield, piloted his disaffected flock, with others from Hartford, to Hadley. But Nonotuck seems to have drawn her settlers by her "pleasing situation," by the very beauty and fertility of her fair meadows, and because the people who first came had felt themselves rather crowded on their former allotments. John Pynchon, also, in his petition to the General Court, while enumerating the advantages to Springfield of a new settlement to the north, and with a seeming tinge of loneliness felt at the solitary outpost, planted by his father at "Agawam," says: "We, being alone, may by this means have some more neighborhood." The pathos of this appeal must have touched even the stout hearts of the new comers at Nonotuck, and doubtless Northampton then, as now and during the intervening centuries, proved herself a good neighbor to the older town.

The sturdy band of pioneers, who in May, 1654, wended their way into what is now the City of Northampton, came, it is thought, by "the old cartway to Windsor," reaching Westfield from the south over Woronoke Hill where the Trading House stood, built in 1640 by Governor Hopkins of Connecticut, to carry on fur trading with the Indians. From Westfield their course lay through the present towns of Southampton and Easthampton, entering the new plantation by West Street, where they probably forded Mill River near the site of "Welsh End" bridge.

The first home lots were laid out on Pleasant Street; then on King, Hawley, Market and Bridge Streets, though these familiar titles were not in use until many years later. Hawley Street, named in honor of Major Joseph Hawley, who lived there in the 18th century, was first called "Pudding Lane,"—appetizing if not dignified; King Street, the home of John King, was named for him; and the town, also, before its first New Year had been ushered in, discarded

the name, Nonotuck, for that of his old home in England—Northampton. Pleasant Street, at one time known as "Prison Lane," and again as "Comfort Lane," was at first most suitably called "Bartlett Lane," for here Robert Bartlett, to whom, as stated by one chronicler, fell first choice, was granted his allotment on the west side of the street, near the meadow gate, of which he was the keeper. His was the first home lot inside the stockade, built in 1675 as a protection against the Indians. He, also, was one of the first whites killed by the savages when they attacked the town in 1676.

No settler acquired absolute title to his grant until he had occupied it four consecutive years. Each received a home lot of four acres, besides land in the meadows and sometimes on the uplands. The first division in the meadows allowed fifteen acres to the head of a family, three to a son, and twenty acres to an "estate of one hundred pounds." These allotments were seldom in one tract, and often were widely separated. The undivided land was called "the commons." It provided pasturage for the township, and "candlewood"—pine knots and roots—with which to light the rude dwellings by night, before candles came into general use. This latter privilege was more and more restricted as the pine trees became scarce, and finally was entirely withdrawn.

Only a portion of the meadow and outlying lands was divided at first, and the final abolishment of the commons did not come until 1756. Previous to this there were frequent divisions; additional allotments were made to settlers already established in the town, the amount of land received corresponding to the value of their estates, on the principle: "To him that hath shall be given." New comers were also thus provided for.

North of Robert Bartlett's lot, at the foot of Pleasant Street, on the right, were the home lots in the following order, of Edward Elmore, William Holton, Richard and John Lyman. These were the original settlers on the west side of the street, but there was enough land north of John

Lyman's, four years later, for the minister's lot of four acres. These home lots all extended back to Mill River. On the east side of Pleasant Street, beginning at the south, were located Thomas Mason, Thomas Root, William Janes, John Webb and Alexander Edwards. These grants occupied the land as far north as Main Street. It will be noted that six of the original eight petitioners received grants on this street; William Miller and William Clark, the other two, were assigned home lots, the first on King Street, and William Clark, who did not arrive until 1659 or '60, was one of the first to settle west of Meeting House Hill.

It is uncertain who accompanied these eight brave men, when they journeyed through the dim forest, and in the wilderness broke ground for their new homes. Probably Thomas Mason and the brothers, John and Richard Lyman, all of whom received original grants on Pleasant Street, were of the number. In 1658, when Rev. Eleazer Mather was chosen minister at Northampton, he was granted the lot, already mentioned, at the corner of Pleasant and Main Streets. It reached to Old South Street on the west. He was given, also, a very generous allowance of meadow land. Forty acres of land was "sequestered for a perpetual standing lot for the ministry," and is still in possession of the First Parish, the yearly income from it being devoted toward the payment of parish expenses.

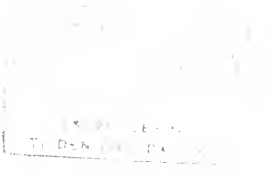
In 1689, Mr. Mather's home lot and house were sold by his heirs to John and Moses Lyman. In 1785, Seth Lyman sold a part of this to Judge Samuel Hinckley, who, about 1794, built the fine mansion which stood there until recent years, long owned and occupied by the late Major Harvey Kirkland. When Judge Hinckley bought of the Lymans, Dr. Levi Shepherd lived on what is now the north corner of River Street, which thoroughfare was not opened until many years later. Just north was his store; and in the rear a rope walk and buildings, where he manufactured duck for the Government, extended back to Old South Street. The original grants to John Webb and Alexander Edwards early came into the possession of the Strong family, descending

to Governor Caleb Strong, whose land stretched along Main Street from Pleasant Street to Hawley.

Samuel Wright, Sr., was granted an allotment at the corner of Main and King Streets. William Miller's lot on King Street adjoined this, and like all on that side of the street was bounded easterly by the Market Street brook. William Miller's descendants are soon to show their loyalty by dedicating a monument in the Bridge Street Cemetery to his memory and that of his wife, Patience.

The settlers on King Street were given two acres on the east side as home lots. Because these were but half the regular size, they received additional land on the other side of the street, above Park Street, and west of King Street brook. This tract—for good reasons, doubtless, called "The Forlorn Lots"—ran westerly to the base of Round Hill. North of William Miller was David Burt, who belonged to the prominent and numerous family of Burts in Springfield and Longmeadow. The late Henry M. Burt, one of Springfield's historians, who was of this family, lived in Northampton many years, being connected with local newspapers, and here he married Fanny, daughter of the late Seth Hunt. It is said that the house west of the Baptist Church, now owned and occupied by Dr. Higbee, is the original David Burt house, moved there from King Street many years ago.

John King came next to David Burt, occupying land historically interesting, both as the home of this important founder of the town, and later as that of the famous Dwight family, which furnished three presidents for Yale University. It is to be deeply regretted that the old colonial mansion, with its stairway brought from England by John King, which stood so long on this spot, having been built in 1751 by Major Timothy Dwight, should recently have been taken down. The destruction of this famous landmark emphasizes the imperative need of a movement being made at an early day, to preserve some of the priceless old houses still remaining in Northampton, on the elm-shaded streets, where our ancestors had their early homes.



Walter Lee's allotment was next north of John King's. Here in 1852, Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, was entertained for several days at the home of the late Erastus Hopkins. Thomas Woodford's, later made historic as the home of Northampton's famous preacher, Jonathan Edwards, was next north. The Whitney family, who lived here long afterwards for many years, was one of the most distinguished, not only in Northampton, but in New England. North of this sacred spot followed the home lots of Isaac Sheldon and Samuel Allen. The latter for over sixty-five years was the home of Joseph and Betty (Parsons) Allen, and the birthplace of their six soldier sons, all of whom, including Rev. Thomas Allen, of Pittsfield, known as the "Fighting Parson of Bennington," participated in the Revolutionary War. Joseph Root and John Allen occupied land still farther north on King Street.

Joseph Parsons, known as "Cornet" Joseph from his connection with the "Train Band," was another of the early settlers of the town. His home lot, with the original grant and subsequent purchases, included the space bounded by Bridge, Market and Union Streets and Bridge Street Park. Many of his descendants are still residents of the city, loyal to its ancient traditions. Two very old and interesting houses stand on this land. One of these on the north side of Bridge Street, occupied by Miss Anna Bliss, is thought to be the oldest in the city, and has been the property of her ancestors in the Wright family, for more than a hundred years. Previous to their ownership it was the home of "Cornet" Joseph Parsons and several generations of his descendants. Yet another Parsons roof-tree remaining on this old grant is the time-worn dwelling built in 1743, known in recent years as the "Chauncey Parsons place."* Beyond "Cornet" Joseph's boundary on Market Street, George Alexander, John Bliss, William Hannum and Henry Curtis received allotments. On the east side of Hawley Street were John Broughton and Thomas Bascom. Their lots were South of that of Joseph Fitch, at the corner of Bridge Street,

*Taken down in April, 1914.

whose land probably extended east to Pomeroy Terrace, including the sites of the old Washburn place, the Norwood building, the Butler, Cook, Lathrop and Clark residences. There were four grants on Hawley Street, south of Thomas Bascom's. These were the homes of Robert Lyman, James Bridgman, George Langton and John Stebbins. George Langton gave a part of his home lot to his son-in-law, Thomas Hanchet. William Hulbert, John Ingersoll, Thomas Salmon and Nathaniel Phelps had lots in the vicinity of what are now Gothic, Center and Park Streets.

Grants west of Meeting House Hill were made later than those already mentioned. New settlers continued to come from Connecticut and Springfield, but by 1660 the last of the original grants had been made. Up to this time no land had been sold by the town. On the contrary, special inducements were offered to secure new residents. Skilled men began to be needed, and those with some "estate." Lieutenant William Clark, one of the original petitioners for settlement, with Henry Woodward, who came in 1659 or '60, received the largest home lots that had then been awarded. They were of twelve acres each on the west side of Elm Street, and extended to Mill River. Lieutenant Clark's grant joined Woodward's near the corner of Elm and West Streets. In 1681, a negro slave from Brookfield was hung for burning the log house of William Clark, which stood about where now is College Hall of Smith College.

North of Clark's home lot was Edward Baker's. On the opposite side of Elm Street, Ralph Hutchinson, Nathaniel, son of William Clark, and Jedediah, son of Elder John Strong, had their holdings. It was Jedediah who for English money equivalent to $4.00 a year, "blew the trumpet" to call the pious settlers to religious service in the little log meeting house. This exercise may have developed a lung power conducive to longevity, for we read that at an advanced age he removed to Coventry, Conn., with his third wife—she who had been the Widow Mary Hart Lee, of Farmington. But, alas! a few years later, while returning to their Coventry home after a visit in Northampton, in

fording the Connecticut River at South Hadley Falls, she fell from her horse and was killed. Being experienced in, and inured to, widowerhood, Jedediah survived even this tragic shock twenty-three years, dying in 1733, at the age of 96. But there was a Jedediah left in the next generation, though the euphonious name seems not now to be perpetuated in the Strong family.

Rev. Eleazer Mather made an agreement when he came to Northampton that desirable settlers, whom he might influence to follow him, should receive generous grants from the town. These allotments to the new comers were made, however, through the liberality of those already here, practically every man in the town giving from one to six acres. Under this arrangement came Elder John Strong, David Wilton and Aaron Cook. They each received eighty acres of land, meadow and upland, besides a four-acre home lot granted by the town.

These lots extended from the present site of the Baptist Church to the old Samuel Parsons homestead. Elder Strong's lot was on the west side of the street, but in 1660 he bought of John Webb a home lot at the head of Old South Street that ran westward to the "Mill Lot," where was built the first grist mill in the town, near the present Gas Works. David Wilton's lot was east of Aaron Cook's, the latter occupying the present site of the Forbes Library.

Medad Pomeroy from Windsor and Jonathan Hunt of Hartford, settled in Northampton about the same time—1659 or '60—and it was agreed they should receive, beside their home lots, sixteen acres each, provided "they supply the town's need of Smithery and Coopery"—Pomeroy being a blacksmith and Jonathan Hunt a cooper. Later the Pomeroys for several generations were expert gunmakers; and Jonathan Hunt, besides running his cooper's shop, manufactured malt, beer then being considered one of the necessities of life. Medad Pomeroy was first alloted land north of "Cornet" Joseph Parsons, on Bridge Street, but it is doubtful if he ever lived there, for soon after he was awarded a home lot near the site of the present Edwards Church;

his former land was incorporated in the burying ground. He afterwards bought the holdings of his brother Caleb, on the west.

Caleb removed early to Southampton and was the ancestor of most of the Pomeroys there and in Easthampton. Later, Medad and his son Ebenezer were granted, or bought, more land to the east, until at the death of Ebenezer,—the father of General Seth Pomeroy—the homestead included the Main Street frontage from the Catholic Church on Elm Street, to Center Street. In the next generation, Seth Pomeroy's estate comprised the land extending west from this Center Street boundary, to and including the present Draper Hotel.

In 1672, Medad Pomeroy brought his aged father, Eltweed, from Windsor and took care of him in his home during the remainder of his life. Eltweed, the first of the Pomeroy family, and the progenitor of practically all bearing the name in America, came from Beaminster, County Dorset, England, and was prominent in the settlement of Dorchester. He and his children, in the new country, proved themselves worthy scions of the ancient stock.

Deacon Jonathan Hunt, known as the *first* Deacon Jonathan, was a grandson of Gov. John Webster of Connecticut. Governor Webster was one of the original settlers of Hadley in 1659, where he died in 1665. His grave is said to be the oldest in the Hadley cemetery. It is marked by an ancient red sandstone table monument and also by a later stone erected in 1818 by his descendant, Noah Webster, of dictionary fame. Like John King, Deacon Hunt was a native of Northampton, England. He settled at the upper corner of Prospect and Elm Streets. His son, Lieut. Jonathan, bought land on the opposite corner, of William Clark. This had formerly been granted to Jedediah Strong of trumpet fame—who had followed his son, Jedediah, Jr., to Connecticut—and to Samuel Smith. The latter early removed to Hadley.

The Burnham School building, erected by a descendant of Lieut. Jonathan, the Edwards place, and property adjoin-

ing, where Smith College dormitories now stand, all occupy this old Hunt homestead. In later life, Lieut. Jonathan Hunt removed to land that had originally been granted his father, and is thought to have built the house where Mrs. Sessions now resides. Captain Jonathan, his son, then came into possession of the more southerly homestead. Ebenezer Hunt, Sr., father of Deacon Ebenezer, was a brother of Lieut. Jonathan. Beyond the Hunt homesteads, Joseph Baker and John Taylor had their holdings.

In 1681, Rev. Solomon Stoddard, the second minister in Northampton, received from the Town four acres situated on the eastern side of Round Hill, near the junction of Henshaw Avenue and Crescent Street, but he did not occupy it, three years later purchasing another lot south of this, and building where now is the home of Mr. Henry Hinckley, on Prospect Street. In 1726, the town sold the remainder of Round Hill to his son, Colonel John Stoddard, for forty pounds.

South Street began to be settled about the time that the first homes were established on Elm Street. A swamp lay where now are Maple and Fruit Streets. This was granted to Joseph Parsons, William Miller and David Burt. The Parsons house standing on lower South Street, so well described by Miss Harriet L. Kneeland in her interesting pamphlet, entitled "Some Old Northampton Homes," is of more recent date, but is on the original grant and has always remained in possession of the Parsons family. Betty (Parsons) Allen was doubtless born on or near this spot, for her father is said to have owned all the land from Colonel Williams' place to Maple Street. William Miller, David Burt and George Sumner had lots extending easterly to Mill River, including the present homesteads of Colonel Williams and Mr. A. T. White.

On the west side of South Street, nearest Mill River, was the first lot sold by the town. This site was the home of the Kingsley family for more than two hundred years. William Smead's and Ralph Hutchinson's grants were south of Kingsley's. Still beyond lived John Searle and Nathaniel

Clark. These complete the general list of grants to the settlers. By the year 1660 fifty-seven men had received home lots, and the town had a population of between three and four hundred.

The thoroughfares in use up to that time were hardly more than lanes, following haphazard lines approaching the log dwellings of the early settlers. February 26, 1660, the first order was issued for the laying out of streets. West and Green Streets were the ones mentioned, but they did not then receive these names. West Street to this day is often spoken of as "Welsh End," by which it was originally known, because it ended at the house of Alexander Edwards, who was a Welshman. Green Street gave access to the "Upper Mill." Lieut. William Clark laid out this roadway, for which the town granted him twenty acres of land and the necessary labor. In old times Elm Street was called "New Boston," Prospect Street, in contrast, was dubbed "Cow Lane;" and South Street, "Licking Water." It was not until 1826 that the old streets were given the titles familiar to us now.

Different sections of the meadows early received distinctive names, which have clung to them to the present day. In the bend of the Connecticut, above Shepherd's Island, is "Old Rainbow," with its suggestive curve in the land, caused by the winding stream. "Young Rainbow" adjoins it. "Bark Wigwam" has some Indian associations. "Venturers' Field" recalls the tradition of a family venturing, in 1652, to spend the winter in a cave in the bluff, near Pomeroy Terrace. "Walnut Trees" was farther east. The road leading from the foot of Pleasant Street to Hockanum Ferry traverses the "Middle Meadow." "Manhan" lies below South Street and enters territory now belonging to Easthampton. Adjacent is "Hog's Bladder," so called because of its shape. "Pynchon's Meadow," near the Southampton line, was granted by the town to Major John Pynchon, of Springfield, for his services in "erecting the plantation at Nonotuck."

The outlying, more remote parts of Northampton, for

a hundred years after its settlement, were mainly unbroken forest, undisturbed except by the stealthy tread of the red man, or by some mighty hunter from the stockaded village, who, like John Webb, sought the fur-bearing or toothsome animals in the lonely, primeval wood.

But before the middle of the 18th century, adventurous spirits began to found homes in what is now Southampton. In 1732, a road was laid out connecting this, then inaccessible region, with the center of the old town. It was not, however, until 1741 that her clinging mother and the Massachusetts General Court, agreed to Southampton's full fledged independence. Westhampton was incorporated in 1778. Easthampton, the youngest and nearest daughter, who set up housekeeping in 1785, has always seemed quite capable of taking care of herself, though the inevitable separation was long and stoutly opposed.

Thus our fathers, in the midst of privation and danger; with toil, courage, and faith in God, planted on the lonely frontier, the beginnings of this beautiful town; this "Paradise of America!" Our priceless heritage!

THE MEETING HOUSES

The Meeting Houses

Northampton, originally Nonotuck, was the second plantation established within the limits of Massachusetts on the Connecticut River. The first settlers—and there were but twenty families in all—only waited long enough to build themselves homes,—log huts at best—before they erected a meeting house.

Meeting House Hill, comprising the rising ground on which now stands the Court House, Savings Bank and First Church, has been the site of a house of worship since the settlement of the town. An old book of records contains an agreement whereby William Holton, Richard Lyman, Joseph Parsons, John Lyman and Edward Elmore were to build such a house. It was to be constructed of "sawen timber—twenty-six feet long, eighteen feet wide and nine feet high, from the lower part of the sill to the upper part of the raisens." There was to be one doorway and two windows. The roof was to be thatched. The door, windows and inside work were not included in this contract. The builders were to be paid fourteen pounds in work or corn. This building was completed in 1656.

At that time the forest primeval covered the entire hill. It was the second meeting house erected west of Lancaster, the first having been built at Springfield, in 1646, just ten years before. The first home lots were laid off on what are now King, Pleasant, Market and Hawley Streets. It is thought that the meeting house faced easterly from the brow of the hill, which was much more abrupt than now. It was used, not exclusively for public worship, but for all gatherings, as the town had need. During the first one hundred years meeting houses were not invested with the sanctity that pervades them at the present time, but were utilized for many purposes, secular and religious. As this was the first public building erected in the new town, it must in some respect differ from the log houses that sheltered the people.

Most of the dwellings of the pioneers were constructed of unhewn timber, squared at the ends. When it is considered that sawn lumber could only be procured by great manual labor, it becomes evident that the building was one of special importance. In this small, rude structure our fathers assembled to worship God, for six or eight years. There was little save location to distinguish it from the home of the settlers. Twenty families would make but a small congregation, and as they lived near each other, the blowing of a trumpet, or the beating of a drum, was sufficient to call them together. In 1663, this building was converted into a school house.

The town increased so rapidly that at a town meeting in 1661 it was voted to build a new meeting house, forty-two feet square, for which 150 pounds was appropriated. The committee in charge were William Holton and Joseph Parsons, who helped build the first one, with Ensign Wilton, Robert Bartlett, John Stebbins, and William Clark. The roof of the building rose from each side to a point in the center and was surmounted by a turret, for a bell. Sometimes a square platform with a railing surrounded the turret, on which the drum was beaten, or the trumpet sounded. In times of war a sentinel was posted here. Whether this house had gable windows, or not, is a question, but it was a custom to place such windows in this style of church, to light the galleries. It was located just west of the site of the first place of worship, and is believed to have stood in the highway nearly opposite the present entrance to Center Street.

It is thought that this meeting house had a wide door facing the south; opposite the door was the pulpit. There were four windows on each side: on either side of the pulpit may have been a few pews for the minister's family, the deacons and other dignitaries. Occasionally an individual was allowed to build a pew for himself. Two rows of benches, each capable of seating five or six persons, with a wide aisle between, covered most of the floor space. Hatfield, West Springfield, Wethersfield and New London had meeting houses at that period of the same style and dimensions. In

1663, a committee of seven was appointed by the town to see that the "meeting house be decently seated." They were instructed to consider age and estate. To every inhabitant was appointed a seat, and each person was expected to occupy it whenever divine service was held. In the house of God, the rank and dignity of every worshiper was distinctly marked by the seat assigned him on the Lord's Day.

In 1670, side galleries were added, and ten years later one was built across the front. In 1677, the meeting house was fortified against the Indians, several settlers having been killed and their homes burned. In 1682, nearly twenty years after the erection of this house, a bell was placed in the turret. The bell rope hung down into the broad aisle where the bell ringer stood. This second building served the people more than seventy years, but it had grown old and shaky—every year it was found necessary to spend considerable money in repairs, though not enough seems to have been done to arrest the hand of decay. Besides becoming more and more dilapidated it was altogether too small to accommodate the large and increasing congregation.

Therefore, in November, 1735, it was voted to build the third place of worship "seventy foot long and forty-six or forty-eight foot in width, with a steeple, or Bell Coney, at the end." This building stood in the present highway, with the steeple at the east end and was about on a line with the center doorway of the First Church of today. During the summer of 1736 the foundation was laid and preparation made for raising the structure in September.

When the frame work was nearly ready, an attempt was made to change the location, but the proposition was defeated, a vote being passed by the town that the "new meeting house shall be set at ye place where it is framing." In a week's time the entire frame work, excepting the steeple, was in place. Sixty-nine gallons of rum, thirty-four pounds of sugar, a number of barrels of cider, and several barrels of beer were required for the "raising." Notwithstanding the amount of intoxicants consumed, the laborious task was accomplished without accident.

There were three entrances to this building: the main one on the south, opening into the broad aisle; another through the steeple, facing east; the third was on the westerly side. The pulpit was on the north, opposite the main entrance, canopied by a huge sounding board which bore the date 1735. It was voted that pews should be made around the meeting house, and seats on both sides of the broad aisle. Accordingly twenty-five wall pews were built on the ground floor, and twelve on the inside of the narrow aisle. The pews were either square or oblong, with high, straight backs. The seats were hinged, so they could be raised to allow more room for the occupants when standing during prayers, or while singing. After twenty years all the benches were discarded, and the entire floor supplied with pews. Galleries extended along three sides of the house, reached by stairways in the southeast and southwest corners. There were five pews in the gallery, opposite the pulpit.

"Before this new meeting house was ready for occupancy its special need was emphasized in a most striking manner. A serious accident, most remarkable in its consequences occurred in the old meeting house. On Sunday, March 13, 1737, during the morning service the front gallery fell. The building much too small for the large congregation worshipping there, was filled in every part. The first great revival under the pastorate of Jonathan Edwards during which more than three hundred members were added to the church had not wholly ceased, and the attendance on church service was unusually large. About two hundred persons were in the gallery and immediately under it, but no one was killed or seriously injured.

"Severe frosts during the winter had affected the foundations much more than usual; the underpinning had been considerably disordered and the ends of the joists, which bore up the front gallery were drawn off from the girts on which they rested. The gallery seemed to sink in the middle and the people were thrown in a heap before the front door. The falling gallery seemed to be broken all to pieces before it got down, so that some who fell with it as well as those

The "Jonathan Edwards Church"
1737—1812

who were under it, were buried under the ruins and were found pressed under heavy loads of timber and could do nothing to help themselves. The congregation was sitting and the tops of the pews prevented the timbers from coming upon those who were under the gallery. The following Wednesday was set apart as a day of solemn worship to God and to praise his name for so wonderful and as it were miraculous a preservation."

There was a strong sentiment in those early days against men and women sitting side by side in the meeting house, consequently men were assigned to the right, and women to the left of the pulpit. In December, 1737, the town refused to allow men and their wives to be seated together. At the same meeting a committee was appointed to "seat the new meeting house," with instructions to consider first, man's estate, second, his age, and third, in respect to his influence.

A clock found its way into the steeple within a few years, but there is no record showing whether it was bought by the town, or presented by individuals. In 1740, Seth Pomeroy was paid 40 shillings for looking after the clock. The clock was wound by drawing up the weights, hand over hand, the winder standing directly beneath them. The rope attached was at least forty feet in length. In 1806, an apprentice of Mr. Nathaniel Storrs, while winding this clock, was killed by the falling of one of the weights, caused by the breaking of the rope.

After the completion of the fourth meeting house, the old one was sold to Josiah Dwight, who proposed moving it to the corner of Main and Old South Streets, and there fitting it up for stores or dwellings. When Mr. Dwight had moved it about halfway, popular sentiment against such sacrilege became so intense, that a subscription was raised, sufficient to indemnify him in part for the expense he had incurred; the old meeting house was then taken down and the material sold.

The bell which had hung in the second meeting house was moved into the third—or Jonathan Edwards Church, as it is better known. Here, as has been thought, it called

together the worshipers until 1760, when a committee was ordered to buy a new one, and to sell the old bell if possible, to the new church at Southampton. It was, however, bought by the Northfield church, doing service there until 1824. Another was obtained at once for the Jonathan Edwards Church, but was soon broken, and the town was called together to decide about replacing it. The fragments were sent to Fairfield to be recast. Later, when it again became unsatisfactory, an attempt was made to increase its capacity by enlarging the tongue. In many New England towns the church bell was rung at noon, and at nine o'clock in the evening. This practice prevailed in Northampton until the "Old Church" was burned, in 1876.

Mrs. James Morven Smith has discovered, among some old letters, mention which seems to indicate that about the year 1750, Old Northampton, England, presented to Northampton, New England, a bell for their church, with this inscription upon it:—

"I to the church the living call
And to the grave do summon all."

This gift, if actually made by the mother town in England, was doubtless in recognition of our ancestors having early substituted "Northampton" for "Nonotuck," as the name of their settlement.

As early as 1773 the town fathers again began to agitate the question of building a new meeting house, and for years the subject was discussed. Finally, in 1811, it was voted to erect the fourth house of worship to be used by the town. It was a great undertaking in those days, and the people hesitated long before committing themselves to an expenditure of fifteen or sixteen thousand dollars.

A committee of three, William Edwards, Abner Hunt, and Isaac Gere, was appointed to sell the pews to raise the necessary money. By this means $16,000 was secured from the sale of two-thirds of the house, and the committee reported that they had located the meeting house, partly on land belonging to the town, and partly on land of Dr.

Hunt, for which they had agreed to pay $1,200. This land extended from Main Street, down the hill to what is now State Street. It was low and swampy, and had been used as a pasture. The upper portion, ninety feet in the rear of the meeting house, was deeded to the town, in consideration of the $1,200; the residue was sold to Judge Joseph Lyman. This church stood ten feet in front of the present edifice.

The building committee—Joseph Cook, Abner Hunt, and Oliver Pomeroy, made a contract with Peleg Kingsley, of Brattleboro, "to build the house above the foundation, according to plans of Mr. Benjamin, in a manner equal to that of Dr. Emerson's house in Boston." The foundation stones were furnished by citizens at "75c for thorough ox team loads, and 58c for good horse team loads." A number of persons provided boards at $7.50 a thousand. The average price, per day, for labor was 87c; stone layers received $1.16⅔.

In November, a contract was made with Mr. Isaac Damon, famous as a builder of fine churches and bridges. This contract superseded that previously made with Mr. Kingsley, and Mr. Damon, making some changes in the original plans, completed the building, which was dedicated with elaborate ceremonies on October 28, 1812.

A clock showing three faces, was purchased for $1,200 and placed in the steeple. This did excellent service for sixty years, when a new one with four dials was substituted. In 1820, Mr. Benjamin Tappan, of Boston, presented the inhabitants of the town with "two large and valuable church stoves, which contributed much to the convenience and comfort." In 1826, Mr. Tappan also gave eighteen handsome lamps to be placed and used in the meeting house. In 1850, Mr. Eliphalet Williams presented the parish with an elegant chandelier. Gas was put in the house seven years later.

For twenty years the subject of a church organ was agitated. This was a great innovation and some of the older and more conservative people raised strenuous opposition

to it. But a contract was made eventually with Mr. Johnson of Westfield, and a very fine instrument was installed —the best in this part of the state. The pulpit was very high, almost on a level with the gallery; winding stairs led to it on either side. In 1862, it was lowered several feet. The "Old Church" was one of beauty, and became famous in Connecticut Valley history. Mr. H. S. Gere has written about it as follows:

"The greatest charm of the town and the one around whose memory the old timers most delight to linger was the 'Old Church.' There was a tender sacredness about it that touched the heart of the inner man. Its architecture seemed perfect and people never tired of looking at it. It was a pleasing object to look at both day and night and when the full moon shone upon its front, its charms were brought out with peculiar distinctness. If its architecture was pleasing, its painting corresponded. It was painted white as all country churches should be—symbolic of purity. It was the pride of the town, and, indeed of the people of all the surrounding regions. There it stood for sixty-four years a majestic edifice, lofty and grand, symmetrical in form, beautiful in appearance, dedicated to public worship, good morals and good government, a never failing benediction upon all the people.

"In the broad sunlight of a midsummer day, June 27, 1876, while thousands of people gazed upon the conflagration it fell a victim to the devouring element and was lost to view. Many who witnessed its destruction did so with heavy hearts and tearful eyes, for an object dear to them was passing forever away."

Smoke was first seen issuing from the clapboards, on the rear corner of the meeting house near the chapel entrance, at about half-past five P. M., and soon came in dense volumes from the ventilators and steeple; flames followed rapidly, although the fire department was speedily at work pouring fourteen streams of water upon the burning building. In a short time the flames enveloped the steeple, many eyes watching their progress with painful interest. The clock

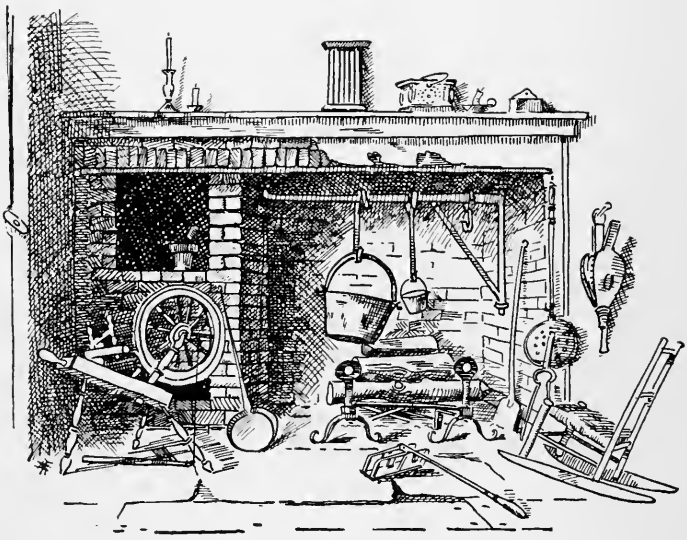
continued in motion until six o'clock; sounded the first stroke of the hour; then the minute hand swung back, hung downward for a few moments, when the steeple fell inward with a fearful crash.

The present handsome brown stone structure was erected immediately after the burning of the famous "Old Church," and was dedicated, Sunday evening, May 5, 1878, entirely free from debt. A beautiful steeple on the southeast corner contains the pleasant sounding bell which calls the citizens to worship, and the clock marking the passing of the hour. In this modified Gothic structure, with its Cathedral glass, Rose and memorial windows; its massive columns and high pointed arches; soft, warm tinted walls, and handsome cherry wood work, the descendants of the first twenty familes now assemble, to praise God and to thank Him for his manifold blessings.

Thus it will be seen that five churches, in all, have graced Meeting House Hill during the two hundred and fifty odd years since the pioneers builded their log shelters. How enduring the fame and influence of the old first parish will be, time only can tell.

"Give her of the fruit of her hands,
And let her works praise her in the gates."

OLD TIME LIVING



Foreword

With due apologies to John G. Saxe,
Who once wrote a satire, sharp as an axe,
And dealt severe and cutting whacks
    At American genealogy.
This error he made when he dared to deride
The plebeian blood of proud Miss McBride,
He gave her no *genuine* family pride,
Nor did he, alas! for the lady provide
    A proper mental histology.

Old Time Living

We dream of a room of long ago,—
—That living-room with its rafters low—
'Twas lighted and cheered by the wide hearth's glow,
And garnished by pewter dishes in row,
Adorning the top of the dresser;
Its sanded floor and its busy feet,
Its cradle-song, a lullaby sweet;
Its altar too, where the soul might meet
His God, as his Father Confessor.

The fireside peace of that old-time room
Has vanished with settle and dresser and loom;
The gleaming firelight has faded to gloom,
Its embers have fallen to ashes.
But dim remembrance brings us a dream
Of dancing firelight; anon we seem
To catch on memory's walls a gleam
That the olden fire-place flashes.

In place of that room—may I say it again?—
We boast of dining-room, parlor and den,
Of library, nursery, hall,—and then
We live in a constant flurry;
The telephone sounds, the door-bell rings,
We dwell in a maze of conglomerate things;
In place of work we have worry.

The kitchen that once was the heart of the home
Is now in the care of an uncertain gnome,
A nomadic creature, accustomed to roam,
Of foreign birth and extraction.
And New England kitchens no longer awake
The sweet, toothsome mem'ries of crullers and cake,
Of pies and preserves that mother could make,
Nor vary their goodness a fraction.

The kitchen now holds subordinate place,
Its genius, (Pray speak in the vocative case!)
A creature quite void of both wisdom and grace,
An exclamation provoker!
Then sometimes we sigh for days that are not,
And when the air and our tempers are hot,
We think of the back-logs' beguiling black spot
To punch, with tongs or with poker.

And so we have gone upstairs to dwell
Or consigned the kitchen afar, to the ell
And, connected therewith by electric bell,
We've managed in some way hard to tell,
To make it a room quite beneath us.
Those honored sires have left record of rank,
Their meadow-land, their wealth in the bank;
Their kitchen they did not bequeath us!

But you may be certain, D. A. R. friend,
Your feminine line you can't ascend
Without good reason to apprehend
You'll find it tied at the further end
To a home-made kitchen apron;
And you will rejoice, if your fancy has wing,
That your family line began with a string
That encircled so worthy a matron.

This great-grandma of yours could brew and could bake,
She could make a fine loaf of old 'lection cake,
And serve you a hotch-potch that Ceres would take
And praise the gods for the mixture.
She'd boiled-cider apple-sauce, beans and brown bread
Of real "rye and injun," or samp in its stead;
And our forebears never went thirsty to bed—
The tankard of ale was a fixture.

And think of her well-filled larder at hand!
Improvident matron, you must understand
She'd six months' provisions quite, at command
Though ignorant still of aseptics.

She'd a barrel of pork and a barrel of beef,
Salt fish and sausages, past all belief,
Suet and tallow; enough lard to bring grief
To a thousand modern dyspeptics.

Her platters of sweet corn, dried pumpkin for pies
Adorned the door-step, regardless of flies,
And barrels of Baldwins and Northern Spies
Decayed in the cellar at leisure.
Potatoes and turnips, squashes and beets,
Red carrots, recording the summer's fierce heats,
And cider, fomenting the orchard's stored sweets,
Were there in o'erflowing measure.

And strings of dried apples, defiant of germs,
Preserves quite unknown to bacteria's terms;
Such cheeses! Our very presence affirms
These foods were void of bacilli.
Had half the bugs that stern science adorn
Existed in those days, we'd not have been born;
Instead of which, "Secundi Nulli."

The great brick oven was the matron's pride,
And once each week it was opened wide;
A huge wood fire was built inside—
For hours the flame was kept blazing;
When all the bricks were heated through
The coals were removed and the ashes too,
The chimney draught was closed in the flue,
And the heat within was amazing.

Beside the oven hung the long handled peel,
And this, when sprinkled with Indian meal,
Would take the dough to the leaves the hot depths conceal,
To the oven's fierce heat a concession.
The peel was considered a luck-bearing gift,
A boon to the housewife, an aid to the swift,
A sign of utility, plenty and thrift,
And always a bride's proud possession.

Then into the oven went brown bread and pies,
And pots of baked beans that were ample in size;
The numbers of pastries would cause some surprise
To this refined generation.
Behold apple and pumpkin, squash and mince,
Both custard and cream of various tints;
Our grand dames in this line were generous, since
For pie they had real veneration.

It paved the way to their liege lords' hearts;
And whether 'twere served in discs or in tarts,
'Twas classed in those days with the crafts and the arts,
And proved "a bait" most beguiling.
For where is that man of New England birth
Who values not pie at quite its full worth;
To whom, if not even suggestive of mirth
At least 'tis a good cause for smiling?

* * * *

And so she spread her bounteous board
As indeed such a store-house could amply afford
And filled both bowl and charger
With many a steaming savory dish
Of porridge and samp; of stews and of fish,
Ragouts and vegetables; no one could wish
The fare or the welcome larger.

At head of this board sat hostess and host,
At right hand or left was honor's post,
The place of guests esteeméd most;
The salt divided the table;
Below this mystic line of cast,
A boundary line, not lightly passed,
Sat children, menials and last
The folk of dignity unstable.

And no course dinners in those old days,
—A fussy fashion of modern ways—
Were served by maids with tiny trays
In manner aristocratic!

But soups and vegetables, pastries and sweets,
With porridge and pie, preserves and meats,
The central ornaments or grand "conceits"
Convened in a way democratic.

When serving a fowl or a fish or a roast,
The carving was done by the dextrous host,
An art we've heard our sires did boast,
Whose terms were expressed with precision.
'Twas "Thrust a chicken," "Spoil a hen,"
And "Pierce a plover"—True gentlemen
Must "Break a goose." If beyond one's ken
He oft was held in derision.

A trencher apiece was rare in those days,
A deep extravagance, one of the ways
Of "putting on airs," the cause of delays
In unity and affection.
And so, o'er a single trencher bent
Two heads on a common thought intent,
Two spoons that constantly came and went,
Two souls with double digestion.

Or if, in harmony greater still,
From a central dish each ate his fill,
From mouth to dish and back at will
Plied spoons of wood or of pewter,
No thought of ill-manners would ever encroach
On the joy of the diners; no look of reproach
Would mar an expression quite neuter.

And so the sweet pumpkin stewed whole in its shell,
Or savory hotch-potch, our sires liked so well,
Or steaming corn pudding with seething and swell
Gladdened the heart of the table.
The pithy proverb that what we share
Alone brings joy, for the gift is bare
Unless the giver himself be there,
Was a fact and not a fair fable.

And when the bowl of foam-laden flip
Was passed around from lip unto lip,
Or from one tankard they often would sip,
They lived indeed as brothers!
But *now*, tho' we pledge from breakable glass
Our toast to your health, we drink it, alas!
Each one in the separate thought of his class,
As sons of alien mothers.

* * * *

Then if a guest by chance appeared
At meal-time hour he was not feared,
(Old time politeness was not veneered)
But he was welcomed gladly.
And was the dinner a little shy?—
In the soup more water, another pie,
And the obstacle bridged in the wink of an eye,
Sped the guest on his way to Hadley.

* * * *

Pray pardon this idle thought and return
To watch the glowing hearth-fire burn
And by its cheerful light to learn
The olden ways of cooking.
By iron crane, that product of skill
Of Yankee brains, the iron pot's fill
And brass kettle's, too, were suspended, at will,
By various arts of hooking.

And here was boiled the samp; the suppawn
Slow simmered and seethed till dark from the dawn,
For corn-meal products cook slowly.
A pot of "boiled victuals" together en masse,
A copper kettle of apples for "sass"
Cook calmly in state, like creatures of class,
While broiler with trivets, and brazier of brass
Crouched nearer the ashes, more lowly.

Sturdy Dutch ovens, well covered with coals,
Produced such short-cake, such biscuit, such rolls
As ne'er may be known to poor modern souls!
And the skillet cooked most famous hashes.
The towering toasting-forks, standing so tall!
Like aristocrats trying to overlook all
The humble viands; Pride sometimes must fall
And hide its head in the ashes.

How shall I show you the skimmers and pans,
The long-handled gridirons, opening like fans,
The caddies and spice-boxes and gay lacquered cans,
In a view that at best is dissolving?
The bake-kettles, jacks and little fire dogs,
Called creepers sometimes as they crouched 'neath the logs,
And live canines, too, trained turnspits, like frogs,
Who kept the roast meat revolving.

* * * * *

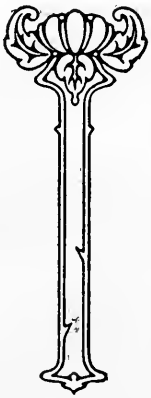
Thus in the days that once used to be
We love to climb in the family tree,
And read in our genealogy
Of those stirring days so martial.
We dream ofttimes with equal pride
Of gentle blood on the feminine side;
For cherished thoughts of the mothers abide
With memory impartial.

And so we have gazed on the homely ways
Of olden times; in the light of those days
Some dark shadows appear: The picture has grays
And sombre tints in its making.
Yet you delight to live once again
The lives of the fathers, those early years when
In hemp, or in homespun, your sires were the men
Whose hands one was honored in taking.

As you retrace your family line,
It *may* grow in perspective exceedingly fine,
But tho' you may find it ending in twine,
'Tis linen, and every thread twisted.

Perchance 'twas a string,—it never tied tea,
'Twas never a fetter to hinder the free,
It proved its texture in Seventy-three,
Its strength, by what it resisted.

Whether the threads were strong or fine,
Our various lines to-day intertwine;
The shuttle of years in the loom of time
Has woven your homespun fabric and mine
From lives that oft were prosaic.
But the pattern traced by the flying years,
Is 'broidered in letters of gold, my dears,
And *D. A. R.* is the name that appears
In tapestry, rich in mosaic.



THE EARLY SCHOOLS

The Early Schools

In the study of early Northampton the process of evolution is seen in many directions, and in nothing is it more marked than in the schools. The contrast between the primary teaching of the earlier and of the present time is as great as between the older scholars of that day and the students in our modern college.

We can but marvel that there were so many well educated people then. Perhaps their very disadvantages were a stimulus. The school houses were poor and uncomfortable; the furnishings, books and materials few and inadequate; often the teachers very inefficient and the discipline severe. These conditions may have been as productive of good mental results as was the ancient training conducive to physical strength. The injunction of the early New England parent who said: "Child, if God make thee a good Christian and a good scholar 'tis all thy Mother ever asks for thee" was as characteristic as that of her Spartan sister, who parting from her son on the eve of battle commanded him to "Return either with your shield or upon it."

The fact that from their meager resources the early fathers and mothers made such sacrifices for the training of their numerous children shows how highly they esteemed education. If, as the term implies, education is the development of the mind, rather than the accumulation of knowledge, the earlier methods, providing fewer helps to a short cut than do those of today, might have been more effective. Whether the finished product of the early days was inferior to that of our own may be subject for debate. That there were intellectual "giants in those days" cannot be denied.

The contrast was great between the attitude of the New England colonies toward education, and that of Virginia, as voiced by Governor Berkeley in 1670, when he said: "I thank God there are in Virginia no free schools nor printing, and I hope we shall not have; for learning hath

brought disobedience and heresy into the world." What was true of New England as a whole, has been especially true of Northampton, which has contributed her full share to the intellectual life of the last two and a half centuries. In its early history, New England was largely controlled by the Puritan ministers who felt, as one of them said, that "Unless school and college flourish, church and state cannot live."

This sentiment led to the early founding of schools in every community, and of Harvard and Yale Colleges. A law was passed in Massachusetts in 1647 which ordered "that every town in this jurisdiction, after the Lord hath increased them to the number of fifty house-holders, shall then appoint one within their town to teach all such children as shall resort to him to write and read, whose wages shall be paid either by the parents or masters of said children, or by the inhabitants in general."

In 1662, there were sixty-two male residents of Northampton. All of them owned "medderland" and all were house-holders. Consequently (January 28, 1664) "the Town voted to give Mr. Cornish sex pounds towards the schoole and to take the benefit of the scollers, provided that he teach sex months in the yeare together." By its vote the town, in accordance with the custom prevailing elsewhere, decided to combine both methods, part of the tuition to be paid by the town and part by the parents.

James Cornish, the first schoolmaster, lived at the corner of Main and Pleasant Streets, near the site of the present "Union Block," coming to Northampton from Saybrook, Conn., about 1660. The second meeting house having been erected, the first one was used for a school house. Like most of the settlers, Mr. Cornish was a farmer. After his engagement in 1664, there is no further allusion to schools upon the records until January, 1667, when another teacher was hired. Mr. Cornish later removed to Westfield. He was, without doubt, a man of considerable ability and standing in the community, as the title of "Mr."—then an honorable distinction—was prefixed to his name on the records. He

had a habit of profanity, which in those puritanical days was sometimes thought to border on blasphemy, for which he was brought before the court and fined in the summer of 1670. In town meeting at Westfield in opposition to something Captain Cooke had said, he answered, "As God lives, that which the Captain says is false." The court decided that such language was unfit to be used in ordinary matters, and fined him ten shillings. Again he was fined twenty shillings, the court "highly resenting that such an aged man, and of his quality and profession, should so dishonor God and give such evil example to youth and others."

Mr. Cornish's successor was William Janes, who came to Northampton in 1656. He was by profession a schoolmaster and had taught several years in New Haven. His home lot of two acres was the second on the easterly side of Pleasant Street. He was hired for one year and no mention is made of further service. The agreement entered into between the town and himself was as follows:

"1stly. For the year (1667) he is to have out of the Town stock Ten Pounds which the Townsmen promise to pay.

"2ndly. Fourpence per week for such as are in the primer and other English books.

"3dly. Six pence per week to learn the Accidence, 'wrighting', casting accounts.

"4thly. In case there be a neglect that they do not come constant, three days shall be accounted as a week."

Mr. Janes appears to have been a man of more than ordinary ability, and was considered sufficiently educated for the grade of schools he was called upon to teach. The early schooling in New England was of a very primitive sort. The only really educated men were the clergy. Textbooks were few and the course of study limited. The entire curriculum consisted in reading, writing, the "accidence" (or rudiments of English or Latin Grammar) and casting accounts. Primers for the younger scholars, psalter, testaments and Bibles for the older ones, who had learned to read, were the books most in use. The "Horn-Book" which

contained the alphabet, the nine digits, and the Lord's Prayer, all on one page, so-called because the cover was made of translucent horn, was employed to some extent in New England, but not much in Northampton. Spelling did not come in until later. Dilworth's Spelling Book, which became so popular in the next century, had not been introduced. The "Accidence" was somewhat used here, but the accounts of the early traders in Northampton do not record the sale of any such books. Arithmetic—"casting accounts" (as it was called) could not have been taught from books, as few treàtises on that subject had as yet found their way into these Connecticut Valley towns.

The New England Primer which succeeded the Horn-Book, was the most universally studied schoolbook ever used in America. More than 3,000,000 copies were printed, extending over a period of perhaps two hundred years. When any scholar had advanced beyond the Horn-Book and Primer he was ready for grammar, usually Latin. Lilly's was used in England, and probably here to some extent. One Latin Grammar had this sub-title: "A delysious Syrupe newly Claryfied for Younge Scholars that thirsts for the Swete Lycore of Latin Speche." The first English Grammar used in the Boston public schools was "The Young Lady's Accidence, or a Short and Easy Introduction to English Grammar, designed principally for the use of Young Learners, more especially for those of the Fair Sex, tho' Proper for Either." Less than a hundred years ago it is said of the small children in one school that "They go through the whole of Webster's spelling-book twice in a fortnight." The writing of the first century and a half was not good; but that of children at the close of the 18th century often looked like engraving.

It is evident that in 1668 the schools were not yet an established institution of the town, as the records of that year show that it was "voted by the town that they are willing to have a school-master for the year ensuing." In 1671 Mr. Solomon Stoddard and Elder Strong were appointed to treat with Mr. Watson "to see whether he could be atained

to come and settle among us for to carry on a school." It is not probable that he was engaged. According to the records, no further attention was paid to schools for five years, though from a notebook of Mr. Joseph Hawley's, who came here the year after graduating from Harvard, it is clear that he was employed as teacher in 1674 and 1675. In 1675–76, the school was open only about two months on account of the Indian Wars; except for that interval, Joseph Hawley taught at least eight years, during a period extending to 1685. He had between forty and fifty scholars, though not so many at any one time. His was the first school in town taught by a man at which it is known that girls were present. They were private pupils, no part of their tuition being paid from the public funds and presumably they were not present at the same session as the boys. Of these girls, eleven in number, two were taught writing at ten shillings each; among them were Mary and Hester Stoddard ("Hester" is probably *Esther*, who afterward married Timothy Edwards). For boys he charged fourpence a week, for reading and writing, and sixpence for Latin scholars. He again taught in 1688–89.

In 1787, Warham Mather taught the school. He also was a Harvard graduate and the first native born citizen employed in teaching. Every town containing one hundred families was required by law to support a grammar school, at which children could be fitted for college. Northampton had not acted upon this matter until 1688, though it is probable she had the requisite number of families for some time previous.

"At a legal town meeting, Jan. 2, 1688, the towne considering the need of a school-master that should be able to instruct children and youth in learning, and so be able to instruct such children as their parents desire to bring up to learning, to fit them for the College, that so they may be fit for the Service of God in the Church, or otherwise in the public; voted to give 20 pound out of the towne stock, this to be beside what may be raised on the scholars which shall

come to be taught by him; and ordered the Selectmen now to be chosen, to procure one that may be suitable for the service expressed, for the year ensuing." This provision was probably carried out, but the name of the teacher is not recorded.

In 1694, Mr. Stevens and Timothy Edwards were engaged to teach. Timothy Edwards was somewhat eclipsed by his greater son—Jonathan—but was himself an unusual scholar. When graduated from Yale he took two degrees in one day—"one in the forenoon and one in the afternoon, an unprecedented event." About this time the town assumed the entire responsibility of paying the schoolmaster. A new schoolhouse was built in 1694, probably near the junction of Main and King Streets in the vicinity of the old one. Other early teachers were Mr. Samuel Allis, in 1725, and Dr. Samuel Mather, who taught the children and practised medicine at the same time.

Some of the teachers from 1765–95 were Titus King, Elias Lyman, Enos Wright, Nathaniel Edwards, Ezekiel White, Seth Stone, Dwight Foster, Levi Lyman and Levi Lincoln. Titus King in 1766 was paid £19 4s. for his year's work. It is said that Master King sometimes dismissed his scholars by streets—in this manner: "Prison Lane, go; Pudding Lane, go; Alexander Lane, go," and so on. The "Proprietors' School" taught by Isaac Curzon, brought here from England by Dr. Levi Shepherd, was established in 1784, and continued until 1788. It was first opened in Elisha Alvord's shop which stood on the present Court House Park. Then the proprietors erected a building on King Street, about opposite the present easterly end of Dr. Roberts' house lot. This was one story and gambrel roofed. It was afterwards sold to James Ingols, the barber, moved to Market Street and used as a dwelling. The "proprietors" were Caleb Strong, Robert Breck, Quartus Pomeroy, Benjamin Tappan, Joseph Dickinson, Dr. Levi Shepherd and Dr. Ebenezer Hunt. The higher English and classical branches were taught. There were twenty-five pupils the first year, and afterward thirty-two. Girls were allowed

to attend this school—the first in the town to introduce coeducation.

The question of fuel seems to have been a troublesome one in the early days of the public schools. The parents were required to bring a load of wood from time to time, or failing to do so, were fined; and it was said of some schools that the children of the delinquents were often seated in the colder parts of the room, so that the "sins of the fathers were," literally, "visited upon the children."

In 1671, one hundred acres of land were set apart, the income from which was to be for the use of schools, and a few years later, more was reserved for the same purpose. For more than one hundred years the schools had been under the general supervision of the selectmen, but in 1759 a committee of six was chosen "who with the selectmen, were to have jurisdiction over all the schools in town."

In 1791, the town accepted a legacy bequeathed to it at the death of Major Joseph Hawley in 1788, consisting of nearly one thousand acres of land, the income from which was to be for the "support of a school." It was voted "that the town, in order to perpetuate the memory of their respectable and generous benefactor, do most seriously resolve that the principal of said legacy be considered as a most sacred deposit for the use and benefit, not only for the present but also for all future generations of the town. And that the same be forever kept good without any diminution thereof, and that the income arising therefrom, or so much thereof as shall be necessary, be appropriated for the support of the Grammar School in the said town. And that the said school be in the future called and known by the name of the Hawley Grammar School." The property was sold in 1818, when the fund was reported to be $3,240. In 1824, the school was discontinued and the income of the fund added to the general school appropriation. It is now $3,000, invested in the Northampton Institution for Savings. The original name is again most justly perpetuated in the grammar school built in recent years, on New South Street.

About the middle of the 18th century new schools were

established "in the remote parts of the town": on the "Plain" adjoining the Bridge Street cemetery; on South Street; at Pascommuck—at the foot of Mt. Nonotuck; at Bartlett's Mills—Easthampton; and in the second precinct. A school house was built at the last named place, the other schools probably being conducted in hired rooms. Another new school house was built at the center—still on the same spot—and a few years later one at "Lickingwater, on the south side of Mill River."

In the town records the following districts were mentioned in 1810:

Center District	Mountain
Plain	Warren
King Street	Hill
Lickingwater	Bridgman's
Lonetown	Roberts' Meadow

These districts were abolished in 1866.

March 16, 1797, "The selectmen visited the schools, found them under good regulations and were entertained with a variety of performances which demonstrated that the pupils were making happy progress in School Literature." In 1811, "It was ordered that females be directed to attend the Center English School from and after June 1st." In 1815, "The Selectmen and school committee met and voted that the mistresses schools shall stop keeping at the expense of the town, and that the school-master begin the first day of December and keep until the money furnished by the town is expended. It is expected that the school districts will recommend such men to keep their schools as are most agreeable to them. Messrs. Stoddard, Dwight and Gere were appointed to inquire what days will be considered legal holidays."

The Boys' High School was established, by special vote of the town, April 13, 1835, when a brick building was erected on Center Street, on land donated by Hon. Joseph Lyman. Boys of ten years and upwards were admitted.

Soon there were one hundred and fifty-four pupils enrolled. J. S. Fancher was the first principal. He had one assistant teacher and ten assistant pupils—or monitors, as they were called. Among the latter was Dr. J. G. Holland, afterwards so well-known as literary editor of the *Springfield Republican*, and who became famous as essayist, poet and novelist. The school flourished so well that in 1838 it had to be enlarged.

A number of boys who attended school only in winter were, between the years 1849 and '57, accommodated in a "convenient and substantial building erected at great expense" for this branch of the High School, near the old South Street Bridge. The principal was first called "second usher," and later, "Principal of the Winter Boys' High School." The late Joseph Marsh taught here one winter. The building was finally bought by the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company, and torn down about 1894.

In 1836, a Girls' High School was built near the site of the present High School. Six years later, through the generosity of Dr. Benjamin Barrett, one of the school committee, an important addition was made to the school yard in front of the building, which extended it to Main Street. The first teachers were Henrietta S. Smith, of Troy, N. Y., principal; and Elizabeth M. Strong, of Belchertown, assistant. The town had voted to admit "all females above the age of ten, and under sixteen." Latin, Greek, Chemistry, Astronomy and Geometry were the advanced studies in both schools. Vocal music was taught in the Girls' School from the first. Later, pupils from the Boys' School came over to this building for weekly lessons under a special teacher.

When Miss Dwight's school in the Gothic Seminary, which had been something of a rival of this school, was given up in 1848, the latter received, in consequence, many new accessions. Later in their history, both the Boys' and the Girls' High Schools were divided into higher and lower departments, when Miss Martha Damon became principal of the Boys' Branch. Miss Billings—afterwards, as Mrs.

Mead, principal of Mt. Holyoke College—taught at one time in the Girls' Preparatory School.

In 1852, the High Schools proper were united in the Boys' building on Center Street, which was used for this purpose until 1864. It was often called the "Union High." One of the early principals of this school was Rev. Hiram Bingham, Jr., son of the distinguished missionary to the Sandwich Islands, of the same name. Minerva Brewster, a sister of Major Henry M. Brewster of Springfield, was one of his pupils in the old school. Later, when she was an assistant in the Girls' Preparatory School, they became engaged, and a red-letter day came for the school children of the town when the schools were dismissed that they might attend the wedding of these young teachers, who later were to become so well known as devoted missionaries to the far away Micronesian Islands. The fitting out, by American Sunday-school children, of the famous ship—"The Morning Star," which bore Mr. and Mrs. Bingham to the field of their self-sacrificing labors, has long filled an interesting page in the history of this remarkable family, and of missionary work among the islands of the Pacific.

There was no public provision made for the education of girls in the early days of our country. Gov. John Winthrop wrote in 1640 in his History of New England:—"A godly young woman of special parts, who was fallen into a sad infirmity, the loss of her understanding and reason, which has been growing upon her divers years by occasion of giving herself wholly to reading and writing and had written many books. Her husband was loath to grieve her; but he saw his error when it was too late. For if she had attended to her household affairs, and such things as belong to women, and not gone out of her way and calling to meddle in such things as are proper for men whose minds are stronger, she had kept her wits, and might have improved them usefully and honorably."

Although so little was done for girls in the schools, their education,—left to their parents—was by no means neglected. Family instruction, dame schools—in which a

"gentlewoman" would take children to her own home—private schools and private instruction by public school teachers, were the steps leading to the door of the public schools. In the last method, girls were sent before, and after, the regular school hours, and perhaps during the summer months. Nathan Hale, in regard to his school in New London, wrote in 1774—"I have kept during the summer a morning school between the hours of five and seven, of about twenty young ladies," and this was not an isolated case.

A few, who were able, sent their daughters to school in Boston. Those who were capable often taught their girls at home,—a good example being the daughters of Timothy Edwards,—whose story has been interestingly told in *Scribner's Magazine* under the title—"Ten Co-Educated Girls 200 Years Ago." The author relates that the daughters were instructed in Latin and Greek, and that in the absence of their father, the older girls were left to teach the young men whom he was fitting for college. As both Harvard and Yale accepted "Mr. Edwards' students" without examination, the instruction must have been of a high order.

Girls were taught mainly reading, writing and sewing; and it was considered specially desirable that they be taught housewifely accomplishments also. The first allusion upon the public records of Northampton to the schooling of girls was in 1771, when an article was inserted in the warrant for the May meeting to consider the question of allowing females to attend the Lickingwater School. When the matter came up it was found that those who were to be benefited did not desire it, and so it was dropped. The effort was renewed in 1785 but with no more favorable results. For several years a bitter contest was waged—some who believed in coeducation, not favoring it at public expense. The advocates of the more liberal policy, however, slowly gained ground, and in 1792 the first vote providing for the education of females was passed by the town. "The Widow of William Butler, however, who came to Northampton 1794 says she found that girls did not

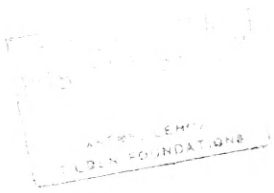
attend public schools in Northampton, tho' they did so in Pittsfield."

The question came up annually for ten years,—in 1799 the town refused again to appropriate any money for schooling girls. But in 1802, it was voted: "That school mistresses should be provided for female children under the age of ten years for five months; and that female children between the ages of 10 and 14 should have the liberty to go to the town schools under the direction of the selectmen for three months in the year—May 1 to Aug. 1,—for the purpose of being instructed in writing and the higher branches of education." From this time onward girls have had an equal chance with boys in the public schools. One writer says,—"The doors opened slowly, grudgingly. New England conservatism gave way upon this, as upon all school questions, reluctantly. It required nearly two hundred years from the founding of the first school to place girls on an equal footing with the boys."

One of the most famous early private schools for girls in Northampton was the "Gothic Seminary," established in 1835 by Miss Margaret Dwight and continued until 1848. The school was started in the house formerly standing at the corner of old Edwards and King Streets—the Dwight home at that time; earlier it had been the home of Joseph and Betty (Parsons) Allen. The Gothic building on Gothic Street was later erected to accommodate this school, and here were gathered two hundred girls, from far and near. It is said that Rev. Dr. John Todd, the first pastor of the Edwards Church, drew plans for the building. Miss Dwight, one of the seventeen children of Madame Dwight, and a great granddaughter of Jonathan Edwards, was a stately, dignified and scholarly woman.

According to her Fifth Annual Calendar in 1840 her assistants were: Miss Hetty Butler; Miss Jane Damon; Miss Sarah Edwards, and Miss Mary Dickinson;—the officers: Hon. Charles A. Dewey, President; W. H. Stoddard, Treasurer; J. H. Butler, Secretary. There were three departments: Primary, for children of six or seven years;

Gothic Seminary
Built 1835 for Miss Margaret Dwight's School



Secondary:—seven to thirteen years; Senior;—over thirteen years. Especial prominence was given to the Bible. In this catalogue is the following introduction: "Seminaries of the highest order have, almost without exception, been planned for young ladies; while schools of a low order have been supposed good enough for children."

"A scholastic course is not regarded as complete until the pupil possesses the power of abstraction, accuracy in discrimination and a capacity for thorough and successful investigation; also the ability to acquire and impart knowledge on any subject treated of in books, or otherwise presented to the mind; also equal solicitude to establish those habits which are essential to the practical purpose and duties of life—system, order, neatness, perseverance, industry, patience, thoroughness and accuracy. Self-observation, self-government and conscientiousness are classed with the above as an important part of education."

At the present time, with our splendid public schools, two private preparatory schools, the Hill School at Florence, the Smith School and Smith College—the largest college for women in the world—the early lack of opportunity for the education of girls is more than made good.

The "Round Hill School" was perhaps one of the most unique in the country, and far in advance of any other of its time. It was established in 1823 by George Bancroft and Joseph Green Cogswell, who had been urged to found a school where boys could better fit for Harvard. Both were young—Cogswell about thirty-six, and Bancroft twenty-three. They were fine scholars, and during their travels in Europe had studied the schools of Germany and other countries. Being much impressed by the merits of one near Berne, Switzerland, they adopted it as a model for their own on Round Hill. Mr. Cogswell was the "Father of the community or general manager. His charming manners, his geniality of spirit, and his kindly relations with the young, made him a favorite with parents and with their children. Mr. Bancroft did more of the actual teaching and directed the work of the assistants of whom there was a large and

able staff:—Doctors Beck and Bode (German), who taught Latin and Greek; Doctors Follen and Grates (also German), instructors in German and Drawing; Mr. Gheradi, Italian; San Martin, Spanish; and others of marked ability for English, Mathematics, the Sciences, Singing, Writing, Dancing and Gymnastics." Some of their theories given in a prospectus are of interest:—

"No science can be thoroughly learned without the study of Latin. A knowledge of the Latin tongue is essential to a practical education.....All our pupils must study Latin." Greek was optional, but was highly recommended. For modern languages, French, German, Spanish and Italian were taught, and excellent teachers furnished. In regard to Mathematics, "Provision will be made for instructing such as are fond of them, in the higher and more arduous branches. But we shall not compel all to apply themselves to a study for which there would seem in many minds a natural inaptitude and which, though pursued in youth with a great expense of labor is almost always thrown aside on entering the world."

A special feature of the school was the attention given to physical training, as mentioned in one of their pamphlets:— "We are deeply impressed with the necessity of uniting physical with moral education;" "We are the first in the new continent to connect gymnastics with a purely literary establishment." They were assisted in this by a pupil and friend of Jahn,—the greatest modern advocate of gymnastics. Besides the systematic training of the gymnasium, plenty of outdoor exercise was afforded—always under careful supervision. The boys skated on Mill River, bathed in the Lickingwater, and were taught to swim by Dr. Beck.

"The back slopes of the hill, running far down into the levels, were disposed for three different uses. The first of these gave spacious play-grounds with a gymnasium; the second division was laid off for garden-lots, where each boy who wished might raise flowers or vegetables, with seeds and tools furnished to him; the third took in Mr. Cogswell's extensive farm grounds for fruit, hay and vegetables." "There were spacious barns for cattle, horses and many

wagons. The boys in turn rode the horses; and the wagons were used for journeys far and wide. One novel custom borrowed from the Swiss school, was the annual excursion, when with wagons and horses, accommodating about half the boys, by the 'ride and the tie' method, pilgrimages were made to cities even as far away as Long Island Sound, and the Atlantic Coast."

Their greatest pleasure,—through the generosity of Mr. Cogswell,—was that of being "co-proprietors of 'Crony Village,' " which lay beyond the gymnasium, on a slope of the hill running downward to a brook. The boys were furnished with bricks and mortar, beams and boards, with which they made huts and shanties, where were cooked apples and vegetables they had raised, and the squirrels and rabbits they had caught. "Crony Village" came to an untimely end because of one of the boys carrying on so serious a flirtation with a rosy-cheeked vendor of pies and doughnuts in a neighboring farmhouse, that his expulsion was considered necessary, and "From Eden he took his solitary way." With profound anguish the boys heard from Mr. Cogswell's lips the agonizing words, "delenda est Carthage,"—"Crony Village shall be no more."

With all their pleasures, book-learning was not neglected. J. L. Motley speaks in one of his letters, when only twelve years old, of studying Greek, Latin, French, German and Spanish, besides Mathematics, English, etc. No boys over twelve were taken, though they could remain indefinitely. The hours of study were 6 to 7 and 8.30 to 12 A. M., 2.30 to 5 and 8 to 9 P. M. The classes were small, never exceeding six.

"A moral government was arrived at. Constant supervision, salutary restraint, competent guidance and instruction, and affectionate intercourse, were the means used to attain it. The school inculcated and enforced the great principles of Christianity by reverence for and observance of, the Sabbath; by daily morning and evening devotional exercises, and instruction in the Bible; and by the necessity of cultivating a Christian spirit and temper. It was in no way sectarian."

"On Sunday morning the lines would be formed in procession, by two and two, instructors taking their place at the head of sections, as each was to attend either the Unitarian, the Orthodox, or the Episcopal Church. The return to the Hill was in the same order, no scattering or loitering being allowed." Nearly a hundred years have passed; but we are familiar now with a similar Sunday procession; and the "Round Hill School" of today—"The Clarke School for Deaf Mutes" is not unlike its predecessor, in its spirit of helpfulness and in its kindly aims for the pupils.

A list of the students, for the first eight years of the Bancroft and Cogswell school, included 293 names. The boys came from all parts of the Union,—and some from Canada, the West Indies, Mexico, Brazil and Europe—the most prominent families in the country being represented. There was always a long waiting list of applicants. Some familiar names among the students are:—Thomas G. and Charles S. Appleton; Wm. Ellery Channing; John M. Forbes; Gardner Hubbard; J. L. Motley; Samuel May; S. Abbott Lawrence; Robert L. Livingstone; Robert G. Harper;—Brewster, Bates, Dwight,—Ellis (George E.), Samuel T. Morse; Shaw, Brevoort, Le Grand Cannon, Hopkins, Wm. Wirt, Rutledges, Hamiltons, Middletons, etc.

The school came to grief about 1830. A loss of harmony between the two principals, and a heavy burden of debt, were the probable causes. Mr. Bancroft sold his share to Mr. Cogswell and the separation (as Mr. Cogswell says in a letter) "was brought about in the most perfectly harmonious manner and, as I believe, with the kindliest feelings on both sides."

Mr. Cogswell tried to carry on the school, but the burden of debt was too great, and it was given up in 1834. He wrote to a friend, "I do most bitterly lament when I call to mind how many and how great advantages for a school of delightful kind are collected on Round Hill, which will probably all be lost. I do not repine at ten years of lost labor, nor at so much wasted money, but I am sure no attempt to provide such a place of early education as Round Hill was, will

soon again be made, and I grieve to think of its entire annihilation."

A student of the school (George E. Ellis) later wrote in regard to Mr. Bancroft:—"I suppose that Mr. Bancroft, though meaning in all things to be kind and faithful, was, by temperament and lack of sympathy with the feelings and ways of young boys, disqualified from winning their regard and from being helpful and stimulating to them. He seemed to be more earnestly bent on learning for himself, than on helping them to learn.....For scholars of maturer years and high ambitions he was most warm-hearted, kindly and helpful as a friend, doing them various and highly valued services." Sometimes when a person has not made a marked success in one line of work, he may, perhaps, more than make up for it in another way; and it is interesting to remember, in this connection, that Mr. Bancroft conceived the idea of writing the history of the United States while he was yet a teacher on Round Hill. In Rogers Hall, one of the buildings of the present Clarke School, may still be seen the room in which he created a part, at least, of this valuable and famous work.

For Mr. Cogswell the boys all had the greatest respect, reverence and affection. When he died the surviving scholars placed a monument in the cemetery at Old Ipswich, bearing this inscription:—

"Joseph Green Cogswell,
Born at Ipswich, Sept. 27, 1786,—
Died at Cambridge, Nov. 26, 1871,
Erected by pupils of Round Hill School, Northampton, Mass.
In affectionate remembrance."

In 1823, a Law School was opened in Northampton by Elijah Hunt Mills and Samuel Howe. It occupied a building west of the old Warner House. The school was not large, but some names, afterwards famous, were enrolled. Among them may be mentioned Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire, elected President of the United States in 1852; E. H. Ransom, who became Governor of Michigan; Nathaniel R. Sturgis of New York; Charles P. Huntington of Hadley,

later a prominent lawyer and a resident of Northampton, distinguished as a Judge of the Superior Court of Massachusetts; Osmyn Baker of Amherst and Northampton; Edward Blake and George A. Meredith of Boston; Jacob Crowningshield of Salem; and others—many from the South. In 1830, it became necessary to abandon the enterprise, as it was not found to be profitable.

"The Collegiate Institute," a classical school for boys, established in 1849 by Mr. Louis G. Dudley, soon won wide fame. It flourished for more than thirteen years, steadily growing in numbers and prestige; but as a large proportion of the pupils were from the southern states, sons of the slaveholding aristocracy, the clouds of the Civil War proved disastrous to the interests of the school, and it was suspended in 1862. In the first five years of its existence there were one hundred and eighty students enrolled. Edmund Clarence Stedman, who attended one summer, evidently made it lively for both teachers and students; and others, since prominent in different walks of life, were among the pupils. The school occupied the "Gothic Seminary," erected in 1835 for Miss Dwight's school and later used for "The Clarke School for Deaf Mutes," which Mr. Dudley was, also, largely instrumental in founding in 1867. In 1870, when the Round Hill property was secured for the Clarke School, the building was bought by Dr. Austin Thompson and opened as a home for invalids, under the name of "Shady Lawn." Of late years it has been owned by the Catholics and used as a parochial school.

It may be fitting to close this chapter on "The Early Schools" of Northampton with a tribute to one of its most beloved teachers—Joseph Green Cogswell of the first Round Hill School—which appeared in the *Boston Evening Transcript* at the time of his death in 1871:

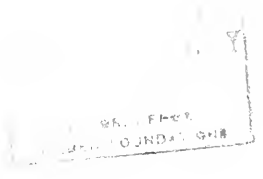
"Another beautiful life has come to its earthly close;
Another earthly light is fixed as a star in the sky;
Another patient toiler goes home to his long repose;
Another lowly disciple goes up to his seat on high.

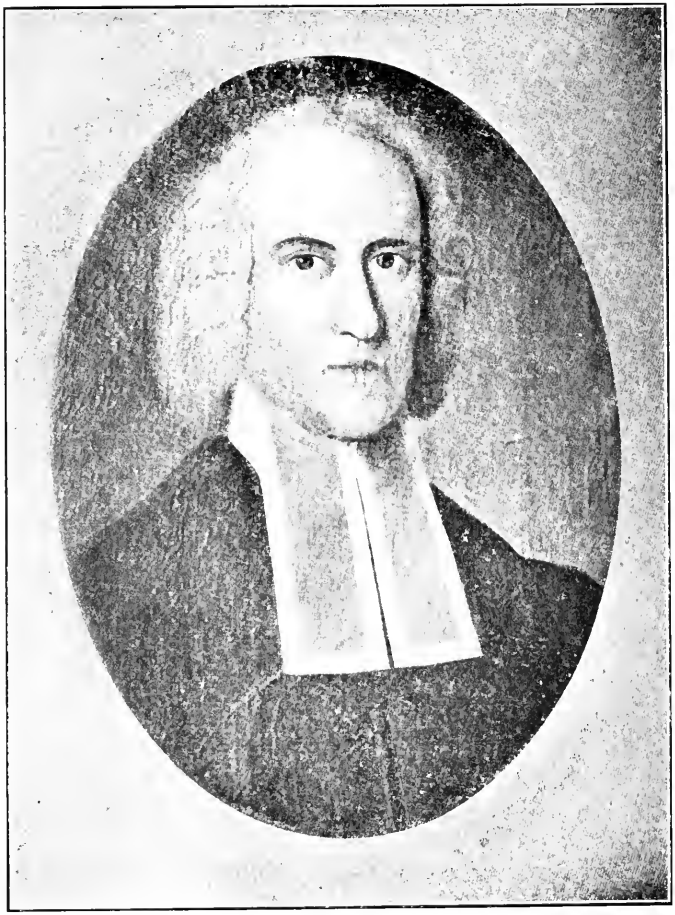
The teacher, eager to learn, the master modest and mild,
Has gone with his thirsty soul to the well-spring of perfect truth;
The old man, in whom to the last was seen the warm heart of a child,
Now drinks, with the son of God, from the fount of immortal youth.

Farewell! O teacher revered, wise-hearted companion and friend,
Hail newly chosen of God to be one of the shining band,
Who summon us by their lives to be faithful unto the end,
Whose exodus bids us arise and seek the immortal land."

—G. T. B.

JONATHAN EDWARDS





Jonathan Edwards

Jonathan Edwards

Parkman, the historian, speaking of the eighteenth century, says there were two Americans who were already known in Europe—Benjamin Franklin and Jonathan Edwards. John Fiske (1900) calls Jonathan Edwards "one of the wonders of the world, probably the greatest intelligence that the western hemisphere has yet seen."

Professor Allen, in his most interesting life of Jonathan Edwards, says, "Edwards is always and everywhere interesting, whatever we may think of his theology. On literary and historical grounds, alone, no one can fail to be impressed with his imposing figure as he moved through the wilds of the new world;" and he quotes the historian Bancroft as saying, "He who would know the working of the New England mind in the middle of the last century and the throbbings of its heart, must give his days and nights to the study of Jonathan Edwards."

Jonathan Edwards was born in East Windsor, Conn., October 5th, 1703. The family was of Welsh origin; the earliest known ancestor, Reverend Richard Edwards, was a clergyman of the English Church in London, in the time of Queen Elizabeth. His wife, marrying after his death a Mr. James Cole, came to America with her only son, William Edwards, about 1640. They settled in Hartford. The families of his ancestors on both sides were of true Puritan proportions. His grandfather Edwards had thirteen children, his grandfather Stoddard twelve, and he himself was the happy brother of ten sisters.

His father, Rev. Timothy Edwards, minister over the church of East Windsor, was in many respects a remarkable man of unusual scholarship and learning. He was in the habit of fitting young men for college, and gained a reputation as a successful teacher. To his daughters he gave the same training as to these students, so that they assisted him

in the education of Jonathan, who was the fifth child. Dwight says, "It was the customary remark of the people of his parish that although Mr. Edwards was, perhaps, the more learned man, and more animated in his manner, Mr. Jonathan was the deeper preacher."

His mother was Esther Stoddard, daughter of Rev. Solomon Stoddard of Northampton, who had succeeded both to the parish and the wife of his predecessor, Rev. Eleazer Mather, the first minister of the town, marrying her in about six months after the death of her first husband. She was even more unusual than her husband, and from her the son is said to have inherited his intellectual independence. She is described as "tall, dignified and commanding in appearance, affable and gentle in her manners, and surpassing her husband in native vigor of understanding." The mother of fourteen children, the entire charge of the domestic affairs was left to her, that her husband might occupy himself with his studies. She had received a superior education in Boston and was always fond of books, particularly the best theological writers. She lived to be ninety-nine, retaining her mental faculties until the close of her life.

With such parents one is not surprised to find that the son's education began in his infancy, and that he studied Latin at the age of six. At eleven he wrote a reply to some one who had claimed that the soul was material; and soon afterwards, an elaborate account of the habits of the field spider, based on his own observation. He was always fond of nature study and most appreciative of natural beauty. He entered Yale when not quite thirteen.

At this time the college had no permanent abiding place, and in the year 1716 thirteen students resided at New Haven, fourteen at Wethersfield and four at Saybrook. Sometime in 1717, the extreme unpopularity of one of the tutors caused a general insurrection, when the entire student body at New Haven migrated to Wethersfield. In 1720, Jonathan Edwards graduated with the highest honors. While in college he began to write copiously, arranging his thoughts in orderly fashion, classifying his manuscripts, or notebooks,

under the titles of "The Mind," "Natural Science," "The Scriptures and Miscellanies;" and even then, sometime between the ages of fifteen and seventeen, he was projecting a great treatise which he hoped to publish.

The precise period when he regarded himself as entering on a religious life he nowhere mentions, and even the church with which he became connected would not certainly be known, were it not that in one place he alludes to himself as a member of the church in East Windsor. In one of his papers, after speaking of his religious experience, he says,

"After this my sense of divine things gradually increased and became more and more lively and had more of that inward sweetness. The appearance of everything was altered, there seemed to be as it were a calm sweet cast or appearance of divine glory in almost everything. God's excellency, His wisdom, His purity and love seemed to appear in everything—in the sun, moon and stars, in the clouds and blue sky, in the grass and forest trees, in the water and all nature, which used greatly to fix my mind. I often used to sit and view the clouds and sky to behold the sweet glory of God in these things, in the meantime singing forth with a low voice my contemplation of the Creator and Redeemer. And scarce anything among all the works of nature was so sweet to me as thunder and lightning and formerly nothing had been so terrible to me. Before, I used to be uncommonly terrified with thunder and to be struck with terror when I saw a thunderstorm rising, but now on the contrary it rejoiced me. I felt God, if I may so speak, at the first appearance of a thunderstorm and used to take opportunity at such time to fix myself in order to view the clouds and see the lightning play and hear the majestic awful voice of God in the thunder which often was exceedingly entrancing and leading me to sweet contemplation of my great and glorious God."

He resided at college two years after taking his degree, preparing himself for the ministry and was licensed to preach in June, or July, 1722, several months before he was nineteen years old. In August of that year he went to New York, where he preached for eight months, but for some reason he did not desire to remain there for life, as he was strongly urged to do, and returned to his father's house. The length

of time required for the trip from New York to Wethersfield is amusing to one, in this age of rapid transit. Leaving New York Friday morning, the boat stopped at Westchester for the night. Saturday night and Sunday were spent at Saybrook, reaching Wethersfield Tuesday evening, and the voyage is spoken of as "very pleasant." He passed the next summer in close study at his home. In 1723, he was elected tutor at Yale College, but as there was no vacancy in the office, he spent the winter in study, and in June began teaching.

After two years' service as tutor he received the call to the church in Northampton. Dwight says, "Many circumstances conspired to prompt his acceptance. He was acquainted with the place and the people. The Rev. Solomon Stoddard, his grandfather, a man of great dignity, and of singular weight and influence in the church, in consequence of his advanced age stood in need of his assistance and wished him to be his colleague. His father and all his other friends desired it. The *situation was itself respectable* and *the town unusually pleasant.*" He accepted the call, and on February 15th, 1727, was ordained and installed here, being then twenty-three years old.

Although his health was never good, by careful attention to food and regular exercise he was able to accomplish what would have been otherwise impossible to a much stronger man. He rose between four and five in the morning, and spent thirteen hours every day in study. His usual diversion was riding horseback, or walking, and he decided before leaving home what should be the subject of his thought. In thinking it over, and reaching a certain conclusion, he would pin a piece of paper to his coat and charge his mind to associate the paper with the train of thought; then he would repeat the process with a second paper and a second train of thought, sometimes returning with many such papers; and taking them from his coat in regular order, would write down the line of thought and the conclusion, which each suggested. Absorbed in meditation he was oblivious to all else.

On the 28th of July, 1727, Jonathan Edwards married Miss Sarah Pierpont, of New Haven, daughter of Reverend James Pierpont, one of the principal founders and trustees of Yale College. She was eighteen years old, very beautiful, both in mind and body, and had received a fine education. "In manner she was gentle and courteous and the law of kindness seemed to govern all her conversation and conduct." They had been acquainted for several years, and in 1723 he had written the following often quoted, and most beautiful description:

"They say there is a young lady in New Haven who is beloved of the Great Being who made and rules the world, and that there are certain seasons in which this Great Being, in some way or other invisible, comes to her and fills her mind with exceeding sweet delight and that she hardly cares for anything except to meditate on Him, that she expects after a while to be received up where He is, to be raised up out of the world and caught up into heaven, being assured that He loves her too well to let her remain at a distance from Him always. There she is to dwell with Him and to be ravished with His love and delight forever. Therefore, if you present all the world before her with the richest of its treasures she disregards it and cares not for it and is unmindful of any pain or affliction. She has a strange sweetness in her mind and singular purity in her affections, is most just and conscientious in all her conduct; and you could not persuade her to do anything wrong or sinful if you would give her all the world, lest she should offend this Great Being. She is of a wonderful sweetness, calmness and universal benevolence of mind, especially after this Great God has manifested Himself to her mind. She will sometimes go about from place to place, singing sweetly; and seems to be always full of joy and pleasure, and no one knows for what. She loves to be alone, walking in the fields and groves and seems to have some one invisible always conversing with her."

This was written when the young lady was thirteen years old. Mr. Stoddard died in 1729 when Mr. Edwards became the sole pastor of the church, which was the only one in town, and at that time included most of the townspeople.

The ideal of the Puritans who settled Massachusetts was

a theocracy in which only members of the Congregational churches in full communion should have the right to vote or hold office. From the first there were those who dissented from this policy, and while many, for this reason, left the state to found colonies in Connecticut and Rhode Island, enough remained so that, at the time of the death of Charles II., it was reckoned that four-fifths of the adult males of Massachusetts were disfranchised, because of inability to participate in the Lord's Supper. Very naturally this large number with no voice in the affairs of the colony were continually stirring up strife.

In view of such difficulties, about 1650, an opinion began to be prevalent that all baptized persons, of upright and decorous lives, ought to be considered, for practical purposes at least, as members of the church and therefore entitled to vote, even though unqualified to take part in the Lord's Supper. This theory by which a person might be a half-way member of the church—member enough for political, but not for religious purposes—was known as the Halfway Covenant, and was the cause of long and bitter controversy, in which prominent clergymen took opposite sides. Fiske says, "It was contended by some that its natural tendency would be toward the spiritual demoralization of the church, while others denied that such would be its practical effects and pointed to the lamentable severance between ecclesiastics and laymen as a much greater evil.

In the First Church, Boston, the Halfway Covenant was decidedly condemned, so that a number who approved it seceded in 1669 and formed a new society known as the South Church, later the Old South. That the spirituality of the churches in the early half of the eighteenth century was at a very low ebb, is notably true; and while both the Old and the New World were affected and many other causes assigned, it seems to be generally conceded that the Halfway Covenant was one of the baneful influences at work in the Massachusetts churches; for while in the beginning its supporters simply allowed baptized members of the congregation to vote and hold office, without allowing them to take part in the

communion until they could give some testimony of religious experience which fitted them for such participation, later all who had been baptized in infancy were admitted. Rev. Solomon Stoddard began to advocate this in 1679, and it was adopted by the First Church of Northampton in 1706.

In the winter of 1734–'35 began, through the preaching of Mr. Edwards, a most remarkable interest in religion which spread, not only to the neighboring towns but largely throughout the state and into Connecticut, and is known as "The Great Revival." Mr. Trumbull in the "History of Northampton" notes the marked beneficial effect of this revival upon all classes of the townspeople. "This was especially noticeable in the conduct of public affairs. Faction, which had long overridden the community, was well nigh obliterated. The two parties into which the town had for so long been divided were essentially merged into one. The temper of the people was greatly softened, they were more guarded in their conversation with each other and the town meetings were carried on with less heat and acrimony. One of the most memorable results of this state of feeling was the settlement of the controversy about the common lands which had agitated the town for more than a generation."

It was undoubtedly one of the most remarkable events of the kind that has ever occurred. Upwards of fifty persons over forty years of age, ten over ninety, thirty between ten and fourteen and one of *four* became, in the opinion of Mr. Edwards, changed persons. In all, over three hundred persons united with the church at this time, making the entire membership about six hundred and twenty, which included nearly all the adult inhabitants of the town. From adjacent villages, also, great numbers resorted to him and many clergymen from various parts of the country.

That his health, never strong, was not broken at this time, he ascribes, probably with perfect truth, to the watchful care of his wife, who accounted it her greatest glory, and that by which she could best serve God and her generation, to be the means, in this way, of promoting his usefulness and happiness. She was a tender nurse to him, cheerfully attend-

ing upon him at all times, and in all things ministering to his comfort. And no one could be familiar with the family without observing and admiring the perfect harmony and mutual love and esteem that existed between them. They had at this time been married nine years, and had five children, so we can perhaps appreciate the meaning of the following sentence: "At the same time when she herself labored under bodily disorders and pain, which was not infrequently the case, instead of troubling those around her with her complaints and wearing a sour or dejected countenance, as if out of humour with everybody and everything, she was accustomed to bear up under them, not only with patience but with cheerfulness and good humour." She took almost the whole direction of the domestic affairs of the family, without-doors and within. Always easy and affable in her manners, she was remarkable for her kindness to her friends, and the visitors who resorted to her husband, sparing no pains to make them welcome and to provide for their convenience and comfort. She was peculiarly kind to strangers. The account of her religious experience is most remarkable, and was so considered by her husband.

George Whitefield, a young clergyman of the Church of England, came over to preach on the invitation of Rev. Benjamin Coleman of the South Church, Boston. He made a pilgrimage to Northampton to visit the preacher of the great revival, and thought he had never seen such a man as Edwards; and it is said under the influence of Whitefield's wonderful voice Edwards sat weeping through the entire sermon. Whitefield speaks most enthusiastically of Edwards' wife and family. "A sweet couple," he calls them; and prays the Lord to send him a wife, whomever he pleases—adding, "I have no choice of my own." The writer of the story says Whitefield should have known that the Lord doesn't make sweet couples of those who have no choice of their own.

In 1735, Edwards, by request of Dr. Coleman of Boston, wrote an account of the great revival, which was published in London under the title "Narrative of Surprising Conver-

The Edwards Elm and Whitney House
Site of the Jonathan Edwards home
The elm tree, planted by Mr. Edwards, fell August 8th, 1913

sions," and was very extensively read, both in England and Scotland. In this latter country, especially, Edwards had many admirers. One of these, the Rev. Mr. Erskine, desiring his portrait, sent to an English artist, who was in Boston, an order for a portrait of Edwards, and one of his wife. These, after Mr. Erskine's death, were left to the Edwards family, and from them have been taken all the pictures known.

Under date of March 19th, 1737, Edwards writes to Mr. Erskine: "We in this town were the last Lord's Day the spectators of one of the most amazing instances of Divine protection that perhaps was ever known in the world." The meeting house, at this time about seventy years old, was in very bad condition and a new one was about to be built; meanwhile the greatly increased congregation worshipped in the old building until this day of which Mr. Edwards speaks, when, in the midst of the service, the whole gallery full of people, suddenly, without any warning, sank and fell upon the heads of those who sat under it. The house was filled with dolorous shrieking and crying, and nothing else was expected than to find many people dead or dashed to pieces. The falling gallery seemed to be broken all to pieces before it got down, so that some who fell with it, as well as those that were under, were buried in the ruins and were pinned fast under heavy loads of timber.

"And so mysteriously and wonderfully did it come to pass, that every life was spared, and though many were greatly bruised, yet there was not one bone broken or so much as put out of joint. Only one young woman seemed to be in a dangerous condition, by reason of some internal injury; but even she soon gave hope of complete recovery." Edwards says, "It seems impossible to ascribe it to anything else but the care of Providence, in so shaping the motion of every piece of timber and the precise place of safety where everyone should sit, and fall where none were in any capacity to care for their own safety." The preservation seems most wonderful with regard to the women and children in the middle alley, under the gallery, where it came down first with nothing to break the force of the falling weight.

In 1744 began the first radical difference between Edwards and his people. Ten years after his coming, there had been signs of disaffection, but the great revival seemed to have quenched these murmurings. Now, however, arose a case of discipline in the church. Several young people of good families were accused of reading immoral books. By the request of Mr. Edwards, and upon the testimony of many persons, the church voted that inquiry should be made into the matter; a committee was appointed and the guilty ones were summoned before it; very few appeared, and the contempt for the authority of the church thus displayed, greatly weakened its influence.

From this time Mr. Edwards' popularity began to decline; his people seemed in many ways out of sympathy with him, and when he came to feel that he could not admit members to the church without a certain amount of religious experience, the great majority rose up against him. At the time of the settlement of Mr. Edwards in Northampton the Halfway Covenant had been in operation for over twenty years, and although he himself had some hesitation over the matter, considering that it had the full sanction of his revered grandfather, Rev. Solomon Stoddard, and also of most of the other ministers and churches of the county, he seems to have accepted it in good faith, until a thorough study of the subject convinced him that it was wrong and that he could not admit to membership of the church, persons who showed no evidence whatever of a real Christian spirit and life.

When Mr. Edwards' sentiments became generally known, in the spring of 1749, it caused great offense; "the town was put into a great ferment and before he was heard in his own defence, or it was known by many what his principles were, the general cry was to have him dismissed." A few loyal friends he had, and they rallied to his support. The town was convulsed with the dispute. Town meetings, which were the church meetings, followed each other in quick succession;—then the council—and he was dismissed, turned out of his church, adrift upon the world after twenty-three years of service, at the age of forty-seven, with a large family

of children, with no means of support, and doubtful if he should ever obtain another parish.

But he triumphed even in his fall, not only in the beautiful spirit with which he accepted the great wrong but in the opinion of the churches which, without a single exception, came over to his thought, so that we of to-day find it hard to understand how there could have been such a practice as was implied in the Halfway Covenant. Some of those who were his most bitter enemies afterwards apologized most humbly, but the fact of his dismissal remains as a blot upon our records.

With gratitude we read from Major Joseph Hawley's letter, published in a weekly newspaper in Boston, May 19th, 1760:

"....yet I beg leave to say that I really apprehend that it is of the highest moment to the body of this church, and to me in particular, most solicitously to enquire, whether like the Pharisees and lawyers in John the Baptist's time, we did not reject the counsel of God against ourselves in rejecting Mr. Edwards and his doctrine which was the ground of his dismission. And I humbly conceive that it highly imports us all of this church, most seriously and impartially to examine what that most worthy and able divine published about that time in support of the same, whereby he being dead yet speaketh....The most criminal part of my conduct was my exhibiting to the Council a set of arguments in writing....which writing by clear implication contained some severe, uncharitable, and, if I remember right, groundless and slanderous imputations on Mr. Edwards expressed in bitter language. Indeed I am fully convinced, that the whole of that composure, excepting a small part thereof.... was totally unChristian, a scandalous, abusive, injurious libel against Mr. Edwards and his particular friends, especially the former, and highly provoking and detestable in the sight of God, for which I am heartily sorry and ashamed, and pray that I may remember it with deep abasement and penitence all my days."

The farewell sermon was preached in August, 1750; his last sermon in the town October, 1751, according to the diary of Rev. Mr. Judd of Southampton who preached the morning of the same day. In December, 1750, Mr. Edwards

had been invited by the church in Stockbridge to become their minister, and also had been asked, by the Commissioners in Boston of the "London Society for propagating the Gospel in New England and the parts adjacent," to become missionary to the Housatonnucks or River Indians located near Stockbridge. He went to Stockbridge in January, 1751, and stayed for several months preaching both to the English people and to the Indians. Soon after his return he decided to accept the call and was installed there the following August.

Not being able to sell his house here for some time, he was greatly embarrassed and obliged for a time to practice the most rigid economy, so that his daughters lent their aid by their embroidery; also by making lace, and by making and painting fans, which were sold in Boston. In the meantime Reverend Solomon Williams having written a pamphlet, concerning the question brought up in the controversy with the church in Northampton, Edwards wrote a reply with the title "Misrepresentations Corrected and Truth Vindicated in a reply to Rev. Solomon Williams' book entitled 'The True State of the Question concerning Qualification necessary to lawful Communion in the Christian Sacrament;' " and greatly fearing the effects of the errors abounding in Mr. Williams' work, he appended a most affectionate pastoral letter to his late people in Northampton.

The time of his arrival at Stockbridge was one of great confusion in the affairs of the Indians. There was plenty of money for the work, some people in England being greatly interested and contributing most liberally, but on the part of some of the white settlers there was a desire to appropriate the funds, and leave the poor Indians to look out for themselves. Allen says, "The story of Edwards' relations with the Indians reads like an extract from a modern newspaper detailing the conflict between the enemies and friends of this unfortunate people; private avarice diverting funds from their proper channel, while an honest, incorruptible man refuses to make himself a party to the transaction." Among his enemies were several members of a family who

had been most hostile to him in Northampton, and the account of his connection with them suggests some bitter feud that has never been explained.

While in Stockbridge, Edwards wrote the "Freedom of the Will," which has caused such endless discussion, and which is still spoken of as "the one large contribution which America has made to the deeper philosophic thought of the world;" and "one of the literary sensations of the last century;" also his "Treatise on Grace," "Original Sin," and the "History of Redemption."

Shortly after this time he received what would now be called a most flattering offer to a large parish in Virginia, with a handsome salary, but being already installed in Stockbridge, he declined it. In a most interesting letter to Mr. Erskine he speaks of the marriage of his daughter, Esther, to Rev. Aaron Burr, of Princeton; also of books which Mr. Erskine had sent him, and says, "I am fond of knowing how things are going in the literary world."

His life in Stockbridge was for six years only, for Aaron Burr, his son-in-law, dying in 1757, the corporation of Princeton chose Jonathan Edwards to be his successor, as President. The news of his appointment was a very great surprise to him and it is said, "He looked on himself in many respects as so unqualified for that business that he wondered that gentlemen of so good judgment and so well acquainted with him as the trustees, should think of him for the place." By the advice of his friends he was induced to accept the position, and resigning his place in Stockbridge, went to Princeton in January, 1758, leaving his family to be moved in the spring. A quaint sentence thus tells of his installation in office: "The corporation met as soon as could be with convenience after his arrival at the college where he was by them fixed in the president's chair."

His service here was very brief. Being inoculated for smallpox by the advice of a physician and the trustees of the college he died on March 22d, at the age of fifty-five. When he knew that he could not survive he sent this beautiful message to his wife in Stockbridge: "Give my

kindest love to my dear wife and tell her that the uncommon union which has so long subsisted between us has been of such a nature as I trust is spiritual, and therefore will continue forever."

The *Boston Gazette*, April 10th, contained this notice: "On Wednesday the 22nd of last month died by inoculation at Nassau Hall an eminent servant of God, the Rev. pious Mr. Jonathan Edwards, President of the College of New Jersey, a gentleman of distinguished abilities and a heavenly temper of mind, a most rational, generous, catholic and exemplary Christian admired by all who knew him for his uncommon candor and disinterested benevolence, a pattern of temperance, meekness, patience and charity, always steady, calm and serene, a very judicious and instructive preacher and a most excellent divine."

Mrs. Burr also died sixteen days after her father so that the wife and mother was called to sustain a double grief. But she could write to her daughter: "The Lord has done it and He has made me admire His goodness that we had him so long. O, what a legacy my husband and your father has left us. We are all given to God and there I am and love to be." She did not long survive her husband; going to Philadelphia to take charge of her orphan grandchildren and to bring them to her own home, she was taken violently ill and died there October 2nd. One daughter, Jerusha, had died ten years before and one died soon after the mother; so that of the eleven children, only three daughters remained.

Because of his stern theology we have called Jonathan Edwards hard and unfeeling, forgetting the wonderful beauty of his family life, his great love and keen appreciation of natural beauty, and that his very hardness was inspired by a burning love for men, a desire to open their eyes to the results of their own wrong doing and to draw them into the great harmony of life. One brief quotation from his farewell sermon will show the spirit of the man. It was addressed to those who had been his friends and adherents: "Indulge no revengeful spirit in any wise; but watch and pray against; and by all means in your power seek the

prosperity of this town, and never think you behave yourselves as becomes Christians but when you sincerely, sensibly and fervently love all men, of whatever party or opinion, and whether friendly or unkind, just or injurious to you or your friends, or to the cause and kingdom of Christ."

Two short quotations from his Nature Studies, written before he was seventeen, show his keen observation, and help us to imagine what might have been the result of his scientific thinking had he turned his mind in that direction rather than toward theology. "It follows that as great, and as wonderful power is every moment exerted in upholding the world, as at first was exerted in the creation; so that the universe is created out of nothing every moment, and if it were not for our imagination, which hinders us, we might see that wonderful work performed continually, which was seen by the morning star when they sang together. There is that which is peculiarly wonderful in trees, beyond anything that is to be found in the inanimate world, even in the manner of their growing from the seed. Their amazing diversification into such curious branches, leaves, flowers, fruits and seeds, and so successively from one seed to another, in the same manner from age to age, forever."

"It appears the single particles of morning fog are not single bubbles of water; I have seen frozen fog—a fog of which these particles were all frozen as they floated in the air—which were all little stars of six points, like the particles of snow, very small, and were not joined together, many of them into one flake as in snow, but floated single, and at a little distance looked every whit like other fog, only not so thick as other fog often is, and not so thick as to hinder the sun from shining bright. It was evident that it was not a fine snow, for it was otherwise a very clear morning and there was not a cloud anywhere to be seen above the horizon. It is therefore evident that before they were frozen they were not single bubbles inasmuch as a single bubble will not make one of these stars."

THE BURYING GROUNDS

The Burying Grounds

The people of Nonotuck evidently manifested an early interest in a burial place for the dead, and in accordance with the system in their old English homes, the churchyard was the spot chosen and used for this purpose, from 1654 to 1661, during which period there were ten deaths.

The first occurred in January, 1655, that of James Bridgman, whose burial is thus described by J. G. Holland: "The great events of birth, death and marriage, so common in large communities as to cause hardly a ripple on the surface of society, were, in that young settlement, matters to be talked about for days. The first child was doubtless received with a universal flutter of delight, and the reverent and grateful feelings of the mother found expression in the name —Ebenezer (Parsons). And when David Burt and Mary Holton held one another by the hand in pledge of lifelong love and companionship, were there no tears in view of the trials that surrounded them and lay before?

There was not a wild flower for the bride's hair, and very scanty must have been the marriage feast. But when death first broke into the little band, and a grave was to be made in the wilderness, how sad and solemn must have been the scene. The rude coffin, by the door of a ruder cabin, was placed out in the calm, cold light of the winter morning. The planters came, one after another, with their wives and children. And when, after a fervent prayer from some patriarchal voice, the sleeper was borne off, by a half-worn path, to the place of burial on Meeting House Hill, what tears and sobs made strange notes among the shivering trees."

Northampton was really, at this time, in a wilderness; savages were numerous, and the nearest English settlements in this state, except the one at Springfield, were at Concord and Sudbury, eighty miles away.

In 1661, the town voted that no more burials should be made near the Meeting House, and the present location was

selected. Our forefathers must have taken a long look ahead, for Meeting House Hill was almost bare at this time, and for many years had no buildings nearer than the schoolhouse and court house, at the junction of Main and King Streets, and the minister's house, on the corner of Pleasant Street.

Six years after the arrival of the original settlers, when Eleazer Mather came to be the first minister, ten acres of land were set apart on the "Pine plain," as records state, "sequestered for a perpetuall standing lot for the ministry and never to be Altered but to Contynew successively to that function for the encouragement of the ministry in the towne of Northampton." The revenue from this grant was to be an addition to the minister's salary. Yet only two years afterward, a portion of it, apparently without definite bounds, was selected for a burying place, and in 1783 Trumbull says it became necessary to define carefully the limits of this "sequestered lott," because adjoining owners had taken liberties with it. The work of fencing the burying ground was then put into the hands of a committee, and the dimensions were fixed at "tenn rods square," or a little more than half an acre. This was enclosed by a wall, probably composed of loose stones gathered upon the commons, and piled in the usual manner of an agricultural fence.

In the course of years the enclosure became too small and was gradually enlarged from the surrounding plain, until eventually, the burying place seems to have taken in all the "lott" originally sequestered for the ministry, except the little Bridge Street park. The whole area now includes from twenty-eight to thirty acres. About one hundred years ago, the portion from the main avenue, westerly to Pine Street, was added; in 1833, five acres more, from Pine Street to the Tool House. In 1864, John Clarke gave an old pasture, through which ran a brook, since covered. In 1900, the strip adjoining Orchard Street was added, and, in 1911, another lot was bought of H. L. Hinckley.

When Mr. Christopher Clark was asked if he knew anything more definite in regard to the history of the cemetery,

and the connection between the "sequestered minister's lott" and the little park, he answered—"Oh no, I don't know anything about that, and I don't consider it important, but I can tell you something more interesting. In the old days there was a collection of buildings in front of the cemetery that couldn't be matched in the country: a school house; a gun house where the artillery company kept their cannon; and a hearse house. You see they had the place where they educated the children; the place where they prepared to kill people; and the carriage ready to take them to the place near by, where they were to be buried."

In the library of Amasa Wade was found a curious little pamphlet printed by T. Watson Shepard, in 1824, entitled "Register of deaths in Northampton from the first settlement in 1654, to August 1824, taken from the records of the town, and the doctors of that period." In the years 1675 and 1676 some thirty persons were slain by the Indians, and as late as 1708 deaths continued from this cause. In 1801 and 1802 there was an extraordinary number of deaths from dysentery, when panic must have seized the town. Some curious deaths are reported: John Wyes perished in a hard snow storm in 1803. John Allis was said to have been hung by "his wife and an Irishman." Widow Margaret Bryant "perished in the woods;" Martin Ely "was killed by the fall of a clock-weight;" David Sparks' child "perished in the woods" as late as 1809.

No stones mark the burial places of many of the early inhabitants. The oldest, near a pine tree on the knoll at the east end of the yard, is so much defaced by time that only a few letters can be traced, but it is supposed to mark the grave of Captain Elisha Gray, who died in 1683.

Mr. E. B. Strong, who was sexton* for thirty-three years, when appealed to for information said: "If I should begin to tell you about the fine families that have been buried there, I shouldn't know when to stop. When Mr. Josiah Parsons

*Sextons of Northampton Cemetery:—Nathan Tanner, Died 1840; Cephas Clark, 1840–1864; Alexander Edwards, 1864–1876; Edward B. Strong, 1876–1909; James W. McCallum, April 1st, 1909.

was living he used sometimes to come over and go about among the old graves with me, and many were the interesting stories he told of the famous old families."

Truly we can boast a noble band of saints and martyrs. First, Eleazer Mather, who "died in 1669 aet. 32." This quaint inscription is upon the stone at his grave:

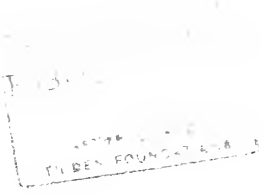
> "Here he labored for eleven years in the vineyard of our Lord, and the twelve hours of his labour did expire, not without the deepest lamentations of all the churches sitting along the river Connecticut, as well as of his own. As he was a very zealous preacher and saw many seals of his ministry, so he was a very pious teacher and as he drew toward the end of his days he grew remarkably ripe for heaven, in a holy, watchful and fruitful disposition."

On the table monument over Rev. Solomon Stoddard's grave is inscribed:

"Here is intered
The body of the
Rev. Mr. Solomon Stoddard, A.M.

> Sometime fellow of Harvard College, Pastor of ye church in Northampton, N. E. for near 60 years, who departed this Life 11 February 1729 and in the 86 year of his age; A Man of God, an able minister of the New Testament, singularly qualified for that sacred office and faithful therein. A light to the churches in general, a peculiar blessing to this; Eminent for the holiness of his life, as remarkable for his peace at death."

There is a memorial monument to Jonathan Edwards, but his body lies in Princeton, N. J. Rev. John Hooker and Rev. Solomon Williams are buried in this old Northampton cemetery; also Rev. David Brainard, the well-remembered missionary to the Indians, who was only twenty-nine years old when he died, with his betrothed, Jerusha Edwards, a



Part of the Old Burying Ground, Bridge Street Cemetery

daughter of Jonathan Edwards, who died at seventeen years of age. There is a memorial stone to the Rev. Henry Lyman of The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, who, with his associate, Rev. Samuel Monson, suffered a violent death from the Battahs, of Sumatra, in 1834, at the age of twenty-four. There is also a stone to Rev. David Stoddard, for fourteen years a missionary to the Nestorians in Persia (1857); and one for Gordon Hall, one of the first missionaries of the "American Board," who died in India in 1824.

In this old burying ground may be seen also the grave of Rev. John Hunt, a well-known pastor of the "Old South" church in Boston; that of Rev. William Allen, president of Bowdoin College, and the father of a large and noted family; and those of Rev. Caleb Tenney, whom Solomon Clark called "a man of princely intellect;" and of Rev. D. M. Crane, pastor of the Baptist Church. On the monument erected in memory of the latter, is written:

> "The resting place of travelers on their way to Jerusalem."

In this sacred ground rest the following senators: Gov. Caleb Strong; Elijah Hunt Mills; Isaac Bates; Eli Ashman; these judges: Charles Dewey, William Allen; Charles Forbes; Hamilton Staples; Joseph Lyman; Samuel Lyman; Samuel Spaulding and Samuel Henshaw, and these prominent lawyers: Osmyn Baker; Charles Delano; Charles P. Huntington and Samuel Hinckley. There are graves of one hundred and thirty Revolutionary soldiers and two hundred of the Civil War. A quaint sandstone slab, a memorial to General Seth Pomeroy, who is buried at Peekskill, N. Y., stands beside the grave of his wife.

Among graves of doctors of the old days are those of Charles Seegar, James and Daniel Thompson, Benjamin Barrett and Doctors Hunt and Mather. In this connection it may not be out of place to give some passages from the will of Doctor Seegar. He was a man who, though eccentric, was possessed of sound sense, and was a radical thinker;

but his will, while directing a division of his property in the usual common-sense manner, was so curiously worded that it created a great sensation when it was opened and read, sixty-five years ago. He directed that on the third or fourth day after his death, his executor should "see his body wrapped in an old blanket" and "placed in an old pine box, the lid of which must not be screwed down, and carried to my tomb near my old ice house by the assistance of some hired men and my wheel barrow." He further said: "I entirely disapprove of it if my wife or children, induced by foolish fashion, should so far gratify the curiosity of the idle of this town, as to invite them by the sound of church bells, to fill the house and to make business for a person engaged to clean up the rooms again. I flatter myself that neither my wife nor any of my children, at my funeral, or afterwards, will imitate the useless, absurd, extravagant and not seldom hypocritical fashion, to dress in black clothes; as the omission of this folly can neither do the deceased, or anyone else, the least injury, or its adoption produce any possible good." But when he died he was buried in the old burying ground.

Persons of distinction in the old times had stone tables built over their graves, and several of these are now standing. There are three tombs within the enclosure: that of Seth Wright, built in 1815; one built by Ansel Wright, in 1848; and the chapel tomb of Isaac Bates, erected in 1875 and which was at that time one of the handsomest of its kind in New England.

Those who are interested in grotesque and quaint epitaphs will find employment for many days in the old part of our cemetery. A large number of the inscriptions are remarkable only for their rugged religious sentiment, and for the short, frank history of the life, cut in uneven lines with misplaced capitals, now fast wearing away from the crumbling stone.

Here are a few curiosities—This on the grave of a child one day old:

"From womb to tomb."

This warning over the grave of William Parsons seems to have been a favorite, for it appears on quite a number of stones:

"While living men my tomb do view,
Remember well here is room for you."

and this:—

"Weep not for me
Dry up your tears,
I must lie here
Till Christ appears."

Another, seen often, is on the stone of Doctor Mather:

"Dr. Samuel Mather—1779

"Corruption, earth and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh
Till my triumphant spirit comes,
To put it on afresh."

"Hark from the tombs
A doleful sound,
Mine ears attend the cry,
Ye living men come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie."

This is decidedly more cheerful:

"Death is to me a sweet repose
The bud was open to show the rose
The cage it burst and let me fly
To build my happy nest on high."

Another in a hopeful strain is on the stone over the grave of

"Mrs. Eunice Mather 1776:

"Her body here entombed in dust
Her pious soul is gone we trust
Among the assembly of the just."

The long-suffering, heroic mothers deserve a paper by themselves.

The grave of Betty Allen, of cherished memory, is marked by a plain white stone, which stands not far from the Bates mausoleum, and quite near the Seth Pomeroy memorial. It bears this inscription:

"In memory of Joseph Allen
Who died December 30, 1779, aged 66.
and
Elisabeth Parsons his wife
Who died Jan. 10, 1800, aged 84
Both exemplary and eminent Christians.
The memory of the just is blessed.

This monument is erected by their grandsons
Solomon and Moses Allen.
A.D. 1816."

In regard to private burying grounds, a writer in the *March Columbian* says, "THE spirit of independence and isolation extends, in many American families, even to the tomb. Among the shade trees surrounding a house on the busy street, in the orchard, and again in the depths of the wood, a few rude, unchiseled headstones, perhaps nearly hidden by the tangled brush, reveal the spot where sleep the forefathers of the plantation." Doubtless many such were here in Northampton, but the only one about which there is accurate information was the tomb which Samuel Wright started to build for himself and his wife, in his dooryard, near the present site of the house of Mr. John Draper on Bridge Street.

There are now five cemeteries in the city besides the one on Bridge Street. The latter contains the most that is interesting to the searcher after antiquities. Of the two in Florence, the first, now discontinued, is only about ninety years old. The Catholic cemetery was opened some forty-five years ago, when many bodies were removed from the yard of the old Catholic church, on King Street.

The small enclosure at West Farms seems to be the resting place of a very few families. It has, however, several

stones dated about 1780. I am sure that our member from Smith's Ferry could write a most interesting paper on the picturesque little burying ground not far from her home. I wish I might give you the fascinating account she gave me of the people buried there. They had time to see much of our history enacted, for almost everyone lived to a ripe age. Lucy, widow of Jonathan White, was one hundred years and twenty-two days old when she died. Mr. and Mrs. Asahel Lyman, the grandparents of Mr. A. L. Williston, who lie there, were, respectively, eighty-eight and ninety-two years old, and there are several others of about that age. It is to be regretted that many of the oldest graves are unmarked, and no one now knows anything in regard to them.

Westhampton, set off in1778, had its first burial in 1791. There are graves of forty Revolutionary soldiers in the little burying ground. The first minister, Rev. Enoch Hale, a brother of the spy, Nathan Hale, is buried there. In her one hundred and twenty-six years as a town, Easthampton has used four cemeteries, beside the one at Pascommuck, which is probably the oldest. Many of the early settlers were buried in the part of the town called Nashawannuck, not far from West Boylston Mills. The next cemetery was opposite the Williston Seminary, on the site of the Town Hall and Methodist Church. The third was on Main Street but is no longer used. All burials now are made in still another, in the southern part of the town, near Nashawannuck Pond. Southampton had its first burial in 1738, when the youth, Simeon Wait, died—the records say —of "drinking too much cold water." It must have been a good omen, as Southampton is still a no-license town.

One writing on the Southampton burying ground says: "Those first years of terrible suffering soon added many mounds and the population of this silent city grew faster than the town above it. But, as in many another place, few stones were set up, for the early settlers had all they could do to care for the living. Of the second generation it has

been said that every able bodied man left home and family, and shouldered his musket to fight for freedom. Captains, and companies of those who lived to return, were laid in the same enclosure and after heroic sacrifices were content to rest unhonored and unsung; alas! many of them in unmarked graves." There are buried Elias Lyman, soldier and statesman; Captain Lemuel Pomeroy, who led on to Boston a company of volunteers the second day after the battle of Lexington; Samuel Weeks, who stood guard over Major André, the night before his execution; and many others.

On the monument of the first minister, Jonathan Judd, is this inscription:

> "He saw his people of so familiar mien to nearly one thousand souls; was able, evangelical and faithful in preaching; was eminent in piety, wisdom, meekness, benevolence; lived greatly respected and beloved; and after a ministry of more than sixty years rested from his labors July 28, 1803 in the eighty-fourth year of his age."

There are many interesting epitaphs on these old Southampton stones:

1822—"Death is my doom, my glass is run,
My friends I've left to mourn
But stop, 'tis right, don't shed a tear
For God commands the whole affair."

1810—"All you advanced in years,
Though healthy and robust,
You're tot'ring o'er the grave
And soon must turn to dust."

And so we might spend hours, between laughter and tears, in these places so sacred to the memory of the heroes and

heroines, the saints and martyrs, of old Northampton. Let us:

"Go where the ancient pathway guides,
See where our sires laid down
Their smiling babes, their cherished brides,
The patriarchs of the town;
Hast thou a tear for buried love?
A sigh for transient power?
All that a century left above?
Go, read it in an hour."

Holmes.

OLD NORTHAMPTON TAVERNS AND THEIR DISTINGUISHED GUESTS

Old Northampton Taverns and Their Distinguished Guests

The few sturdy and courageous pioneers, who, in 1654, first established their homes in Northampton, found themselves on a lonely and unprotected border—a small, poor and uneducated group of men; but they built up, slowly and steadily, a worthy foundation for a splendid settlement.

After they were comfortably, though roughly housed, they erected, in 1656, their first public building—a meeting house, which was used, not only for religious services but for town meetings, and afterwards as a school house. Next came the need of a village inn, in those days second only in importance to the house of worship. Every department of public life was then bound up in the meeting house. Usually the inn, or ordinary, as it was first called, was next door to it, and often such proximity was the sole condition upon which permits to sell liquor were granted. The law required that an ordinary display a sign, and that it have a tap—or barroom. That one room gave much comfort to the hard-worked settlers.

The furnishings of such tap-rooms were simple and peculiar—in one instance described as including "Two cross tables and livery cupboards; and in the brewhouse were found two fatts, one under back, one upper back, one kneading trough, one dresser, and a brake." There was always the big fireplace, taking up nearly the entire end of the bar-room, where huge logs blazed and sent showers of sparks up the big chimney stack. The floor of hard oak was kept clean and white by the proverbially neat colonial housewife.

In this cheery room were scattered about chairs, chests, settles and stools, more or less comfortable. Next in importance to the grand fireplace was the bar; this was usually in a corner. Sometimes a sort of wooden portcullis, which could be raised or lowered at pleasure, served the purpose,

with shelves laden with pewter basins, pots and mugs, for flip, toddy, etc.; often a big wooden bunk with close cover would be placed in a warm corner, to be occupied as a bed by the stable boy or watchman.

The popular drinks of the period were punch, cider, strong beer, porter, grog, flip, sangaree, toddy, sillabub, sack, rum and ale. Flip was, however, the best loved of all. One writer says: "From 1690 until the close of the first quarter of the last century, there was probably never an hour of the day or night that some old Yankee flip drinker was not plunging the hot loggerhead, or flip-iron, into a mug of creamy flip." The famous drink was made by combining bitter beer and rum with a mixture of cream, eggs and sugar, into which, at the crucial moment, was thrust the hot iron.

The old Puritan magistrates thought these ordinaries so important, in order to regulate the sale of liquor, as well as to provide for the comfort of travellers, that they imposed and enforced fines on every town that did not sustain one. Great inducements were offered persons to keep these places. Sometimes land was granted them, or pasturage for their cattle, or exemption from school rates and taxes. The conduct of them was much hampered by rules and warnings of various kinds. All sports and games were strictly forbidden, and even the selling of cakes and buns was frowned upon. The price of beer was always regulated, and often changed. Drunkards were put in the stocks or whipped, and landlords were fined if they sold liquor to certain topers, a list of whose names was filed with the inn-keeper. A person found drunk was fined ten shillings. Strangers also must obey the law, or suffer the penalty. When these punishments were not effective, a scarlet letter method was tried—a big "D" made of red cloth, mounted on white being hung upon the outer garment, to be worn at all times.

It was well that the ordinary should be near the place of public worship for there was much physical, as well as mental discomfort in church going. As a fire was never kindled in the meeting house, the ordinary furnished a cheerful place to thaw out before the chilly morning service; then again at

noon the hot flip and toddy were invaluable in raising the spirits which had been depressed, perhaps, by listening to dreary discourses on hell. Some, indeed, were made so comfortable as to be incapable of attending afternoon service. The wonder is that, under the circumstances, the entire congregation did not succumb to the strong drinks furnished so freely before the blazing fires.

There were many loungers about these taverns. A story is told of one who spent most of his time in the warmest nook by the fireside; a neighbor said to the landlord, in excuse—that "the old man was very feeble, and looked as if he was breaking up." "Nonsense!" replied the landlord. "Anyone who takes such good care of himself, as to warm his bootjack before he pulls off his boots, will never die!"

In speaking of landlords, it may be said that there was no more important or picturesque character in early colonial times than the innholder. He was prominent in the management of the town, thoroughly informed on all public and private matters; enjoyed the confidence of all, and often held public office. His tavern was the general meeting place for the townspeople. Public questions—trade, theology, science, crops, politics, and local gossip, were all discussed, with plenty of flip and toddy, about his blazing fire.

The tavern-keeper was usually fat, good tempered and obliging. He often led the singing, on Sunday, in the meeting house, or ran the ferry boat, if his run were near the river; sometimes acted as schoolmaster; served in the town council; ruled the local courts, or headed the Train Band, on training days; surveyed land, and, next to the minister and town clerk, was the most learned man in town.

During ten years previous to 1701, there was but one licensed innholder in Northampton. In that year two were authorized, and that number continued, with few interruptions, for the next ten years. The court records abound in cases where persons—women, as well as men—were fined for drunkenness. The money thus collected went either to the schools or to the town poor. In addition to the innholders, retailers of strong drink were frequently appointed. In spite

of this, parties were often convicted of selling contrary to law.

In 1704, an attempt was made to abate the evil of intemperance here, the town voting that one ordinary was sufficient. Nathaniel Dwight, accordingly, was the only innholder allowed that year. This experience proved so satisfactory that the town in August, 1705, abolished ordinaries altogether. For two years no innkeeper was licensed but after that the Honorable Court saw fit to appoint, and to license, two each year. The Court in doing this must have considered its own convenience and comfort, as well as that of the public, for strangers who gathered in attendance upon these sessions, as well as the judges and other officers, needed some place of entertainment, and a trial of one year probably satisfied the authorities that taverns were a necessity.

Judge Lyman once wrote to his son, E. H. R. Lyman:—"I am writing in the new Court House—and there is much talk about securing more taverns, but one is enough. With us it is disgraceful to be seen at a tavern, as a drinker or a lounger, and I am delighted that you are coming to manhood at a time when the vice of intemperance will soon be banished from the land!" This happy state of things was hardly realized, however.

Associated with the mug of flip, the roaring fire and the stories and gossip of the tap-room, is the solace of a pipe of tobacco; but this comfort was denied the people in the old times. Landlords were forbidden to suffer any tobacco to be taken into their houses, under a penalty of five shillings for every such offence. The private use of tobacco was also restricted and regulated. It was not to be used in one's home, before strangers, nor could two or more take it together, in certain places—certainly not near the meeting house.

A conspicuous feature of the tavern was the sign, which usually hung either upon the tavern itself or in front of it, displayed upon a post or a tree. Upon the sign was depicted some emblem suggestive of the name the tavern bore; in some cases the name alone was painted on a rudely constructed board. Later, taverns were provided with at least

one private staircase, and a ball-room having a spring floor. Behind the house would be a large shed for the protection of loaded wagons and for stages; another shed, with benches and wide seats, was provided where the teamsters were fed. Under this shed, in the side of the house, openings were cut, one above the other, large enough to admit the toe of a man's boot. Thus the men who must rise at cock-crow could let themselves out without disturbing the rest of the household.

In many towns the stocks, whipping post—even a gallows, were placed near the tavern. Sales of negro slaves, sometimes of paupers, took place; but there are no records of any of these things in Northampton. One hanging occurred, however, on Hospital Hill, June 5th, 1806, which brought a very distinguished guest to town — Bishop Cheverus of Boston, who was summoned to console the two doomed murderers—Halligan and Daley—and was the first Catholic to visit Northampton. While in the village he stayed with Joseph Hawley Clarke, as no other family, or no tavern, would receive him. He brought about the conversion of these wretched men, and preached their funeral sermon. This priest was so much liked that in spite of the prejudice against Catholics at that time he was strongly urged to return to Northampton. Later he became Cardinal Bishop of Bordeaux.

The first ordinary built in Northampton stood on the site of Rahar's Inn, and was kept by John Webb—a blacksmith, hunter and land surveyor. It was probably a very small, one-and-a-half story building, with only two rooms on the ground floor and a beer house in the rear; as in a new settlement like the Northampton of that day, the inn was not primarily intended for guests who would pass the night under its roof.

What has been known for many years as the "Old Wright House," on Bridge Street, is thought to be the oldest house standing in town; and if built, as stated, in 1658, was nearly, or quite as old as John Webb's ordinary. It was originally kept as an inn by "Cornet" Joseph Parsons, and occupied by his descendants for many generations, until bought of

the Parsons family by Daniel Wright, grandfather of Miss Anna Bliss, the present owner.

As the little town increased its population, taverns grew and multiplied, until it could boast of possessing more than any other place of its size in this part of New England.

The present site of St. Mary's Catholic Church was for a long period of years occupied by "The Red Tavern." This inn was kept by Lieut. Daniel Pomeroy, killed in the battle of Lake George, September 8th, 1755. From his grandfather, Medad Pomeroy, one of the founders of the town, and the original owner of the homestead, it passed by will to Medad's son, Hon. Ebenezer, whose holdings on Main Street extended to Center Street. At Ebenezer's death it was divided between his sons. The Red Tavern passed from Lieut. Daniel to *his* son, Major Daniel. Major Daniel Pomeroy became active in raising the quota of troops required in Hampshire County for service during the Revolution. A company under his command from Northampton and vicinity went to Albany and joined General Stark's division. After Major Daniel Pomeroy's death, his widow conducted the tavern successfully for some years. In 1827, in anticipation of the great business boom that Northampton expected to enjoy upon the completion of the canal, then being constructed between this town and New Haven, Capt. Isaac Damon, grandfather of Miss Jennie Smith, bought The Red Tavern, had it torn down, and replaced it by the first Mansion House—a fine up-to-date hotel.

The Clarke Tavern, kept for many years by Capt. Samuel Clarke, a warm friend of Major Hawley, and for whom he named his eldest son, was one of the old hostelries of the town, having been built in 1746. This inn was on Hawley Street, between Bridge Street and Phillips Place. The house* is still standing, and until recently was occupied for many years by the Todd and Washburne families. Capt. Samuel Clarke was succeeded as innholder by his son, Samuel, Jr., the great-grandfather of Christopher Clarke. General Porter of Hadley often stopped at the Clarke Tavern.

*Removed in April, 1914.

For a long time the house was headquarters for the judges and lawyers who came to Northampton to attend Court.

The old Spencer Clark house on Bridge Street, near the River, was a very important tavern for many years. It came into possession of the Clark family, in 1742. It is not known how many years previous to this date it was built. In one of the front rooms a mark in the floor, where a counter or bar stood, is still to be seen. This old inn was once the scene of lively commotion daily, for all the stages stopped there on the way from Boston.

The Pomeroy Tavern, which stood on the site of Draper's Hotel, was originally the homestead and inn of General Seth Pomeroy. Later his youngest son, Asahel, conducted it as a public house. Asahel, in his day one of the most prominent men in town, who inherited the family homestead in 1777, kept a tavern here until 1807. The old inn was destroyed by fire in 1792. Asahel Pomeroy rebuilt on the same spot, and continued as landlord for fifteen years in this house, which became one of the most prominent on Main Street, and, next to the "Old Church" and Court House, the most famous structure.

When, in 1807 he sold the property to Colonel Charles Chapman, he bought the Ephraim Wright estate on Main Street, which occupied most of the frontage between King and Market Streets. There, in the fine colonial mansion, which finally made way for the Masonic Building and adjoining business block, he kept a private boarding house until his death, in 1833. In 1821, Oliver Warner, who had kept a tavern half a mile west of Florence, acquired the old Pomeroy Inn, and under his management the house became famous as "Warner's Coffee House."

In 1786, the following innholders were licensed in Northampton, besides the Pomeroys and Clarks, already mentioned: Nathaniel Edwards; Elijah Allen; Elias Lyman; Joseph Cook and Oliver Lyman. Theodore Lyman kept an inn on Pleasant Street, and Zadoe Lyman had a tavern at Hockanum. Nathaniel Edwards' tavern was on the turnpike road to Pittsfield, near Roberts Meadow. He took all

the turnpike tolls. Landlord Edwards, as he was popularly known, built this tavern in 1771. After its destruction by fire, February 18th, 1815, he replaced it by a duplicate of the original house—which is now standing—and continued to "keep tavern" there until the time of his death in 1832. His son-in-law, Leander Moody, succeeded him, after which the place was known for some years as "Moody's Tavern." In 1862, when the present occupant, Mr. Sylvester, bought the property, it ceased to be used as an inn.

On leaving the town by the "Albany road," so called, was found, first, the Abner Hunt Tavern, where the Dickinson Hospital now stands. A little farther on was Paul Strong's Tavern, very nearly opposite the site of the present Florence Hotel. Next, the Solomon Warner place, situated on the road to Williamsburg, was probably the most important of the old inns in this direction. Besides that of Nathaniel Edwards, the toll-keeper, there was the tavern still farther on kept by Capt. Samuel Fairfield.

Turning south from Northampton Center—there was for many years a well appointed inn, called Lyman's Tavern, between Mt. Tom Station and Smith's Ferry, on the main road to Springfield. Part of the large farm bought for the Mt. Tom Reservation belonged to this property. In an old *Hampshire Gazette* may be read the account of a great hunt, held near this Lyman Tavern, for a wolf that had terrorized the people of South Farms. Landlord Lyman asked the party all in to partake of flip and cider brandy. Among those present were Dr. David Hunt of Northampton, Capt. Walter Stickney of South Hadley and a Mr. Kendall of Granby.

An old tavern used to stand on the corner of South and Fort Streets, known as Phelps' Tavern, and sometimes called —for what reason is not known—"Ramoth Gilead." After the inn was given up the building was made into two dwellings and has since been occupied by the Strong family.

In 1792, a mail and stage line was started from Springfield to Brattleboro, and the next year, another to Boston. Northampton was the place of meeting for the exchange of

passengers, and our taverns were the best upon the road. These two stage lines gave considerable impetus to the business of the town, particularly to that of the inns. The old American House on Pleasant Street, later known as the Nonotuck, and still standing on the corner of Pearl Street, was the stopping place for what was called the "telegraph line" of stages, running from Northampton to Springfield, and farther south. This line was owned by Chester W. Chapin of Springfield, and David Damon of Northampton. There were large stage barns in the rear of the hotel.

The Curtis Tavern was built by Capt. Isaac Damon on land extending between the present Edwards Church and Masonic Street. It had large columns in front, and after the hotel was discontinued the long building was called Colonnade Row, and was occupied by stores. One of these was used by the late William F. Arnold; and one by Henry Hoyt, the noted Boston publisher, who married Elizabeth, daughter of William Butler, the first proprietor of the *Hampshire Gazette*. Over these stores was a large dancing hall with a spring floor. Opposite the Curtis Tavern, on the site of the Academy of Music and adjoining park, were the barns belonging to the old inn, afterwards known as the Holly Stables.

Dancing, in the early years of this Colony, was considered one of the deadly sins, and was prohibited by law, in ordinaries and taverns. While it was allowed in some places, on certain occasions, such as weddings and "quiltings," no dancing teacher was allowed until 1794. In 1759, Joseph Hawley complained that "Ebenezer Pomeroy, innkeeper, was guilty of misrule and disorder, for suffering sundry couples of the two sexes to dance and revel in his house." But when Asahel Pomeroy rebuilt his tavern, in 1792, he added a hall, and for many years dancing schools were held there. The best fiddler—and almost the only one in town—was Midah, a negro employed in Caleb Strong's tannery.

Probably the Warner House attained a greater celebrity than any other hostelry in old Northampton. Built, as before mentioned, by Asahel Pomeroy, in 1792, it was

bought by Oliver Warner in 1821, who conducted the house for twenty-four years, or until his death. There, many public gatherings were held. The judges and lawyers who formerly went to Clarke's Tavern, on Hawley Street, assembled at Warner's when Court was in session; travellers from far and near found this inn a congenial home; and there, from time to time, the villagers repaired to get the news brought in by the stage drivers and by the guests of the inn.

The most famous visitor ever entertained by Landlord Warner was General Lafayette, who came in 1825, a venerated hero of two great Revolutions. He had given to us so generously of his youth and blood as to seem an American by adoption. The splendor of his later service in the Old World heightened his reputation in the New, after an absence of forty years. It is interesting to remember that he came to Northampton by the tedious stage route from Albany, and as he was driven through the Main Street in an open carriage, the people were all out to meet him. Several of our aged citizens well remember, as school children, scattering flowers before the great General as he passed. A reception and dinner were given in his honor at the old Warner

House, Elijah H. Mills presiding. Later, from the fine balcony of the tavern, Lafayette made his long-remembered speech. He was royally entertained at this old inn for several days, and when leaving was escorted as far as the Connecticut River by a long procession of townspeople.

Judge Lyman and his accomplished wife, who lived in the second house west of the Warner House, were well known for their hospitality, and entertained many of Northampton's most famous visitors. Landlord Warner was often justly exasperated at losing so many of the town's distinguished guests, and was more than once heard to exclaim:—"What is the use of trying to keep a tavern when Judge and Mrs. Lyman take away all guests of note!" The old Warner House, like its predecessor, was also destroyed by fire, July 18th, 1870.

After Capt. Isaac Damon, in 1827, built the old Mansion House, where St. Mary's Catholic Church now stands, it was very lavishly and richly furnished, according to the ideas prevailing at that time. Henry Clay, the great statesman, visited Northampton in 1833. He was then United States Senator from Kentucky and came here with his wife on a tour of the country. He was met in Springfield by a Committee, headed by Hon. Isaac C. Bates, and escorted into town by a cavalcade of citizens. He stopped at the Mansion House, arriving about three o'clock in the afternoon, after which "a sumptuous dinner was provided." Mr. Clay attended service Sunday morning at the "Old Church," and at the Unitarian Church in the afternoon. The next morning Mr. and Mrs. Clay started for Albany, passing through "Shepherd's Hollow," (Leeds) where all the operatives in the woolen mill were drawn up in line to greet them —then through Roberts Meadow, past Moody's Tavern, and on, by way of Pittsfield to Albany.

Edward Everett came to Northampton (stopping at the Mansion House) in September, 1835, to attend the great celebration at South Deerfield, where he was the orator at the dedication of the monument, erected to mark the spot

where the "Bloody Brook Massacre" by the Indians took place, in 1675.

An early landlord of the Mansion House was Captain Jonathan Brewster, father of Major Henry M. Brewster of Springfield, and of the late Mrs. Hiram Bingham. Captain Brewster made it a temperance house. Daniel Webster was a guest there on several occasions. A good story is told of his persuasive eloquence in obtaining the liquor, which like so many others in those days, he was in the habit of taking. Calling Captain Brewster aside, he said: "Now this, I believe, is a temperance house; you are a temperance landlord and I am a temperance man; but I must have a glass of brandy! Do not be afraid of its being known, for if you will bring it quickly I will put it at once where no mortal eye can see!" Chief Justice Shaw, Judge Samuel Howe and many other noted lawyers also came to this hotel, for the Mansion House had by this time become headquarters for the Court officials.

In July, 1847, Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate were there together when they came to Northampton as counsel in the trial of the celebrated Oliver Smith will case. The facts of this case were briefly as follows: The heirs—among them Austin Smith (a nephew of Oliver Smith and a brother of Sophia Smith, founder of Smith College)—wished to break the will, claiming that while the law required three competent witnesses to such a document, only two of the witnesses of the Oliver Smith will were in fit condition to sign it. Oliver Smith, another of the heirs, also a nephew of Oliver Smith, Sr., and executor of the will, determined, against his own interests, to uphold it, and engaged Daniel Webster, with Judge Forbes as junior counsel. Charles Delano was also retained—the latter two being Northampton lawyers. Webster, by his remarkable personality and brilliancy, and by his judicious handling of the witnesses, gained the case, in spite of the utmost efforts of his able antagonist, Mr. Choate.

An allusion is made in the letters of Mrs. Joseph Lyman to this visit of Daniel Webster to Northampton. She wrote—

"All the elderly gentlemen visiting here at the time of this noted trial were invited to a late dinner at the Mansion House, given in honor of Daniel Webster." . . . "He called at our house later in the evening and listened an hour and a half to the playing of Dr. Austin Flint's daughter. He said that he had rarely been so entertained by a lady's music, and added, gallantly quoting from one of Miss Flint's songs—'I could have loved her had she *not* been fair.'"

The ell part of the Brewster Tavern—as the old Mansion House was at one time called—was moved to Elm Street, where the Hillyer Art Gallery now stands, and converted into a private residence. About the middle of the last century it was occupied for some years by Mrs. Isaac Clark and her two nieces, the Misses Martha and Harriet Clary, later, Mr. Lafayette Maltby's family made their home there.

Many others of note, besides those mentioned, visited Northampton in early days. The great Hungarian patriot, Louis Kossuth—was here in 1852. He was entertained by Hon. Erastus Hopkins at his home on King Street, and delivered in the Old Church one of those splendid speeches, which, by their beauty and eloquence, amazed the English speaking world. Many can still recall his large and noble form, and his massive head, covered by the celebrated soft black felt hat, which was later worn—minus the feather—all through the United States, and called "The Kossuth hat." One recorder states that a large reception was tendered Kossuth at the Old Warner House. Jenny Lind, the famous Swedish singer, stayed at the Round Hill Hotel during her visit to the town in 1852.

The records are all most exasperatingly silent about the abiding places of many of the celebrated men and women who have honored Northampton by their presence. Ralph Waldo Emerson, Horace Greely, Judge Putnam, and Octavius Pickering were entertained at times by Judge Lyman, but doubtless they, and others of equal prominence, also stopped often at Warner's, or at the old Mansion House.

Theodore Parker once took charge of the Unitarian parish, in the absence of its pastor, Mr. Edward Hall, when

he stayed at the Mansion House. Dr. Willard, a noted minister of Deerfield, used often to be at the Warner House, although sometimes a guest at the Lyman home.

Along our country roads, and even in the city's busy streets, some of these weather-beaten old structures, once the scene of so much life and activity, still serve to recall memories of departed days. But all else is changed. The New England tavern as an institution has gone, though its importance as a strong factor in the early life of Northampton will always remain.

GENERAL SETH POMEROY

"Virtutis fortuna comes"

General Seth Pomeroy

The life of Seth Pomeroy, which embraced nearly three-quarters of the eighteenth century, spanned a period marked by many of the most important events of Colonial times, and after the anxieties and turmoil of pre-Revolutionary days, closed in the midst of that uprising against British oppression, and the struggle of the Colonies for independence, in which he bore so conspicuous a part.

As Northampton reveres Jonathan Edwards as her great theologian and intellectual genius; while Major Joseph Hawley and Governor Caleb Strong represent the town's eminent statesmen; so Seth Pomeroy stands as the most famous, as he was also the most picturesque, military figure in her history.

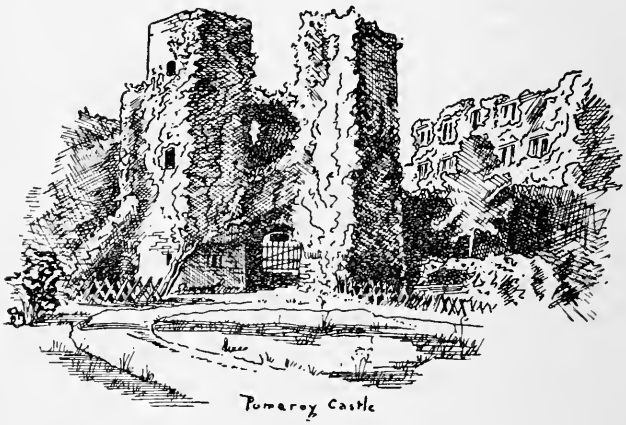
When reviewing his career, one feels that heredity influenced it to a remarkable degree, for in him, as a born soldier and leader of men, were repeated characteristics which had been prominent in a long line of his forebears.

The pedigree of Eltweed, the pioneer Pomeroy in America, has been traced back, through distinguished ancestry, to Radulphus (Raoule or Ralph) de la Pommeraie, the Norman chief-of-staff of William the Conqueror. The traveler in the north of France may find a reminder of the family in the name of the early home of this Radulphus — St. Sauveur de La Pommeraie, near Falaise, and easily reached from Cherbourg. His name, too, is to be seen engraved upon a stone tablet over the entrance to the old church in Dives, with the names of the other companions of William of Normandy, who set sail from that ancient port in 1066.

It is interesting to know that surnames not coming into general use until the eleventh century, Radulphus was the first to bear the Pomeroy name, and that it was derived from the magnificent apple orchards (pomeraie) flourishing to this day in that part of Normandy where Roger, of La

Manche, the father of Radulphus, had his castle. Fragments of this medieval chateau are said to be in existence now, at Cinglais.

So important were the services rendered by Sir Ralph (Radulphus) at the memorable battle of Hastings that fifty-eight baronies in Devon, three in Somerset and two in Cornwall, were settled upon him by William, when that masterful ruler took possession of England. Of these he chose Beri (Berry) in South Devonshire, the estate that had belonged to Alaric, the Saxon, upon which to build his stronghold—Berry Pomeroy Castle. In its ivy-clad ruins,



this is still an object of wonderful beauty and impressiveness. One can hardly imagine a more romantic and enchanting relic of feudal times, around which cluster many legends of valor and tragedy, as well as authenticated episodes in England's early history.

The family tree, growing forth and branching out from this noble root, bore fruit from many a rare scion engrafted thereon; and the fair ladies whose ancestral arms were quartered with those of the Pomeroys, and who for centuries shared the honors and the hazards of the ancient fortress, represented names found on the rolls of English royalty and nobility. Among these may be mentioned Rohesia, daughter of King Henry I; Alice, daughter of Sir John Raleigh, of the

famous Walter Raleigh family, and daughters of at least three peers of the realm.

It is not surprising that with these antecedents Eltweed, the progenitor of the American branch of the family, should have possessed unusual qualities for leadership. In 1630, as a member of the company which arrived in Massachusetts Bay and settled Dorchester, he was chosen chairman of the body of governors—or selectmen and, as such, presided over the first regular town meeting held in the Colonies.

The good ship which conveyed these Puritans, including Rev. John Warham, Rev. John Maverick, Elder John Strong, Lieut. William Clark and Roger Clapp (John Strong and William Clark, like the Pomeroys, early settlers of Northampton) from the fairest of old England's counties to the shores of bleak New England, was the *Mary and John*, under Captain Squebb. It sailed out of Plymouth Harbor ten years later than the *Mayflower*, with its band of devoted Pilgrims, had set forth from the same port.

Eltweed Pomeroy, who was born on July 4th, 1585, at Beaminster, County Dorset (which adjoins Devon on the North), was then forty-five years old. His second wife, Margery Rockett, and their infant son, accompanied him. This child—Eldad—grew to manhood, but died unmarried.

Medad, the second son, who became one of Northampton's early settlers, was born in Windsor, Conn., whither Eltweed and his family had followed Mr. Warham from Dorchester, when the early migration was made to the Connecticut Valley. Eltweed spent the last years of his life at the home of Medad, in Northampton, who was a young man when, in 1659, five years after the plantation was laid out, he came to this, then, new settlement.

He and his son, Major Ebenezer Pomeroy, sustained the high reputation of the ancient family name and bore a large share in laying worthy and stable foundations for the upbuilding of the town. The military career of Ebenezer, though not as important as that of his distinguished son, Seth, was notable during King Williams's, and again in Queen Anne's war.

Seth Pomeroy was born in Northampton, May 20th, 1706, the son of Major Ebenezer and Sarah (King) Pomeroy. His mother was a daughter of Captain John King, one of the most important of the first settlers, who received a grant of land from the town upon the street which still bears his name. The Pomeroy homestead at the time of Seth's birth was located on, or near, the present site of St. Mary's Church, and extended to what is Center Street. Medad, at first, had owned only the westerly part, but Major Ebenezer added very materially to the paternal acres. At his death he divided the entire Main Street estate between his three sons, Seth receiving the easterly portion. Major Ebenezer, probably in recognition of his military services, was also granted a large tract of land in Southampton, then a part of Northampton. This eventually came into the possession of his grandson, Captain Lemuel Pomeroy, a son of Seth.

The interesting records to be seen in the state archives of Massachusetts, and elsewhere, bearing upon the military services of General Seth Pomeroy, cannot fail to satisfy even the most ardent of his admirers and descendants, who claim for him the rank and distinction which these sources of evidence supply. But it is with regret one searches in vain for details of his early life. In forming our impressions of his childhood, and the years immediately following, we must depend upon imagination, coupled with such facts of the family environment at that time, as have come to our knowledge.

We at least know the locality of his birth, and that the "Old Red Tavern," so often mentioned in the annals of the town, was undoubtedly the roof-tree under which he first saw "the sun come peeping in at morn." This inn, willed to Lieut. Daniel Pomeroy—brother of Seth—by their father, is alluded to in ancient records as the "old dwelling and farm house of Honorable Major Ebenezer Pomeroy." It stood until 1827, when replaced by the first Mansion House.

During the last two hundred years, the activities and the training of a boy must have experienced as great changes as have occurred in the neighborhood of the Old Red Tavern.

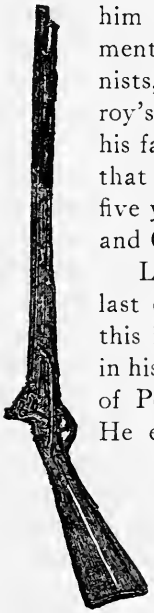
At that time the stern principles of Puritanism ruled in the home; there was then the ever-present danger of a father or a brother—even of the mother or sister—being killed by the Indians, in the field or the forest; wars and rumors of war were the table-talk of the elders. Almost everything in use; clothing, food—all the simple comforts of life—were provided by the united efforts of the entire household, children included. With our modern ideas, it is difficult to understand how, in 1713, and thereabouts, Seth Pomeroy and his mates could have had any fun at all. But nature always asserts herself. "Boys will be boys" now, and doubtless have been such in all ages; for they can ever be trusted to claim the privileges of youth and to create their own world of joy and irresponsibility.

Whatever Seth's childhood meant to him, he was splendidly prepared, either by training or inheritance, or through the stern necessities laid upon him, for the strenuous career which awaited him. His father, like Medad and Eltweed, was a skilled smith, and no doubt Seth, also, early became familiar with the ancestral anvil, brought from England by Eltweed in 1630. This interesting relic is now in the possession of Mrs. Edward Pomeroy of Pittsfield, Mass. It was bequeathed by General Seth, in 1777, to his son, Captain Lemuel Pomeroy of Southampton; and was carried to Pittsfield by Lemuel 2d, when he went there to live, in 1799. For many generations the Pomeroys were skilful workers in iron, being expert makers of guns and other implements of warfare. Medad was promised special grants of land in Northampton if he would become a settler, and supply the town's need in that respect. The same was true of his son, Captain Joseph, when he settled in Suffield, Conn., in 1699.

One historian says: "Working in iron, fashioning implements of war, was perhaps inherent with Eltweed Pomeroy. In the early days of the Northmen (the race that acquired Normandy) the princes, and other nobles of Norway, were workers in iron. They made their own arms, battle-axes, spears, lances, and other implements of war; and the Norman warriors of a much later period continued

the art, or practice. Many Norman youths of generations not long in the past, were apprenticed as armorers in the guilds of England. These facts doubtless have some bearing on the facility with which the Pomeroys took so readily to the making of arms of offense and defence—swords, guns, pikes, lances, etc."

Seth Pomeroy, in turn, acquired a wide reputation in the handicraft of his fathers. He carried on a large business, employing many skilled workmen, which enabled him to furnish the best of guns and other implements. These were in great demand by the Colonists, and by the friendly Indians. General Pomeroy's son, Quartus, was also a blacksmith, of whom his father says in his will: "I give him my Bickiron that his great Grand Father made, one hundred and five years ago. He is ye fourth smith in ye Family and Quartus is his name."



Lemuel Pomeroy, 2d, was destined to be the last of a long line of Pomeroy gun-makers, and in this industry laid the foundation of a large fortune in his primitive workshop, on what is now the corner of Pomeroy Avenue and East Street, in Pittsfield. He eventually obtained large contracts from the United States Government but, in 1846, abandoned the manufacture of firearms, as the National Armory at Springfield, which had previously been operated by civilians, was placed in charge of the War Department.

It was on December 14th, 1732, that Seth Pomeroy married Mary, a daughter of Lieut. Jonathan and Martha (Williams) Hunt, in the house now standing upon the old Hunt homestead on Elm Street. This was, later, long known as the Judge Henshaw place, and is now occupied by Mrs. Sessions. The house is thought to have been built about the year, 1700. John, a brother of Mary, and son of Lieut. Jonathan, received the property by his father's will, in 1738. On the Hunt side of the family Seth Pomeroy's wife descended from Governor Webster, of Connecticut; and

through her mother she was a collateral descendant, it is claimed, of Roger Williams.

Thus two distinguished families, marked by strong characteristics, were united in the marriage of Seth Pomeroy and Mary Hunt. Their home stood on the part of the Pomeroy holdings now occupied by the Draper Hotel; adjoining it on the east was the old blacksmith and gunshop, with the stables and barns beyond—all facing Main Street in a long line of buildings which reached to the First Church property. It is not known if General Pomeroy built the house to which he took his bride. When destroyed by fire, in 1792, it was described as an "ancient dwelling" and before Seth's day may have been used by a former generation of the clan. All the children in this family—five sons and three daughters—reached maturity, married and left descendants, many of whom have acquired honorable prominence in professional, literary or business careers.

Only Quartus, Asahel and Mary remained permanently in Northampton. Quartus served as a private in the Revolution and later as a lieutenant of militia. The town also sent him to the Legislature. His descendants removed to Berkshire County and to New York State, where they made alliances with the Sedgwick, Field, Parker and Whittlesey families, and with the noted Coopers of Cooperstown. Mr. George Eltweed Pomeroy of Toledo, Ohio, a prominent and loyal representative of the present generation, is a great-grandson of Quartus. Through him Seth Pomeroy's sword was presented to the Northampton Chapter, Sons of the American Revolution, of which he is an honorary member. This chapter bears the name of his distinguished ancestor. The famous sword was found by a grave-digger in the Peekskill cemetery, where General Pomeroy is buried.

Asahel, Seth Pomeroy's youngest child, inherited a large share of his father's property, including the homestead, because, as the will states—"My son, Asahel Pomeroy, if he lives must have ye charge of supporting his Father, and now especially, his Mother, who has now lain for a long time in a helpless state and condition, therefore, it will be

Reasonable yt he should have much more than any of his Brothers to enable him to do it faithfully."

Mary Pomeroy married, in 1771, Levi Shepherd. He was born in Hartford, Conn., coming, in 1765, to Northampton, where he became a public-spirited and wealthy citizen of the town. He was a descendant of Governor William Bradford of Plymouth Colony. Levi and Mary (Pomeroy) Shepherd had four sons and two daughters. Only the descendants of their son Thomas remain in this vicinity.

Henry Shepherd (son of Thomas) late in life wrote: "Of course I could not have seen General Pomeroy, yet his name and character have always been household words, and as familiar from my childhood as living members of our own family. There was good reason for this, for besides his daughter Mary, who was my grandmother, I was acquainted with four of his five sons, whose pride and honor in the heritage of their father were higher than that of nobility..... The Indians were true friends of the Northampton Pomeroy family for many years. I remember hearing my grandmother say that any Pomeroy would be safe with the Indians, though a hundred miles from home, and that frequently Indians came from Canada, partly guided by marked trees, direct to the Pomeroys in Northampton to buy, or to have their guns repaired; also that on the night of my grandmother's birth, there were twenty Indians from the North sleeping on the floor of Seth Pomeroy's tavern.

"An Indian Chief was among them. When informed of the birth they expressed their joy by songs and dancing, and said that her name should be—'A big tree, with spreading branches.' The Indian prediction of the big tree was verified. This daughter of Seth Pomeroy had many of her father's characteristics, and was very dear to our family. These memories are as fresh in mind now, at fourscore and seven, as if it were yesterday that I, a ten year old driver, had the pleasure of taking her in the old-fashioned chaise to visit her daughter, Mrs. Jonathan Dwight, at Springfield."

General Pomeroy's oldest son, Reverend Seth, who died in early life, graduated at Yale, and married a daughter of

Governor Law of Connecticut. In his will his father speaks of him as "My First Son, whom I dearly loved but now Deceased." In his bequest to Asahel he orders that "my son Asahel is to give to Jonathan Law Pomeroy, the only Surviving Son of The Reverend Seth Pomeroy, now Deceased, if he should live to ye full age of 21 years, one Horse, Saddle and bridle, ye horse to be worth ten pounds Lawfull money."

Dr. Medad Pomeroy, Seth's third son, also a graduate of Yale, settled at Warwick, Mass., and later at Northfield. He was the ancestor of Mrs. Joseph Lathrop (Abbie Pomeroy). The Joseph Lathrop family was prominent in Northampton for many years. After Mrs. Lathrop's death, in 1861, they removed to St. Louis, Mo., and still reside there. The provision in Seth's will for his son Medad is very characteristic: "To my Son Doct'r Medad Pomeroy his education I have given him." After bequeathing him certain "land in Northfield" he adds—"I give him all yt shall be found charged to him on my Book;" also, "A Latin Dictionary and Chamber's Dictionary Two Voll. m. I designed his Brother Seth should have had them if he had lived, and then my grandson, Seth, but he died also; so they must go to Doct'r Medad Pomeroy, for it is proper yt a man of Learning should have them."

Captain Lemuel Pomeroy, the fourth son, removed early to Southampton, where he became the foremost man in the community, and a member of the State Legislature for forty years. He served in the Revolution in command of the Southampton troops; was at the Battle of Lexington and at the surrender of Burgoyne. He is described as "a gentleman of the old school, tall, erect and very graceful in person." His descendants became numerous in Pittsfield, Mass., and among the town's most prominent and respected citizens. Captain Lemuel Pomeroy's inheritance from his father, besides the "House, Land, etc., in Southampton, upon which Captain Lemuel lived," included his "best suit of Cloaths," and he adds, "my old Anvil yt was my (great) grand Father's."

Martha, General Pomeroy's oldest daughter, married Rev. Bulkley Olcott of Charlestown, N. H. Sarah (Sallie), the youngest daughter, became the wife of a prominent lawyer, of West Springfield,—Abraham Burbank, a member of the Legislature for sixteen years. Mrs. Katherine M. Sizer, of New Haven, Conn., a descendant of Sallie Pomeroy, has presented to Betty Allen Chapter, a mantle, hat and pair of slippers; also a Colonial mirror which, she stated, "belonged to the wedding outfit of this bride of long ago."

"The Hanging of the Crane" in Seth and Mary Pomeroy's new home came at a time when he must have felt great solicitude for the safety of the Colonies. He, as well as his father, Major Ebenezer, with his elder brothers, Captain Daniel and Captain John, lived in daily apprehension of Indian raids. Even constant vigilance did not then insure security against an attack by the savage foe.

The only material from which to weave the story of Mary (Hunt) Pomeroy's life is found in the letters she wrote to General Pomeroy; but these, though few, speak volumes when we read between the lines all that is known to have confronted her in the eventful period during which she shared the honors and helped also to bear the burdens—of her distinguished husband, besides bringing up their family of eight children.

The French in their zeal to defend Louisburg, on the Island of Cape Breton, which they considered necessary in order to "command the New World," had spent years in the construction of "the greatest fortress on earth." The lofty citadel in the gorge of the King's bastion was considered impregnable. For many years previous to the siege of Louisburg, Seth Pomeroy had been active in military duties; but it was on that occasion he first fixed the attention of his superior officers by his unusual ability and courage in the face of great responsibility and danger. By 1745, he had risen through the rank of Ensign and of Captain, to that of Major.

That one may know a man, next to looking in his face and hearing him speak, comes an understanding of his person-

ality through the written word. Though no portrait of Seth Pomeroy exists except such as has been supplied by the recollections of his children, there may be found in his letters and journals and in his will, not only the recital of many historic events, but what is of greater interest, he has laid bare in the quaint language of ye olden time, the springs of action which directed his life. In these, the noble, sturdy and forceful characteristics of unswerving justice, deep religious convictions, patriotism and bravery, are seen blended with fidelity in friendship and unbounded love and tenderness for his family.

Among these papers the most famous are his journals and letters, mostly written in the prime of manhood, during the Colonial wars. Nothing wins the heart like a strain of gentleness discovered in the soul of a strong, masterful man. So it is that the letters of Seth Pomeroy to his wife stand almost as classics today. From Louisburg, in 1745, he wrote:—

From the Grand Battery, one mile and a half from the City of Louisburg, May the 8th, 1745. My dear wife:— Although the many dangers and hazards I have been in since I left you, yet I have been through the goodness of God preserved though much worried with the great business I have upon my hands, I go cheerfully on with it. Tuesday, the last day of April the fleet landed on the Island of Cape Breton about five miles from Louisburg. The French saw our vessels and came out with a company to prevent our landing, but as fast as the boats could get on shore the men were landed. A warm engagement we had with them; they soon retreated; we followed and drove them into the woods; but few of them were able to get into the city that day. Four we killed, many taken. We lost not a man. We have taken many more since, not less than eighty persons.

The Grand Battre is ours, but before we entered it the people had fled out of it and gone over to the town, but had stopped up the touchholes of the cannon. General Pepperell gave me the charge and oversight of above twenty smiths in boring them out. Cannon ball and bombs, hundreds of them struck the fort, some in the parade among the people but none of them hurt, and as soon as we could get the cannon clear we gave them fire for fire, and bombarded them on the west side.

Louisbourg is an exceedingly strong, handsome and well situated place with a fine harbour. It seems impregnable, but we have been so successful hitherto I do not doubt that Providence will deliver it into our hands. . . . Sunday, May 12th. What we have lost of our men I do not certainly know, but fear near twenty men. The Army have generally been in health. It looks as if our campaign would last long, but I am willing to stay till God's time comes to deliver the city of Louisbourg into our hands, which I do not doubt will in good time be done.

My dear wife, I expect to be gone from home longer than I did when I left it but I desire not to think of returning until Louisbourg is taken. I hope God will enable you to submit quietly to his will whatever it may be and enable you with courage and good conduct, to go through the great business that is now upon your hands and not think your time ill-spent in teaching and governing your family, according to the word of God. My Company in general are well but some few of them are ill, but I hope none dangerous. The affairs at home I can order nothing about but must wholly leave, hoping they will be well ordered and well taken care of. My dear wife, if it be the will of God, I hope to see your pleasant face again, but if God in his sovereign Providence has ordered it otherwise, I hope to have a glorious meeting with you in the Kingdom of Heaven, where there are no wars, nor fatiguing marches, no roaring cannon, nor screeching Bomb shells, nor long campaigns but an eternity to spend in peace and perfect harmony. My duty to my Father and Mother. Love to Brothers and Sisters. Love unspeakable to my Dear Wife and Loving and Dutiful children. This is the prayer of him that is your loving husband. Seth Pomeroy.

In reply Mary Pomeroy wrote:

Northampton, May 27, 1745 My Honored and Dear Husband: The 25th inst., yours reached me rejoicing to hear you were alive and in health (Glory to the Great Preserver of Man.) O, thou my longed-for good and tender Husband you are in an enemy's land, but God rules their hearts, I now write not knowing what will befall you. May Infinite Power give you to tread upon the high places of the enemy, preserve from death, be your shield, strength, support, Deliver from harm: Your Guide and Instructor in all your dangerous engagements and laborious undertakings.

Your labors and great concerns are many; and an exposedness to sudden death awaits you. My heart is with you; my soul distressed and much pained for you. May God be my support, in whose Hands is the breath of life and the soul of all living. May God enable me to trust His goodness and faithfulness and rely on his every mercy till the evil be passed and Divine gales blow a heavenly calm.

My dear Husband, suffer no anxious thought to rest in your mind about me, your tender offspring or business at home. We are in a Christian Land, daily experiencing Divine favor, neighbors and friends ready on all occasion to afford assistance when needed or required. I am in health, and also the family at present. No evil at any time hath occurred since your departure. Seth, your other little self and second name, I have sent down to New Haven about one month ago. Our dear and tender parents, brethren and sisters are in good health, and kins-folk and all others in this town, not one person sick as I know of. Divine Providence smiles as though our enemy this summer would be restrained and our peace not disturbed. The whole town is moved with concern for the expedition, how Providence will order the affair, for which religious meetings every week in town are maintained.

My dear Husband, I leave you in the Hands of God, desiring to submit to his Will, whatever it may be. My love to you in the bonds of peace, and may God grant you to see much of Divine Goodness, all of which being the true desire of your dutiful and loving wife: Mary Pomeroy.

P. S. Experience King sends her love to her brother.

To Major Seth Pomeroy in the Expedition against Cape Breton.

En route from Boston for his pleasant home in Northampton, when returning from Louisburg, Major Pomeroy wrote again to his wife:—

July 30th. I was this day informed that you have heard that I was very sick, and doubted whether living. Very sick I have been; the reason why I did not send you word was that you could do me no good and do yourself much hurt with concern for me, and I hoped you would not hear it. My dear, with ink and pen I shall not pretend to give any account of what has passed before my eyes in a variety of remarkable Providences in favour of our great design that we have been upon, and to me especially, for the time

would fail to do it, but hope, God willing, to be at Northampton in the happy enjoyment of my dear wife, to love and speak forth the praises of God together in a short time.

The work of Major Pomeroy at Louisburg in boring out the touch-holes of the cannon "on ye Grand Battre," which had been filled up by the French, made possible the destruction of the great fortress. After a siege of thirty days the city was taken by the Colonists and the French Commander, General Duchambre, surrendered.

At that time Major Pomeroy wrote in his journal: "Commodore Warren saith that if the King of England had known its strength, he would not have sent less than twenty ships of the line, and 10,000 regular forces to attack Louisburg," whereas the expedition was conveyed from Boston by Warren's insignificant and poorly equipped west Indies fleet. There is not space here to transcribe many entries from the journal of Major Pomeroy, in which he gives a graphic account of the siege of Louisburg and of his personal experiences, from the day—March 14th, 1745—when as he writes, he "set out from Northampton upon my journey to Boston upon the designed expedition against Cape Breton" —to the time of his return, August 8th. The closing words of the diary—"Arrived home about 5 of the clock. Amen." —must have been written with a devout sense of thankfulness.

The main facts of this campaign are familiar to all students of history, and need not to be recited here, but one never tires reading of those minor occurrences noted in Seth Pomeroy's journal, which throw so much light upon the actual life of an officer of the king's forces during the Colonial wars. It was not until the 27th of March that the fleet, after anchoring the previous night in the "King's Road," sailed off with about sixty sail of vessels." At Canso, Capt. Joseph Smith's schooner, *Sally*, upon which Major Pomeroy had "shipped" from the *Hannah and Mary*—the vessel that brought him from Boston—was detained several days by reports of ice in Louisburg Harbor, so the fleet did not land upon Cape Breton until April 30th. As late as June 7th

Major Pomeroy writes—"Today I got myself a tent to dwell in, and this was the first night that I have lodged in one since we encamped. Our lodging before was turf and bough houses, officers and soldiers together, now I lodge in one by myself."

The loyalty of the troops to the king is shown by the entry in the journal, June 11th (the 18th Anniversary of the ascension of George II to the throne of England). "This being our King's Ascension day, it was observed by the Army here at our camp. . . . Orders were given at all our batteries to fire smartly at the city. . . . The General and a part of the council waited upon the Commodore." But at the General's (Pepperell) headquarters the festivities were the most enlivening, "the remainder of the Council and some other of the officers dined there," . . . "where everything was convenient and refreshing" . . . "at the General's . . . we had music:—a violin, flute and vocal music."

"May, 20th, 1745. This," reads the journal, "is my birthday, and I have arrived at the full age of 39 years, and have seen, and been the subject of many remarkable deliverances, a record of which I hope never to forget." . . . "May 29th. Since last Friday I have been kept in by a Quincycal humor, but . . . this day walked out." . . . "Sabbath day. June 2d. Last night received a letter from my wife and with great satisfaction. I then and this morning read it, and am much rejoiced to hear of the welfare of my family; and experienced that good news from a far country is like cold water to a thirsty soul."

July 12th, Seth Pomeroy made the last entry in his journal on Cape Breton, when he wrote:—"Finished all my business in Louisburg . . . dined with the General and some other gentlemen. The dinner was very good. Cider and wine plenty." When one reads the variety and abundance provided at this farewell dinner, it is not surprising that the departing guest suffered from seasickness on his return voyage to Boston. He thus describes it:—"First, a good plum pudding, boiled pork, beef, herbs, two large fat roast

pigs, and salmon and boiled butter plenty. After dinner took leave of all the gentlemen and went on board Mr. Bastard's Amplus Engineer's sloop, Capt. Donnel, Master."

Turning into Canso Harbor, on the 16th, they "found strawberries were ripe and very plenty." July 29th, having endured many hardships and dangers upon the expedition, including a serious illness while at Louisburg, the journal reports:—"toward night it cleared—we set sail and came to Boston a little before sunset, well and in good health." His soldiers, who had left Louisburg before him, he "had the pleasure of seeing" upon his arrival, "before those of Hatfield—set out on foot for home." The 31st he "sent home for his horse by Capt. Partridge" and set to work "a making up" his "muster rolls."

Late on the day of August 3d, with a joyous heart he was able to leave Boston for Northampton, assured that "God had both begun and finished the great work—even the reduction of Louisburg, and given it into the hands of the English." He devoutly adds—"Glory be to the great name of Jehovah for it."—and, "My hearty desire and prayer is, that as long as I have a being I may give the great name of God the praise of it, that he has written Salvation for New England."

The Colonists enjoyed comparative relief from Indian warfare for ten years following the capture of Louisburg. But in 1755 it was considered necessary to still further guard the northern frontier from encroachments of the French, and the increasing hostilities of the Indians. Accordingly an expedition was organized against Crown Point, commanded by Sir William Johnson. Colonel Ephraim Williams was at the head of the Third Massachusetts Regiment with Seth Pomeroy, Lieutenant-Colonel. The death of Colonel Williams early in the campaign resulted in Seth Pomeroy (as ranking officer) taking over the command. His defeat of Baron Dieskau, the French General is well known. The latter was wounded and taken prisoner.

About a month after this battle, Seth Pomeroy received his commission as Colonel. A letter from him to Colonel

Israel Williams (a cousin of Col. Ephraim), dated Lake George, September 9th, 1755, is of great interest. A few extracts follow:—

Honored and Dear Sir: Yesterday was a memorable day. I being the only Field Officer in Colonel Ephraim Williams' regiment supposed to be living, think it my duty to let you know what happened on the 8th of this instant, which was yesterday. This forenoon until two of the clock, having been spent in council, and many letters to be written, I must be excused for my shortness and imperfections.

After speaking of the attack of the Colonial troops under Col. Williams,—"Old Hendrick" King of the Six Nations, being with him, also Colonel Whiting, and Colonel Cole of Rhode Island,—he says:

To our great surprise it was not long before they retreated. Those who came first were bringing wounded men with them, and others soon flocked in by hundreds . . . till nearly twelve of the clock when the enemy came in sight . . . the Indians and the Canadians at the last wing, helter skelter, the woods being full of them.

They came within about twenty rods and fired in regular platoons, but we soon broke their order by firing our field-pieces at them. The Indians and Canadians directly took trees within handy gun shot. They fought with undaunted courage 'till about five of the clock in the afternoon, when we got the ground. . . . As soon as they retreated, I ran out upon the ground where I stood to fight, and found ten dead and three wounded. Among these last was the General of the French Army (Dieskau) and his Aide, whom I ordered carried to my tent. He came with the sure assurance to lodge in our tents that night, and to his great surprise, he did, but, blessed be God, as a wounded captive.

Colonel Pomeroy then reports the death of Colonel Williams—"shot dead in a moment and before he had time to fire his gun;" and of Captain Joseph Hawley—"also shot mortally before he fired his gun." Of his brother, Lieutenant Daniel Pomeroy, he writes:—"My brother—I have an account of as being well till the army retreated; he asked, 'What! are we going to run?' 'Yes,' it was said,

'Well!' he replied, 'I will give them one more shot before I run.' Further of him I do not hear." The dead body of Lieutenant Daniel was recovered, and brought in, later in the day.

Colonel Pomeroy further writes:

The French General saith 'if we give them one more such dressing, Crown Point and all their country will be ours.' . . . General Johnson was shot in the thigh, but the bone was not broken. Major General Lyman was not injured. Both behaved with steadiness and resolution. . . . I pray God would fire the breasts of this people with a true zeal and noble, generous spirit, to the help of the Lord against the Mighty. And I trust that those who value our holy religion and our liberties, will spare nothing, even to the tenth of their estates. I desire the prayers of God's people for us, that we may not turn our backs upon our enemies, but stand and make a glorious defence for ourselves and our country.

There is no doubt, as has been stated, that "Colonel Pomeroy's regiment was the most prominent in the engagement, and suffered most in gaining the victory at Lake George."

Colonel Pomeroy's journal, written on this expedition, is very full and interesting, but too long for these pages. In it he often alludes to receiving, with joy, letters from his wife. He had not been well for some time previous to "Sabbath day, October 19th," when he writes:

I moved to the General for liberty to go home, my sickness prevailed upon me so fast. I obtained it. At the same time Major General Lyman's horse that had got lost, came to my house and stood there. I ordered him to be caught and taken to the General's. . . . I wrote desiring liberty to ride him down (to Saratoga). By means of a Dutch bin with some straw in it carried into a battoe"—they brought me down to Colonel Schuyler's—very sick—I lay very bad for about ten days.

Later the journal records: "very little hopes for my life." . . . His illness brought to his side his faithful wife and eldest son—Seth, now twenty-two years old.

Think what it meant for Seth Pomeroy's wife, at fifty years of age, to go over the hills on horseback from Northampton to Albany! For one of her years the ride probably occupied a week—perhaps a longer time. How her loving heart must have been consumed with anxiety; "her soul distressed and much pained" for him! The journal assures us that—"after a few days" "he grew better fast and . ." On Monday, Nov. 17th—set out for home.

The following extract from a letter of Seth Pomeroy's gives one some idea of his belongings during his service to King George II, in 1755:—

I left at my lodgings in Jacob Clement's Indian interpreter (at Albany) a small trunk. I think about four or five fine shirts and necks. Some caps, 2 or 3 white handkerchiefs, a little bag of gold in the trunk; the number of pieces or of pounds I can't tell, for I did not count them. When I came away I lost my best clothes (coat, jacket, and britches), my best wig, best hat, books and saddle bags. I don't think of anything else there. But at Colonel Taylor's, at the Flats, I left 2 fine shirts, 2 necks and I think 2 caps. Things lost at Clement's are in a closet locked up; the key I brought with me; it is now in a little trunk locked in my port mantle.

Though the Indians were more or less troublesome until 1763, Colonel Pomeroy took no conspicuous part in the Colonial wars after the Crown Point expedition. His experience made him especially competent to superintend the erection of forts along the northern frontier of the province, to which service he was called; and also at times to their defence. He was often busy in the laying out and construction of roads over the hills, into what was later set off as Berkshire County, and on towards Albany. These highways he considered a military necessity at that time, and later they were a great convenience to the Colonists.

Besides the enterprises of a military character, to the conduct of which Seth Pomeroy was called, his devotion to the nearer duties clustering about the home and the community, were unstinted. Especially was this true in regard to the church. As chairman of the committee appointed to

consider the differences between Jonathan Edwards and his people, his course, though uncompromising and severe, was consistent. His nature, so in contrast to that of the celebrated theologian—though full of tenderness and the humanities—was incapable of understanding the course taken by Mr. Edwards. As the breach widened, Major Seth Pomeroy's services were required in warfare of another sort, for which he was better trained, and his part in the controversy became less conspicuous; while Major Joseph Hawley remained to bear the brunt of it.

Seth Pomeroy's nature was as deeply religious, perhaps, as was that of Jonathan Edwards. His service in battle was always for the Lord, his conscience being the higher tribunal, outranking his superior officers and his sovereign. In the Colonial wars he fought, not only to resist the depredations of the Indians, but also as a Puritan, to check the influence of the Jesuits in Canada. In the war for Independence, his zeal inspired him—even in old age, to take part in that struggle for liberty and justice which he believed to be the holy right of the Colonies.

When in 1756 he was asked by the Earl of Lincoln, "Whether the troops raised by the several colonies would act in conjunction with His Majesty's forces, according to his Majesty's command," Seth Pomeroy replied: "Yes, but only on condition that the terms agreed upon by the several governments should not be altered." Less than twenty years later, before receiving his commission as a Brigadier General in the Continental Army, he was obliged to take the oath of abjuration, owing to the commissions he had received under the name and authority of the King of England. After his long service for the king it must have required a severe struggle to renounce the allegiance of so many years.

When at last the repeated and offensive acts of oppression on the part of the Home Government could no longer be borne and the fires of revolt, so long smouldering in the hearts of the Colonists, burst into flame, Seth Pomeroy's counsel was sought on the eve of the impending conflict.

In 1774, he was appointed a member of the Committee of Correspondence and Safety, and later became a member of the Provincial Congress. It was most remarkable that a veteran of his years should have been equal to the strain of another war, and able to enter the new service with all the ardor of youth, employing against the British cause, as he did, the same skilful resources that, formerly, had marked his devotion to it.

He seemed almost oblivious, however, to the honors that soon followed. For though appointed Senior Major-General of the Massachusetts Army, by the Provincial Congress, October 27th, 1774,—proof of which is to be found in the "Records of the Provincial Congresses, Vol. 1, page 24,"—he esteemed the distinction so lightly that he rarely, if ever, appropriated the title of his rank. Later, when appointed by the Continental Congress, first Brigadier-General of the Continental Army he was still known as Colonel Seth Pomeroy—in his old home, at least. Even his memorial stone in the Northampton burying-ground reads: "Col. Seth Pomeroy." (This does not mark his grave, which is at Peekskill, N. Y.)

Under his commission as Major-General, he was busily engaged in the early spring of 1775, organizing the Massachusetts troops, which later were gathered about Boston. When news of the Lexington fight reached Northampton, he chanced to be at home, and in fervent words of patriotism exhorted the minutemen gathered in front of the church, under command of Capt. Jonathan Allen (son of our Betty Allen), before their long three-days' march to Boston began.

On April 23d, 1775, the Provincial Congress ordered that "an army to serve throughout the year and numbering 13,600 men be organized at once. In May, Artemus Ward was commissioned Commander-in-chief of the Massachusetts Army, in place of Jedediah Preble, retired; John Thomas, Lieutenant-General; Seth Pomeroy retaining his rank as Senior Major General." General Pomeroy was exceedingly active for several months assembling and superintend-

ing the training of the raw recruits, before whom lay the hard, bitter service of the early days of the Revolution.

He was now sixty-nine years old, but carrying burdens that might well have taxed the endurance of a much younger man. He journeyed from Boston to his home for a "brief rest"—as a chronicler of the time has stated. Perhaps the thrifty veteran also had in mind the interests of his many farms, or of his blacksmith's shop adjoining his home in Northampton. However this may have been, his respite was short. After a day only in the little village, a messenger from General Putnam rushed into town on his travel-worn steed, summoning General Pomeroy to return in all haste to Boston, "For we have determined," said Putnam in his letter, "to draw our forces nearer the city, and to take possession of the heights of Charlestown."

Pomeroy, with his knowledge of the military situation, understood the consequences likely to follow, and lost no time in making ready for that memorable ride to Bunker Hill, without a suspicion that it would go down in history as one of the romantic and spectacular episodes of the war. The old General, mounting one of his horses, taken from the field, started toward evening on the 16th of June, riding all night over the rough stretches of the Bay Road that lay between Northampton and Charlestown, arriving there in the midst of the battle at noon next day. Twice he changed horses on the way—the last relay being secured from General Ward at Framingham.

This he would not ride into the zone of danger, but, leaving it in a safe place hurried on foot along by the Mystic River, fire from the enemy's vessels in the harbor raking the narrow isthmus where he walked. A shout went up as he appeared with his home-made musket, — "You here, Pomeroy?" said Putnam. "God! I believe a cannon would wake you if you slept in your grave." He refused the command when General Putnam urged it upon him, and placing himself with the Connecticut troops he at once, it is said, pointed out the British General—Pitcairn, to the men who

stood near him. The next instant Pitcairn, who was detested by the Colonists, fell from his horse, fatally wounded.

Toward the close of the engagement General Pomeroy's gun was struck by a British bullet, which disabled the lock; but it is related that he "mounted the ramparts and when he saw the soldiers retreating (their ammunition having given out) he shouted, "Don't run boys! don't run! club them with your muskets as I do. No enemy shall ever say he saw the back of Seth Pomeroy;" and that when at the last, retreat was unavoidable, he left the field facing the foe. He, so far as known, was the only Northampton man who participated in the battle of Bunker Hill. That with the rank of Major-General, he fought there as a private soldier shows the unusual caliber of the man. Not since his early service in the Colonial wars, at least thirty-two years before, had he served in the ranks.

Five days later, June 22d, 1775, the Continental Congress at Philadelphia appointed "Seth Pomeroy 1st Brigadier General in the Continental Army." "On the first memorial tablet in the Chapel of the Military Academy at West Point, the military school of the United States, the highest authority of the nation concerning the honor of rank, may be found, at the head of Brigadier-Generals, an inscription to the memory of Brigadier-General Seth Pomeroy, Born 1706, died 1777." Later, feeling very seriously that his age might unfit him for active military life in the field, he voluntarily resigned the office "that a younger man might take up the burden."

Though early biographers have sometimes questioned the claim that General Pomeroy, when a member of the Provincial Congress, laid the plans for the seizure of Fort Ticonderoga and Crown Point, later authorities give him full credit for this great service, which resulted in the reduction of the Fort by Ethan Allen and his "Green Mountain Boys," and in the capture of much-needed armaments.

It should be stated that "the commission of Seth Pomeroy as Major General of the Massachusetts Army was independent of that of the Resolve of the Continental Congress of June 22d, 1775, appointing him the first Brigadier General of

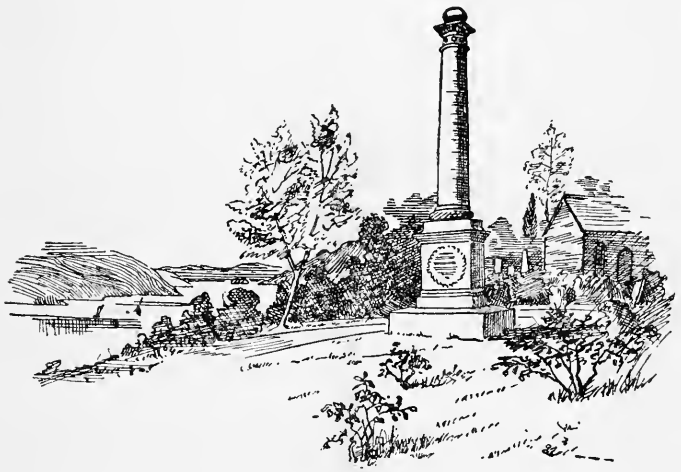
the Continental Army." Subsequent events proved that he was not long to remain unmolested in the occupations of peace. The Provincial Congress at Watertown ordered that under his former commission as Major-General he continue his duties in the organization, drilling and disciplining of the state troops. His services in supplying reinforcements to the army, which were so sorely needed, were repeatedly acknowledged both by the Provincial and the Continental Congresses.

His vigorous health returning in great measure, and being personally solicited by General Washington to do so, early in the year 1777, he took the field at the head of Massachusetts troops, and joined General McDougal on the Hudson River. But his Revolutionary service, and his eventful life, were alike now drawing to a close. Even his unusual strength and iron will, urged on by a desire—born in the Pomeroy race—to finish the thing begun were not sufficient to cope with his advanced age and the rigors of that ill-fated winter. He contracted pleurisy, and after a short illness in the little Episcopal church (St. Peter's), still adjoining the Peekskill burying ground, and which at that time was used as a military hospital, he passed on to "join the great majority" whose battalions are encamped on the further shores of Time.

Though dying full of years, after a life crowded with deeds of public service and private beneficence, yet his departure seemed most untimely; for it came at a period so critical in the course of the Revolution, that Washington then stood in great need of leaders like this righteous patriot, who with his wide experience in military affairs combined sound judgment, intrepid courage and a holy zeal—all devoted to the cause of independence for the Colonies.

Had he lived but a year or two longer and retained the vigor with which he was blessed when leaving home upon his last campaign, it is reasonable to believe he would soon have outstripped in noble achievement and rank those officers, who though high in command, lived to embarrass, and even to disgrace, the Continental Army.

Seth Pomeroy was nearly seventy-one years of age when the end came, February 19th, 1777. In his last hours he was attended by faithful and mourning comrades, but was far removed from his "pleasant home in the middle of Northampton;" from wife, children and kinsfolk, all of whom, as he said in his will of his son Seth, he had "dearly loved." There rests "the good warrior" in his last bivouac, on those commanding heights rising above the Hudson River that overlook West Point and Fort Putnam. In 1898, his descendants, and the Sons of the Revolution of New York,



erected a noble monument to his memory, near the sacred ground where he sleeps.

His wife did not long survive him. A few months after her husband's death there came for them that "glorious meeting" of which he had spoken to her in one of his letters, long before, "where there are no wars, nor fatiguing marches, no roaring cannons, nor screeching bomb shells, nor long campaigns; but an Eternity to spend in peace and perfect harmony."

The following lines, quoted from a letter of General Pomeroy's written only a week before his death, but when

he was looking forward to further service in the war, and which are inscribed upon his monument at Peekskill, are as characteristic as they are beautiful:

"I go on cheerfully, for I am sure the cause we are engaged in is just, and the call I have to it is clear, and the call of God. With that assurance, who could not go cheerfully and confront every danger?"

EARLY NORTHAMPTON BRIDES

Early Northampton Brides

For obvious reasons in the early days of our colonial history, the state of single blessedness (in persons of marriageable age) was not often encountered—certainly never encouraged. In New England, especially, "No more embarrassing and hampering condition, no greater temporal ill could befall any adult Puritan, than to be unmarried." "What could a man do, how could he live in the new land without a wife? There were no housekeepers and he would scarcely have been allowed to have one if there were. What could a woman do in that new settlement among unbroken forests, uncultivated lands, without a husband?"

"Bachelors were rare indeed and were regarded with intense disfavor by the entire community." In many localities they were obliged to pay a fine of one kind or another for the selfish luxury of a single life. Maids were not taxed, but were objects of scorn and derision, and after thirty years of age bore the odious name of "thornbacks." Consequently "the colonists married early and they married often."

Chief Justice Marshall fell in love with his wife when she was fourteen and married her at sixteen. Rev. Jonathan Edwards wrote his famous rhapsody of Sarah Pierpont when she was but thirteen years of age and she became his bride at seventeen. Our own Betty Allen was wedded during her seventeenth summer and Hannah Hull of pine-tree shilling fame, though buxom in weight was young in years. Likewise "widowers and widows hastened to join their fortunes and their sorrows. Mrs. White and Governor Winslow had been widow and widower seven and twelve weeks respectively when they joined their families and themselves in mutual benefit, if not in mutual love."

Thus, weddings, being merely civil contracts, were of common occurrence and too matter-of-fact affairs to cause further public notice than the publishing of the banns; and

the blushing bride was the object of comment and admiration for a very brief space of time—to-day, a child at play, tomorrow, a housewife and matron. In regard to these brides of other days and their subsequent lives of industry and influence, we are able to glean but few facts—the meagre history of those times records only manly deeds and defects.

One of Northampton's early matrons has succeeded in claiming for herself several paragraphs of history's record, and it all came about through a gathering of friends over the teacups to honor the visit of a matron from a neighboring town. Thus may destiny be read even in the tell-tale tea-grounds!

The maiden name of this young woman was Mary Bliss, daughter of Thomas Bliss of Windsor. Joseph Parsons, one of the early settlers of Springfield, married Mary Bliss in 1646 and took her to his Springfield home. In 1655, they, with their little family, moved to Northampton and united with the settlement here. A short time after this, Goody Branch of Springfield came to visit Goody Sarah Bridgman of Northampton, at whose home was the gathering of friends to do her honor. The then all-absorbing topic of witch-craft was introduced and soon drifted to personalities, when the insinuation was first made against Mrs. Joseph Parsons of being a witch. The stimulating influence of the tea set tongues a-wagging, and the little community, accustomed to repression and severity, was soon in a state of intense excitement over a real witch in their midst.

As a basis of fact, Mrs. Parsons was a proud and nervous woman, haughty in demeanor, and, belonging to the aristocracy of the time, held herself a dame of considerable importance. Besides this, it is recorded that she was something of a somnambulist and, in the frenzy of these attacks, would often wander off in the night until she fell from sheer exhaustion, and when she came to her senses, was unable to remember anything that had occurred. To prevent these nocturnal wanderings her husband locked the door and hid the key, which in some apparently occult manner she invariably found. It is stated that, later, she was locked in the

cellar which proved an effectual prison. If compelled to sleep in the cellar of a New England house of the seventeenth century, it is no wonder she saw spirits and had fits!

Inflamed imaginations and jealous natures soon sent strange stories afloat, and the greatest excitement prevailed. Crimination and recrimination followed between Sarah Bridgman and Mary Parsons, in which many other people were involved, until Joseph Parsons, a man of standing and importance in the town, invoked the aid of the law to save the character of his wife. This resulted in the trial and conviction of Sarah Bridgman before the Magistrates' Court at Cambridge. She was ordered by the court to make public retraction of her statements in regard to Mrs. Parsons before the inhabitants of the town, or, in default of this, to pay her ten pounds sterling. Which penalty, if paid, is not recorded. I am told that since that day, dwellers in this goodly town have been most careful to avoid neighborhood quarrels.

The first Northampton wedding occurred November 15th, 1655, in what is now the Higbee house on West Street,— although it occupied another site at the time of the marriage —the bridal couple were Mary Holton and David Burt. I find no further information concerning them.

A most remarkable woman, who came here in September, 1659, as the bride of Rev. Eleazar Mather, the first minister of the town, was Esther, or Hester, Warham. She was the mother of Eunice Williams of Deerfield fame and the wife of the first minister for ten years. Eight months after his death she married his successor, Rev. Solomon Stoddard, and became the ancestor of an illustrious line of descendants. For seventy-seven years, or more than two generations, she was the only minister's wife known in this frontier town, and she was directly connected with the First church through her two husbands and other pastors, her direct descendants, for more than one hundred and sixty years.

Mary Stoddard, the oldest daughter of Esther and Solomon Stoddard, she of the laconic answer, was married in 1695.

Her sister Esther married Rev. Timothy Edwards in 1694 and became the mother of the profound Jonathan, and of ten daughters, all more or less illustrious in after life. She did not unite with the church until her son, Jonathan, was twelve years old. She assisted her husband in the education of their children, all of whom were prepared for college. She attained her ninety-ninth year and showed her full mental vigor to the last.

Rebecca Stoddard married, in 1722, Lieut. Joseph Hawley and became the mother of Major Joseph Hawley, "one of the ablest advocates of civil freedom and whose influence in hastening the revolution was second to no other person." This Rebecca Stoddard was a woman of great energy and decision of character, of remarkable industry and economy, and with business talents of a high order. She was a person of great eccentricity, of strong prejudices and aristocratic tendencies. After her husband ended his life by cutting his throat, in a fit of melancholy, the care of their two sons fell upon her, as well as the management of the farm and merchandise, and she proved herself fully equal to it. She was an expert dairy woman; her butter and cheese were famous, and she made more of the latter than anyone else in town. One gathers that she was more notable than lovable, and her son could have inherited from her only the sterner and stronger elements in his character. When, at the age of thirty, he finally brought home his bride, in spite of his mother's opposition, though remaining under the same roof, she retired to her own apartments and managed her own household, building an addition for a cheese-room when she was sixty-seven. She died in 1766 and her tombstone bears this quaint inscription, "Earth's highest station ends in, 'Here he lies,' And 'Dust to dust' concludes her noblest song."

Sarah Pierpont, of New Haven, Conn., who was descended through her mother from the Rev. Thomas Hooker, called the Father of Connecticut churches, was married in 1727, at the age of seventeen, to Rev. Jonathan Edwards. She is spoken of, not only as a most beautiful woman, but also as

possessing exquisite charm combined with great strength of character and a wonderfully natural religious enthusiasm.

"It is related that when Rev. Job Strong was ordained at Portsmouth, N. H., Rev. Jonathan Edwards was expected to preach the ordination sermon, but as he was late in arriving a Rev. Mr. Moody began the services with prayer, in which he alluded to the superior talents, gifts and graces of Mr. Edwards, who, in the meantime had quietly entered the church and made his way into the pulpit. On seeing him there at the end of his prayer, Mr. Moody said: "I did not intend to flatter you to your face; but let me tell you, Mr. Edwards, people say that your wife is going to heaven by a shorter road than you are." She was the mother of eleven children, a wonderful manager of her household, and respected and beloved by all who knew her. Though noted for her deeply religious nature, "there was nothing morbid or sad about her religion; she had no depressing experiences; her piety, like her character, was a joyous one, bringing with it light and gladness. She made the home at Northampton a centre of genial and attractive hospitality." The famous Whitfield, after spending several days with the Edwards family in Northampton, records that she caused him to renew those prayers which for some months he had put up to God that He would send him a daughter of Abraham to be his wife. To this record he adds this petition: "Lord, I desire to have no choice of my own. Thou knowest my circumstances."

A man who would indite such a prayer would never have won Sarah Pierpont for his wife! Even the earnest and austere Jonathan Edwards, when writing to her entreating a speedy marriage, says: "Patience is commonly esteemed a virtue, but in this case I may almost regard it as a vice,"—and the marriage took place soon after.

Elizabeth Parsons married Joseph Allen November 22d, 1733. The praises of our revered Revolutionary mother have been sung so many times that it is quite unnecessary to tell this audience more of her and her six soldier sons. She

was indeed a true mother in Israel, having assisted at the birth of full three thousand children.

Mary Hunt, daughter of Lieut. Jonathan Hunt, who was born on the site of the present Burnham House, was married December 14th, 1732, in the house now owned by Mrs. Sessions on Elm Street, to General Seth Pomeroy, honored patron saint of the Northampton Chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution. Very little is recorded of her life and the few ideas we have concerning her are largely matters of inference. We feel sure she must have been a good provider for her household and an excellent seamtress, because of the numbers of fine "shirts and necks" which her husband mentions in his journal as being carelessly left behind him in one place and another.

During his enforced absences from home on military errands or affairs of state, great responsibilities, both business and domestic, must have been thrust upon her. We are told that she possessed great fortitude but that her anxieties and cares were tremendous.

One letter of hers, written in reply to one sent her by her husband during the siege of Louisburg, is preserved. In it she assures him of the earnest prayers of the Northampton people in his behalf, and commends him with unfaltering faith and trust to God's care and overruling power.

Her husband speaks of her most touchingly in his last will and of "her enfeebled condition," brought on no doubt by the heavy burdens which she had so cheerfully borne. He allows her the improvement of one-half of his estate whenever her health will permit her to care for it, but in case she is unable to do so, he commits her to the care of his son Asahel, and counsels faithful attention to this duty.

Mary Edwards, daughter of Sarah Pierpont and Rev. Jonathan Edwards, was married November, 8th, 1750, at the age of sixteen, to Major Timothy Dwight.

She was as much below medium size as her husband was above it. They were the parents of thirteen children, eight of them sons, and all large and strong men—the oldest, Timothy Dwight, president of Yale College, being only seven-

The Lieut. Jonathan Hunt House, Elm Street
Built about 1700
Here, December 14th, 1732. Mary Hunt was married to General Seth Pomeroy

teen years his mother's junior, while the smallest of them, Cecil, was five feet eight and one-half inches high, and weighed two hundred pounds. She herself was so small that her husband would sometimes carry her around the room on his open palm held out at arm's length.

Her children were widely noted for their fine physical forms and features. She was a very strong-minded woman and had quite superior instincts and habits of analytic thought. Her most striking mental traits were her quick habits of observation and her thorough and keen analysis of men and things. That she was an independent thinker for her day is shown by the fact that she did not unite with the church until her oldest son was nearly twenty years old.

For this son she had the most observable respect and when, after the death of her husband in 1778, he, with his young wife and family, removed to Northampton in order to better aid his bereaved mother, she always addressed and answered him with the respectful title of "Sir." But manners were more courtly then, than now-a-days, and the Edwards family was noted for polished and fine address. It had been a rule in the household that when the father or mother entered a room, any of the children who might be present should at once arise, and beside offering them a seat, should continue standing until they were first seated. Madam Dwight's children always spoke of her with reverence and tender affection, and as President Dwight returned from her grave, he remarked: "All that I am and all that I shall be, I owe to my mother."

Mercy Lyman, daughter of Joseph Lyman, and direct descendant of Richard, was married in 1752 to Major Joseph Hawley. His mother was much opposed to the match and tried to break it off but love prevailed over parental authority. It was said of her that she presented a fine appearance and was a beauty at seventy. They had no children but Mrs. Hawley's care and devotion to her husband in his later life, through all those melancholy months of darkness and despair, have been recorded with admiration.

In his will he makes his bequest to his wife with this tribute: "To my beloved wife, Mary, with a most affectionate remembrance of her industry, tenderness, goodness and fidelity to me ever since our intermarriage, and especially at those seasons when my state and care have been most particularly and extraordinarily exercising and troublesome."

On November 20th, 1777, Sarah Hooker was married to Caleb Strong, afterwards Governor of Massachusetts during two different periods. She was the daughter of Rev. John Hooker and that Sarah Worthington, who at the time of her marriage, in 1755, came to Northampton on a pillion, behind one of her husband's deacons, according to the custom of the times.

It is said of Governor Strong's wife, "with whom he lived in wedlock for forty years, that she was a lady of pleasing aspects, strong good sense, fervent piety and remarkable sweetness of disposition. Their home was full of sunshine and of the peace and presence of God."

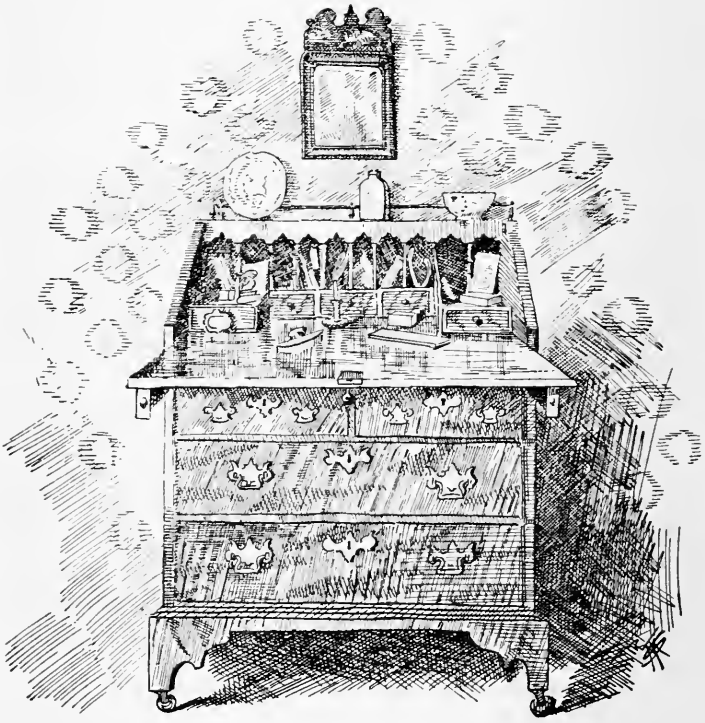
Does it seem out of place for me to add, what pride she must have had in those days of strong party feeling in 1800 when "federal" and "democrat" were words of very positive meaning, that her husband was so much revered where he was best known, that not a single vote was cast against him in seven or eight towns of which Northampton was the centre.

But this is dangerously near modern politics, in which women have no part. Time does not suffice to tell you of Abagail Ford and Experience King, Eunice Mather and Phoebe Lyman; of Esther Edwards and Rhoda Dwight; of Jean Lyman, Esther Strong, and Mary Woolsey, and a score of others. Such are some of the brides who have graced and honored Northampton in the days that are gone. With what memories have they hallowed this place for us! What a heritage of character and influence have they left us! What a standard of womanhood have they set for us! To what high deeds and higher ideals have they directed us! And still the generations move onward, each leaving behind its

influence on the future. As in the past, so in the days to come,

"Will pass onward the bridal processions,
Fresh with the youth of the world, recalling Rebecca and Isaac;
Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,
Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers."

MAJOR JOSEPH HAWLEY



Major Joseph Hawley

The wayfarer in Northampton, passing from Bridge to Hawley Street at midday, may suddenly find himself in a full tide of mill operatives surging dinnerwards from the brick factories beyond. Grave and gay, merry and sad are the faces; diverse are the languages in which lively repartee is bandied back and forth, silently with lagging footsteps, the middle aged and old bring up the rear.

If, perchance, it is on a Sunday morning he passes this way, he will find it thronged with far greater crowds pressing toward the beautiful new church, already too small for our Polish citizens, and will feel as he gazes into the Slavic faces under every conceivable head adornment, from the simple kerchief of the motherland to the gayest and most extreme of the season's styles in hats, that he is indeed looking into the bubbling depth of "the melting pot," from which is to emerge, we trust, the ideal future citizen of Northampton.

It is a far cry back to the early days of the eighteenth century when on this highway, known in the little hamlet as Pudding Lane, was born, October 8th, 1723, Joseph Hawley, who was to develop into one of the greatest of our "River Gods"—a man whose sterling character and public-spirited devotion we would rejoice to find again in this future citizen.

There were but three generations of the Hawley family in Northampton, and as our hero, Major Joseph, illustrates rather remarkably the doctrine of heredity, I wish to mention briefly the first two.

When Joseph Hawley, son of Thomas, of Roxbury, where he was born in 1655, graduated from Harvard College in 1674, he intended to enter the ministry and, following the usual preliminary step in that day, became first a school-master. He was employed to teach school in Northampton and came here in the fall of that year. He was given a small plot of land near Meeting House Hill, and in 1682 a home lot

was granted him on the easterly side of Round Hill, but he never lived on either of them. In fact, the town by special vote released him from building on the first, and in 1682 (having married Lydia Marshall in 1677), he bought a "parcel of land with a dwelling on it" on the west side of Pudding Lane, covering in part the present location of Belding's Silk Mill; and this is the original Hawley homestead.

This was within the fortifications, or palisades, which were built in 1675, the year after Joseph Hawley came here, and you may be interested to know the probable line of these old palisades. They began on Bridge Street just above the cemetery, the northeastern line of which was then nearly where it is now, following the easterly boundary of the home lots laid out on Hawley Street. There was a highway then very near where Pomeroy Terrace now is, and the palisades were built along that, and reached Mill River at a point just below the house of the late William R. Clapp; then turning up Mill River they continued along the bank to the rear of, and across, Forbes Library lot, and crossing West Street, enclosed the house of Alexander Edwards, a little south of Plymouth Inn; then took a nearly straight course, crossing Elm, State and Park Streets, reaching King, possibly as far up as the French Catholic Church, and so went on, above the cemetery, to Bridge Street.

The school house in which Joseph Hawley taught was the first building erected for a church, a little one-story structure, eighteen by twenty-six feet, with one door, one chimney, two windows and a steep thatched roof, facing south, on the corner of King and Main Streets. The site was marked, in 1912, by a small boulder, with a bronze tablet upon it, the gift of Betty Allen Chapter.

He proved to be a most successful school teacher, and taught ten or eleven years. He was licensed to preach about the time he came to town and supplied the pulpits in various churches throughout the county, in a very acceptable manner, but he soon renounced the ministry—very likely because he was more and more busied with municipal affairs and had no time for his theological studies. With school teaching he

combined farming, mercantile business and the practice of law. He never studied law; still, during the latter part of his life he was the principal lawyer in Northampton and was appointed by the town to conduct nearly every suit in which it was a party.

The town entrusted many other important affairs to him. In 1695, "When as it is thought necessary that there be a sufficient cage erected or set up in Northampton for the speedy security of some turbulent persons, therefore, it is ordered by the court, that Joseph Hawley, Esq., cause the same to be speedily erected and sufficiently made and set up." He was on the "gutter committee," for great damage occurred in the meadows from the overflow of Mill River, which at this time did not pass through its present channel. At the foot of Pleasant Street it turned sharply to the south, following closely the base of Fort Hill, formed the western boundary of Manhan meadows, and is supposed to have entered the Manhan River near its junction with the Connecticut. The former channel may yet be distinctly traced. The town voted "to stop the mouths of the gutters that carry the water out of Mill River and into the meadows, whereby much damage is done." The work was great but unsuccessful, and in a few years the heroic remedy of changing the course of the river was adopted.

Mr. Hawley was sent to Hartford to settle the boundary line, and to Deerfield to see about "forting the town." He was one of the five justices of Hampshire County; eight times selectman, and his service as deputy to the General Court extended over sixteen years. In short, he was a man of weight, of profound patriotism and stern integrity. He died on May 19th, 1711, his death being caused by a wound inflicted by the horn of an ox.

He left an unsigned will which, the widow and children consenting, was admitted to Probate. He and his wife had seven children, four sons and three daughters. He divided his real estate between Joseph and Ebenezer; two-thirds to Joseph and one-third to Ebenezer. The latter kept the homestead and Joseph bought the homestead of Thomas

Sheldon on the opposite side of the street and built a home upon it soon after. He married Rebekah, the eleventh child of Rev. Solomon Stoddard, a woman of great energy and decision of character, of remarkable industry and economy and with business talents of a high order. Her husband was a man of more than ordinary ability, greatly respected and a leading citizen. Fifteen times he was chosen townsman and for eighteen years annually elected town clerk. He was also county treasurer. He carried on a successful mercantile business, probably here on Pudding Lane, selling dry goods and silk handkerchiefs, pipes—for both men and women smoked—and much rum. He was the first person in town to sell knives and forks. Mr. Hawley was not college bred, but lived the life of a quiet country gentleman, respected by all. He was evidently a person of culture, since he seems to have read both Latin and Greek.

But this useful life came to a most melancholy end, and the whole community was shocked when, on Sunday morning, June 1st, 1735, in a fit of despondency he cut his throat in his bedroom.

Jonathan Edwards writing of this says, "In the latter part of May it began to be very sensible that the spirit of God was gradually withdrawing from us and after this time Satan seemed to be more let loose and raged in a dreadful manner. The first instance wherein it appeared, was a person's putting an end to his own life by cutting his throat. He was a gentleman of more than common understanding, of strict morals, religious in his behaviour, and an useful, honorable person in this town, but was of a family that are exceedingly prone to the disease of melancholy, and his mother was killed with it. He had been exceedingly concerned about the state of his soul and there were some things in his experience that appeared very hopefully, but he durst entertain no hope. The devil took the advantage and drove him into desparing thoughts."

At the time of his father's death Joseph Hawley third—the great Joseph Hawley—was only twelve years old. He and his younger brother, Elisha, were the only children and

the care of them, as well as the management of farm and merchandise, devolved upon the mother, and fully equal to it she was. From her, Joseph inherited the sterner and stronger elements in his character. Exceedingly autocratic, she ruled her household with an iron hand. She refused her consent to Joseph's marriage, until he was nearly thirty —which in those days of early wedlock was an unusual age. When he finally braved her wrath and took to himself a wife, she retired to her own side of the house and there conducted her own menage, making her famous butter and cheese, and superintending the building of a new cheese room when she was nearly seventy.

She was of the type pictured so vividly by Mrs. Stowe and Mary Wilkins, I imagine—a type not yet extinct in New England, and some specimens of which may be found still in Northampton. She died in 1766 and on her gravestone in the cemetery is the rather quaint quotation,

> "Earth's highest station ends in 'here he lies'
> And 'dust to dust' concludes her noblest song."

The little Joseph undoubtedly went to the village school, then taught by Dr. Samuel Mather, but very likely his grandfather Stoddard helped him prepare for college. He was certainly an apt pupil, for he entered Yale when sixteen years old and three years after wards graduated. Intending to become a minister he entered on a course of study at Harvard. In 1745, he served as chaplain in the expedition against Louisburg, but like his grandfather Hawley, soon gave up preaching and commenced the study of law, in Suffield.

In 1749, he began to practice here and soon took high rank. By the time he was fairly settled, came the trouble with his cousin, Rev. Jonathan Edwards, and the fact that he was on the wrong side in that melancholy business and one of the most active and effective of Mr. Edwards' opponents, is remembered against him to this day. Mr. Edwards says of him, "The people in managing this affair have made

chief use of a young gentleman of liberal education and notable abilities and a fluent speaker of about seven or eight and twenty years of age, my grandfather Stoddard's grandson, being my mother's sister's son, a man of lax principles in religion, falling in, in some essential things, with the Arminians, and is very open and bold about it. He was one of the agents for the church and was their chief spokesman before the council. He very strenuously urged an immediate separation."

Four years after, having been convinced of his mistake, Major Hawley opened a correspondence with Mr. Edwards on the subject. The latter did not scruple to tell him the plain truth, "And, therefore, Sir, I think you made yourself greatly guilty in the sight of God in the part you acted in this affair and much from your own forwardness, putting yourself forward as it were, as tho' fond of meddling and helping, which were the less becoming, considering your youth and considering your relation to me." If there is any epithet peculiarly exasperating it is that of "meddler," but with great sweetness Major Hawley replies, "I freely confess, Sir, and own, that the air and language, in which considerable of what I said was delivered, was irreverent, immodest, derisive, magisterial and savouring of haughtiness and levity, and such as illy became me, Sir, when arguing with you, who was so much my superior in age, station and accomplishments, for which I humbly and sincerely ask your forgiveness and am very sorry." But this full apology did not satisfy his exigent conscience and ten years later, two years after Mr. Edwards' death, he wrote a long letter to Rev. Mr. Hall of Sutton, a member of the two councils, in which he explains again the whole matter and says, "For all these my great sins, therefore, I humbly and most earnestly ask the forgiveness of God, nextly of the relatives and near friends of Mr. Edwards. I also ask the forgiveness of those who were called Mr. Edwards' Adherents and of all the members of the ecclesiastical councils above mentioned, and lastly of all Christian people who have had any knowledge of the matter." Surely it is not for us to remember this sin against him!

In town affairs Major Hawley was first called to serve as selectman, in 1747, and for the next forty years his name was scarcely ever omitted from the board. He had the rare talent of controlling men, was frequently moderator of town meetings, and once, while a member of the Legislature, was sent for to quiet the disorder of a town meeting in Boston which the moderator could not control. His law practice steadily increased and he soon reached the head of the bar in this section of the state. Mr. Trumbull says, "Though his reputation as a lawyer was equal to that of any of his contemporaries, he was conscientious in all his dealings, moderate in his charges and never advocated a client whom he thought to be in the wrong." He never would take a fee when a corporation asked advice, nor from a widow or orphan. Major Hawley's legal career has been ably described by a lawyer, Mr. T. G. Spaulding, in an article in the *Centennial Gazette*.

It was when John Adams was engaged in a case in the Court at Springfield that Major Hawley met him and the two became lifelong friends. First elected a member of the Legislature, in 1751, it is for his distinguished services there and the very great influence he exerted in bringing about the War for Independence that Major Hawley's memory should be especially dear to us, Daughters of the Revolution. Indeed, I fear that we have never appreciated our debt to him for this cause alone, and, as daughters of Northampton, we owe him a still greater debt.

In 1766, when the Stamp Act and the results of opposition to it were the all-absorbing topic, he was for the third time chosen to the Legislature and from then until the Revolution commenced was annually reëlected. During this time Thomas Hutchinson, his lifelong enemy, wrote of him, "He was more attended to in the House than any of the leaders, but less active out of it; he was equally and perhaps more attended to than Samuel Adams." Governor Hutchinson, in 1773, endeavored to convince the Legislature and the people that Parliament had a right to make laws for America and to lay taxes. The reply of the committee appointed to answer this

speech was the most elaborate State paper of the Revolutionary Controversy in Massachusetts and Hutchinson states that Mr. Hawley and Samuel Adams had the greatest share in preparing it.

In the legislative struggle relative to the Stamp Act, Mr. Hawley was in the forefront of the battle. He was one of the Committee of Correspondence. His opinion was sought and his knowledge of law relied on in every emergency. Wherever patriotism, legal ability or sound common sense were needed, there Major Hawley was conspicuous. He was elected a member of the Provincial Congress, whose duties were m inly preparation for the conflict, formation and equipment of militia, the adjustment of affairs with the government of other colonies and the Continental Congress.

During the whole of the Revolutionary struggle Major Hawley labored diligently to rouse the people to patriotism. He took a personal interest in the work of recruiting in his native town. He would frequently address the soldiers and, when recruits were scarce, would follow the drum and fife through the streets himself, till others, roused by his enthusiasm, joined the procession. From one of his letters in the Forbes Library I copy this list of companies sent off to Crown Point by him in two weeks' time, in 1776, to recruit the Northern Army.

"2 companies of 97 marched July 24, 1776
1 company 85 " " 29
1 " 92 " " 30
1 " 85 " Aug. 5
3 others will go next Fryday by Bennington."

This portion of a letter written by him to Thomas Cushing shows his wisdom and prudence on the brink of war. "When once the blow is struck it must be followed and we must conquer or all is lost forever. If we are not supported, perseveringly supported by divers other Colonies, can we expect anything else than in a short time to fall a prey to our enemies? May God make us consider it! I beg of you there-

fore as you love your country to use your utmost influence with our Committee of Safety, that our people be not mustered and that hostilities be not commenced until we have the express, categorial decision of the Continent that the time is absolutely come that hostilities ought to begin and that they will support us in continuing them. Sir, I think it is of much importance to do this! As you regard your own life and your usefulness to your country, you should most attentively watch all the steps and proceedings of the Court now sitting in Boston. If they get a grand jury then they will probably obtain indictment of high treason, and indictments will not be procured without a view and respect to arrests and commitments, convictions, hangings, drawings and quarterings. What your chance will be I need not tell you! I am with the most Sincere Regard, your most obedient Humble Servant, Joseph Hawley."

Major Hawley declined to accept the position of delegate to the Continental Congress and the choice fell on his friend, John Adams, but he was strongly interested in the work of that body and wrote to Mr. Adams a paper which he called "Broken Hints," which was placed before the Convention. In this was the sentiment "Fight we must finally, unless Britain retreats," on hearing which Patrick Henry exclaimed, "By God, I am of this man's mind." The services of Major Hawley in the Legislature closed with his duties in the Provincial Congress. He declined a seat in the Massachusetts Senate, refusing to take the oath of office because he said that the founders of Massachusetts, while church membership was a condition for the privilege of voting, never suffered a profession of the Christian religion to be made before a temporal Court. In short, he was as conscientious as patriotic. He, more than any other patriot of his day, saw the tendency of affairs from the beginning, saw the end and threw his whole soul into the conflict. In the John Adams Papers it is said of him, "Of this remarkable man it is to be regretted that so few traces remain. Even under the pen of an enemy, like Hutchinson, his character shines like burnished gold." I am sure you feel with me, that it is indeed a great soul we

are trying to call back today, but it is very hard to make him seem anything but dim and unreal.

Unfortunately there is no actual portrait of Major Hawley in existence, and the few and scattered personal facts I can gather are quite inadequate to a mental one. We expect a scientist to construct a prehistoric animal from a single bone, but I cannot expect you to construct Major Hawley from this bit of his christening blanket, though it speaks volumes as to his mother's economy in her first baby's outfit; nor from his tea-caddy, interesting as it is. These with his desk and snuff box are still preserved by his descendants in Northampton.

In 1752, he married Mercy Lyman, said to have been a person of fine appearance and excellent disposition and a "beauty at seventy." She was always kind and affectionate towards him and treated him tenderly in all his despondency. This inherited melancholia tinged his whole career. "His great wit was sure to madness near allied." He lived to be sixty-five, and during the last twenty-four years of his life was more than half the time under this heavy cloud. "He smoked incessantly on such occasions and his eye had a wild and piercing look. In one of these times of despondency he destroyed papers that would now be very valuable. His friends, Doctor Mather, Doctor Hunt, Colonel Pomeroy and others would come to cheer him but rarely succeeded." These seasons of depression were followed by times of great exaltation, when he did much for the cause of liberty.

He was plain and simple in all his tastes. In summer he rose at five and in winter at six. He cared for his own stock, "did the chores" in the barn himself while his wife did the milking. He did not carry on his farm but rented his meadow land. On Sundays he wore a checked shirt made by his wife and on other occasions was clad in homespun. He conducted religious services in his own family night and morning. Twice a week he shaved and always visited the schools directly after. Though not much of a singer, he was very fond of music and the church singers often met at his home to practice.

He died in March, 1788. His wife survived him eighteen years, dying in 1806. They had no children. This tribute was paid him at his death: "He was temperate, just, beneficent and public-spirited, the friend of the poor and the patron of the oppressed, a disinterested statesman, an able and honest lawyer, an obliging neighbor and a good husband;" the following is from the *Hampshire Gazette*, published Wednesday, March 19, 1788:

"On Wednesday last the remains of the Hon. Joseph Hawley, Esq., whose death was mentioned in our last, were respectfully interred after having been conveyed to the Meeting House where a sermon suitable to the occasion was delivered to the assembly by the Rev. Mr. Lyman of Hatfield, from these words in the three first verses of the third chapter of Isaiah: 'For behold the Lord, the Lord of Hosts, doth take away from Jerusalem and from Judah the stay and the staff, the mighty man and the prudent and the ancient and the honorable man and the counsellor and the eloquent orator.' The propriety of selecting these words on the occasion will be perceived by every one who was acquainted with Major Hawley. He was born in this town in October 1723 and descended from reputable ancestors; having received an education at Yale College he was for a short time a preacher of the gospel, but afterwards applied himself to the study of law, in which profession he soon arrived to eminence. His abilities were distinguished and his integrity was incorruptible. No man had a greater contempt for the low arts of chicane or more constantly endeavored to investigate truth and promote justice.

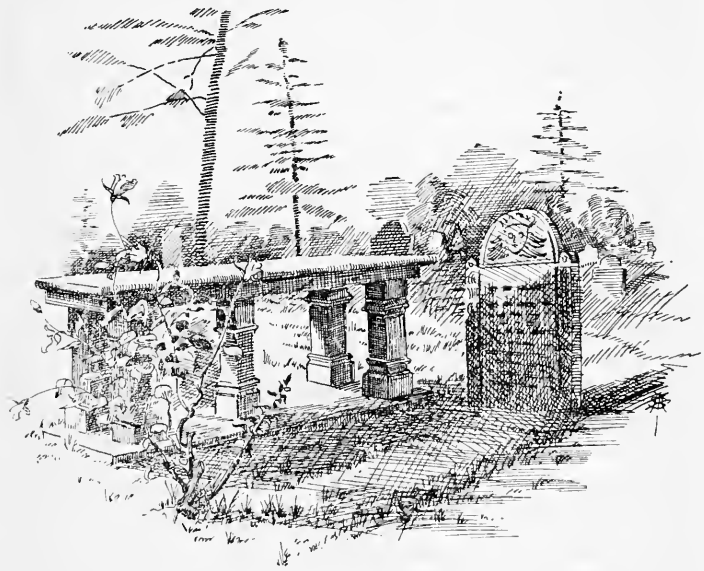
"Although he was an example to others in economy, industry and simplicity of life, and was many years one of the foremost at the bar, he made but a small addition to his patrimonial estate, but this secured him a competence, and as he had no children and never wished for riches to serve the purpose of luxury his mind was satisfied in itself and demanding no superfluity at home was left at full liberty to consult the interest and advance the happiness of his fellow men.

"His native town reposed in him unlimited confidence. He was many years their representative in the General Court and before the war with Great Britain was chosen a member of the Council. In his political conduct he showed great zeal for liberty and attachment to the rights of the people but often regretted the disposition of many persons to abuse their liberty for a cloak of licentiousness. In public assemblies he acquired controling influence, he addressed them with decorum and dignity and seldom failed to produce conviction by his manly eloquence and strength of argument. He was temperate, just, beneficent and public-spirited, the friend of the poor and the patron of the oppressed, a disinterested statesman, an able and honest lawyer, an obliging neighbor and a good husband. He was an early and exemplary professor of the Christian religion and may years a deacon in the church and used the office of a deacon well.

"During the three last years of his life he was confined by hypochondriac disorders which had before affected him at different periods and had rendered him in some instances variable and inconsistent. He bore the pains of his last illness without complaint and has left a disconsolate widow and many friends to lament his death." In his will, which may be seen at the Hampshire County Court House, he says: "I will and order that my body be interred with but only ordinary decency and ceremony." His bequest to his wife is made with this tribute: "To my Beloved wife, Mercy, with a most affectionate remembrance of her industry, tenderness, goodness and fidelity to me, ever since our intermarriage and especially at those seasons when my case and state have been most particularly and extraordinarily exercising and troublesome."

But in the rest of the will we have a personal interest. Let me read his message to *us*. "I do hereby give and devise all the said Lands and tenements to the inhabitants of the aforesaid town of Northampton to be holden forever without distribution, by the town, and I most heartily hereby recommend to said town that they should carefully see to it that such Schools as the laws of this Commonwealth do or

shall require the said town to maintain, be supported and maintained in a steady and liberal manner and by faithful and able masters taught and instructed, an affection to learning and the good education of the successive generations of the Lads of Northampton being a great motive to the making of this Devise as well as hearty Benevolence to the town where I was born and lived most of my days and which has seen fit from the early days of my manhood to



honour me with many instances of their respect, esteem and confidence."

The real estate so devised consisted of about a thousand acres, eight hundred in Belchertown and his own land on Hawley Street, his Uncle Ebenezer having left the original homestead to him. It has all now been converted into savings bank funds and amounts to about $3,000, the income of which annually helps our school expenses. For over thirty years the grammar school was by special vote of the town supported by this income and called the "Hawley School," but in 1824 it was discontinued.

Very fitting is it then, as Northampton comes to her two hundred and fiftieth birthday, and, turning the dusty leaves of her early history, singles out here and there "from all her saints who from their labors rest" a name for special honor, that once more shall rise within her borders a "Hawley Grammar School." For all the little lads and lassies who shall throng its portals in the glad years to be, we can wish nothing better than that they may emulate the sterling character, the patriotism, the "plain living and high thinking" of Major Joseph Hawley.

THE OLD FERRIES AND BRIDGES

The Old Ferries and Bridges

The Connecticut, the River of Pines, the Great River, how large a place it must have filled in the minds of the early settlers! What were their thoughts and fears as they first looked upon a great spring flood, covering all their choice meadow lands on which they depended for food for man and beast! The quiet rivers of the midland countries of England from which they came showed no such phenomena. Knowing nothing of the upper reaches of the river, imagination could only picture the dark forests, the haunts of savage beasts and more savage men.

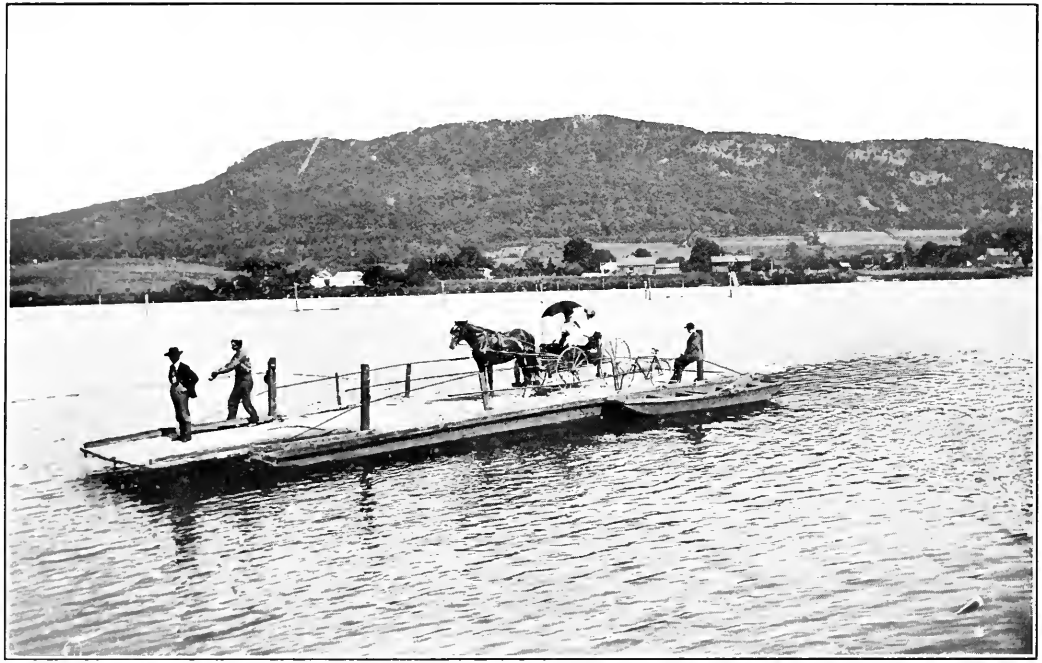
In popular speech it was always the "Great River" and in Maverick's description of New England, published in London in 1660, he says, "The Connecticut is a great river before the town, bigger than the Thames above the bridge." Ebenezer Hunt's diary speaks again and again of the spring and, often, of winter floods of the—"Great River," and of "the greatest hight of water ever remembered by the oldest inhabitant." To reach any neighboring town, Springfield on the south or Hadley on the east, the river must be crossed. The only means of crossing was by boat or Indian canoe. In 1658 a boat was built by order and at the expense of the town, but there is no record to show its shape or capacity. The course was to a point a little below the present ferry at Hockanum.

Rules were made for the use of the ferry. Goodman Bartlett living at the lower end of Pleasant Street was appointed to keep the key of the boat and each man was his own ferryman. Any person having the key delivered to him "shall stand the hazard of the boat till the key be returned to the keeper. 'No person could keep the boat more than an hour and a half' and if they neglect to deliver up the key for an hour after returning they shall pay a fine of two shillings and sixpence; further, anyone who shall lose or break the oars shall pay for them or provide as good as they were again."

Mr. Trumbull thinks these rules prove that this ferry was not used for travelers, although there was a road to Springfield on the east side of the river before the town of Hadley was settled. Soon after that time a ferry was established to Northampton. It started at the lower end of Hadley Street and was reached on the Northampton side by a road through that part of the meadow called Old Rainbow. In 1664, a committee was appointed by the County Court to consider the matter of a ferry. The Court ordered that Northampton should keep the ferry in the place where the Court "did determine the highways between the two towns shall meet; Northampton to manage the ferry with sufficient vessels for attending the same, for which they shall have six pence a horse and two pence a person, except for troopers when they shall pass to and fro for military service, who shall be carried for three pence a horse and man." Lieut. Joseph Kellogg of Hadley was the ferryman for nearly twenty years and his descendants for almost a century; afterwards, Stephen Goodman (whose wife was a daughter of James Kellogg, the last incumbent of that name), and from him called Goodman's Ferry.

The ferry was to be supplied with boats and canoes for all sorts of passengers through the day, and in the night when necessity required, but "not after nine o'clock for men in their ordinary occasions." Double price was charged at night until nine o'clock "and after that and in extraordinary storms and floods upon such terms as can be agreed upon with the ferry man." Magistrates and deputies were freed from paying, the ferryman to bring their accounts to the Court to be paid from the county rates. No other person was allowed to carry passengers within fifty feet of the ferry, unless the ferryman neglected his duty.

The first ferry established by the County Courts at Hockanum was in 1755 and Gideon Lyman was ferryman. There is no record of a ferry between Hadley and Hatfield until 1692, but as many persons on the east side owned and cultivated land on the west, canoes and boats were frequently passing, so that the river must have been the scene of much



Hockanum Ferry

lively traffic. Here the ferriage was fourpence for a horse or horned beast, and one penny for a man, if paid down in money. If not so paid the ferryman might demand double or do as the two parties could agree. The only means of crossing the river for one hundred and fifty years was by these two ferries.

While the saying had long been current—"as impossible as to bridge the Great River," early in 1800 the question of a bridge began to be agitated. The settlers brought with them from England the idea of toll roads and toll bridges. The toll or turnpike roads were more common in the eastern part of the state, although attempts were made to form turnpike companies in this region. In the old *Gazettes* we find notices of such corporations, as well as advertisements of those who wished to build the roads.

President Dwight of Yale College, in his "New England Travels in the Year 1800," speaks of traveling over a road near Providence of which two stretches, of perhaps five miles each, were turnpiked, while between were miles of the roughest sort of traveling. Upon inquiry he learned that after spending the sum of money appropriated by the Legislature, upon asking for more to complete the road, those building it were told that "turnpike roads and the State Church had their origin in Great Britain, the government of which was a monarchy and the inhabitants slaves. That the people of Massachusetts and Connecticut were obliged by law to support ministers and pay their fare on turnpike roads and were therefore slaves also; that if they chose to be slaves they undoubtedly had a right to their choice; but the free born Rhode Islanders ought never to submit to be priest ridden nor to pay for the privilege of traveling on the highway." He goes on to state that the turnpike was completed in 1905 and that "the free born Rhode Islanders" bowed their necks to the shame of traveling on a good road.

Josiah Quincy in his "Reminiscences," tells of a man who riding on the Sabbath at a most ungodly rate of speed was stopped by the toll man, but upon the plea that his father was lying dead in Salem he was allowed to proceed. When

the gate had been raised and he was well beyond reach, rising in his stirrups he called back, "My father has been lying dead in Salem for twenty years!"

There are still in Pennsylvania, and in other states, many turnpike roads. During an afternoon's drive in the suburbs of Philadelphia on the old York or Lancaster roads, one may several times have the privilege of paying toll. In case of fast driving automobiles one can easily see the usefulness of toll houses.

As a case in point, a young man who was much given to exceeding the speed limit, one day found himself rushing past a toll house at a most unlawful rate. The toll man, unable to stop him, immediately telephoned the next toll house that a big white automobile was coming at lightning speed, whereupon the second toll man, being slight of stature and lame, mounted a chair in the middle of the road, vigorously waved a flag, stopped the lawbreaker and collected his fine, to the great amusement of the criminal. A bill was introduced into the Pennsylvania Legislature in 1911 to abolish all toll roads in the state, on the plea that they were the worst to be found within its boundaries. It was proposed to appropriate $2,000,000 for their purchase. The Legislature refusing to appropriate any money, either for purchase or for repairs, virtually abolished the roads.

But to return for a little to our ferries. Before 1758, a ferry was running at the site of the present bridge across the Connecticut, at Bridge Street. It was called Clark's Ferry and was owned and run by Ezra Clark. In 1742, Benjamin Alvord sold to Ezra Clark a parcel of land and a house at the end of Bridge Street near the river. In the same year Ezra Clark was licensed to keep an inn, and because of no evidence to the contrary and much internal proof of age, we may conclude that the old inn and the later toll house were one and the same with the house standing in 1742. No one can tell us how much earlier it was built.

Benjamin Alvord was an express rider, a sort of courier de bois, frequently mentioned for his courage and daring, being often employed in the troublous Indian and later

Revolutionary times, to carry supplies, papers and messages of importance, for the different leaders. Many were his hair-breadth escapes from the frenzy of the elements, and schemes of the enemy; and thrilling tales must have been told beside the great fireplace of the old inn. An early map shows a ferry at this point, in 1794, and the Court House records mention Ezra Clark as ferryman "at the usual place" in 1758. How much earlier there was crossing at this point we do not know, but all the travel to the east and south, after the year 1661, came past this house, crossing either at Goodman's Ferry from Old Rainbow, or here.

For more than one hundred and thirty years it stood as an inn and toll house, and for thirty-five more it has looked on as the procession has moved by, though having no active part in the drama. Perchance it has seen the Rev. Mr. Solomon Stoddard pass on his way to Boston to attend ministers' meetings and to visit Judge Sewell. Perhaps the "Saintly Edwards," in his much loved study of Natural History, may have strolled along the river bank. The stately John Stoddard, taking his four beautiful daughters to school in Boston, must have journeyed on horseback by this road; also Caleb Strong and Major Hawley, discussing it may be, the troubles of the times as they went to consult with John Adams and the great spirits of the Revolution.

Past here came the rush of the minutemen to Lexington, and Burgoyne with some of his defeated soldiers crossed over on their way to the coast and England. In 1792, came the stagecoach and its crowds of passengers going to "the Bay" over the old Bay Road. The grave judges, coming to hold Court in Northampton and to lend the lustre of their presence to its social life, also crossed this ferry and passed by the Clark Inn.

Later came the rollicking groups of students bound for Amherst, and not seldom a reverend professor walked over to preach to us of Northampton and exhaust his rhetoric on the beauty of our situation and our great privileges, from the text, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem," or "The trees of the Lord are full of sap, the Cedars of

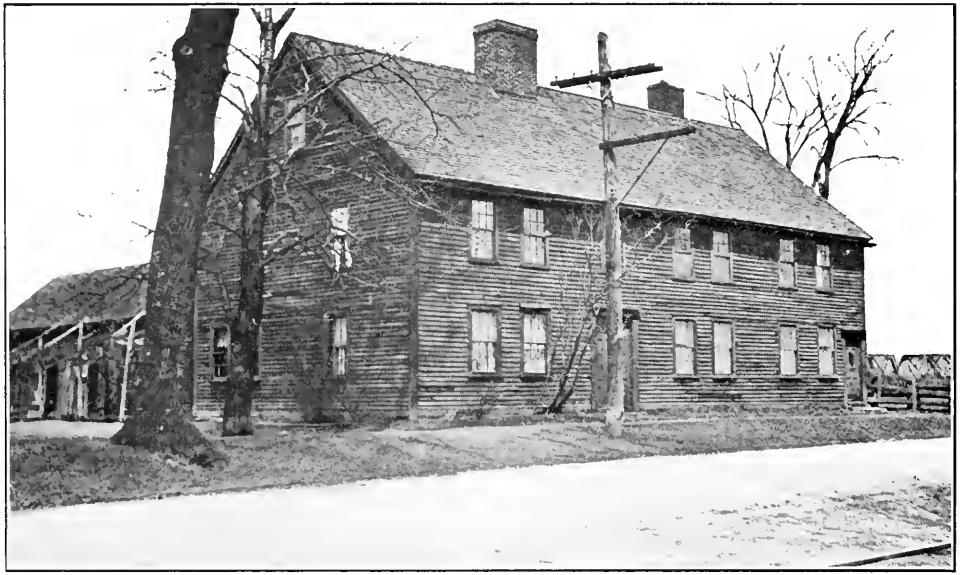
Lebanon which he hath planted," (the Elms along our highways).

What joyous mugs of hot flip have been handed out from the old inn to shivering riders! What cooling decoctions of mint from the old garden have revived the wilted spirits of travelers in the stuffy stagecoach! Some of us would be quite willing to affirm that the skill of such decoctions has descended in the family, even to the present day.

With ears too, as well as with eyes, has the old house shared in our history. In shivering dread has it heard the great river rushing past with its grinding ice pack in the flood tide of spring, or again the shrill cry of the Indian, gliding past in his canoe. It has listened for the long winding note of the post horn as the stage came up through the meadows, bringing its news of good or ill; and to the sound of the hammers as the timbers were fitted into place on that wonder of wonders, the "Great Bridge!" It has heard after long years of waiting, the whistle of the locomotive, the whirr of the "broom stick train," and in these last years, the chug-chug of the horseless carriage. Who shall say that it may not sometime listen to the flapping of great wings as the aëroplanes fly past on the air-line from Boston to Chicago?

Of the interior life of the house who can tell us? With a family of ten children for whom to plant and mow, to weave and sew, bake and brew, with the outside world asking for entertainment in food and drink, there was scant time for keeping diaries. The first Ezra Clark, great, great grandson of Lieut. William, was one of the Committee of Safety and was many times chosen selectman. Of the next generation, Jonas, the head, was three years a soldier of the Revolution. His diary records many a bit of rough experience, cheerfully borne for the sake of country, and of wife and children in the old home by the river.

The next family, that of Spencer Clark, gives us only the simple annals of seven small children to be clothed, fed and mothered—but the busy mother never too tired each week, year after year, to remember, with the pot of beans and loaf



Old Clark Inn and Toll House, Bridge Street
Built previous to 1742

of bread, her less fortunate neighbors, "the Lord's poor," living in the little lane along the river bank. The Rev. Jonas Clark, Mr. Charles Clark of the *Hartford Courant*, and our former Regent, Miss Sergeant, are some of the more well-known descendants of the old home. There is no register to tell us who were the distinguished guests of the inn, but truly it has been a "house by the side of the road" and "a friend to man."

Although the corporation for building the bridge from Northampton to Hadley was formed in 1803, it was not finished until 1808. Meanwhile one had been built at Hatfield, crossing from the southern end of Main Street to the southerly point of the Bishop Huntington property in North Hadley. The funds for building this bridge were raised largely by lottery, and for several years the advertisement of the Hatfield lottery figures in the old *Gazette*, along with the Harvard College lottery and that of the South Hadley Falls Canal.

The Hatfield bridge was formally opened October 20th, 1807. In the sermon preached on that occasion by Rev. Joseph Lyman, he considers the building of the bridge as one of the signs presaging the millenium. After speaking of the wonders wrought by the art of printing, the discovery of the magnet with the application of its mysterious powers, and the great increase of wealth, he says: "The establishment of packets and stages, the erection of useful public buildings and bridges, are to be attributed to the wisdom of Providence in ripening and preparing the world for a better state of society in some approaching age." He quotes "an intelligent friend" as saying, "The uncommon zeal and activity of the people in opening canals, making roads and establishing stages will not be lost labor. We are at work for those who will live in the millenium."

He continues, "The throwing of bridges across the wide flowing and rapid waters of the Connecticut would a few years since have been treated as an ideal and romantic projection. But we are this day convened to acknowledge the goodness of Providence in the finishing and opening of the

fifteenth bridge erected over that magnificent and potent stream." He thanks the proprietors, directors, patrons, contractors, and laborers and especially the Legislature of the Commonwealth, for granting the privilege of the lottery for raising funds, and concludes: "The Hatfield bridge this day opened may be viewed as a specimen of human art and skill, of what great and noble projects may be accomplished by liberal zeal and constant pertinaceous perseverance."

Copies of this sermon were sold at the time for twelve and one-half cents. In 1900 a copy, which is now in the Amherst College Library, was offered for sale at $25.00. This bridge did not prove a profitable investment, whether because it was founded on a lottery or because the "pertinaceous perseverance" did not continue, who shall say? After 1821 it became unsafe; the proprietors did not repair or rebuild it, and by 1824 it was pulled down, the stone of the abutments being sold to the highest bidder.

The Northampton bridge was finished in October, 1808; the *Gazette* of October 19th gives notice of the approaching celebration. From the issue of November 2d, 1808, I copy this account:

On Thursday last the completion and opening of the Northampton bridge was celebrated in this town by the Proprietors and an immense concourse of people assembled for the purpose. The importance of the undertaking to the public excited the interest and attention of all; and the expedition, perseverance and ability which have been displayed in accomplishing it are equally honorable to the enterprise of the Proprietors, and the talents and professional skill of the contractors. At eleven o'clock a procession was formed at the house of Mr. Jonas Clark and moved in the following order, viz.:

Marshal Gen. Porter on horseback,
Music.
Capt. Breck's Co. Artillery,
Citizens and strangers,
Workmen at the Bridge,
Contractors,

Two standards borne by two Lieutenants,
Members of the Corporation,
Clerk and Treasurer,
Directors,
President and Clergy,
Deputy Marshal, Major Chapman on horseback.

In this order the procession passed and repassed the Bridge under the salute of minute guns which were alternately discharged from opposite banks of the river. In the centre of the Bridge a temporary arch was erected elegantly decorated with evergreens, over which three United States standards were tastefully arranged.

From the Bridge the procession marched to the meeting house where an ingenious, elegant and truly appropriate sermon was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Willard of Deerfield from the words, "Hath not my hand made all these things?" As this sermon is now in press it is sufficient here to remark that it gave universal appreciation to a very numerous and crowded auditory. In noticing this celebration it would be unjust not to mention the superior style in which the choir of singers performed the parts assigned to them, as well as the taste displayed in selecting the pieces of music.

Rev. Samuel Willard, in his sermon, after speaking at length of the great works of God and the insignificance of any work of man, goes on to draw a lively picture of the desolation and distress of the European countries caused by their wars and by military exactions, and concludes: "Our inquiries are not how shall we contrive to raise or support vast armies, either for our protection or for the gratification of an ambitious and bloodthirsty master or ally, but how shall we enlarge and beautify our dwellings, alleviate by mechanical aid the ordinary labors of life and by the improvement of roads, the erection of bridges, etc., facilitate the journeys of those who travel for business, health or amusement? The improvements made in our country within these twenty years are perhaps unexampled. It is only a few years since the establishment of the first turnpike roads

in our country and now a great part of the considerable places in the Union are connected by turnpikes. In the number and length of our bridges, tho not in the materials of which they are composed, we rival almost every country under heaven.

A comparison of our condition with that of most foreign countries should awaken within us the most generous sympathy for their degradation and distress, while it enkindles within us the most lively gratitude to the Giver of all good for his *distinguished favors.*

After divine service a large party consisting of the Corporation and numerous civil and military Guests retired to the Inn of Barnabas Billings where an elegant entertainment was provided. After dinner a number of toasts were drunk and joy and festivity closed the day."

This bridge was an open one, and as would seem from the descriptions, was built upon arches resting on abutments; the planking followed the arches so that the crossing was a series of rises and descents. The contractors and builders were Jonathan Wolcott and Peleg Kingsley, and the cost $13,500.

It was the custom in those early years to allow the clergy to pass over the bridge free. We find in the records that this privilege was voted to Rev. Solomon Williams, Northampton; Rev. Mr. Woodbridge, Hadley; Dr. Joseph Lyman, Westfield; Rev. Dr. Parsons and Rev. Mr. Perkins, Amherst; Rev. Payson Williston, Easthampton, and Rev. Enoch Hale, of Westhampton.

Until 1856 the toll gate was near the old toll house, twenty rods west of the bridge. In 1857, a toll-gatherer's house was built close to the entrance. The first bridge was in use for nine years; the one which replaced it was destroyed by a flood; and in 1826, the long wooden, covered bridge, which some of us remember, was built. Another flood in 1859 carried off the western end of this structure, but it was replaced and with the older half remained until destroyed in 1877. In that year a tornado lifted it bodily from the piers and dropped it in the river. Although eleven teams and sixteen people were crossing upon it at the time,

only one person was killed, and three injured. The newspapers of the day give a lively description of the destruction of this bridge. Mr. Solomon Clark drove furiously down to the center of the town, shouting, "the Hadley bridge is down! the Hadley Bridge is down!" The fire bells were rung and all Northampton rushed for the scene of the disaster.

On the Hadley side of the bridge, on the three piers nearest the river bank, not a board or piece of timber was left, only the foundation stones; the western half was tipped, one end being in the river and the other resting against a pier. Looking at the ruin, it seemed impossible that a human being or animal could have gone down in the wreck and come out alive. The force of the wind was so great that a well-grown boy, son of Mr. Charles Cook of Hadley, walking in the road at the eastern end of the bridge, was blown up fifteen feet in the air into the branches of a poplar tree.

The present iron bridge was built the next year, 1878. It is 1218 feet long, a little less than a quarter of a mile. Toll was taken for all persons except clergymen until 1875, when the towns of Northampton, Amherst and Hadley bought the property and the bridge was made free. The receipts from tolls for the first year of the bridge's existence—1808—were $546.72; for the last year, $1,875; for the entire period that tolls were collected they amounted to $6,300.

The treasurers of the Bridge Company were:

Ebenezer Hunt	1808–1824,
Samuel Lyman	1824–1830,
John Clark	1830–1869,
Oscar Edwards	1869–1875.

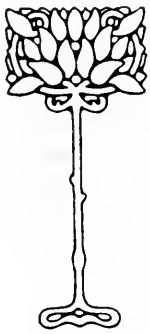
The toll gatherers:

James Clark	1808–1814,
Spencer Clark	1815–1855,
Robert Graves	1855–1856,
Edward Clapp	1856–1864,
Hiram Day	1864–1875.

In accordance with an Act of the Legislature, when the bridge was made free, a commission adjudged the worth of the property at $25,000. Of this sum the county paid $11,000, Northampton $7,000, Hadley $4,000 and Amherst $3,000. Northampton was to keep the bridge in repair, while the expense was to be borne by the three towns, in proportion to their share in the property.

The *Gazette* of January 26th, 1875, says, "On and after Wednesday, January 27th, the toll gate, which has existed for seventy years, will be known 'no more forever.'"

And so "the old order changeth, yielding place to the new."



GLEANINGS FROM EARLY GAZETTES

Gleanings from Early Gazettes

The man who, two centuries ago, said he that made the ballads of a people was more influential than he that made the laws has long since been out of date. Who now reads a ballad unless it be of empire like Kipling's, or of baseball like the tale of the unconquerable Casey? Supremacy has passed to the press, the great Fifth Estate, lording it over all the others, high and low, rich and poor alike. Few people know, perhaps, how largely their opinions are formed by the newspapers they read, or how much they depend upon them for the pleasure and variety of life:—perhaps it may be added as an escape valve for a grumbling disposition! Fortunate is the small city supporting a daily paper which for over a hundred years has labored to promote good things and shame bad things, to help good men and hinder bad men, to stand for cleanness of contents and conduct. A little humdrum occasionally, is our old *Gazette*, but so is life. If the aim of both is high, let that suffice.

On what a queer Shop Row did this same paper of ours first appear! It was September 6th, 1786, and Northampton had a population of about 1,700 people, but no post office, no railway, no steam engine, almost no money, although the inhabitants were well to do. From the Forbes Library lot down to Kingsley's drug store the only buildings were private dwelling-houses—seven of them. Thence to the corner of Pleasant Street a few shops divided the space, with the meeting-house, court house and school house across the way, and more house lots and houses straggled back to the top of the hill and Daniel Pomeroy's red tavern, where the big hole now is that may sometime, when dreams come true, be a fine little park. The houses were low and built of wood, and sidewalks there were none. But in spite of the bareness of surroundings there were giants in those days, and the men that stood by the cradle of the young *Gazette* and fostered it,

and watched its growth, were strong of intellect, patriotic and wise.

There are but eight newspapers still in existence in the United States which were regularly appearing in the year when our own began, the one of earliest date being the *Gazette* of Annapolis, Md., some thirty years its senior. The *Hartford Courant* and *Worcester Spy* were already well established, but the *Republican* was not founded until 1824, and the only paper regularly published in Springfield in 1786 died the next year. According to Mr. Henry C. Gere, our one authority for everything Gazettian—late may he return to heaven!—the paper was founded to meet a just demand of the best Northampton men in the time of a somewhat grave crisis. Shays' Rebellion, which had its origin in popular discontent with the existing order of legislation and administration (largely because of widespread though unpreventable poverty), had for five years been growing in violence and intemperance, and only a week before the first copy of the *Gazette* was printed, an armed mob had taken possession of our court-house yard and prevented the session of the court of common pleas. The following week the sittings of the court in Worcester were stopped, and through the interference with the course of justice in Berkshire, a jail in Great Barrington was broken open by the mob and several prisoners liberated. So it seemed high time that some means should be provided for reaching the people, and reasoning with them.

Governor Strong, Major Hawley, Dr. Joseph Lyman, the Rev. Solomon Stoddard, Asahel Pomeroy, the Rev. Enoch Hale—there is no danger that we shall repeat our bead-roll too often—all were ready to support a new paper in a patriotic attempt to suppress lawlessness, to counsel peace through submission to proper authority, and to stand firmly by the side of the government of the Commonwealth. So the *Hampshire Gazette* began, not merely as a money-making scheme, but with high aims and notable endeavor.

William Butler was its founder, a young man of only twenty-two years, who had learned the printer's trade in

Hartford. At first in the rear of Benjamin Prescott's house on the corner of Main and Pleasant Streets—"a few rods east of the court house" say the first copies,—and then in a building erected for the purpose on the opposite corner of Pleasant Street, where the one hand press and editorial office occupied the second floor, and Mr. Daniel Butler "kept store" below, he published and edited his little journal for nearly twenty-nine years, with good sense and wisdom. The paper was circulated by postriders who covered a circuit of forty or fifty miles, going as far as Pittsfield, Russell, Ware, Springfield and Longmeadow. Its cost at first was nine shillings a year, or their equivalent in wheat, wood, produce, or whatever could be obtained, and for fifty-five years it was printed on a hand press. The first copies consisted of four pages about sixteen inches by ten and one-half in size, and divided into three columns.

Its second publisher, Mr. William W. Clapp, made great innovations, not only buying a new press and type (those in use went back to the time of its founder nearly thirty years before) but going to dangerous lengths in the make-up of the paper, leading the news, increasing the advertising matter, and narrowing the columns so each page contained four instead of three. This was as revolutionary as the change recently made in the first page of the *Springfield Republican* and provoked as much discussion, the general opinion being that the good old times of morality and precision had forever departed and that the world was tottering to its fall.

After Mr. Butler sold the paper to Mr. Clapp there was a period of less than fifty years before the name of Gere began to be connected with it, and the record is indeed unique which has kept one name on an editorial page for more than half a century.

But it is time we were asking about the contents of the little sheet published every Wednesday for so many years in the small Pleasant Street building.

One is bound to say to begin with, that Mr. Butler intended to make the *Gazette* instructive and improving. No gossip, Oh no! little home news—often not a single item—

no hilarious advertisements like those of the Mt. Tom railway and Mr. Sullivan's coal yard, no unbending of the editorial back by the use of slang or colloquial English,—like Mr. Weller, he abhorred everything low! A sense of his lofty mission kept his language Addisonian, and his sentiments serious.

The first two numbers have ceased to be. A facsimile of the third, published September 20th, 1786, was printed in the centennial number, September 6th, 1886, and is before me. It begins with a prospectus, full of wisdom and modestly expressed, followed by a three columned letter addressed to "My Countrymen," i. e., the freeholders of the county of Hampshire and signed "An old Republican," containing "strictures upon county conventions in general and upon the late meeting holden in Hatfield in particular." "Aristides" follows with an appeal to citizens to support the authorities in a sitting of the Superior Court soon to take place in Springfield—an appeal showing how serious was the crisis which Shays' Rebellion had brought about. The next article is an elegant extract from the *Connecticut Courant*, said to be by an American, prefaced by two lines of Tacitus, and headed "The Establishment of the Worship of the Deity Essential to National Happiness." We are next given a touch—just a touch—of frivolity in an advertisement by John Baggs, who says that he has lost, between Captain Cole's tavern in Chesterfield and Northampton, his saddle-bags, which contained "2 Holland shirts, 1 pr. black russet Breeches, one white silk vest, one pair mixed cotton Stockings, one pair hemp Stockings, one pair Shoes, two pair Buckles (one silver and the other plated) and sundry other articles." This would form such an excellent outfit for a week-end visit that one wonders who the girl was, and hopes the saddle-bags were delivered according to request to Captain Cole in Chesterfield or Mr. Elisha Lyman in Northampton and the promised reward secured from Mr. Bagg. There still remained a corner at the bottom of the second page which was thriftily filled by a notice that Asa Ludden, N. Cleaveland, Jr., and Ephraim Fisher of Williamsburg

were prepared to receive the creditors of the insolvent estate of John Bagley at a certain place, on certain days to follow. "No accounts allowed unless properly avouched" sounds very strict and businesslike.

The third page has more variety. It contains a description of the new United States coins—and we stop to bless our stars that the United States in Congress assembled adopted the decimal system—bits of news,—from Charleston about a sale of state paper money at public vendue, from Richmond describing a jail delivery, and from Philadelphia an oratorical encomium on the illustrious hero, George Washington, the "second Cincinnatus Maximus," who is described as having retired after "raising a temple of adamant to liberty" "to enjoy otium cum dignitate in the arms of domestic happiness."

Then follows news from Fairfield of a decidedly modern and agitating character, reminding one of the present-day telegrams from that cyclonic center Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Listen to these two items: "On Tuesday last, Mr. Samuel Downs, an inhabitant of Green's Farms, was carrying a child of his on horseback, accidentally the beast making a misstep, threw them both, and unfortunately put a period to the child's life"—truly a tender euphemism.—And to this: "On the last Sabbath, in a neighboring parish from this, were propounded for marriage a young couple, when the lady arose up, and with an air of surprise, renounced the mutual tye, to the great astonishment of the congregation." I confess ever since first reading this I have been mad with curiosity as to why the lady did this, for in those days the "mutual tye" we suppose to have been stronger than such vows today.

An extract of a letter from a gentleman in Rhode Island which is given a place on this same spicy third page is also modern in thought in that it heaps abuse upon the doings of the Assembly in that huffy little state, concluding with, "when a vote was taken, it was rejected by a large majority. There were only eight sufficiently hardened to go this length in iniquity." Hurrying back to see what this atrocious bill

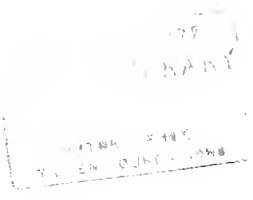
was about we find it had to do with the negotiability of notes, and breathe more freely.

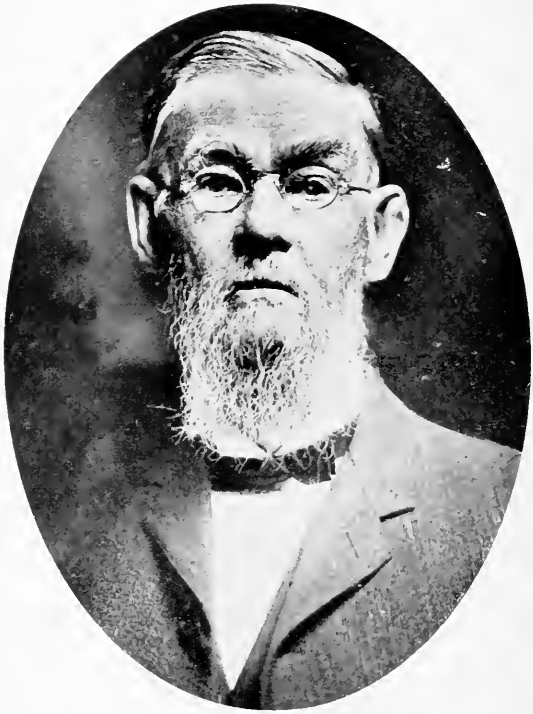
It seems quite suitable that the foreign news of the week should come to Northampton through Boston; but it consists in giving an instance of impartial justice on the part of the King of Prussia (I meant to look up dates and find whether this was a Frederick, a William, a Frederick William or a William Frederick!) who condemned a magistrate convicted of extortion and corruption to hard labor for two years on the public works.

James Bowdoin, Esquire, Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, issues a proclamation printed in our next column, calling an extra session of the General Court to deal with the tumults and disorders taking place in several counties of the State, and requesting all members of said Court to take notice, and govern themselves accordingly.

The long article on the fourth page is again an extract, from the *Independent Chronicle*, with a text from "Proverbs" and signed "Publicus," which seriously arraigns the rioting mob, and begs men of prosperity and weight to stand by law and order.

So far the only thing of local interest has been a brief notice of the death of Mr. Joseph Hunt in the 78th year of his age and an advertisement reading thus: "Wanted as an Apprentice to the Printing business, a smart active lad, about 14 years of age." Careful search finds nothing more having anything to do with Northampton except two more advertisements. One reads, "For sale, at the Printing-office in Northampton, the 1st, 2d, and 3d part of Webster's Institute. Also, Watts' Psalms, Primers, Blanks of most kinds, and a few copies of Col. Humphrey's Poems. Cash, or any of the above Books given for Rags and old Fish Net." This, though at first staggering, for who would exchange Watts' Psalms for rags?—seems on reflection to guarantee that the paper used for printing upon was properly made in the mill at Paper Mill village, and to give a reason why this interesting century-old sheet has been preserved. I doubt whether tonight's issue will last as well. The other advertisement





Henry S. Gere
Editor of the *Hampshire Gazette* from 1849 until 1914

which completes the last column of the last page informs us with more large type than we find elsewhere that "a great quantity of Coarse Salt is to be sold or exchanged for Flax-seed at the store of Solomon Allen, opposite the Meeting House in Northampton, on the best terms." Whether this signifies an epidemic of bronchitis or a praiseworthy desire to stimulate the use of the distaff, who can say?

So, with much political and heavenly wisdom, but little of the charming news-item of today,—and what would we not give to know about the afternoon teas of Mrs. Strong and Mrs. Pomeroy, or the summer vacations of their domestics, or the building of their new houses—the *Gazette* moved along its dignified and stately way, giving for years most of its news space to things happening far off. Still, in the small community the existing, local matters must have been well discussed around the fires of home and shop, days before the Wednesday that brought out the paper painfully produced by hand labor on Pleasant Street, and why give time or space to them? Mr. Gere says that when the famous "old church" was dedicated in 1812 not a word was said about it in the *Gazette*, either before or after, and when our one great, exciting, hair-lifting example of capital punishment occurred, in 1806, in the presence of 15,000 people, only six lines were devoted to a report of it!

But one may read in detail the proceedings of Congress, —and the early meetings of that body must have been followed with intense interest by the thinking patriots of those days, doubtful occasionally whether this new experiment in government-making was likely to succeed,—watch the progress of the great revolution in France, news of which could be read in Northampton about two months later than the events occurred, read letters from the revered Dr. Franklin (a number of the *Gazette* dated October 28th, 1789, begins with one of these on the subject of "Early Marriage," which with its wise counsel might well be reprinted today) and with gasps of astonishment see printed on the first page of another issue "An Oration in Praise of Rum"—so headed —delivered at a Commencement held in the University of

Pennsylvania on the 30th of July, 1789, which closes thus: "Hail, great, ancient and universal cordial! Thou art the liquor of life! thou art the opiate of care! the composer of family troubles! the fuel of courage! the life and food of republican forms of government! In spite of the ravings and declamations of cynicks and madmen may thy influence be perpetual in the United States! Whether a short or a long life await our country, may she never want the blessings of Rum! if she is destined for long life may Rum be the milk of her old age—but if a premature death await her—may she! O! may she expire in an Ocean of Rum!"

Although at first glance there appears to be so little of local interest in these early papers, they do give us one plentiful source of information. If one wishes to know what people here or abroad are eating, drinking, wearing, demanding, how business prospers or declines, how far manufactures in bulk are taking the place of hand labor, and how luxuries of all kinds creep in and become necessities, let him read the advertisements in the daily newspapers. And there is no pleasanter way of riding this hobby of mine than in galloping through the columns of the old *Gazette*. These notices to the public increase rapidly in number and interest, and with them seems to come a more cheerful air and an agreeable hum of traffic and of things doing.

How attractive, for instance, is this list of things to be bought of Mr. Robert Breek a hundred and twenty-five years ago, ranging from "broadcloths, serges, flannels, baizes, duffels, everlastings" (how hard for a little girl to have a dress made of everlasting!) fustian, jeans, velvets, crapes, poplins, lutestring, cambric, Persian lawn," through "gauze handkerchiefs, cotton do. and linen do., worsted and silk mitts, quart bottles, brass skillets, snuff-boxes, wool cards, iron, brass and japanned candlesticks with snuffers, looking-glasses, graters, breast-pins, chaife nails, tost nails, crewets and quills" to "women's shoes and two yoke of cattle fit for the stall." Is the department store then a new thing?

What does Levi Shepherd mean when he says he will give a generous price for beeswax, and that he wants to procure a

large quantity of good flax for the Duck manufacture? He will also take butter, and flax-seed and cheese,—probably to retail again. "A few good Rum hogsheads" Davenport & McLean say they have to sell, and that they are "Suitable for cyder," to which beverage they must have added a pleasant tang.

Other things are asked for: "Wanted, a wet nurse, with a breast of young milk, to go into a family to suckle. N. B. the highest wages will be given in cash. Enquire of the Printer," betrays the reckless extravagance of a man in dire need. Nathan Bliss in asking for hire "Two journeymen weavers, that understand the business, and one that is acquainted with dressing cloth" gives us an insight into the way trades were learned and practiced. I wonder if he found the "sprightly, active lad about fourteen or fifteen years of age" he wanted as an apprentice.

That people did not always keep their fences mended one judges from the number of red heifers, black and white steers, bay colts and white calves that are lost and found. And land had to be sold at public vendue even after it had been improved and was no more than a mile from the meeting-house.

The inhabitants of Northampton were better off then than now in one respect, for they did have a real crockery store. Daniel Butler kept it, under the Printing Office, and says he has "oval platters, plates of all sizes, blue and white penciled and cream colored cups and saucers, mugs, bowls, tea-pots, etc.," also an assortment of stone-ware. The lack of money still shows in his agreement to take wheat, rye, Indian corn, pork and tallow in exchange for these articles.

Thieves fared hard among our forefathers, if such a man is meant by Cornelius Lyman when he gives notice that he has "Apprehended by Authority and committed to the Gaol in this town a transient person, who calls his name Ebenezer Coole, alias Coon, alias Cohoon," and who, although he has had taken from him a bright bay horse with a small star in his forehead which had been defaced with lampblack, "gives no account of himself, otherwise than that he is acquainted

in Williamstown, Bennington, Lansingburg and Albany." The printers in all neighboring towns are requested to spread this intelligence for "the detection of villainy and the benefit of the injured." Another horse thief is wanted, also the horse, his saddle and a portmanteau containing "a piece of ten yards of brown London cloth, a pair of velvet breeches with silver buttons, a pair of new buckskin breeches, a green marine coat, a new ruffled shirt, a new round furr hat, a blue silk vest, a pair of new boots, and a blanket." This thief (the advertisement says) called himself William Fox and being a great talker in broken English is supposed to be of French or German extract. (So the immigration question was already a grave one.) Mr. Asahel Pomeroy wants this thief, horse, and goods enough to offer $30 for the return of everything, or $15 for either the pretty horse or the voluble thief.

Literature does not seem to have been in great demand in early times in Northampton, for no books are offered for sale excepting Bibles, large and small, "Perry's Spelling-Books" and "Webster's Grammar." "A Proposal for printing by subscription Thirty-four Sermons on the most useful and important subjects, adapted to the Family and closet. By the Rev. Samuel Davis, A.M., late President of the College in Princeton, in two volumes" probably met with a more enthusiastic reception then than it would receive now, and that this method of securing the sale of a volume was usual appears in another notice which reads as follows:

"An interesting proposal for re-printing by subscription 'Advice from a Lady of Quality to her Children; in the last stage of a lingering illness.' It is said to be translated from the French, by S. Glasse, D.D., F.R.S., Chaplain in ordinary to his Majesty, and to be in two volumes—divided into twenty-one conferences on the following subjects, viz.:

"History of her own Life—on order, on patriotism, on virtue, on social duties, further instructions on the same subjects, on pleasure, on ambition, on female conduct, on the love of truth, etc." Poor lady, I hope her children profited, but what a ghastly book!

But aside from this theological and meditative work some things were produced in the line of pure literature, for it is not long after the *Gazette* began before we begin to find a corner dedicated to the Muses, and filled with serious verse in classic form, some quoted from Cowper and other English poets, and some original offerings to the paper's columns. Of this latter class apparently is the following, called "The Countryman's Wish."

Of courtly grandeur let who will,
For me, climb up the slippery hill;
Witness, ye Gods, I ne'er had yet
So mean a wish as to be great;
I only ask a small supply
For decent thrifty luxury,
In some obscure though cleanly cell
Where I with leisure blest may dwell
And ne'er be ty'd by modish rules,
To worship Knaves, or fawn on fools.
To great ones at the distant town
I would not be so much as known,
Nor should the rabble's praise or blame
E'en echo to and fro my name;
Calm and serene I'd steal away
From life by scarce perceived decay;
And when in this sweet privacy
My noiseless days were all slipt by,
A good old countryman I'd die,
Death's grim approach sure needs must be
To him a huge perplexity,
Who dies too well to others known,
A stranger to himself alone.

This is unsigned, but "Extract from The Messiah, a Poem," is said to be by Miss Scott, and beginning

Hasten, great God! the long predicted time
When Jesus shall be known in every clime

goes swinging on in the rhymed pentameter to a quite ringing close describing the time

> When to the child of virtue shall be given
> To find ev'n earth the blessed porch of Heaven.

It was in the *Gazette* that William Cullen Bryant's first poems were printed, sent down from Cummington by the learned Doctor Bryant, his father. Stiff enough were these boyish paraphrases of the Psalms and lines written to be read "on the last day of school before the minister," but correct and promising. It is to be feared that the author of some ambitious verses written for the *Hampshire Gazette* and called "Extempore lines to a Lady on her Flower-garden"—the first are

> Descend my Laura from the downy couch.
> And e'er the sun in potent beams arrayed
> And strength new gathered from his latest voyage,
> Trickling once more the distant rising hills,

and then the syntax becomes too involved to follow—it is to be feared, I repeat, that he never had much reason to hope to be a successful wooer of the Muse.

The so-called anecdotes with which Mr. Butler tried to enliven the pages of his journal as time went on, are not very amusing, and some of them are rather broad. Perhaps the following is as good an example as any.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE LATE JUDGE WILLIS

During a trial on the Western circuit, five years since, a witness made use of the word *likewise* very frequently in the course of his examination. His Lordship pettishly told him he did not, he believed, know the meaning of the word *likewise*. "Yes, I do," says the witness, "please your Lordship, for I remember your Lordship's father, who I believe was a Judge."

"Right, fellow," says old Willis. "Yes, my Lord," answered the witness, "and you are a judge *also*, but you

are not *likewise*." The whole court, it is needless to say, were in a roar of laughter.

But time does not serve for the further lingering over these old pages. Otherwise I could relate the story of the life of the negro highwayman Joseph Mountain as related by himself before his execution at New Haven in 1790, could tell you of finding President Washington's first Thanksgiving proclamation, and the account of the funeral of Governor Bowdoin, of the arrival in Boston from New Orleans of Spanish galleons, and of the raising by Mr. Joseph Barber of Warwick of three pompions of very remarkable size (one weighed eighty-five pounds), of how hydrophobia may be cured with vinegar, and the old, old yet ever new exhortation to young women to make their own clothes, for so the writer says, "the allurement will soon attract the notice of men of sense, and dazzle in their eyes superior to the brilliancy of a crimson silk, the gay appearance of a sugar-loaf hat thrown carelessly on one side of the head, with the addition of an elastic bishop and a full-breasted stomacher."

O these men, these men! how shall we ever be sure of pleasing them!

These random extracts, and I can assure you much entertainment if you will examine for yourselves the files of our oldest newspapers, carefully gathered and kept in the Public Library, may be concluded with a description of the *Gazette* published almost exactly a hundred years ago today, January 30th, 1811, when the paper had passed its first quarter century mark.

It was still four-paged, but each column had been lengthened some three or four inches, and there were four instead of three. The heading looks about as it does today, in clear simple lettering. The price, as mentioned at the top of the first column, had been fixed for town subscribers at $2.00 a year, and to subscribers in the neighboring towns at $1.50 with twenty-five cents additional if sent by mail.

The first page is filled with an article from the *Baltimore Federal Republican* called "An Examination of the President's Message," and that and the communication which

follows it indicate the imminence of the coming war with England. A great deal of fault is found because Congress had been holding secret sessions, a thing which seems to a Philadelphia correspondent to be what he calls a "disasterous menace;" the report of the sitting of the Massachusetts Legislature is brief, terminating with the introduction of a bill by Mr. Moody of Saco (which reminds us that Maine at this time belonged to Massachusetts) providing that a Committee consisting of two members from each county be appointed "to consider the expediency of preventing the alarming effects experienced from mad dogs and foxes."

A letter follows from a merchant in New York to his friend in Geneseo, informing him of his pleasure that the Commissioners who have been exploring the country from the Hudson to Lake Erie have determined to recommend the construction of a canal through that territory. This completes what may be called the leading articles. Bits of news about Lord Wellington in Spain, and the attempts of the Spanish to win back their independence, dated two months, previously, remind us that the Continent was in the thick of the Napoleonic wars, and that Northampton was keeping up with the times as closely as the speed of sailing vessels would permit.

Two marriage notices we have: one from Granby of Mr. Holfy Brainard and Miss Lucy Judd, both of South Hadley, the other of Mr. Samuel Alvord and Miss Sophia Day of the same place. If South Hadley had only kept up this pace she might have had a reputation for something else than a girls' college! Various notices follow. Joseph Cook, Oliver Pomeroy and Abner Hunt having been appointed by the town of Northampton a committee for the building of a meeting house say they are ready to receive proposals from any responsible person to complete the same: advertisements of an auction in Conway, a wagon-maker in Hatfield, a mare stolen in Middlefield and the settlement of an estate in Cummington show the extent of the circulation of the paper; our present systematic postmaster would be grieved to see a list of over one hundred undelivered letters; pictorial

advertising begins with the enterprising Eben Cambell, who, having left his old stand at No. 3 Merchants' Row and taken a new shop fifteen rods north of the Court House, displays pictures of a saddle, a cap and a holster in token of his wares as a saddler and harness-maker. Grocery stores are as abundant as they are today, the Hartford Insurance Company has been organized and Mr. Josiah D. Whitney is mentioned as their local surveyor and agent, the never-failing "pale red steer" has strayed into Elijah Arms' pasture, who beseeches his owner to come and get him, and Guilford Hathaway prints this wail:

LOOK AT THIS PICTURE!

Look, I say! it may be you are interested—if so, take heed! The subscriber is in want of money! He has asked for it—he has dunned for it—And if it comes in no other way, depend upon it, he'll *sue* for it. At the close of this month he will discontinue Post Riding, at which time he expects those indebted to him for Newspapers will make prompt payment—those that neglect will pay dear for the Whistle."

Has not the way of the newspaper always been hard?

And in the Poet's Corner on the last page we find this copy of agreeable verses, called

PEGGY PATTIPAN'S ALARM

A jeu d' esprit
by Ephraim Epigram, Esq.

An Eton wit who frequently would quiz
Old Peggy Pattipan, with sav'ry pies,

Once so alarmed her by a trick of his—
The Provost was astonished at her cries.

Inquiring of the dame, who sought for shelter,
The cause she raised her feeble voice so high.
She said, 'the German had agreed to pelt her,
And At her, damn her, beat her, was the cry.'

'Could Eton gentlemen be so profane?'
The Provost said, and doubted much the story.
'Lord Sir,' (quoth Peg) 'the boy's in yonder lane
Who spoke the cruel words I've laid before ye.'

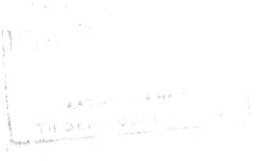
'Quick, bring him here to answer for himself!'
(the Provost cried) 'if 'tis as you have stated,
I'll punish so severe the little elf
He might as well almost be immolated.'

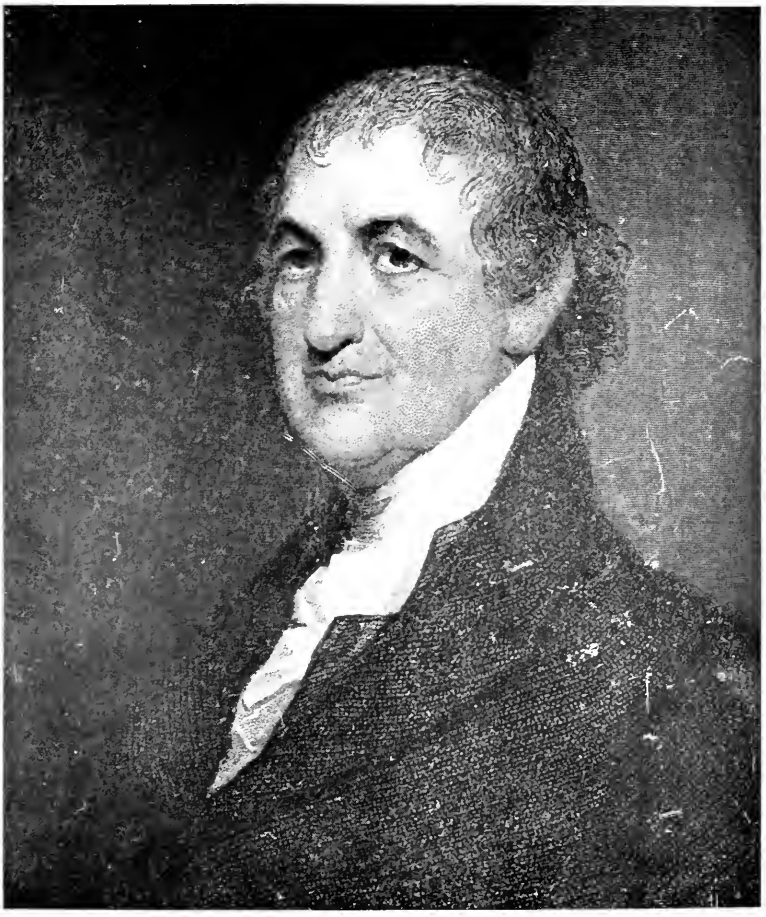
The culprit brought—the Provost sternly asked
'If he expressed himself so reprobate?'
'Sir,' (said the boy) 'I yesterday was taught
To learn by heart the Grecian alphabet.

Today, my letters as I cheerly sung,
Repeating Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta,
The woman, ignorant of the Grecian tongue,
Mistook for At her, Beat her, Damn her, Pelt her.

Indeed, sir, this is what I really said,
Only poor Pattipan could not distinguish;
But to prevent in future any dread,
I'll parse the Greek—and speak to her in English.'"

GOVERNOR CALEB STRONG





Governor Caleb Strong

Governor Caleb Strong

In the frontispiece of the history of our quarto-millennial celebration is given the picture of Caleb Strong, and he is spoken of as Northampton's first citizen. He well deserves the title, as he is a fine example of New England manhood. Unswerving in his convictions, combining firmness and moderation, of great good sense, he stood for the best in the town and state.

He had a national reputation, as he was one of those who framed the constitution of the United States, and he served as a leading senator for seven years during the early part of the new government. In Massachusetts, he was one of her most important citizens, and the people recognized his worth and ability by choosing him Governor ten times. His career as a public man began when he was twenty-six years old and continued with slight intermission almost to the year of his death, nearly half a century.

Caleb Strong was of the fourth generation from Elder John Strong, one of the first settlers of Northampton and one of its most highly respected citizens. He was an only son. His parents, Caleb and Phoebe Lyman Strong, are spoken of as "distinguished for original strength of mind and sound judgment, as well as for their prudent, pious and exemplary Christian character."

Wishing their son to have the very best advantages in the way of education, they placed him with the Rev. Samuel Moody, of York, Me., a noted preacher of his day, to be prepared for college.

He graduated from Harvard in 1764, with the highest honors of his class, when he was nineteen years of age. As he was coming home from college he was taken with small pox and this critical illness left him with very weak eyes, from which he never fully recovered. Coming at the outset of his career, it was a great hardship for him, as he had chosen the law for his profession. But nothing daunted, he

kept to his first plan, and with the help of his father and sisters, who read to him the few law books which then comprised a legal education, he began to practice his profession at the age of twenty-six. This slow but thorough way of getting his knowledge of law no doubt had much to do with his success at the bar. In writing his son many years later and advising him about study, he says, "Your future success in life depends very much upon the manner in which you employ the time at college. Indeed, this may be called the spring and seed time of your life, and your future harvest will be in proportion to your industry at this period. We are told that the sluggard who does not plow shall be at the harvest and have nothing. If you waste your time in playing cards, or other idle and disgraceful amusements, or in lolling in your chair, you will have the character of a poor scholar, and be despised by every one: but I hope better things of you, and flatter myself you have understanding enough to discover the value of a public education and the importance of a close application to your studies."

While preparing for his profession he was in the office of Major Joseph Hawley, and there he studied not only law but politics. Major Hawley was one of the first who realized that war with Great Britian was inevitable and under his influence Mr. Strong came out on the patriotic side. In those days, law and politics could not be separated. The same year that he was admitted to the bar, he was chosen one of the selectmen of the town and served in that capacity nine years, and thus his public life began. Even when he was a young man, he showed those traits of character which endeared him to the whole community and made him a wise and safe leader.

In 1774, he was chosen to represent Northampton at the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, and that same year he became a member of the committee of inspection and safety of the town of Northampton, and continued to serve as long as the war lasted. The following year he was appointed Justice of the Peace and Register of Probate for Hampshire County.

For twenty-four years he held the office of County Attorney. In political life he also rose rapidly. He was chosen to represent Northampton in the convention of 1779, which framed the constitution of Massachusetts. It was a large convention, and though Mr. Strong was a young man, he was chosen one of the four members at large on the committee to draft the Constitution. A member of the Governor's Council, he was chosen by the General Court during the war, a delegate to Congress, and appointed a judge of the Supreme Court, an office which he declined, on account of the expense connected with it. He was a member of the State Senate from 1780 to 1789 and when the Constitution of the United States was adopted he was elected a senator of the United States. Mr. Strong was a very active and efficient member of the Senate and was recognized as one of the most able lawyers in that body. He served six years, when he resigned, having two years still to serve.

During his term of service he was closely associated with President Washington, and they consulted together on many important questions. Mr. Strong seems to have become weary of public life at this time and satisfied with his share of it. Seeking the retirement of his native town, he took up the practice of his profession again, but such an able man could not long remain in private life.

In politics, he was a federalist, and in 1800 was brought forward as the candidate for Governor on that ticket. His great popularity is shown by the fact that he was elected when the state chose democratic electors for President. In Northampton and thirty-one other towns, there was not a single vote cast against him. This is an unusual record, for when a man has been in public life as constantly as Mr. Strong had, he would very naturally have some enemies, but he was a remarkable man, quiet, but firm, and succeeded in carrying out his views without antagonizing people. He was greatly beloved by his own townspeople and they gave him the best and highest honors it was theirs to give. In those days the office sought the man and not the man the office. Mr. Strong was reëlected

Governor until 1807, when he was defeated by Judge Sullivan of Boston, the democratic candidate.

In 1812, he was again called to serve his state. The government was in democratic hands and as war with Great Britian seemed imminent, the Federalists thought they saw victory ahead for their party if only the right candidate could be found. One with attractive personality and exceptional ability was wanted, and Governor Strong was that man. He accepted the nomination. The tide turned and he was elected. He continued in that office until 1816, when he permanently withdrew from public life.

Caleb Strong was given a very imposing reception when he went to Boston to be inaugurated in 1812. He was met in Waltham by the Lieutenant Governor elect, the selectmen of Boston, the troop of Hussars and many citizens, who escorted him to the State House. The procession increased until there were about 600 horsemen in line, and on its way was greeted by the ringing of bells, the firing of guns in Watertown and loud cheering by the crowd of people gathered on Boston Common.

Mr. Strong married Sarah, daughter of Rev. John Hooker, in 1777, and they lived together for forty years, when she died in 1817. They had nine children, but only four lived to survive their father.

Caleb Strong died in 1819, in his seventy-fifth year. He was a devoted member of the First Church in Northampton for over forty years and always interested in religious and philanthropic work. His father and mother were prominent in the church and he was brought up to love it and to reverence holy things. Though the religious training in those days was apt to be stern, it exerted a powerful influence upon him in his boyhood and had a marked effect upon his character in after years.

He took an active part in all benevolent enterprises and was president of the Hampshire Missionary Society and the Hampshire Bible Society, was one of the founders of the Academy of Arts and Sciences and a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Early in his public life he was

given the degree of LL.D. by Harvard College. Two letters to his son Lewis, written while the latter was at college, show a picture of life very different from that which we see in New England today.

Northampton,
Nov. 14, 1799.

My dear Lewis:

I write only for the purpose of giving you information of our welfare, and of reminding you that it is of great importance to you to be diligent in your studies, and that you avoid every evil consequence. I heard of your being at the play soon after you arrived at Cambridge. It will not be advantageous to you to attend those amusements often. It would endanger your health, after spending three or four hours in such a warm place as a playhouse, to walk in the cold air as far as Cambridge; and, besides, going frequently to such places of amusement would divert you too much from the business you are to pursue at college. I hope that you will conduct with prudence in all respects, and that you will acquire the character of a good scholar and a person of engaging and amiable manners.

Boston, March 5, 1803.

My dear Lewis:

The dress of a scholar near the close of his term at college should be a little more elegant than is necessary at an earlier period. He must then have somewhat the appearance of a gentleman. When you were here I thought your dress was hardly elegant enough. The coats that are cut straight down before may perhaps be called buckish, but, so far as I have observed, they are not worn by genteel people. If you want new clothes you must go to Callendar's for them, and get those that are good and durable, and take care to have them made large. If you want a new hat, you must get one.

I am, my dear Lewis,

Your affectionate parent,

Caleb Strong.

We hear much in these days of heredity and environment and their influence on human life. Both of these things were important factors in Governor Strong's life.

He was fortunate in his splendid heritage. He came of the best New England stock, and the fine mind, the high ideals and the gentle spirit were his birthright. Without that inheritance he would not have been what he was and they reckon in vain who leave out the power of heredity.

And again, the age in which he lived had much to do with shaping his life. His surroundings and opportunities were of just that character to bring out the unusual power that was in him. To quote my father in the *Centennial Gazette*, "Governor Strong lived in a remarkable time. It was a time of great agitation, of governmental chaos, of revolution and war, of reconstruction—a peculiarly formative period. It was a time of great opportunities. Governor Strong was the man for the period. He combined conservatism with radicalism in proper measure, and met all the requirements made of him successfully."

Mr. Strong was a man of simple habits, prudent and industrious. He went back and forth to Boston sometimes with his own sulky and at times in the public stage. He has left an honored and historic name. Rev. Dr. Joseph Lyman, of Hatfield, said of him, "Very few men have sustained public honors more peacefully, and been more eminently useful, through a long life, in times that tried men's souls."

ROUND HILL, ITS HISTORY AND ROMANCE

Round Hill, its History and Romance

It has long been conceded that Round Hill, the sightly crest of Northampton, commands one of the loveliest cultivated views in America, many a famous traveler declaring that no landscape has appealed to him in its beauty more than this. Indeed, one would need wander far to find anything of the same character to surpass it; for where can be duplicated its three thousand acres of unbroken fertile meadows, bordering, in varied colors, the boundaries of several towns? Though dwarfed in size, if compared with the western prairies, these broad lands, in their harmonious setting, are no less unique.

Facing the rising sun with the half-rural city nestled at its feet on the winding streets, outlined by wide-spreading trees; with the Connecticut sweeping down from the north in graceful curves; and all encircled by the mountains, and more distant rim of hills,—the scene as viewed from Round Hill today cannot be greatly changed from what it was a century or more ago.

The history and romance of Round Hill seem closely interwoven. Its history might be briefly told were it not for the romance—and the romance! How define it in words? Numberless romantic facts may be related; but who can speak of the deep, still current of life that has coursed beneath the surface of events like a subterranean stream?

It is not known how much consideration had been given the Hill before the town, in 1681, granted Rev. Solomon Stoddard four acres on its eastern slope. Not caring to build on what seemed to him, doubtless, a lonely spot, he bought an adjoining lot and placed there his now historic dwelling—a part of Mr. Henry R. Hinckley's present home on Prospect Street. In 1726, the town granted his son, Colonel John Stoddard, the remainder of the Hill for forty

pounds. It was he who added the fine gambrel-roof structure to the old Stoddard house.

Eighty years then passed, and during that time no one ventured to make a home on Round Hill. But in 1806 the Shepherd brothers, sons of Dr. Levi Shepherd, having bought the entire Hill of the Stoddard heirs, in 1803, for $1,600, decided to build upon its summit. Thomas, father of the late Henry Shepherd, built the first of the three houses then erected there. This is still standing, being a part of the property bought by the trustees of Clarke School for Deaf Mutes, at the time this institution was removed from Gothic Street in 1870. It is now known as Rogers Hall, named in honor of Miss Harriet B. Rogers, the first principal of the school.

To accommodate subsequent needs, additions have been made at both the south and north ends of the building. The west front of the original house, facing the road, is of brick; the other walls being of stone which was quarried in Middlefield, twenty-five miles distant, and drawn by ox-teams to the Hill. The house cost $12,000, which was considered a large sum in those days. It was two stories in height on the west until after coming into possession of its present owners, when a French roof was added. The hill falling away toward the east allowed an additional (basement) story on that side. Verandas overlooked the old-fashioned garden and orchard below, stretching then to Prospect Street; and beyond, as now, were the town, meadow, river and mountains.

Thomas Shepherd was an ardent lover of nature, which led him to select this spot for his new home. That his mother, Mary, daughter of General Seth Pomeroy, did not altogether sympathize with him in this choice, is evidenced by a few lines in her journal, written under date of January 11th, 1806; "Yesterday the brick house was sold to Mr. (Josiah) Dickinson. Thomas is pleased with the bargain, and now he has sold his house he, with his brother Levi, intends building on the Hill in the Spring. Their father bought the brick house on purpose to prevent their ever building on that airy

Hill." The brick house mentioned was the one on Pleasant Street, below River Street, long known as the Benjamin North place.

Thomas Shepherd had married, the previous autumn, November, 1805, Catherine, daughter of Judge John Tryon of Lebanon Springs, N. Y. Time would fail ere one-half were told of the joys and sorrows of that first home on Round Hill; of the hospitality and good cheer enjoyed there, often extended to the clergy, who received frequent and generous entertainment within its walls. Before a mahogany sideboard—still treasured by the family—that stood in the dining room on the east front, more than one minister of the old school drank his glass of brandy and water, before "Old Judge," the family horse, with the two-wheeled chaise was brought to the door of a Sunday to take him down to the First Church where, in exchange with the regular preacher, his zeal and eloquence, we are told, were none the less because of "the cup that had cheered," but which, we are bound to believe, had "not inebriated." It is hardly necessary to add that these practices were not continued after the first wave of the Washingtonian Temperance movement swept over the land.

Doubtless Parson Allen of Pittsfield, Betty Allen's son, "the fighting parson" of Revolutionary fame, was often a guest at the stone house in the early years of the last century, as the families were intimate. Mary Pomeroy Shepherd, to quote again from her journal, writes July 11, 1806; "Returned home after making a short visit at Pittsfield to Parson Allen's, for whose kindness and attention I shall ever stand indebted. Parson Allen is a persecuted Republican, but he bears the reproach like a real Christian, and will in the event of things come out like gold, purified in the fire." By this we can see that politics then shared with religion the attention of the clergy.

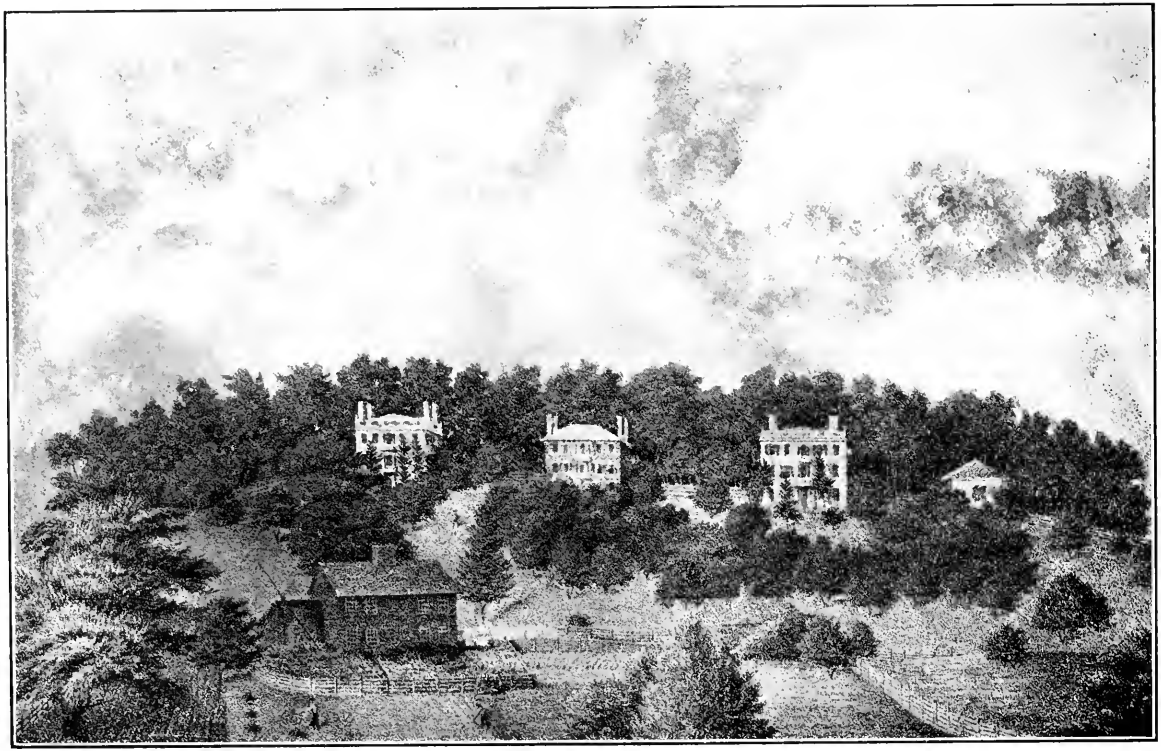
This real daughter of the Revolution lived much at her son's home on Round Hill during her later years, her husband having died in October, 1805. Christmas Day, 1806, the precious old journal records for our present-day reading a

brief mention of the first Christmas ever celebrated on Round Hill; "This is the day that history says gave birth to our Savior, a day celebrated throughout the Christian world. It is strange that it was ever discontinued by any Christian sect. It has never been kept by the Dissenters, or rather Independents, who first peopled this country, only by the Church party. But it's now coming into fashion. I don't mean by preaching, or anything really good, but only by social meetings and entertainments. I spent this evening at my son Thomas', where a number of our friends were present, Judge Sedgwick, Judge Tryon, and our family connections—a very fine supper. These family meetings with my children are all the diversion that I now enjoy."

Beneath this roof many children came to enliven, with their cousins in the other houses, the connecting fragrant gardens at the east, and the chestnut grove opposite, that descended the western slope of the hill. Of the many, only four little ones survived the early years of childhood. But it is easy now to envy the bliss of one who could pass the entire span, of even a brief life, on such a lovely height. The children who grew to maturity, and far beyond, were Catherine, Henry, Henrietta and Thomas.

One day nearly a hundred years ago, a childish cry went up under the old trees on Round Hill's first home—a wild and plaintive wail! "Tommy's in the well! Tommy's in the well!" and then, what happened? Jabez French, a good neighbor at the foot of the orchard on Prospect Street, came to the rescue and brought Thomas Shepherd, 2d, up in safety, to his grateful mother's arms, else there would have been one less in that adventurous band of "forty-niners" who crossed the plains in their search for gold; riding and following; following and riding, with their pack mule trains. Jabez French, too, often set the pace with his violin—only a "fiddle" then—for merry dancers in this old house, where he and his wife were always greatly beloved because in so many kindly ways they brought joy to its first inmates.

The second house on Round Hill was built by Levi Shepherd and is now also a part of the Clarke School property,



Round Hill in 1810
Showing the three Shepherd houses.

being the older of the two brick buildings north of Rogers Hall. In its day it stood for a very fine mansion indeed. May 14th, 1807, Mary Shepherd made this entry in her journal, announcing the first birth on the Hill: "This day has given birth to a child of my dear son Levi, a girl, and a very fine one she is.—I wish for thankfulness to that kind Providence that inclined that young man to leave the lonesome state of a bachelor and in exchange take a fine young wife." This daughter was Emeline Shepherd, and her mother, Elizabeth Hutchins, was an aunt of the late Mrs. Horace I. Hodges.

The third house, and the last to be added for many years to those already mentioned, was of wood, and built by Colonel James Shepherd. This stood until within a short time where now Miss Parsons has her home, and will be remembered by many as the main entrance part of the old Round Hill Hotel. Colonel James was a cousin of the other Shepherds, but having been brought up in their father's family as a son, in that rare old-fashioned way, he was also like a brother in the household. He lived in this house but a short time, disposing of it to his cousins, and Charles Shepherd, a lawyer and younger brother of Thomas and Levi, was the next occupant.

About this time Colonel James, with Thomas and Charles, started at "Shepherd's Hollow," now Leeds, the manufacture of woolen cloths. Their mill was one of the first of its kind in the country. By the year 1820 Thomas Shepherd had bought of his brothers their interest in the property, and was sole owner of Round Hill until it was sold by him Marth 17th, 1824, to George Bancroft, the noted historian, and Joseph Green Cogswell. These gentlemen had started there, October 1st, 1823, the famous "Round Hill School," leasing the buildings during the first year. At the time of purchase they agreed to pay "$12,000 for the whole estate, and the day-schooling of a young son (Henry) of Mr. Shepherd, for eight years."

On June 14th, 1825, when Lafayette visited Northampton, coming by stage over the mountains from Albany, he was

met at an old inn at Roberts meadow by an escort of cavalry, accompanied by prominent citizens in carriages, and with great ceremony conducted into town. On the way down Elm Street the party made a detour up to the famous Round Hill School, which it is recorded "General Lafayette visited with great apparent satisfaction."

George Bancroft's fame rests chiefly on his "History of the United States," but he gained distinction in many other ways; notably as United States minister to England and to Germany. He was, besides, Secretary of the Navy under President Polk, and established the Naval Academy at Annapolis. His connection with the Round Hill School lasted between seven and eight years, until 1830, when he disposed of his interest to Mr. Cogswell. While living on Round Hill, Bancroft occupied the stone house, and under its roof he was first inspired to write his great historical work. When residing there, he also married, March 1st, 1827, a niece of Thomas Shepherd, Sarah Hopkins Dwight of Springfield, daughter of Sarah Shepherd and Jonathan Dwight, Jr. Mrs. Bancroft died ten years after her marriage, leaving two sons: John Chandler Bancroft of Milton, the artist, and George Bancroft, Jr., who married in St. Coulomb, France, Miss Louise Tailandier, a French lady,—and they afterwards resided there.

Joseph Green Cogswell, after leaving Northampton, arranged, in connection with Washington Irving and Fitz Greene Halleck, plans for the Astor Library, which John Jacob Astor of New York was then about to found for his native city. Mr. Cogswell was also for many years the librarian and a trustee of this library. Another distinction which the prolonged life of the late Julia Ward Howe seems to bring very near, was his position as an early tutor of this remarkable woman, who visited Northampton shortly before her recent death.

Bancroft and Cogswell built the connecting links between the Charles and Levi Shepherd houses, forming the continuous structure familiar to all who knew Round Hill previous to the removal of these historic buildings. After

George Bancroft's departure, the school, in charge of Mr. Cogswell, was incorporated as "The Round Hill Institution," but was discontinued four years later, in 1834. The buildings soon began to be used for a water-cure establishment. This was in charge of different physicians for a number of years, with varying success until 1848.

Before this time Dr. Edward E. Denniston was there for a while, but did not remain long, for in that year he opened the Springdale Water Cure, near the present site of Dickinson Hospital. Dr. Denniston's association with Round Hill, though brief, added distinction to a locality destined to attract so many distinguished people. He was born in Coxheath, Ireland, receiving his medical education in Dublin. Coming to New York in the early thirties he there met Mr. Samuel Whitmarsh, a public-spirited resident of Northampton, who persuaded him to locate in this town. It was esteemed a great privilege to know Dr. Denniston, for his was no ordinary personality. Tall, dignified, of commanding presence, and possessed of fine conversational powers; kindly, able, and skilled in his profession, he always, during his long residence here was looked up to as a unique and valued citizen. His distinguished bearing and many of his characteristics were inherited by his daughter, Miss Anna Denniston. Another celebrated physician who had to do with early Water Cure days on Round Hill was Dr. Austin Flint, the first of the three famous physicians bearing the name.

It was not until 1848 that Mr. Cogswell deeded the property on Round Hill for $15,000 to the corporation known as "The Round Hill Water Cure Retreat," Dr. Alfred Randall and Dr. Chauncey Hall, being the proprietors. The property was sold by them in 1854 to Dr. Hatfield Halstead for $25,000.

In July, 1851, the town experienced a sensation, that even in retrospect causes a throb of excitement—Jenny Lind, "The Swedish Nightingale," through the efforts of a number of public-spirited citizens, came to Northampton and gave her famous concert in the "Old Church." Not

alone in Northampton, but music lovers from surrounding and distant towns were wild with anticipation. People who never had paid such a price before to hear a concert and knew they were extravagant, parted recklessly with three dollars, and in some instances even a larger sum, to secure a seat. The audience which greeted the young singer crowded the church and responded with unprecedented enthusiasm to the following selections: "I know that my Redeemer Liveth;" "Casta Diva;" "Home, Sweet Home;" and "Comin' thro' the Rye."

Jenny Lind returned by special train to Springfield after the concert; but a few days later, after a trip to Mt. Holyoke, she drove to Northampton and visited Round Hill, with which she was so much charmed that the next year, after her marriage to her Concert Manager, Otto Goldschmidt, they came here and spent their three months' honeymoon at the Round Hill Hotel. They occupied a suite of seven rooms on the second floor, east front, in the main part of the house. The newly married pair became familiar figures on Northampton streets, and there are persons who still recall, as a charming vision, the fair, happy face of Jenny Lind as she sat beside her tall, dark-eyed husband, in the open barouche in which they used to drive about the town. Before their departure for Europe, in May, 1852, she gave another concert here, this time in the Town Hall, and when the seats cost only one dollar; the people of Northampton having first choice. The proceeds, above expenses, she generously divided between "The Young Men's Institute"—afterwards the nucleus for Clarke Library—and a sum to be given to local charities.

When Doctor Halstead, in 1854, came to Round Hill from Rochester, N. Y., with his interesting family of daughters, like the former proprietors, he did not conduct the establishment strictly as a water cure, and it became under his management a much frequented summer hotel and health resort combined. The Halstead family was a valuable social acquisition to the life of the town, interested in its best activities, and entertaining freely in the large

drawing room of the hotel, where many a dowager wallflower of today has "tripped the light fantastic toe." One of Doctor Halstead's daughters married Dr. John W. Noble, who distinguished himself in the Civil War, and during Benjamin Harrison's administration was Secretary of the Interior.

The popularity of the water cure treatment in Northampton waned at last, but not until many townspeople, with others from distant parts, became familiar, either by experience or hearsay, with the virtue of cold and hot packs—which meant lying for an indefinite time between wet sheets; of sprays; of showers, and many other applications of water at various temperatures; besides an agency more curative, perhaps, than any other employed—the delightful social atmosphere pervading all these resorts. Doctor Munde's famous establishment at Florence was another Hydropathic Cure operated at this time in the vicinity.

Though as a beauty spot the popularity of Round Hill has never diminished, people who formerly had passed the summer there, began to seek cooler resorts, on the coast and among the mountains. Mr. Olney and Doctor Backus were among the last proprietors of the old house, but it soon became unprofitable and was abandoned as a hotel. In 1869, the property passed into the hands of a syndicate, when the buildings were detached and used again as private dwellings.

John Clarke, the founder of Clarke School, and of Clarke Library, was one of Northampton's most generous benefactors. Born in the old Washburn place on Hawley Street, formerly the home of his father, Samuel Clarke, he later, and until his death in 1869, lived on the corner of Hawley and Bridge Streets in the house since incorporated in the "Norwood."

Besides the estates already mentioned that were acquired by the trustees of Clarke School, they purchased the Edward Clarke place; also the grove opposite the three houses. Later, beside the old brick house, a new one, similar in style, was erected. Before the Thomas Shepherd homestead was

bought for the school, besides Bancroft and Cogswell, it had the following owners: Edward Church; David Joy; Sherman Peck; Samuel Kirkland and Major Harvey Kirkland.

A daughter of Mr. Peck—Emma, married the late Doctor Bonney of Hadley. Mr. David Joy, with his wife and adopted daughter, Lilla, came to Northampton from Newburyport, and were most interesting people, remembered by a few families still living here. They were Quakers, very simple, refined and cultivated in their manner and mode of life. Upon leaving Northampton the family made their home in Hopedale, Mass., where Lilla Joy married young William F. Draper, who in later years was known as General Draper and our distinguished embassador to Italy. His younger brother, the late Eben Draper, was for several years Governor of Massachusetts.

The late Edward Clarke, a brother of John Clarke, and an uncle of Christopher, was a native of Northampton. There must be many who remember this quaint gentleman of the old school as he used to ride his ambling horse about the streets. He was very slender, and of genial, benevolent aspect. In early manhood he went to Boston, where as a successful merchant he acquired a large fortune, and returning in 1836 bought land of Mr. Cogswell, where he built a house on the site south of Rogers Hall. Mr. Clarke added to this estate from time to time on both sides of Round Hill road. Having married the beautiful and accomplished Mary Blake, who belonged to a prominent and wealthy Boston family, they furnished their new home in great comfort and elegance. It was known for many years as a center for cultivated and refined society. Mrs. Clarke delighted to gather musical people about her, being herself a fine musician; and pleasant recollections of these occasions are still cherished by Mr. Christopher Clarke. The beautiful Kate Phillips, Mr. Clarke's niece, who lived with them then as an adopted daughter, and afterwards married Mr. Blake of Boston, was the mother of Mrs. H. H. Chilson, wife of the present Clerk of the Courts for Hampshire County.

Mr. Clarke died in 1858. In 1859, the homestead was sold to Lafayette Maltby of Kentucky, who took up his residence here, Mrs. Clarke building a smaller house for herself on the west side of the road. This is now the home of Miss Moody. In 1865, Mr. Maltby sold the old place to Professor Josiah Clarke and James S. Spaulding; these gentlemen opening there the second Round Hill School for boys, which was carried on until about the time the property was bought by the present owners in 1870.

Mr. William B. Hale, cashier of the Holyoke—now the First National—Bank, built his attractive house on Round Hill in 1860. In 1867 he increased his holdings by a purchase from Lewis L. Hopkins, then occupying the old Henshaw homestead on Elm Street, now the home of Mrs. Sessions. His son, Phillip Hale of Boston, is prominent as a well-known musical and dramatic critic. Mr. A. L. Williston bought the property in 1880. Before the erection of his larger house, the Hale house was moved south to its present location, and is occupied by his son, Robert L. Williston, who through his mother (Sarah Stoddard) is a lineal descendant of Rev. Solomon and Col. John Stoddard, the first owners of Round Hill.

The house that for so many years has been the home of Mr. Merritt Clark was built on land bought of Edward Clarke in 1839, by Judge Charles P. Huntington, a native of Hadley, and brother of the late Bishop F. D. Huntington. The town of Huntington in Hampshire County was named for him, in recognition of his services in obtaining from the state legislature, in 1855, permission for the old town of Norwich (now Huntington) to annex portions of Chester, and Blandford, and to change the name of the newly organized town. Judge Huntington made a gift to the town of $100 with which to start a public library; the town appropriated an equal sum and voted a yearly tax for its maintenance. In a few years, unfortunately, the building in which the books were housed was burned and the library destroyed.

Judge Huntington's family was greatly beloved and

admired, his wife being of the distinguished Mills family, connected with the Hunts, who lived in the house where now is the Burnham School. Mr. Huntington was appointed a justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, after which the family removed to Boston. When living in Northampton, the eldest daughter, Fanny, an accomplished musician, played the organ in the Unitarian Church. She later married Josiah Quincy, and became the mother of Ex-Mayor Josiah Quincy, Jr., of Boston.

Rev. William Silsbee, pastor of the Unitarian Church during the fifties, was the next owner of the place, purchasing in 1856. Here he and his family received with gracious hospitality, not only the people of his parish, but a large circle of other friends. Mr. Clark has lived in this home 46 years, longer than any previous owner, having bought it of the Silsbees in 1864, and seems on this pleasant hillside to have found the secret, if not of perpetual youth, at least that of a green old age.

To the list of Round Hill's distinguished residents has recently been added a name second to none in the honor it brings to the history of this famous locality—that of Dr. L. Clark Seeyle, the first president and now President Emeritus of Smith College.

The beautiful modern home of Miss Parsons, located with its gardens and shrubbery to command one of its finest assets—the eastern view—marks a spot of ground that is fairly saturated with the history and romance of the Hill.

Occupants of other houses of the present Round Hill colony are: Mr. Oliver Walker; Dr. Gardner; Dr. Minshall; Ex-Mayor J. B. O'Donnell; Judge Strickland and Mr. Maynard. Mr. Lucien A. Dawson, in the early seventies, erected the first house built on the lower level of the Hill. In 1886, Crescent Street, at about the same elevation, ruthlessly carved its way through the old orchards and gardens, Henshaw Avenue, of earlier date, having proved an entering wedge.

The old Fourth of July Tea Parties, frequently mentioned,

even in these later days, were events which the village people felt loth to give up, but as the town became larger they were discontinued. The first of these is described as taking place in 1820 on "Shepherd's Hill," as Round Hill was then called, and this spot, oftener than any other, was chosen for their celebration.

Anyone who has read Mrs. Susan Leslie's and Mrs. Caroline Butler's delightful accounts of these occasions, will hesitate to describe them again. Their pen pictures bring before the reader, among these sylvan surroundings, the group of now shadowy figures who once made Northampton society famous. Surely no place could have been found more perfectly adapted to these gatherings than the large, beautiful grove, a fine part of which fortunately remains. One summer when the party was held on Round Hill, the wonderful violinist, Ole Bull, during his first visit to Northampton, was present—one of the most noted guests ever entertained at any of these Tea Parties.

There seems no last word to say for old Round Hill, robed in memories, and crowned with fame. But it should be here recorded that the sons and daughters of Northampton, whether living under her shadow or remembering her from afar, have ever been loyal to the charm of her beauty, her history, and her romance. None ever loved her more than one of the boys born in her first home, now nearly a hundred years ago, who used to come here often, especially after the shadows grew long. Not as a pilgrim, but mounted like some knight of old, he rode to the crest of this height, grown sacred to him—

> From this fair eminence again to look
> Upon the open leaves of Nature's book;
> To gaze once more on mountain, meadow, stream,
> And once more to recall a life-long dream.

ODE

TO THE FOREFATHERS WHO BUILT THE FIRST MEETING HOUSE IN NORTHAMPTON

Ode

TO THE FOREFATHERS WHO BUILT THE FIRST MEETING HOUSE IN NORTHAMPTON*

The pathless ocean's perils overcome,
To this new Land of Promise, wild and wide,
An exiled band, far wanderers from home,
Ye came, led onward by a heavenly guide.
Where spread the forest traced by savage feet,
Ye builded homes above the meadows sweet.
Did dread of cruel foes ne'er make you quail,
Nor cry of wild beast, lurking in the night?
Did harsh privations cause the hope to fail
That led you on through endless toil, to fight
For truths eternal, for eternal right?
Oh, valiant band that knew not how to fear!
Upon this spot made consecrate by thee
We stand, and looking backward dimly see
Visions of days departed, time when here
Ye built God's house and praised Him. Honored, dear
To us forever, shall your memory be,
Stern men, who to Jehovah bowed the knee!
What can we render of true thanks, today,
Our Fathers, for the heritage ye gave
Of dauntless faith and freedom? Nothing save
This graven tablet? Rather let us say,
We will strive worthily along the way
Of life, bear torches in the dark, be brave
To strange new issues and to problems grave.
Oh, ye who burned with zeal for God and men!
Ye who writ courage large on history's page!
Quicken our souls, in our lives live again
So, faithful in a restless, seething age,
We shall pass on, undimmed, our heritage.

* Written for the dedication, by Betty Allen Chapter, D. A. R., November 22d, 1912 of the boulder marking the site of the First Meeting House.

Now Prepared for Publication

"Early Northampton"

The publication of a book to be entitled "Early Northampton" is a matter of great interest, not only to all lovers of this goodly old town, but to a wide circle of readers who, irrespective of local associations, prize every fresh contribution to the history and traditions of early days in New England.

A series of historical and reminiscent papers written by members of the Betty Allen Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Northampton, Mass., for regular meetings of the Chapter, have proved so interesting and valuable that they desire to collect them in book form and to share them with a larger public.

These papers have been prepared with great care after consulting old records; while public and family traditions, that otherwise might soon be lost, have thus been preserved. A glance at the table of contents will give some idea of the work:

The Original Grants of Land,
The Meeting Houses,
The Early Schools,
The Old Ferries and Bridges,
The Burying Grounds,
Old Time Living,
Wives of Some Northampton Men,
Gleanings from Early Gazettes,