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FROM THE

BRIGHT LEGACY.

Descendants of Henry Bright, jr., who died at Watertown, Mass., in 1686, are entitled to hold scholarships in Harvard College, established in 1880 under the will of
JONATHAN BROWN BRIGHT

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Received 12 Oct. 1897













HADLEY

THE REGICIDES, INDIAN AND GENERAL HISTORY

A SOUVENIR

IN HONOR OF

MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER

AND IN ANTICIPATION OF THE MEMORIAL EXERCISES
AT HIS BIRTHPLACE

TUESDAY, MAY 7, 1895

DEDICATED TO THE THIRD CORPS, AND TO ALL THE
HEROES OF THE WAR

PICTURESQUE PUBLISHING COMPANY
NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

U.S. 13377. 1. 15

13377

The purpose of these pages is to make an attractive Souvenir of the 7th of May, 1895, to the citizens of Hadley and the war-scarred veterans who are to be their guests this day. The occasion of the demonstration to be made is the meeting of the Third Corps Union and as many old soldiers as choose to come, from the regiments commanded by the late Major-General Joseph Hooker, to honor his birthplace.

If the matter contained in these pages shall in some degree add to the pleasure and instruction of the visitors, and aid them in understanding better the importance of this historically rich region, the publishers will feel highly gratified.

Credit should be given The Bryant Printing Company of Florence for the superior printing of this work, and to the Hampden Engraving Company of Springfield for the delicacy with which they have handled Mr. Kingsley's work.



THE HADLEY PENINSULAR
FROM MT. HOLYOKE



LOWER END OF WEST STREET



WEST STREET, LOOKING SOUTH



FORT RIVER, AT FOOT OF INDIAN FORT

HADLEY

PHYSICAL environment is but a cradle for the growth of ideas. Thought, in its all embracing sweep, can command all avenues of human expression, can o'erleap the boundaries of time and space, and fill the soul with a power to penetrate the veil of an immortal destiny. Through a creative faculty inherent in the best of finite minds, the Creator controls the affairs of a universe.



With one eye on the stars, for a balance, and but a plank under his feet, Columbus crossed a trackless ocean, to give a new world to the old, and for five hundred years this pathway has been traveled by a human tide which no power of vested interests could stop, no ecclesiastical dogma control, or fiery persecution lead from its course toward liberty of thought and higher civilization.

When the best blood of England measured swords with royal prerogative, it was on the bleak shore of Massachusetts that refugees found a home—and a line drawn from the seashore across the centre of the state to the crest of Mount Holyoke, and thence to the mouth of the Connecticut river, would bring into view most of the region that nursed the mental force which has proved so large a factor in the welfare of sixty millions of people.

But it is a basin scooped by the waters long ago in the granite foundations of Western Massachusetts that holds our centre of interest at the present moment. Just at the junction of the hill country of northern New England with the more level lands in Connecticut the Holyoke range shuts across the southern front

of the valley like a wall, broken only by a single narrow passage made by the river, on its course to the sea. Looking out from the shadow of the mountains upon this cup, that was once brimming with crystal waters from the snow caps of the White mountains, the eye can feast upon as fair a scene as the sun ever shone upon.

Tradition proves that this has always been a favored spot in the eyes of the children of men who inhabited it. Indian trails from all points of the compass concentrated on the rude forts scattered along the foothills that formed the rim of the basin, and as a military necessity the pioneers of the white race chose the neck of a peninsula formed by a sweep of the river, in the midst of a verdant meadow, as one more resting place for weary feet while subduing a wilderness.

At the present time the valley is becoming crowded with thriving towns, the electric gong and steam whistle are heard in the land, and there is much running to and fro in the interest of material things.

But, as in the beginning, the wide street still spans the peninsula, the river still loops its silver ribbon around the grassy meadows, and the church spires pierce the blue out of the elm embowered foliage.

Peaceful as a dream of childhood, ancient in dress of bygone days, Old Hadley holds a proud place as a mother and protector of famous names in the stirring drama of the world's history. Sleepy, quiet Hadley! How the sons and daughters love to come back from their wanderings and look upon thy face out of the shadow of the mountain.

Even as Mecca to the followers of Mohammed, or the sacred groves of India for the worshipers of Brahma, so shall thy shrine increase in importance forevermore.

Only salient events can now be touched upon, in the history of this locality. One can only pull aside the curtain for an hour in different stages of the drama, and we can find no better resting-place than among the pine groves on the cliffs of Holyoke. First of all, tradition says that the lower levels were free from



THE MONARCH ELM



THE OLD "BAY PATH"

heavy forests, being burned over by the Indians every year. Thus the first settlers were attracted by the grassy intervalles along the banks of the river. The explorers of this basin must have come by the river through the gap in the mountains, or it is possible that stragglers from the old "Bay Path" should have climbed the mountain spurs from the east and looked into the valley. At all events, in a short space of time, the single broad street of Hadley was staked out for each family dwelling-place, while the outlying lands were absorbed for agricultural purposes. Indeed, so rapid was the spread of this new people that their outlying settlements reached to the north, beyond the dome of Sugarloaf. The Indians were crowded to the mountain fastnesses, where they watched the absorption of their hunting grounds with increasing jealousy.

In addition, there was the constant menace of royal displeasure from home, as well as danger of invasion from the north, by rival colonies in Canada.

Such was the state of affairs when Charles II. ascended the throne of England and commenced the persecution of his father's judges. Three of the "Regicides" fled to the colonies, and two of Cromwell's supporters, Lt.-Gen. Whalley and Maj.-Gen. Goffe, were for a long time hid in a cellar close by the present village inn in Hadley. Not much definite information can be gathered at this time, as their movements were enveloped in mystery and known to a very few. We can imagine their wanderings in the wilderness. First they appeared at Boston, then at New Haven, Hartford, and finally at Hadley, where Whalley died.

When "King Philip's War" broke out Hadley was the centre of the military movement, and there occurred the romantic episode dear to the popular heart, called "A visitation of the angel of the Lord." A man of noble and imposing mien appeared during an Indian attack upon the town, and led the "chosen people" to victory; then, while they were praying, suddenly disappeared and left no trace. Poets and novelists have made much of this mysterious thread of legendary lore.

One item may be added to the list of probabilities. The small mill stream rising in the Amherst hills joins the Connecticut

at the foot of the mountain southeast of the town, and takes its name, "Fort River," from an Indian fort on a high bluff overlooking the bank. Opposite, where the stream debouches out upon the plain, is another eminence called "Indian hill," which extends to the bank of the Connecticut. These elevations have been found especially rich in Indian relics, such as bones, arrows and utensils. Some claim that they are not only sites of Indian residences, but are ancient battle grounds, and probably have connection with historic events. The usual showing of the Goffe incident, by artist and poet, is that the people were in church, the Indians appeared at the door and the unknown descended like an "angel," with sword in hand, so they were enabled to drive off the enemy. Those best acquainted with the ground seek a more realistic solution. The Indians on the west had been driven northward and would not be likely to cross the river and the open meadow to reach the town. The only avenue for a surprise was from the southeast, with a rendezvous at the fort under the mountain. It is claimed that General Goffe, with his knowledge of military affairs, would look out for an attack from this quarter, and consequently did plan a counter-stroke with the soldiers in his confidence, and thus the battle was actually fought south of the town, on Indian hill. It is thought that if the Indians reached the street the village would have been burned. At all events here are the remains of a fort, and opposite is Indian hill, with the waters of the Connecticut uncovering curious relics year after year, and the little mill stream continues to wind in long serpentine curves over the "Hockanum" meadows, very much in general appearance, probably, as when the country was first settled.

Soon the Indians were driven from the vicinity, but for many years the frontiers were harassed by incursions from the north. The broad street was stockaded, and at the appearance of danger the flocks were driven inside and sentinels posted at the gates. This unsettled state of affairs extended through the French and Indian wars, almost to the period of the Revolution. The settlements on the river communicated by boat with Hartford and Long Island Sound, or reached Boston overland by the old "Bay Path."



FORT RIVER

In the conflict with the mother country Hadley was again a prominent centre of important affairs. After the fight at Saratoga a part of Burgoyne's army was marched across the country and encamped in the meadow at the south end of the street, while the officers were entertained in the village. Burgoyne presented his tent and sword to his host, as keepsakes, and the sword is preserved by descendants of the family to this day. There are also relics and traditions relating to these British soldiers preserved in Hatfield, an offshoot of Hadley, across the river to the north. As time went on, not only Hatfield and Amherst were separated from the mother town, but other streets were added eastward of the broad front street, and as the balance of power increased on the outskirts the village church was moved to the second street, and led to the formation of two societies — hence the twin church spires.

Closely identified with the history of the town has been the Hopkins Academy, an institution founded by Governor Hopkins in the early days, in the cause of education. Most of the descendants of the town who have become prominent in the growth of the country were graduates of this school. The old brick structure, in the middle of Academy Lane, was burned. Another building was put up at the centre of Middle street, and this was also burned. It has just been replaced in better form than ever and the original Hopkins fund is in a highly prosperous condition.

Of course, for a long time, the travels of the enterprising were confined to journeys to Boston as a centre, and trips up and down the river, but when the great west began to open up golden promises to the fathers of the present generation, Hadley contributed a large share of the pioneers eager for new conquests. One young man was six weeks journeying to Ohio, and other families have to tell of fathers going all the way to California and returning with only a single lump of gold as a keepsake. And more have planted homes in the new countries, and now the children are coming to look up the traditions of the parents.

Then came the civil war, and again Hadley was to the front. The young men of the present generation had just witnessed a bi-centennial celebration (in 1859) on the old broad street, with its unique Indian attack and gala dress parade. Their turn at the

serious business of war was to come, and the early spring morning that witnessed the firing on Sumter furnished the occasion. One after another of the flower of the town were enrolled in the different Massachusetts regiments, so that there was hardly a family but had a representative on distant battle fields. From Virginia to Louisiana they had marched and fought, and many found a grave under a southern sun. Of course the most prominent of the Hadley soldiers was Gen. Joseph Hooker, born on West street and a graduate of Hopkins Academy. His birthplace is still standing, in good state of preservation, near the upper end of the street, under the shelter of one of the magnificent elms, that is known to be over a hundred years old, and goes so far in making this one of the finest avenues in the world. It is unnecessary here to go into detail on the life of General Hooker, as the gathering of his comrades under the shadow of the elm of his birthplace will be a far better memory than words can express. The day and the occasion is one more pearl in the necklace of fame for the old town in the bend of the river.

The veterans of the war have grown gray, and as year after year they march to the cemetery in the meadow, to decorate the graves of those gone before, their ranks grow thinner, and soon all will be gathered to the last resting place.

This meadow cemetery is nearly filled up, and it is an eloquent memorial of the past. First, at the western end, are the brown stones of the early settlers, moss grown and with inscriptions scarcely legible, then the eastern portion is being thickly filled with the marble stones of more modern days, so that the inhabitants of the burial ground outnumber the living in the elm embowered street.

Within a stone's throw of the cemetery the shriek of the locomotive is heard every day, and the wide street is cut in twain by a monster that would frighten the early settlers back to their graves.

With the rapidity of action inherent to all modern thought, and the ability to annihilate time and space with new inventions, it is an interesting question to note what shall become of "Old Hadley" in the next hundred years.

Shall she continue to send out shoots from the parent stem
all over the continent, or shall she become absorbed into the growth
of the modern city? Let the future decide !

ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY.

SPRINGTIME IN OLD HADLEY

Soft is the air when first the robin sings
Among the budding elms, and far he flings
The bold, triumphant strain of other days
Across the field. How changed are all earth's ways ;
What Floral beauty springs and bursts, and swells
In all her fields and lanes, and distant dells ;
How birds, and brooks, and bees the whole day long
Flood all the walks of earth with happy song ;
What subtle sweetness fills the fields and woods
When Nature recreates her solitude.
And in the street, upon the giant trees,
The young leaves rustle in their ecstacies,
Awhile the elms, by Springtime scantily dres't,
Stand grandly forth, half hidden, yet confessed.

CLARENCE HAWKES.



VIEW TOWARDS MT. HOLYOKE



J. Hooker
Maj. Genl.



THE HOOKER BIRTHPLACE
IN SUMMER

HOW "FIGHTING JOE HOOKER" TOOK LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN

Know you the tale of a battle won
Some thirty years ago,
On a mountain top, when the Autumn sun
In the west was sinking low?

It was a fight that the watching throng
Were destined not to see,
For the men went up five thousand strong
Under the canopy

Of God's free sky, through the fleecy clouds
That overhung the plain,
And the eager eyes of the watching crowds
Strained after them in vain.

'Twas like a storm on a darksome night,
This battle in the clouds,
With the thunder's roll and the levin's light
Among the mountain's shrouds.

The sky was dark on that Autumn day
The air was damp and cold,
But the fields and woods in their mantle lay
Of crimson and of gold.

Fresh laurel grew on the mountain's side,
Among the evergreen,
And the granite rocks with the verdure vied
To beautify the scene.

They come—they come o'er the verdant
plain
With flags, but not with drum,
By the broad highway and the narrow lane,
They come, they come, they come.

They round the base of the mountain tall
Unnoticed by the foe,

On the southern side of its rugged wall
They stand to strike the blow.

"Advance! my boys," is the clear command,
It comes from "Fighting Joe,"
And the men go up to the rebel's stand
As only patriots go.

They climb the rocks and the frowning cliffs
Like Sparta's patriot sons
And they scale the steep through the friendly
rifts
Up to the Rebel guns.

Then fell a blight like the breath of Hell,
Out of the mountain banks,
With a storm of lead, and a Rebel yell
They fell upon our ranks;

We drove them back up the mountain walls,
And gave them shot for shot,
Till the air was filled with our shrieking
balls,
And e'en the winds were hot.

The battle raged for a bloody hour
And neither had the best
Till just as the night was beginning to lower,
When Hooker gained the crest.

He swept the foe from the mountain's crown,
And on its utmost crag,
Just as the radiant sun went down,
Planted the starry flag.

A moment more and our signal gun
Woke echoes in the glen,
And the army knew that the fight was won
By Hooker's gallant men.

Hadley, Mass.

CLARENCE HAWKES.



GEN. HOOKER'S BIRTHPLACE
IN WINTER



HOME OF THE REGICIDES



A LOWERING WINTER SKY
ON WEST STREET

MEMORABILIA

It was not a mere whim which led the comrades of General Hooker to plan their pilgrimage to this New England Mecca ; an honored citizen of Hadley, Dr. Franklin Bonney, one of the oldest physicians in this section of the state, was the unwitting means



FIRST CHURCH AND TOWN HALL

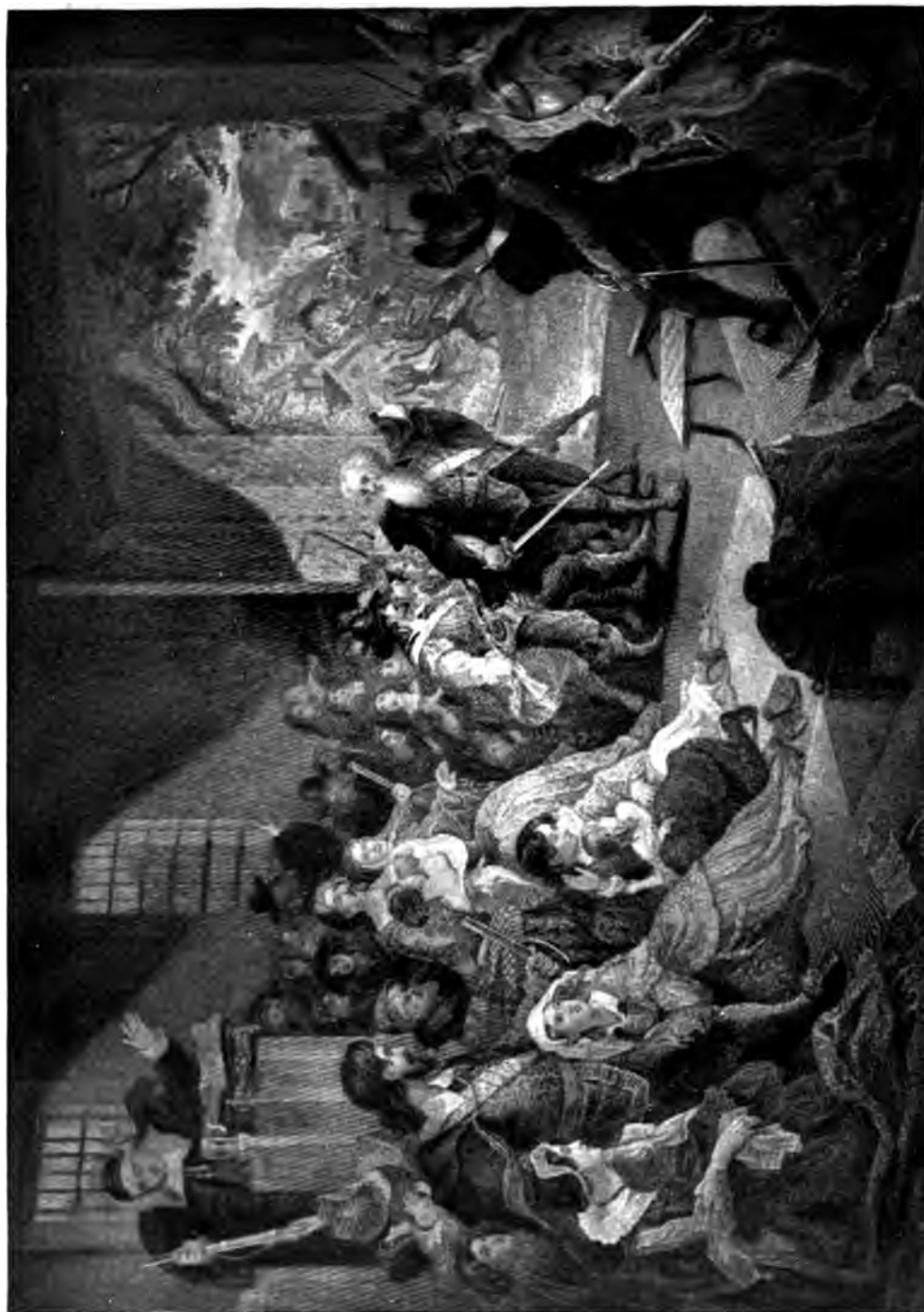
of bringing about the visit. Sometime ago Dr. Bonney contributed some interesting reminiscences of the early life of Gen. Hooker as a Hadley boy, which were read at a meeting of his comrades, and this led to inquiries as to fitness, convenience and the general acceptability of the old commander's birthplace for the next place of meeting. The town authorities informally encouraged and welcomed the project, and at the last town meeting the citizens passed cordially approving resolutions.



HOPKINS ACADEMY

General Hooker was born in Hadley in 1814 and died at Garden City, L. I., in 1879, being buried at Cincinnati, by the side of his wife. He was often called the handsomest officer in the United States army, was possessed of intrepid courage and was widely known in the army as "Fighting Joe" Hooker. He was badly wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville, and paralysis, on that account undoubtedly, benumbed his left side the latter part of his life. The story of his early career and his connection with the greatest war of modern times will be told by his comrades at the exercises of May 7.

A pleasant incident related of General Hooker, showing what manner of man he was at heart, is related by his old comrades with deep appreciation. After a reception and banquet tendered him by them, a few years ago, and the usual cheers had greeted his rising to speak, he said, "Boys, you do me too much honor. It was you who made me what I am."



"THE ANGEL OF THE LORD"
HADLEY, 1675



RESIDENCE OF GENERAL
BURGOYNE'S ENTERTAINMENT

Hadley is noted not only as the birthplace of General Hooker and other important men, but, as already related, was an important seat of warfare and defense against the Indians. Even natives of the present time can hardly realize that the whole of the great "front" or West street was once palisaded eight feet high. This was in 1675 and it thus continued for many years thereafter, the inhabitants being forbidden to go outside the stockade except with regularly organized bands, and then rarely but for any other purpose than work in the fields.

This remarkable West street, so great in history as well as area, was the scene of many imposing old-time musters, and General Ebenezer Mattoon, an officer at the battle of Saratoga, once ordered out and brought here all the militia of western Massachusetts, then over 10,000 in number. The first and second churches of the town were built here and the exercises of the successful 200th anniversary celebration of the settlement of the town were held on this ground in 1859.



WINTER IN AQUA VITÆ MEADOW



RESIDENCE OF DR. FRANKLIN BONNEY

It was on this street and at the home of Col. Elisha Porter, the site of the present residence of Samuel D. Smith, that Burgoyne left his tent and sword as a token of regard, being escorted to Boston, through this town, as a prisoner of war, with one half his army, by Colonel Porter.

Those who view for the first time the copper weather-cock at the top of the spire on the church in Middle street will be interested to know that this unique weather-vane has breasted every wind that has blown for nearly a hundred and fifty years. This antiquity, too, originally stood on the church in West street, and was the nucleus of several reckless feats of the young people of the town. Once two young men climbed to it by night and removed it, as a feat of pure mischief and in earlier years it is said that Christopher Smith, a home-coming sailor boy, climbed to the weather-cock and sat astride it, to the great admiration of those who "dared" him. The youngest lad who attempted the feat successfully was probably Nathan Seymour, eleven years old, and he was an uncle of Gen. Joseph Hooker.

The Indian name of Hadley was "Norwottuck," or "the town in the midst of the river," a title-feature which will be easily

explained to the visitor by reference to the first large illustration, showing the peninsula, around which the Connecticut river runs six miles to gain one. This peninsula has been many times in danger of extinction as such, from the heavy floods, and the state has expended many thousands of dollars to prevent the river making an economical short cut through the centre of the town.

One of the features of illustration in this leaflet is very properly Hopkins Academy. There is hardly a town in the



STUDIO AND HOME OF
ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY

Commonwealth, with the population and property characteristics of old Hadley which can boast such a handsome and useful institution as this. The population of the town is not quite 1,700, and mostly agricultural at that, and yet its interest in the cause of education is and has been intense, from the days when (in 1669) the entire colony of Massachusetts Bay was appealed to for subscriptions to Harvard college. From the annals of this institution it may be seen that the people of Hadley gave £33, 15s., 3d.,

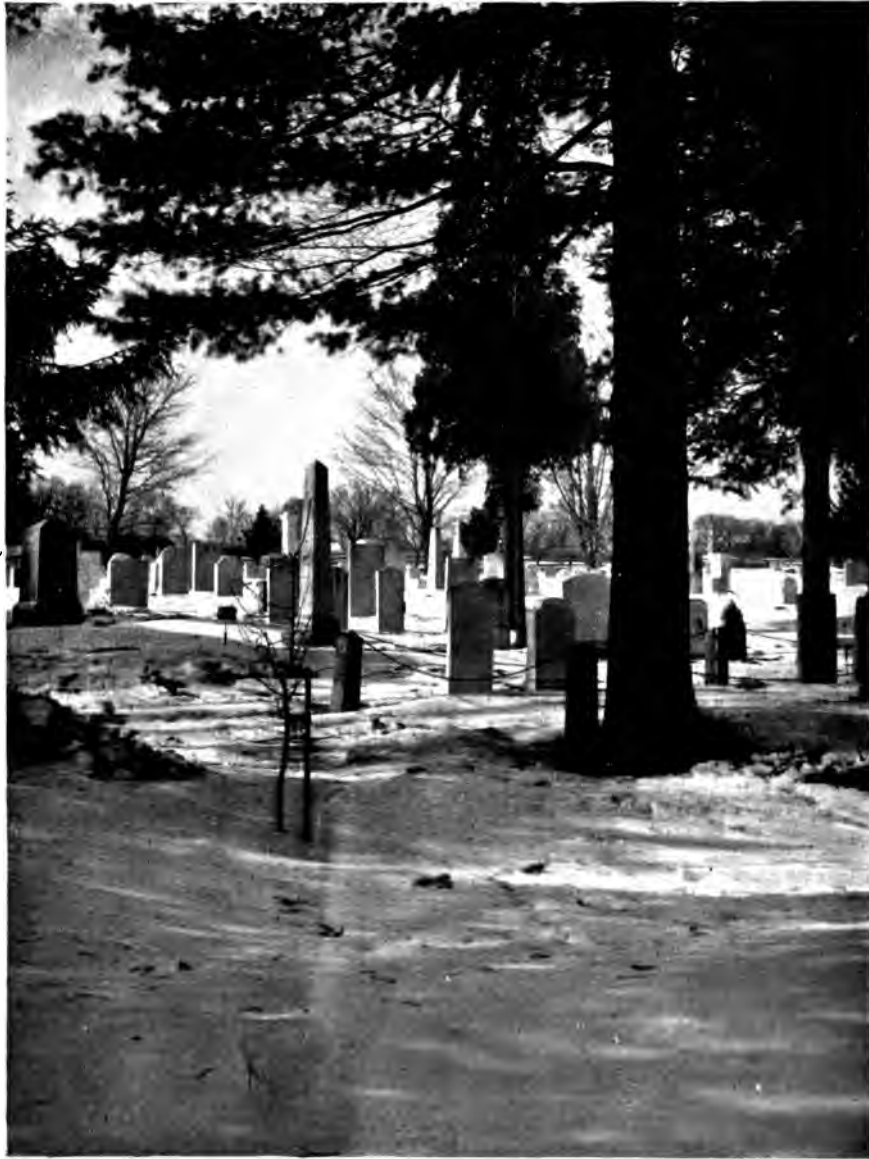
which was more than any other town west of Watertown gave and nearly twice as much as Springfield or Northampton.

Artist Elbridge Kingsley, the painter-engraver, lives in Hadley's historical street and is principally known through his engraving of "New England Elms," which was awarded a gold medal at the Paris exposition. The illustrations for this Souvenir were furnished by him, and his impressional retouchings in them show his love for color and character in Nature. Clarence Hawkes, the blind poet, resides on the same street with Kingsley. Artist Clifton Johnson also resides in this town and John Howard Jewett, the poet of the day (May 7) now of Worcester, was a native of this place.

The publishers are indebted to the painting by Chapman for the reproduction of his conception of the perils of the forefathers of Hadley. The story is told elsewhere.

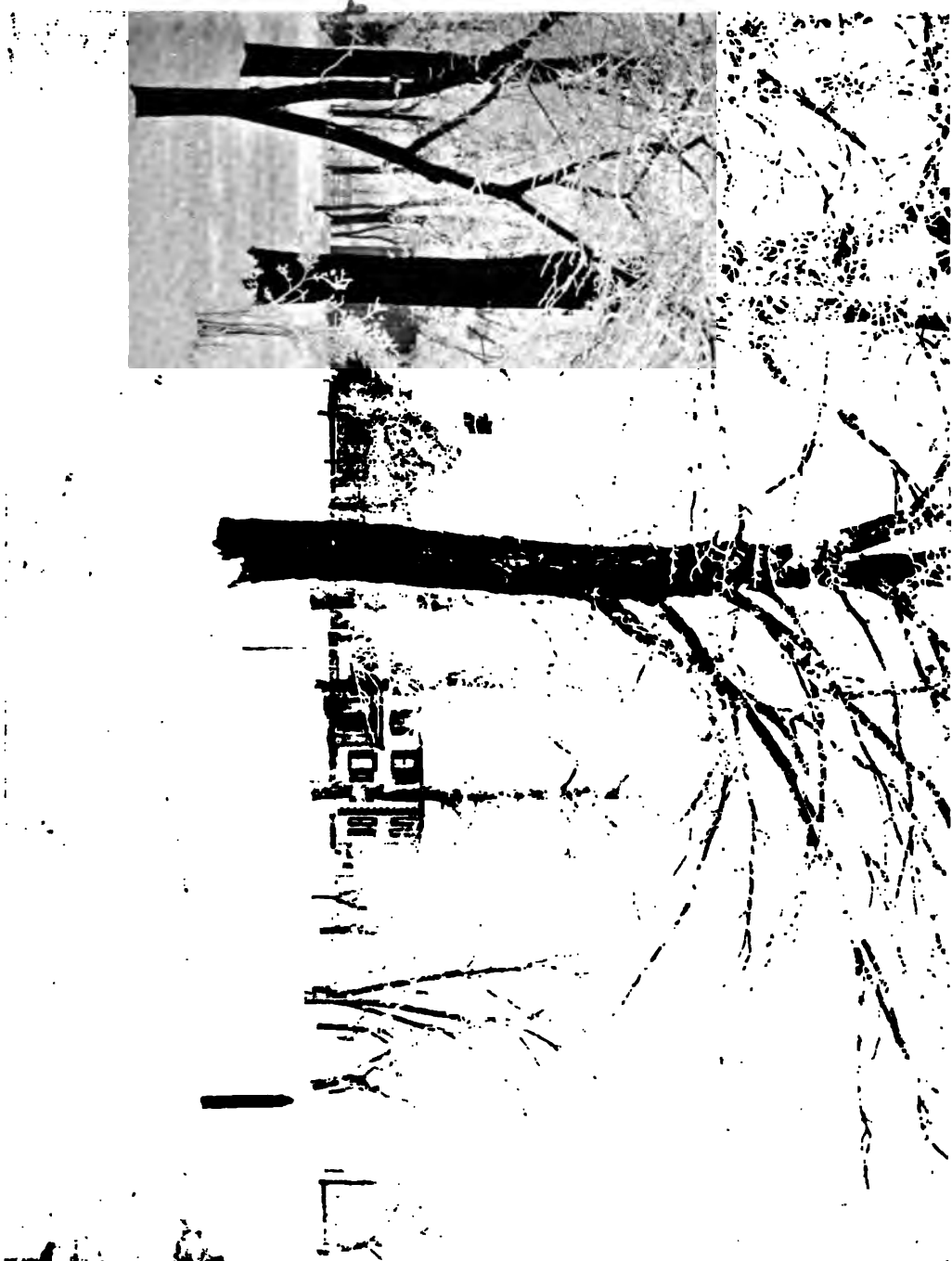


"SNOW BOUND"
ON THE ROAD TO THE CEMETERY



HADLEY CEMETERY

—“Where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.”



WINTER FRONT ON WEST STREET

EXERCISES OF THE THIRD CORPS REUNION

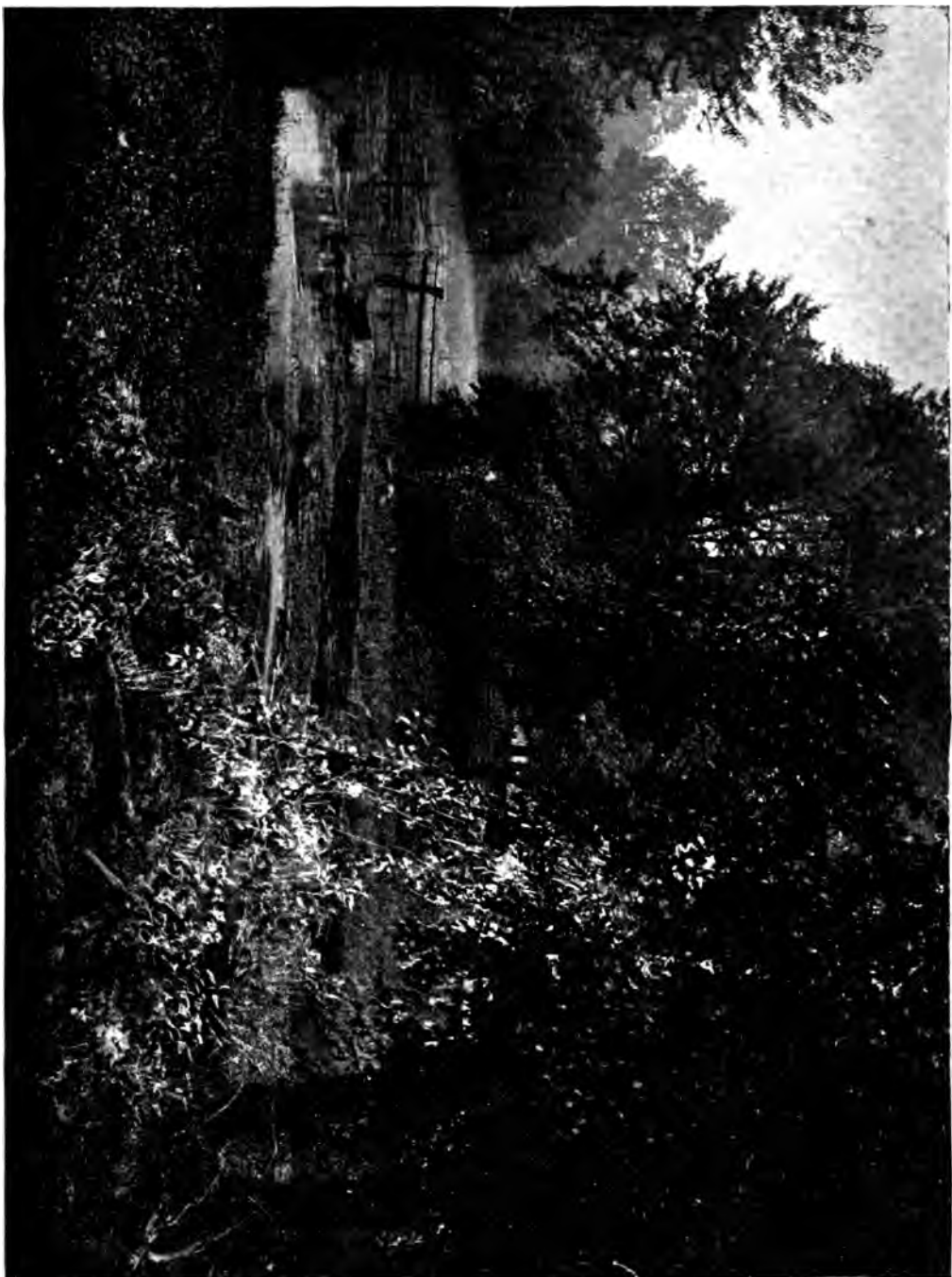
The Reunion of the Third Army Corps will begin Monday evening, May 6, with a Grand Camp Fire at the Academy of Music, this feature being arranged by the Grand Army and citizens' committee of Northampton.

On Tuesday the visitors will breakfast in Northampton at 6.30 and form in line on Main street, at 7.30, falling in without ceremony behind their old brigade battle flags. Under the escort of Co. I, 2d Reg. M. V. M., the Agricultural College Cadets and the Grand Army posts of Northampton and Amherst, the column will march to the railroad station, where a special train will convey the Corps to Hadley (three miles distant) and where, at ten o'clock the principal exercises of the Reunion will be held, according to the following program :

Address of Welcome, to the town of Hadley,	By Chairman O. W. Prouty, of the Selectmen
Response,	By Major William Plimley, President of Third Corps Union
Welcome to Massachusetts,	By Gov. Frederic T. Greenhalge
Address,	By General Henry E. Tremaine
Poem,	By Comrade J. Howard Jewett of Hadley
Presentation to the town of Hadley, from the Soldiers of the Corps of an oil portrait of Gen. Hooker.	
Presentation Speech,	By General Daniel E. Sickles
Acceptance for the Town,	By Dr. Franklin Bonney

A bronze tablet will be placed on the house where Gen. Hooker was born and after a collation furnished by the citizens of Hadley, the annual business meeting of the Third Corps Union will be held in the tent, after which a special train will be taken to Northampton.

At 7 o'clock P. M. the annual banquet of the Third Army Corps will be held in the City Hall at Northampton. Tickets to the banquet will be \$2. Many civic and military guests will be present, and speeches full of interest on General Hooker's career will be made by prominent officials, historians and others.



MEADOW ON FORT RIVER

COMMITTEES APPOINTED TO ORGANIZE THE EXERCISES FOR THE HADLEY REUNION OF THE THIRD CORPS

THIRD CORPS UNION COMMITTEE

CAPT. ISAAC P. GRAGG, <i>Chairman</i> ,	COL. EDWARD L. WELLING, <i>Secretary</i> ,
MAJ. WILLIAM P. SHREVE, <i>Treasurer</i> ,	MAJOR WILLIAM PLIMLEY, <i>President</i> .
MAJOR-GEN. CHARLES H. T. COLLIS,	CAPT. BENJAMIN MURPHY,
BRIG-GEN. JOSEPH DICKINSON,	CAPT. WM. H. BROWN,
BRIG-GEN. THOMAS H. DUNHAM,	COL. JOSEPH F. TOBIAS,
ADJT.-GEN. SAMUEL DALTON,	COL. CHAS. H. WEYGANT,
LIEUT.-COL. EDWARD MOORE,	PRIVATE THOS. B. LITTLE,
MAJ. JOHN B. FASSITT,	MAJ. H. GENET TAYLOR,
MAJ. A. JUDSON CLARK,	MAJ. LOVELL PURDY,
MAJ. JONAS F. CAPELLE,	CAPT. WILLIAM P. DRURY,
COL. THOMAS R. MATHEWS,	MAJ. WM. A. SMITH,
MAJ. BENJ. S. CALEF,	COM. SERGT. AUSTIN T. SYLVESTER,
CAPT. CHRISTOPHER W. WILSON,	PRIVATE HENRY C. HALL,
COL. JAMES A. LAKIN,	CAPT. L. E. JENKINS,
MAJ. JOSEPH F. DENNISTON,	PRIVATE WM. H. HOWARD.

COMMITTEE AT HADLEY

VETERANS' COMMITTEE

ORVILLE W. PROUTY, <i>Chairman</i> , 54th Mass. Reg.,	H. CLEMENT RUSSELL, <i>Secretary</i> , 27th Reg.
LEWIS W. WEST, <i>Treasurer</i> , 27th Reg.	
LYMAN C. BULLARD, 52th Reg.,	LEHAMAR C. KILLOGG, 4th Iowa Cav.,
JOHN BROWN, 102d N. Y.,	FREDERICK B. KENJFIELD, 27th Reg.,
HENRY C. COMINS, 52d,	CHAS. P. LAMB, 10th,
GEO. N. CRAFTS, 52d,	WILLIAM MATHER, 10th,
WM. A. CHAMINCY, 37th,	MICHAEL MULCAHY, U. S. N.,
L. PARSONS COOK, 52d,	HORACE L. RICHARDSON, 52d,
CALVIN S. DICKINSON, 40th,	JOSEPH F. SMITH, 37th,
ORRIN D. FROST, 25th,	LUCIUS D. SMITH, 27th,
ALDEN J. GILBERT, 52d,	JAMES SMITH, 5th Mass. Battery,
LUMAN W. HIBBARD, 27th,	RUFUS P. SCOTT, 2d Mass. Battery,
CHAS. L. HARTWELL, 10th,	CHAS. H. WHITE, 52d,
EDWARD JOHNSON, 14th Kans. Cav.,	FRANCIS P. WHEELER, 37th.

CITIZENS' COMMITTEE

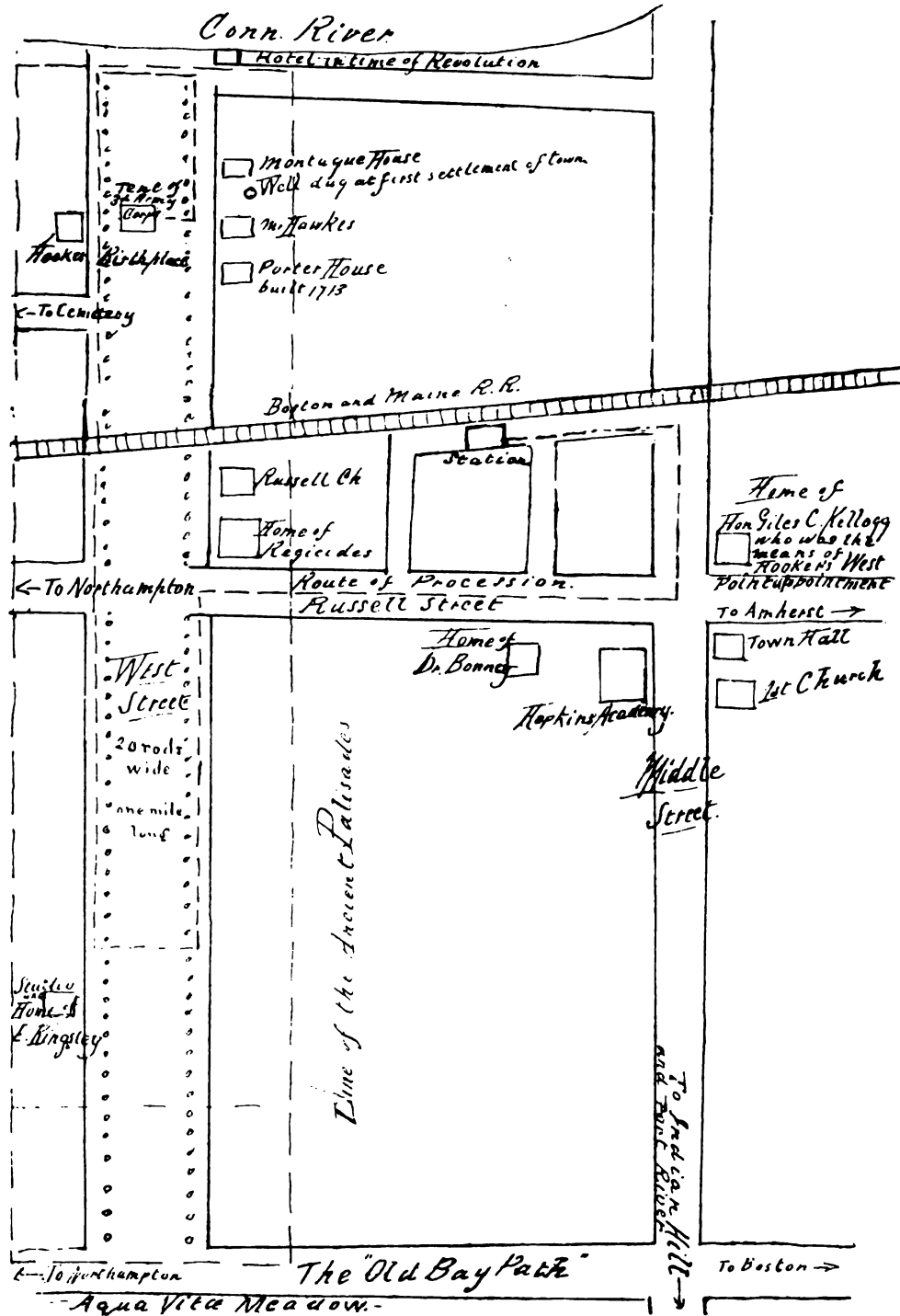
REUBEN BELL, R. LYMAN COOK, THOMAS GERRY, SILAS E. JAY, ELLIOTT S. JOHNSON, T. DWIGHT MORTON, FRANCIS S. REYNOLDS, PATRICK RYAN, RUFUS M. SMITH, G. FRANK SMITH,
and for the Selectmen, GEORGE E. SMITH and AUSTIN E. COOK.

COMMITTEE AT NORTHAMPTON

CITIZENS'—MAYOR HENRY A. KIMBALL, *Chairman*; JOHN C. HAMMOND, E. P. COPELAND, H. L. WILLIAMS, S. W. LEE, JR.; GRAND ARMY—GEO. H. RAY, *Treasurer*; H. M. ABBOTT, *Secretary*; JOHN W. LYMAN, JOHN KEACH, JEREMIAH BROWN.

A PLAN OF HADLEY IN HISTORY.

This plan shows the location of important historical points on and near the route of the procession planned for May 7, 1896. It was drafted by Elbridge Kingsley, according to suggestions by Dr. Franklin Bonney and the publishers. Further reference to this plan will be found upon the reverse side of this sheet.

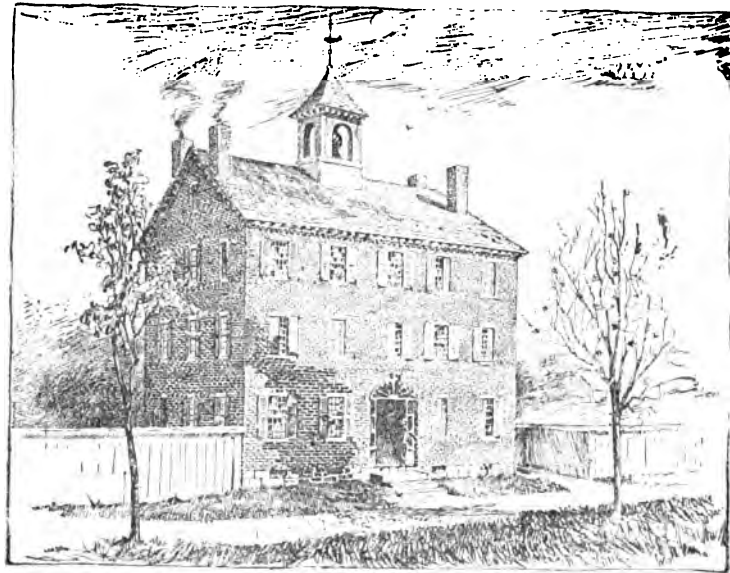


MEMORANDA IN RELATION TO THE PLAN.

The plan on the reverse side of this sheet calls attention to some facts which were noted too late for use in the main contents of the Souvenir. The old elm tree on West street, near the road leading to the cemetery, is over 150 years old. It is one of the long row which stands on both sides and reaches the entire length of the street. The old well, upon "the Montague Place," dug at the first settlement of the town is still in use.

The tent of the Third Army Corps on West street will cover the site of the first church building in Hadley.

One of the most interesting landmarks to the visitor will be the old homestead of Hon. Giles C. Kellogg, who was instrumental in securing the appointment of Gen. Hooker to a cadetship at West Point. He was a son of Dr. Giles C. Kellogg, a graduate of Harvard College, who built and lived in the house opposite the Town Hall on Middle street. His son Giles was born in 1781 and graduated at Yale College in 1800. He was a gentleman of the old school, cultivated, refined and courteous to all—to the child in the street as well as to those in high position. He died in 1861, just as the war of the rebellion was opening, and upon the approach of which he showed great solicitude for the welfare of his country. He had held public office for a good part of his life. He was Register of Deeds for Hampshire County for thirteen years, and was town clerk and treasurer for a long period. He was for many years a member of the Legislature and also served in the constitutional convention of 1853. He was adjutant of one of the Massachusetts regiments in the war of 1812. It had been his good fortune to hear Hamilton and Burr argue a case before the United States Court at New Haven. He expressed the greatest admiration for the ability Hamilton exhibited in making his plea. He deemed him the most logical and finished orator he had ever listened to. He remembered that when in 1787 Gen. Lincoln passed a Sabbath on West street, while in pursuit of the insurgent Shays, some of the officers of the army were entertained by his father, and they took him, a boy of six years, and made a pet of him. The large elm trees now standing in the yard of the house were brought by him upon his shoulders, when a young man from the lower end of West street, where he had an office,



Old Hopkins Academy, where Gen. Hooker was educated.











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