

UMASS/AMHERST



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HISTORIC HOMES

OF

AMHERST

BY

ALICE M. WALKER

Published under the auspices of the AMHERST HISTORICAL SOCIETY

AMHERST, MASSACHUSETTS

1905

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BY ALICE M. WALKER

TO THE
DESCENDANTS OF THOSE ANCIENT WORTHIES
WHO FOUNDED
THESE HISTORIC HOMES OF AMHERST,
THIS RECORD OF THEIR DEEDS IS DEDICATED.

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The Old Strong House.

The old Strong house, beneath its towering buttonwood trees, attracts the admiration and excites the interest of all visitors to Amherst. It is not only the most picturesque dwelling, but the oldest house in town, and is the home of the Amherst Historical Society and the Mary Mattoon Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. It dates back to the time of the French and Indian wars, and stands to-day a perfect model of the architecture of that period and a monument to its builder, Nehemiah Strong.

The early settlers of old Hadley were energetic and progressive. Not satisfied with cultivating the meadows along the river, they gazed with eager eyes toward the wooded hills and fertile lands which bounded their eastern horizon. As early as 1728, finding the broad and shaded street of the mother town was becoming too populous to accommodate their increasing families and numerous flocks and herds, a few old Hadley farmers, more venturesome than the rest, penetrated into the eastern wilderness and formed a settlement known as "Hadley Farms." Two years later these "East inhabitants" set apart a burying place for their dead, and in the old "West cemetery" Nehemiah Strong and his descendants sleep.

The little hamlet yearly received accessions from neighboring towns, and its inhabitants increased and prospered. Its soil was fertile and its pastures rich and abundant. The game was plentiful on the mountains and the air was free from the fog and dampness which brought disease to many dwelling along the river. No floods nor freshets could reach those living on the highlands of Eastern Hadley, and to these advantages were added others not often found in outlying districts of that day. Blacksmith Aaron Warner followed his trade in the new settlement, and Dr. Nathaniel Smith was ready by means of pills and potions to kill or cure. His lancet, calomel, and jalap seldom failed to produce an effect, and should the result prove contrary to expectation, ample accommodations in the new cemetery awaited unfortunate patients. A doctor and a graveyard once provided, there were needed but a meeting-house and parson to complete the inducements offered strangers to settle among the eastern hills.

What now is Amherst, in 1732 became Hadley third precinct. Three years later Rev. David Parsons was engaged to preach in the new district, and in 1739 he was ordained as pastor of the church. Where his first service was held we cannot determine, for though the parish voted in 1735 to build a "meeting-house," the primitive structure covered with boards of spruce was not completed until 1753, though services were held in it before 1742. The "meeting house" stood near the present site of the old Amherst college observatory, which was then about the center of the common. Here the "learned and orthodox divine," with fiery eloquence warmed the hearts of his shivering congregation through the winter Sunday ser-

vices, and in turn his people made desperate efforts to keep the ministerial woodpile replenished with that which seemed most needful to the comfort of the parson and his family. The scattered residents in the new third precinct were now glad to welcome others able and willing to help them pay the taxes and draw the minister's wood.

The village of Northampton was at this time the home of a notable family of Strongs, descendants of "Elder John Strong," who was born in Taunton, Eng., sailed from Plymouth in 1630, settled in Dorchester, and afterward made his home in Windsor, Connecticut. In 1659 he removed to Northampton, where he lived for forty years and became a leader in the town and in the church. He was a man of wealth, a tanner by trade, and carried on his business near the present site of the railroad station. In 1663, Rev. Eleazer Mather of Northampton and Parson Russell of Hadley ordained John Strong to be a ruling elder in the church, by the ceremony known as the "laying on of hands." A few years afterward Elder Strong assisted in the ordination of Rev. Solomon Stoddard as pastor in Northampton. His first wife died on the passage from England or immediately after, and her infant child did not long survive her. His second wife, Abigail Ford, whom he married at sixteen, died at eighty, the mother of sixteen children. The head of this remarkable family lived to be ninety-four, and at the time of his death had been the father of eighteen children, fifteen of whom were living with families of their own. His grandchildren numbered one hundred and fourteen, and his great grandchildren, thirty-three. The eldest and youngest children of Elder Strong were thirty-nine years apart in age.

These children, strong in nature as in name, inherited from both parents sterling qualities of character which fitted them to become leaders among men. Abigail married Rev. Nathaniel Chauncey of Hatfield, and for her second husband Deacon Medad Pomeroy of Northampton. Elizabeth married Joseph Parsons, also of Northampton, and Experience became the wife of Zerubbabel Filer of Windsor, "who left a good estate." Mary Strong married Deacon John Clark of Northampton, and Sarah was the helpmeet of Joseph Barnard of Hadley, who followed his father's profession as a "viewer of chimneys and ladders." Hannah married Capt. William Clark and went to live in Lebanon, Connecticut. Hester married Thomas Bissell of Windsor, Connecticut, and Thankful Strong became the wife of a "Mr. Baldwin," of Milford, Connecticut, whose family the historian was not able to trace. The numerous descendants of these daughters were men of wealth and learning, eminent in all professions, very religious and in many cases famous for their bravery in battle. Three sons, John Jr., Return, and Ebenezer, were tanners like their father. John and Return settled in Windsor, Connecticut, and Ebenezer carried on his trade in Northampton, and was a ruling elder in the church. Thomas, Jedediah, and Jerijah, the farmers of the family, lived in Northampton. The former married Rachel Holton for his second wife, and died, the father of fourteen children, nine of whom were under fifteen years of age. Jedediah married three times, and dying at the age of ninety-six left a large family of sons and daughters. Jerijah married Thankful Stebbins, and died on his farm when eighty-nine years old.

Samuel Strong, the ancestor of the Strong's in Amherst, and

twin brother of Joseph, who died in infancy, married Esther Clapp, and soon after her death took for his second wife Mrs. Ruth Sheldon Wright. He had twelve children, most of whom settled on farms in Hadley and South Hadley. His third son, Nehemiah, married about 1728 Hannah Edwards, the daughter of Jonathan French of Northampton, and widow of Nathaniel Edwards, who was killed by Indians. Unwilling for some reason to settle permanently in Northampton, Nehemiah Strong took council with his brothers, living across the river, as to the most desirable location for a home, and settled upon Hadley third precinct, where land was cheap and plentiful. He purchased a tract at the junction of the west highway and the road leading to Hadley, with the intent of building a mansion of the latest style and most approved design.

Houses in those days were meant to last for generations. With this in mind, having observed the homes of certain of his friends in other towns, Nehemiah Strong made plans for his new dwelling. The house should have the fashionable gambrel roof, and spacious, low ceiled rooms, and great brick oven and fireplaces, in which the massive back log should smoulder through the night and furnish embers for the morning blaze. All these and other details were settled in his mind before the owner of the land shouldered his axe, and with his neighbors went into the woods near by to cut great forest trees and draw them to the spot. Willing helpers aided in the task of hewing into shape the massive timbers and splitting the clapboards for the covering of the frame. The foundations were laid on the north side of the broad highway, and then the invitations to the raising were sent by word of mouth to neighbors far and near.

We may well imagine that many distinguished persons gathered on this occasion, which afforded opportunity for social festivity as well as strenuous toil. Each side of the building firmly fastened together, was lifted by united effort and held in air until the wooden pegs were pounded home and the whole frame was in position. Then a nip of toddy, accompanied by home-made doughnuts, were enjoyed, and the wearied visitors rested and "passed the time of day." The doctor and the minister, no doubt, were there in readiness to officiate in case of accident. We find no record, however, of any mishap, and in 1744 the building was completed, and worthy Nehemiah Strong with his wife and children, Nehemiah aged fourteen, Mary aged twelve, and Simeon aged eight, were fairly settled in their new home.

They found themselves in a community of farmers, who employed their leisure time in carpenter work, and fishing and hunting, and digging pits to catch the wolves which killed their sheep. The women spun flax and carded wool, and wove the cloth in which the family was clothed, and were equally dexterous in firing a gun, handling a broom and raking after the hay-cart in the field.

The year this house was completed, soldiers were needed to garrison the forts built at Heath, Rowe, "East Hoosuck" and Charlestown for defence against the French and Indians, who threatened the frontier. Many citizens of Hadley and East Hadley were recruited for this service, but Nehemiah Strong stayed at home and made himself of use in the community. In 1748 he was appointed a "committy" to "hire suitable persons to blow ye kunk," and sweep ye meeting hous for this yeare,"

and later he blew "ye kunk" himself. He even attempted to furnish firewood for the minister, and was not dismayed when the shivering parson demanded "eaightly loads." Another thankless task, "to seat ye meating house anue" was entrusted to Nehemiah Strong.

The family life of the children beneath that gambrel roof we can but imagine. The oldest son, Nehemiah, prepared for college, perhaps with their distant cousin, Rev. David Parsons. He graduated from Yale in 1755, was tutor in the college for three years, and settled as pastor in "Turkey Hills," Connecticut. For eleven years he held the position of professor of natural philosophy in Yale college, and was, according to President Dwight, "a man of vigorous understanding." His family relations were somewhat peculiar, for, when the first husband of the supposed widow whom he married returned from sea, she left her professor for the sailor. The Rev. Nehemiah, however, was not heartbroken, but lived to the age of seventy-seven, and died in Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Mary Strong, the daughter of the house, married Lieut. Solomon Boltwood, and became the ancestor of the famous Boltwood family, whose influence was felt in Amherst through many generations. The marriage was performed by Rev. David Parsons, probably in the family mansion, though the couple may have gone to the meeting-house on the hill. They had eleven children. Their grandson, Elijah Boltwood, for many years was the genial landlord of the Boltwood tavern, near the site of the present Amherst House, and well known as one of the best inns in Western Massachusetts. In his day it was a two-story structure painted yellow, with a bar-room in front and

a ball-room overhead. The old sign, which swung from a stout post in front of the tavern, is now the property of the Amherst Historical society, and is preserved in its rooms in the old Strong house.

Simeon Strong, the youngest child of Nehemiah, was a precocious boy, and graduated from Yale in 1756 among the first scholars in his class. A biographical sketch in the "Panoplist and Missionary Magazine United," says of Simeon Strong: "At the expiration of his collegiate term, a premium called the Dean's Bounty was adjudged to him, by which he was enabled to spend a fifth year at that seat of learning." When this fifth year was completed, he studied theology and preached for several years, but on account of a consumptive tendency did not accept any of the calls to settle which he received. He finally decided to become a lawyer, and entered the office of Colonel Worthington of Springfield. His studies were barely completed and the young law student ready to set up for himself, when in 1761 his mother, the wife of Nehemiah, died, leaving the old man alone. We can easily see the reason why, knowing that his son was about to marry, Nehemiah that same year deeded to Simeon "my dwelling house and barn in said Amherst, both standing on a piece of land now in my possession, which land is bounded on the east and south on the King's Highway." This gift provided a home for the young lawyer and his wife, Sarah Wright, and the children who came after, and the deed proves certainly who built the old Strong house. Young Simeon erected for himself an office on the west side of his dwelling, and it is possible made some changes in the back part of the mansion, as tradition hints that once the roof sloped



SARAH STRONG McCONIHE

to the ground. But the palatial residence of his father was good enough for him and his descendants, and there they lived during the eventful years which led up to the Revolution and decided forever the fate of the Nation. [We can imagine the excited discussions as those assembled in town meeting agitated questions of vital purport to themselves and their posterity. With calmness and deliberation Simeon Strong listened to the arguments of his excited fellow townsmen, weighed them carefully in his judicial mind, and formed his own opinions.] We find his name in the town records as church treasurer, and a member of many important committees. But when the district of Amherst was called upon to contribute stores and money and men to defend the "Common Cause," some of her influential citizens were found to be loyal to King George. Most prominent among the loyalists was Simeon Strong, and the old Strong house became the headquarters of the Tory faction. The patriots who remained at home showed no mercy toward those who differed from them in opinion. When the selectmen found it difficult to furnish the eight blankets for the soldiers which was the town's proportion of those required of Hampshire county, they boldly "impressed" a blanket belonging to Simeon Strong, for which he brought suit against Constable David Blodgett and compelled payment. The learned advocate, honest in his convictions, in spite of his Tory principles, kept the respect of his fellow townsmen, maintained his standing at the bar and accumulated wealth. The small addition to the rear of the family mansion held his law library and pamphlets, and served him as an office. Here he interviewed his clients and pursued those studies in theology and metaphysics

which were his delight to the close of his life. In 1787 Simeon Strong was appointed a member of a committee to build a new meeting house on the hill. Having served the town acceptably in the General Court, he was elected to the Senate, and in 1800 was appointed Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. He was one of the "Proprietors of the Locks and Canals on Conn. river," and took an active interest in all projects for improvements at home and abroad. In his last years he was owner of all the land near the northeast and northwest corners of Main and Pleasant streets, and was greeted with respect as he rode about in his stylish fall back chaise, the first carriage owned in town. He died in 1805, at the age of sixty-nine, the most distinguished lawyer who has ever made his home in Amherst. He was buried in West cemetery, and upon his stone appears this inscription :

Simeon Strong, Esq.
(Judge of the Supreme Judicial Court of
the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.)
died Dec. 14, 1805.

"Man dives in death, dives from the sun in
fairer day to rise ; grave his subter-
anean road to bliss."

Four of his seven children were living at the time of his death. Just before he died, the University of Cambridge conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws. Timothy Dwight, president of Yale college, the intimate friend and admirer of Judge Strong, says :

"On his integrity all who knew him relied without a suspicion. In the various relations of private life he shone with a

mild and delightful luster. His manners were an unusual mixture of gravity and cheerfulness, of simplicity and propriety, of modesty and dignity. The religion which he professed and lived so long gilded his exit with the calm sunshine of a Summer evening."

A family of lawyers, inheriting the keen intellect, shrewd wit and sterling honesty of their ancestors, were born and trained beneath the gambrel roof of the old house, and came forth to settle the disputes of the community, and win renown in neighboring towns. Each of Judge Simeon's four sons received a college education. Simeon, Jr., graduated from Yale in 1786, and practiced law in Conway and in Amherst. John went to Williams college, read law with his father, and was admitted to the bar, and though he did not become so famous as his younger brother, Solomon, yet, according to an old record, "He was an upright Christian man." Solomon, also a graduate of Williams, became eminent in his profession, represented the town in the General Court, was elected to Congress in 1815, and for more than twenty years was Judge of the Massachusetts Court of Common Pleas.

For many years the family in the old Strong house and their descendants were identified with the life of the town in all departments of activity. The second son, Hezekiah Wright Strong was greatly interested in procuring the advantages of higher education for the poorer boys and the girls of his native town. He graduated from Yale, practiced law at Deerfield, and finally settled down in Amherst, where he was postmaster and kept a country store on the present site of Adams' drug store. In company with Samuel Fowler Dickin-

son he started a subscription, by means of which, on land donated by Rev. David Parsons, son of the "learned and orthodox divine," Amherst academy was built. This school was prosperous from the very beginning, and boys and girls in equal numbers hastened to avail themselves of the advantages offered at a minimum charge. Among the pupils in 1818 was the daughter of Hezekiah, Sarah Sophia Strong, who had evidently inherited a desire for knowledge from both her father and mother, Martha Dwight of Belchertown. Miss Sarah Strong, at the age of sixteen, became a teacher in the academy, and numbered among her pupils Mary Lyon, an awkward girl from Buckland, afterward to be regarded as one of the great educational leaders of the world. In Professor Tyler's history of Amherst college, Sarah Strong, great granddaughter of the builder of the old Strong house, describes the work of the academy, the visits made to it by Noah Webster, vice-president of the Board of Trustees, and theatrical exhibitions given by the students in the old meeting house on College hill. Sarah Strong married in Amherst, April 19, 1826, Hon. Isaac McConihe, LL.D., son of John McConihe, a Scotch Presbyterian, who fled from Scotland to Ireland in 1678 to escape the persecution, and finally came across the sea and settled in Merrimack, N. H. Mr. and Mrs. McConihe made their home in Troy, N. Y., where their descendants may now be living.

From Amherst academy in fullness of time came Amherst college. When the "Charity Fund," to train young men for the ministry, was provided, Hezekiah Wright Strong was among those who selected college hill as the proper site for the new institution. One moonlight night Mr. Strong and Col. Rufus

Graves, to whose efforts, in a large measure, the raising of the charity fund was due, visited the ground, measured the land, and paced off the spot where the first building was to stand. He lived to see the college prosper, though his last days were spent in Troy, where he died in 1848.

Simeon second married Miss Louisa Emerson, daughter of Rev. John Emerson of Conway, and sister of Dr. Joseph Emerson, whose wife and children sometimes visited "Aunt Strong," and enjoyed exploring the quaint old house. The seven outside doors and many hiding places afforded ample opportunity for games, and the large family of sons and nieces and student boarders made things lively. The present parlor was then the living room, and opening out of it, where North Prospect street now passes, was the office. Beneath the shadows of the east porch the lads and lasses loved to linger, and several friendships here formed resulted in marriage. Simeon third, a member of this family, left a record in which he relates that his great grandfather Nehemiah removed from Northampton about 1744, and built the family mansion of which his descendants have been so proud. More than sixty years ago, Frederick W. Strong of Lancaster, Wisconsin, spent two years in the old house, and says his father used to tell him that the house was built by his great grandfather, and was then one hundred years old. The builder, Nehemiah, late in life, married Catherine Barrett, and with her he probably lived on his land just south of Joseph Dickinson's, owned by John Strong within the memory of the present generation. When Nehemiah died, in 1772, he left to his wife, Catherine, one-third of his real estate, to his daughter Mary £53, 6s, 8d, to his son Nehemiah the rest of his

real estate, and to Simeon 6s, "having already, as I judge, sufficiently advanced him." As Nehemiah second died without heirs, his real estate came into the possession of his nephew John and descended to his children, Milton and Mary.

After the death of Dr. Joseph Emerson, his widow, desiring to educate her children, came to Amherst and bought the old Strong house. In this way the venerable mansion passed into the possession of the family by whom it has been occupied for fifty years, and to whom its history and traditions are dear and sacred. The new owner finished off rooms in the spacious attic, and built the dormer windows which to-day, like eyes, peer out upon the passer-by. Mrs. Emerson's son, John, graduated from Amherst college in the class with Edward Hitchcock and Julius Seelye. The daughters all attended Amherst academy.

The old Strong house appears to-day substantially the same as when it was completed one hundred and sixty years ago. Its deep front yard illustrates the width of the broad highways of that time. The wrought iron nails, driven and clinched by workmen whose very names are now unknown, still hold the ancient clapboards firmly where they were placed when Amherst was in its infancy. Above the gambrel roof great buttonwood trees, a hundred feet in height, twist their gaunt limbs and sway and groan, and with hoarse voices croak ever of the past. Nearer the road, tall elms and maples murmur tales of famous guests who passed beneath their shade one hundred years ago, and whisper softly of the schoolboy, Eugene Field, who with his brother Roswell made this their playground when attending Miss Howland's private school nearby. Behind the

house a gnarled and knotted pear tree, said to have been planted by the judge himself, still lives, and every season puts forth a crown of pure white blossoms, perfuming all the air. The old well, twenty-seven feet deep, is supplied by an ever-living spring, and during all these years has been an unfailing fountain to its owners and the neighbors when other sources of pure water have been exhausted.

Inside, the house is in most respects unchanged. The "west door, front door, porch door, garden door, back front door, front back door, back door, and back back door" still allow the visitor to enter and leave the dwelling. The building shows antiquity in every detail. No parallel lines are to be found. The wooden cornices fail to meet in any corner. Broad window sills are seen and wrought iron hinges on the doors, and little closets and hidden drawers set deep in unexpected places. In a high cupboard at the end of the parlor mantel tinder and flint and tobacco for pipes were kept. The old red paint put on when the house was built still clings to many of the closet shelves. Iron hooks from which some old-time Madam Strong hung the canopy for her best bed are firmly fastened into the ceiling of the righthand room, which was in former days the parlor of the colonial mansion. A handsome corner cupboard, oval at the top, with doors in which are set small panes of glass, attracts our attention as being an admirable specimen of its kind. Up two turns we follow the narrow stairs, and notice the elaborate panelling, and see in every room, above and below, the heavy oaken beams which divide the ceiling and strengthen the massive frame. In one bedroom closet, above the wooden pegs, beyond the reach of any but a giantess,

are pieces of antique paper, probably as old as the house itself. Handsome mahogany furniture is all about. In the third story we see a "low-boy," left in the garret by the Strongs, and are shown a child's toy whistle, finely carved, which was found in the walls about thirty years ago when a room was being replastered. We can easily imagine this may have been dropped by little Simeon the first when his father Nehemiah was building the house.

In recent years the office of Judge Simeon Strong has been transformed. The spirit of the staunch old loyalist, returning to its ancient haunts, would find the rooms, once the headquarters of Amherst Tories, now filled with relics of the past, and fitted up as the home of Mary Mattoon Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and the Amherst Historical society. A great brass knocker on the door gives warning of the guest. The small paned windows are shaded with white fringed curtains, and the uneven floor covered with rag carpeting. Upon the walls, displayed against the paper of antique design, are portraits and pictures of historic interest and value, so many that they crowd each other for space. Here we see General Ebenezer Mattoon, an Amherst hero of the Revolution, and Mary Mattoon, his wife, a typical housewife of the olden time. The first piano ever brought to town, with thin legs and jangling keys, is here, and in the corner cupboard is arranged a valuable collection of old china. An antique secretary contains old books and pamphlets and works presented by Amherst authors, which constitute the library of the Amherst Historical society. Small articles of value are arranged in cases, the latest addition to these being a collection of Indian relics found

in Hadley and vicinity, and presented by President Harris and Dr. Edward Hitchcock.

The generosity of the late Professor Herbert B. Adams, of Johns Hopkins University, a native of East Amherst, assisted in furnishing these rooms, and by donations of pictures and books encouraged the Mary Mattoon chapter to form the Historical society. This now, as an independent organization, led by its enthusiastic president, Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd, holds regular meetings in its rooms, listens to papers prepared by its members, and in many ways has created and fostered an interest in local history throughout the town.

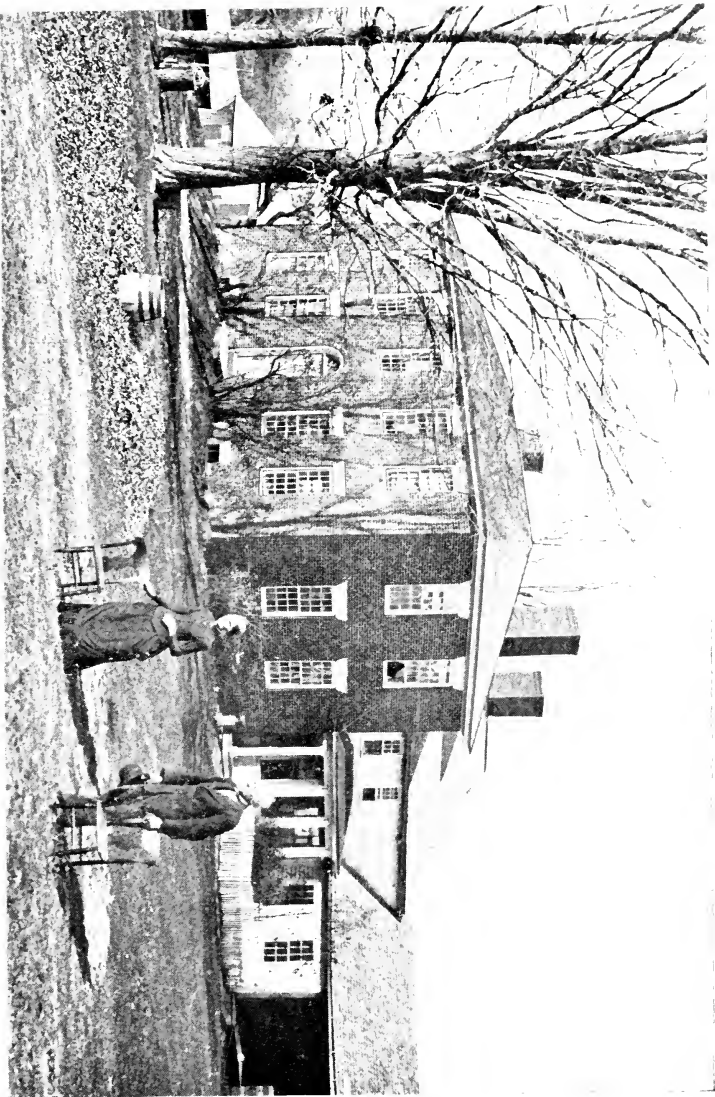
Amherst, though young in years, is rich in historic incident and association. Its early settlers lived heroic lives and died to be unforgotten. A few old houses yet remain whose ancient walls, could they but speak, would answer many a query and fill many a vacant place in the town's history. A veteran among such, the old Strong mansion stands, an embodiment of stability and strength, a connecting link between the present and former generations.

The Bridgman Tavern

ON THE OLD BAY ROAD.

Jonathan Bridgman, the genial landlord of a famous tavern on the old Bay road, founded in South Amherst a notable family of thinkers, scholars, and writers, whose influence has been a power for good in the community, and whose philanthropic enterprise has extended not only throughout America, but also to the Chinese empire and within the Arctic circle. His strong convictions and deep religious nature led to the founding of the South Amherst church, which his descendants have loyally supported for eighty years. With diligence and forethought he cultivated his farm, managed his brickyard, and gave hospitable entertainment to his guests. He was successful in all his undertakings, and used the means acquired to educate his children for positions of usefulness and honor. He was a model of industry, frugality, and thrift, a typical New England farmer of the olden time.

James Bridgman, a carpenter by trade, sailed from Winchester, England, in 1640, and settled in Springfield, where he lived for eleven years, his "homelot fronting on Main street. Here he was a constable and surveyor of fences until, in 1654, he decided to move up the river, and chose Northampton as a permanent residence. He built his house in Hawley street, was constable and sealer of weights and measures, and found that



THE BRIDGMAN TAVERN ON THE OLD BAY ROAD

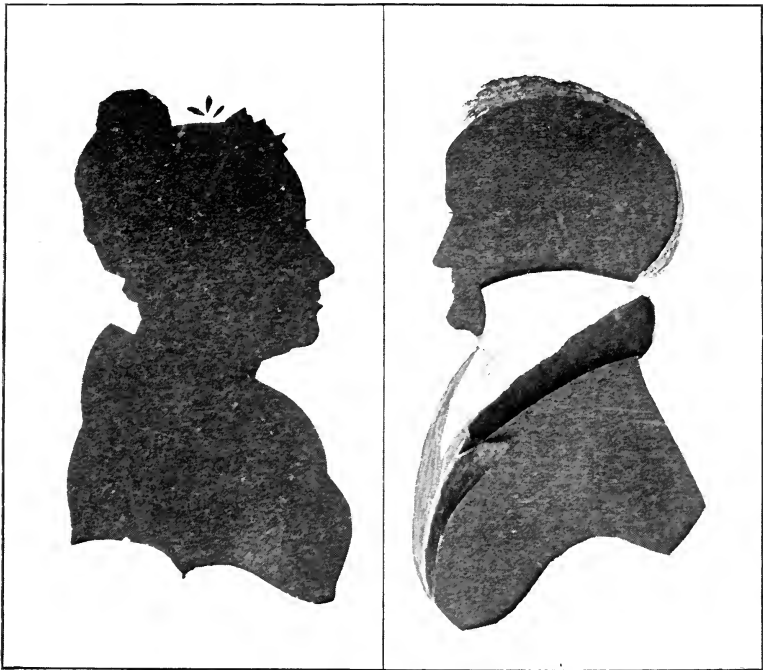
his services as a carpenter were in great demand. After a time of peace, the Indians became hostile, the stockades about the village were strengthened, and all the settlers were on guard. The venerable James, being about to die, sent for the lawyers to come and make his will. While it was yet unsigned, that very night, an alarm was given, and all, lawyers included, rushed to the defense. The town was saved, but when John Lyman and Medad Pomeroy returned to witness the will, the old man James was dead. The son born that night to his son John received the significant name of Deliverance. This grandson, with his brothers, Isaac, Ebenezer, and Orlando, founded the four branches of the Bridgman family in New England. Deliverance was the ancestor of Sidney Edwin Bridgman, the well-known bookseller of Northampton, who entered the store of J. H. Butler as clerk when seventeen years old, and has remained at the same stand, and is now proprietor of "Bridgman's Book Shop, founded 1797."

Ebenezer, the grandson of James, was the ancestor of the Bridgmans in Amherst. He married Mary Parsons, of Northampton, and receiving from his father "one acre of land in old Rainbow," settled on the "Plain." In 1732, Ebenezer and his family removed to "Cold Spring," where they "took up" a piece of land on the old Bay road, about three miles from the present center of Belchertown. The site of the log cabin where these settlers first made their home, and the place where, in the meadow behind the homestead, the old man was buried, are still pointed out to visitors seeking to locate landmarks in the early history of the town.

Joseph, the son of Ebenezer, was a deacon in the Congre-

gational church, and married Elizabeth Warner of Northampton, and their son, Joseph, took for his first wife, Ruth, daughter of Reuben and Sarah Edwards Wright, also of Belchertown. Wright, Theodore, Joseph, and Jonathan Bridgman, sons of Joseph second, and his wife, grew up in Belchertown. Wright became a merchant. Joseph fitted for college in Hopkins academy, and about 1790 ascended Mount Holyoke and planted the first flag ever thrown to the breeze from the summit of the mountain. He graduated from Dartmouth in 1795, practiced law in Belchertown, and represented the town in the General Court.

Lieutenant Theodore Bridgman owned the farm at Pond hill which belonged to his father, grandfather, and great grandfather, Ebenezer. His second son, Elijah Coleman Bridgman, is well known as having been the first American missionary to China. He was converted when only eleven years old during the great revival in Hampshire county, and was among the company of one hundred and six persons who together joined the Belchertown church. He graduated from Amherst in 1826, from Andover in 1829, and at the altar where he had been baptized in infancy was ordained to the Christian ministry and dedicated to service in China. He rode in a carriage to Northampton, traveled in the fast mail coach over the mountains to Albany, then with fear and trembling went on board a steamboat and reached New York in safety. Embarked for China on a sailing vessel, he spent the journey of four months in the study of the Chinese language. His impressions on his arrival and the story of his life are well known to those interested in missions. His loss was deeply felt in the family circle, and the sight of so brilliant



MR. AND MRS. JONATHAN BRIDGMAN

and youthful a scholar joyfully leaving home and friends for a life among heathen in an unknown land, produced a profound impression on the community and on the college of which he was a recent graduate. His letters, which came after an interval of eight months, were claimed almost as public property, and the interest in missions was greatly increased throughout Western Massachusetts by the fact that it had a representative in this new section of the foreign field.

Jonathan Bridgman, the youngest of the brothers, lived in Amherst in 1793, when a boy twelve years of age. He may have been apprenticed to a brickmaker, and in this way have learned his trade. That year a library association was organized in South Amherst. The books were kept in a case six feet high by four or five feet wide, in the home of Deacon David Moody. Among the grave and reverend fathers of that portion of the town who composed the purchasing committee, we find this little Belchertown boy, whose inquiring mind, not satisfied with the *Hampshire Gazette* and *Missionary Magazine*, sought in this public library a means of gaining information about the outside world.

In early days residents on the Bay road lived in the woods with forests all about them. Here and there hospitable taverns formed links in the chain of primitive highways which connected the scattered New England hamlets. These early hostleries offered entertainment for man and beast. The weary traveler, jogging along on horseback over the rough and stony road, hailed with delight the creak of the swinging tavern sign or the glimmer of the candles which betokened that the end of his journey was at hand. Stretching his tired limbs before the

blazing bar-room fire, he smoked his pipe and drank his mug of toddy until summoned to the evening meal. Here with lavish hand the hostess displayed the products of her skill, and sharpened appetites did full justice to the bounty thus provided. Far down in the depths of the voluminous feather-bed beneath the home-spun counterpane and patchwork quilt, the traveler slept the dreamless sleep of the weary and awoke refreshed to enjoy his bowl of Indian pudding and milk and briskly travel on his way.

Shrewd young Jonathan Bridgman, when grown to manhood, perceived a favorable tavern stand on the Bay road, and bought of Marson Eaton the frame building now in the rear of the brick portion of the dwelling. Here in 1806 he brought his bride, Achsah Granger of Granby, and the couple set up house-keeping. Their happiness, however, was of short duration, for in three years the young wife died, leaving no children. In those days, as at present, it was not good for man to be alone. Believing this, and following the custom of putting his convictions into practice, Jonathan Bridgman married for his second wife Jerusha Smith, the daughter of Deacon Elisha and Ursula Billings Smith of Amherst. The former wife, however, was not forgotten. That tender sentiment so often hidden beneath the rugged exterior of our stern old Puritan ancestors caused this father to name his first little daughter, who lived but three short years, Achsah Granger, and to add the name of Granger to the ancestral name of James, by which he christened the son, who was afterward to sacrifice his life for the cause of missions. Our foremothers, however, were not jealous of shadows, and practical Jerusha Smith did not object to this reminder of

her husband's early love and mourned sincerely when the little Achsah was laid away beside her namesake. Now came to this new family a time of struggle. The master of the house, although endowed with an old-fashioned New England conscience, possessed also a keen eye for chances of turning an honest penny and a dogged determination to achieve what the world calls success. His wife, mature beyond her years, bravely took upon her girlish shoulders the ordering of a household whose members multiplied after the good old fashion. When the wooden house became too small for the increasing family, ambitious Jonathan decided to build a house of brick. A mountain stream, flowing beside a bed of clay, was near at hand. Here he started his brickyard and made the bricks with which he built the walls of the Bridgman tavern. These bricks were firm and of regulation size and orthodox in their composition as the character of their maker. Orders came in and bricks were sent to Belchertown and throughout Amherst. An assistant was employed, who lived in a cabin beside the brook, and horrified the children by eating the legs of the frogs which he caught with a hook. With his aid, the shrewd Yankee transformed the soil unfit for cultivation and the water running to waste into building material, which he sold at a considerable profit. The energetic wife at the age of forty-seven, had been the mother of ten children, eight of whom were living. The family now consisted of six sturdy boys, Erastus Smith, Edward, Richard Baxter, James Granger, Guilford, and Coleman, and two little daughters, Louisa and Harriet, seven and five years old.

These children were wide awake and energetic. Their father,

though severe and strict, was genial in his home. He lived the religion which he professed, conducted family prayers each morning and at night when practicable, observed the Sabbath beginning at sundown Saturday night, and with his wife and flock of little ones went five miles to church, no matter what the weather. The tavern was equally distant from the meeting houses in Amherst center, East Amherst and Belchertown, so there was no choice as to distance. Mrs. Porter remembers well the sounding board and great square pews of the second meeting house on College hill and the discomfort she endured therein when a little more than three years old.

The mother of this family, when very young, covered her abundant hair with the cap supposed to be the proper head-dress for the matron of that day. Attired in short, plain-waisted gown, to which, when older, she added a little shoulder cape, she moved about her daily tasks, keeping the house as neat as wax, knitting and spinning, making butter and cheese, and, withal, ruling her children, and perchance her husband, with mild and gentle sway. The tall clock in the kitchen showed a shining face, and the cherry table, an heirloom from her grandmother, shone like the looking glass upon the wall. Her wedding dishes, blue and white and gold, though daily used, were never chipped or broken. The dark blue glossy English ware, adorned with the picture of "Castle Toward," and bearing the trademark of J. Hall & Sons, though handled by all those children and tavern guests, escaped the slightest injury, and are treasured by their owner, Mrs. Porter, as among her most valuable relics.

The Bridgman boys and girls learned their first lessons in a



MRS. PORTER

wooden schoolhouse on the site of the present home of Dwight Dickinson, in the southeast district. Their teachers were Eliza Franklin, Candace Blodgett, Miss Robbins and Parmela Russell. Among their schoolmates were the Nutting children and Emeline Kellogg, who afterward married Henry Nash. The girls wore low-necked, short-sleeved dresses and pantallettes. Little Louisa, three years old, who had a passion for drawing, sat upon a low front seat and was punished for making pictures on her book. Later the wooden schoolhouse was moved away, and a fine brick building erected in its place. Here during school hours Webster's spelling book and the queer geographies and arithmetics of that day were diligently studied, with variations of "I Spy" and jumping the rope at recess. But the most important elements of education in olden time were not acquired in schoolrooms. Trained by their father the boys learned to plow a straight furrow, to sow and reap and swing a scythe, and to compel the rugged soil to yield a plentiful harvest. Milking the cows, gathering apples and peaches in the orchard, selecting great watermelons in a patch and disposing of the same, were pleasant tasks enjoyed by boys and girls alike. Louisa and Harriet practiced domestic science in their mother's kitchen, assisted now by an adopted daughter, Mary Shumway, who was loved by all.

The Bridgman tavern soon became a favorite stopping place for travelers on the long journey to the eastern part of the State. A sign in blue and gilt, surmounted with an urn, and swinging between two red and white posts above the watering trough, bore the words,

JONA. BRIDGMAN'S TAVERN

1822

The fame of Mistress Bridgman's cooking, passed by word of mouth along the line, attracted many guests. Seated in the bar-room on yellow wooden chairs, made by Hosea Goodale, thirsty strangers drank from glasses holding a quart, and slept beneath a red and green counterpane of home manufacture and remarkable design. The chairs, the glasses, and the quilt remain, but as no register was kept, the names of those distinguished visitors will forever be unknown. An impecunious artist, probably to pay his bill, cut some silhouettes of the landlord and his wife, which show us how they appeared when managing the tavern.

Those of the present day know the Bay road as a neglected, grass-grown highway. In olden time it was the scene of constant activity, along which a moving panorama made its way even by night. The sleeping tavern guests heard dimly through their dreams the fast mail coach as, having started from Northampton at 2 A. M., it rattled over the hill and so into the distance beyond. Drovers and teamsters, flocks of sheep and cattle and turkeys, on their way to market, passed in slow procession, or stopped to drink at the watering trough where Burgoyne's defeated forces are said to have watered their horses. Menageries passed along with bears and elephants and camels and cages of wild animals akin to those whose calls were heard through the darkness from among the shadows of the Holyoke mountains. Travelers on foot, on horseback, and in fall-back chaises, a never-ending procession, passed the tavern, or lin-

gered to enjoy its hospitality. The iron ring now seen on the left-hand side of the front door casing, was driven by a stage driver that into it he might tie the long reins of the four horses and thus secure them while he partook of refreshment at the bar within. Other drivers found the ring convenient, and for this purpose it was used till stages ceased to run.

Jonathan Bridgman was a public-spirited citizen and a firm supporter of the Whig party. In 1822, and again ten years later, he served as selectman of the town. In 1824 he was a leading member of the committee which organized the South Amherst church. Services were held in a carpenter shop until in 1825 the meeting house was built and dedicated, and Rev. Horace Chapin was ordained and installed. Jonathan Bridgman was the largest contributor toward the expenses of this undertaking. After its organization the Bridgman family transferred their allegiance to the South Amherst church, attending its services, filling many offices, and giving all its departments loyal support. Jonathan never allowed business to detain him from the preparatory lecture which was held in the afternoon, and formidable indeed were the snowdrifts through which he could not break a road and go three miles to church on Sunday. He was a true apostle of Sabbath observance in the old-fashioned sense, and exemplified in his daily life the precepts which he taught. He did not believe in frivolous amusements, therefore there was no ballroom in the tavern, and cards were things unknown. His children inherited his deep religious nature, and made this manifest in early youth. In later years, the mother said that Baxter never had to be corrected, but was always a "good boy." The same was also said

of Edward, who loved the Bible, and when plowing carried a Testament in his pocket for consultation. James, when a little boy, used to persuade Louisa to go apart with him and have a prayer meeting. This sister now displays a book which was given to him for being the best reader in school.

The Bridgman family were all singers and natural musicians. They attended the singing school on the Green, taught by Dr. Woodman, and afterward by Mr. Gorham of Amherst college. The boys sang tenor and bass. Harriet had an alto voice of remarkable quality and range, and Louisa sang soprano or alto as the case required. Baxter learned to play the flute and clarinet. They mastered all the pieces in "Kingsley's Social Choir." In summer evenings they often went up on the hill and there sang glees and madrigals, while Baxter played. The music floating down seemed to the traveler passing by like songs from heavenly choirs. These were happy days in the old Bridgman tavern before separation came, and the band of brothers and sisters was broken, never to be united.

The Bridgman boys attended Hopkins academy in old Hadley, and all but two became teachers. The eldest, Erastus, was a dashing soldier in the militia. His sister well remembers his uniform and cap with its cockade. Edward, when a student in 1834, kept a diary, now in the possession of his daughter, Mrs. C. A. Shaw. The daily entries speak of almost constant ill-health, for which much medicine was required. Hard manual labor was performed. The lessons were difficult. The youth attended prayer meeting every night, and was possessed with a constant anxiety as to the state of his soul and the souls of his



MRS. PORTER IN HER WEDDING GOWN

fellows. In the course of one day he unloaded hay, ascended Mount Holyoke, attended prayer meeting, and was much discouraged about his studies. He went to the river to see the steamboat, but even this mild excitement failed to relieve his depression. The unhappy boy climbed a tree from which he could see one corner of his father's farm, and longed for his home.

Letters from the missionary in China, who had been for years laboring to translate the Bible into the Chinese tongue, fostered the desire in the mind of young Baxter to dedicate his life to the same noble service. An injury received while helping his father in the brickyard made further study impossible, and thus destroyed the hopes of years. While his elder brother's disappointment was the subject of discussion, James pondered these things in his heart, and quietly decided to follow in the footsteps of his cousin. Doubtless the parents counted it a privilege to dedicate this son unto the Lord, and if they felt misgivings, they gave no outward sign, but quietly removed all obstacles from his path and helped him on his way.

He entered Amherst college when sixteen years old, and graduated second in his class, giving the salutatory address. He taught one year as principal of Monson academy, and then came the appointment from the American Board, and the day of parting was at hand. Going to China in those days was like going out of the world. His sister well remembers how the family group about the tavern door, with grief too deep for tears, bade farewell to him whom this side of heaven they could hope to see no more. The carriage in which, with his brother Edward, he drove to Hartford, passed slowly from their view.

No lingering glances back were given, but with tear-dimmed eyes and steadfast heart the brave young soldier of the Lord went fearlessly forward in the path of duty. Four months of tossing on the ocean brought him to his desired haven, where he found a welcome from his cousin and abundance of work ready to his hand. Four months more, and tidings of his safety came to the waiting ones at home, who went about their daily toil, the same yet not the same, for one best loved of all was gone.

Harriet and Louisa Bridgman, under the training of their admirable mother, developed from romping country girls into capable and accomplished young women. They became expert in all domestic arts, could spin and weave, braid hats, knit stockings and cook as delectable dishes as the mistress herself. They were handsome girls, full of life and health and energy and ambition. They assisted in milking, just for fun, and sang duets while engaged in this homely avocation, and Louisa composed some of her best poetry sitting by her cow. Mounted each on a white horse, they ran wild races up and down the old Bay road. They went chestnutting on the mountains, and now and then attended a husking bee. In company with their brothers, they sang in the South Amherst choir to the music of violin and bass viol and Baxter's clarinet. Jonathan Bridgman was proud of his two daughters, and gave them all the advantages in his power. Harriet attended the academy in Monson and the one in Brookfield, and taught school in New Salem, North Hadley and Ware. She was an excellent teacher, and a favorite everywhere on account of her sweet singing, which charmed all listeners. Louisa was a pupil in Amherst academy

and a classmate of Emily Fowler, Emily Dickinson, and Fanny Montague of Sunderland.

Emily Fowler was a beautiful girl, and a brilliant scholar. She read a notable composition beginning "Sing a Song of Sixpence." She was very intimate with Kate Hitchcock. Edward Hitchcock was also at this time a pupil in the academy. Emily Dickinson was very bright and original, and Fanny Montague possessed an acute mind and vivid sense of humor. Mrs. Hunt, the widow of the first minister of the North Amherst church, was the preceptress, and was a "very nice lady." While in the academy Louisa wrote a composition on "Local Attachments," and also wrote much poetry. She was the artist of the family, sketched everything she saw and was anxious to take lessons in drawing and painting, but the philosophy class came at the same hour, and so she tried to take half of each. After leaving the academy she was a successful teacher, in Amherst, New Salem and Belchertown.

Time brought many changes. Erastus Bridgman married Lucinda King Smith of Amherst, and named his first child Achsah in loving memory of the little sister who died when he was five years old. Edward took for his wife Elizabeth May Blodgett, of East Windsor, Connecticut, and settled near the old home, where he could catch a glimpse of his father's farm without being obliged to climb a tree. Baxter took a trip to Illinois, then the far West, and, finding no place more attractive than his native town, married Mary, daughter of Captain George and Judith Nutting, and settled in South Amherst. The Bridgman girls were too attractive to remain unnoticed, and soon it was made plain that Harriet had decided among her many admirers

and fixed her choice on James Ely Merrick, the son of Aaron, who had been a school teacher like herself. Their wedding, the first in the old tavern, took place Dec. 24, 1845. The bride, in her gown of drab corded silk, seemed dearer than ever to the sister when she was about to leave. A poem, written for the occasion, in Mrs. J. E. Merrick's album, "To Sister Harriet on the Day of Her Marriage," and signed "Louisa," expressed the feelings of the latter on this occasion.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dana Goodsell, and then the couple drove away to the new house in West street, South Amherst, built for them and now occupied by their eldest son, named for his grandfather, Jonathan. With rare good sense and judgment young Mrs. Merrick applied herself to second the efforts of her husband and make his farming a success. She was a busy woman, and in later years, with seven children to train and educate, her heart and arms were full. Her melodeon remained closed and her voice was used only for songs of lullaby. Hard work and anxious care drew lines upon her brow, yet to the last her courageous spirit failed not, and her smile was ever sweet, the outward expression of a soul at peace with itself and all mankind. Her memory is to-day a benediction to the community in which she lived, and her descendants rise up and call her blessed.

Five years had passed since Harriet's wedding, when word came that the brother in China, on account of ill health, had received permission to make a visit home. Joyful anticipation now filled every heart. Alas, how terrible the day when his brother Baxter saw in a religious paper a notice of the tragic death of the missionary. James Bridgeman, and his burial in the

island of Whampoa. The next day letters were brought confirming the news. A stone thrown from the Chinese wall injured his head, and brought on inflammation of the brain, which produced violent insanity, and finally was the cause of his death. Letters came from his fiancée, also a missionary, to whom he was soon to have been married, and from Elijah Coleman, expressing his high regard for the young missionary, and deepest sorrow at his death. A copy of his life work, the "Notitia Lingual Sinicae of Premare," translated into English, is in the college library. The mission which he inaugurated among the people of China has gone on and on unto the present day with results which are recorded only in heaven.

This crushing sorrow brought sad changes into the Bridgman home. The father's health, impaired by arduous toil, could not endure the strain, and after several months of illness he died, and was buried in the Belchertown cemetery.

After the death of the landlord the business of the tavern declined, and Guilford, with his family, made it their home, Louisa and her mother keeping house together in what was known as "grandmother's part." When Harriet went away, Louisa felt that she, too, must have a melodeon, so her good father had one made for her in Buffalo, for which he paid \$100. Her niece remembers, when a tiny girl, going into the shaded front room to hear Aunt Louisa play on the melodeon and sing old-fashioned songs. Mother and daughter lived quietly together until the sweet-voiced singer was called to grace another home, and relatives gathered to witness her marriage to Moses Chapin Porter, a prominent citizen of Hatfield. The picture of Mrs. Porter, copied from an ambrotype taken by a North-

ampton artist, introduces us to the bride in her wedding gown of stone-colored silk, striped with brown, with trimming bought in New York city. A wreath of orange blossoms, tied with broad white ribbons, encircled the heavy braid of jet black hair. After the ceremony, performed by Rev. James L. Merrick, dinner was served. Then the bride put on her silk velvet cape and bonnet, and with the groom headed the long procession of carriages in which the wedding party drove to Hatfield, where a reception was held in a manner befitting the position of a man of wealth and influence in the town. Twenty-five years later the couple celebrated their silver wedding, at which brother Baxter read an original poem.

After this marriage grandmother's company was in great demand, and though she made her home with Edward, yet ever and anon she would go to Hatfield to see Louisa, or spend a few days with Harriet in West street, or visit her "good boy" Baxter, into whose home had come ten children, eight of whom were living. This favorite son was one of the strong men of South church. His prudent forethought and excellent judgment managed its business and kept it on a firm financial basis, and caused it to be acknowledged one of the most flourishing of the rural churches of Western Massachusetts. His children all showed signs of unusual ability, and the man who was not able himself to obtain a college education, determined that those bright boys of his should enjoy the advantages denied their father.

Erastus Bridgman died in Newton in 1892, leaving a son and daughter. He was a business man, respected and honored by his associates. Edward died in South Amherst in 1877. His

son, Harlan Page, lives in the old home and carries on the farm. His daughter, Mrs. C. A. Shaw, is president of the Thursday club of South Amherst. Her youngest son, Charles Harlan, a graduate in the class of 1905 of Annapolis academy, is now a midshipman on board the Minneapolis. Coleman Bridgman married Sarah Louise Cook of Granby, and moved to St. Cloud, Minnesota, where he recently died, leaving no children. Guilford married Martha Ober of Bridgton, Maine, and died in 1886. James Ely Merrick, who held several town offices and was for many years one of the prominent members of the South Amherst church, died in 1885. His wife, Mrs. Harriet Merrick, died in 1893 at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Gilbert Manley. Their sons are among the chief supporters of the church. James Ely is postmaster and a successful business man, has traveled extensively, and is one of the assessors of the town. Richard Baxter Bridgman and his wife lie side by side in the South Amherst cemetery. The homestead where their children were born and reared is the rallying place for the family, to which they come for an occasional reunion. Their three sons, graduates of Amherst college, are well-known journalists and authors. Herbert Lawrence of Brooklyn, was in 1894 a member of the Peary auxiliary expedition to North Greenland, and in 1899 commanded a Peary relief expedition. Raymond Landon and Arthur Milnor have been for many years reporters for the Legislature. The daughters are all musicians. Helena Frances is the widow of Rev. Dr. Charles M. Lamson, the noted divine, trustee of Amherst college, and president of the American Board. Mary Lyon married Rev. Herbert W. Boyd. The three younger daughters, Gertrude, Clara, and Amy, have been successful teachers.

The Bridgman tavern on the old Bay road is again the home of Mrs. Louisa Porter, who hopes to spend her last days beneath its sheltering roof. Her husband died about 1888. Her stepdaughter, Mrs. Augusta Porter Graves, who is a great great granddaughter of Jonathan Edwards, through Colonel Porter of Hadley, occupies the homestead with her husband, Myron C. Graves, who cultivates the farm. Though eighty-two years old, Mrs. Porter reads without glasses, and takes an active interest in all about her. She rides three miles to church, attends the missionary meetings in the village and is the only representative of her generation to entertain the Thursday club by telling stories of her youthful days. She enjoys letters from Henry Bridgman Dickinson, the son of her adopted sister, who calls her "Aunt Louisa," and writes from Illinois. Surrounded by mementos of the past she delights to welcome visitors and show them the urn which surmounted the old tavern sign, the huge glasses, andirons, and yellow wooden chairs and other relics of old tavern days, and the body of the fall back chaise in which her mother used to ride nearly one hundred years ago. She is the living embodiment of that kindly courtesy which distinguished the true New England gentlewoman of the olden time. Her story of those early days in the Bridgman tavern holds up a picture of that old New England family life upon which is founded our modern civilization.

Early Amherst Doctors

AND THEIR HOMES.

The doctors of Amherst, since the earliest settlement of the town, have been of great importance to the welfare of its citizens. The climate of the hills, though clear and bracing, could not entirely prevent disease and death. Such accidents as were common in those days of strenuous toil required the prompt presence of a "bonesetter" and surgeon. Therefore, about 1730, Dr. Nathaniel Smith, the first physician to practice among the "East Inhabitants," moved from Hadley and settled in the woods on land which included the territory now known as College hill, and which extended as far south as Fort river.

Dr. Smith was the great grandson of Lieutenant Samuel Smith, who sailed from England in the good ship Elizabeth of Ipswich, lived for a time in Wethersfield, and then removed to Hadley, where he held important offices in town and church. Lieutenant Philip, the son of Samuel, one of the first men in the place of his adoption, was, according to Cotton Mather, "murdered with a hideous witchcraft." Philip's son, Ichabod, when ten years old, must have witnessed the tragic events caused by the machinations of Mary Webster which preceded his father's

death. The reputed witch was hung up until nearly frozen, and left buried in the snow, thus giving her victim an opportunity for rest. The woman survived this violent treatment, and several years after passed away in peace. The bewitched man, however, became "very valetudinarious." "Gally pots" of medicine ordered by the physician were spirited away by unseen powers, and death ensued in spite of all the efforts of those "brisk lads" who "gave disturbance" to the witch. Such unusual scenes, impressed upon the mind of the boy, Ichabod, must have been described to his son Nathaniel, and may have influenced the latter to study the medicinal properties of roots and herbs in the hope of finding a remedy for the dread effects of witchcraft. His great great granddaughter states that it is supposed Dr. Nathaniel Smith acquired his medical skill from observing the methods used by Indian doctors in their treatment of disease. There was no medical college in those days, and Dr. Smith left no diploma. He built his log cabin just under the brow of the hill, behind the location of the house occupied by John White, until his death, and immediately monopolized the practice among the scattered residents in the hamlet.

The country doctor in those days was obliged to be an expert in all branches of his profession. He doubtless earned his fee, which was usually paid in produce, or pork, or the products of the housewife's spinning wheel. The doctor was also dentist, and twisted out teeth with great iron turnkeys after the most approved fashion. He even made teeth out of the tusks of the hippopotamus. An advertisement in a Boston paper in 1795 was headed: "Live teeth. A generous price paid for human

front teeth perfectly sound." These teeth were to be set in other and vainer persons' mouths.

How skillful a dentist Dr. Smith became we cannot tell. There is no doubt but that he pulled the teeth for the community and gave full value for commodities received. He was favored above his fellows in that he possessed a ponderous silver "bull's eye" watch, by means of which to count the pulses of feverish patients. This watch, now owned by his great great granddaughter, Mrs. Enos Baker, bears inside the case the date and name of the maker, which proves it to have been manufactured in London 300 years ago. This venerable relic kept time for continuous generations until about 1876, when its ticking ceased, and no maker in Boston or New York could replace its wornout wheels. Nathaniel Smith received it as an heirloom from his father Ichabod, which leads us to believe that his great grandfather, Lieutenant Samuel Smith, may have brought the watch from England in the good ship Elizabeth. Mrs. Baker has also her great great grandfather's iron bowed spectacles, with joints and rings by means of which they might be tied with ribbons behind his head. No portrait of this first Amherst doctor has been preserved and his personal appearance is unknown. In imagination he is ever pictured peering through those ancient glasses as he notes the seconds on the venerable timepiece, and measures out doses of calomel and physic warranted to kill or cure.

Our forefathers had some queer diseases. They often suffered from a "cold stomach," for which the doctors gave "sage wine," of which an old writer says :

"It will cure all aches and humours in the joints, and dry rheum, and keep off all diseases in the fourth degree. It helps

the dead palsy and prevents convulsions. It sharpens the memory, and from the beginning of taking will keep the body mild and sane, and stimulates Nature until the fulness of your day be finished. Nothing will be changed in your strength except the change of hair. It will keep your teeth sound, and prevent swelling of the joints or body."

People were afflicted with "pain in the bones," and were dosed with "oil of swallows," made by beating "twenty quick swallows in a mortar, and adding butter and wax." Simple diseases were treated by the mothers of the family, as a good housewife was supposed to understand the medicinal herbs and how to administer their compounds to her numerous flock. Sage, hyssop, rue, tansy, wormwood, saffron, dandelion, catnip, fennel, and mint grew in the kitchen garden. From these were brewed mixtures whose healing virtues were believed to be proportioned to their strength. We do not wonder, then, that when home-made remedies failed and the doctor was called, he was expected to give doses whose effect would be at once apparent, and seldom was the patient disappointed. Even the bite of the rattlesnake had its antidote, for "snake balls," made of the gall of the snakes mixed with chalk, was a certain cure, if good care supplemented the remedy. The women of those days were all trained nurses, who freely gave their services when illness occurred in the home of their neighbors. Some of these old-time nurses were considered better doctors than the physicians themselves. They taught physical culture in the kitchen and even in the hay-field, and exemplified the value of the mind cure treatment by enduring with cheerfulness their hard and toilsome lives. Should these precautions fail to keep the members of the household well and happy, the relentless home doc-



DR. NATHANIEL SMITH'S WATCH



tor decided that the "blood was out of order," and prescribed a "great spoonful of sulphur and molasses" before breakfast. Many a young patient, convinced that the remedy was worse than the disease, recovered speedily under this treatment, and betook himself with alacrity to his daily tasks, fearing lest bitter boneset tea might follow a relapse.

The "East Inhabitants" were not much given to illness, and therefore their physician had leisure to interest himself in the welfare of the new settlement. He gave the land on which the first meeting-house was built, on the hill above his cabin, and was elected the collector of the parish at the second town-meeting. Later, the voters met in the home of Dr. Smith and fixed the "sallery" of Rev. David Parsons at £100 the first year, with an increase the second year according to the number of "poles." In 1743 the doctor was hired for "teen shillings ould tennor to Sweep ye Meeting House this Yeaere," and later he was appointed to provide new windows for the building. We find the record that in 1749 the Amherst doctor was one of three members constituting a "Committy to Hire three Scool Dames for three or four months in the Summer Seson to Learne Children to Read." Later, the important office of seating the meeting-house was conferred upon him with these instructions: "That the two fore Seats in the Woeman's Gallary in the front shall be seated with men, and to Build a Pew for the Woemen upon the Back Part of the front."

While engaged in these perplexing duties, Dr. Smith did not neglect to bleed and blister his patients and administer doses of saffron, aloes, senna, pills, and calomel as occasion required. His business must have prospered, for when the log cabin be-

came too small to suit his daughters, the doctor built a frame house near the same location, with great oaken timbers and small windows high up in the walls, so that the Indians could not climb in, and a coating of yellow paint which stamped its residents as people with aristocratic tastes. His daughter, Elizabeth, married Ebenezer Mattoon, and became the mother of the famous Ebenezer, Jr., adjutant-general of the State militia. Rebecca married Jonathan Smith, and her one child, Jerusha, became the wife of Colonel Elijah Dickinson, who gave the land on which the Amherst college buildings were erected. Dr. Nathaniel lived and practiced and finally died in the yellow house, which was then sold to Professor Tuckerman, and years afterward was moved to South Pleasant street, where it is now the home of Robert W. Dickinson. Though greatly altered in appearance, its frame and timbers prove it to be the dwelling built by the first physician of Amherst, when the town was in its infancy. In spite of his generous gifts, Dr. Smith died worth \$25,000. The yellow house was moved from its first location to make a place for what was then a palatial mansion, the house recently occupied by John White, which was built by Colonel Elijah Dickinson. His wife, Jerusha, related all these tales of her grandfather to her little granddaughter, who owns the doctor's watch, and from whom we learn the facts to-day.

Dr. Nathaniel Smith died March 9, 1774, aged seventy-three. Before this time, Dr. Seth Coleman, a graduate of Harvard, came in to take his practice. He was a very religious man, a deacon in the church and clerk and treasurer of the parish. The most we know about him concerns a smallpox hospital which he established and which was burned in the night, No-

vember 7, 1776, by citizens of Hadley, Amherst and Pelham. The incendiaries first drove out the fifteen patients who were recovering from inoculation, and then and there "took fire from the herth and put It Into a slawbunk and knoct the slawbunk to peices and put on the fire In the slawbunk and gathered other fuel and put to the fire and knoct the windows to pieces and soon got the house all In a flame."

Smallpox was a disease much dreaded, and generally fatal, and the dislike to having such a pesthouse established in their midst probably led its perpetrators to this desperate deed. One of the patients who was turned out into the cold of that November night gave the names of those whom he recognized among the guilty, but we have no proof that they were ever punished.

Dr. Samuel Gamwell practiced medicine in Amherst in 1793, and was moderator of the meeting which voted that the town was opposed to the events which brought on the war of 1812. Five years after, Dr. Gamwell, for reasons unknown, committed suicide at his home in East Amherst. But long before these two physicians passed away others came in to take their places.

Dr. Robert Cutler was for many years the leading physician of the town. He moved from Pelham to Amherst before 1784 and bought the dwelling built in 1750 by Lieutenant William Boltwood. This house, next in age to the old Strong house, is in outward appearance unchanged, and is the home of Dr. E. B. Dickinson. Here Dr. Cutler had his office, and received his patients. His son Isaac, born in Pelham in 1782, was graduated from Williams college in 1801, and came home to

engage in the practice of medicine with his father. Heretofore the bodies of the dead had been borne to the cemetery on the shoulders of pall-bearers. It is a significant fact that about this time the town voted to "Build a Hears to Convey dead Corpses to the Pleas of Enterment," and gave the selectmen \$50 to meet the expenses. Whether deaths were more numerous as doctors increased, or people were beginning to take pride in having a stylish funeral we cannot tell. The fact remains that as soon as the selectmen could procure the "Hears," "dead Corpses" rode in state to the cemetery, and the pall-bearers were relieved of their burden.

A few persons remember Dr. Robert Cutler, as with his snow white hair arranged in a queue, three cornered hat, knee breeches, and white topped boots, he rode about the town, smiling and bowing to those he met. His affable manners caused him to be termed the most polite man in Amherst. In 1830 he was the first lieutenant of the Hampshire Rangers, of which Osmyn Baker was captain. He seems to have had a lucrative practice, although the fees received could not have been large. Nine pence a visit was the common charge, or a shilling if the doctor had to ride more than three miles. Dr. Cutler seems to have been physician to the town poor. We find a record that the selectmen paid Dr. Robert Cutler, on account of Widow Anna Bigelow, for "various visits and medicines, from the first attack of her complaint until her death, \$22.59." This included fees for thirty-nine visits and all medicines furnished. Tapping was \$1. Dr. Isaac Cutler was a very popular physician and officiated at 1336 births. Both father and son were interested in public affairs. Dr. Robert was a



DR. TIMOTHY GRIDLEY

trustee of Amherst academy, and Dr. Isaac served as town treasurer, and in 1830 represented Amherst in the General Court. It is probable that late in life the senior physician allowed the burden of the practice to rest upon his son, and upon the younger doctors, of which Amherst at that time seemed to have a full supply. Dr. Chester Cowles, the son of Oliver, who was born in the old homestead, which is still standing, next to the Experiment station at the Agricultural college, after serving his apprenticeship in neighboring towns had returned to his native place to exercise his skill upon his relatives and neighbors, and lived in the house now occupied by Sumner Dickinson. His brother, Dr. Rufus, a graduate of Dartmouth, had his home and office in the old house in Cowles lane, and kept a little apothecary shop near the road.

Before 1820 a physician, whose reputation had preceded his arrival, came to Amherst and bought of some unknown person the red frame dwelling on Amity street, now the property of Dr. C. F. Branch, which was built probably in 1798. Timothy J. Gridley was born in Connecticut, graduated at Yale in 1818, and studied medicine with Dr. Nathan Smith. He married Dorothy, the youngest daughter of General and Mary Mattoon, of East Amherst, and set up housekeeping in the house which has been the home of Amherst doctors for eighty-five years. Dr. Gridley was a man of strong personality and decided character, a good citizen, as well as a skillful physician. For a time he practiced medicine in partnership with Dr. Isaac Cutler. In 1832 the town instructed the selectmen to pay Cutler and Gridley \$50 for vaccinating the "inhabitants of Amherst." Next to Dr. Gridley's home was a wooden building, and next

to that a brick building, in the upper story of which the doctor had his office. To reach this room the patient was obliged to ascend a stairway on the outside of the house next door, and then cross over a wooden bridge. Many people remember climbing up to call on Dr. Gridley, and it is said that the courage necessary to procure the drawing of a tooth had time to ooze out of fingers and toes before the office was reached.

After a few years, Mrs. Dorothy Mattoon Gridley died, leaving three children, Isaac, Fannie, and Maria. The latter was the mother of Timothy Gridley Spaulding of Northampton. Two younger daughters by a second wife, Sarah and Jane, were born in this old house. The latter is living still. The son, Isaac, never lost his interest in the home of his childhood, often visited Amherst, and about three years ago called at the old house and asked to see the office of Dr. Branch, in which his mother died. He presented the Mary Mattoon Chapter, D. A. R., named for his grandmother, with an elegant silk flag. His body, and shortly after, that of his sister, Miss Fannie Gridley, were brought to Amherst, and were buried in Wildwood cemetery. In his will this son of Dr. Gridley left a generous bequest to the Mary Mattoon Chapter and to the Amherst public libraries, thus proving that although for many years a resident of another State, he retained to the last his love and loyalty for his native town.

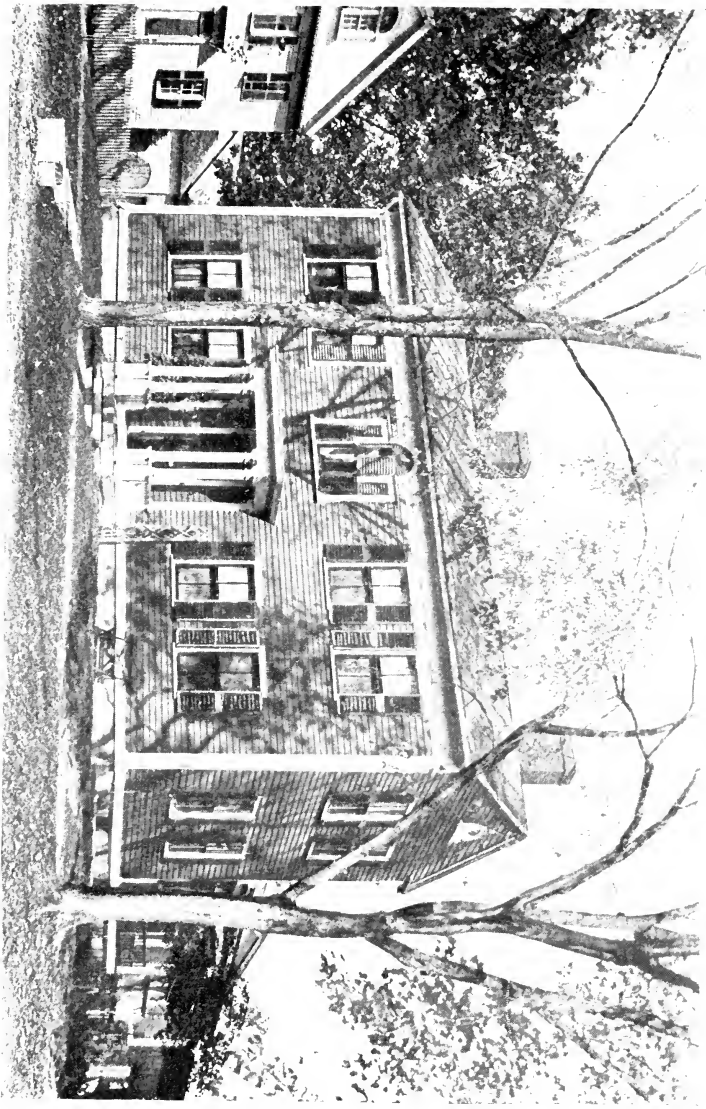
Dr. Rufus Cowles and both Cutlers were members of the Massachusetts Medical society, and in 1833 Dr. Cowles and Dr. Isaac Cutler took a prominent part in the organization of the Hampshire District Medical society. The years immediately following seemed fatal to Amherst doctors, for the sudden

death of Dr. Isaac Cutler in the prime of life was followed in one year by that of his venerable father, and shortly after Dr. Rufus and Dr. Chester Cowles both passed away. All these were buried in West cemetery, near Dr. Nathaniel Smith. Thus four physicians in active service were removed from the town, leaving extra burdens upon those who remained. Dr. Gridley must have been extremely busy, for in addition to his practice, he was moderator of town meeting year after year, was representative four successive terms, and was a member of the Governor's council. He lived a strenuous life, and must have been relieved when G. S. Woodman, a graduate of Amherst college in the famous class of 1846, married his daughter Jane, and came, the second doctor to live in the old house. He is remembered not only as a medical practitioner but also as a skilled performer on the piano and the teacher of a singing school in South Amherst, in which members of the family of Jonathan Bridgman acquired their vocal training.

The surgical operations of those days were somewhat crude, and were only justified by their results. An old resident remembers seeing Dr. Gridley sew up a cut on her father's foot with a needle which he pushed through a bed quilt to remove the rust, and yet the cut healed and no bad results followed. Dentistry at this time was a branch of the practice by itself, and skill in this department was not so much expected of the average doctor. The "anodyne vapor," greatly feared by patients, was yet being used as an experiment in pulling teeth. J. W. Smith, M. D., had an office on the corner of Main street, where he furnished whole or partial sets of teeth "on the absorption plan when it was practicable." People who desired

“mineral teeth,” “incorruptible teeth,” or “double sets of teeth with springs,” could get them of Dr. Charles Walker of Northampton. Dr. Woodman probably brought to Amherst some new methods, for the science of medicine was making rapid progress, and young doctors of that day were bound to be up-to-date and would not be left behind. Advertisements of patent medicines now came into competition with the regular practice. Newton Fitch was selling in his drug store “Castor Oil Candy,” “Extract of Wa-a-hoo,” a sure cure for consumption, and “Balm of Columbia,” which would make the hair grow on a shining bald pate. A water cure establishment came into Northampton, and all the country round was excited over this simple method of curing diseases. Mineral springs were discovered in Pelham, the water of which was for the healing of all the neighborhood. Mrs. Young, “the celebrated Indian Doctress,” came to the American House, and advertised by means of remedies made from roots and herbs to cure all diseases, “chronic, acute, incipient, eruptive, scorbutic, symphatic, sympathetic, and epidemic.” And worst of all the Amherst paper advertised: “Doctor yourselves for 25 cents by means of the Pocket Esculapius.”

Amherst people read these advertisements and wondered, and possibly invested a quarter, but when they were really sick they sent for Dr. Gridley. In those days, as at the present time, the good old doctor was good enough for those who had learned to feel confidence in his skill, and when, but sixty-one years of age, in the midst of active service, the good old doctor died, deep was the mourning among the friends whose family physician he had been for thirty years. Others were ready to



DR. GIRDLEAW'S HOUSE

take up the work, but to those who loved him no other was ever quite the same. His home remained the "doctor's house." After Dr. Woodman's day, it was bought by Dr. D. B. N. Fish, the son of Dr. Seth Fish of North Amherst. This latter practitioner was a deacon in the Baptist church, and a believer in the principle that if a little is good more is better. One who was his patient when a child remembers with a shudder the quart of lobelia and other horrors which he mixed and left for her to take, and the agonizing results which followed obedience to his directions. His fees were not extortionate, for he rode on horseback from North Amherst to visit Jonathan Bridgman in his last illness in the tavern on the Bay road and furnished medicines for fifty cents.

The younger Dr. Fish is remembered by most of the present generation as a skillful practitioner and a public spirited citizen. His life in Amherst is well known and needs no eulogy. His contemporary, Dr. O. F. Bigelow, so recently gone from our midst, is mourned as a devoted friend and a beloved physician. But the home of Dr. Gridley is still the "doctor's house," for the mantle of his predecessors has fallen on Dr. C. F. Branch, its present owner. He is the commander of the Edwin M. Stanton post, G. A. R., a member of the Loyal Legion, medical examiner of the district, and president of the Association of Amherst Physicians of to-day.

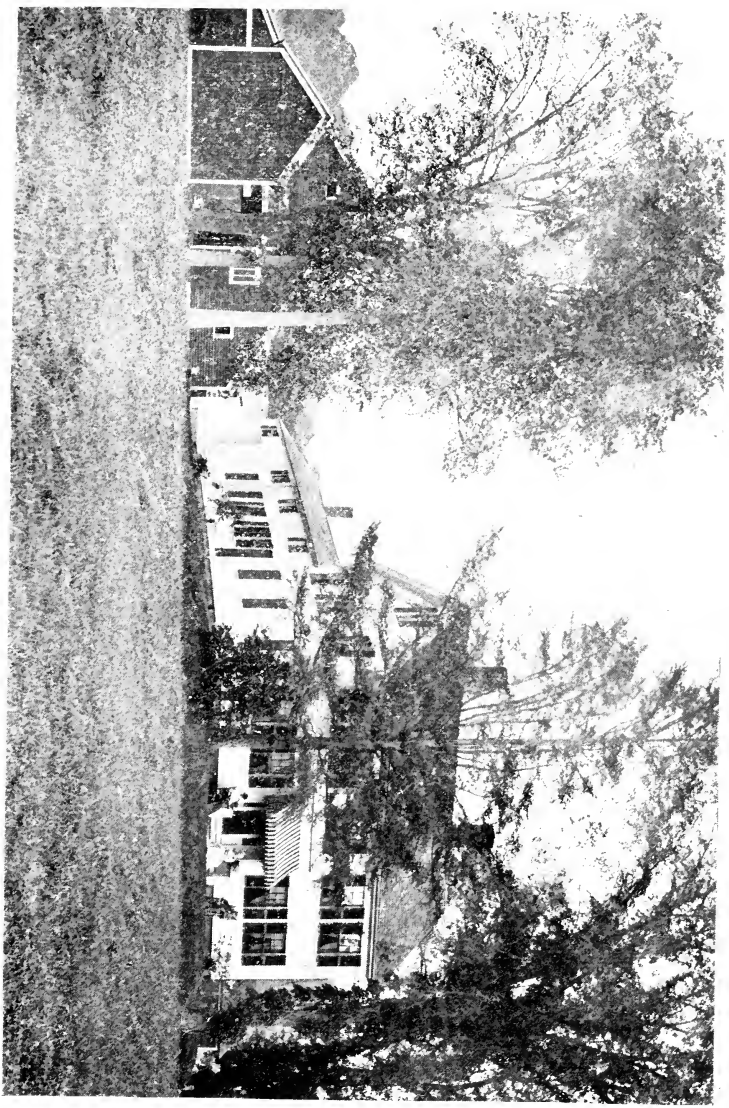
The old time doctors were men of strong convictions, loyal alike to church and state. With conscientious care they measured out their medicines and left the results to a higher power than theirs. To their generous gifts the town owes her most valued institutions. Their example is worthy of all praise, for to the best of their ability they served their day and generation.

Mark's Meadow.

The Dickinson estate, just north of the Agricultural college grounds, has been in the possession of the family for six generations. Here a succession of thrifty farmers have subdued the rugged soil, and transformed its products into the means of education and culture for themselves and for their children. In those critical days, when the fate of the Nation hung trembling in the balance, from this ancestral spot went forth a son who, in the first provincial Congress, with voice and vote helped on the righteous cause. Moved by the same patriotic zeal, Nathaniel Dickinson's great grandson, Captain Walter Mason Dickinson, laid down his life, July 2, 1898, on the battlefield of El Caney, a willing sacrifice in the cause of that universal liberty which his forefathers labored to establish. The principles of righteousness and justice inculcated in this historic Amherst home have brought forth a plentiful harvest even unto the third and fourth generation.

The common ancestor of the family, Deacon Nathaniel Dickinson, was born about 1600 in the cathedral town of Ely, on the east coast of England. About 1630, he came to Watertown, Massachusetts, thence removed to Wethersfield, Connecticut, in 1636, and afterward, in 1658, returned to Massachusetts, becoming one of the founders of old Hadley. Lieutenant

MARR'S MEADOW



Nehemiah, his seventh son, was a town treasurer, and laid out "large peces of land" as far as Pelham and Belchertown, and thus was enabled to estimate the value of the territory now known as Amherst. Doubtless before he died the fact was impressed upon the mind of his son, Samuel, that Amherst was a worthless swamp, not desirable for a home. To get there, Hadley farmers had to travel over "a highway forty rods wide, which goeth over New Swamp and runs to Foote's Folly." No person of sense would settle in a swamp, either old or new, or partake of the "Folly," which is all that is known of the mysterious "Foote."

Among those Hadley citizens who were not content to dwell upon the plain was Deacon Samuel Dickinson, mentioned before as the son of Lieutenant Nehemiah. Remembering his father's counsel, the worthy deacon cast his eyes upward and found on top of Shutesbury hill what seemed to be the fulfillment of his heart's desire. The forests of Shutesbury were full of giant trees, which led the meadow men to think the land out there "powerful rich." Deacon Samuel, with his wife, Hannah Marsh, and his four sons, Azariah, Nehemiah, Nathaniel, and Jonathan, left their Hadley home, emigrated to Shutesbury and settled on the Pool place, afterward the site of the Shutesbury hotel, where there was a mineral spring.

The romantic by-way in Amherst known to-day as "Lover's Lane," is a continuation of the old traveled road which ran from Hadley to Shutesbury through the lands owned later by James Cowles and Charles Kellogg. The sons of Deacon Samuel Dickinson often passed over this old road, and after his death, about 1750, they all in turn made haste to come down

and select for themselves farms on or near the despised "flat hills" of their fathers. The brothers settled in different parts of what was then Hadley third precinct. Each became the founder of a family noted for its thrift and interest in the welfare of the community, the State, and the Nation. All were religious, all were patriotic, and the descendants of all are today among the leading citizens of the town.

Nathaniel, the ancestor of the family whose home we are about to describe, married Thankful—probably Barrett—whose surname it has been impossible certainly to fix. In 1749 he bought a farm which he had often admired when traveling over the old road. The land extended on both sides of the highway, but the old house was on the west side, opposite "Mark's Meadow." This ancient dwelling was two stories in height, with a slanting roof in the rear and a great square chimney. North of the house was an "ell," which was afterward removed to Mount Pleasant and became the home in which Henry Jackson spent his boyhood. It was the site of the residence of Isaac Goodale, whose daughter Eleanor became the mother of the illustrious Silas Wright, governor of New York. A wide door in the kitchen opened to the west, through which the great back log was rolled into the fireplace. From the small front entry the stairs started toward the west, then turned toward the south, and finally landed in the east. The walls of the north room were covered with wonderful landscape paper on which ladies and gentlemen in fine costumes danced and capered night and day. Handsome panels set off these works of art, and an open door to the north showed an extensive landscape more beautiful than any human handiwork.

In this lonely spot Nathaniel Dickinson left Thankful, his wife, and went with the company of Captain Moses Porter to fight the French on Lake Champlain. Returning safely, he was appointed to "build two schoolhouses," was chosen one of the "Dear Reeves" and surveyor of "heighways." Into his home came several children, most of whom died young. Nathaniel, Jr., in whom seemed to have gathered the virtues of his ancestors, lived to become a leader in the time of the Revolution, whose voice rang out for liberty with no uncertain sound.

Amherst was at this time a hamlet in the woods. The home of Thankful Dickinson was far from neighbors, far from church and must have been far from the home of her childhood. The public duties of her husband called him to distant parts of the town. Her children did not thrive, but drooped and died. Six slaves were owned in Amherst, but no proof exists that Thankful had a servant. Her great delight must have been in the society of her sturdy first-born son, Nathaniel, Jr., who showed no signs of feebleness, but lived the hearty, happy life of the New England farmer's boy.

He entered Harvard at the age of seventeen, and graduated in 1771. He studied law with Major Hawley of Northampton, but hardly was admitted to the bar before his counsel was needed in the crisis which preceded the Revolution. Squire Nat, as the son was called after he was appointed justice of the peace by Governor Hancock in 1781, had no time to work upon his farm. He married Sarah Marsh of Hadley, and brought her to the old home, and must have left her there with his mother. As chairman of the committee of correspondence, he drew up the letter which Amherst promptly sent to Boston in

response to the appeal, and was the delegate to the first provincial Congress, to the second which met in Cambridge, and to the third which met in Watertown. In 1778, 1780, and 1782, he represented Amherst in the General Court. In 1780, he was appointed to notify Rev. Abraham Hill of Shutesbury that on account of his tory doctrines he would not be allowed to preach in Amherst again. His time was given to public affairs, to settling disputes, acting as moderator of town meetings and as clerk, treasurer and selectman of the town. His children, Susannah and Walter, could not have seen much of their father during those stirring years. His mother, Thankful, lived to see her son a famous man, and died in 1783, aged sixty-one. In 1787, in company with Eleazer Porter and Ebenezer Mattoon, Squire Nat received the oath of those engaged in the Shays rebellion. He died in 1802, only fifty-two years old, leaving his father, who followed him in 1806, aged eighty-five. All the family, Nathaniel and Thankful, his wife, Squire Nat and Sarah Marsh, his wife, lie in the old West cemetery. The farm descended to his son Walter, who married his second cousin, Lydia Dickinson, of East Amherst, a girl of sixteen, and settled down to spend his life in the home of his fathers.

This Walter was a typical farmer, whose ancestral acres comprised a kingdom, within which he was lord of all. He was not ambitious to explore the world without. He did not feel called upon to serve the public, but spent his energies in the improvement of his farm. He procured young trees, which he planted about the house. One of these, a giant maple, has flourished for an hundred years before what is now the home of Charles Kellogg. Walter and his young wife, after two years

of married life, fearing lest the Lord might fail to send them children, adopted a daughter, Julia Brigham. Events, however, soon proved their anxiety to be without foundation. Sylvester was born, then Frederick Ely, and then another little boy in whom we take much interest. Walter Dickinson was not an admirer of the French nation, yet in his nature there must have been a vein of romance. Departing from all family traditions, he gave this baby the high-sounding title of Marquis Fayette, in honor of that brilliant soldier. This is the only act of his life to which we can trace the probable influence of his distinguished father. Walter no doubt supposed that Marquis was a man's first name, and, had he known the truth, would not have heeded, for what did blunt New England care for titles! So little Marquis Fayette was named and Marquis he remained throughout his strenuous life. Close following after him into this home came Nehemiah Othman, Nathaniel Albert, Lydia Eastman, Amy, Leander Melancthon, Walter Mason, and Sarah, and, as we may imagine, the nest was full. Worn out with many cares, ten days after the birth of her baby, Lydia Dickinson died, aged thirty-six, leaving ten children.

The family life within that old North Amherst home during those twenty years we can but imagine. No one could say that Walter did not stay at home and look after his farm. He was obliged to go to general training, but we do not find his name in the town records. He sent his children to the nearest school, and probably, when they were young, went with them to meeting, though in later years he would not go because he "hated the fiddle." Rev. David Parsons, Jr., as strong a Tory as his father, was settled over the first church. Old soldiers of the

Revolution, feeling that they could not endure another Tory pastor, organized the second church. Among them were many from North Amherst. For their own convenience the Triangle road was laid out and accepted by the town, but so great was the opposition that the town voted to discontinue it. Then followed the great fight over this road, when the East street men worked by day to put it in order and by night the West street men built fences across it and placed obstructions so that it could not be traveled. Many declared they would never set their foot on the new road. Among such was Walter Dickinson, and when at general training the lieutenant, knowing the antipathy of several of his men to that highway, purposely attempted to march his men over it, he stood by his determination and stepped out of the ranks. This act was an index to his character. He had no use for a man who went back on his word or gave up his will at the command of another.

When Lydia Dickinson died, the house, though full of children, was left desolate. Upon her tombstone at the North Amherst cemetery we find the words :

“ A SINCERE CHRISTIAN.

How loved, how valued, once avails thee not,
To whom related or by whom begot,
A heap of dust alone remains of Thee,
'Tis all Thou Art and all the Proud shall be,
Life How Short, Eternity How Long.”

Walter engaged a housekeeper, and life went on after a fashion, but all was changed, the homemaker was gone. About 1830, the eldest son, Sylvester, persuaded his father to sell part



CAPTAIN MARK IN UNIFORM

of the farm to Timothy Henderson, and emigrate to the West.

This journey which Walter Dickinson took is shrouded in mystery. We do not even know his route, but imagine he went by stage to Albany, and then on the canal to Buffalo, and farther as best he could. He went only as far as Ohio, and was gone three weeks. He did not like to travel, even at the rapid rate of seven miles an hour, which was the average in long journeys. Returning home, in company with his sons, Sylvester and Marquis, he built the North Amherst grist mill, in which they worked as partners until 1844, when it was sold to Stephen Puffer. Before this time, however, Marquis Fayette had gone to Shutesbury and brought back a wife, Hannah Shepard Williams, the daughter of Asa Williams, who enlisted from Norwich, Connecticut, at the age of sixteen, was with Washington in the Jersey campaign at Valley Forge and at the crossing of the Delaware, and took part in the capture of the Hessians at Trenton. He starved and froze and suffered all one terrible winter, and was a pensioner of the Republic until his death. Hannah was the child of his old age, her mother, Prudence Pease of Somers, Connecticut, being his second wife.

The young couple were married in the bride's home on Shutesbury hill. Ransom Cowles is the only person living in Amherst known to have been present at the wedding. The bride and groom took a carriage drive to Somers, Connecticut. Somewhere on the journey young Mrs. Marquis picked up a tailless cat, which she brought home, and which it is claimed has been the progenitor of all the cats of that variety which have since appeared in town.

North Amherst, though a lonely spot, seemed a pleasant home to the bride from Shutesbury hill. The stream which turned the mill wheel brought greetings from her native town. Two houses and a store were near the church, and the house to the west was only two miles away. While working in the mill Walter Dickinson often thought with longing of the fine property lying on the east side of the road opposite the old home. At last, it was proposed that he and his son Marquis should build a house together on this farm. The agreement was made that at the death of his father Marquis should have the house, in which his sister Lydia should always have a home. No time was wasted in putting this project into execution. The barn and all parts of the dwelling were built in 1844, and Thanksgiving day they all moved in. The children, Marquis Fayette, aged four, and Walter Nehemiah, aged one and a half, found the moving great fun. The older boy remembers well how on that memorable moving day sixty years ago, he hauled his little brother over the feather beds which had been dumped on the kitchen floor. That year the old house across the road was pulled down, and the following year the main part of the present house was built. This mansion was colonial in style, with porch in front and hall straight through the middle and a square room on each side. In the right hand tenement lived Walter and his daughter Lydia, on the left Marquis Fayette with his family, and in a room specially built for her, Hannah Shepard's mother, Prudence Pease, who with her pension of \$96 a year, procured for her by Hon. Edward Dickinson, was the richest woman in town.

Marquis F. Dickinson had been trained to hardness from his youth. When a boy of thirteen he went with a drover to take fat cattle to Boston, and came home alone "on a dog trot," as he expressed it, starting from Cambridge at sunrise. Taking off his shoes, and running all the way, he ate his supper in Leicester, spent the night in Spencer, and reached Amherst at two o'clock the next day. This performance would have killed a horse. He repeated this trip many times, but took three days for the walk home. When a young man, he learned in North Hadley to tie brooms, and drove teams loaded with brooms from Hadley to Boston, bringing back general merchandise. He was remarkably strong and athletic, was a champion wrestler, and could pick up and put in a cart a stone which other men would not try to lift. All these qualities found immediate exercise in the necessary work upon the farm. The east end of the estate was heavily timbered with white oak trees, which were cut off to get money to pay for the buildings. The best of the timber, sent to Boston to be used for ship-building, sold for \$3,000. Where the oak forest was cut off, a fine crop of winter wheat was grown. Other parts of the farm were planted with corn, potatoes, rye and oats. Afterward tobacco was raised, and later onions became a profitable crop.

Walter Dickinson enjoyed life upon the farm in his own way, and manifested his enjoyment in a manner peculiar to himself. In person he was short and thin and very lame. He was industrious, always at work, was very kind hearted, especially to his little grandson, Fayette, and was known to the community as "Uncle Walter." He never took a journey and never went

to church. He lived a widower about twenty-five years, and when asked the reason why, replied: "Those whom I would have wouldn't have me, and those who would have me the devil wouldn't have." He was afflicted with moods or spells of silence, when he would speak to no one for days, which almost broke the heart of his daughter, Lydia, called by the neighbors "Aunt Lyddy," who tenderly cared for him to the close of his life, and feared lest she unintentionally should give him offense. Besides this eccentric old father in the house, there was also a grandmother on the other side. Though afflicted with cancer for almost fifty years, she nevertheless went regularly to Sabbath school till over eighty years of age, was "great in figures," and knew the Bible by heart. With such peculiar people under the same roof we may imagine there sometimes were complications.

Uncle Walter Dickinson lived only six years after he removed to the farm. He died April 9, 1851, aged sixty-seven, and was buried beside his wife in the North Amherst cemetery.

The Sunday after his death Rev. George Cooke announced from his pulpit: "The surviving children of Walter Dickinson desire the prayers of this congregation that the death of their father may be blessed to their spiritual and everlasting good."

Soon after his father's death, Sylvester emigrated to Michigan with his family. Frederick settled in North Leverett near the Montague line, foot of Mount Toby, and spent his later years in discussing projects for digging gold out of the mountain. Leander married Laura Adams, and died long ago, leaving his widow, who made her home with her son, Frank Dickinson, in North Amherst. Another son, Mason Adams Dickinson,

is proprietor of the Grange store. Amy, who married Avery Hubbard, was the mother of Mrs. Silas D. Ball. Sarah married Jonathan Cows. Her son, Walter Dickinson Cows, is the president of the Amherst and Sunderland Street Railway company. Nathaniel Albert lived a bachelor in a little house at one end of the farm, and died many years ago. All the children except Nehemiah grew up. Nehemiah died at the age of fourteen as the result of an accident.

Walter Mason Dickinson, a carpenter by trade, in 1853 was offered a position in the railroad repair shops at Macon, Georgia. He started at once for the South, traveling by water, and on his arrival wrote a letter to his brother describing his trip and impressions of the country. The slaves were of course of most interest, and from his observation Walter thought them very lucky and happy, much better off than if they were free. He contrasted the easy Southern life with the hard work on a New England farm, found the people agreeable and social, and thought he should like to settle among them. Speaking of Amherst he said: "The good old town in which I drew my first breath will always be held in my memory as long as my life shall last, and when I am gone it shall be my last wish to be laid in her soil." True to his thought he married and settled in Macon. At the time of the Civil War, he entered the Confederate army, and served in Wade Hampton's Legion. He sent his daughter Lydia, when a child, to the old home to spend a year under the care of Aunt Lydia and attend the Amherst public school. He lives to-day in Macon, Georgia, the last survivor of Walter's children.

Marquis F. Dickinson became a prominent man in the community. In 1851 he was elected captain of the artillery company in which he had served as lieutenant. After this he was known as "Captain Mark." April 24, 1852, A company, Captain Dickinson commanding, went to Northampton, crossing the river in boats on account of the freshet, and with the artillery and Torrent fire companies of Northampton, escorted Kosuth from the station to the first church, where services were held. After the address Captain Dickinson was presented to the eloquent patriot. The Amherst militia officer made a fine appearance in his uniform, as we may see by the picture.

Captain Mark was selectman and assessor for several terms, vice-president of the agricultural society, and fire warden the year the town bought a "new and powerful fire engine." He was a Whig and temperance man. He was interested in the town lyceum the season the annexation of the Sandwich islands and the annexation of Pelham were among the subjects discussed. It was concluded that though the former might be allowed, the latter was not desirable.

The home of Captain Mark and his wife was now filled with a wide-awake crowd of boys and girls. The second child died in infancy, but Marquis Fayette, Lydia Jane, Sarah Amelia, Roxy Elizabeth, Asa Williams, Walter Mason, Julia Cowsls, and Hannah Frances, all were there and very much in evidence. "Aunt Lyd," known as "Aunt Lydia" when there was company, was also there. The parents of this family were conscientious people, who brought up their children in the fear and admonition, not only of their heavenly Father, but also of their father on the earth. Simplicity of life was then the fashion,

and social equality prevailed. The day's work began at sunrise, the old church bell at noonday sent people to their dinner, and the curfew at 9 o'clock sent them to bed. Sabbath began on Saturday night. Sunday was a long and tiresome day, on which the family attended two services and the girls learned Bible verses in grandmother's room, and waited anxiously for sundown. Then grandmother took out her knitting, and the children drew long breaths of relief. The bell in the steeple, used so often, became cracked, and another one was bought. Captain Mark and his brother went to Springfield to bring it home, and when in "Turkey Pass," amid the mountain shadows, paused to wake the echoes by a vigorous peal from the new church bell, the only one ever sounded in that "Devil's Garden."

The members of this family were fond of pets. Walter's dog, Zip, is worthy of especial mention. Her ancestor, old Fan, a full-blooded St. Bernard, was with the government expedition conducted to Alaska by Franklin L. Pope, sent to determine whether a cable could be run through Behring's Strait instead of under the Atlantic ocean. Caught in a blizzard and losing a snowshoe, Mr. Pope was left behind without much hope of rescue. Old Fan, starting out by herself, found the missing snowshoe, brought it back and guided the owner to the party, and thus saved the life of one who returned to Amherst, married Captain Dickinson's daughter, Amelia, and became a distinguished electrician. Zip, the descendant of this famous St. Bernard, was Walter's dearly loved companion. She could not bear correction, and when, assisting in driving young cattle to pasture across Sunderland bridge, she was

struck with a whip, the dog disappeared. Her little master's heart was almost broken. He could not eat or sleep until she returned, drenched with her long swim across the river. After Walter left home the old people felt that she was too much care, and Captain Mark exchanged her for a shepherd dog. Her new owner tied Zip behind his wagon and dragged her away, her mournful eyes the while gazing back upon her home until lost to sight in the distance. Within a month she died of a broken heart.

The Dickinson family were all singers except Walter, who once with rueful face, coming from milking with an empty pail, replied to questioning, that he was "only singing" when the cow kicked over the pail, and received from his father the comment that he did not blame her. From her accumulated savings grandmother bought a piano for Jennie and Amelia, the first Steinway that ever came to town, and on it all the daughters learned to play.

The mother of this family was a woman of unusual ability and strength of character. She was determined that her children should receive an education, and early laid her plans to that effect. Captain Mark did not oppose his wife's resolution, and rejoiced when his namesake and eldest son was graduated from Amherst college in 1862 among the first scholars in his class. Grandmother lived to see this happy fulfillment of all her hopes, and died in 1864, aged ninety years. A string of gold beads, descended to her from an English ancestor, she bequeathed to her favorite granddaughter, Amelia, and they are now the property of her daughter, Miss Anna Pope. Four

months after the grandmother's death another child, Mary Underhill, was added to the family. She died when six years old.

In 1865, Captain Mark Dickinson drew from Pelham the first load of stone for the Agricultural college buildings. In this institution his son, Asa, spent three years. Walter entered and remained two years, until, by President Seelye's appointment, he was enrolled at West Point, where he was graduated in 1880. The sisters, Jane, Julia, and Frances, were graduates of Mount Holyoke seminary, now Mount Holyoke college, while Amelia and Roxy completed the course in the Amherst high school. The daughters were not long allowed to follow their chosen vocation as teachers. The old home now became the scene of wedding festivities. Lydia Jane, known as "Jennie," when teaching in the institute for the blind in Columbus, Ohio, met a theological student, Henry N. Couden, who lost his sight in the Civil war. Their wedding took place in a bower of evergreen trees on the lawn south of the old house. The ceremony was performed by Rev. D. W. Marsh. Mrs. Couden died in 1884. Her son Henry, at the age of nineteen, fought in the Cuban war. Another son, Fayette Dickinson Couden, graduated in 1904 from the Agricultural college. Rev. Dr. Couden has been for many years the chaplain of the House of Representatives in Washington. The weddings of the remaining daughters took place within the old home. Amelia was married to Franklin L. Pope by Rev. D. W. Herrick in the room at the right of the hall. Roxy and Elihu Holbrook were married in the room at the left, only the family being present. The wedding of Julia to Rev. C. S. Nickerson and of Frances to J. B. Lindsey took place in the more commodious dining-

room, which was prettily trimmed for each occasion. Both ceremonies were performed by Rev. G. H. Johnson. The sons of the house all married and settled at a distance, and Captain Mark and his wife and "Aunt Lyd" were left alone. The row of trees which the Captain planted the year of the Centennial exposition and named after his children grew and flourished, but the children were gone. The three old people lived peacefully together, their hearts rejoiced by numerous letters and visits from those who would always be to them boys and girls.

The soldier son, Walter, was a lieutenant in the Fourth United States cavalry, stationed in the far West, when all the children were summoned to celebrate the parents' golden wedding. The morning, November 21, 1888, dawned bright and clear, a typical autumnal day in Amherst. The wooded Hampshire hills stood out against a cloudless sky, while Sugar Loaf and Toby and the woods bordering Lovers' lane seemed unchanged by passing years. The children all were there, Julia coming home from Chicago, Walter from his station on the frontier, and Amelia from across the sea, bringing a set of English china as a wedding gift. Captain Mark sat on the sofa between "mother" and "Aunt Lyd," and the three received the guests. That was a joyous day in the old home. Congratulations were offered by Rev. G. H. Johnson, prayer by Rev. Henry N. Couden, Rev. D. W. Herrick made facetious remarks, Mrs. Nickerson read an original poem, and the young people gathered around grandmother's piano and sang old-fashioned songs.



CAPTAIN WALTER M. DICKINSON

This happy family gathering was the last. The mother, worn out with care and toil, failed slowly until she became a helpless invalid, too feeble to appreciate the beautiful gold spoon given her as the real daughter of the Mary Mattoon chapter, D. A. R. The tragedy of Captain Walter Mason Dickinson's death is too well known to need repetition. As professor of military science in the Agricultural college, he was popular among his associates and loved and respected among his pupils. His career as a soldier, his bravery in battle, the story of his life and of his death, July 2, 1898, on the battlefield of El Caney, all were described and emphasized in an address delivered by President Goodell at a memorial service held in the Agricultural college chapel. He was a born leader, who died as he had lived, at the front. He sleeps in the soldiers' cemetery at Arlington. A tablet on the walls of the chapel at the college where he was pupil and instructor bears this quotation from his own words, which embodies the principles and practices of his life: "The day will surely come when one could wish no other epitaph than this: he lived and died an American citizen."

Asa W. Dickinson, a leading lawyer in New Jersey and a colonel on the Governor's staff, died in January, 1899. His sister, Mrs. Amelia Pope, died in Amherst March 20, 1900, two weeks after the death of her mother, who had been for four years in a helpless condition, tenderly cared for by her niece and housekeeper, Mrs. Silas D. Ball. Old Captain Mark retained his vitality to a wonderful degree. When President Harris was inaugurated at Amherst college, the venerable militia officer was given a seat upon the platform in College hall, in

recognition of the fact that when a boy he assisted his father in drawing the bricks from which South college was built. In him the determination of all his ancestors seemed to center. His old horse, Bucephalus, would turn his head and watch the master climb slowly into the wagon, and never move until all was ready, as if he knew the captain was in his charge, though he would be frisky enough when others attempted to drive. At last the burden of years became too great and the old man gave up the struggle and was buried among his kindred in North Amherst. He left the estate to Charles Dickinson, the son of Marquis Fayette, with a life tenancy to Marquis. The young owner, who is a member of the firm of Dickinson, Farr & Dickinson, 53 State street, Boston, was graduated from Harvard in 1896, one hundred and twenty-five years after the graduation of his great great grandfather Nathaniel from the same institution.

The house has been fitted with modern improvements, and the family occupy it as a Summer residence. A spacious veranda has been added, from which the visitor looks out over the amphitheatre of hills, a broad and smiling landscape. Entering the house, we see in the right hand room Captain Mark's old desk piled high with leather bound books, in which were kept accounts of crops and cattle. Over Walter's picture hangs the sword presented to the old militia officer. In this room grandfather Walter, Captain Mark, and Aunt Lydia died. Across the hall is Aunt Lydia's table, the old piano, the stand on which Prudence Pease rested her candle. Handsome mahogany furniture, inherited from past generations, may be found

in all the rooms. In the chamber above, hanging on the wall, is a family record, with design in ink, on faded yellow paper. The inscription reads :

“A REGISTER OF THE FAMILY OF MR. NATHANIEL
AND MRS. SARAH DICKINSON.”

“Time, what an empty vapor 'tis,
And days, how swift they are ;
Swift as an Indian's arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.

Naked as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first ;
We to the earth return again.
And mingle with our dust.”

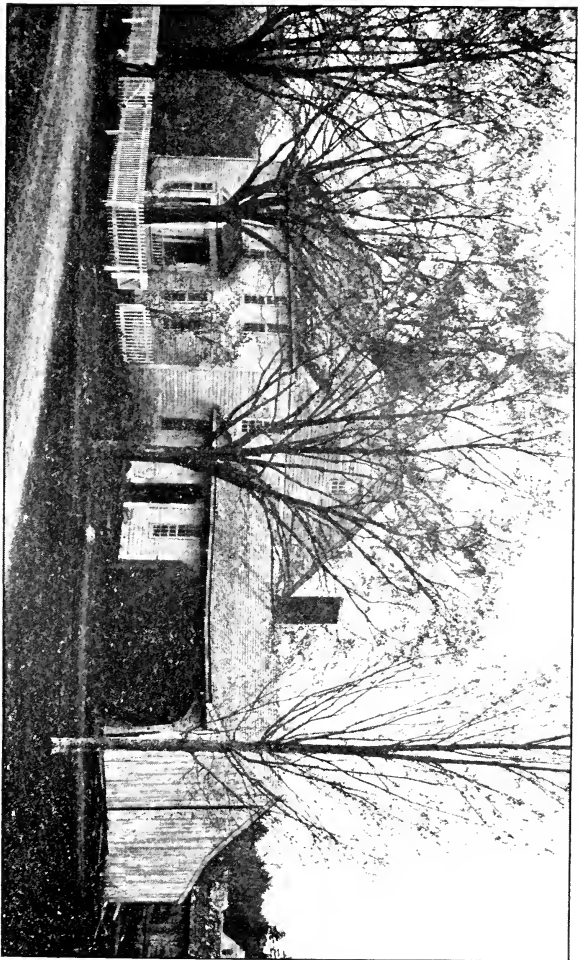
This was the family record of the delegate to the provincial Congress, chairman of the committee of correspondence, an Amherst patriot and hero. A list of his children and grandchildren follows, and is continued in another record on the opposite wall. The story of their life is finished, but their deeds live after them.

The Old Hubbard Tavern

AT THE " PLUMTREES."

The early settlers in Amherst and Sunderland were prosaic people. They had no time or inclination to devise high-sounding names for each locality, but designated hill and brook and plain by some title associated with its owner or with events unknown to the present generation. Descendants of these ancient worthies have found it difficult to change the names thus given, however great was their desire. Thus in the northeastern part of Amherst, though the postoffice has become Cushman, yet the settlement will long remain, in the minds of old-fashioned folk, North Amherst City. President Hitchcock and the august senior class of Amherst college could not persuade the people of Sunderland that the name " Mount Toby " should be transformed into " Mettawompe," or that " Mount Taurus " was a more euphonious name than " Bull Hill." An elevation in South Amherst, for many years the property of a worthy deacon in the local church, is much better known as " Lyman's Hill " than as " Mount Pollux." " Factory Hollow," " Nuttingville," " Hawley Swamp," and " Kelloggville," are well known to residents of Amherst, and the " Devil's Garden " in

THE HOBARD TAVERN AT PLUMTREES



“Turkey Pass” only lost its name when the trap rock was carried away by the Amherst & Sunderland street railroad, to be used in the construction of State highways.

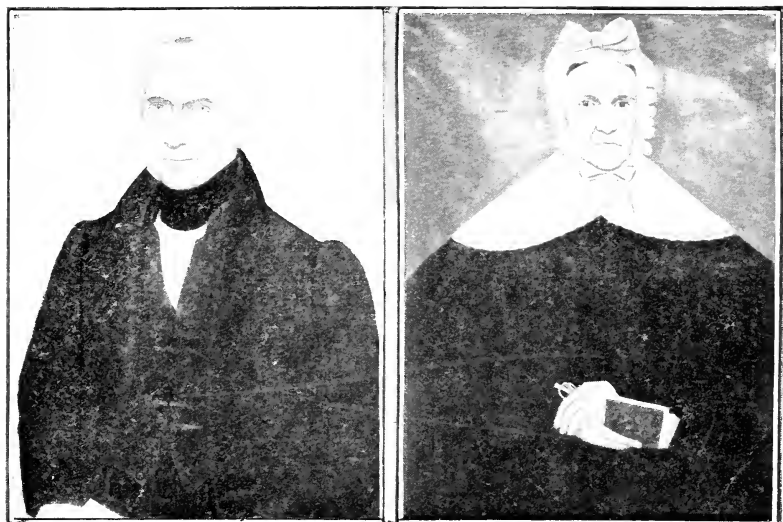
The old-time fathers, however, occasionally by chance bestowed a title at once poetic and descriptive. The forests were to them of no particular value except to furnish lumber with which to build their homes. To find a single fruit tree among the oaks and maples, even though its product might be acrid and imperfect, was indeed a blessing, and a grove of wild plum trees was of sufficient importance to give a name to the locality in which it was discovered. Thus travelers by trolley to-day, after passing through North Amherst, are shown, just over the Sunderland line, an ancient dwelling near the “Dry brook,” and are told that this district is the “Plumtrees,” and this house is the “Old Hubbard Tavern.” The last wild plum tree died a natural death on the Hubbard farm within the memory of the present generation, but its kindred are still living among the forests of Mount Toby. The children of Parker Hubbard remember well the taste of its sour and bitter fruit, and its name will forever be connected with the hamlet where their ancestors built among the plum trees the historic tavern home.

George Hubbard, the common ancestor, was in 1636 a surveyor in Windsor, Connecticut, and afterward moved to Wethersfield. His son John became one of the founders of Hadley, and his grandson, Isaac, and great grandson, Isaac Jr., were among the forty first settlers of Sunderland. The former was a deacon in the Sunderland church, and the latter served as selectman and town clerk. His great great grandson, Israel,

the eldest son of Isaac Jr., settled on the farm at present occupied by the fifth generation of his descendants.

The extreme southern part of Sunderland was at this time a wilderness of woods. Lieutenant Abner Cooley of Springfield had ventured, about 1739, to build a log cabin within these shadows, and finding it a safe and comfortable place in which to live, a few years later had erected a frame house south of where the brick house stands, which is now the property of his great grandson, Deacon George L. Cooley. The Cooley family, living so far from the center of civilization, naturally in these troubled times desired to have neighbors. Isaac Hubbard, Jr., had settled in the north part of the Plumtrees district, and his son, Israel, intended to build north of the "Dry," or "Mohawk," brook. The story runs that Abner Cooley, in order to persuade his townsman to build still nearer, gave him ten acres of land south of the brook, including the site of the present school-house. Here Israel Hubbard built his cabin, in which he lived until 1763, when history states that the present house was completed. If this date be correct, among the children born in that humble home was Caleb Hubbard, afterward to become a famous leader in the Revolution.

Israel Hubbard was a staunch Federalist, and a member of the first Provincial Congress. He was shrewd in business, and willing to turn an honest penny in any way he could. Farm products did not bring him large prices in those days, and markets were unknown. Therefore, to gain a little income from the passing stranger, Israel obtained a license as "innholder and taverner, and to sell strong drink," and found this occupation profitable and less laborious than clearing up the virgin



· CALEB · HUBBARD · AND · WIFE ·

soil. The license was renewed until 1783, and continued in the name of his son, Caleb, and grandson, Ashley, who kept a wayside inn until 1839. Then the house was closed to the public, but has been occupied as a dwelling by the descendants of Israel Hubbard until the present time.

In cutting off the forest trees their owner was careful to leave a few saplings for the benefit of future generations. The beautiful maple grove which is to-day the admiration of all beholders, and under which many a picnic party has been held, attests the value of his forethought. In building the house he also had an eye to the welfare of his posterity. The square brick chimney, equal to a room in size, has stood unmoved, though hurricanes have broken down the veteran trees nearby. The great hewn timbers, showing the marks of woodman's axe, have neither settled nor decayed. Some of the small-paned windows, from buffetings by storms of many winters, are loosened in their casings, but the glass remains unbroken. No drop of rain has found an entrance between those ancient clapboards which clothe the massive oaken frame. Each wrought-iron nail was pounded in and clinched by conscientious workmen, under the watchful eye of the owner, who was at once the builder and contractor. The ell, in which was the barroom, has been moved away, but the main building, a solid structure, stands secure, and gives fair promise of a home for generations yet to come.

Caleb Hubbard, the son of Israel, was brought up in a good old-fashioned country home. His mother was Abigail, the daughter of Nathaniel Smith, one of the first settlers in Sunderland. His muscles were developed by work upon the farm,

and his ready wit was sharpened by the discipline of the old-time district school. He was a youth of decided character and determined will, and when the disturbances arose which transformed the farmers into soldiers, the boy Caleb, twenty years old, enlisted as a minute man, and with a company of his companions, engaged a British deserter to drill them in the use of arms. In 1774, Caleb Hubbard was appointed, with a companion, to "collect whatever specie the inhabitants of the town were willing to give to the poor people of Boston, and also to convey said collection to the town of Boston." Then came the Lexington alarm. Caleb Hubbard was plowing with a pair of oxen and one horse in the field north of the "Dry brook" when the tidings were brought to him of the expected attack. Leaving the oxen standing and the plow sticking in the furrow, he jumped upon the horse and galloped off to Sunderland to give the alarm. The minute men quickly gathered and spent that eventful night of April 19, 1775, in Israel Hubbard's tavern, then at four o'clock the next morning rode to Belchertown, where they left their horses and marched away toward Boston.

The patient oxen must have waited for an indefinite time as, though history relates the fact that they were left, it gives no proof that they were ever removed. The tree under which they stood was blown down a few years since. Young Caleb was in active service about fifteen months, at Cambridge, Ticonderoga, and other strategic points, and was appointed quartermaster sergeant of the company of which Zebina Montague was quartermaster. After the surrender of Burgoyne, the young officer, a veteran at the age of twenty-three, came home, married Tryphena Montague and settled down to keep the tavern at the



NANCY HUBBARD

Plumtrees. His war record and superior intelligence gave him much influence among his fellows, and his ready repartee and keen sense of humor made him a favorite with all. He was a genial landlord and a jolly companion. He became a Jefferson Democrat, much to the disgust of his father, Israel, who, being a Federalist, did not agree with Caleb in his politics, and could not tolerate opposition.

Israel, having served from 1776 to 1781 in the General Court, felt that he understood the situation, and Caleb, having been himself in the thickest of the conflict, was sure that he was right. Two men with similar characteristics and opposite convictions in the same family were like steel and flint, and sparks were sure to fly. Long and hot were the discussions, from which neither came out victorious. To the last year of his life the doughty Israel persisted in attending town meeting in order, as he said, that he might "spile Caleb's vote." He lived to the advanced age of ninety-two, and died in 1817.

Caleb Hubbard and his father were both progressive men, interested in new movements which promised to advance the public welfare. January 8, 1801, Pacific lodge of Masons was organized by men from Amherst, Leverett, Hadley, and Sunderland, and the first place of meeting was the double room in the Hubbard tavern. This was divided by a swinging partition, so that it could be made into one large room or two smaller ones, as occasion required. Phineas Hubbard, son of Giles, was the first master of this organization, and Caleb Hubbard, his cousin, was its first treasurer. His insignia of office, in its antique frame, is seen to-day hanging in the hall. For one year Pacific lodge held its meetings in this upper room,

after which it passed through many vicissitudes, but rallied, and is to-day one of the strong and flourishing organizations of Amherst. Its members had to pass through a lonely country to reach their lodge room. Major Caleb used to tell his grandchildren tales of bears being seen in the woods near by, which probably had their dens in the recesses of Sunderland cave among the rocks of Mount Toby. Wolves ranged all through that section as late as 1805, killing sheep and frightening the children, so that they did not dare to peep out of doors after nightfall. These foes, so dreaded by the farmer, were destroyed by a party of citizens, who tracked them after a light snow, and other wild creatures, as settlers became more numerous, fled into the depths of the woods, pursued by the hunter, who was loth to give up the game which was so large a part of his subsistence.

The Hubbard tavern during Major Caleb's reign was a favorite place of resort for old and young, who loved to hear the landlord's funny stories, while enjoying his generous hospitality. Sleighing parties came to have a dance in the ballroom and kept up the festivities until daylight. The master was also a justice of the peace, and many a marriage ceremony was performed in the old tavern for country couples, who traveled on horseback, the bashful bride seated on a pillion behind her rustic swain. When the old soldiers were gathered in Boston to dedicate the Bunker hill monument, Major Caleb, so-called from his command in the militia, was among the guests, sat upon the platform and made a speech. The old war veteran kept his strength until late in life, and when ninety years of age beat all the boys at splitting rails, and laughed at their

discomfiture. These old-time Hubbards were a long-lived race. The funeral of Israel, who died in 1817, aged ninety-two, and that of his son Caleb, when at the age of ninety-six the weakness of old age overcame his courageous soul, were doubtless held within these walls. Their bodies, placed at first in the vault across the road, were afterward laid to rest in the burying ground beside the river.

Ashley, the son of Caleb, inherited the tavern after his father's death. He married Nancy Henderson, and for his second wife Betsey Dole of Shelburne. Of his seven children, but one, Mrs. Elizabeth Peck Alvord of Winsted, Connecticut, is living to-day. She married George Alvord, who was connected with the sanitary commission and with the navy department during the war, and was formerly cashier of the Winsted National bank.

Students of local history, searching the files of old newspapers published about fifty years ago, have noticed many poems signed "Viola." Graceful lines they were, treating of varied subjects, but giving no clew to their authorship. The writer was evidently a lover of nature and a student of history, well versed in the usage of the old-fashioned English of that day. No clash of rhyme or fault of rhythm, no exaggerated sentiment or coarse allusion, marred the beauty of the unpretentious verses which, like a mirror, flashed out a clear reflection of plain and healthful rural life. Viola climbed the Holyoke range, and described her impressions in the poem, "Musings on Norwottuck." She told the Indian tale of "The Moon of Falling Leaves," and gave expression to her patriotic nature in stirring words entitled "My Country." The death

of a neighbor's infant was memorialized in the "Dirge to a Child." "May You Die Among Your Kindred" was suggested by incidents of the Mexican war. "To the Memory of a Friend," "To a Group of Children," "The Water Lily," all show forth the character of the writer, but none disclose her name. At last an item in the *Hampshire and Franklin Express* of Amherst, describing the graduating exercises of a North Amherst private school for girls, gives us a "Valedictory Hymn," written by Miss Nancy Hubbard of Plumtrees, and reveals the identity of this talented young writer with the poetess whom we have known as "Viola."

Nancy Henderson Hubbard, the daughter of Ashley and granddaughter of Major Caleb, was born in the Hubbard tavern, April 4, 1823, and spent her girlhood in this historic home. When very young she began to write verses, and continued during her school days in North Amherst and New Salem academy. A friend of her youth, Mrs. M. C. Copeland of Northampton, says of the young authoress: "She was a very sweet, refined, cultured, warm-hearted girl, whom everybody loved and admired." Brought up within the shadow of Mount Toby, this descendant of a line of heroic ancestors was not content to spend her life in the seclusion of her rural home, but yearned for wider opportunity and more extended vision. After graduation at North Amherst, when studying or teaching in West Brookfield, her ambitious soul found utterance in the following lines :

“ O, fame and greatness! dreams of earthly splendor!
What now are all your trumpet notes of praise?
O, can one strain of that loved paean render
More bright, more happy here our toilsome days?
Yes, but one breath, one sound of that sweet music,
For which my spirit doth so strangely pine,
Such is the homage that my heart now chooseth,
The fresh green laurel round my brow to twine.”

The family at the Plumtrees was interested in the North Amherst church, and have always been its loyal supporters. Ashley Hubbard was one of the assessors at its organization. A bouquet of wild flowers which was placed upon the pulpit was removed during the intermission by some person who felt this innovation not consistent with the orthodox character of Oliver Dickinson's meeting house. In the next week's paper *Viola* appeared with an effusion, "Bring Flowers," setting forth the fitting nature of the act which placed the flowers within the sanctuary. On leaving North Brookfield the poetess was presented with a wreath, to which she made response :

“ I soon shall lose all these wild haunts,
These woods and flowing streams,
Yon lakelet with its golden chain
Of sunset's radiant beams.
And when in lands, far, far away,
'Mid other scenes I roam,
Still back to many an hour that's past,
On spirit wings I'll come.”

This seems to have been a farewell, for soon *Viola* went South as a teacher. Returning, she brought with her two

Southern lads, and gave them lessons in the old tavern. She married Ansel Kellogg, president of the First National bank of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, and a leading financier in the State. He was the brother of Rufus Kellogg, a benefactor of Amherst college. The poetess of the Plumtrees died in her Western home in 1863. Her body was brought to Amherst and buried in the North Amherst cemetery. Her brother, Parker Dole Hubbard, inherited the old homestead with all its memories and traditions.

True to the spirit of their grandfather, Major Caleb, both the sons of Ashley Hubbard earnestly desired to perform their part in the struggle to preserve the Union, which their ancestors fought to establish, but the younger, Stephen Ashley, at that time editor of the *Hartford Courant*, had to stay on duty and take care of the paper while his associate, the future General Hawley, became a leader among the Union forces of the Civil war. Parker Hubbard enlisted in the 52d Massachusetts Volunteers. He was not obliged to gallop on horseback to the front, but traveled by car and boat to New York city, and thence embarked on the steamer *Illinois* for Louisiana. Company G, which included forty-two soldiers from Amherst and twenty-four from Sunderland, saw much hard service, but most of its men returned in safety to their homes. Parker Hubbard became a member of the Edwin M. Stanton post, G. A. R., of Amherst. He cultivated his farm of about one hundred acres, raised tobacco, and made fine sugar from the maple grove. He died in 1895 in the house where he was born, and was buried in the Sunderland cemetery.

The atmosphere of the Plumtrees seemed conducive to artistic development. From its romantic surroundings Viola drew the inspiration needed to produce her poems. The mysterious mountains, the "Mohawk Brook," flowing near her home, whose very name suggested that fierce tribe of Northern Indians so feared by the more peaceable natives of the Connecticut valley, the flowers and birds, and rural scenes by which she was surrounded, all contributed subject and material for verses without end. In the drought of Summer, when the water disappeared, and naught was left but stones and sand, the common name of the stream, "Dry brook," seemed good and fitting. But when in Spring or Autumn the swollen torrent came raging down, carrying everything before it, then the old traditional name may have been remembered and possibly used. Whether Viola knew the brook as "Dry," or "Mohawk," she certainly made use of that and all other beauties of nature near her home as warp and woof with which to weave the subtle fancies of her poetic soul.

About 1850, Erastus Field, a portrait painter, chose this locality as a suitable place in which to pursue his avocation. He was born in Leverett, began to draw and paint in early youth, studied in New York city, carried on his profession in Monson and in Hartford, and finally settled in a cottage on the Hubbard farm, where he spent the remainder of his life. Across the road from the old house, among the trees upon the hill, he built a little studio, and there from early Spring till Winter's snow he painted, and was happy. When cold made this retreat impossible, the artist found in the commodious barn

behind the Hubbard tavern a place where he might exercise his skill without interruption from the outside world. Daguerreotypes were at this time expensive, and photographs unknown. To have a local artist within reach was a great boon for Amherst and Sunderland people, and old and young eagerly availed themselves of this opportunity to hand down their features to their posterity. Many faces of old residents would be unknown were it not for the portraits painted by Erastus Field and preserved by children and grandchildren as heirlooms for future generations. A picture of E. D. Marsh, when four years old, a sample of the artist's skill, hung in his mother's room during her lifetime, one of the most precious of her treasures.

The well-known portrait of Oliver Dickinson, the builder of the North Amherst church, was undoubtedly painted by Mr. Field. With unbounded imagination he was even able to paint a resident of North Amherst after death, and put eyes which were pronounced to be natural into the picture, though he had never seen them in life. His industry was indefatigable, and his enthusiasm could not be restrained. As age advanced, he enlarged the scope of his endeavor and painted Bible and historical scenes. Samples of these are owned by North Amherst residents and by the North Amherst church. The children in the Hubbard tavern delighted to spend hours in the studio on the hill, watching the artist create his marvelous productions and hearing him explain his work. He died in extreme old age, a painter to the last, the only known artist in that section of the community.

Probably the largest collection of his portraits owned by any

one family may be seen to-day in the Hubbard tavern. The walls of the parlor were at one time lined with these pictures in such a manner that the room seemed full of eyes staring the visitor out of countenance. There were Major Caleb Hubbard and his wife, stiff and straight and orthodox, as seen in the illustration. In the painting the old soldier holds in his hand a public document and his iron-bowed glasses. Next, Ashley Hubbard and his wife, Betsey Dole, were seen, the former clutching with grim determination a Democratic paper, the *Boston Statesman*, the latter in white collar, and gold beads, with hair in puffs, and prim white cap, and in her hand a gay bead bag. Another picture of Betsey Dole Hubbard represents her as older and less formidable, with mouth not quite so firmly closed and eyes less staring and more kindly. Then came the sons of Ashley, Israel, Parker, and Stephen, very proper young men, strangely alike in features, and all attired in bright yellow vests, exactly similar in fashion. The eldest, Israel, distinguished by a black silk stock, was a school-mate of Deacon Edmund Hobart. The placid faces of Parker and Stephen give no premonition of the future soldier and journalist, and seem the personification of calmness and content. Two pensive damsels, Nancy and Lizzie, complete the list. Both are dressed in grass-green gowns of antique fashion. Nancy has a curl hanging straight before each ear, and a broad white collar fastened with a pin, while Lizzie wears a locket and chain. The primness of these youthful faces cannot be described, and we attempt in vain to discern beneath the surface of that chubby countenance Viola the rustic poetess of our imagination.

The old Hubbard tavern is of exceeding interest to all who know its history. We are shown a corner cupboard now used as a bookcase, a "courting chair," with low back and double seat, which was stuffed in olden time, and of unknown age. Here are beautiful mirrors, the conch shell probably used to call the boy Caleb to dinner, and an antique chair with double arms, rush bottom and wooden rollers, which look as if they were made when castors first were invented. Two volumes of newspapers in which are printed poems by Viola, are preserved, and specimens of crayon work by the poetess, who also seems to have been an artist. Pewter dishes, a whisky measure, a lamp, a porringer, a glass decanter and long-necked wine glasses, all relics of old tavern days, are seen below, and on the stairs hangs a temperance banner painted by Erastus Field. The upper ballroom where the Masons held their meetings is panelled with wood, and overhead are the marks where hung the swinging partition. The garret is a storehouse of relics, with saddle bags and settle and flip irons and tall clock and tin kitchens and antique furniture galore. The favored visitor who is allowed to inspect these curios comes back as from a journey among the shadows of the past.

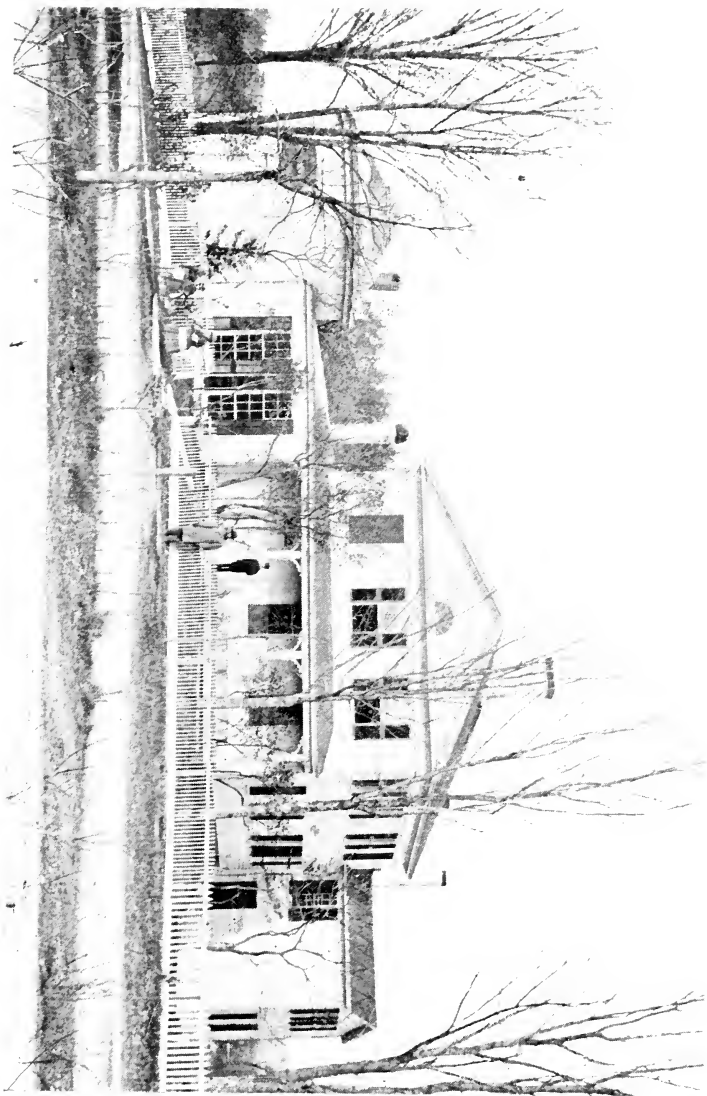
Mrs. Parker Hubbard and her son, George Caleb, Agricultural college, '99, named for the first ancestor, who came from England, and for the Major, his great grandfather, live in the Hubbard tavern. Her daughters are Mrs. Nancy Kellogg Hubbard Howes of Holyoke, a graduate of Mount Holyoke college, and Mrs. Helen E. Stowell of North Amherst. The latter is a member of the Mary Mattoon chapter, D. A. R., of Amherst.

The residents at the Plumtrees, though living in the town of Sunderland, are yet identified with Amherst by many interests and associations. Soldiers from both towns fought together in the Revolution and in the Civil war, and citizens of both towns organized Pacific lodge in the old Hubbard tavern. Descendants of these ancient worthies were among the first members of the North Amherst church and have always attended its services, and boys and girls from Sunderland to-day crowd the trolley cars on their way to the Amherst high school. In view of all these facts, Amherst may claim a share in the famous Hubbard tavern, and with her sister town may exhibit with pride this historic home, built by Israel Hubbard among those ancient plum trees so many years ago.

The Home of President Hitchcock.

The bell in the old meeting-house on the hill pealed forth an urgent summons on that bright autumnal morning, September 29, 1819, and citizens of Amherst and adjoining towns hastened to obey the call. The need of a college in the Connecticut valley had long been recognized, and Amherst seemed, to those most interested, the best location for such an institution. The academy which, according to Professor Tyler, was the Williston seminary and Mount Holyoke seminary of that day united, for a time seemed to fill the demand.

Later, the trustees, realizing the need of students for the ministry, formed a plan to establish a professorship of languages, by the assistance of which "indigent young men" might fit themselves to preach. This plan was not received with favor, and therefore it was determined to strike out boldly and found a separate institution. Hence the imperative clangor of the old church bell, and the distinguished company of delegates from thirty-seven towns who sat with patience in the square, high-backed pews, listened to a lengthy discourse from the lips of Rev. Dr. Lyman, discussed a constitution and by-laws, and separated, to be entertained in the homes of the people, only to argue concerning the location of the college during the greater part of the night.



PRESIDENT HITCHCOCK'S HOUSE

Amherst was determined to have the "literary institution," and would not be denied. The second day of the session the business of the town ceased, the academy took a recess, and all crowded into the church to hear the debate. Lucius Boltwood made an able plea in favor of the town. He was supported by indisputable arguments from the eloquent lawyer, Samuel Fowler Dickinson, and the day was won. The town had gained its college, and now with eager hands and generous hearts its citizens offered of their best for its building and support.

Colonel Elijah Dickinson presented ten acres of land in a suitable location. The first load of granite for the foundation was given by Wells Southworth of Pelham. The rail fence was taken away, the horse sheds removed, lime, sand, and lumber were contributed and carried to the spot by men and boys, who were glad to give their services to the good cause. August 9, 1820, the laying of the cornerstone took place, with an address by Noah Webster. Ninety days after, the roof was placed on South college. President Moore of Williams was chosen president of the "Charity Institution of this town," and September 18, 1821, the dedication of the building and inauguration of the new president took place in the old church, Noah Webster being the presiding officer.

Hardly was the college fully in operation when President Moore suddenly died. His courtly manners and winning address had caused him to be greatly loved. His successor was the Rev. Heman Humphrey, pastor of the church in Pittsfield. In 1824, after much difficulty, the college obtained its charter. The president and his associates returned from Boston in the stage. Their messenger, sent to communicate the good news,

was carried on the shoulders of the citizens to the hotel. That night the town blazed with illuminations and there was great rejoicing.

At the first annual meeting held under the charter, Rev. Edward Hitchcock, pastor of the church in Conway, was chosen professor of chemistry and natural history, with a salary of \$700. Thus did the college secure for itself the services of one who for thirty-eight years devoted all his efforts to its welfare, and in its time of great need proved, according to Professor Tyler, to be the "Joshua" who led the college into the promised land.

The founders of the Hitchcock family are supposed to have come from Wiltshire, England, where they lived at the time of William the Conqueror. Luke Hitchcock removed from New Haven to Wethersfield, where he died, after which his children came to Springfield. He was a shoemaker and very friendly with the Indians, who, tradition says, gave him a deed of the land on which is built the town of Farmington. This document would have been of value to his descendants, if his wife had not used it to cover a pie in the oven. Luke the second became a prominent citizen of Springfield, made shoes, kept a tavern, was a captain in the army and sheriff of old Hampshire county, and was in the fight at Turners Falls. His son, Luke, married Martha Colton and afterward Mrs. Hannah Day. Luke Hitchcock, fourth, married Lucy Merrick of Springfield, was a deacon in the church and a member of the General Court, and fought in the Northern army against Burgoyne.

Justin, the son of this Luke Hitchcock, was born in Springfield and served as apprentice to Moses Church, the



PRESIDENT EDWARD HITCHCOCK

hatter. In 1774 he moved to Deerfield and married Mercy Hoyt, who was born in the historic old Indian house. Justin was a fifer in the Deerfield company of minute men and carried both gun and fife on the march to Cambridge. In 1777 he was with the militia called out to assist in the capture of Burgoyne. He was a prominent man in Deerfield, deacon in the church and leader of the choir, playing a bass viol of his own manufacture which is now on exhibition in Memorial hall. He paid for his home lot with one hundred and fifteen bushels of wheat.

Here was born his eldest daughter, Charissa, who married Dr. Jonathan Swett and went to New York State. Of her two daughters, one, Charissa, outlived four husbands, and the other, Minerva, was the mother of sixteen children. The other children of Justin Hitchcock were Henry, Charles, Emilia, and Edward. The latter was to become a scientist of world-wide reputation and the venerated and beloved president of Amherst college. The old homestead descended through Justin's son, Henry, to the grandson, Nathaniel, and after one hundred and twenty-six years' ownership has recently passed out of the family.

The children of Justin Hitchcock enjoyed the intimate companionship of an intellectual father, who, though his church passed into Unitarian hands, retained his evangelistic belief. The three sons graduated from the academy, after which Edward, not wishing to become a hatter, worked on the farm for several years, spending evenings and every spare moment in scientific studies.

The necessity of rigid economy in those early days taught

the boy the value of money, and enabled him afterward to apply his rules of frugal living to the business affairs of Amherst college, and thus rescue it from the slough of debt and discouragement into which it had fallen. He was an enthusiastic student of astronomy and made himself sick calculating eclipses.

When twenty years of age he published an almanac, making his own observations and correcting the calculations of European astronomers and, when taken to task by them, entered into a contest and came off victorious. He greatly desired to enter college and overtaxed his eyesight, so that he was obliged for a time to give up his astronomy and Greek. About this time he wrote and produced on the stage in the old Deerfield church a tragedy, "The Downfall of Bonaparte." The author calls this a "juvenile production which should not have been published." "But," he added, "it contained some real poetry and was loudly called for by the rural population, before whom it was acted with much success."

When principal of Deerfield academy, Edward Hitchcock began to study for the ministry and also to study natural history. The latter, involving out of door exercise, was very beneficial to his health. We judge that his labors in the academy were agreeable from the fact that his associate, Miss Orra White, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jarib White of Amherst, consented after a time to become his permanent assistant.

When the call came from the college in Amherst, the professor elect, feeling the need of some extra training in chemistry, went with his wife to New Haven, where for a year he studied with Professor Silliman, after which, having learned the secrets of success in the performance of chemical experiments, he came

to Amherst and set up housekeeping in the dwelling on North Pleasant street now owned by F. S. Whipple. Soon after, desiring to live nearer the college, Professor Hitchcock exchanged his house for the one on South Pleasant street belonging to its builder, W. S. Howland, now the property of Morris B. Kingman. Here the Hitchcock family lived until the professor was elected president, and to this house he returned, after resigning the presidency, to spend the remainder of his life.

The house was at first a plain building with no wings and a small porch in front. Professor Hitchcock was the State geologist and made three collections of minerals, one for himself, one for the State, and one for the college. The State collection is now in the museum of the Agricultural college. Needing a place in which to arrange his private collection, between 1836 and 1840 he built an octagon, thirty feet away from the house and entirely separate from it, in which his treasures were displayed to the best advantage. This curious building was lined with shelves which extended to the ceiling. The visitor who desired to examine these specimens was invited to climb the stairs and walk around the gallery, which afforded access to the upper shelves. The outside of the cabinet was marked off in squares in such a manner as to appear to be made of blocks of stone.

Inside the dwelling house were large square rooms, with a spacious hall at the left, the whole hung with paper dark in color, with large figures and antique designs. The walls of the sitting room were decked with various shades of green. The kitchen, with hospitable air, seemed to invite the visitor to sit before the blazing fire upon its immense hearthstone and

await the dainties sure to be produced from the great brick oven.

Professor Hitchcock was a man of tremendous energy and indomitable will. These he brought to bear upon his associates and students with marvelous results. When he came to Amherst, the problem of the college and its future awaited solution. Among the trustees with whom he was associated were Colonel Rufus Graves, whom for his enthusiasm he likened to Peter, the Hermit; Nathaniel Smith of Sunderland, called by President Humphrey the "good Arimathean;" Hon. S. F. Dickinson, Hon. John Leland, treasurer for fourteen years; Lucius Boltwood, commissioner of charity fund; and Hon. Samuel Williston of Easthampton. The latter, on account of weak eyes, being unable to go to college, began covering buttons to earn money for benevolence. By means of manufactures of which this was the beginning, he secured the funds which enabled him to found Williston seminary and to make valuable gifts to Amherst college.

The affairs of the college were for the time prosperous. The townspeople were proud of their institution and its students. The latter devoutly attended morning and evening prayers in the old church, summoned at 4.45 A. M. in the summer and 5.45 A. M. in the winter by the ringing of the bell which hung in the wooden tower near the buildings. Discipline was strict in those days. The boys were fined for not keeping study hours, for firing a gun, and for playing musical instruments on the college grounds. Board was \$1.25 a week, washing from twelve to twenty cents.

The students took care of their rooms, sawed wood, made



THE RETURN

fires, and each year had a "chip day" to clean the grounds. Thus did the collegians gain their exercise. The rest of the time they studied, having nothing else to do. Soon the college numbered more students than Harvard.

Meanwhile Professor Hitchcock was busily at work pushing his department with might and main. His associates were Nathan W. Fiske, a man of ready wit and wonderful power of description; Samuel W. Worcester, Jacob Abbott, who after teaching five years retired to write innumerable books for the young, and Ebenezer Snell. Professor Hitchcock and Professor Snell worked together thirty-eight years. The former said of his friend: "He was a man of strict fidelity and punctuality. His example has always tended to keep the ship at Amherst steadily on her way."

During this season of prosperity, six children, Mary, Catherine, Edward, Jane Elizabeth, Charles Henry, and Emily, were born into the Hitchcock home. The first baptism in Johnson chapel was that of little Edward, who was carried thither by his parents that he might be christened by President Humphrey. The family attended church in the chapel, but went to Sunday school in the First church meeting-house. There at a later date S. C. Carter and J. S. Adams were the superintendents and Mrs. Sweetser and tutors from the college were the teachers. The children studied little question books with stiff covers, containing lessons made out for the whole year.

The Hitchcock boys and girls at first attended a private school near by, kept by the daughters of the Baptist minister, Miss Helen and Miss Emily Nelson, and afterward they went to Amherst academy. But the best teachers of these children

must have been their gifted mother and enthusiastic father. Mrs. Hitchcock was a woman of fine artistic taste and talent, which she afterwards used in making illustrations for her husband's geological reports and lectures. To her skill we are indebted for the only picture in existence of the old meeting-house and the bell tower on College hill. Plain living and high thinking reigned within the home whose very atmosphere was weighted with wisdom.

The \$700 salary of the professor did not suffice to feed and clothe six children, and buy expensive furniture, so its appointments were not elegant, but solid and substantial. The house was shaded by a row of buttonball trees which extended far up the street, of which a few aged veterans remain. The black cherry trees which the boys used to climb to eat their fill of the fruit have all disappeared.

The mother's flower garden was her delight and her taste was inherited by her daughter Mary, for whom in later years the good father built a little conservatory. The south chamber, the professor's study, was lined with bookcases. In the parlor was the old piano, now to be seen in Deerfield Memorial hall, on which the daughter Emily made sweet music.

In an upper back room Mary Lyon slept during the months she spent as a member of the family while forming her plans and consulting with Professor Hitchcock with regard to the establishment of Mount Holyoke seminary. The family ate from mahogany tables, sat on mahogany chairs, and slept in cold rooms on feather beds placed on high, old-fashioned bedsteads. The rooms downstairs were warm, however, for there was plenty of maple and oak wood, which Edward was obliged

to bring in, much to his dislike. He also had to weed the vegetables and help pick the raspberries, of which there was an abundance. Boys of that day were useful instead of ornamental, and their labor was an important factor in the home.

Professor Hitchcock did not believe in Unitarian doctrines, but was liberal in his scientific view of the Bible, and did not think the world was made in six days. Professor Fiske, his next door neighbor, was very strict in bringing up his children. His daughter Helen and Edward Hitchcock were playmates and were always together. Helen was a young athlete, and in trials of strength came out victorious. When she ran away to Hadley, young Edward, among others, went to search for her.

There must have been lively times in that neighborhood, for these young people were all wide awake and ready for fun or mischief, whichever offered first. They went to singing school, where to an accompaniment of bass viol, flute and violin they learned by heart the tunes in the *Carmina Sacra*. Then all the children attended the academy and made their record there.

Suddenly the friends of the college realized that a crisis in its history had come. The wave of religious excitement which had swept over New England began to abate and the craze for an education in order to enter the ministry subsided. The citizens lost their interest in the students, who began to play pranks about the town, driving the cattle off the common the night after cattle show and capsizing and destroying the old bell tower, so that the bell had to be placed in the tower of the chapel.

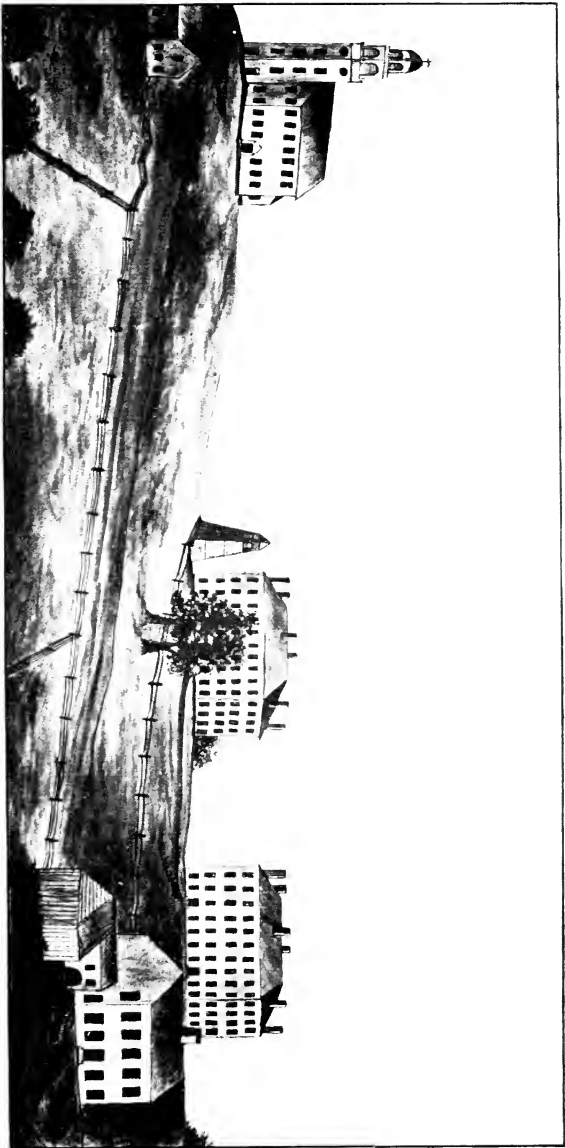
Expenses were higher, and the anti-slavery excitement split

the college into two parties. Without one cent of endowment, and subscriptions exhausted, it seemed that the college must become merely an academy. President Humphrey resigned and the trustees appointed in his place, as the one man equal to the emergency—Professor Edward Hitchcock.

The new president accepted the office with reluctance, as it interfered with his scientific work. He found that trustee and faculty meetings made his head feel as if "bound by a hoop." Finally, by taking a drive with his old sorrel horse, Tobias, every morning and a bowl of arrowroot for breakfast, he found it possible to endure the protracted sessions. The only way he could be the president of Amherst college with comfort was to live on hominy and milk, and he recommended this diet, with total abstinence from intoxicating drink, to all his successors.

President Hitchcock rented his own house to Professor Haven, and moved his family to the president's house, which he considered to be too near the college, where the president could "see too much." Then he made a successful effort to stop the college from running in debt. The professors were Warner, Fiske, Tyler, Snell, and Shepard. After deducting expenses, the income of the college was divided among the faculty. This gave the president \$550 a year and the professors \$450.

After an unsuccessful attempt to secure funds for buildings to be used for scientific purposes, the president declared that he had made up his mind to two things: "To go back to Amherst and labor on for the college as long as he could keep soul and body together, and never to ask anybody for another dollar."



AMHERST COLLEGE AND BELL TOWER

This policy produced wonderful results, and the money that was not asked came in. Josiah B. Woods of Enfield, grandfather of Josiah B. Woods, Amherst, '05, provided means for the Woods cabinet. In this were arranged specimens sent by missionaries, sixteen of whom were graduates of the college. Professor Fiske sent three hundred specimens from Mount Zion just before he died and was buried near the tomb of David.

Justin Perkins, missionary to Persia, secured a collection from the top of Mount Ararat and thereabouts, which for want of cases he sent to Amherst packed in several extra pairs of pantaloons. Lawrence observatory, Appleton cabinet, Nineveh gallery, all were built during President Hitchcock's administration. In three years the college was prospering, and the tide of public opinion had changed. In spite of his hominy and milk and rides with old Tobias, the president found himself in failing health and desired to go back to his former professorship and old home. This the college would not allow, but gave him leave of absence to go to Europe.

This journey was a wonderful experience, and in spite of continual illness was greatly enjoyed. He examined agricultural schools, studied the geology of England, and for his reports presented to the government received nearly enough money to pay the expenses of the trip. When President and Mrs. Hitchcock returned, they were met by a delegation of students at the foot of the hill, who escorted them to the house, where the president of the class made an address of welcome. The town and college buildings were illuminated and joy was manifested on every side.

Time passed swiftly on. A revival in the senior class took place each year. The president, anxious lest this might not continue, urged that the vital doctrines should be preached, and that the desire to excel in piety rather than in scholarship should be encouraged. With strenuous effort he had for twenty years kept the temperance flag flying in the college. He said, "Let those who come after me see to it that it be not torn down and trampled in the dust."

President Hitchcock had not only been active in his efforts for the college, but he had also been a loyal citizen of the town. Town meeting found him ready to preside or vote as the case might be. In the cattle show he was at the head of the procession, at the right of the speaker at the dinner, always ready with a smile and pleasant word and a new scheme to help the world along. His son Edward went with him to cattle shows, and on the expeditions to name the points of interest up and down the valley. Nine mountains have kept the names he gave them, but Toby positively refused to be re-christened Mettawompe.

During these years he was collecting the fossil footmarks which have made his name famous the world over. Many a time the enthusiastic scientist might have been seen driving into town mounted on a load of the stones which contained the mysterious records of creatures which lived in prehistoric ages, and carefully depositing the same, lest any should be injured by careless handling. One stone containing these tracks he placed before his own front door. This same slab may be seen to-day behind the Kingman house.

In 1853 the president donated his collection of "bird tracks"

to the college. The next year, after ten years of service as president, he resigned, and moved with his family back to the old homestead which they had been so loth to leave. The bookcases were placed in the southeast room below, which saved him from climbing the stairs. The octagon was connected with the house as it is seen to-day. After this was done, Deacon Peckham of Westminster painted the picture called "The Return," now in the possession of Dr. Edward Hitchcock. The stage coach, the costume of the returning father, the cap and 'kerchief of the mother, all are true to the fashions of that day.

Inside the parlor window grandmother White peeps out and she too wears a cap. The solemn rabbit in the corner and the stiff quadruped at the master's heels are members of the family whose existence has been forgotten. The blue umbrella with which the president was wont to shield his frail form on a windy day does not appear, but is doubtless somewhere near.

During these last years his sons, Edward and Charles, had been of great assistance to their father, accompanying him on his expeditions in search of footprints and sympathizing with him in his work. Edward, Jr., graduated from college in 1849 and Charles in 1856. In their day candles had been exchanged for whale oil lamps, by the light of which at early dawn they began their daily tasks.

For exercise the students played wicket ball and shinny. The Hitchcock boys seemed to follow in their father's footsteps in their fondness for scientific pursuits. Charles Hitchcock on graduation was appointed lecturer on zoölogy and curator of the museum, and as his father's health declined, acted as his assistant.

In 1861, Edward Hitchcock, Jr., M. D., was elected professor of physical education, and to his skill and tact in dealing with students the college owes its success in a department which almost everywhere else has proved a failure.

President Hitchcock had been connected with the college during its entire existence as a corporate institution, and had heard the recitations of 1520 pupils. Though always in ill health, he had never allowed sickness or absence to prevent him from giving his assigned courses, and the last years of his life were most active and fruitful. Broken down by the loss of his wife, who died in 1863, and having long lectured to his classes from his sick room, that same year he resigned his professorship, and at once commenced to write those "Reminiscences" which have been invaluable to those interested in the history of the college. He died in the old home February 27, 1864, aged seventy-one. A great congregation assembled in old College hall to attend his funeral and follow his body to West cemetery. There a granite stone which marks the spot bears this inscription :

Edward Hitchcock,
Pastor in Conway,
President and Professor in Amherst
College.
A Leader in Science.
A Lover of Man.
A Friend of God.
Ever Illustrating
The Cross in Nature
and
Nature in the Cross.



JUL 1975

WESBY

