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Papers and Proceedings  
OF THE  
CONNECTICUT VALLEY  
Historical Society  
1904-1907

54  
*VOLUME II.*

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.  
PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY  
1912

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*Springfield, Massachusetts*

THE  
CONNECTICUT VALLEY HISTORICAL  
SOCIETY  
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.



## *Prefatory Note*

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THIS volume contains an abstract of the proceedings of the Connecticut Valley Historical Society, beginning with its meeting, December 19, 1903, ending January 15, 1907. It also contains all of the papers read at the meetings of the Society that have been furnished by their authors for publication. Other valuable papers have been read from time to time, as will be seen by reference to the proceedings, which have not come into possession of the Society.

WILLIAM F. ADAMS  
REV. JOHN H. LOCKWOOD  
EDWARD A. HALL  
J. BREWER CORCORAN  
CHARLES H. BARROWS

} *Committee  
of  
Publication.*

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., 1912.



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Officers of the  
Connecticut Valley Historical Society  
1904

---

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*Vice-Presidents*, JOHN WEST, ANDREW J. FLANAGAN,  
J. STUART KIRKHAM.

*Clerk*, HENRY A. BOOTH.

*Corresponding Secretary*, HENRY A. BOOTH.

*Treasurer*, WILLIAM C. STONE.

*Curator*, WILLIAM C. STONE.

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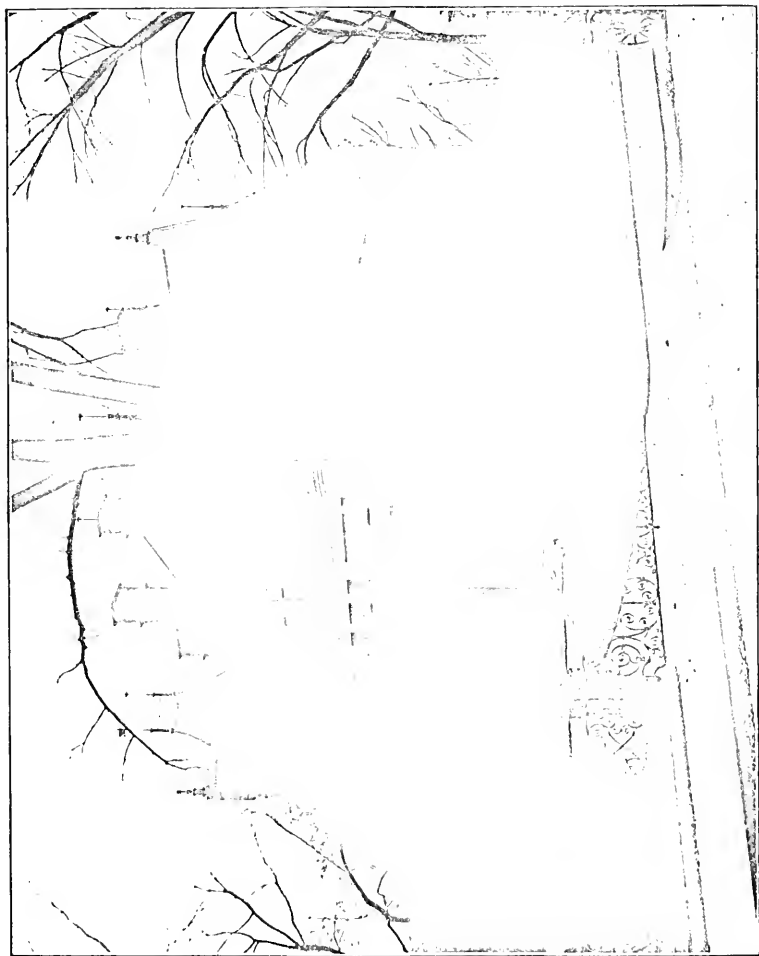


THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS









# Connecticut Valley Historical Society

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*Springfield*  *Massachusetts*

A Maintenance Fund  
*of*  
One Hundred Thousand Dollars  
to be Established by  
Members *and* Friends *of the*  
Society



# Committee

---

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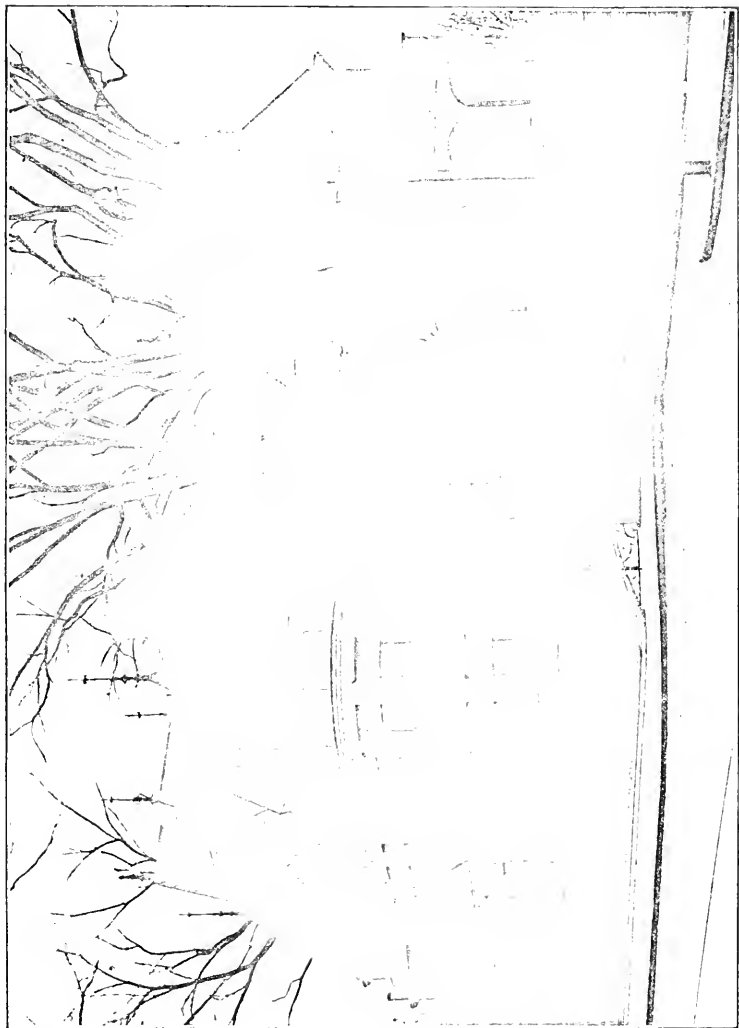
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OSCAR B. IRELAND, *Treasurer*



<i>Springfield Republican</i>	<i>a</i>
<i>Springfield Union</i>	<i>b</i>
<i>Springfield Homestead</i>	<i>c</i>
<i>Springfield Daily News</i>	<i>d</i>









# Wesson \$1,000,000 Gift

TO

The CONNECTICUT VALLEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

MAPLE STREET MANSION OFFERED

---

J. PIERPONT MORGAN CONTRIBUTES \$10,000

---

*Provision That the Society Raise Endowment Fund of \$100,000  
for Maintenance—Finest Home in the Country  
for Such an Organization*

THE imposing residence of the late Daniel B. Wesson at 50 Maple street has been given to the Connecticut Valley Historical Society, according to an announcement made at the meeting of the directors of the association at the Union Trust Company's building yesterday afternoon. The gift is provisional to the raising by the society of a permanent fund of \$100,000, the income of which is to be used for maintenance. J. Pierpont Morgan has already offered to give \$10,000 toward this fund and the gift of the general committee of the 275th anniversary, amounting to \$250, is also available. The committee appointed to raise the fund consists of William F. Adams, president of the society, Edward S. Brewer, Oscar B. Ireland, Charles H. Barrows, Col. John L. Rice, William G. Wheat, James Brewer Corcoran, Clifford B. Potter, H. Curtis Rowley and Col. Stanhope E. Blunt.

According to the president of the society, the building is splendidly adapted for exhibiting the valuable collections that are now in possession of the society, or have been promised as soon as suitable accommodations could be provided. The recent exhibit in connection with the anniversary shows something of the wealth of material available. No changes will

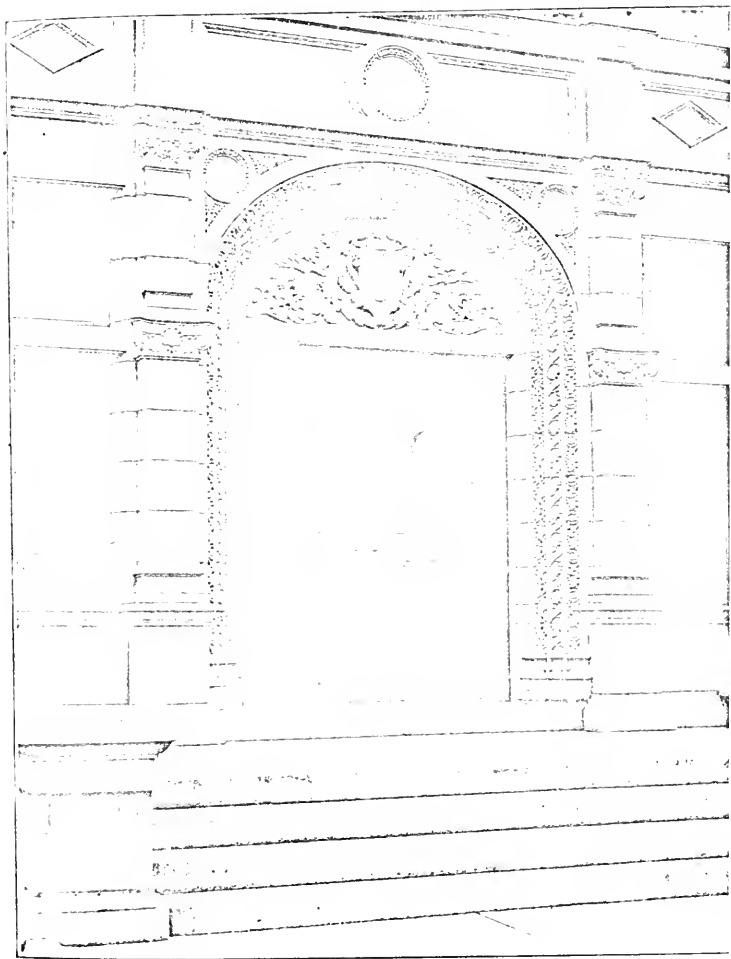


be made in the building as none are needed. With the large number of rooms available the collections can be housed practically by themselves and in places ideally suited for them. This is a source of satisfaction to the Wesson heirs as well as to the society as the permanence of the house in its present form is assured for all time. The building will be by far the most costly owned by a historical society in the country. At Worcester the society there has just completed a new building that cost \$300,000. The Wesson house cost approximately \$1,000,000. The society will have no burden of taxes to meet, as buildings for such purposes come within the exempted list.

The house was built by the late D. B. Wesson, the noted manufacturer of the Smith & Wesson revolver. It is much the most expensive residence in the city and on the finest residential street, yet also so close to the center, the city library and the art museum, that it is very convenient for the purpose to which it is to be put. The building was about 10 years under construction and in every particular was the best that could be secured at any price. Bruce Price of New York was the architect. The material is Milford pink granite, the most durable stone that could be found.

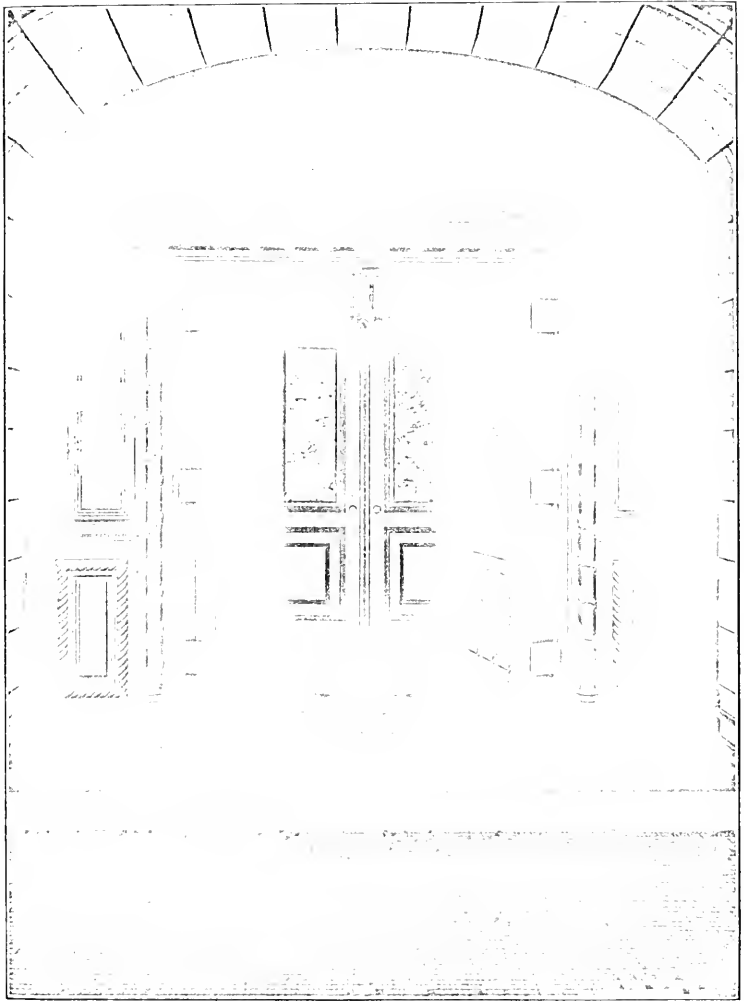
The historical society was organized in 1876 and has a membership now of about 300. J. Pierpont Morgan is one of the life members. It was organized "to procure and preserve whatever may relate to the natural, civil, military, ecclesiastical and genealogical history of the country, and especially of the territory in the Connecticut valley, and also to prepare and preserve correct reports of annals of passing events of importance." The home of the society has been somewhat uncertain for years. At present it is using part of the art museum for some of its collections. It has a vast amount of material, however, that it has never had room to make available to the public. There are scores of people also who have said that they would be glad to contribute if there was a place suitable for their gifts. The society has issued





*Main Doorway*





*Carriage Doorway*





three volumes of "Papers and Proceedings." The first of 325 pages covers the years 1876 to 1881. The second of 309 pages covers the years 1882 to 1893. The third, covering 1894 to 1911, is now in press. It also issued in 1907 "Poets and Poetry of Springfield," and in 1909, "History of Springfield in Massachusetts for the Young," by Charles H. Barrows.

The public gifts of the Wessons to the city now amount to more than \$2,000,000. The Wesson memorial hospital cost \$400,000. The Wesson maternity hospital cost \$200,000. The two have also been endowed in the sum of \$450,000. This latest gift of the costly residence completes the list to date.

#### COSTLY AND MAGNIFICENT INTERIOR

The house, which was built in 1898, is set in spacious grounds and the interior corresponds in magnificence and costliness to the outside. The rooms throughout are high and large and finished with rare and beautiful woods. Mr. Wesson was a lover of beautiful woods and filled his home with rich specimens of native and foreign varieties. Beautiful tapestries and paintings enhance the richness of the rooms and the furniture is made to correspond with the woodwork. The walls above the wainscoting are covered with tapestries, frescoes or figured satin and there are lovely marble mantles and beautifully colored hangings. The floors are of quartered oak, with the exception of the salon, which has a floor of white mahogany.

The house is built in the style of Louis XIV. Passing through the massive outer door and through the vestibule flanked with silver lamps, one enters a large hall, 20 by 30 feet. This hall is floored, wainscoted and ceiled with oak, except for small spaces near the ceiling, where tapestries are hung. A great fireplace with a mantel of Verde antique marble is on the right, and a heavy carved mirror hangs at the left. From the main hall extend side halls ornamented with carved oak

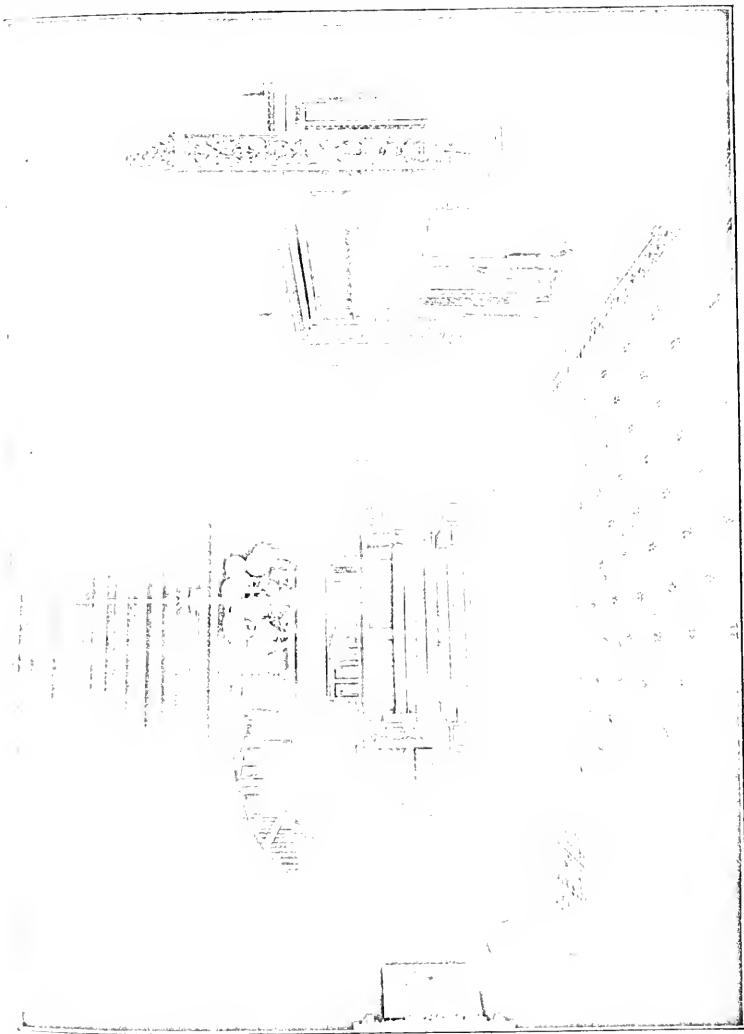


wainscotings and tapestry like the main hall. At the north of the hall is the reception room, finished in Greek style and wainscoted in satinwood. The walls are covered with green satin and the mantel is of rose aurora marble with an overmantel of satinwood. At the south of the main hall is the salon, finished in the style of Louis XV, with panels of white enameled cherry ornamented with gilt, and a floor of white mahogany. The ceiling is decorated with a beautiful figure painting by the artist Tojetti of New York, and there is a mantel of rose aurora marble. The salon and reception rooms are the same size, 19 by 22 feet, and each has a tower 15 feet in diameter at the corner farthest from the hall.

The large library, done in colonial style, is at the southwest corner of the first floor. The high wainscotings here are of oak and tapestry, and the north wall is covered with oak bookcases. The mantel is of Sienna marble and the ceiling is decorated with paintings and supported by oak beams. The dining-room leads out of a side hall at the right of the main staircase and is one of the richest rooms on the floor. It is finished in San Domingo mahogany and has a wainscoting of red wood about eight feet high, with the beautiful grain of the wood showing in long, smooth panels. A sideboard is built into the wall at the north end of the room and on the east side is a handsome table. The mantel, of mahogany and Verde antique marble, stands at the south side of the room. The predominating colors in the tapestry and hangings is green and this color is also brought out in the painting on the ceiling. The L-shaped butler's pantry is north of the dining-room and north of this is a large kitchen with coal and gas ranges, the former having a huge hood of glazed brick supported by iron beams in the ceiling. The storeroom and a pantry with a refrigerator built into the wall are east of the kitchen.

The beautiful staircase which leads from the head of the main hall has balustrades of heavy carving, and ascends







with several landings to the second floor. The staircase is surrounded with windows of art glass, and is arched with a skylight of the same on the third floor. On the second floor there are six spacious sleeping-rooms and four bathrooms, besides the upper hall. All the rooms are wainscoted, and the furniture of each room matches the woodwork of the room. Some of the most lovely woods in the house are to be seen on this floor. The hall is done in oak, and the north room is in Circassian walnut, a dark wood with a rich grain something like our black walnut. Above the wainscot the wall is covered here with golden bronze satin. The mantel is of Japanese marble. The west chamber is in bird's-eye maple, the door panels being especially handsome. The mantel is of pink Italian marble, and the walls are done in blue satin.

There are two chambers on the east side, one finished in white mahogany and old rose satin with a mantel of pink Sienna marble and the other finished in Circassian walnut with red satin and a Verde antique mantel. The room at the southeast corner is done in satinwood with green satin for a wall covering and a mantel of Mexican onyx. The room at the southwest corner contains one of the richest displays of rare wood in the house. It is finished in East Indian mahogany, a lovely wood with a pronounced grain and a varied color. The walls and hangings are of gold-colored satin and the mantel is of Sienna marble. The largest bathroom on the floor is situated between the two last-mentioned rooms. It is 12 feet by 12 and, like the others, is floored with mosaic and wainscoted with Sienna marble. The woodwork is of satinwood and the fittings are of silver.

The rooms on the third floor comprise six sleeping-rooms, a bathroom, a sitting-room, a storeroom and a linen closet, 13 feet square. The wainscoting here is of quartered oak and the rooms are larger than those in an ordinary house. Above the third floor hall, which is large, there is a garret which has been finished. The great basement of the house contains a

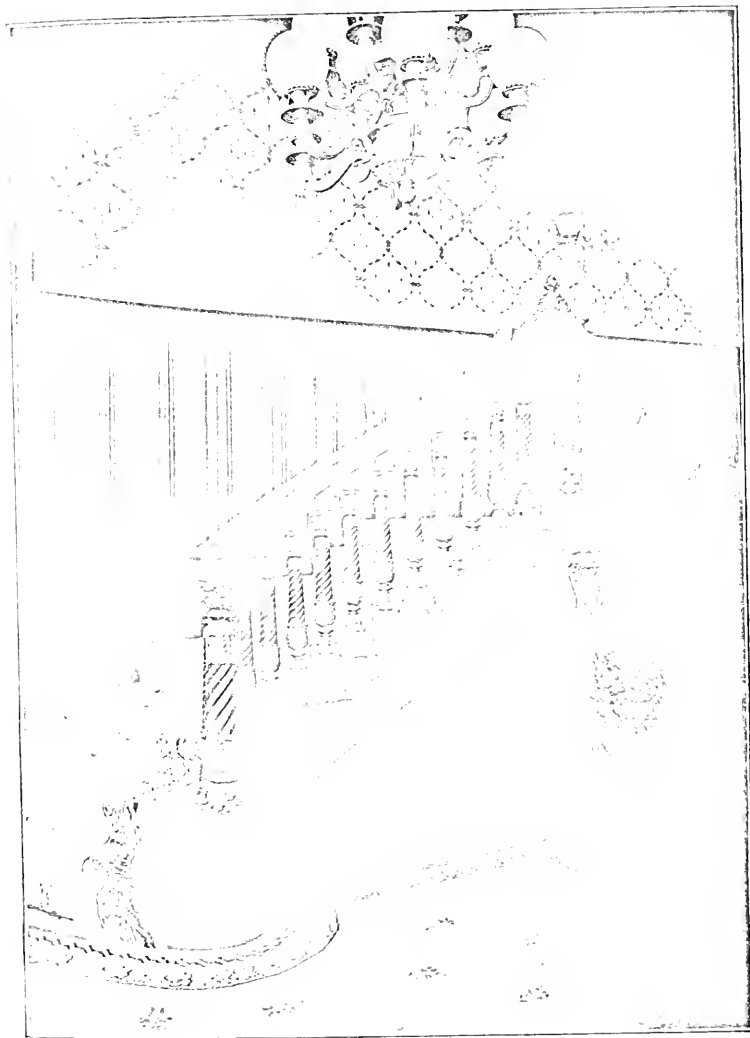




laundry, servants' bathroom and a vegetable closet of Mr. Wesson's own devising, in which the temperature is regulated by thermostat. The house is furnished with every modern convenience. It is heated with hot water from a furnace in the stables and fresh air is supplied from a large duct running down the front of the house, passing 11 feet under the basement floor and connecting with air shafts for the radiators, which are in the walls of the house except in the third floor, where they are inclosed in oak panels. The house is lighted with both gas and electricity and there are 30 buttons on the switchboard in the main hall which controls the system. There is a hydraulic elevator running from the basement to the third floor to complete the equipment.







*Third Landing, Main Hall.*



## ANOTHER WESSON BENEVOLENCE

---

The gift of the Wesson mansion in Maple street to the Connecticut Valley Historical Society, announcement of which was made yesterday by President W. F. Adams of the society, adds one more to the long list of benevolences to be credited to the estate of the late Daniel B. Wesson. This gift is from the surviving children of Mr. Wesson, the direct heirs to this property, and is in keeping with the philanthropic provisions made by their father before his death and in his will. The mansion, a very palace in design and construction, costing a round million dollars, with its spacious grounds, an acre in extent, is ideally adapted to the purposes of an historical library and museum in which may be preserved the priceless records and relics of the early history of the Connecticut valley and the no less important historical data of later periods.

b It is a gift not only to the society, but to the entire population of the valley, and its value will be more and more realized with the lapse of years. The society is requested to raise \$100,000 for the maintenance of the property, and has already received from J. Pierpont Morgan a contribution of \$10,000 toward this fund. Mr. Morgan, whose ancestors were among the early settlers in the Connecticut valley, is a member of the society, and has manifested a keen interest in its object and work. The task of raising the remaining \$90,000 ought not to be difficult. Indeed, the public spirit which inspired the gift of this \$1,000,000 estate to so worthy a cause ought to be reflected in an immediate and generous response to the society's appeal for contributions to the maintenance fund.

Springfield will be especially proud of this new addition to its public institutions, and with Springfield the cities and towns of the Connecticut valley will unite in a feeling of gratitude to the Wesson heirs for this munificent benefaction.



## BUILDING BETTER THAN HE KNEW

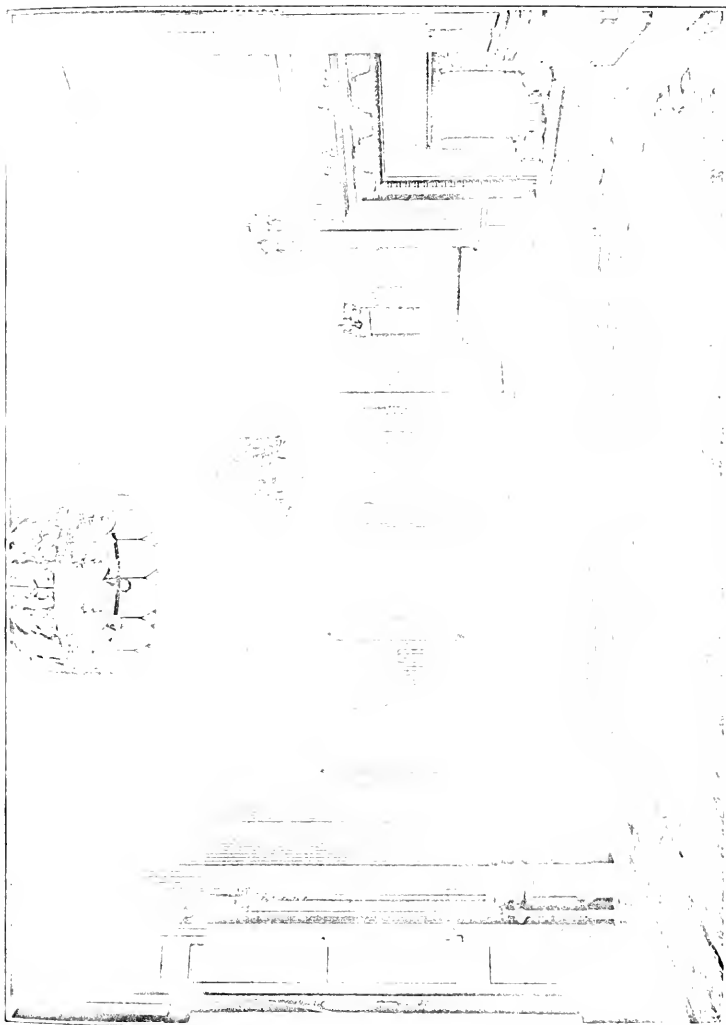
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The good fortune of the Connecticut Valley Historical Society in receiving the gift of the magnificent Wesson house is generally pleasing. It is recognized as a peculiarly suitable disposition of an edifice which stands in a peculiar relation to the recent history of the city and which is peculiarly adapted to the purposes for which the historical society designs it. The general approval of the gift should leave no question as to the carrying out of the conditions or the understanding which is that the society raise a fund of \$100,000 for maintenance and care. The object is recognized as being so worthy of support that it is doubtful if a strong appeal has to be made to the public spirited people of the city and vicinity who are interested in the good work of the historical society and in its possibilities.

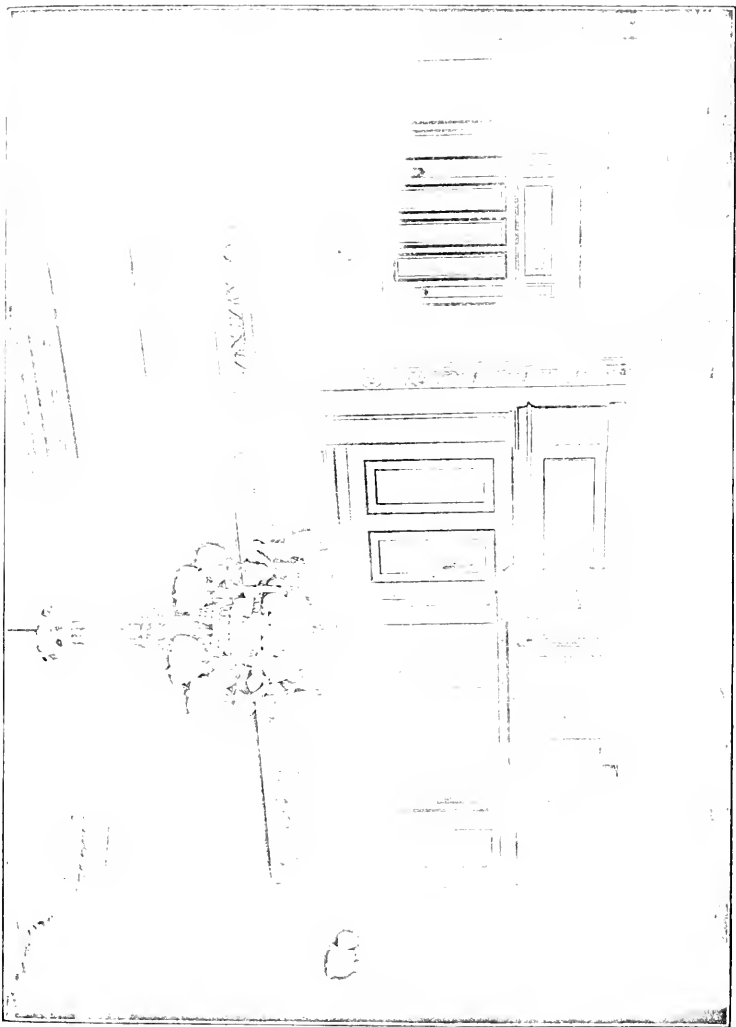
This disposition of the Wesson house is also a rather impressive example of the unexpected manner in which things often work out even in the brief history of a generation or two. The shrewdest and wisest men never know as they are planning and studying what is to be the ultimate development of that to which they are giving so much of their time and study. We may imagine that to the construction of this splendid dwelling the late Mr. Wesson gave much of the strong mental powers and of the keen business ability for which he was noted. We can fancy how the project grew in his mind, how carefully the details were worked out, and how at every step the plans were made with the consciousness that it was a home making. It was the working out of one of the most elevating of ambitions and a man puts much of his personality and of his feelings into a house which he is building for his home. In many ways it is often the most intelligible index to his character and to his nature.











*Dining Room*



In the building few men stop to think of what is to ultimately become of the work in which they are engaged, but, even if there is a dream or a vision or an ambition, its uncertainties can not fail to be impressive. The purpose of even the greatest minds do not reach clearly beyond the grave. There is no telling how the ideas of one generation may adapt themselves to the conditions of another.

It is thus that sometimes men build better than they know at the time. Whether there is a Providence that works in the affairs of men or not it is a fact often noted that the results of individual endeavor are vastly greater than could be imagined and very much different. It is hardly possible that the late Mr. Wesson could have dreamed as he planned and carried to completion his beautiful residence that he was really providing a future home for the historical society. He knew that he was at least building well, and there is the lesson for the men of any generation. Good work is never lost. On the other hand, the results of it are always better than can be realized by him who works.





# Wesson Home is Bestowed

\$1,000,000

MANSION ON MAPLE STREET GIVEN TO  
CONNECTICUT VALLEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

---

MORGAN GIVES \$10,000

---

*Only Condition Is That Organization Shall Raise  
\$100,000 for Maintenance*

d AT a meeting of the directors of the Connecticut Valley Historical Society held in the Union Trust Company building yesterday afternoon, W. F. Adams, president, announced the gift to the society by the heirs of the late Daniel B. Wesson of the residence, 50 Maple street. The property was the home of Mr. Wesson, the inventor and manufacturer of the Smith & Wesson pistol, and was his home at the time of his decease. It is located on Maple street, the finest residence street in this city, and at the same time it is near the business center. The lot includes about one acre of ground. The building was about 10 years in process of construction and was built by day work. The architect was Bruce Price of New York City. The material is Milford pink granite—the best that could be secured. The workmanship throughout the construction was as perfect as could be maintained. The building when finished and furnished and as now offered as a gift to the society cost the sum of about \$1,000,000. The only request made by the heirs is that the society raise the sum of \$100,000, the income to be used to maintain the property or estate intact and place beyond question the ability of the society to care for it. A gift of \$10,000 already toward this fund has been made by J. Pierpont Morgan of New York City, a member of the society.







*Door, Southwest Chamber*



The society was organized in 1876. It has a membership of about 300. The objects of the society are to procure and preserve whatever may relate to the natural, civil, military, ecclesiastical and genealogical history of the country, and especially of the territory in the Connecticut valley, and also to prepare and preserve correct reports of annals of passing events of importance.

The gifts of the late D. B. Wesson to the city are as follows: Wesson Memorial Hospital, which cost \$400,000; Wesson Maternity Hospital, which cost \$200,000; both endowed for \$450,000.

The sons of Mr. Wesson, Walter H. Wesson and Joseph H. Wesson, have beautiful homes which were built before the decease of D. B. Wesson and the residence is not desired by either of them. Mrs. Bull, the daughter, has recently built a home which is much more to her liking, so that the princely gift is made to the Connecticut Valley Historical Society, the requirement being only a fund of \$100,000 to secure the perfect maintenance of the property.

The Messrs. Wesson have been great benefactors to the city of Springfield and, including the present proposition, their gifts will mount into the millions.

The home of the Connecticut Valley Historical Society has been rather uncertain for a number of years and the society has used by sufferance, as it were, a part of the Art Museum building, which contains the magnificent George Walter Vincent Smith art collection.

The plan is particularly pleasing to the heirs of Mr. Wesson, as several propositions have been made for the final disposition of the property, and, when this plan is completed, it will assure to Springfield for an indefinite time, one of the most beautiful buildings in Springfield, if not in all New England, and will provide a home for the Connecticut Valley Historical Society, not equaled in this country. There will be no changes made, and none will be necessary.



PAPERS AND PROCEEDINGS



# Papers and Proceedings

QUARTERLY MEETING

DECEMBER 19, 1903

Paper read by JUDGE A. M. COPELAND

Address delivered to the gentlemen of Hampshire, Franklin and Hampden Bars by the HON. GEORGE BLISS of Springfield.

## Address by Hon. Geo. Bliss

**T**HE influence which the interpreters of law, advocates by profession, have had upon society has always been great. This has been the case in the old world as well as in the new, in ancient as well as modern times. In every civilized nation the relations which attorneys and counsellors sustain to the community are important. In no country can this class of men be likely to produce more effect than in our own. Lawyers will of course be selected for judges. Upon them, therefore, must depend life, liberty and property. A considerable portion of them also will be legislators and though at times, great clamors have been raised against having so many of them in our federal and state legislatures, yet it will ordinarily be true either that the laws will be made or at least draughted by professional men or they will be incorrect. But besides this there is a more important, because more general, everyday influence which persons of this profession in the performance of their ordinary duties exert upon society at large. For whatever some visionaries may have imagined, there will, in all tolerably free governments, be a class of agents taking the place of advocates. Fortunate is it for society that it is so, for in this way contending parties are





more nearly on a level. The difference between advocates will not generally be so great as between the parties themselves.

Such being the influence exerted on society, the desire of knowing what part our predecessors have acted, is both a natural and an interesting one. It is to be regretted that the laudable desire of knowing more of those to whose places you have succeeded, which is the occasion of this address, cannot be more extensively gratified. Such a history of the Hampshire bar as I am able to give, will now be laid before you. In gathering up fragments and putting them together, partly from personal knowledge, partly from the information of others and partly from periodical publications and records, I have no doubt there will be facts and circumstances either omitted or introduced which might materially vary the statement.

This history will naturally divide itself into four periods. The first extending from the earliest settlement in the county in 1636 to First 55 yrs. the year 1691 when the Province charter was Second 52 yrs. given. The second from 1691 to 1743. The Third 31 yrs. third embracing only a short term of about Fourth 52 yrs. thirty years till the commencement of the Revolution in 1774, and the fourth extending from 190 yrs. that to the present time, making in the whole about 190 years. This division is made not so much from regard to any great political changes as because at these epochs important changes took place in the bar and in their practice.

#### FIRST PERIOD, 1636-1691

The first settlers of this colony were by no means destitute either of talents or literary acquirements. Some of them were distinguished in our profession. The first Governor Winthrop was a lawyer and the son of a lawyer. His grandfather also had been an eminent counsellor. His posterity in Massachusetts and Connecticut were very much distinguished. Governor Bellingham and many others were also lawyers. But, the spirit of the times in which they lived, the special object of their emigration and the business in which they were incessantly engaged, after they came here, would, of course, prevent the first settlers from devoting much attention to the forms of legal proceedings. The practice of law in England as exhibited especially in some of its departments, in the time of James the First, or the first Charles, had no charms to



recommend it to the Puritans in general or to the emigrants to this country in particular.

An extensive examination of the earliest records of Plymouth and Massachusetts colonies induces me to believe that our ancestors were not so ignorant of the principles, upon which justice had been administered in the mother country, as some have asserted. But it has also satisfied me that they were either in a great degree ignorant of the *forms of proceeding* or considered them of no importance. In our first period but very little can be said either of the reputation of the lawyers or of their practice. The first settlement within the limits of the old county of Hampshire, was made in May, 1636, at Springfield, then called Agwaam or Agawam, though a house had been built the year before. William Pynchon, Esq., one of the original patentees under the Massachusetts charter, a man of respectable talents and acquirements, with his son, John Pynchon, and his son-in-law, Henry Smith, with some others removed that year from Roxbury and formed this settlement. The father with his son-in-law returned to England in 1652, but John Pynchon, the son, remained. He was an assistant, an active magistrate, and a renowned warrior. For several years the administration of justice was vested in William Pynchon, at first under the original provision and general authority given him and others by Massachusetts when license was granted to emigrate to Connecticut river and form settlements there; afterwards by the consent of the people themselves; and again by a special appointment from the General Court of Massachusetts. When he went to England in 1652, authority was given by the General Court to certain commissioners, to hold courts and to have a jury of six men, if no more could be had. This reserved a right of appeal to the court of assistants in Boston in matters of weight and difficulty.

After Northampton was settled, commissioners were appointed, who were directed to hold courts alternately at Springfield and Northampton; but instead of appealing to the court of assistants the appeal was to be made to the county court holden at Boston. The records of the Pynchons, father and son, are preserved, and they are probably the only memorials in existence in this part of the state of the early administration of justice. I have examined them. They show that the forms of law were not always greatly regarded. They evidently undertook to act as chancellors as well as judges,



and in some instances as arbitrators. I have in my possession some of their forms, but there is no time to read them now. It appears that trials were generally by a jury under oath; and that processes were issued in his majesty's name as early as 1640. Some have supposed this form was not used so early. After the establishment of the county of Hampshire, in 1662, county courts were holden alternately at Springfield and Northampton. But the court of assistants, which was holden only at Boston, had appellate jurisdiction in civil causes over an original jurisdiction in all criminal cases which extended to life, member or banishment.

This county then contained all the western part of Massachusetts, extending eastward as far as the east line of Brookfield. The towns of Somers, Enfield and Suffield, which were very early settlements, now in Connecticut, were also then a part of it. The county limits were lessened in 1731 by the incorporation of the county of Worcester and again in 1749 by the secession of the three towns last mentioned and in 1761 still more by Berkshire becoming a separate county. But the Superior Courts as well for Berkshire as Hampshire were holden at Springfield till 1771, and at Springfield and Northampton from that time till after the Revolution. While all the Superior Courts under the colonial government were holden at Boston there were but very small inducements to persons residing in this county to devote much time to legal study. A journey to the Bay, as it was termed, was an arduous undertaking. So far as the records give the history of the proceedings in the county courts, the practice appears to be open to the remarks made by Stearns, Sullivan and others, in the central part of the colony. The forms are incorrect and indeed such might well be presumed to be the case from the state of the country. But an ordinance of the General Court made in 1663 not only shows what the rank of the profession was, but it had an evident tendency to keep it down and to degrade it lower. By this it was provided that no person who is an usual and common attorney in any *inferior* court should be admitted to sit as a deputy in that court. This regulation remained in force as long as the charter continued. There were, it ought to be recollected, some duties to be performed by the members of the General Court which might have induced this regulation. They were to try cases in the last resort between party and party, and might be called upon to decide in cases of life and death. The



deputies took a very solemn oath as judges as well as legislators. But the effect upon the respectability of the profession in those parts of the country, when all the courts were of the description that common attorneys were excluded from them, cannot be doubted.

Under the colony laws, I have not been able to find any special authority to the courts to regulate the admission of attorneys, or their practice. But between the time when judgment was given upon the Quo Warranto in the year 1684 and before the grant of the Province Charter, it seems that some regulations were made on this subject, which are not published, for I find on the records of the courts that at the County Court or Court of Pleas in September, 1686, holden under authority of the president and council the following entry was made: "John King of Northampton, Samuel Marshfield and Jonathan Burt, Sen. of Springfield were allowed by this Court to be attorneys for this County's Courts and they took the oath of attorneys for the faithful performance of their office." This is the earliest record of a regular formal admission which I have found. June 18, 1684. Judgment on Quo War. Province Charter Oct. 17, 1691.

By a law passed in 1641 they were authorized to tax the whole cost of the suit to the party whom they found delinquent. What regulations, if any, were made in regard to attorneys, I have not been able to find. It is clear, however, that there was early such an order of men. This the above law of 1663 plainly implies. I find by the General Court records that in 1649 an order passed that all plaintiffs or their attorneys in civil actions should draw up a declaration in a *fair and legible hand* (a rule which courts and clerks in after times would be glad to have observed) and deliver the same to the recorder or clerk three days, at least, before the same court, whereby the defendant might have time to put in his answer also and summon witnesses, etc., and by a clause in the law regulating jury trials made in 1672, it was provided in the quaint language of the times, that "if any plaintiff he or shee have entered an action and do not by him or her self or by their *attornies* make their appearance, etc., after they have been three times called, they shall be nonsuited." I find some names mentioned as attorneys in the County Court but know nothing of their characters or acquirements.

There is a difficulty in finding and examining the ancient records and processes in this county, which it may be as proper for you





perhaps as for any other body to take measures to remedy. The records before 1728, and the writs and files I believe to a later period, are not in the clerk's office. Some of them are in the probate office, as the County Court was the Court of Probate; but I believe some of them have remained with the former clerks. I shall be excused for making the suggestion if it has no good effect.

I have now given all that I have learned of the practice till the Province Charter was granted in 1696. There is one regulation respecting the taxation of costs giving courts, when a party has been grossly in fault, a power to compel him to pay all the expenses. This is more equitable than the present regulation, when a party, however meritorious, can receive, either when his dues are withheld, or he is compelled to defend against an unjust claim, but a pitiful sum towards remunerating him. It may be well that no litigant should be fully indemnified but in many instances our law of rates is a denial of right.

#### SECOND PERIOD, 1691-1743

After the new charter went into operation during our second period we are not quite so much in the dark, for a portion of it, indeed, the records are defective, but it is very certain that the practice of the law in this county, and probably through the Province, very greatly improved. Courts of Common Pleas were substituted for the County Courts and by a law of 1692 they were authorized to establish necessary rules and regulations for the more orderly practicing in said courts. Superior Courts were at the same time substituted for the court of assistants. At first no time was fixed for holding the Superior Courts in Hampshire, but it was left to the governor and council to fix as occasion should require, but in 1699 a Superior Court was ordered to be holden at Springfield, which continued till the year 1771, when one was directed to be holden at Northampton. In the year 1701 the attorney's oath in the form now used was prescribed. I have not been able to ascertain that the Courts of Common Pleas during this second period, under the authority given them, made any regulations for practice in that court except those which regarded attorneys who lived out of the province, practicing in our courts. In the year 1727 they laid some restraint upon them and regulated the costs they should tax. For as the trade of the county was down the river, it was very



common for attorneys from Hartford and Windsor in Connecticut to appear in our courts to collect debts for their clients and they were permitted to take either travel or attorney's fees, but were not allowed both.

In the former part of this period the names of John Huggins and Christopher Jacob Lawton of Springfield, Samuel Partridge of Hadley and Timothy Dwight of Northampton, are frequently found on our records; and in the latter part of it William Pynchon, Josiah Dwight and Cornelius Jones of Springfield, Joseph Dwight of Brookfield and Oliver Partridge of Hatfield. Some of these were men who had extensive public confidence. Huggins was long an attorney in this county. He removed to lower Housatonuck, now Sheffield, and there continued in practice and was succeeded by his son. Some specimens I have seen of his declarations made in 1728 in actions on notes, were as correct as many that are now used. He died in 1732.

In actions for the recovery of possession of land about that time there are many declarations, some of them on mortgages. The actions are styled trespass and ejection and when on mortgage the deed is declared on in the form of the English ejection declaring on the mortgage deed instead of a demise. The plea of the defendant is informal, that he ought not to be ejected, because he has a right to hold the demanded premises, and this he is ready to verify and prays it may be enquired of by the county. The issue does not appear by the record to have been joined. Actions of debt were frequently brought during the first and second period of our history. Debt was brought on notes as well as on book accounts and a profert made of the note or book. This was general through the government and was in conformity with the Connecticut practice. To this the general issue of nil debit was pleaded. But in the precedents of Huggins before alluded to, the declaration is in case, in the form now used.

Of most of the other persons named I am unable to gain any information. The three Dwights mentioned were afterwards judges of the Court of Common Pleas and all at the same time. Timothy Dwight, before he was a judge, was many years an attorney and counsellor at Northampton, of reputable standing. Though suits were very much multiplied, yet it is recorded by Mr. Dwight, to the honor of Northampton, that during the eighteen years he was in full practice, no inhabitant of that town was sued.



It is very evident that much more attention was paid to the forms of proceeding than had been before given, from the fact that the records abound with pleas in abatement. Almost every litigated case commenced with such a plea, some of which were successful, and others were overruled. Justice was frequently entangled in the net of forms. The maxim was, *Qui cadit in litera, cadit in causa*. Cornelius Jones was a famous champion in this war. I presume that he began practice without having had any advantage for acquiring a knowledge of the profession. It has been said he was at first a mechanic. He had been in full practice more than twenty years when he was formally admitted as an attorney. He continued to do considerable business till several years after his admission. I have frequently heard it alleged that when employed for defendant he was accustomed to make his entries on his docket under each case in the following manner: 1 abate 2 demur 3 continue 4 appeal and sometimes 5 plead to the action. Some eminent lawyers have thought that a more strict practice than has been of late adopted would prevent lax and slovenly pleading and would introduce a wholesome severity. But aside from the unpleasant feelings which would arise, it ought to be considered that the most careful man may sometimes make a mistake which might, in its consequences, produce the ruin either of counsel or client. So that it would be very improper to revive the old practice. Liberality, however, ought not to degenerate into licentiousness. *In medio tutissime ibis*. From these considerations it is evident that one part of special pleading, that in relation to abatement was, in those times better understood than it now is.

What means of information on legal subjects were enjoyed in the county during the first half of the last century, I have not been able to ascertain. I cannot learn that there were many law books, nor if there were, what became of them. There are in the county but a very few and those not important, which appear to have been owned by them.

### THIRD PERIOD, 1743-1774

Before the year 1743 practice must have been in many respects incorrect and knowledge of legal principles imperfect, but from that time both were very much improved. This ought to be at-



tributed principally to three men, Phineas Lyman of Suffield, John Worthington of Springfield and Joseph Hawley of Northampton.

Of the first, as his connection with this county did not long continue, I shall say now what I have to observe. The others remained members of this bar through the third period. General Lyman was born in 1716 at Durham in Connecticut, was a graduate of Yale College in 1738, was three years a tutor there and left that office in 1742. After having studied law, as I presume at New Haven, he came to Suffield, then in this county, and commenced practice in the year 1743. His business soon became extensive. He was a distinguished advocate and afterwards an able politician and renowned military officer. He has found an eloquent biographer in D. Dwight, who in his travels has feelingly portrayed his sufferings and misfortunes, and I have frequently heard him spoken of by others who were contemporary with him, as an able lawyer. President Dwight attributes to him in a good degree the plan of separating Suffield and the other towns from Massachusetts and uniting them with Connecticut. If this be true, and he was likely to know how it was, a surmise may be made that he was not pleased with the growing fame of Worthington, and was apprehensive that they could not move harmoniously in the same orbit, and therefore took measures, in which he finally succeeded, to induce those towns to revolt from Massachusetts; by which she was deprived of a jurisdiction, to which she was most equitably, as well as legally, entitled. General Lyman, no longer belonging to this county, probably withdrew from practice here. He was, indeed, afterwards principally engaged in public business; and not many years after undertook a most unfortunate settlement on the Mississippi.

Colonel Worthington commenced practice in 1744 and Major Hawley some years later, probably in 1749.

From the time that Worthington and Hawley flourished, the practice has not very essentially changed. Precedents which can be ascertained to have had their sanction might be safely followed unless statutes have made some alteration. Contemporary with them in the early part of their practice were Charles Phelps of Hadley and Oliver Partridge of Hatfield and Cornelius Jones, who continued in practice till about 1765, when he died. I believe Colonel Partridge had an appointment and left practice early in life.





I have made a list of the attorneys practising at this bar in the year 1774, when the courts were stopped, having arranged them according to seniority as far as I have been able to ascertain and have added the places of their residence.

JOHN WORTHINGTON, Springfield	DANIEL HITCHCOCK, Northampton, 1771
JOSEPH HAWLEY, Northampton	CALEB STRONG, Northampton
CHARLES PHELPS, Hadley	THEODORE SEDGWICK, Sheffield
MOSES BLISS, Springfield	WOODBIDGE LITTLE, Pittsfield
SIMEON STRONG, Amherst	JOHN CHESTER WILLIAMS, Hadley
THOMAS WILLIAMS, Stockbridge	JUSTIN ELY, West Springfield
TIMOTHY DANIELSON, Brimfield	WILLIAM BILLINGS, Sunderland
MARK HOPKINS, Great Barrington	SAMUEL FOWLER, Westfield
JOHN PHELPS, Westfield	SAMUEL BARNARD, Deerfield
JONATHAN BLISS, Springfield	SAMUEL FIELD, Deerfield
ELISHA PORTER, Hadley	DAVID NOBLE, Williamstown

Making twenty-two in all. I believe, however, three of these did not practice in this county, Charles Phelps, T. Williams and T. Danielson, to any extent.

It may be noticed that four of those in the above list, resided in the county of Berkshire; but as that territory was then part of this county for a considerable time and the Superior Courts were all holden here and the attorneys practiced together indiscriminately in each, I have thought it proper to notice them here. As I have already observed, when Worthington and Hawley came to the bar, the practice was extremely contracted. It continued so in some degree for a considerable time, but gradually became more liberal. While Worthington and Hawley were at the head of the profession in this county, the bar adopted a number of rules of practice and among others the important one requiring three years' study before admission to practice. From the first institution of courts there seems to have been no rule, no settled uniform practice on this subject, till this rule was adopted a short time before the revolution. I believe a year was all that had been required and probably many were admitted after studying for a much less period. These regulations originated with the Essex bar. That county has long stood among the foremost in improvement in the knowledge and practice of law. I have seen the original propositions from that county to this bar which were adopted here. I have heard some of those who were then in full practice say, that they at first doubted whether the term of clerkship was not too long, but after practicing upon the rule, they became fully satisfied with it.



One of the Essex bar, contemporary with Worthington and Hawley, William Pynchon, Esq., of Salem, I personally knew. I have tried to claim him for Hampshire, but find that, though a native of this county, he neither studied nor practiced here. I believe he stood high, even at that bar, as an eminent lawyer and was peculiarly skilled in the science of special pleading. His learning was not, however, confined to Rastell, Coke and the year books. He was a complete scholar, and an accomplished gentleman. His colloquial powers were very superior, as I had frequent opportunity to hear during his visits to his native place. He went to Salem in 1745 and read law and died about 1790. If he was a fair specimen of the Essex bar, we need not wonder if we find Lowell, Parsons and many others, some of whom still survive, emanating from that county. I have frequently heard it observed that Pynchon did much to give the bar of Essex its high standing. These observations will not be understood as depreciating the practice in Suffolk or other counties. I have stated that there were rules of the bar, but none of the courts. These seem to have been sometimes confounded, though there is an obvious distinction. The rules of the bar are the voluntary agreement of the attorneys practicing in a court as to their code of practice, depending for their validity on individual agreement. The rules of court are imperative upon all who do business in it. An illustration of this difference may be given in a case respecting the right of attorneys to appear without producing warrant of attorney from their clients. The Superior Court of the United States seems to suppose this to be a general rule of courts in favor of their own attorneys. This may be so now, but I well recollect the time when it was not the case in Massachusetts. In all cases a power of attorney was to be produced and a very short concise form was devised and adopted, specimens of which I have. To obviate the necessity for this power, the bar in this county adopted a rule not to claim proof of it from brother attorneys in regular standing. It, however, not infrequently happened that questions were made to the court, and they always decided the case upon common law principles, and required the proof, if insisted upon, giving time, however, to produce it, if no previous notice had been given of the exception. Many points in our practice might be traced to this general rule of the court, though in process of time the rule was seldom if ever enforced, and doubts are entertained whether it was ever part of our system.



During the period of thirty years previous to 1774 counsel of eminence attended the Superior Court on the circuit from Boston. Gridley was frequently here.

The appearance of the Superior Court of that day was calculated to fill the mind with respect. It came into the county but once a year till the year 1771 and was ushered into it by the sheriff with his posse. When on the bench, their robes and wigs added to the majesty of their appearance.

I saw them when a boy for the last time and after making great allowance for the effect upon a child, I am sure no earthly tribunal or body of men could inspire greater reverence than they did on my mind. I must believe there was much in their appearance and deportment well adapted to command veneration and respect. The lawyers were obliged to dress in black. The barristers all wore black gowns in court. To me it has always been a subject of regret that no peculiar costume has been retained or adopted by the bench or the bar. It appeared to me out of character to see as I once did a chief justice of the United States, who really was very respectable and would appear so everywhere, dressed while on the bench in a plain dress or russet mixed suit. I know that such men as Chief Justice Jay and Parsons will extort and always command respect and veneration. But that is rather in despite of any irregularity in dress; and it does not follow that, even in them, attention to it might not have insured more. Certainly exceptions in their favor furnish no general rules. I know that a person destitute of talents, clothe him as you will, must appear contemptible, but still I believe that as long as flesh and blood compose so large a part of human nature, the senses cannot fail to influence the opinion of every individual and especially of the great mass of the community, in the judgments they form of others.

After Worthington and Hawley came to the bar, they were commonly employed in all important trials. Associated with them, though much their juniors, were Simeon Strong, Moses Bliss and Jonathan Bliss, and in the latter part of their practice Mark Hopkins, Theodore Sedgwick and Caleb Strong. The northern section of the county comprising the present county of Franklin, was more recently settled than the southern and middle ones. Many of the present towns were entirely unsettled. For a short time before the Revolution, Ashley and Barnard were at Deerfield, Billings and



Field at Conway. Daniel Jones of Hinsdale generally attended our courts. I believe there were attorneys in the present county of Hampshire only in Northampton, Amherst and Hadley; and in the county of Hampden there were none except in what was then Springfield and Westfield. Timothy Danielson, however, was in the profession at Brimfield, but gradually relinquished it for trade. The practice in pleading was, in this period, very much the same as it is now. In real actions, so far as I have been able to discover, precedents were generally as correct as they have ever been since. A precedent I have where entry in the son was brought on disseisin done to the ancestor, where the judgment is deduced and title stated in a correct manner and the plea and judgment are in good form. I have examined the proceedings in many common recoveries which appear to be in all respects correct. Probably in these cases the business was done by those who had more than ordinary skill, but in proportion to its numbers this bar has, at no period, had more men of superior legal ability than those immediately preceding the Revolution.

Perhaps I ought not, with so little knowledge as I have, to speak of Worthington and Hawley, never having known anything of them at the bar. But their great eminence may excuse the attempt to gather some portions of their history. Of the former, I know much more than of the latter, for with the former as far as my junior standing would permit, I was many years conversant. Colonel Worthington was a native of Springfield, educated at Yale College, where he graduated in the year 1740, and where he was for some time a tutor. He left there in 1743, read law a short time with General Lyman at Suffield and commenced practice in 1744. I do not find any more of his admission to the bar or of that of Lyman and Hawley. His legal attainments were highly respectable. He had a good, and for that period, an extensive library. His practice was extensive. He commonly attended the courts in Worcester and, after Berkshire was made a separate county, attended the Common Pleas there. He was public prosecutor or King's attorney for this county. I never heard him argue a case to a jury; but from what I have seen of his mode of managing controversies, I have no doubt he was an able advocate. His mind was ardent, his imagination lively, his feelings strong. His ideas were apt to flow in torrents for he had great command of language. He was





many times very powerful. If he had any fault it was this, that being sometimes too forcibly impressed with the subject, he forgot that his hearers had not his feelings and would press his subject farther than it would bear. His style was nervous and forcible and uncommonly correct. He had a taste for general science and his knowledge was not confined to law and politics.

Though he made a conspicuous figure in the political arena of that day, I shall in regard to him, as well as all others to whom I shall allude, say nothing of their political course. He was capable of communicating much legal information, while his health and ability to converse continued, and was very free to do it. I had frequently the pleasure and benefit of his instructions, though never under his tuition. From the interruptions of the courts in August, 1774, to the time of his death in April, 1800, he lived retired from professional and all public business; and as he had many years been in a conspicuous station, and lived to a good old age, he had many of his acquaintances and friends to visit him and enjoy his society and conversation. He died in his eighty-second year. He had a manuscript book of forms which has been many times copied. Many of the precedents were noted as Reads.

Of Major Hawley I know much less than of Colonel Worthington and the little information I have is derived from those who were long associated with him in practice before his juridical science was profound. He was peculiarly attached to the old English black letter law and had an uncommonly extensive library of ancient law books, which he studied attentively. Many of the most valuable of these books were afterwards owned by Governor Strong and were destroyed by fire. He was very attentive to forms and tenacious of the ancient English precedents. As an advocate he was powerful and successful. He was strictly conscientious and upright. He abhorred everything approaching to deceit or chicanery. Juries believed him to be an honest man. Their opinion of his stern integrity made them listen to him very readily. His opinions and assertions had great weight. It was said of him, that he would not engage in a cause unless he was fully persuaded right and justice were on his client's side, and if, after he had engaged, he discovered, as he believed, that he was not on the side of justice, he would in any stage of the case, abandon it. Sometimes he would prematurely give up a cause. It is not always easy to perceive at the moment



the duty of an advocate. Counsel are sufficiently prone to exercise fidelity to a client, but it ought always to be remembered, that their obligations to fidelity to the court and to truth and righteousness are at least as strong as those they owe to their clients. When Hawley was convinced he had justice and right on his side, he would argue very powerfully and successfully. When a point of law was to be taken before the court he would meet the case fairly and reason upon it as a sound logician. He was at times subject to great depression of spirits, generally grave in his deportment, a very zealous active magistrate. The general tenor of his manners made him more in favor with the people than with the court. Hawley and Worthington were most commonly engaged on opposite sides and when united they usually succeeded. They were both good special pleaders and could not endure to have legal proceedings in any other than appropriate technical language. This character I have always heard of Hawley and know it was true of Worthington. He could not bear the loose story telling manner which sometimes prevailed in Connecticut pleadings, but which I believe has there been much corrected of late. Hawley had the honor of numbering many among his pupils who would be ornaments to any bar. He never practiced after the year 1774; but occasionally presided in the Court of Sessions with great dignity as the oldest magistrate in the county. He died in March, 1788, aged sixty-four years.

That these men should, with the means afforded them, acquire such eminence, is a mark of great industry and talent; and is evidence that a thorough knowledge of the law, as derived from its ancient sources, will make a man respectable, without reading every modern publication.

Hawley, after he left college, studied divinity and was several years a preacher, though he was never settled in the ministry. He officiated as a chaplain in the Provincial army and was at the siege in Louisburgh. He studied law with General Lyman at Suffield; how long, I have not ascertained. The earliest notice of him I find in practice is in the year 1749, at May term.

One who knew Hawley well, who had often heard him and was a competent judge, says, "many men have spoken with more elegance and grace, I never heard one speak with more force. His mind, like his eloquence, was grave, austere and powerful."

I have said that Worthington and Hawley had good libraries. This must be understood with reference to the time and place.



I have been informed in such a way that I am satisfied of its truth, that General Lyman's library, when Worthington and Hawley studied with him, was very limited indeed. Worthington, as he had opportunity, after he came into practice, proceeded to purchase a law library and enlarged it from time to time.

Major Hawley, in the year 1767 or 1768 fell under the censure of the Supreme Court and was suspended from practice at the bar. At the next term he was restored, at the motion of Colonel Worthington. I have always understood that there was no imputation on Hawley's character in this affair. The precise state of the case I cannot give. He was counsel for some persons in the county of Berkshire who had been concerned in a mob and made some observations which the court thought had too much of the spirit of liberty. Whether this originated from the stamp act or some other cause, I am not informed.

Upon the character of the next in seniority it will not be expected that I should enlarge. I believe he was generally esteemed a sound lawyer and a skillful special pleader. His contemporaries generally valued his legal opinions. He graduated at Yale College in 1755. He first studied divinity and preached several years. He then read law with Colonel Worthington, was admitted to the bar in November, 1761, and left it in the year 1798. He was in practice several months before his admission. Very nearly contemporary with him was Simeon Strong. He was born at Northampton in the year 1735, graduated at Yale College in 1756 and for several years devoted himself to preaching. He was quite a metaphysician and always fond of theology. Pulmonary affections induced him to relinquish preaching, not having been settled in the ministry. He studied law with Colonel Worthington, commenced practice at Amherst in 1762 and after practicing some months was regularly admitted to the bar at the November term of that year. From the time the courts were stopped in 1774 there was an interval of several years before he returned to practice. He did very little business in court till the year 1780. From that time until he was appointed a judge of the Supreme Court in 1800, his practice was extensive and his attendance in court regular, with very few interruptions. It was said that he spent the interval of his retirement from the bar in extensively revising and examining his law books. He had before been well indoctrinated; but this



thorough revision gave him great advantage in the whole learning of real estates and particularly in regard to real actions. With those subjects he appeared perfectly familiar. There were some traits in his character worthy of particular notice. He was very modest and unassuming in his whole deportment and always and on all occasions treated the court before whom he appeared with great deference and respect. Whatever he might think of the man, he always revered the judge. In a person of his acquirements, and with a wit of such caustic powers as he sometimes exhibited, and before judges, for whom, aside from the office, no very high claims would be advanced, this was a feature of character rarely to be found. Possibly a part of this might be derived from the respect accustomed to be shown to the old Superior Court, but I have no doubt it was principally personal, and that he lost nothing by it. If his course in this respect were generally followed by the bar, instead of diminishing, it would add to their weight of character.

Perhaps an angry client may, at the moment, be better pleased with a rude or angry reply; but indifferent, disinterested auditors would never be of that opinion. I have known him frequently to acquire great advantages by the course he pursued. Another trait not always in the character of eminent and distinguished advocates, was the perfect fairness with which he was accustomed to treat his antagonist. He was as astute to discover mistakes as any man, but did not take unreasonable advantage of them. In his remarks to the jury, the client or the case might feel the keen point of his satire, but towards his brother at the bar, he was always civil and courteous. He was eminently skilled in the whole science of pleading. He generally attended the courts in Worcester as well as Hampshire and in the former part of his practice frequently in Berkshire. After deducting the interval in his practice, he was nearly a third of a century at the bar. As he was more than five years on the bench, the soundness of his legal opinions will appear from the reports. He died December 14, 1805.

Among the distinguished members of the bar before the Revolution was Jonathan Bliss of Springfield. He graduated at Cambridge in 1763, read law with Judge Trowbridge and was contemporary with Chief Justice Dana, with whom he long corresponded. He was in good practice and esteemed an able advocate and counsellor. At the approach of the Revolutionary contest,





having no family, in August, 1774, he went to England and never afterwards resided in the United States. He had a very good law library which remained at Springfield till some years after the close of the Revolutionary War. He was successively attorney general and chief justice of the Province of New Brunswick, and died in the last office at an advanced age. Those five whom I have particularly referred to were all the barristers in this county before the Revolution. Sedgwick and C. Strong were made barristers after the peace.

One other distinguished man read law and was admitted to the bar in this county, though I do not learn that he ever practiced here. Pierpont Edwards was of Northampton and was admitted in the year 1771. He soon removed to New Haven where he acquired great professional celebrity, though his eloquence, as much as that of any other man, appeared to be strictly extemporaneous, yet I had the opportunity of knowing that no man took more pains to study a case before hand and to have it thoroughly prepared. He was wont to examine all points likely to arise in the case. Here I may be permitted to make the general remark that so far as my limited observation in the course of a protracted professional life extends, those great men who have charmed by their eloquence, or convinced by their arguments, were men of deep study. Even when they appeared most impromptu they did not come to the subject unprepared. Whatever natural powers one may have, you know that no man can be an able counsellor without long and laborious study. However it may be with poets, no man is born a lawyer. Whatever vulgar errors may be entertained, no lawyer can be well qualified to manage a cause without previous preparation. Whatever the appearance might be in the forum, the excellence exhibited there must be much indebted to midnight study. The particular circumstance of each case, as well as general principles must be thoroughly investigated. It is true some would require less time than others. But even a Parsons or an Edwards would be found closely engaged in their libraries. There must be much of what one of the old lawyers in his account charged the town of Northampton for in his broad language—laboured study and pillow rising. Though the charge is not very frequent it is, when made, more complained of than any other.

If I am right in my opinion much encouragement may be given to laborious study even though one may think he has not great



genius. Industry throughout the civilized world makes much more difference between persons than the difference of natural ability, unless we include in that a capacity for unremitting application. I have observed that three of those I have particularized studied divinity and were preachers before they practiced law. This was the case also with several others in the general list. It cannot be necessary in addressing you to vindicate this course of proceeding. Eminent jurists, and among the rest, Professor Hoffman, have prescribed such a course of study, in the beginning of the study of law, as would be very proper and suitable for a student of divinity. But, without taking this into consideration, we may say that the purity and integrity of such men as Hawley and Simeon Strong, cannot, without violating all sound rules of judging, be for a moment questioned. When the illiberal speak of such a course as selfish and avaricious, if any answer is deemed proper, refer them to Hawley and the elder Strong.

If any one entitled to an answer speaks of making shipwreck of a good conscience by leaving the business of a preacher and pursuing the practice of law, turn them to Hawley and till he is convicted of corruption, they must be silent.

It has not been within the scope of my plan to speak of political events, but there was one effect of the stamp act of which I do not recollect to have heard. It appears by our records that the administration of justice was suspended during 1765 and 1766 because the court declined using stamp paper for their jury process, and it is stated that this was general throughout the province.

We have now arrived at an important era in our jurisprudence. There may have been others who were eminent lawyers during our third period, but having no information respecting them I shall be excused for not attempting any statement. There are some who, though they came to the bar in this period, yet, having acquired their distinction since, a particular notice of them may be reserved for a future period. It may perhaps not be amiss here to state some things which more properly come in before the closing period. Having mentioned that General Lyman's law library was small and Worthington and Hawley having been dependent on that for their law knowledge before they went into practice, it may not be amiss to mention that they very early took measures to purchase law books. They had good collections for that



day when they left practice. So that they had the means of acquiring information themselves and communicating it to their students. Most of Hawley's law library was not many years since destroyed by fire. Jonathan Bliss had also an extensive library which remained in the county till the year 1786.

#### FOURTH PERIOD

At the time the courts were stopped there were probably in Hampshire and Berkshire about twenty persons who paid some attention to professional business, but the principal part of it was done by a much less number. Worthington and Hawley never returned to practice; Jonathan Bliss removed as I have stated. Three of the barristers ceased to practice entirely. Many of the other lawyers retired and either never came to the bar again, or did very little business. The courts of justice were closed in August, 1774, and no Court of Common Pleas was appointed till May, 1778.

The Superior Court might have been holden once or twice in that interval, but very little professional business was to be done till the close of the Revolutionary War. Governor Strong and John Chester Williams, at that period, did most of what was done. Judge Strong for several years did not regularly attend the courts. There was almost an entirely new state of things in the administration of justice at the beginning of the fourth and last period of our history. Very few of the lawyers attended courts; those who had taken the lead and were commonly looked up to for direction were gone. Three of the judges were not professional men and were not conversant with legal proceedings. The chief justice had been in practice as a lawyer, but had turned his principal attention for several years to trade.

Perhaps this county was as favorably situated as most of those throughout the state; one of the whole number of the profession has left the county.

At the close of the Revolutionary War business in our courts very greatly increased. The fountains of justice which had been closed were suddenly opened, the obstructions removed, and the torrents seemed likely to overwhelm everything in their course. But this was soon checked. Barriers of various kinds were set up and the gates of justice but partially opened. At this time the people in this county were greatly in debt. The merchants in



Boston and New York had been accustomed to give the country traders extensive credit. They, in their turn, generally sold their goods on credit. Those debts which had escaped the blast of paper money, and there were many in this condition, had accumulated to a large amount. In addition to this, public burdens pressed very heavily on the people. Their debts increased for living and supporting soldiers, as well as the direct taxes, were great in proportion to their means. There was no market for their produce and its price was greatly reduced. Distressed and driven almost to desperation, instead of imputing their sufferings to the real causes, the people looked only at the immediate instruments, the lawyers, sheriffs and constables, who collected their debts and taxes and considered them as nuisances in society.

From the latter part of the year 1784 to 1789 the practice of the law in this country was under a cloud. Mobs obstructed the courts of justice. Great pains were taken by publications in the newspapers and by various other means, to fasten popular odium on the profession and for a time these efforts were successful.

However it might have been in some parts of the commonwealth, there was, in this county, no ground for accusing the lawyers for unreasonable charges, or excessive multiplication of suits. The bar, in this county, as a body, took measures to avert this odium and determined to discourage suits when it could be safely done. They adopted a practice, which has since become extensive, of continuing actions for final judgment, instead of appealing from defaults or carrying cases to the Supreme Court; thereby greatly diminishing the expense and giving the parties equal advantages with an appeal. But all the expedients they adopted were ineffectual. After various attempts to stop the course of justice, which were partially successful, an armed force was resorted to and the insurrection of 1786 took place. *Silent leges inter arma*. Many of those concerned in this insurrection very fully believed that the war of the Revolution had entirely cancelled their debts and were much chagrined and vexed to find them reviving and in full force against them. This insurrection was quelled in the course of the year 1787. But though open resistance was effectually put down, the enemy of justice assumed a new shape and if not quite as terrific, it was fully as destructive. Having the sanction of government it was more pernicious. In addition to tender and suspension laws





it came in the form of a process act, commonly called a *see cause*, and had the flattering title of an act for rendering processes in law less expensive.

This act which passed November 15, 1786, gave every justice of the peace jurisdiction in all actions of every description wherein the title to real estate was not brought in question, and to an unlimited amount it was made the duty of every justice, upon demand, and the exhibition of a claim to him, to issue a process; by which it was evident that the intention was to supersede the agency of lawyer in the suit. This course of proceeding, which may hereafter be as much an object of curiosity as the trial by ordeal or battle, unquestionably in its commencement was meant to leave courts or lawyers very little, if anything, to do. The writ required the defendant to appear and confess the plaintiff's demand if he should *see cause*, which gave it the name of a *see cause* action. If the defendant did not appear, judgment was to be rendered for the amount of the plaintiff's claim and execution to issue thereon after a considerable delay. If he appeared and disputed the claim, and the justice could not induce the parties to agree to a reference, the cause was to be carried to the Court of Common Pleas.

As the whole proceeding depended upon the skill and care with which the justices' records were made, great perplexity and difficulty has occurred in attempting to trace a title to real estate under the levy of an execution issued by a justice in such a case. Justices have removed or kept no records, their papers are lost and in some instances, persons acting as justices have been found to have had no authority. I have known very valuable estates lost through the carelessness of a justice under this act. The junior part of the profession have probably not known much of this heterogeneous course of proceeding. It may be that I have dwelt too long upon it but as it began when I commenced my professional course, I felt the evil of it very sorely. It operated very extensively to prevent the collection of debts and increased the expense in all litigated cases. It was several years and nearly to the close of the last century before business had returned to its regular channels. It is true that after June, 1790, actions were generally brought to the Common Pleas directly, a law of February, 1789, having given a plaintiff an alternative either to sue at court or before a justice. From the year 1800 to the present time, the business of the profession has met with no



extraordinary embarrassment; and the profession itself has had its full share of public confidence.

I must beg your indulgence for protracting this address to such a degree but there remain two persons who have been eminent at our bar whom it would be unpardonable to pass in silence,—Governor Strong and Judge Sedgwick. The character of Governor Strong has been so well known that I may be brief. His political character will require a more powerful and skilful hand, but as it is twenty-six years since he left practice, and most of those who hear me have personally known nothing of him as a lawyer, I will attempt to portray his professional character and history. He was a graduate of Cambridge College in 1764, and studied law with Major Hawley. After he left college his health was very feeble and his eyes so weak that he was not able to read himself and was obliged to depend on others to read to him. He was compelled to spend much time in journeying to regain his health. I do not find any record of his admission as an attorney; it is possible I may have overlooked it. It has been said that he began to practice in 1772, and the first notice I find of him in court is of that date. It is very apparent that the court did not pursue any fixed rule as to admitting attorneys to practice and it is very probable that the names of many who were in fact admitted are not to be found on record. As he practiced but a little more than two years before the courts were closed it is probable Governor Strong's practice before the war was very limited. But after they were established during the war, and for years after its close, his practice was much more extensive than that of any other person in the county. His aid and counsel was usually as much sought after and relied on as those of any one. He regularly attended the courts in Hampshire, Worcester and Berkshire. Though he was much engaged in public business he generally attended to his professional engagements as well as his public duties. That forecast which was so remarkable a trait in his character was employed to great advantage in making his arrangements to attend the courts. Without deserting public business, when at Boston or even at Congress at New York or Philadelphia, he would come and attend a court and perhaps not be missed at all. He was one of the most diligent, industrious men I ever knew. He was very fond of reading and always had a book at hand to improve every moment. His mind was uncommonly versatile and interrup-



tion, while engaged in any business, did not seem to break the course of it. His knowledge of law was very respectable and it was more diffused through all its branches than that of any of his seniors, yet he was not so pre-eminently skilled in the doctrines in regard to real actions as was Judge Strong. His drafts and forms were uncommonly accurate. It was rare indeed that any defects were found in his forms. He was much employed in public as well as in private life. Not a few of the statutes of the Commonwealth and of the United States went through his hands. His pleading was generally considered as good authority but was rather less in the English style than that of his master or Judge Strong. But his characteristic prudence appeared in this as well as in other things. An instance or two occurs to my recollection. It was long and warmly disputed not only with words but almost with fists and clubs in other parts of the state, whether in entry or disseisin, not guilty was a good plea. It had, during the Revolution, crept into practice. Governor Strong pleaded not guilty of the disseisin instead of not guilty generally. Another case occurred in regard to the proper conclusion of an indictment founded on a statute. The authorities were clear that saying it was contrary to law was bad, but Strong alleged it to be contrary to the law and held that if there was a statute it referred to statute. This has since been determined to be improper. I mention it as indicating legal astutia. Governor Strong was a very successful advocate to a jury, but his manner was very diverse from that of his great master. His address was insinuating. He commonly began in a low tone of voice, talking to the jury in a very familiar way; but so as to gain their attention. Whether others heard or not he was not concerned. Many times, before those whom he addressed, or any one else was aware of it, he had gained his point. I have frequently heard it said by one who had practiced in every county in the state, that there was no man he so much dreaded as closing counsel as Caleb Strong. It was well understood that he was twice offered a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court but utterly declined it. The public had great confidence in him. Juries placed the utmost reliance on his assertions. Though his eloquence was not destitute of force, yet his manner was that of persuasion. He united in a very uncommon degree great prudence and discretion with great simplicity and integrity of character. He was the favorite advocate when the rights of humanity were to be defended.



The only other member of the bar to which I ask your attention for a few moments is Judge Sedgwick. He was a native of Connecticut and a graduate of Yale College in the year 1765. After reading law he removed into Sheffield in the county of Berkshire and began his practice there. He was fast rising into eminence when the Revolution interrupted the regular administration of justice. But from the beginning of his practice until the year 1802, when he was appointed a judge of the Supreme Court, he regularly attended our courts and constantly practiced at our bar. His practice, however, was subject to many interruptions by public business. As he was many years a judge and those who never saw him may by the reports learn how profound his knowledge of law was, it is needless for me to give his character in this respect and might be deemed arrogant. His character and talents as an advocate and counsellor may not be so generally known. His eloquence was forcible and commanding. What he gained was by fair means. His attacks were open and above board. He always gave warning and put his adversary on his guard. His aid was usually sought in important cases and he was frequently successful. He seemed to have an instinctive abhorrence of deceit and duplicity. He was well versed in the science of pleading, had a great deference for English Law and was a strenuous advocate for an adherence to the old forms. Perhaps no two equally great men and eminent advocates can be found whose general manner was more dissimilar than that of Governor Strong and Judge Sedgwick. They were very commonly engaged in the same causes in this county and in Berkshire, and were each in his own way pre-eminent. From these examples, as well as from other instances I have named, it may be inferred that to be an eminent and successful advocate, there is no peculiar mode of speaking which is exclusively necessary to insure success. While gross improprieties are avoided, each may adopt the method most easy and natural to himself.

I may be pardoned here in repeating a remark made by others, that Judge Sedgwick's manner on the bench while it was dignified, was always courteous and that his efforts in a good degree contributed to establish and promote urbanity on the bench, and a cordial good understanding between the court and bar. He died in the year 1813.

There is one thing which ought to be mentioned to his honor.





He stood many years at the head of the profession in Berkshire. During a long professional life he had many students and paid much attention to them. His students through his attention, and that of a gentleman long associated with him, came into practice much better indoctrinated than many of those who served a clerkship in this county. It is certainly not to the honor of our bar, that for many years so little attention was paid to the instruction of students. It was quite as much as could be said in some cases, of a person admitted to practice, that he read law in such an office. The almost utter neglect to afford any information or instruction would seem to be unaccountable. It was not confined to those whose ability to instruct was very limited, but extending to some who had every requisite, except a disposition, to perform this important duty.

Since attention has been drawn to the subject, it is probable the evil will be effectually cured. The eminent law schools established in different parts of our country will be likely to insure more attention to a knowledge of law, at least in its theory. Experience must decide how far and how much practice must be combined with theory, in order to give the best chance for success. Various efforts have been made by the bar of this county, and some by the courts, to establish some other test of professional acquirements than the time a person has been in an office, but they seem as yet not to have succeeded. Perhaps too much was expected, perhaps there were some defects in the plan pursued not necessarily inherent in the system. Having been nearly forty years in practice, I think I can say I know that time alone is not an infallible test of eminence. I hope some mode will be devised of having thorough examinations to entitle a person to be recommended by the bar and the court as worthy of public confidence as a counsellor and advocate, but on this subject I may not enlarge. From present appearances that branch of professional duty which relates to the collection of debts will very much diminish. Attention must, therefore, be turned to the other who devote themselves to this profession, be turned to the other more arduous and important branches of knowledge.

I have given an account of some of the members of the bar who have filled a large space and exerted an extensive influence and were contemporary with some, shall I say, of us? Alas! my brothers, the great destroyer will hardly allow me to use the plural number.

But the reflection how much I stand alone here, will justify me



in turning out of my course and bringing to your recollection one with whom I was longer and more frequently associated as an advocate than with any other person. The Hon. Eli P. Ashmun had not the advantages of a public education. He read law with Judge Sedgwick. He was a bright example to what eminence in spite of the want of a thorough classical education, in spite of great feebleness of elocution, a person may arrive. I shall not attempt to give his character. He was too well known to most of you to render this necessary. It will be no disparagement to any one to say that he stood at the head of the profession in this county: I knew him intimately and think I knew him thoroughly. He was an eminent advocate and sage counsellor, but he was more and very much more than these epithets imply.

This brief sketch will show that for nearly a century our bar has not been destitute of men of eminent talents. Such men as Worthington and Hawley, the Strongs and Sedgwick would do honor to any bar. I say nothing of those who are still alive, whether they have retired from practice or are still devoted to its duties. Omitting to reckon Pyncheon of Salem, Edwards or President Dwight, who studied law here, it has produced those who would be an honor to the profession and who have had a full share of public honor and the confidence of their fellow citizens. We cannot, indeed, vie with the list given in the excellent address to the Suffolk bar, but ours is by no means contemptible. It has given one governor to the state, two judges to the Supreme Court, two members of the old Congress, four senators in the Congress of the United States, one speaker of the House of Representatives in Congress, one member of the convention that formed the United States Constitution, three members of the state convention that formed the Constitution, seven representatives in Congress, two state senators, six state counsellors. The office of president of the senate has been once and that of speaker of the house twice filled by men from this bar. Eight judges of the Common Pleas and Circuit Court, five judges of Probate, four sheriffs, besides many other officers have been filled by our bar.

If the profession is to be estimated by the property acquired by it, perhaps no class of the community has labored more unsuccessfully. Whatever else it may be, the practice of law is not the road to wealth. Most of those lawyers who have acquired property have acquired it by means distinct from the profession.



Within the last forty years there have been in practice about 170 members of the bar. Of these thirty-two have deceased; two, who have had public confidence, the Hon. Jonathan Lyman and the Hon. Elihu Lyman, have been cut off recently in the midst of their days; eighteen have removed from these counties and the like number have retired from business or are attending to other pursuits. About 100 still remain in practice in these counties. Permit me here to look back to the beginning of the forty years. There were then only fourteen residing in this county in practice, two of them retiring to mercantile pursuits and one declining business. Only four of those survive and not one of them is in practice.

Very few of the profession have manifested themselves unworthy of public confidence. Would that it could be said there had not been one. In so numerous a body it is most important that the bar, standing in their highly responsible relation which they sustain to the community, should exhibit a marked and pointed reprobation of every corrupt and dishonorable practice and should exercise a watchful vigilance over its members, so that malpractice may be brought to light and every offender may be expelled.

When mistakes are made, that liberality which has so long been exercised will undoubtedly be manifested; but fraud and corruption cannot be overlooked without violation of the oath of office. Far be it from me to excite suspicion or to suggest anything disparaging to our bar. But the confidence necessarily placed in professional men, and the influence their character and conduct has, not only on the bar, but on the administration of justice, and the respectability of our courts, render it proper that we should at all times feel our responsibility.

The men of whose character I have spoken had not the advantages which students now have. Probably a copy of Blackstone's Commentaries was not to be found in the county before the year 1770. They had Hale and Gilbert, and a short time before the Revolution, Bacon's Abridgment, Coke, and Littleton's Works, as well as Rastell & Fitzherbert were here; but there was not in the county a copy of Comyn's Digest. There is one thing, however, to be remembered—that what they had was in a narrow compass. They were not obliged, in acquiring the language of legal science, to search for it in hundreds of detached volumes, or to examine where it was spread out so thin, or the thread drawn so fine that



a person would require extraordinary optics to discover whether there was any gold there. One who was apt to learn might sooner get all their books by heart, than read all the modern publications. Hundreds of volumes of reports were not then annually published. Digests and treatises upon all the branches of law were not then so multiplied as to require the treasures of the Indies to purchase them, and the age of Methuselah to read them. Besides this, it was not necessary that a treatise in order to their studying it, should be . . . wrought up with all the elegance of a Waverly novel. As, when children, they were obliged to eat black broth, or go hungry, so if they were too fastidious to read black-letter, they must starve.

To obviate some of the evils which are felt or fancied in acquiring a knowledge of law various expedients have been devised. Codification is to work wonders in this respect. Perhaps it may not be long before a patent will be taken out for some royal or democratic road to legal science, by which a person can be made a lawyer by a kind of legerdemain.

But more serious objections have been raised and from very respectable quarters against the study of the common law. The English common law is to be discarded. But such were not the sentiments of our venerable predecessors. Several of them had certainly no very strong predilection for anything of British origin, or sanctioned by the British government.

On this subject there is no time for observation, but I fear that if efforts should be made to build up a system without recourse to the common law, it will prove like the attempts to frame a system of theology while revelation is professedly discarded, as in the latter case, either the system would be useless or even pernicious, or much must be derived from the Bible.

So our legal system will be either very imperfect, or much, very much must be derived from the common law.

It is with pleasure we can look back upon the character of Worthington, Hawley, the Strongs and Sedgwick, men who have been the ornament and glory of our bar. When we inquire into the foundation of their eminence we shall find the basis of all their distinction in their sterling integrity. In order to gain public confidence, it is necessary a person should be esteemed worthy of it, but in order to hold this esteem, it is absolutely necessary that he should be what he professes. Eminent talents and acquirements may, without





integrity dazzle for a time, but honesty and integrity are essential to the success of an advocate. We have heard in other countries and in other parts of our own, of those who had great abilities and most eminent acquirements, but the public voice decided that they were devoid of honesty. However high such persons have risen and some have been very high, they have fallen into absolute contempt,—the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind. While we follow the examples of our illustrious predecessors, we shall not be likely to err and the influence of our profession will be extensively felt. As long as there are injuries to be redressed and rights to be enforced, I say to it "Esto perpetua."

Letter from Hon. Perez Morton.

Attorney General from 1810 to 1832.

Dorchester, June 6th, 1827

HON. GEORGE BLISS:

Sir:

I have read with great satisfaction your excellent address to the bar of Old Hampshire. I consider it an historical document of great value to shew to posterity the simple origin, gradual progress and constant improvement in the juridical proceedings in our Courts of law. Had I the same patience and capacity for research with yourself, I should delight in tracing a similar origin and improvement in the judicial proceedings in Suffolk. I remember, however, that it was said by the great James Otis, that Mr. Reed, afterwards one of the Judges of the Common Pleas, had more science in special pleading and contributed more to its perfection in practice than any other man at the bar in his time.

I was also highly pleased with your description of the character of the great men who were formerly the ornament of your bar. Two of them I well remember, Colonel Worthington and Major Hawley, not, however, as advocates at the bar, but as rival politicians in the Legislature in the times of our greatest political controversies, previous to the Revolution.

The former of these gentlemen was denominated the leader of the government party; and young as I then was, I felt your character of him as an advocate was equally appropriate to him in deliberative debate; "his mind was ardent, his imagination lively, and his feelings strong," that "his style was nervous, forcible and uncommonly correct" and although on the unpopular side of every question, "he was many times very powerful." On the other hand his rival, Major Hawley, was at that time denominated by Samuel Adams and others, the leading member of the country Whig interest; and as you have described him at the bar, so in the Legislature; "he was grave and solemn in his demeanour;" and the popular branch of the Legislature, as well as "juries," had confidence in his assertions



"and his stern and undeviating integrity" commanded the attention of the members and "his opinions with them had great weight." I might add greater than any other man's in the house of representatives.

Your pamphlet has brought to my mind the important reminiscences of those former times. And especially, I remember it to have been then remarked that the two gentlemen above alluded to were perfect models for rival politicians in conducting their debates; for that they scarcely ever rose in opposition to each other without mutually paying some tribute of respect to the talents and motives of each other. But I am running too far into politics—but as it is the only character in which I knew them, you will therefore excuse it. And I have only to thank you for the just delineation of character which you have given them, and for the great pleasure your address had afforded me in every part of it.

And am with great respect and consideration

Your hu Servt.

PEREZ MORTON

Letter from Hon. Joseph D. Story.

Salem, June 21, 1827

Sir:

I beg to return you my sincere thanks for the copy of your late address to the members of the bar of the counties of Hampshire, Franklin and Hampden, which you have obligingly sent me. It is a very interesting and instructive discourse and I should rejoice if a like example should be followed by the other counties of the Commonwealth. Of most of the distinguished lawyers of whom you have spoken, I had no personal knowledge, but Mr. Pyncheon has left behind him in Essex a very high reputation for legal sagacity and learning and blameless integrity. I had the good fortune to know Judges Sedgwick and Strong and none of us can have forgotten their talents and learning, or that of the late Governour Strong. I can bear a willing testimony to the accuracy of your sketches of their characters. You have performed a most acceptable service, for which the whole profession owes you many grateful acknowledgments; and I beg to add my sincere wishes that, as a senior of the bar, you may long continue to illustrate and confirm its dignity.

I am with the highest respect

Your obliged Servant,

JOSEPH D. STORY

The Honble George Bliss

Letter from Jn. Davis.

Boston, June 26, 1827

Dear Sir:

I thank you for a copy of your address to the members of the bar in the counties of Hampshire, Franklin and Hampden. I have perused it with much satisfaction. It is gratifying to contemplate the portraits of our departed worthies and every jurist and every lover of good and able men must be pleased that you have had leisure and opportunity to give the delineations that afford us a more distinct apprehension of the character, acquirements and habits of the distinguished pro-



professional men who so faithfully and honorably pursued and finished their course, in your vicinity, and who were so justly endeared to the whole community. It is a privilege which I doubt not you duly estimate to stand in immediate connexion by birth, residence, education and acquaintance with such characters. May you long continue a revered ornament of a profession to which you have offered this dutiful and acceptable tribute, and have the satisfaction to behold the good fruits of the sound principles of morality and jurisprudence which you have inculcated.

Your obedient friend and servant.

Hon. George Bliss

JN. DAVIS

Letter of John W. Ames.

Dedham, Sept. 19th, 1826

Dear Sir:

I recollect with no little mortification that some days since I received a letter from you containing enquiries respecting my grandfather Worthington and that I have neglected to reply to it. My only excuse is that I have been engaged in business for some weeks past that has exercised to an uncommon degree both body and mind. I have been absent from home almost the whole time and confess that though greatly interested in the subject of your letter, my obligation to reply to it entirely escaped my memory. The arrival of my aunt Dwight in Springfield renders a communication of the facts which were the object of your enquiries now unnecessary as I obtained them from her entirely and not from my mother. You therefore can now obtain them from the same source more to your satisfaction than from a letter of mine. But though my letter cannot now be useful to you I feel that it is important to myself to assure you that my negligence has not been the effect of design but of accident. Permit me as a relative of Col. Worthington and as a member of the profession to express my satisfaction that the task of giving to the public historical sketches of the Hampshire bar has been allotted to one whose ability to execute it is so well known and is highly estimated.

I am with the greatest respect

Hon. George Bliss

JOHN W. AMES

Letter from Samuel F. Merrick.

Sir:

I have read your address to the bar with great pleasure, but your account of Major Hawley's expulsion from the bar is not sufficiently related. I think I could be of some service to you; the fact as far as you have related was true and had the Major left it then no notice would have been taken of it. I was not present when the expulsion took place but my father was, who told this story. As soon as the Court was opened, Gov. Hutchinson, who then presided, handed a newspaper to the Major in which was inserted an account of the trial in which the Court and particularly the Chief Justice was highly reprobated, signed by his name, and asked him if he was the author; he said he was. The Govr. said he thought the piece highly censurable but as he was principally aimed at he should say the less. Judge Trowbridge then rose and said that he could speak freely



as he was not then of the Court. Such conduct was not to be borne with and after forcibly reprimanding him, moved that his name be struck from the list of attorneys. The Chief Justice then asked the other Judges and they all consented; his name was then ordered to be struck from the list. It don't appear the Major was called for a defense; to be sure he made none. At the next term he came in and made a very humble confession and shed many tears. I don't know who I had this from, but it was common report. This was characteristic of the man; his life was full of sinning and repenting. He came out so often into the broad aisle to make his confession, that it became proverbial if he did anything supposed to be remiss, 'we shall have him in the broad aisle again.' You say the Major's character did not suffer by the means, but you must remember he was on the popular side, besides there was no doubt but he was right in his definitions of riots and the Court wrong. This is not to be wondered at as I believe we had no statute upon the subject and the Court tho' good men were not lawyers. I believe none of them, certainly Hutchinson and Peter Oliver were not, whether Lynde and Cushing were I know not. I said the Court were good men, they were preeminently so. Tho they were hostile to Revolution, I believe they acted from as good motives as James Otis did who unquestionably laid the first egg, because his father was not made Chief Justice, in the stand for Govr. Hutchinson, when he made this memorable speech;—'I will now raise such a fire as many waters can't quench, tho' I get burnt up in it myself,' which almost literally came to pass, for as soon as the war began it so altered him that he turned maniac and died in the street crying woe to Boston. I certainly do not impeach the motives of the Court. Had they lived to see Andrew Jackson our President, which God grant you nor I may never see, they certainly would exhort; and well they might, for there has not been a prince upon the British throne since the Stuarts with whom the liberties of the people would not have been safer than in his hands,—but enough of politics.

There is one thing in your address wants explanation. You say Joseph Clark of Northampton is the oldest attorney now living. I never knew a man of that name an attorney and I cannot find it in your list.

Am, Sr. yours with esteem,

SAML F. MERRICK

Wilbraham

April 28th, 1828

Honble. George Bliss Esqr.





QUARTERLY MEETING

FEBRUARY 26, 1904

REV. THOMAS D. HOWARD read a paper on "An Old Fort in the Connecticut Valley."

### The Fort at "Number Four"

**T**HE central point of what I propose to set forth is the successful defense of the fort in question, but, as preliminary, it is proper to tell where and what was the structure.

It stood in Charlestown, N. H., although at the time of the event described the township was within the limits of Massachusetts and was called "Number Four," being the fourth of a series of townships extending northward. It lies ninety-two miles north of Springfield, thirty-two miles from Brattleboro and eight above Bellows Falls. Its local claim is that it is the most beautiful of Connecticut River streets; not indeed vying in breadth with Northfield or Deerfield, but of ample width as an avenue, and arched in part of its extent, which is three-quarters of a mile, with the interlacing branches of its double row of elms, and studded with well-kept mansions and grounds. Local pride is supported by the warm praise of many visitors. The late Judge Shurtleff, when he passed through the town, was enthusiastic in his admiration. "When I go home," he said, "I shall preach the gospel of Charlestown." After a residence in the town of nearly twenty-two years, I can indorse his encomiums.

How did the fort come into being? The settlement in Number Four was in 1740, and, as will be seen, was made by men at once brave and prudent. This was the northernmost community of white men on the Connecticut river; all beyond, west of the river, was unbroken forest, roamed by a tribe of Indians whose rendezvous was the village of St. Francis in the province of that name, next north of the Canada line. These Indians are characterized by Saunderson in his excellent "History of Charlestown, N. H.," as "a compound of the basest qualities of the American Indian, with all that they could gather of greater baseness from the Canadian French of that period."

From 1740 to 1743 inclusive there was an intermittence of the wars which constituted the prolonged contention between France



and Great Britain, during which brief period there was no apprehension of attack. But in the autumn of the third year, with fresh hostilities threatening, measures were taken for defense. The action looking toward fortification taken by the little community, and the description of the fort which was its outcome, are drawn from Parkman, the exhaustive historian of the century and a half of France in North America. I make these extracts from "A Half Century of Conflict":—

In 1743 when war seemed imminent and it was clear that neither Massachusetts nor New Hampshire would lend a helping hand, the settlers of Number Four, seeing that their only resource was in themselves, called a meeting to consider the situation and determine what should be done. The meeting was held at the home of John Spafford, Jr., and being duly called to order, the following resolutions were adopted: That a fort be built at the charge of the proprietors of said township of Number Four; that John Hastings, John Spafford and John Avery be a committee to direct the building; that the proprietors of the township be taxed £300, old tenor, for building the fort; and to the end that their fort should be a good and creditable one, they are said to have engaged the services of John Stoddard, accounted the foremost man of Western Massachusetts, superintendent of defense, colonel of militia, judge of probate, chief justice of the court of common pleas, a reputed authority in the construction of backwoods fortifications,—and the admired owner of the only gold watch in Northampton.

Timber was abundant and could be had for the asking. The only cost was the labor. The fort rose rapidly. It was a square inclosing about three-fourths of an acre, each side measuring 180 feet. The wall was not of palisades, as was more usual, but of squared logs laid one upon another, and interlocked at the corners after the fashion of a log cabin. Within were several houses, which had been built close together, for mutual protection, and which belonged to Stevens, Spafford and other settlers. Apparently they were small log cabins; for they were valued at only from £8 to £35 each, in old tenor currency, woefully attenuated by depreciation; and these sums being paid to the owners out of the £300 collected for building the fort, the cabins became public property. Either they were built in a straight line, or they were moved to form one, for when the fort was finished, they all backed against the outer wall, so that their low roofs served to fire from. The usual flankers completed the work, and the settlers of Number Four were so well pleased with it that they proudly declared their fort to be a better one than Fort Dummer, its nearest neighbor, which had been built by public authority at the charge of the province.

The anticipated war came in the following year,—1744. During that time and for two years afterward all who were outside the fort taking care of their fields were in danger of being slain, or taken and carried into captivity, and their only place of safety was within the walls of the fort; and the five protected houses were the residences of people who were in constant fear of their lives.



In 1746 the times became so terrifying that the people decided to return to their old homes in Massachusetts, mostly in Groton, Lunenburg and Leominster. They left six men, who were to guard the fort until winter set in (for after that there was no danger from the enemy), when they also departed, and the settlement was deserted. There were, indeed, left behind in the fort, probably from difficulty of transportation, a dog and a cat, which animals are mentioned, as they will subsequently reappear.

Among those who had taken refuge in Massachusetts was Capt. Phineas Stevens, the hero of my story. He addressed a memorial to Governor Shirley, setting forth the importance of placing a garrison in the fort at Number Four, in view of the probability of an attack in the early spring. His high reputation as a resourceful and capable officer gave weight to the representations advanced, and he himself, with thirty men, was ordered to repair to the fort and take possession. The history of Charlestown supplies me with a narration of the events which followed this order, and a copy of the commander's report to Governor Shirley. This last is preserved in Hoyt's "History of Indian Wars in the Country Bordering on the Connecticut River and Parts Adjacent."

Stevens marched through the wilderness and arrived at Number Four on the 27th of March, to find the fort in good condition; but what was his surprise, on entering it, to find himself and company heartily welcomed by an old spaniel and a cat, which had been left behind at its desertion, and had remained in it during the winter, as its sole defenders and occupants.

Captain Stevens and company had been in possession of the fort only a few days before they were led to surmise the presence of an enemy. Their suspicions were first aroused by the uneasy appearance of the dogs, and their continual barking. These indications of something that was not right induced them to keep the gate closely barred. But here we must let Captain Stevens tell his own story. In his report to Governor Shirley, dated April 9, 1747, he says:—

Our dogs being very much disturbed, which gave us reason to think that the enemy were about, occasioned us not to open the gate at the usual time; but one of our men, being desirous to know the certainty, ventured out privately to set on the dogs, about nine o'clock in the morning, and went about twenty rods from the fort, firing off his gun and saying, Choboy! to the dogs. Whereupon, the enemy, being within a few rods, immediately arose from behind a log and fired;



but through the goodness of God, the man got into the fort with only a slight wound. The enemy being then discovered, immediately arose from their ambushments and attacked us on all sides. The wind being very high, and everything exceedingly dry, they set fire to all the old fences, and also to a log house about forty rods distant from the fort to the windward; so that within a few moments we were entirely surrounded with fire—all of which was performed with the most hideous shouting and firing, from all quarters, which they continued, in a very terrible manner, until the next day at ten o'clock at night, without intermission; during which time we had no opportunity to eat or sleep. But notwithstanding all their shoutings and threatenings, our men seemed not to be in the least daunted, but fought with great resolution: which doubtless gave the enemy reason to think we had determined to stand it out to the last degree. The enemy had provided themselves with a sort of fortification, which they had determined to push before them and bring fuel to the side of the fort, in order to burn it down. But instead of performing what they threatened, and seemed to be immediately going to undertake, they called to us and desired a cessation of arms until sunrise the next morning, which was granted; at which time they would come to a parley. Accordingly the French General Debeline came with about sixty of his men, with a flag of truce, and stuck it down within about twenty rods of the fort, in plain sight of the same, and said if we would send three men to him he would send as many to us, to which we complied. The General sent in a French lieutenant with a French soldier and an Indian.

Upon our men going to Monsieur, he made the following proposals: viz.—that in case we would immediately resign up the fort, we should all have our lives and liberty to put on all the clothes we had, and also to take a sufficient quantity of provisions to carry us to Montreal, and bind up our provisions and blankets, lay down our arms and march out of the fort.

Upon our men returning, he desired that the Captain of the fort would meet him halfway, and give answer to the above proposal, which I did; and upon meeting the Monsieur, he did not wait for me to give an answer, but went on in the following manner: viz.—that what had been promised he was ready to perform; but upon refusal he would immediately set the fort on fire, and run over the top; for he had 700 men with him, and if we made any further resistance, or should happen to kill one Indian, we might expect all to be put to the sword. "The fort," said he, "I am resolved to have, or die. Now do what you please; for I am as easy to have you fight as to give up." I told the General that in case of extremity his proposal would do; but inasmuch as I was sent here by my master, the Captain-General, to defend this fort, it would not be consistent with my orders to give it up, unless I was better satisfied that he was able to perform what he had threatened; and, furthermore, I told him that it was poor encouragement to resign into the hands of the enemy, that upon one of their number being killed, they would put all to the sword, when it was probable that we had killed some of them already. "Well," said he, "go into the fort and see whether your men dare fight any more or not, and give me an answer quick, for my men want to be fighting." Whereupon I came into the fort and called all the men together, and informed them what the French General said, and then put it to vote, which they chose, either to fight on or resign; and they voted to a man to stand it out as long as they had life. Upon this, I returned the answer, that we had determined to fight it out. Upon which





they gave a shout, and then fired, and so continued firing and shouting until daylight the next morning.

About noon they called to us and said, "Good morning," and desired a cessation of arms for two hours that they might come to a parley; which was granted. The General did not come himself but sent two Indians, who came within about eight rods of the fort and struck down their flag, and desired that I would send out two men to them, which I did, and the Indians made the following proposal: viz.—that in case we would sell them provisions, they would leave and not fight any more, and desired my answer; which was that selling them provisions for money was contrary to the laws of nations, but if they would send in a captive for every five bushels of corn, I would supply them. Upon the Indians returning the General this answer, four or five guns were fired against the fort, and they withdrew, as we supposed, for we heard no more of them.

In all this time we had scarce opportunity to eat or sleep. The cessation of arms gave us no matter of rest, for we suspected they did it to obtain an advantage against us. I believe men were never known to hold out with better resolution, for they did not seem to sit or lie still one moment. There were about thirty men in the fort, and although we had some thousands of guns fired at us, there were but two men slightly wounded: viz.—John Brown and Joseph Ely.

By the above account you may form some idea of the distressed circumstances we were under, to have such an army of starved creatures around us, whose necessity obliged them to be the more earnest. They seemed every minute as if they were going to swallow us up; using all the threatening language they could invent, and shouting and firing as if the heavens and the earth were coming together.

But notwithstanding all this our courage held out to the last. We were informed by the French that came into the fort, that our captives (which they say are about 300 in number) were removed from Quebec to Montreal by reason of sickness which is in Quebec; and that they were well and in good health, except three, who were left sick, and that about three captives had died who were said to be Dutchmen. They also informed us that John Norton had liberty to preach to the captives.

The news of this checkmate of the enemy on the frontier was dispatched to Boston, and was received with liveliest satisfaction. The importance of the victory was recognized by Governor Shirley, in distinguished commendation of the conduct of Captain Stevens. Commodore Sir Charles Knowles, who was in naval command at Boston, showed his appreciation by the gift of an elegant sword, the compliment being later responded to, when, in 1753 the settlement became a town, by placing in the forefront of the appellation the first name of the donor. It must be added that the town was long specifically designated as "Charlestown Number Four," which descriptive title has not gone entirely out of use.

One other episode in the life of the fort remains to be told. Seventeen years had passed since hostilities were ended, by the triumphant



conquest secured by Wolfe on the plains of Abraham, September 13, 1759. At the close of this period of innocuous desuetude the fort, and the town as well, became the scene of active preparation for a brief but brilliant campaign under the command of one of the soldierly men to whom, as to Washington, the French War had been a school preparatory to the War of the Revolution.

Stark had been colonel of a regiment at Bunker Hill, and with Washington at Princeton and Trenton. But the time was at hand for his masterpiece of warfare. In July, 1777, he was in retirement from the army, resenting a slight which had been passed upon him by the Continental Congress. But when summons with a commission came to him from the military government of his own state, to meet the enemy which was nearing its frontiers, it found him cheerfully obedient.

Charlestown, which had been made by the state a depository of military stores, was the appointed place of rendezvous. The first paragraph of a letter to the committee of safety, dated Charlestown Number Four, July 30, 1777,—seventeen days before Bennington—reveals the military promptness of the commander, as well as the difficulties under which he labored:—

I received yours of the 22d inst., with the enclosed informing me of the situation of the enemy; and of our Frontiers; but previous to your letter, I had received an Express from Col. Warner, informing me of their situation, and I forwarded 250 men to their relief on the 28th. I sent another detachment off this day, and as fast as they come in will send them. I expect to march myself to-morrow or next day; we are detained a good deal by want of Bullet molds, as there is but one pair in town, and the few Balls you sent goes but little way in supplying the whole.

Except in the matter of balls, a good outfit for New Hampshire's contingent of soldiers for Bennington would seem to have been furnished at Charlestown. Beside ammunition and equipments from the quartermaster's department, there was great activity in the commissariat. A very long epic, which is in print, bristling with names and details, says:—

And Col. Hunt seemed everywhere,  
To see that all were fed;  
And every girl made cartridges  
Who was not making bread.

Indeed, it may not be presumptuous to name as among the possibilities, that if it had not been for the generous send-off from the old fort the victory at Bennington might not have been achieved.



It would be interesting to know the manner of the taking off of the battered and time-worn structure, after its days of usefulness were past. It was not by fire, surely, as such an event would be handed down from vivid memory. It is only certain that not a vestige remains. The exact location of the fort will never be known. Approximate information, however, has been furnished. At one of the annual meetings of the local historical society, Abram Hull, an aged man, told us that, when a boy, he was with his father, who was engaged in gathering apples in the orchard of Dr. Taylor, and that the aged owner came to the place and said, "Where these trees stand was the old fort." Dr. Taylor, it must be explained, was, when a very young man,—nineteen years of age according to the record,—surgeon of the garrison, and subsequently settled in Charlestown. His orchard was located as due west from the stone blacksmith-shop,—a widely-known landmark.

This tradition, received at such close range, accords with the prevailing local opinion. The information it conveys will be inscribed on the marker, for which preparations are being made, to stand by the driveway in Charlestown street. The name of Phineas Stevens may well have place thereon. It will, surely, ever be recalled in connection with the sturdy defense of the northern frontier of the valley of the Connecticut.



QUARTERLY MEETING

MARCH 15, 1904

JAMES H. OSGOOD of Chicago read a paper on "Old Howard Street," and in addition gave several anecdotes of his father, Rev. Dr. Samuel Osgood.

### Old Howard Street

This is the first time in my life that I ever attempted to speak before an audience, and I might say,

You'd scarce expect one of my age  
To speak in public on the stage

I may have occasion to use a term which might be called slang, but I want you to understand that it is not original with me, and I will tell you where it came from. I got it out of a paper. There were two young ladies who were discussing their lovers and Maud says to Blanche, "You had a call from Mr.—yesterday?" "Yes." "Was it a pleasant call?" "Yes." She was not very responsive, so her friend suspected that all was not right, so she said, "He made a proposition to you, didn't he—he made a proposal?" "Yes." "And you refused him?" "Yes." "Well, that's where you dropped your watermelon!" I may have occasion to use that phrase, and I want you to know where it came from. After I consented to speak here I thought perhaps that might be where I dropped my watermelon.

When Mr. Adams asked me to address you, I felt a good deal as the school girl did who was asked to make a rhyme—several verses of poetry—in order to avoid being whipped. She had given to her for a subject the turnip, and she thought it was a pretty small subject to make a rhyme upon. However, she succeeded so well that she was not whipped. She went on something like this:—

Mr. Finney had a turnip and it grew behind the barn;  
It grew and grew, but it didn't do no harm.

It grew and it grew till it couldn't grow no taller;  
Mr. Finney pulled it up and put it in the cellar.

It lay and it lay till it began to rot;  
His daughter Susie washed it up and put it in the pot.

It boiled and it boiled all that it was able;  
His daughter Mary took it up and put it on the table.

Mr. Finney and his wife then sat down to sup,  
And they ate and they ate till they ate the turnip up.

I shall be satisfied if I succeed as well as the girl did.





Old Howard street, I thought when I was asked about it, was opened in the '30's, but on going to the records I find it was opened in 1829 by Colonel Solomon Warriner, Mr. John Howard and Mr. Charles Howard. They were the heirs to the Josiah Dwight estate and it was opened on this land, principally, but it seems that Colonel Warriner had the disposal of the lots. It was accepted by the town in 1829. The first lot was sold to Mr. Franklin Taylor and he built a brick house upon it which, in 1836, he sold to the Hon. John Mills. I believe the next lot was bought by Mr. Simon Smith and he built a brick house upon that which he afterward sold to Mr. Daniel Lombard. There was another house built there by Mr. Gideon Gardner who was a carpenter by trade, but he built a brick house there which he sold to Mr. Charles Merriam some time in the '30's I guess, probably '36.

Now as I remember Howard street more especially, it was after '39. I went away from Springfield to New York in '36, but I was back and forth until I returned in '39. I remember most of the people that were in Howard street at that time and lived there for years—until '55—when I left again, and then there was a period when I knew very little about the transactions and special changes here.

In 1839 the old Josiah Dwight house stood facing Main street on the north corner of Howard. In 1840 or '42 it was turned around and moved in the place where it now stands. It is plain enough to me that it is the old Josiah Dwight house. The house that Colonel Warriner occupied, and Deacon Bontecou, is the Pitt Bliss house. Colonel Warriner is in some way connected with that family and he lived there until he moved down to the corner of Water street in the late 40's, when he died there.

In 1839 or '40 Mr. Shurtleff came here from Vermont. He built the house which is now standing on Howard street next to Uncle Daniel Lombard—he was always spoken of as Uncle Daniel until he left.

Take the north side: The Josiah Dwight house formerly stood on Main street and in the early 40's it was turned around to where it now stands back of the brick block. Next came the house built by James W. Hale, which was afterwards sold to Colonel Thompson. Next was the James Brewer house, built by Franklin Taylor, now standing. Then Henry Brewer built a house next his brother,



which is now standing. The next house was a double brick house built by David A. Bush; that is standing. The next house was built by Roswell Shurtleff some time in the early '40's. He afterwards sold it to Ezra Boody. It is now standing. Next came Uncle Daniel Lombard's house. Next came the house where Dr. Buckingham lived; I do not know who built the house. Next was the house built by Mr. S. B. Spooner, of brick, on the corner of Water street—still standing. There were no houses beyond that until you go to the river on this side of the street. Then you come to Mr. Bliss's lumber yard. That completes the north side so far as I remember it.

Beginning on the south side, the first house on the corner of Main street was the Pitt Bliss house, afterward owned and occupied by Colonel Solomon Warriner. Later it came into the possession of Deacon Daniel Bontecou and was occupied by him for several years. I think Deacon Bontecou died there; I am not certain, but I think so. There was a large garden that ran from the house down as far as the Richard Bliss house, built about 1840 or '41. That house was afterwards sold by Mr. Bliss to Dr. Adams, and by Dr. Adams to Ralph Day. That house has been moved and now stands in the alley back of the Jerry Warriner house, where Jenny Lind stayed while she was in Springfield. She did not stop at the hotel, but went straight to Uncle Jerry's with her assistants. It was given up to her while she was in the city. She sang here in 1851, and on that occasion the church was full—there was not a space left. She made this statement about the old church—that it was the easiest room she ever sang in—it cost her less effort to fill the house. Some society had a number of partially crippled children here and she wanted to go and sing to them, and she did so. Next to Mr. Bliss's house Lewis Warriner built in 1843; that house now stands and is occupied by his widow who is eighty-seven years old. Next to Lewis Warriner's house stood the barn owned by Daniel Lombard which was purchased by my father. We took it down and carried it up to what we called the North End once, it is now North street, I think. I looked for the barn, but I couldn't find it, and I looked for the house I lived in. The old barn was taken down and it is now in some of those new houses in that part of the city. We bought the barn and carried it up there in '43 or '44, and that is where I made hay and fed cattle and produced milk which I sold for several



years to Uncle Jerry and to the Massasoit House. The first house that Uncle Jerry Warriner built was of wood, and it burned down in the '50's. It was built on the lot which he bought from Uncle Daniel Lombard after the barn was moved away. He was keeping the Union House at that time, and was the proprietor of it. I was a member of the Niagara Fire Company then, and I remember going there and trying to extinguish the fire; but there was so much inside to burn that it didn't do much good. We worked away upon it, however. We were treated by Miss Elsie Lombard and her sister to hot coffee, which we enjoyed very much. He then built a house of brick which stands on the same spot on the lot which he purchased of Uncle Daniel Lombard. Next to Uncle Jerry's house was Mr. Charles Merriam's which now stands, as well as the Jerry Warriner house. Next to Mr. Merriam's was the John Mills house and I think that is now standing. Next to Mr. Mills was the house owned and occupied for a while by Rev. Sanford Lawton. After Mr. Lawton's came the house built by Mr. Samuel Hills. When I left Springfield the house was occupied by Deacon Solomon Warriner. He died there. We are now down to Water street. After you passed Water street was a house occupied by Pilot Allen who was pilot of the steamers that used to run from here to Hartford. Beyond that were the two Bakers—father and son. Mr. Otis Baker, I think, was at one time a partner of Mr. Graves—Baker and Graves; both were masons by trade. I believe they have all gone.

At one time Mr. Bliss—Mr. Theodore Bliss had a lumber yard at the foot of Howard street, of which I have spoken, which occupied quite a considerable space of ground from Water street down to the river. I had teams that worked and I used to haul lumber from the river to his yard. I think Mr. Frederick Harris was at one time associated with him in that business.

There is only one person now living on Howard street who lived there in 1845, and that is Mrs. Lewis Warriner. There is not another soul there that I have any recollection of or know anything about.

The changes in Springfield are of very much the same character as those on Howard street. I came here a year ago last fall, and if I had been set down anywhere in the town except in front of the old church, I could not have told where I was, and I used to know almost every man, woman and child in town. There are a few before



me that I have known for a good many years. All my old companions except one, are gone—the Bonds, the Pynchons, the Hatches, all the Mills boys—so that I feel alone in my native home. But the changes have been as great in other parts of the city. Go up to the hill where there was nothing but scrub oaks and pine woods. You could have bought acres there for \$500 forty years ago, and less than that. I once sold twenty acres of mine to a man up there for \$200. Now it is a city up there.

I was looking over a pamphlet that was published by the Cemetery Association in 1878, I think. There are 133 burials recorded there, all men, there is not a woman's name among those published. Out of that number there were only four of my age, or older than myself—only four. I knew every one of them but twenty-one. Do you think it is strange that I feel lost here? That pamphlet was published in 1878.

I do not think I can tell you anything more about Howard street because I do not know anyone that lives there but Mrs. Warriner. I saw her yesterday and had a very pleasant call with her. You know it is very hard to converse with her, but I made out through the aid of the woman who is so kind to her and she understood me.

Well, I grew up here as a boy. In 1827 the high school was built on School street; I think the house now stands. It has been changed, of course, but I think I recognize the front end of it. Well, it was a question with us boys who was going to get into the high school. There was no grammar school thought of. You went from the common school right to the high school. We discussed who was going to get in, and one would say, "You won't," and another would say, "You won't," and one of my companions said, "You'll get in, because you're Dr. Osgood's son." But I didn't go in on that account, but I had to pass the examination. The high school was then quite a prominent place. We had for the first instructor, Mr. Story Hebart. He had rooms with Mrs. Colonel Trask in the house that is now occupied by Mrs. Alexander—her daughter. He had rooms there. He was a most lovely man, and he taught the school then. He gave us all good instruction. Some profited by it and others didn't, perhaps. He was there four years, and when he left, I had been sent up to South Hadley for a time to a school there called Woodbridge School. I got uneasy about staying here, and my father, after a while, was persuaded to send me up there. In the





spring of '32 Mr. Hebart left and went on the mission. The next teacher was Mr. Lusk from Enfield and the boys soon got the upper hand of him and virtually turned him out of the house. Next came Mr. Sheldon, and he liked discipline the same as Mr. Lusk, and he had to leave. The committee were at a standstill. They had a lot of boys that wanted instruction, but they wanted fun more and they were bound to have it. The committee heard of Mr. Calhoun who graduated at Williamstown. They waited on him and told him the conditions of things. He was very frank. "Well, if you let me have my own way with them, I'll come and teach them." "Very well, do what you've a mind to." Corporal punishment then was not prohibited. He came. The first morning that he was in the school he let the boys do as they had a mind to—just as they pleased. They raised Old Hobbs, so to speak. When he came to his desk in the afternoon he stood up with his tall form six feet high—a powerfully built man, and said, "Boys, I am going to be master here. If you are mild with me, I shall be mild with you; but if you are harsh with me, I shall be harsh with you." They thought it was all "bluff," as the term goes now. He waited for a few moments, and he saw a boy and he said, "Come out here"—calling him by name. He came out and he got a good thrashing. "Go back to your studies." He looked over the field again and he saw another—that was my brother, and he said, "Come out here." (I didn't tell you who the first one was.) He got thrashed and back he went. Mr. Calhoun had rooms with my sister, Mrs. Hunt, on Bliss street, at that time. He came into the house in his quick way: "Ha, ha, flogged twenty-two this afternoon." Next day when he came home to dinner, "Well," he said, "I flogged sixteen." That ended the quarrel. They didn't have any more flogging. He taught that school, and the boys, after he had been there two months, would have done anything in the world for that man. He won them completely over. When he left—he went on the mission also, some of you knew him probably, Simeon H. Calhoun, he was one of the finest men that this city ever knew.

Well, when I came here, instead of finding the fathers, I found the children. I have been most kindly received by the children of my old companions and I love to speak of it. The Bond family are all gone but one. I believe Mr. Edward Bond is living in New York; he was a few years ago. I have lost all trace of him, but have heard



of him there. The Stebbins family, Festus Stebbins' family, are all gone. They have relatives here. Mr. John B. Stebbins married the daughter of Mr. Festus Stebbins and his daughters live on Crescent Hill. I called to see them and was kindly received.

I want to tell you one little story about the old poorhouse. It was the first poorhouse that was built here that I remember of, and I guess it was the first one. It stood just above Auburn street, and the town at that time thought—I don't know what caused them to do it, but they thought it wise to build a fence ten feet high all around on the front and side towards Mr. Stebbins', and down to the river. It offended some of the occupants of the poorhouse very much and I think it was in the year '31, the poorhouse barn burned one night. It was burned down. My father had at that time living with him, a man from Hawley, who worked on his land. I cannot remember when my father did not have land, more or less, and I remember when the barn burned, it had been filled with hay, and those of you who have seen hay burn know how the sparks fly. We were living where the John Goodrich block now stands and the sparks came like a cloud. The man from Hawley went to the side door and looked up, and he thought the house was afire. Without saying anything to any one he went to the room where my two youngest sisters were sleeping and got them out of bed; he put one under one arm and one under the other and then he came down stairs with them. My mother met him in the hall. "Why, Robinson, what are you doing!" "Where are the boys?" "Where are the boys?" "What is the matter, Robinson?" "The house is afire! Where are the boys?" She said, "The house is not on fire." He won my mother's heart by that transaction. Ever after that there was nothing too good for Robinson to have. You know the old adage is, "The way to a woman's heart is through her child."

The story that is told in some of the publications about Zebina Stebbins' old horse is true. He was harnessed one Sunday morning for church, and Mr. Stebbins didn't come out as soon as the horse thought he ought to, so he went to the church and stood by the door long enough for a man to get out, then he went over and stood by the fence until the people began to come out, when he walked up to the door, waited long enough for his driver to enter the carriage, turned around and went home.

Time was when we boys in Springfield didn't always agree. We



were divided up into parties designated as the streeters, the hillers and the water shops boys. The hillers and water shops boys trained together. At one time we got into a dispute and we were going to fight it out. We didn't dare have it in the street, because we were afraid of Mr. Elijah Blake. We didn't dare have it in the lots, for we were afraid of Dr. Osgood, so it was agreed that we would go up to Ferry street—this place was called Ferry street when I was a boy—and have the fight. It was all planned out. Two of the boys were to be pitted for battle, after one was whipped someone else was to take his place, when another was whipped someone else was to take his place, and so on. They began to square off, and pretty soon we heard a report like a pistol, and we saw a man running out of a house with a big black whip with a lash two feet long, and he said, "Scatter, boys, scatter, or I'll scatter you." We did scatter and the fight ended. There was no bloodshed. We didn't know anything about the Marquis of Queensbury rules—it was knock down and drag out, as they used to say. That ended the fight.

There are several stories told about my father; some of them I know to be true. The story about the man with the squeaking boots occurred in the old church. I was present. The man came in after my father had commenced his sermon, named his text and was going on. This man came upstairs in a slow way,—creak, creak, creak went the boots, and pretty soon the man appeared in the door of the south gallery, a tall man, six feet or more, and he started to come up the south aisle and father said, "My friend, will you please take the first seat you come to?" He paid no attention to him, but he kept on and went clear into the pew at the end of the aisle and into the further corner of the pew and sat down. Dr. Osgood went on with his sermon. Very soon—probably the man sat there ten minutes—he got up—squeak, squeak, squeak, and he went down that long aisle—the church is about seventy feet deep. As soon as he started to go, father turned about and sat down. He waited quietly until he had got through, and then went on with his sermon.

I could tell you stories about Springfield all night and not repeat, but they don't all come to me at once.

I want to say right here that there are three things I am proud of: My parentage, the city I was born in, and my native state. I love the city—I love it as a city and I loved it as a town. I shall never forget it. I have spent a great many happy days here.



I will tell you a story about my father which shows how ready he was to reply. He was on the way home from Enfield and he had got into Longmeadow street one very dark night, and as he was riding along in his gig, a man called out, "Halloo!" My father answered, "Halloo." "Where the devil am I," said the man. "I don't know any such man around here," said my father. "Well, can you tell me where I am?" "Yes, you are in the middle of Longmeadow street." If you have ever been there, you know it is pretty wide. "Well, I want to go to Springfield; can you tell me how?" "Yes, follow me and you'll get there." He led and the man followed.

Here is a story that was never published about my father. Several years ago, I think in '45, a gentleman came here to lecture upon colonization, telling what the Colonization Society had done for emancipating slaves. The lecture was held in Dr. Peabody's old church. Dr. Peabody was then living. The gentleman probably knew some of the audience that were on the platform. Among them were Judge Morris, Judge Chapman, Dr. Peabody, Mr. Foot, my father and some others that you know. When the lecturer commenced, he said he did not wish to be interrupted while he was speaking, "But," he said, "if I do not make it plain to you, at the end of my discourse I will answer any questions that anyone in the audience wishes to ask." He went on with his discourse and he didn't wind up until ten o'clock. I remember my mother was a good deal disturbed because father was not at home; he was seldom out at ten o'clock. Well, when he came home he told us this story. When the lecturer got through with his lecture he said, "If there is anything you wish to ask me—any questions, I will try to answer." My father said to Dr. Peabody, "Ask him the question." Dr. Peabody said, "I can't; you ask him." My father said, "Ask him the question. You are in your own church." He said, "I can't." "Well," said father, "I am not going to let this thing go." So he turned to him and addressed him as a brother and asked him this question: "How many slaves have been manumitted by the American Colonization Society since its organization?" "I have answered that question once, sir," said the man. "Not to my satisfaction," said father. "Well, you can't expect a man is going to furnish facts and arguments as well as brains too." "Well, it is not the subject under consideration whether I have brains or not. I concede that question, if necessary. But these gentlemen on the





platform, whom everybody concedes have brains, are as much in the dark as I am." He didn't answer the question. I told you that story to show you the perfect control my father had of his temper. Very few men would have answered calmly and coolly under that insult.

I will close by simply repeating to you a little poem that I learned. When I first read it it did not make much of an impression on me, but I afterwards learned it by heart, and it tells just my condition where I stand now. It is entitled, "After the Life Battle." I have had a life battle. I can repeat it.

Do you think that I fear you, Goodman Death?  
Then, Sire, you do not know,  
For your grim white face, and your frosty breath  
And your dark eyes browed with snow  
Bring naught to me but a signal of love.  
My Father sent you, He dwelleth above,  
And I am ready to go.

The battle is o'er and we have won.  
Perhaps you didn't know  
That just to-night the setting sun  
Saw the turning of the foe.  
If you had come in the thick of the fray,  
I might not have wanted to turn away;  
Now I am ready to go.

Please steady me into your little boat.  
Your arm,—yes, thank you, there.  
I think when we are well afloat  
I'll sleep, if you do not care.  
If I'm not awake when we reach the shore,  
Tell Father I stayed till the battle was o'er  
And tried to do my share.

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I was once in the express office here. I knew John Brown personally. I used to do business with him. A draft at one time came through the Agawam Bank—it didn't come through the express office. The draft was for \$2,500, payable to the order of John Brown. He could take \$2,500 by writing his name on the back of that draft. It had been accepted and gone all through and it was worth \$2,500 with his name on the back of it. The cashier at that time was Mr. Bailey. Mr. Bailey said, "Indorse that, Mr. Brown, and I will pay you the money." He said, "No, sir; I am not going to indorse any-



body's paper." "But it is for your own good." "No, I'm not going to put my name on the back of that. I never did such a thing." Mr. Bailey couldn't persuade him. Chester Chapin was at that time president of the bank. He labored with him two hours, but he couldn't get him to put his name on the back of that draft and they had to return it to New York and have it made payable to Mr. Chapin's order. Mr. Chapin indorsed it and gave the money to Mr. Brown.

My father went into the bank one day and asked Mr. John Howard for \$100. Mr. Howard said, "Yes, sir." Father wrote a note and handed it to Mr. Howard, who said, "Well, it really calls for an indorser." "I don't know anybody that I want to ask to indorse it." Mr. Howard said, "We must obey the rules." Mr. Howard took the note, wrote his name on the back and handed him the money.

I have seen nine fugitive slaves in my father's house at one time, over night. In the morning father said, "James, you must pilot these men up to Mr. Daniel Harris." Well, I piloted the nine men up there. They stepped aboard a Connecticut River train and went to Bellows Falls, and they were turned over to the next conductor and sent to Canada. Mr. Harris was as strong in that line as my father was.

I remember very well when Worthington's tavern stood where Worthington street now is. I remember when Mr. Stearns opened that street. He couldn't agree with Mr. Pyncheon about the matter, so the street was all opened on the Worthington lot. We will say here is the line of Worthington street (illustrating), well, there was a foot of ground left along here and Mr. Pyncheon's lot was inside of it. That strip represents a foot of ground from Main street to Water street. Well, Mr. Pyncheon says, "I wonder what in the world Charles Stearns has left that foot of ground there for?" My father said, "Don't you understand?" "No." "It is so you cannot use your lots for building." "Well, it's pretty mean business." "You know Mr. Stearns opened the street entirely on his own land; he is going to protect himself. You would do the same thing, wouldn't you?" Well, he didn't understand why it was done, but he finally found it out.

*Question*—Can you tell us about the alley a few rods north of State street, from Main to Market streets?



*Answer*—That is where we used to go to school. The old town school house stood in back there.

*Question*—Did it have a name?

*Answer*—I never knew it to have a name. One of Deacon Justin Lombard's daughters, Miss Eliza Lombard, taught school there for years, and every boy and girl went to school to Eliza Lombard. She taught afterwards in the Widow Pynchon's house, and some of us went there.

One very sad thing occurred here in town one winter. An old lady lived with Mrs. Edward Pynchon as her companion, a Miss Bliss, and she and Mrs. Pynchon were going out to ride one afternoon and they sent to Fuller's stable for a sleigh and driver. Mr. Benjamin Fuller harnessed a horse to a single sleigh, which was sent to take them out to ride. Miss Bliss got into the sleigh; the man stood holding the horse, the horse was not quiet, he was rather ambitious. In a few minutes a horse came running down Main street with a pair of shafts and a cross bar—he came dashing down like lightning, and as a horse will do—they will always run to where there is a horse—he bounded for this horse, and as he got up to the sleigh he made a jump, threw the cross bar up, and at the same time the horse Mr. Fuller had sent out, broke away and the shafts struck Miss Bliss and knocked her from the seat she was on. The Fuller horse started and ran past the Hampden House. He bounded in to goon to the sidewalk, and the sleigh struck a tree—it doesn't stand there now, it has been cut down—and killed the woman instantly.

*Question*—Was Mrs. Ranney's school ahead of your time?

*Answer*—No, sir; I remember her. She afterwards married John Avery. I knew her son, John Ranney. He went up to Canada and lived there a while. I think he has passed away.

Only one of my old companions now lives in Springfield, Mr. E. D. Chapin. He was in Dr. Edwards' store when I was in Bon-tecou and Hunt's. Old Springfield is a very interesting place to old people.



## Appendix

The old Pynchon fort was torn down in 1831. William Pynchon built a new house on the site, very near where the old fort stood. The brick for that fort was brought here from Holland and history records that there were only two houses left here that the Indians did not burn and one was this fort and the other was on Pecousic Hill.

Just a few rods below the entrance of the Foot block, the main entrance upstairs, stood in Main street a watering trough. It was made from a log cut out and was probably two feet wide by fourteen or fifteen feet long and was always full of water supplied by an aqueduct which ran through Jonathan Dwight's garden down to the watering trough, from a spring on the corner where they are now building the Fire and Marine block. A man in town had a grudge against Doctor Osgood, and he told a man who worked about here that if he would put Doctor Osgood into the watering trough he would give him a dollar. The man replied, "I don't know him." The other said, "I will show him to you," and he stepped to the door of the Dwight store and said, "There he is on the opposite side of the street." The man went out, crossed over the street, walked down by the side of Doctor Osgood, looking him up and down, preparing to enter into the contest of putting him into the watering trough. Evidently he changed his mind after he had seen the object he had to encounter, for he returned to the store. The man said to him, "Why didn't you put him into the watering trough? You haven't earned your dollar!" "No," was the reply, "I haven't." "Well, why didn't you put him into the watering trough?" "I don't believe he would let me." My father, in college, was the champion wrestler in his class and he would not be put into a watering trough very easily.

Mr. Thomas Blanchard, who was an inventor, either in 1833 or 1834 started from his house just below Wilcox street, to run a carriage by steam up to the Carew corner. He succeeded between eight o'clock in the morning and four o'clock in the afternoon, in getting up to the Carew corner and back. That was probably the first street car that ever ran in this town. It was simply on four wheels, and he had his little engine on the platform which he had made. I remember very well seeing it, because he got stalled, as they say, in front of the store where I was a clerk.

*Question*—Was he twitted a little about the experience?

*Answer*—Yes.

*Question*—He claimed that he did all he said he would do?

*Answer*—Yes; he did all he said he would do. I saw him when he went up and when he went back. The fire got extinguished in front of the store and he stopped and got it up and raised steam again, got into his wagon and went up and back.

*Question*—All he claimed was that he would go up to the Carew corner and back?

*Answer*—Yes.

We had some very quaint people here as far back as 1830. I will tell you a story about two of them. There were two Stebbins who were cousins; the one had land which he let his cousin take upon shares to plant tobacco. The tobacco was planted and harvested and the owner of the land said to his cousin, "Have





you harvested your tobacco yet?" "Yes." "Well, what have you done with it?" "Put it into my barn." "Where is my part? Didn't you agree that I was to have half?" "Your part didn't grow." "Well, didn't you agree to take it on halves and give me half the crop?" "Oh, yes." "Then where is my part?" "I told you it didn't grow, there was but half a crop and that belonged to me."

*Question*—Did John Brown belong to the old First Church? You say he attended there.

*Answer*—I think he was a member of the church. I think he joined the church by letter from somewhere. Elba, N. Y., was his home. I won't say he was a member of Doctor Osgood's church, but my impression is that he was.

*Question*—Do you remember where his pew was?

*Answer*—I cannot tell you about the pew.

*Question*—He certainly attended church there, did he?

*Answer*—Oh, yes. He and father were very warm friends.

*Question*—Another thing as to the old First Church, was Pres. John Adams' body brought there after his death?

*Answer*—He was brought here and laid in the old church.

*Question*—Do you remember anything about the circumstances?

*Answer*—He was simply brought here and laid there over night. The body was brought here from Washington. He lay in the vestibule of the church. This was in 1848.

*Question*—That was before railway trains?

*Answer*—No; I do not think so.

*Question*—The body remained in state?

*Answer*—The body was there over night, guarded by members of the Springfield guards. They volunteered to guard the body over night, and they did. It was held there until the next afternoon, I think; it went down on the noon train. It certainly was after the railroad. The body was viewed by all who chose to go in.

*Question*—Jenny Lind was here?

*Answer*—In 1851.

*Question*—You remember her?

*Answer*—Oh, yes; the church was full. There was not a space left. She went from here to Northampton and sang there. I couldn't get away, I stayed and took care of the office the night she was here. The next night I went up to Northampton and heard her sing. She made this statement about the old church—that it was the easiest room she ever sang in—it was less effort for her to fill the house.

*Question*—She stopped at Uncle Jerry Warriner's?

*Answer*—She stopped at the house down on Howard street which was the home of Uncle Warriner. I didn't state the other night that the first house that Uncle Jerry built on Howard street was of wood and burned down. I asked Uncle Jerry after that fire, "Are you going to build again?" "Yes, James, I am going to build again, but I am going to build one that won't burn down so quick."

My remembrance is that there were some feeble children here—I don't remember what society had them in charge—but she wanted to go and sing to them—quite a number of partially crippled children—and she did.

*Question*—She created quite a furore?

*Answer*—Yes, she was brought here by Barnum for one hundred thousand dollars. She sang here a while and Barnum made quite a good deal of money out



of her singing. They made a second deal, but Barnum released her from her contract. This is hearsay, but I think it is so.

*Question*—She didn't sing but once here?

*Answer*—Only one evening. I don't think she visited any families here.

*Question*—She was rather quiet at Warriner's?

*Answer*—Yes.

*Question*—She didn't stop at the hotel?

*Answer*—She went right to that house on Howard street, with her assistants. They gave up the house to her.

I could tell a story about John Brown. He once went to see a young woman who was subject to mesmerism, and she was under the influence to such an extent that she was perfectly unconscious. Brown didn't believe it, and he suggested to the persons who knew the girl that if they would allow him to make a test, if she bore the test, he then would believe she was under mesmeric influence. They agreed to it on condition that he should not do her any harm. He promised that it would not be permanent harm. It was consented to. He came into the room with a paper which contained cowhage which, when pulverized and thrown upon the person, not only burned, but itched almost beyond the power of endurance. He came up and opened the neck of her dress and threw some on her person. She made no movement, but sat through it. "Well," said Brown, "I shall have to give in that she is under mesmeric influence when that herb does not disturb her." Then he opened his vest and his woolen shirt which he wore. "Now," he said. "throw it on." They took a handful and threw it right into his bosom. He buttoned up his coat and marched out. They put a preparation of oil on the girl, so that she was relieved from the pain, but he never put anything on his person. It goes to show the nerve of the man. He was without exception a man of the most determined will that ever came into Springfield. It was said by Governor Wise that he was the most plucky man that he ever met in his life. History shows that he was not afraid of anything. His home was in Elba, N. Y.

*Question*—Where was he located here?

*Answer*—On Franklin street, soon after Franklin street was opened.

*Question*—On the south side?

*Answer*—I do not know.

*Question*—You are not certain that he was in business on Sanford street?

*Answer*—No, I am not certain. He was in business with John L. King—in the wool business,—King and Harding were interested with him in the wool business. That was Brown's business, dealing in wool.

*Question*—Do you remember when the old fort was torn down?

*Answer*—In the old fort there were timbers of solid oak sixteen inches square, and many mementos were made from it, such as canes, chairs, etc.

*Question*—Did it retain its original form and shape and characteristics down to that time?

*Answer*—No, there was an arrangement in front that was taken off. It came out from under the eaves; the roof projected so that there was probably four or five feet of projection. It was built that way so that the arrows of the Indians could not enter the house and injure the occupants. It protected the windows. It projected and came down slanting. Underneath at the front door there was



at one time a porch which is represented in that picture of the old fort, but that porch was taken away before I recollect. Mr. William Pynchon or some one took it off. All the timbers of the fort were solid oak and the main timbers were sixteen inches square and some twenty-five, thirty or forty feet long, and perfectly sound when they came out. If that oak was living to-day it would bring three hundred dollars a thousand.

In the cold and long winters there was a man who ran a team from Feeding Hills to Boston. He would go down once or twice during the winter. He called once upon Doctor Osgood and asked him if he had any freight in Boston that he wished brought to him. The reply was, "Not bad enough to pay winter transportation; but if you are not fully loaded and will bring it up to me for what it would cost in summer to bring it around by the sloop and up the river, you may bring it. It is right on your way, you won't have to go out of your way at all." The man consented to bring it to him on those terms. On his return he came to the doctor's one night and left the freight. The doctor said, "How much do I owe you?" He mentioned the price. "Well, that is not according to agreement, is it?" "Well, I couldn't afford to bring it for any less." "You agreed to bring it to me for the cost of transportation in summer—I am willing to pay that." "That won't pay me; I won't take that." "I will not pay the other price." The man went away quite angry. The second morning after the doctor's wife missed him from the bedroom and was anxious to know what had become of him. He got up about three o'clock in the morning, harnessed his horse, drove to Feeding Hills—six miles, and met the man as he was going out to the barn to fodder his cattle. The man said, "Why, what has brought you over here so early?" "To pay you this money, sir." When he returned his wife said, "Where have you been?" "To Feeding Hills." "For what?" "To pay Mr. ——— the money." "You didn't owe it; why did you do it?" "If I had exchanged with my Brother Hazen, as I got up in the pulpit to perform the service, had that man been in the congregation he would say: 'There stands a man in the pulpit trying to show me what is right. He owes me ten dollars that he won't pay.' I told you that story because it goes to show that my father was determined to be a minister always, rather than a speculator or business man.

*Question*—Charles Stearns constructed the first steamboat here?

*Answer*—No, Thomas Blanchard. The first steamboat that attempted to run up the river made the attempt in 1826. We were called upon in school once to mention some circumstance that was remarkable and Bryant Hatch got up and said, "In 1826 the steamboat *Barnett* attempted to come over the falls."

*Question*—Didn't Alex Bliss give the land for the high school house?

*Answer*—I don't know. Of the steamboats that used to run up the river, Blanchard built a boat called the *Blanchard*, and ran it for some time. There were two boats that were owned by this company that ran the boats, the *Agawam* and the *Massachusetts*; the *Agawam* could get through the canal, but the *Massachusetts* always had to go over the falls because it was too long to go the other way. Charles Stearns built a boat called the *Springfield*, to run in opposition. He was once on board the boat—it came through the canal; it didn't have power enough to go over the falls—they were all scow-bottomed, not keeled. He got out of patience with his pilot and he went to the wheel, and just as they were coming out of the canal and striking into the river Stearns turned the wheel the wrong



way and it threw the boat into the falls. Fortunately they got over without staving it to pieces. That was in 1842 or 1843.

I don't know whether anybody has recorded as to the effigies in Court Square in February, 1851. It was the time that George Thompson, the English philanthropist, came here to lecture, and some one for some purpose or other, caused two pair of pantaloons to be stuffed and hung on to the big tree that now stands on Court Square. They were cut down after church was dismissed Sunday morning by Elijah Blake, Ex-Governor Trask and James H. Osgood.

The old Springfield bank looks very much as it used to. It has a Mansard roof which was put on by the bank when they removed. This is where John W. Wilder's store now is. I remember old Mr. Jonathan Dwight as well as can be. He was the first president of the bank, and then his son, Jonathan, Jr., that lived on the corner of Maple and State streets. His estate ran down from Maple street to where the old Unitarian church used to stand, with an elegant garden filled with flowers in summer and everything that was desirable. The old gentleman had the bank. That is about as good a specimen of an old New England banking house as there is in existence today. The history that goes with it especially, is about as interesting as anything that I know of.

That old fort was erected in 1650. It was there when I came into the world. It retained practically its original form up to the time it was torn down with the exception of what I told you. You see it in the picture as it originally was, with the portico-vestibule, you might call it. The Indians got underneath it and piled up brush under the house and set fire to it, but they didn't succeed in burning it. The inmates escaped without any injury whatever. When they found they couldn't get the house down, they went away.

There was a certain man in town who stood on the corner while we were cutting down the effigies (John L. King). He called out, "O, let 'em hang!" Mr. Elijah Blake turned around, shook his hand and said, "I wish to God you hung by the side of them."





QUARTERLY MEETING

APRIL 19, 1904

MISS C. ALICE BAKER of Cambridge, Mass., read a paper describing her journeys and researches in the towns and parishes on the St. Lawrence River to find records of the Deerfield captives.

### The Two Captives

THE name of Somers Islands, corrupted in our time to "Summer Islands," was given to the Bermudas, not, as many suppose, on account of their genial climate, but because of the shipwreck there in 1610 of Sir George Somers and his companions on a voyage to Virginia. Up to that time, doubtless because of their dangerous coast, the "still vexed Bermoothes," had been known to the English as the "Ile of Divels, and reputed a most prodigious and enchanted place . . . never inhabited by any Christian or Heathen people."

The report of the shipwrecked men who dwelt nine months upon the islands, enjoying the balmy air, and finding the soil "abundantly fruitful of all fit necessities for the sustentation and preservation of man's life," removed all fears of the Ile of Divels from the minds of the venturous youth of England.

Sir George Somers sold his claim to the Bermudas, to a company of 120, who got a charter for their settlement and in 1612, sent out sixty settlers. During the civil war in England, and immediately after, many persons took refuge there. The poet Waller invested money in Bermuda land, and Mr. Edmund Gosse thinks that he wrote his poem of the "Battle of the Summer Islands" as an advertisement of his plantation to his rich and noble friends. In exchange for the products of the Islands England sent cloth, which, says the poet,

Not for warmth, but ornament is worn . . .  
Such is the mould, that the blest tenant feeds,  
On precious fruits,—and pays his rent in weeds;  
With candy'd plantain, and the juicy pine,  
On choicest melons, and sweet grapes they dine,  
And with potatoes feed their wanton swine.

Tobacco is the worst of weeds which they  
To English landlords as their tribute pay.



So sweet the air,—so moderate the clime,  
None sickly lies, or dies before his time;  
For the kind spring, which but salutes us here,  
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year.

Dear to the student of New England genealogies is a book entitled, "Original Lists of Persons of Quality, Emigrants, Religious Exiles, Political Rebels, Serving men sold for a term of years, Apprentices, Children Stolen, Maidens pressed and others, who went from Great Britain to the American Plantations from 1600 to 1700." According to this book, on the 13th day of September, 1635, the good ship *Dorset*, John Flower, master, weighed anchor at London "bound for ye Bermudas." Aboard her was a motley company, ninety-five passengers all told. Full half were lads under eighteen. Eight had already reached that important age. The rest were mostly young men under thirty-five, half a dozen of whom were accompanied by their wives. Among the passengers were two ministers, Rev. George Turk and Rev. Daniel Wite or White. Two linger longest at the stern, as the ship slowly leaves her moorings, Judith Bagley, a lone, lorn woman of fifty-eight, apparently with no kith nor kin to keep her company, and James Rising, a resolute stripling of eighteen,—the only one of his name discoverable among the founders of New England.

To which of the afore-mentioned lists shall we refer this ship's company? "What sought they thus afar?" For lack of present knowledge, I shall assume that love of adventure led James Rising to seek his fortune in the New World, and that he came, apprenticed for a term of years to labor in the Bermudas. Of his life there, we have as yet no details. Sugar and molasses became important exports from the islands, and New England offered a good market for the latter article, being then largely engaged in the distillation of rum from molasses.

"Att a general town meeting held at Salem on the 20th day of the 4th month of the year 1657 James Rising is received an Inhabitant into this Towne." About three weeks later on, on the 7th of July, 1657, he married at Boston, Elizabeth, daughter of Robert Hinsdell, the sturdy pioneer of Dedham, Medfield and Deerfield. I conclude that he probably chose Salem as his home in New England, as being a port of entry for ships, freighted with the products of the islands. He was admitted as a member of the First Church



of Salem on the 22d day of the 11th month, 1661 (January 20, O. S.), by a letter from his Pastor Wite or White of the church in Bermuda. On the 20th day of the second month, 1663 (April 20, O. S.), his daughter Hannah was baptized in the First Church of Salem. Whether his two sons, James and John, were older or younger than their sister, is unknown.

Windsor, Connecticut, was at that time a leading commercial town, and carried on an extensive trade with the West Indies and adjacent islands. There was no bridge at Hartford, and Windsor became a noted port of entry, not only for coasters and West India vessels, but for English ships. The river was at all times full of vessels loading and unloading there, and "Windsor green, often heaped with goods" awaiting storage or transportation, "was lively with jovial sea captains" and sunburned sailors. Making and shipping pipe-staves was an important industry of this vicinity, and James Rising may have wished to add this branch of trade to his business. However this may be he was "voted an inhabitant of Windsor," on March 11, 1668, and the next year he was formally dismissed by letter from the church of Salem to that of Windsor. There his wife died on the 11th of August, 1669. Four years later he married the Widow Martha Bartlett, who died in less than a year after her marriage. It is said that he kept the ferry at Windsor. To the contribution made by that town to the sufferers from Philip's war in other colonies, James Rising gave five shillings, his son John one shilling and sixpence, and his daughter Hannah, one and three pence.

The same year a grant of fifty acres was allotted to him in Suffield, and in 1682 as a proprietor he voted at the organization of that town. There in 1688 at the age of seventy-one he died.

Of his daughter Hannah nothing more appears. His son James died unmarried two years after the father's death, being taken care of in his last illness by his brother John, who inherited his estate.

John Rising lived at Suffield. His first wife was Sarah, daughter of Timothy Hale of Windsor. By her he had nine children. Josiah, their seventh child, was born February 2, 1694. His mother died when he was but four years old, and his father soon married again. The stepmother, burdened with the care of a house full of children, the eldest of whom was but fourteen, probably found little Josiah, a robust boy of five, a trial to her patience. At some unknown



period, probably on the birth of a new baby in 1702, he was sent to Deerfield to stay with his father's cousin, Mehuman Hinsdell.

Leaving little Josiah Rising with his cousins in Deerfield, we must go back and take up another thread of our story.

It is the morning of the 24th of September, 1667: The day when the County Court begins its fall session at Springfield. A crowd is already gathering at the ordinary, so the inn of the olden times was called, a room being always set apart there for the holding of the court. Men with pointed beards and close cropped hair, in tall steeple-crowned hats, short jerkins of a sad color with wide white wristbands turned back over the sleeves; leather belts, broad falling collars stiffly starched, tied with a cord and tassel at the throat, hanging down on the breast and extending round on the back and shoulders; full trousers reaching the knee, where they are fastened with a bow; long, gray woolen stockings, and stout leather shoes, broad, low and well oiled, complete the costume. Some of the younger men are in great boots rolled over at the top, and slouching in wrinkles about the leg.

The women are in steeple hats, not unlike those of the men,—and Mother Hubbard cloaks. Some are bareheaded or wear a handkerchief over the head, with white kerchief pinned straight down from the throat to the waist, white cuffs and long, white aprons covering the front of their gray or black woolen gowns. The boys and girls, miniature copies of their elders, except that the boys wear woolen caps with visors, and the girls, close fitting hoods of the same material.

A constable armed with a long, black staff tipped with brass, having three youths in charge, forces his way through the crowd. They have been sent by the commissioners at Northampton, to be tried and sentenced at Springfield. The culprits are pale and evidently frightened. The face of the youngest, a mere child, is swollen with weeping. The others, who are perhaps sixteen and seventeen years old, affect an indifference to their situation which their pallor belies. It is easy to see that the eldest is the most hardened of the three.

"In sooth they are not ill looking lads," said a gossip, "I marvel of what evil they are accused." "The little one is the son of Goodman John Stebbins our former neighbor," said another. "He numbers scarce twelve summers, yet methinks he is old in sin, for they





say he hath entered the house of his stepmother's father, with intent to steal." "One Godfrey Nims is the ringleader of these villainies," put in a third. "He hath conspired with the others to run away to Canady, under the guidance of a drunken Indian varlet, who hath been hanging about Northampton of late." "It is believed that Goodman Hutchinson will intercede with the Court in behalf of Benitt," added the last speaker, "he hath lately taken the lad's mother to wife." "Poor boys," said a young mother, who led her little son by the hand, "I hope our Worshipful magistrate will mercifully consider their youth, and the shame to their parents."

"Our magistrate is a God-fearing man," replied a stern Puritan father at her elbow. "He will deal justly with the malefactors, but it behooves him not to be merciful overmuch. Our young men are getting overbold in their carriage. Our maidens wear silk in a flaunting manner, and indulge in excess of apparill to the offence of sober people. They must be taught to fear God, to obey the law and honor their parents."

"Ay, verily, it were better if they were more often admonished and scourged," interrupted a hard-faced woman, "and for my part I should like to see a score of lashes well laid on to the backs of these knaves. I misdoubt if they get off with less."

The entrance of the magistrates and jurors put a stop to the talk, and the trial proceeded. The story is told in the records far better than I could tell it:—

"Sept. 24, 1667. Att the County Court holden at Springfield, Capt. John Pynchon one of the Honored Assistants of this Colony presiding, "James Bennett, Godfrey Nims and Benoni Stebbins, young lads of Northampton being by Northampton Commissioners bound over to this Court to answere for diverse crimes and misdeeds committed by them, were brought to this court by ye constable of yt towne, wch 3 lads are accused by Robert Bartlett, for that they gott into his house two Sabbath days, when all the family were at the Publike Meeting, on ye first of which tymes, they, viz Nims and Stebbins did ransack about the house, and took away out of diverse places of the house viz. 24 shillings in silver and 7 sh. in Wampum, with intention to run away to the french, all wch is by them confessed; wch wickedness of theirs hath also been accompanied with frequent lying to excuse and justify themselves especially on Nims his part, who it sems hath been a ringleader in the villainyes; ffor all which their crimes and misdemeands this corte doth judge yt the said 3 lads shall bee well whipt on their naked bodies, viz Nims and Bennett with 25 lashes apeece and Benoni Stebbings with 11 lashes; and the said Nims and Stebbins are to pay Robert Bartlett the Summe of 4£ being accounted treble damage, according to law for what goods he hath lost by their means. Also those persons that have received any money of any of the



said lads, are to restore it to the sd Robert Bartlett. But their being made to the Corte an earnest pition & request by Ralph Hutchinson, father in law to ye said Bennet, and diverse other considerable persons, that the said Bennett's corporall punishment might be released, by reason of his mother's weaknes, who it seemed may suffer much inconvenience thereby, that punishment was remitted upon his father in law his engaging to this corte, to pat five pounds to ye County, as a fyne for the said Benitts effence; which 5£ is to be paid to ye county Treasurer for ye use of Sd county. Also John Stebbins Junior, being much suspected to have had some hand in their plotting to run away, This Corte doth order ye Commissioners of Northampton to call him before ym, & to examine him about that, or any other thing wherein he is supposed to be guilty with ye said lads and to act therein according to their discretion attending law. Also they are to call the Indian called Onequelat, who had a hand with ym in their plott, and to deal with him according as they fynd."

The three thoroughly scared boys were sent back the next day to Northampton. There let us hope that little Benoni was taken from the grasp of the law, and put into his father's hands for chastisement. Bennett's fine was paid by his stepfather. As for Godfrey Nims he paid the penalty of his misdeeds at the whipping post in front of the meeting house. Alas for poor Godfrey! he lived in the age when a spade was called a spade. Lying was lying in good old colony days. Nobody thought of applying to the wild boy the soft impeachment of being an imaginative youth. The luckless wight had no indulgent friends to plead for him that "boys must be boys" and that wild oats must be sown. Wild oats were an expensive luxury in those days, as poor Godfrey found to his cost. Doubtless he was a disorderly fellow, yet without wishing to palliate his offence, I may say that he was without the good influences of a home life. There is no evidence of his having father or mother, kith or kin at Northampton. An active and excitable lad, with no legitimate scope under Puritan rule for his surplus energy, he fell in with the Indian vagrant, by whose tales of bush-ranging, his soul was fired to daring and reckless deeds. It is of such stuff that pioneers and heroes are often made.

Another turn of the kaleidoscope gives us a better picture of these impulsive youths.

It is the 18th of May, 1676. The sun, sinking behind the western hills, throws a golden glow over meadow and river. The Holyoke range is already in shadow. A force of about 144 men is gathered at Hatfield, awaiting the order to march against Philip's horde, for it was now the "general voyce of the people" that "it was time to



distress the enemy and drive them from their fishing at Peskeompskut," which was the Indian name for our Turners Falls. Nearly all are mounted; a few on foot. Among the volunteers from Northampton are Godfrey Nims and James Bennett, comrades to-day in a righteous cause, Nims as usual with a dare-devil look in his eyes, resolute, careless and ready for any fate; Bennett more serious and subdued. The Reverend Hope Atherton, chaplain of the expedition, pours out his soul in prayer for the little army, and the cavalcade moves northward. Who at that moment remembered the youthful escapade of Godfrey Nims and James Bennett? Surely not Mary Broughton, who stood sobbing among the women that watched their departure. She had married Bennett in 1674, not long after she herself had had a brush with the magistrates. At the March Court of 1673, held at Northampton by Worshipful John Pynchon, Captain Holyoke and Deacon Chapin, Maid Mary Broughton had been severely admonished, and fined ten shillings for wearing a silk hood or scarf contrary to law. A sympathetic revolt against Puritan discipline may have attracted Bennett and Mary Broughton to each other. Their happiness was short-lived. On Saturday Nims brought her the sad news that Bennett had been killed in the Falls fight. In the spring of 1677, the young widow married Benoni Stebbins, her husband's dearest friend, another of the trio of bad boys of Northampton. Soon after his marriage Benoni Stebbins joined Quentin Stockwell and several other bold men who returned to Deerfield two years after the massacre at Bloody Brook, to begin a new settlement. There Stebbins worked early and late at the house to which he fondly hoped to bring his bride before winter should set in. At the end of their day's work on the 19th of September, 1677, they were surprised by twenty-six Indians from Canada under Ashpelon. Hurrying up from the clearing to the mountain, they found there seventeen people from Hatfield who had been seized the same day, and with them, began the weary march to Canada. They were the first to follow that woeful road, travelled later by so many New England captives. Crossing and recrossing the Connecticut they journeyed rapidly by day. At night they lay stretched on their backs upon the ground, a rope about their necks, arms and legs extended and tied to "stakes so that they could stir nowayes." Halting thirty miles above Northfield, Ashpelon sent Benoni Stebbins back towards Lancaster, to



notify a part of his band to join him on the Connecticut. On the return, Stebbins escaped on the 2d of October and reached Hadley in safety. His own account taken down in writing on the 6th day by the postmaster of Northampton, says that "being sent out with two squaws and a mare to pick huckleberries, he "got upon the mare and rid till he tired the mare, then ran on foot, and so escaped, being two days and a half without victuals."

Notwithstanding the sorrows and perils that so beset the life of Mary Broughton, her high spirit seems not to have been crushed. The following from the Court Records of March 26, 1678, shows that she never yielded a woman's right to make herself look as pretty as she could, and that she was upheld in her resistance by her admiring husband.

"Mary wife of Benoni Stebbins being presented to this Court for wearing silk contrary to law, and for that she agravates it by persisting in it, when as she was once presented before: This court considering the agravation, and how unfit such things are in this day of trouble, did adjudge her to pay a fine of 10 shillings: As also Benoni Stebbins, openly affronting the court in saying he would not pay the money due for fees to the clerk of the Court; this Court adjudged him to pay as a fine to the County 10 sh. forthwith, and committed him to the constable for the payment of the aforesaid fines."

Benoni Stebbins returned to Deerfield at its permanent settlement in 1682, becoming a prominent citizen there, and filling the highest town offices creditably to himself and acceptably to his neighbors. Mary, his wife, died in 1689.

About the time of Benoni Stebbins' marriage, Godfrey Nims had wedded the widow Mary Williams and become the guardian of her little boy. He owned land in Deerfield in 1674, and if he were not, as tradition declares, one of the first three inhabitants, he and Benoni Stebbins with their families, were certainly among the earliest permanent settlers. Godfrey Nims, cordwainer, appears to have been an industrious, God-fearing and law-abiding citizen. He was the first constable of Deerfield, being chosen in 1689, and later held other town offices.

In 1692 on his marriage to his second wife, Mehitable Smead, widow of Jeremiah Hull, he bought the lot on which the second church, the town house and Memorial Hall now stand, and built a house which was burned January 4, 1693-4. His little stepson, Jeremiah Hull, perished in the flames. The same year he bought the adjoining lot, building again on the site which has ever since been





held by his descendants. The Misses Miller, who are prominent in the blue and white industry, indeed I think they were the originators of that industry, now live in this house. When Joseph Barnard was wounded at Indian Bridge, and his horse killed under him, Godfrey Nims bravely took the helpless man upon his own horse, which being soon shot down, he was forced to mount behind Philip Mattoon, and "so got safely home."

Immediately upon Queen Anne's accession, the people of Deerfield began to make ready to meet the tempest from the north which they felt to be impending. The fort was "righted up," the school master was asked to help the selectmen "in wording a petition to the governor for help in the distress occasioned by a prospect of war." In the summer of 1703, Peter Schuyler warned the people of Deerfield that an expedition against them was fitting out in Canada. Those who had settled at a distance from Meeting House Hill, began to seek shelter within the palisade. Twenty soldiers were sent as a garrison to the settlement. On the 8th of October, John Nims and Zebediah Williams, son and stepson of Godfrey Nims, while looking after their cows in the meadow, were captured by Indians, and carried to Canada. Such was the alarm and distress of the people, that they urged their minister to address the government in their behalf. The letter is a credit to pastor and people. In asking for relief from taxation as the fortification must be rebuilt, Mr. Williams says: "I never found the people unwilling to do, when they had the ability, yea they have often done above their ability." He speaks of the "sorrowful parents and distressed widow of the poor captives taken" from them, as requesting the governor "to endeavor that there may be an exchange of prisoners to their release." Parson Stoddard of Northampton also wrote to Governor Dudley in behalf of Deerfield. He tells him that the people are much depressed and discouraged by the captivity of two of their young men, and asks that dogs may be trained to hunt the Indians, "who act like wolves and are to be dealt withall as wolves." To this letter dated Northampton, October 22, 1703, the following postscript is added: "Since I wrote, the father of the two captives (Godfrey Nims) belonging to Deerfield has importunately desired me to write to your Ex'cy that you wd endeavor the Redemption of his children."

Notwithstanding the general uneasiness, private affairs went



on as usual. Birth, marriage, death, like time and tide, stay for naught. Winter wore to spring. The soldiers were still billeted in the homes of the people. The minds of all were tense with anxiety. The air was thick with omens. Sounds were heard in the night as of the tramping of men around the fort. March came in like a lion. The village lay buried in the snow, the people in sleep. In that hour before dawn when night is darkest and slumber deepest, the long-dreaded storm burst; unexpected at the last, like all long-expected events. On what a wreck the morning broke! Benoni Stebbins, after fighting for hours like a tiger at bay, lay dead in his house. In the southeast angle of the fort, Godfrey Nims' house was still burning, three of his little girls somewhere dead among the embers. His daughter, Rebecca Mattoon, and her baby, slain by the tomahawk. Ebenezer, his seventeen year old son, his stepdaughter, Elizabeth Hull, aged sixteen; his wife with Abigail, their youngest child, about four years old, already on the march to Canada.

His opposite neighbor, Mehuman Hinsdale, bereft of wife and child by the same blow,—also a captive, with the boy Josiah Rising, his little Suffield cousin, whom he had taken into his home and heart. Did Godfrey Nims and Benoni Stebbins in those hours of horror, remember how in their boyhood, they had "plotted together to run away to the french" with Onequelatt the Indian?

How Thankful Nims and her family were saved by a snowdrift; how Godfrey's wife was killed on the march; how Zebediah Williams died at Quebec, firm in the Protestant faith; how John Nims escaped from captivity, and was finally married in Deerfield to his stepsister, Elizabeth Hull; how Ebenezer Nims contrived to outwit the good priests, who were faithfully trying to secure his sweetheart's conversion by marrying her to a Frenchman; how Mehuman Hinsdale came back to Deerfield, and was again "captivated by ye Indian Savages," are matters of history. But what of Abigail Nims and Josiah Rising?

Up to this moment, from the hour when cruelly roused from the innocent sleep of childhood, they were dragged towards the North, over the snowbound meadows and icy river, this question has been asked in vain. Thanks to the careful records made at the time by Canadian priest and nun, and thanks again to the kind help given me by Canadian priest and nun of to-day we can now follow the fortunes of the two captives, so rudely torn from home and kin.



In the history of New France there is no more interesting and romantic chapter, than that of the life and labors of Marguerite Bourgeois. To bring about the conversion of savages by giving to their children a Christian education, was her dearest wish. Not only literally but figuratively did she plant the cross on the mountain of Montreal. In 1676, the priests of Saint-Sulpice built a chapel on the mountain and founded there a mission for such Iroquois and others, as wished to settle on the island of Montreal. In 1680, soon after the school for Indian boys was begun at the mission of the mountain, Marguerite Bourgeois sent two nuns of the congregation there to teach the girls.

In 1685 forty Indian girls were in training at this school. It takes but a moment to tell the story, but the pain, peril and privation, the self-abnegation, the devotion by which this result was achieved, cannot be estimated. This Indian village, palisaded to protect the Christianized Iroquois from the attacks of their savage brethren, who were incensed against the converts, was an outpost of defence for Montreal itself. Destroyed by fire in 1694, through the carelessness of a drunken Indian, the fort was rebuilt of stone, with rude towers at each angle, two of which were set apart for the nuns and their school.

In 1701, disturbed by the opportunity afforded the Indians, by their nearness to the town, of obtaining strong liquors, yet unwilling to deprive Montreal of their help in case of attack from their enemies the priests removed the mission to the other side of the mountain, to a picturesque spot called Sault au Recollet, on the bank of the Riviere des Prairies. There they built a church, modelled after the Chapel de Notre Dame de Loëtte in Italy, and a house for themselves and their school. The Sisters of the Congregation also erected there a building for themselves and for a school for girls. (It is an interesting fact that *Seur Marie des Agnes*, the Lady Superior of this mission school, was herself a New England captive. She was *Marie Genevieve Sayward*, taken from her mother and sister February 5, 1692, at York, Maine.) The village and mission building were enclosed by a palisade with three bastions.

It was to the Sault au Recollet fort that our two captives, doubtless with others from Deerfield, were carried at once on their arrival in Canada. The squaw *Ganastarsi*, probably the wife or mother of her captor, gladly took little *Abigail* into her bark wigwam, and



Josiah Rising was led to that of his Macqua master. There they lived in true Indian fashion, rolling in the dirt with the papooses and puppies with which the village was swarming, and quickly catching the Iroquois language. To Josiah, the savages gave the name of Shoentak8anni of which the French equivalent is *Il lui a ote son village*.—"He has taken away his village." Abigail was known as T8atog8ach, which rendered into French is *Elle retire de l'eau*.—"She picks something out of the water."

The little four year old English girl, with her uncouth name, her pale face and her yellow hair, did not long escape the notice of the holy sisters of the mission. The following is a translation of her French record of baptism:—

"On the 15th day of June of the year 1704, the rites of baptism have been administered by me, the undersigned, to a little English girl, named in her own country Abigail, and now Mary Elizabeth; born in Dearfield, in New England the 31st of May, of the year 1700, of the marriage of Geoffrey Nims cordwainer, and of Meetable Smeed also deceased. The child, taken at the said place the eleventh of March last, and living in the wigwam of a squaw of the Mountain, named Gana-tarsi. The god-mother was Demoiselle Elizabeth Le Moine, daughter of Monsieur Charles Le Moine esquire, Baron de Longueuil, chevalier of the order of Saint-Louis, and captain of a company,—with Francois Bonnet who says that he cannot sign.

Signed, Marie Elizabeth Longueuil. Meriel, pretre."

What the nuns of the Congregation did for little Abigail, was done for Josiah Rising by the good priests of Saint-Sulpice at the Sault au Recollet Mission. He was baptized on the 23d of December, 1706, being then about eleven years old. The name Ignace was given him, and it was as Ignace Raizenne on Canadian records, that I recognized Josiah Rising.

Picture the life of these children at the Indian fort. The dark, cold, smoky wigwam; the scanty clothing in which they had been snatched from home all rags and dirt, replaced at last by a blanket which was their dress by day, their bed at night; coarse and unpalatable food; corn pounded, soaked and boiled in unsavory potage; roasted pumpkin a rare luxury. Better times came for the poor waifs when they could go to school. There they were decently clad, for Marguerite Bourgeois knew that the first step towards Christianizing any people, is to make them dress decently and to inspire them with a love of work. "If you can introduce petticoats and drawers into your mission," wrote Monsieur Tronson, "you





will make yourself famous; nothing would be more useful, or fraught with better results."

At school they learned to sing and chant, to read and write and to speak French. The catechism and creed were taught in French, as well as in English and Indian. The girls learned to sew and knit, to spin and make lace. The boys were instructed in carpentry, shoemaking, mason work and other trades.

But Sunday, so gloomy to the children of Puritan households, was the day of days to the girls and boys of the mission. Then Abigail went in procession with the other girls to mass and saw the gorgeous altar cloths and vestments, and the candles burning brightly, and the pictures of the saints, and little Jesus and his mother looking kindly down upon her. She sat close to Sister des Agnes, and crossed herself and said her prayers, and felt very good and very happy; only she wished that Shoentak8anni would just look at her; but he sat among the choir boys and sang away and never lifted his eyes from his book.

I like to think of the busy school days and cheerful Sundays of the little New England captives, thus cared for by gentle nun and kindly priest. We must not forget, however, that the "Oso" fort, as the New England captives called the fort at Sault au Recollet, had its sadder pictures. The etymology of "Oso" fort is interesting. The French doubtless spoke of visiting this mission as going "au Sault," (pronounced O-so), hence the English naturally called it "Oso Fort."

Sometimes an Indian would come back from the town, enraged by the white man's fire-water, bringing the news that some "Bastonnais" had arrived in Montreal. Every messenger from our government, no matter how far from Boston his home might be, was a "Bastonnais" in Canada. This term is still in use there. The first time I was in Canada a priest told me that his old father was very anxious to see me indeed, as he wanted to see a "Bastonnais."

Then Abigail's master would threaten to carry her into the woods, and Ganastarsi would be very cross, and call her Kanaskwa, the slave, and possibly give the child a slap in the face,—for she had grown fond of T8atog8ach and did not mean to give her up to the Bastonnais if she could help it. Sister des Agnes and the other nuns would seem distressed and anxious, and kept the little girl day and



night at the convent, out of sight of any possible English visitors. Abigail was too young to mind much about any of this, but Josiah knew, and I dare say, asked the school master if he might not go home with the messengers. At this the priest would frown and speak sharply to the lad, reproaching him with ingratitude to the Indian who had saved his life. No doubt he would tell the boy what he himself sincerely believed, that if he went back to Protestant New England, his soul would be damned eternally. When Josiah's master heard about this, he beat the boy and sent him off to the woods with a hunting party.

Deacon Sheldon came back from his embassy in 1705 with but five captives, not having even seen his boys, who, he was told, had "gone a honten." Shortly after this, bitterly disappointed at not being allowed to go home with Deacon Sheldon, John Nims, Martin Kellogg, Joseph Petty and Thomas Baker ran away. It went harder with Josiah and the rest after this. Ensign Sheldon must have kept the Sault au Recollet mission in a stir in the first years of the captivity. He was certainly there twice in the spring of 1706. Among his accounts is an item of 12 livres paid "for a carriall to goe to see the captives at the Mohawk fort," and "4 livres more for a second visit." What "carriall" could be used in mid-winter in Canada puzzled me, until I learned that a *carriole* is a Canadian sleigh. He probably saw Josiah and Abigail at this time, but they were not among those whom he brought home. Grim and direful scenes our two captives saw, when the war parties returned with scalps and prisoners. Then two long rows of savages armed with clubs and hatchets, were formed at the gate of the fort. Between these the weary and footsore captives ran for nearly three-quarters of a mile, the savages mocking and striking at them as they ran. Then came the dreadful powwow, when the poor sufferers were made to sing and dance around a great fire, while their tormentors yelled and shrieked. The children saw many of their Deerfield neighbors brought into the fort in this way. Martin Kellogg in the fall of 1708, Josiah's cousin, Mehuman Hinsdell the next spring, and Joseph Clesson and John Arms in June, 1709, all ran the gauntlet at the Oso Fort.

After John Sheldon's third journey to Canada in 1707 there had been no general exchange of prisoners. In the summer of 1712, the Canadian governor proposed that the English captives in Canada



should be "brought into or near Deerfield, and that the French prisoners should be sent home from thence." Governor Dudley ordered Colonel Partridge to collect the French captives at Deerfield.

There must have been some excitement in the usually quiet town of Deerfield when it was known that the French captives were mustering there, especially when the dogged refusal of some to return to Canada was noised abroad. That Colonel Partridge met with some unexpected obstacles in dispatching the French captives is shown by the following extract from his letter to Governor Dudley:—

"Hatfield, July 1, 1712.

"I begg y<sup>r</sup> Excellency's excuse & tender resentment. Off our repeated demur & delay of moving towards Canada by the Frentchmen & or Messengers, which is wholie by the indisposition of the Frentchmen. Especially two of them, who will not be persuaded to go, neither by pruasions nor force, except they be carried, viz, Cosset & Laffever. The Capt. hath used all means with them, especially Cosset, in so much that I believe if they go into the woods together, they will murder one another before they get to Canada. Cosset positively refusing to go, Chusing rather to remayne a prison' all his days, as he saith, rather than go home with him. The Captaine vehemently mad with him, as he saith, will kill him & it is thought by their violent treatmt one towards another, that murder had been done if or men had not prevented itt. They cannot speak together but some ffill to blows. . . . Laffever has been oposite of goeing all a Long & now it comes too positively opposes it, except he be forct. Yesterday I went up to Derefd & two of the Frentchmen orderd him & the Frentchman to attend me in order to their goeing immediately away."

When it was known that an escort was to be sent from Deerfield with the French captives, there was no lack of volunteers. Colonel Partridge continues:—

"As to Messengers, severall offer themselves to go. . . . We had pitcht upon Lt. Williams, with the consent of his ffather, who hath the Frentch tongue, Jonath Wells, Jno Nims & Eliezer Warner, but haveing in y<sup>r</sup> last letter a forbbid to any of Baker's Company, we pitcht on Lt. Wells, Sergt. Taylor, John Nims & Thomas Frentch, who also hath the Frentch tongue, but think the former most apt. . . ."

I have had no small fategue in this matter, but ye disappointment hath been on ye Frentchman's pt as aforesaid."

On the above letter was the following endorsement:—

"Co'll Partridg: Honnd Sir, I have all along been much against returning home: to Canada: but am now come to a Resolution that I will not go, except the Governor with yourself, doe compell me to return; which I hope you will



not do; I have an Affection for the people and Country; and therefore do not intend to lieue it until there be a Peace: and then only for to give my Parents a vissitt and Returne againe. from your humble serv't to command; this is La ffeveres words."

The party under command of Lieut. Samuel Williams, a youth of twenty-three, started from Deerfield on the 10th of July, returning in September with nine English captives.

Godfrey Nims had died some years before. Ebenezer was still in captivity and John Nims evidently went as the head of the family, hoping to effect the release of his brother and sister. I judge that in urging Abigail's return, John made the most of the provision for her in his father's will, as the story goes in Canada, that the relatives of the young Elizabeth, who were Protestants, and were amply provided with this world's goods, knowing that she had been carried to the Sault au Recollet, went there . . . and offered a considerable sum for her ransom; and the savages would willingly have given her up, if she herself had shown any desire to go with her relatives. To her brother's entreaties that she would return with him she replied that she would rather be a poor captive among Catholics, than to become the rich heiress of a Protestant family,—and John came back without his sister and brother. About this time came Abigail's first communion. She walked up the aisle dressed in white, with a veil on her head, and all the people looked at her, and a bad Indian girl muttered, "Kanaskwa," the slave.

Shoentak8anni, in his white surplice, swinging the censer, ringing the bell and holding up the priest's robe, seemed almost as grand as the priest himself, and it was all very solemn and very beautiful to the child. That was the summer when Hannah Hurst of Deerfield was married. Marie Kaiennoni, she was called at the mission. She was seventeen and Michel Amehharison, a widower of thirty-two. T8atog8ach heard them called in church. She wondered at Marie. Shoentak8anni was ever so much nicer than Michel. I think Father Quere had his doubts about this match. He urged Marie to leave the Indians altogether, but she declared she wished to live and die among them. Sister des Agnes heard her say this often. Father Quere asked Monsieur Belmont what he ought to do about marrying them, and Monsieur Belmont said she must be treated as if she were really an Indian girl. Then Father Quere told Thomas Hurst and Father Meriel, and as they did not forbid the banns, he married them.





A year passed. The treaty of Utrecht had been signed. Peace was proclaimed in London, and a grand *Te Deum* sung to Handel's music in St. Paul's Cathedral. In this interval of peace, renewed efforts were made by our government for the recovery of the English captives in Canada. Nothing daunted by the ill success of John Schuyler's mission, Capt. John Stoddard and Parson Williams, with Martin Kellogg and Thomas Baker as pilots and interpreters, and commissioned by the government to negotiate for the release of the remaining captives, arrived in Canada the middle of February, 1714.

It is a long and tedious business. De Vaudreuil is vacillating and contradictory in his promises. He shirks the responsibility alternately upon the captives who have been formally naturalized; upon his king whom he fears to offend; upon the savages who claim the ownership of many and who he says are his allies, and not his subjects to command. Finally he says that he "can just as easily alter the course of the rivers, as prevent the priests' endeavors to keep the children."

The long sojourn of this embassy, its influence and dignity undoubtedly made a profound impression at the Sault au Recollet Mission. What more natural than that Abigail Nim's captor, knowing that the English envoys were insisting on the return of minors and children, and fearing to lose his reward if general terms of release were agreed upon, should have fled with his prize to the Boston government, to secure the money for her ransom before Stoddard's return. This he could have done without knowledge or consent of mission priest or nun. Moreover, had they known his purpose, they would have been powerless to prevent its fulfilment.

Whether this theory be correct or not it was before the return of the envoys that Colonel Partridge on the 28th of July, 1714, wrote to the Council at Boston, giving an account of an "outrage in the country of Hampshire," a Macqua Indian having brought to Westfield and offered for sale, a girl "supposed to be an English captive carried from Deerfield, it appearing so by her own relation and diverse circumstances concurring." The Council at once advised that Capt. John Sheldon, then living at Hartford, should be the bearer of a letter to the Indian commissioners at Albany, demanding a strict examination of this matter. The result of Captain Sheldon's mission is told in the Council Record.

"In Council Aug. 22, 1714. Upon reading a letter from the Commissioners of the Indian affairs at Albany by Capt. John Sheldon, messenger thither, to make



inquiries concerning a young Maid or Girl, brought thither into Westfield by a Macqua and offered for sale, very probably supposed to be English and daughter of one (Godfrey) Nims, late of Deerfield, and carried away captive, the Commissioners insisting upon it that she is an Indian:

Ordered, that Samuel Partridge Esq. treat with Macqua, her pretended Master, and agree with him on the reasonablest terms he can for her release and then dispose her to some good family near the sea side, without charge, for the present to prevent her fears; unless Capt. Sheldon will be prevailed with to take her home with him.

Paid John Sheldon for journey to Boston, from Northampton and back to Albany and back with his son, 17 £, 16s, 7d for time and expenses.

In Council, Sept. 20, 1714. Ordered, that the sum of £25. be paid to Elewacamb, the Albany Indian now attending with letters and papers from thence, who claims the English girl in the hands of the English and her Relations at Deerfield, and that a Warrant be made to the Treasurer accordingly. Also that a coat and shirt be given sd Indian."

"Here," says Mr. Sheldon in his history of Deerfield, "the curtain dropped. After this not the slightest trace of Abigail Nims was found."

Had the story ended here, it would have been romantic enough; but truth is stranger than fiction.

An interval of eight months elapses, and the curtain rises again:—

## ACT I.

### Scene I.

A marriage in the church of Notre Dame de Lorette, at the Sault au Recollet fort, on the Island of Montreal.

#### Dramatis Personæ.

Abigail Nims, aged fifteen.

Josiah Rising, aged about twenty-four.

Sœur des Agnes, and other nuns of the Congregation.

Père Quere, a mission priest.

Iroquois Indians.

The ceremony is soon ended. Father Quere records it on the parish register where it stands fair and clear to-day. Here is the translation:—

"This 29th day of July 1715, I have married Ignace Shoentak8anni and Elizabeth T8atogSach, both English, who wish to remain with the Christian Indians, not only renouncing their nation, but even wishing to live *en sauvages*, Ignace aged about twenty-three or twenty-four years,—Elizabeth about fifteen. Both were taken at Dierfile about thirteen years ago. Signed M. Quere, pretre S. S."



How Abigail Nims got back again to the Sault au Recollet from Deerfield, is the missing link in the story of her long life. But what more probable than that she should have run away. There is of course a shadow of doubt as to the identity of the captive bought of Elewacamb, with Abigail Nims, and had satisfied the governor and council that she was. They had bought her of Elewacamb, paid for her in lawful money and given him a bonus besides. It was not strange that the commissioners at Albany "insisted that she was an Indian." From her babyhood, for eleven years she had lived among the savages, and had become one. An orphan, a stranger, not knowing or caring for her Deerfield relatives, bred a Roman Catholic and irked by the straight-laced customs of the Puritan town and church, hating the restraints of civilized life, homesick and unhappy, pining for the nuns and for her free life in the wigwam of Ganastarsi, fearless and fleet of foot, she may have betaken herself to the woods, and somehow got back to the Macqua fort.

Fancy the joy at the mission, when the stray lamb returned to the true fold. It was then, as I believe, that the priests, to settle the question forever, with much difficulty obtained the release of Tsatog8ach and Shoentak8anni from their Indian masters. "They deserved this favor," says the historian, "for the odor of virtue which they shed abroad over the mission of which they were the edification and the model." Their speedy marriage and the emphasis laid in the record upon their wish to conform to the Indian mode of life, was to protect them from future importunities for their return to New England.

John Rising of Suffield died December 11, 1719. In his will he bequeaths to his "well-beloved son Josiah, now in captivity, the sum of five pounds in money to be paid out of my estate within three years after my decease, provided he return from captivity." Josiah Rising and Abigail Nims, his wife, never returned. When in 1721 the mission was transferred to the Lake of the Two Mountains, the priests, charmed with the edifying conduct of Ignace and Elizabeth, with their industry and intelligence in domestic affairs, for their advantage and as an example to the mission at large, resolved to establish them in a permanent home of their own, and accordingly gave them a large domain about half a league from the fort.

There, they served as a pattern to the savages and to all the people round about, of patriarchal life and virtue, by their care in



training their children in the fear of God, and in the faithful performance of their religious duties.

Abigail Nims, wife of Josiah Rising, died February 19, 1748. In her last illness, she refused to leave off the hair skirt which she had always worn as penance. She left eight children, six daughters and two sons. Her eldest, Marie Madeleine, was a nun of the Congregation by the name of Sister Saint-Herman. Having learned in childhood the Iroquois language, she was sent as missionary to the Lake of the Two Mountains and there taught Indian girls for twenty-five years. When about ninety, she died in the convent at Montreal.

Four of the daughters of Ignace and Elizabeth Raizenne, married and reared families, many of whose members filled high positions in the Roman Catholic church. I learn from one of the ladies of the Congregation, who was the pupil of one of Abigail Nims's granddaughters, that she has often heard from this teacher the story of her grandmother's life and that she always laid particular stress on the fact that she refused to return to Deerfield when sent for.

The eldest son of Ignace and Elizabeth was a priest and curé of excellent character and ability. Jean Baptiste Jerome, their younger son, unable to carry out his wish to take orders, married and settled on the domain originally granted to his father. His house was a refuge for the poor, the orphan and the unfortunate. He regulated his household as if it were a religious community. The father and mother rose early and prayed together. Then both went to their respective labor, he to his fields,—she to her ten children. The hours for study, for conversation, for silence and for recreation were fixed by the clock. All the family, parents, children and servants, ate at the same table and while eating, the lives of the Saints were read. After tea the father explained some doctrinal point to children and servants. Then followed prayers and all went silently to bed.

Marie Raizenne, born in 1736, was the most distinguished of Abigail Nims's children. She entered the Community of the Congregation at the age of sixteen, and in 1778, under the name of Mother Saint-Ignace, attained the honor of being its thirteenth Lady Superior. She was deeply religious, full of energy and courage, of extraordinary talents and fine education. She is said to have possessed in a remarkable degree, the real spirit and zeal of Marguerite Bourgeois, and to have sought untiringly to revive this spirit in the





community of which she was the head. She died at the age of seventy-six.

Thus again did the blood of the martyrs of Deerfield become the seed of the church of Canada.



ANNUAL MEETING

JUNE 6, 1904

Officers elected—

*President*, WILLIAM F. ADAMS. *Vice-Presidents*, JOHN WEST, ANDREW J. FLANAGAN, J. STUART KIRKHAM. *Clerk*, HENRY A. BOOTH. *Corresponding Secretary*, HENRY A. BOOTH.

*Treasurer*, WILLIAM C. STONE.

*Curator*, WILLIAM C. STONE.

*Executive Committee*, EDWARD A. HALL, FRANK G. TOBEY, ALFRED M. COPELAND, ALBERT H. KIRKHAM, LEWIS F. CARR, REV. THOMAS D. HOWARD.

QUARTERLY MEETING

OCTOBER 19, 1904

REV. HENRY LINCOLN BAILEY of Longmeadow read a paper on "Snapshots at Longmeadow Precinct."

### Snapshots at Longmeadow Precinct

IT took the early settlers of Springfield very little time to discover the value of the long meadow upon the east river bank south of their first location. The sixth article of agreement between Pynchon and his associates read thus:

"The long meddowe, called Massacksick, lying in the way to Dorchester that is, Windsor, Conn., shall be distributed to every man as we shall think meete."

In 1644 the first settlement was made on the meadow, and there for two generations an increasing population dwelt, undisturbed by occasional high water, until in 1695 a freshet of unusual proportions demonstrated the desirability of removal to higher ground. A town meeting having acted favorably to the petition for privilege of removal, the broad street, twenty rods from fence to fence, and four miles long from Pecowic to Enfield bounds, was laid out on the plateau above the meadow in 1703, and one by one for half a dozen years the families climbed the hill.

The earliest Longmeadow settler was Quartermaster George Colton, quickly followed by Benjamin Cooley and John Keep, with the ancestors of the Bliss and Burt families not far behind. The ramifications of these five genealogical trees are so interwoven as to become an impenetrable thicket for any but the most discriminating of expert genealogists. Civil and ecclesiastical history are also so intertwined that the untwisting would be the undoing of both. Indeed, in the colonial period of New England, church and state were but two aspects of one body. Longmeadow owes its initial



division from the First Parish of Springfield to the desire of its citizens for a home church, the establishment of a separate precinct for the gospel ministry; and it is safe to say that no names stand higher on its roll for worth and influence than those of the three men who for 148 years were connected with the church as its pastors.

It is singular that the history of the town falls naturally into periods of about seventy years each, although the fourth lacks yet a dozen years of completion: The meadow period, 1644-1713, when we belonged to Springfield, body and soul; the precinct period, 1713-1783, when we were still of your body but had a soul of our own; the early town period to 1850, when body and soul were both ours; and the modern, wherein, if we mistake not, the city would like to absorb us again, and has already pushed its line from Pecowick to the top of the hill southward. In each of these periods, except the first which is wholly Springfield's, one leading personality is found. Stephen Williams came the year after the precinct was formed, and for sixty-eight years was a part of Longmeadow, dying in office the year before the precinct became the town. In the early town period Richard Salter Storrs, father and grandfather of equally famous doctors of divinity of the same name, was the commanding presence and the foremost citizen, pastor for thirty-four of the sixty-seven years. The modern period of sixty-six years, which will end with the bicentennial of the church in 1916, needs no greater distinction than the pastorate of John Wheeler Harding, forty-two years in active service and four as pastor emeritus, a member from the beginning of this Society, known widely as the Bishop of Longmeadow, who, "traveling on life's common way in cheerful godliness," passed to his eternal home but a few years since.

There is a special fascination in studying the first of these men. I have long wanted to write about him, and here is my opportunity. Imagine my dismay, then, when this paper was well under way and there was no time to choose another theme, to learn by chance that you have already heard, and have published in your first volume, a paper on Dr. Stephen Williams by John W. Harding. I might have known his facile pen and historical imagination, reinforced by an intimate acquaintance with the Williams diary, could not resist the attractive theme. But Stephen Williams was too great a man for even John Harding to dispose of in a single evening. We like to have photographs of our friends in different poses; the magazines



are continually presenting some hitherto unpublished portrait of Washington or Lincoln; I too, will venture to point a camera at the minister of the Longmeadow Precinct. After all, biography is but literary photography. The man continues unchanged. One portrait reveals all the lines of character in his face; the next by careful retouching has smoothed out every wrinkle; then comes another artist, so called, who, in the interests of realism, shows you a wart on your hero's nose, or a wen on his cheek, carefully concealed hitherto by profile posing. Mr. Harding has given us a sketch which cannot be improved. It is as if the dignified Dr. Williams had been sitting for his portrait to an able and sympathetic artist. You see the minister, a true bishop as Paul described him to Timothy and Titus, showing forth in character and doctrine the majesty of the law and the tenderness of the gospel. It is a portrait which needs no rival. But I can give you snapshots of the boy and man that have not been painted into that canvas. Be it mine to supplement the former sketch, not with warts or wrinkles, but with side lights.

The success of the meadow petition, as it is called, evidently emboldened the petitioners to strike again. They were weary of traveling from four to six miles to church. Some of them had been killed by the Indians while attempting it. They addressed the Great and General Court, setting forth the inconvenience of the present arrangement and declaring their ability, in spite of census limitations, to maintain local worship. February 10, 1713, the Court granted their request and set them off as a precinct, their release from the old church to take effect when they were provided with a Learned and Orthodox Minister at a minimum salary of fifty pounds. The first concern of the new precinct was to have a meeting house, and it was September of the next year before any move seems to have been made about the pastorate. Then they voted to call a Learned and Orthodox Minister to dispense the word of God to them that winter in order to a settlement among them, and the committee was ordered to proceed forthwith to find a suitable man, and to take advice of the elders in their search. The suitable man had been preparing for them for a century in accordance with Oliver Wendell Holmes's recipe. Of his four great-grandfathers, two were ministers and one a deacon, and his grandfathers were a deacon and a minister. On his paternal side he was son of the Deerfield pastor, and member of that illustrious Williams family





that founded Williams College and fills whole pages in Harvard and Yale catalogues. On his mother's side he claimed affinity with the Mathers. Her grandfather, Richard Mather, was the Dorchester pastor; her father, Eleazar, the Northampton minister; and she was niece and cousin respectively to the great Increase Mather and his greater son Cotton.

Born in Deerfield, May 14, 1693, Stephen Williams lived much as any other boy of the times for ten years. It was a decade full of Indian trouble for Deerfield, with slight assaults almost every year. Then came the dreadful morning of February 29, 1704, when the enemy burst in like a flood upon the sleeping town, and, after two hours of carnage and plunder, departed with a hundred prisoners on the long trail to Canada. The crashing of the front door under the blows of tomahawks aroused the Williams family; resistance was impossible; all were bound. Two of the children and a negro servant were butchered at the door, but the rest were spared to be the victims of threat and insult and to begin the wintry march in snow knee deep. The house and barn were fired as they were led away. The father has recorded the horrors of that 300 mile journey and of his sojourn in Canada in a little volume, "The Redeemed Captive Returning to Zion." Of the hundred who started, nineteen were tomahawked on the way, including Mrs. Williams. It was an experience burned into the memory of the boy, and often in later years as the anniversary recurred, he mentioned in his diary his gratitude for the Divine goodness in preserving him. For a year he lived among the Indians, and for six months more with his father at Chateauriche below Quebec. In the "Redeemed Captive" we read: "I implored Captain de Beauville, who had always been very friendly, to intercede with the governor for the return of my eldest daughter; and for his purchasing my son Stephen from the Indians at St. François fort; and for liberty to go up and see my children and neighbors at Montreal. Divine providence appeared to the moderating my affliction, in that five English persons of our town were permitted to return with Captain Livingston, among whom went my eldest daughter. And my son Stephen was redeemed and sent to live with me. He was almost quite naked, and very poor; he had suffered much among the Indians. One of the Jesuits took upon him to come to the wigwam and whip him, on some complaint that the squaws had made, that he did not work enough for them."



The hardest feature of the captivity to Mr. Williams and many others was the constant effort of the Jesuits to convert their prisoners, by persuasion, stratagem, and persecution. Most of them were too strongly Protestant to yield to any of these devices. The superior of the priests came to Mr. Williams one day and commented on his being ragged. " 'But,' says he, 'your obstinacy against our religion discourages from providing better clothes.' I told him it was better going in a ragged coat than with a ragged conscience." And this sturdy spirit of fearing God rather than man was one of the traits of character his son Stephen inherited and used to good effect in Longmeadow. With profound gratitude Mr. Williams obtained leave to send Stephen home in the first exchange of prisoners. The boy reached Boston November 21, 1705; that same day next year his father and two brothers landed there. They found Stephen cared for and being educated by relatives in Roxbury where he remained another year. Then he was at Deerfield for a season, for his father had a new house and a new wife. But the town was full of soldiers, and buildings were so scarce that another family shared the Williams house. It was no place to study, so he was sent to his uncle's at Hatfield, going up ere long to a university career at Harvard, where he was graduated in 1713. This, with a year of teaching school at Hadley, was the discipline of the youth. By lineage, experience and culture, or by heredity, hardship and Harvard, he had been fitted to become the strong leader of a strong people. What he lacked in discipline his parish would presently supply.

The Longmeadow committee, asking advice of the elders, were directed to this young schoolmaster just licensed to preach, and at their invitation he came to his future parish November 26, 1714, as a candidate for settlement, at the age of twenty-one years and six months. Eleven weeks sufficed to demonstrate his acceptability, and it was voted to call a special precinct meeting to extend a formal call. On March 7th this was given, and the salary was named as fifty-five pounds, to be increased as their ability and his necessity might dictate. This was too indefinite to suit the candidate. Two months later another vote added a settlement of 200 pounds to be paid in four annual instalments. This was satisfactory for the moment, and the salary dated from that day, May 4, 1715. Still, he was not yet the pastor, and as summer wore away into winter, the thrifty youngster held out for better terms. He had had his land



broken up and fenced, but he wanted more money. In January it was voted that after five years, the precinct then being relieved of the settlement instalments, the salary should be increased five pounds a year till it reached seventy pounds; and six weeks later that was extended to seventy-five pounds, the final decision, and the precinct committee was sent to "treat with Mr. Williams concerning his settling heer in the Ministry." Was he then ready to be ordained? Oh, no. He must have a house. True, he built it at his own expense, but he was not ordained until he had a place of his own. The fact that he didn't use it till two years later affected not a bit his determination to have the house. And it was spacious, in anticipation of the eight children and the servants and the nights when half a dozen chance guests might lodge there; and stately for the times, causing tongues to wag in criticism of his extravagance and pride. But the house was built. Twenty-three months have run swiftly by since he came to this people, and at last there is no farther hindrance to their ecclesiastical wedding. There is as yet no church, so the precinct issues invitations to the council. October 17, 1716, Stephen Williams and eight other men bind themselves in covenant as the First Church of Christ in Longmeadow, and the same day he is set apart to the ministry by the laying on of hands, and formally inducted into the pastorate of the infant church, a pastorate almost unequalled for length in ecclesiastical annals. Do not think him mercenary, serving simply for the largest sum he could wring from the parish. Such a thought is farthest from the truth. If ever a minister gave himself "in labors more abundant," this man did. In heartfelt devotion he waited upon God for spiritual guidance and strength. But he was no recluse. He knew how to handle men and things. He was the shrewder for having shrewd men to deal with. The parish was quite as thrifty as the parson. Witness these quotations from his diary of 1756-7. Mr. Williams had been absent some months on military duty, and the people thought to save something by a proportionate deduction from the salary.

"Dec. 10. Ye inhabitants of ye Precinct met to grant money. They are desirous that I remit a part of my salary, because I had (they apprehend) good wages when abroad. I can't see it my duty, since they were so well provided for in my absence. They have adjourned the meeting and made no grant to me. I pray God to keep them calm and give me prudence and meekness, and prevent confusion among us.

"Dec. 14. I don't know but people will get into a heat about my salary. I pray that they may be kept from wrong measures.



"Dec. 23. The conversation among the neighbors is yet about my salary. Their spirits are evidently raised. The Lord be pleased to calm and quiet their spirits and keep mine calm and composed.

"Jan. 6. I have signified my mind to the Clerk of the precinct in writing respecting my salary.

"Jan. 25. Neighbors sledded wood for me, and shewed a Good Humour. I rejoice at it. The Lord bless them that are out of humour and brôt no wood.

"Feb. 24. Long talk with Capt. S. Colton and Serget. D. Burt (two of precinct Committee) about ye affair of my salary. I am in fear people's spirits and tempers are too much raised; *and so mine may be.* The Lord keep us from dishonoring his great name.

"Feb. 26. Sabbath. I found myself more composed than at some times and somewhat enlarged. I have been concerned lest I become ruffled and discomposed because of ye conduct of my people. Oh, Lord, don't leave me to myself and my own counsels."

Since this subject of Dr. Williams' salary has been made so prominent, let us look at it once more, in the last year of the Revolution and the last time but one that the precinct had occasion to vote him an annual allowance.

"8th of December, 1780. Granted to the Revd Dr. Williams for his salary the Present year £4500-0-0 Old Continental Currency. Voted to raise the sum of £500-0-0 for contingent charges, out of which the services Done to the Meeting-House, as Ringing Bell, sweeping and Tending Clock are to be paid."

The present pastor does not expect a salary of \$15,000 when eighty-nine years old, and our sexton would be overwhelmed at the thought of \$1.40 a month, but those were days when the modern scare of dollar wheat would have been like manna in the wilderness; wheat in 1780 was eighty-four dollars a bushel!

It was nearly two years after his installation when Mr. Williams became a married man. The bride was of equally illustrious lineage; Abigail Davenport was a minister's daughter from Stamford, Conn., and great-granddaughter of the Rev. John Davenport, founder of the New Haven Colony. They enjoyed forty-eight years of wedded life, and in all that time lost only one of their six sons and two daughters; Davenport, a stirring young fellow, deputy sheriff of the county, was in the disastrous Lake George campaign of 1758 and his young life went out at twenty-seven. Three of the boys became ministers. They were reared in an atmosphere of Puritan theology, as witness a letter written by Mrs. Williams to her youngest son. I know not the circumstances, but the letter is preserved, a document of twenty closely written pages to little Nathan, ten or eleven years old. Just a brief extract, for the whole is as long as a sermon.





"O my dear Child. Can I bear the thoughts that the Son that was given me in answer to my Prayers, that I bore with so much pain, that I have nursed and brought up with So much care and tenderness night and day, The Son that I have so many Thousand Times prayed and wept over and counselled and warned, That this beloved Son, I say, Should be the possession and property of the devil, Should serve him all his Days and be miserable as he is and be with him in hell fire forever, how can I bear to think of ye dreadful day when I shall See my poor undone Child if he turn not Speedily and thoroughly, Stand trembling before the Judgment Seat of Christ his face gathering blackness horror and anguish, and despair Staring through his Eyelids to hear ye Amazing Sentence pronounced on him depart ye cursed henceforth, to See him Seized by mighty Angels, bound hand and foot in everlasting Chains and cast Into ye dreadful lake of Fire, and the adamant Gates shut and barred by him that Shuts and no man opens. Such thoughts as these are ready to tear my heart in pieces. . . . I know if I be so happy as to find mercy of the Lord in that day I shall have no painful Sympathy with you but Shall rather rejoice that God's Justice and power will be forever glorified in your Condemnation; but how will your heart Endure, how can your hands be strong."

O Spartan mother! How deeply this impressed the little fellow at the moment is uncertain. He drew pictures over the title page, but he preserved it and came to realize the yearning of the mother heart for her boy's salvation.

Longmeadow always bore its part in the colonial wars. Three times its pastor marched with the troops as chaplain. The first campaign was at Cape Breton in 1745. One cannot help wondering if the captive lad of the second French and Indian War did not exult over the denouement of the third, when he saw Sir William Pepperell's raw colonials capture the strong French fortress of Louisburg which Benjamin Franklin had declared too hard a nut for their teeth to crack.

In 1755 he was invited to share in the expedition against Crown Point, which got no farther than Lake George ere it met defeat. Letters and personal invitations came to him. Parishioners showed him the other side of the matter. Mr. Breck came from town to deliver the weekly lecture, shrewdly touching upon public affairs, and at the close asked the congregation to give its consent to letting Mr. Williams go. Even that failed to clear his mind. He took a trip to Boston for ministerial advice, and at last, having prayed much over it, consented. The next year he went again, though sixty-three years old; but after that he pleaded his age and infirmities, though often urged.

His attitude on the Indian question shows how Christian a



temper he had. It would not have been strange, considering his early experience, and the fact that one of his sisters had been kept in Canada and trained in the Roman church, if he had subscribed to the modern heresy that "there is no good Indian but a dead one." But no; he did what he could for their uplift. He was employed by Governor Belcher and the commissioners to treat with the Housatonic Indians about receiving the Gospel. He was influential in starting and maintaining the Stockbridge mission. He even had Indian boys in his own household as students. Thus did he avenge the Deerfield tragedy by heaping coals of fire on their heads.

Dr. Williams not only served his own day and generation faithfully and well; he has served ours by his diary in which for more than sixty-six years he recorded in detail not only his spiritual meditations and aspirations, but household and parish matters and events of wider interest of which the times were full. It is a faithful picture of eighteenth century life. Do you want the local history of the Great Awakening of 1742, and a spectator's account of Jonathan Edwards' famous Enfield sermon? It is in the diary. Do you want to know how a quiet little New England community thought and acted in the stirring scenes of the Revolution? It is portrayed in the diary. Do you want proof that human nature was the same then as now? The evidence is there. Pastoral problems have not altogether changed in the century and a half since he made such entries as these:

"Sabbath. Some rain, and many people absent from the public worship. We need *resolution*."

Two weeks later: "Sabbath. Very stormy. Had prepared a new sermon but preached an old one because the assembly was small, and not able to write new sermons sometimes. Hope I did not indulge sloth."

"March 11, Thursday. I attended the Weekly Lecture, but many were absent. I fear they are tired with the service. I don't know but it will be best to lay down the Lecture for a season." This is 148 years in advance of recent editorials concerning the decline of the prayer meeting.

The reading from the Bible seems so necessary a part of public worship that it is hard to believe there was a time when it was not practiced. Yet Dr. Williams endeavored to establish the custom and failed. "March 30, 1755. This day I began to read ye Scriptures publickly in ye congregation; wish and pray it may be serviceable and a means to promote Scripture knowledge among us."



Was this in the good old days when we think everybody knew the Bible from cover to cover? Six years later he writes: "April 12, 1761. I have been preaching about publick reading of the Scriptures. I hope people may be convinced of ye duty and yt we may attend it with seriousness and reverence." So the next Sabbath he tries again to establish the custom. It was forty-seven years later that the church had its first pulpit Bible. Let us hope the congregation took more kindly to this than to the new style of singing which he had introduced many years before, amid such open opposition that he had rebuked from the pulpit two men who interrupted the singing.

Dr. Williams was not afraid to differ from his parish and speak his mind very plainly on all sorts of questions. Perhaps the people took it kindly, perhaps they rebelled; sometimes they prevailed against him. Yet it used to be said that the people of Longmeadow regarded him as their Maker, with the exception of one rather skeptical fellow who alone questioned it. He was not deterred by prudential reasons from preaching against any evil, whoever the sinner might be. His only thought was to have a conscience void of offense toward both God and man. And to make the people better, he sought to be a good man himself. "Jan. 12. I have been at some pains to get some Sassafras roots, hoping that they may be serviceable to purify the blood. O that God would purify my heart." Seeking thus to make body and soul both fit for the Master's use, he is able at the age of seventy-three to say that sickness has prevented him only twice in more than fifty years from preaching to his congregation, two sermons one day and one sermon the other; and that never had the sacramental service been omitted. If he were absent with the army, some brother minister served for him on such occasions.

He was eighty-two when the Revolution broke out, too old a man, perhaps, to adapt himself to the new ideas, or fearful that the effort of the colonists would be in vain. All his life he had been loyal to the king, and it was hard to leave off praying for him. A week after Concord and Lexington, he writes:

"I learn the people are very ready to misrepresent my words even in prayer. The Lord be pleased to direct and assist me and keep me from doing anything displeasing to His Majesty." Next day: "I perceive the people are out of humor with me for things that I have said and done. My own conscience don't upbraid me for what they pretend to be uneasy at."



A fortnight later the Stafford minister came to preach for him. "He appears a bold and daring man, was very popular and doubtless greatly pleased our warm people. Some of his notions I could not join in with. I myself shamefully fell on sleep in the time of the forenoon sermon. The Lord be pleased to humble me."

But the loyal old gentleman continued to pray for the king until his patriotic but discourteous parishioners showed their disapproval by sitting down noisily when he began that petition. And you can see by his language that the Declaration of Independence evoked no enthusiasm in *his* breast. "August 11, 1776. This day I read publicly, *being required thereto by the Provincial Council*, the Declaration of the Continental Congress for Independence."

Let me take one snapshot of the first March meeting of the town of Longmeadow, after the precinct days were ended.

"March 23, 1784. Voted to raise a monument over the grave of Rev. Dr. Williams on the Town's cost, and that the selectmen be desired to see the same effected."

They did, and upon the old-fashioned table in the quiet churchyard you may read this epitome of a long and useful life:—

In Memory of  
The REV. STEPHEN WILLIAMS, D.D.  
who was a prudent and Laborious Minister,  
a sound and evangelical Preacher,  
a pious and exemplary Christian,  
a sincere and faithful Friend,  
a tender and affectionate Father and  
Consort, a polite and hospitable  
Gentleman, and a real and disinterested  
Lover of mankind; departed this life  
with humble and cheerful hope of a  
better, June 10th 1782, in the 90th year  
of his age, and 66th of his ministry.

Softly his fainting head he lay  
Upon his Maker's breast;  
His Maker kissed his soul away  
And laid his flesh to rest.





Remarks of Mr. J. A. CALLAHAN and others at the meeting of the Connecticut Valley Historical Society held October 19, 1904.

### Remarks

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

Mr. Callahan—I did not intend to say anything when I came in, but the Speaker asked me to say a few words, and I feel like it, because I have been so much interested this evening. I did not know what the subjects were to be until I came in here.

I think we need these local historical societies very much, especially when we come to realize how little attention our nation itself sometimes pays to historical subjects.

A few years ago I investigated somewhat Burgoyne's surrender and I tried to learn what became of the troops which were captured at that time and I found to my surprise that the war department had no history as to what became of the prisoners. At the time that our representatives went to France to get aid, that nation was very much afraid that we were going into a losing cause. Our history has said that two ships were waiting in Boston harbor to learn the result of the battle of Saratoga, and if we were successful in that, France would form an alliance with our country. France had promised before this event to help this country in case it was successful. When I was a boy, in Worcester County, I got interested in Burgoyne's surrender, because I went to the old farm in Rutland where they were taking down the barracks where 1,600 soldiers were kept. After the surrender the troops were started for Boston and from there they were to sail at once for England, as General Gates had promised; but Congress refused to sanction those terms, and sent word to those men that they could not be shipped across the water as Gates had made a strange arrangement with Burgoyne, and if they were sent to England, others would be immediately sent over to take their places. When they received this message, a part of the armies were kept in the town of Rutland one winter. The town clerk there has written a great many letters to people who inquired about the occurrences of that time and the number of soldiers kept there. In Boston in the archives there is a plan of the forts and the barracks which were taken down twenty-five years ago. The



materials of which the barracks were built are now stored in some farmer's barn in the town of Rutland.

A large part of Burgoyne's army marched through Springfield and the rest through Hadley. I have been greatly interested in this paper on Burgoyne's surrender. Of the four paintings that Congress had Trumbull paint, one was the surrender of Burgoyne. These pictures—The Declaration of Independence, the Surrender of Burgoyne, the Surrender of Cornwallis and the Resignation of General Washington—were painted by Trumbull and are kept as national pictures in the Capitol at Washington.

There are a large number of people in New England who are descendants of the Hessian soldiers of Burgoyne's army. A Hessian soldier named Hatstaat was a prisoner in Rutland and he petitioned the government for leave to become an American citizen. The petition was allowed and he went out amongst the people and married Miss Martin and they had fifteen children. I understand there are a great many hundred people living here now who are descended from Hatstaat,—some live in New Salem and Mr. Cook, of Orange, is himself a descendant of this young man who left the prison and went to work in the town of Paxton.

Mr. Barrows—In reference to the surrender of Burgoyne, my great-grandfather said the day of his surrender was a beautiful day—I speak because history has spoken of that fact with apparent accuracy.

I would like to ask Mr. Bailey a question. He tells us that Mr. Williams was a descendant of various ministers and he evidently belonged to a family of ministers. He told us Mr. Williams had eight children. I would like to know whether his descendants are living here, and whether there are ministers among them?

Mr. Bailey—There are certainly some of the descendants of Dr. Williams in the Connecticut Valley. George C. Reynolds of Van, Turkey, is a grandson of Dr. Williams, and Mrs. Calhoun, who has been a missionary in Turkey and is now in Zulu is one of his descendants. I do not know as to the Williams descent very much. Three of the sons became ministers, and that little Nathan who received such a harrowing letter when ten or twelve years old, became a doctor of divinity. Some of the granddaughters married ministers. A granddaughter married Dr. Storrs, his successor.



In regard to the Burgoyne surrender anniversary on the 17th—that is the anniversary of the organization of our church under Dr. Williams and the granting of the town charter—the first charter issued by Massachusetts immediately after the peace of October 17, 1773. We then ceased to be a precinct and set up in business for ourselves. It is quite a day of anniversary.

Mr. Howard—Who was the immediate successor of Dr. Williams?

Mr. Bailey—Dr. Storrs, who ministered from 1785 to 1819. He had a thirty-four years' pastorate. He died at the untimely age of fifty-seven. An epidemic swept through the town and carried off the minister among others. But his son was pastor for sixty-two years at Braintree and his grandson for thirty-four years in Brooklyn.

Mr. Howard—Three years ago I went to Braintree, to look back upon a time that I spent there—six months—upon a farm in '43, and I recall Dr. Storrs who was a minister there. His ministry there was very like the ministry of Dr. Storrs in Longmeadow. That was a time when the minister ruled the town with a pretty stern hand. He was just giving up when I was there—it was in his latter years. The Center, where his house stood, was opposite the church, and I saw one place called Storrs' Square, so that the name is being kept up from one generation to another. The more brilliant Storrs lived and died in Brooklyn—or at any rate, the more accomplished one.

Mr. Callahan—Speaking of the Williamses, a nephew of the great Napoleon married a Miss Williams and a younger brother married Betsy Patterson who is the mother of Charles J. Bonaparte of Baltimore.



QUARTERLY MEETING

DECEMBER 9, 1904

MISS MARY LOUISE DUNBAR read a paper on "William Pynchon and the English Springfield."

MISS DUNBAR in her paper suggested the advisability of erecting a statue of the founder of Springfield, on the lawn in front of the high school, and the society voted unanimously to exercise its best endeavor to further the project.

REV. THOMAS D. HOWARD read a paper on "Col. John Worthington."

### Old Springfield in England

MUCH of pleasure and of profit for us is found in looking back to the beginnings of New England, and following those lines across the sea which lead us to our earlier ancestors and their English, French, or Scotch homes. Happy are we in our inheritance of strength, industry, courage and conscience. We know that the development of New England in the great ideas in which it had its origin is connected closely with the men who were identified with those ideas.

The source of much of the progress of modern times, came through their firm belief in the right and duty of individual judgment in all matters of truth and justice, and the testing of all principles by the Bible teaching, reason and conscience. If these heroic men failed of carrying out their highest ideals, we do not dwell upon their defects and inconsistencies, but upon their honest intentions and their services. Many a time in a larger outlook into the world, we are led to thank God, for the inheritance they left us. It was in Touraine last winter, that a French lady said to me: "The Americans are less prejudiced against and more courteous to our religion than some English Protestants." Was I not glad to answer: "Our ancestors came to America to establish religious toleration."

While France with ideals of liberty is a republic, may we not remember that our way to the establishment of a republic was easier because of that compact in the cabin of the Mayflower which arranged for public schools at that early date, and better prepared the people for liberty, and the education of the masses. Looking into the face of the portrait of William Pynchon, the leader of the Spring-





field Colony, and its first magistrate, we are satisfied that great as was his official part in the affairs of the early settlement, his influence was greatest in what he was as a man.

I fancy that his mind was occupied with the grand ideas of the Reformation, rather than controversy as to vestments and forms of worship. He was, I am sure, of the Puritans, who desired to return to the simple faith of the primitive church and a purer morality, to an unrestricted study of the Bible, and the exaltation of preaching and Christian instruction, with no terrible animosity against liturgies and antiphonal chants. So strong was his influence, that in our city, we naturally think of him first, of all the brave men who made of an Indian trail through the forests, the Bay path, which led from the eastern settlement to the one they founded upon the banks of the great river, and which he afterwards named for his old home in England.

There are many shrines over the sea, for the pilgrimage of American feet, and after the great historic places, there can be none more interesting to us than the little village of Springfield, a suburb of Chelmsford.

I could but smile at the solicitude of a kind English lady on the steamer when we told her we were bound for that little nook in the byways of Essex. "But, you know," she said, "tourists do not go into Essex; it is a flat uninteresting country." Earnestly she urged the superior charms of the English lakes: Devonshire, Kent, and Surrey and blossoming Warwick. Apart from our interesting associations with Springfield, she could hardly understand how weary the traveler's feet sometimes become of beaten tracks, and how glad one is to wander into some quiet corner, where the world is almost shut out and a flavor of the past preserved. It is true that Essex is less known than the rest of England. Yet it is second to no country in historic interest, and has many a picturesque nook and old world town hidden within its borders. Its green meadows with their lines of willows marking the little streams, its undulating and wooded slopes, its cottage homes nestling among thick trees, give it a beauty all its own. Its fresh verdure is good for tired eyes. We must go to Springfield by the Great Eastern Railway, taking it at Fen Church Street, for the County of Essex touches the East of London, and the first glimpses from the car window are not cheerful.

Yet they can well be called interesting to one who has read



Walter Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," and can see that Mile End, Spitalfields and Bow have a greater air of respectability than before the "People's Palace" tried to realize the dream of the author, and the brave slum workers, and the Salvation Army penetrated with their blessed help into crowded streets and reeking alleys. In Bethnal Green and Stepney forests of chimney pots rise above roofs that almost touch each other; but the blocks of cottages speak of comfort, and there are little gardens at the back of them with scarlet beans and hollyhocks flaunting above the high fences.

Since the days of Eden a garden has been associated with human happiness. Surely the work people of the cottages amid their brick and mortar must get near to the great heart of nature, in these bits of blossoming soil.

We pass next the picturesque glades of what is still left of the old Essex forests with trees unfamiliar to American eyes: English oaks, blackthorn, hawthorn, beeches and the hornbeam. Essex is a fat land, as well as a flat land, and the well watered farms speak of prosperity.

The green distance takes on a softer hue; here and there rise mounds of chalk; under the rich soil of Essex is also a thick bed of London clay from which bricks of such a somber, depressing hue are made. There is no cathedral in the county; it belongs to the See of Canterbury, but its Abbeys and religious houses were many and wealthy. A flavor of antiquity lingers about many a farm house by the way. There are touches of old time life that appeal to the imagination.

Nor is the romance of history lacking in green and quiet Essex. It derives its name from the Saxon Conquest, a combination and abbreviation of East Saxon. In the heart of the forest the British Queen Boadicea took her brave stand and met defeat in the year 61. Chelmsford and Colchester have some Roman relics. Helen, the mother of Constantine, is said to have been born in Colchester, which was a town 2,000 years ago. Edward the Confessor had his favorite residence at Havering Atte Bower. The first abiding place in England of William the Conqueror was at Barking Abbey. Wat Tyler's insurrection began in the county, because of grievous taxes for foreign wars.

Henry VIII had several residences here; and the old embattled turreted tower of Anne Boleyn's Castle still stands at East Ham.



Elizabeth made frequent visits to old halls and manor houses here, and when England rejoiced madly over the defeat of the Spanish Armada, reviewed her troops at Tilbury. Chelmsford was originally the ford of the Chelmer. Its suburb of Springfield, a mile from the center, gave us our name through the thought of William Pynchon for the old home he left there. I was wrongly told in my childhood that our city was named from its many Springs, but that is literally true of its forbear over the sea. As we wandered on, we wondered if the name of Springfield was given by its founder in some moment of longing for his early home; or did he see a likeness in sloping hill, soft meadows, the drooping branches of great trees, and the water courses, which even now suggest a resemblance, though the English Springfield is still very rural.

At the station in Chelmsford one recognizes an old English town. It was brightened here and there by the scarlet coats of wanderers from the Essex Rifles. The Shire Hall (pronounced for some mysterious reason, "Shireau") erected in 1792 is rather imposing; the old fountain is good; there is a statue of Sir Nicholas Tyndall, born in Chelmsford in 1776. No tramcars rumbled, clashed and clattered along the streets, yet it was the first city in England to be lighted by electricity. Chelmsford is evidently not entirely behind the times, since we saw a horrible shrieking motor cycle fastened to a little carriage in which sat a good sized yearling baby, serene, rosy and dimpled like most English babies. Chelmsford, however, seems to disport itself generally on horseback, or in two wheeled chaises.

No doubt the town has greatly changed since William Pynchon walked its streets more than 274 years ago; but he must have seen Guy Hartings, a building of great antiquity in New street, for it was erected soon after the conquest; and there are other old halls and mansions, other tipping, queer roofed buildings which stood in his day. There is a grammar school here founded by Edward VI.

The Springfield road as it is called crosses two picturesque branches of the Chelmer, and leads into a peaceful calm, as great as any fabled Lotus Land. It is one of the quietest nooks in England. Within grim and grewsome walls the county gaol occupies five acres at the brow of the hill, the only discordant note in the whole pastoral. The bird songs at "Meadow Side" opposite were entrancing. I am sure that the constant association in our minds of this sweet village with our own dear Springfield so far away increased the pathos and



ravishing tenderness of a song which we heard here at nightfall. We were told it must have been that of a goldfinch, for we were too late in the season for the nightingale; yet their dearest haunts are in these byways of Essex, though they are exceptionally rare in the park of the pleasant village of Havering Atte Bower, where Edward the Confessor once had a castle. According to a legend, the pious Saxon King prayed for their removal because they disturbed his even song. I am sure that the throngs of them in Springfield help rather than hinder the devotions of the people.

Beyond the hill are modern villas which copy the old buildings in style, within hedges, walls and flowering gardens. Then there are more quaint old ivy draped buildings with bulging walls and age crumbling roofs. Turning a corner from the Springfield road, we pass down a grass bordered street to the green at the side of the church where also is an old ivy draped mansion. A flock of sheep, tended by a small boy, spread themselves out in quiet content, crossing and recrossing the road at their own sweet will, while the little shepherd modelled from the clay which he had taken from the brook close by, a sheep which in this incipient condition would never have prompted a Cimabue to adopt a Giotto. Our desire for some tangible association with William Pynchon was gratified in the vestry of the quaint old Norman church of "All Saints" where is a tablet inscribed with his name as one of the wardens. And I am told that his name is also written high up in the old tower in connection with figures relating to the renovating of the church; but this we did not see. If one goes back 300 years in the history of a family which came to England with the Conqueror, it is rare to find the record of a name which is more than that which can be read between the lines written on uneven marble slabs in footworn church floors, or on mossy old stones in kirk yards. The preëminence of William Pynchon in character, intellect, activity and usefulness is emphasized by the fact that, meagre as the account may seem we can say so much about him. There was a haunting thought of the man in all the roads and lanes of his birthplace. We knew him from the record of his active life in America, not as an austere and gloomy Puritan, but a gentleman, large minded, wise and just, one who had the lofty virtues and severe self-restraint of the honest Puritan, but who could be conscientious without being too severe.

We entered the green church yard of "All Saints," through the





Lych Gate, very rarely left in these old Norman churches, and in the first place a Saxon addition to them, Lych meaning corpse or body. (Our English word likeness is said to be derived from it, that is, bodily resemblance.) Under the slanting roof of this gate, the dead were placed for a prayer and some ceremonies before borne to the church or last resting place. "The dusky shroud of death" seemed emphasized on either side of the narrow path through the church yard, for there were many graves covered between two mossy old upright stones with stone representations of coffins. Hoary and tree embowered, the old church stands as the embodiment of the faith of ages. There is something left of the old Romish atmosphere in the interior, which like that of all the old Norman churches in England was influenced by Saxon simplicity. One can mark the places where Protestant hands have removed emblems of the old form of worship. At the end of the nave is a mortuary chapel. Font and carvings, chancel screen and brasses are well worth seeing in themselves. Underneath the battlements outside of the low square tower is written: "Prayse God for all ye good benefactors." The tree embowered rectory with its high hedge, nearly opposite the tower of the church, is as old worldly as one could wish.

Springfield is said by the people of the hamlet to have been the "Deserted Village" of Goldsmith. It is proved that he lived in a house near the church for two years. It is asserted positively that in that house he wrote his poem. I find that Howitt in his "Homes of the Poets," in speaking of Lissoy, the home of the poet's childhood and the place generally accepted as the Deserted Village of Auburn, says: "In all Goldsmith's description of his Auburn, he has closely blended the Doric charm of an English Village with the fond boyish memories of his actual native place." Howitt does not seem to know of the poet's residence in Springfield, though he speaks of his ten years' wanderings in England; but it is interesting to find such indirect sanction of the traditions of the people, who assert just this: that he combined Lissoy and Springfield in his Auburn.

It was, however, Lissoy which was really destroyed, and although a Mr. Hogan rebuilt "The Three Jolly Pigeons" there, to reproduce the alc house of the poem from the description, and in his zeal ludicrously embedded in the mortar for safekeeping:

The broken teacups wisely kept for show  
Ranged o'er the chimney glistening in a row



the still standing "Three Cups" of the Springfield road, honestly and much more perfectly represents the inn of the poem.

The people whom we met were most kindly and courteous; very much interested to hear of the thriving great daughter of their little village over the sea. Generally they had the usual astonishment of the rural people of England, that Americans should speak so much like themselves, and expressed the inevitable wonder that we had not the American accent, their impression of that probably derived from Josh Billings and the stage Yankee. It is a relief sometimes to remember the brightness of a young American girl who responded to such patronizing praise of her speech from a young Englishman: "Oh well you know it isn't strange, for an English clergyman once preached to my tribe." Springfield, by the way, is the only place in England where we met no Americans. There were, however, treasured traditions of a few who had been there, and Mrs. Overman of our city lived there a little while. Everything of a business nature was very primitive. The postmistress of Springfield Hill opened her vine wreathed back door as we knocked at a bit of a house perhaps nine feet square, whose lettering denoted it the office. It is set down among the flower beds of the pretty garden, flanked by great tree trunks twined thickly with ivy, and trellises of climbing roses. She herself was rosy and golden-haired, but she had very vague ideas of the present place of two letters, which she remembered came to us two weeks before. William Pynchon, gentleman, lived in this quiet village because as a younger son his father received an estate here, which belonged to his mother's dowry. One must go to Writtle, two miles and a half west, the ancestral home of the Pynchons, for closer association with them. Let the drive be through the Margaretting woods, a part of the old Epping and Hainault forests, which once covered Essex; now deep in bosky shades, now out in the sunlight which slants over shimmering meadows and farms. The happiness of the world seems printed on the fair landscape. Passing into the cool green shadow again you come out by some old hall with queer gables rising above secluding walls, where joy and sorrow alternated as now, "a long while since, a long, long time ago." Writtle is very ancient, said to have been of note, when Chelmsford was unknown. The old battle-mented Norman church in which the Pynchons worshipped for generations, has not the hoary appearance of All Saints in Spring-



field. Its tower fell in 1802 and it has been rebuilt, but in the old lines. It has many interesting memorials, monuments and brasses, but to us there is the attraction of the chancel, which is nearly filled with the monuments and memorial brasses of the honored Pynchon family. (Mrs. Powers' paper upon William Pynchon contains the results of the careful research of Dr. Pynchon of Hartford here.)

It is said that so deeply rooted was the esteem and regard that the Indians felt for Mr. Pynchon and his family, that 100 years after the settlement of Springfield, the tribe desired to do special honor to his descendants. It remains to be seen what this thriving city will do to commemorate its founder, its noble magistrate and wise leader, who chose this beautiful spot by the Connecticut, and named it in tender memory after his old home in England. America has reason to be proud of her sculptors, who rank with the best in the world. One of the greatest geniuses of them all has given us the stern, strong Puritan, stalking away from the Episcopal church. (So unintentionally historically correct, for that is exactly what good Dea. Samuel Chapin did in his lifetime!) Should there not be an equally worthy memorial to William Pynchon, gentleman and scholar, to whom we owe the beginning of the existence of our fair city? Purses long and generous have opened nobly for the good and embéllishment of Springfield. Would that one were ready for this object! Yet the history of Florence the Beautiful proves to us the gain where many share in such an undertaking. The Tuscan city was no doubt helped to her preëminence in art by the general love and knowledge of it, which grew among the people, because her statues and churches were not always the gift of grand dukes and princes, but more often of the trade guilds. When an artist was chosen by the people to put his ideal into the subject they had selected, each mind and heart followed him in the work, and appreciation of art and beauty became universal. Who shall say that special inspiration did not come to her artists from the sympathy of the people and their ability to criticize? Is it not possible that Springfield may give and receive in this way, beginning with a tribute to its founder, William Pynchon, gentleman?



MR. HOWARD'S paper:

### Col. John Worthington

**D**R. Judson Worthington Hastings of Agawam, in answer to my letter of inquiry, kindly gives this genealogical and local information:

"Nicolas, the emigrant ancestor of the Worthingtons, is said to have come in the year 1649 or 1650 from the south part of Lancashire, near Liverpool, England. He came from Hatfield, then part of Hadley, to Agawam. His residence was where the old tavern, which I remember, stood. It is in the south part of the town, on the car line. There is a sign, 'Worthington Corner', on the spot. He was twice married. By his second wife he had two sons, Jonathan and John, the latter called Lieutenant John. Jonathan and his descendants have, except for a few years, owned and occupied the homestead. The present owner is Mrs. Ellen Worthington Woodsum; a brother, Albert E. Worthington, lives on it."

Sprague's Annals contains a memorandum (in connection with a notice of Rev. William Worthington), of his grandfather, Nicolas: "He was wounded in the Cromwellian wars; lost the whole or part of his estate by confiscation, and came to this country about 1656."

Lieut. John Worthington is styled in deeds recorded at the registry office, in 1729 as "innholder"; in 1736 as "shopkeeper;" and in 1738, six years before his decease, as "gentleman". April 16, 1812, he bought of the widow and heirs of Elizur Holyoke three tracts of land, the second and third lying on the east side of Main Street, between the present Bridge and Worthington Streets. The first tract, seven and a half acres, is described as bounded north by John Pynchon and south by land of the Parsons's. This became the Worthington homestead.

Thomas B. Warren, who, surrounded by bulky tomes, seems at home in Springfield's past, and who has furnished me with all the knowledge of conveyances that I shall impart, appends this interesting note regarding the parties from whom this property was bought: "William Pynchon's daughter, Mary, married Elizur Holyoke, and these are her heirs." This link connects the first with the second century of Springfield.

John, the subject of my paper, was born November 20, 1719.





There were two other children, Samuel, who died in his thirty-sixth year, and Sarah, who married Rev. John Hooker. Grandsons of John and Mary Hooker were John Hooker Ashmun, Royall professor of law in the Harvard law school, whose death at the age of thirty-two was mourned as a distinct loss to legal science, and Hon. George Ashmun.

Three divisions in the life I propose to sketch suggest themselves: the first is twenty-five years, preparatory; the second, thirty years of work; and the third, twenty-five of retirement.

In the first period there was the preparation for college. Of this we have no record, nor of his college course. That, "he graduated at Yale college in the year 1740, where he was some time tutor, and left there in 1743, and read law, as is supposed about a year, with Gen. Lyman at Suffield," we have on the authority of Mr. Bliss's historical address. As four years elapsed between his graduation and admission to the bar, it would seem probable that law reading went along with his work as instructor, details being learned in the law office mentioned.

Second, the busy years. The practice of law was entered on in 1744. This is the year in which Lieutenant Worthington, the father, died. The terms of his will show with what pecuniary advantages the young man started on his business career. After provision made for the support out of the estate of Mrs. Worthington during her widowhood, it was directed that the sons, John and Samuel, should receive equal shares of the real and personal property. To the daughter, Sarah, was bequeathed out of the estate, one-half as much as had been given to either of the sons, to be paid her by them. With the discharge of this obligation, the two brothers came into possession of the homestead and the entire landed property. But the young practitioner evidently had no intention to subsist on his patrimony. Robert O. Morris, who has rendered me very valuable assistance, showed me three books which contain the private docket of Colonel Worthington. Closely written, two lines naming plaintiff and defendant being the description of each case, are many crowded pages. Many of these were doubtless small, but for each one some preparation must have been made. Not a few concerned large interests. It would seem that in practically all the more important trials in Hampshire County, Colonel Worthington was counsel for one of the parties, with Major Hawley of Northamp-



ton as his opponent. As regards the territorial extent of his practice, Mr. Bliss says- "Colonel Worthington usually attended the courts in Worcester and after Berkshire was made a county, the court of common pleas there."

That the emoluments from his law business were considerable appears from successive acquisitions of real property. In January, 1750, he bought out Samuel, thus coming into full possession of the paternal landed estate. The number of deeds to both the John Worthingtons are found by Mr. Warren to be about two hundred and fifty. The scriptural proverb may truthfully be applied to Colonel Worthington: "The hand of the diligent maketh rich."

To the acquisitions of land in Springfield and West Springfield must be added a large interest in another part of the county. A recorded deed shows that Aaron Willard, Jr., of Lancaster, bought June 2, 1762, of a committee of the General Assembly of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, the new township No. 3, for the joint interest of himself and four others, who are named. According to General Rice's history of the town of Worthington, two members of this syndicate, John Worthington and Selah Barnard, subsequently became sole proprietors. The enterprise was successful. The sections into which the tract was divided were rapidly bought and occupied. In six years after the original purchase the plantation was incorporated as a town. The town history says: "In honor of Colonel Worthington, who liberally induced the early settlers to occupy the land, by the erection of a church and a grist-mill at his own expense, together with a generous assignment of ministerial and school lots for the use of the town, the town was called Worthington." (The gifts named in this paragraph are elsewhere in the volume ascribed to the two proprietors jointly.)

Colonel Worthington was a frequent representative of the town in the General Assembly of the province. Of his standing and his eloquence we have the testimony of one who wrote from personal knowledge; in a letter preserved by Mr. Morris, from Percy Morton, who had been attorney-general, to Mr. Bliss. Acknowledging receipt of a copy of the historical address, the writer says:

"Two of the great men you describe who were formerly the ornament of your bar I well remember, Colonel Worthington and Major Hawley; not, however, as advocates at the bar, but as rival politicians in the Legislature in the times of our greatest political con-



troversies, previous to the Revolution. The former of these gentlemen was denominated the leader of the government party; and, young as I then was, I felt that your character of him as an advocate was equally appropriate to him in deliberate debate: 'his mind was ardent, his imagination lively and his feelings strong,' that, 'his style was nervous, forcible and uncommonly correct,' and, 'although on the unpopular side of every question, he was many times very powerful.' "

It would seem to be in place here to attempt some estimate of the native disposition and the character of the subject of my sketch. Of the first it may be said in brief that he was born to rule. He was endowed with a will power which enabled him almost always to dominate—almost always. In a plot in the Springfield cemetery, about twenty rods southerly from the Pine Street entrance, in which six generations are represented, there is a range of three headstones which mark children's graves. The first is inscribed, "John, son of John Worthington, Esq., and Mrs. Hannah Worthington, was born August 10, 1762, and died August 30, 1763," having lived, it will be seen, one year and twenty days. The other two headstones are inscribed respectively, John, second son, and John, third son, with dates showing that each lived but a few months. A remark has been preserved (people will make remarks) that Colonel Worthington strove with the Almighty, he himself contending that a John Worthington should continue on the face of the earth. If failure was the outcome of this contest, mastery was generally gained in other relations. Captain Ferrel's indignant outburst, "Colonel Worthington rules this town with a rod of iron," was not without justification in fact.

Even difference of opinion received but scant toleration. A conversation is related between my grandfather and himself, in which the former said that he expected to live to see a bridge across the Connecticut River. The reply was, "Parson Howard, you talk like a fool." The event predicted fell far within my grandfather's time. In the autobiography of Rev. Dr. Joseph Lathrop there is this memorandum:—

In October, 1805, the great bridge between Springfield and West Springfield, which is nearly 70 rods long and cost about \$37,000 was completed, and the 30th day of that month appointed for opening it, Mr. Howard, the minister of Springfield, being infirm, application was made to me to deliver a discourse on that day. The day was fine, the assembly numerous and profoundly attentive.



The character of Colonel Worthington, the native qualities developed under the discipline of cherished principles, commanded respect. The sternness with which he dominated over others seems to have been brought to bear on his own conduct. It does not appear that even the hostility excited by his political opinions called forth reproaches impugning his uprightness. His influence was exerted in favor of the proprieties of life and good morals. He was doubtless a terror to evil doers.

A member of the church of the First Parish, he was active in its affairs. His name appears as serving on important committees. His religion was more of the type of the previous century than that of his own time. He was a strict Sabbatarian. There is a tradition that by his express command, which in domestic affairs closely resembled the laws of the Medes and Persians, the beds of the household which were risen from on Sunday morning were left unmade until after the sun-setting. Colonel Worthington remained a bachelor until he had reached the age of forty years. He was married January 10, 1759, to Hannah Hopkins, daughter of Rev. Samuel Hopkins of West Springfield and Esther Edwards, sister of Jonathan Edwards. Mrs. Worthington died November 25, 1766, at the age of thirty-five, leaving four young children, daughters. Her brief characterization in the Genealogy is, "Remarkable for her benevolence."

A second marriage, December 7, 1768, was with Mary Stoddard, daughter of Col. John Stoddard of Northampton and Prudence Chester. She died July 12, 1812. That motherly love and care was bestowed on the children and gratefully remembered, was attested by the name, Mary Stoddard, given to the first-born child of one of her step-daughters.

The twenty-five years named as the third period began in 1775. The occasion was the parting of the ways respectively chosen by the patriots and the royalists. Judge Henry Morris in his contribution to King's handbook, treats Colonel Worthington's toryism very gently. After stating that he was king's attorney in Hampshire County and could have been attorney-general for the state if he had chosen to accept the office, Judge Morris says: "His relations with the government and his associations with its officers kept him from sympathy with the popular cause."

It seems to me that more fundamental than this influence or,





indeed, any prompting from without, was his inborn conservatism. With him, "Whatever is" was not only right but ought to be uninterruptibly continuous. His contemptuous reply to the suggestion of a bridge would seem to say, "There will not be a bridge and ought not to be; the ferry and ice-bridge are established and should not be superseded."

The monarchical system of government, too, was most in accordance with the temper of his mind. Like the extreme federalists of the years immediately following the close of the War of the Revolution, he believed in the centralization of governmental authority. The honesty with which he held to his convictions can hardly be doubted; but the result was complete severance from affairs of state, in which he had taken so prominent a part.

To one whose temperament was such as to crave action, this enforced idleness must have been a sore trial. It may well have been during this period that he selected or composed the pessimistic lines, inscribed over his grave:—

There's not a day but to the man of thought  
 Betrays some secret and throws new reproach  
 On life, and makes him sick of seeing more.  
 Then welcome death.  
 Death of all pain the period, not of joy.

His last prolonged illness was attended by mental failure which culminated in the condition of second childhood. To this loss of mind Mr. Bliss alludes, when he says of Colonel Worthington, that "he was capable of communicating much legal information, while his health and ability to converse continued." He died April 25, 1800, in the eighty-first year of his age.

I will close with a thought which has taken form in my mind while seeking for material preparatory to this attempted sketch. The reflection was suggested by the paucity of memorials of its subject. There is no diary, and, I presume, no regular correspondence preserved. There was no Boswell by, with note-book in hand. Inscriptions on sepulchral tables and headstones furnish almost the only indubitable testimony. The opening stanza of a standard didactic hymn was brought to mind:—

Wherefore should man, frail child of clay,  
 Who from the cradle to the shroud  
 Lives but the insect of a day,  
 Oh, why should mortal man be proud?



The reasoning pursued in these lines is sound, and the answer proceeding from any well-regulated mind to the question proposed is, "Sure enough, why should he?"

The implied argument presented in the stanza, based on the brevity of human life, would seem to be sufficient, but I will venture to add another, namely, the brevity of fame. Here was a man pre-eminent in town, and of high standing among the great men of county and state. His name was spoken with general admiration, and yet only a scrap remains in the annals of his time, "The sum, the abstract of the historian's page."

But there is another side to this. If this outlook into the future seems to discourage rightful ambition and to dissuade from the output of vigorous effort, a promise is held forth which may serve as an antidote. There is what has been aptly termed "unrecorded history". In this volume (the register of society's well-being and progress), there is written out in indelible characters the narrative of every life-work. Colonel Worthington, for the space of nearly a full generation, was a power preservative of good order. Whether as moderator of the town-meeting, or as censor of public morals, the potency of his stern sway was controlling for regularity. A conservative certainly, but for safe advance conservatives are essential, brakemen on the moving train. Always on the unpopular side at the state capitol, according to the testimony of Attorney-General Morton; but stalwart defenders of unpopular causes are always requisite. A vigorous opposition is the price of purity and safety in state and nation. The unrecorded history of the subject of this sketch is faithfully preserved in the steps of progress by which our municipality has advanced, even as the successive strata of rock testify to the formation of the solid earth.

The moral, if one need be drawn, is, that each one will devote to the common weal his individuality, controlled by a sense of duty, guided by a conscience illumined by the fullest enlightenment attainable, if the record can be that, "in simplicity and godly sincerity we have had our conversation in the world," there need be no fear that it will fail of registration.



QUARTERLY MEETING

FEBRUARY 8, 1905

It was voted that a committee of three be appointed by the President with full power to solicit funds and to take all necessary measures for the erection of a statue of William Pynchon, the founder of Springfield, on the lawn in front of the high school, or in any other suitable location, which in the opinion of the committee may seem more desirable. Charles H. Barrows, Robert O. Morris and Henry A. Booth were appointed.

NEHEMIAH HAWKINS of New York City read a paper on "Springfield in Retrospect and in Prospect."

### Springfield in Retrospect and in Prospect

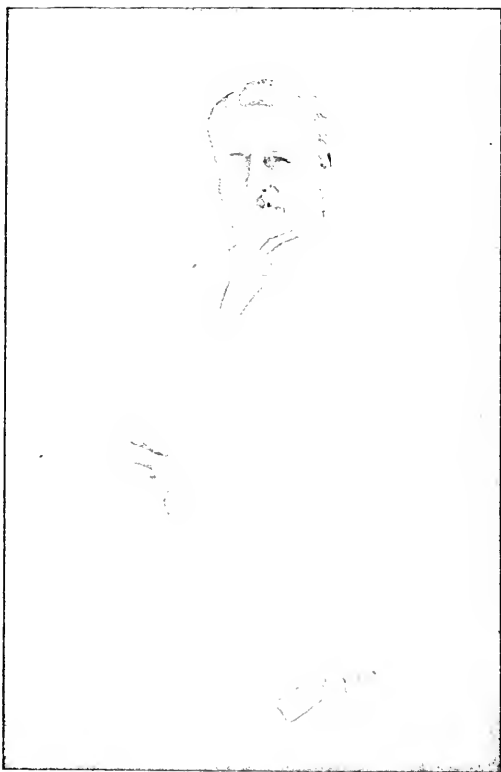
I WISH I knew who it was and the circumstances relating to its bringing that planted the first rose in Springfield. I am sure it was a gentlewoman—one perchance in the storied form of Mary Pynchon—possibly by one like Margaret Bliss, whom many still remember so well, with her soft dark eyes and willowy form, passing in and out during a long life of unselfish devotion, loving and beloved.

Consider! there was certainly the first time when the Royal Red Rose of far-away Persia bloomed upon the banks of the Connecticut.

Was it during the year 1636, the first of the settlement? Probably, yes! However that may be, this superb flower has shed its fragrance upon the willing air and delighted the eyes of uncounted thousands from that distant time until now; the flowering time, as well as the seed time, have never failed.

In a letter written to my dear mother by myself, June 6, 1902, just as she was entering the last half of her hundredth year, occur these words, "This is the month of roses in Springfield and I recall how glorious they show in the good old town. I trust you are having your share of them in your room and will remember *me* when you enjoy their heaven-sent perfume." This letter was returned to me after my mother's death, which took place lacking only thirty-five days of the century mark, and by mere accident I note what I then wrote in the letter, and now quote as above.





*N Hawkins*





We have in New York, the presence, most of the year, of a kindly Scot, of whom this is told: "At Skibo Castle, Mr. Carnegie has, during the summer, a beautiful rose garden. There are thousands of red and white and yellow roses blooming there, and the villagers are free to saunter in the garden paths to their hearts' content. One day the head gardener waited upon Mr. Carnegie.

" 'Sir,' he said, 'I wish to lodge a complaint.'

" 'Well?' said the master.

" 'Well, sir,' the gardener began, 'I wish to inform you that the village folk are plucking the roses in your rose garden. They are denuding your rose trees, sir.'

" 'Ah,' said Mr. Carnegie, gently, 'my people are fond of flowers, are they, Donald? Then you must plant more.' "

Do you know that David, across three thousand years, still speaks to us in holy writ of "the glory of the grass and the splendor of the flower"? He does.

I well remember the day I fell in love with Springfield—such a love as I have for no other—"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain," and it was the red rose that enchanted me; the enchantment still holds after more than fifty years. I had been away, and on my return, a boy of twelve, perhaps, the June flowers had come and I saw them in a new light; the town was buried in verdure and bloom, and from that time to me it has been the city of roses. Now, year by year, as the June time comes, my heart yearns for a renewal of the emotions of that never-to-be-forgotten season. There were other flowers in abundance. May I name some of them—the pink, the hyacinth, the marigold, the chrysanthemum, the violet, the hollyhock, the larkspur, the narcissus, the tulip, the aster, the wall flower, the dahlia, the white lily. These were, and are, still to be found in Old as well as New England.

And again the fruits, which at times and in their seasons gratified my boy appetite; they are, too, too many to name, except perhaps the chestnuts, the walnuts and the melons. Of these, I may add that I am confident that none of our parents planted any walnut trees, nor chestnut trees—nor *melon vines!* and yet "we boys" never lacked for a generous proportion of what the fertile grounds produced.

Thus it became easy for me to write in those early years spent on the verge of civilization, in the great treeless plains of the West—largely destitute of fruits and flowers,—



Where'er I go, whatever climes to see  
 My heart untraveled turns to thee;  
 To thee, my brother, turns with endless pain  
 And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Of one thing I was proud and thankful—that of being a high school boy. In my time of 1850–1852 there were probably six or eight of these schools; but in 1900 the extraordinary number of 6,005.

“There was once a philanthropist who ate up all the chowder in a Bowery restaurant. ‘There,’ he said, ‘the next fellow will get something fresh.’” Unlike this humble philanthropist, I find that the board has been already swept quite clean and dry in the way of personal experience and “historical remains,” leaving but little of interest to be added by me, hence, the main part of this paper will deal, all too briefly, with Springfield in prospect.

Still I may *reminisce* a little—thus—

In the year 1839 I remember standing, with my father, who was at that time master mechanic of the Western railroad, and being interested in the building of the railroad bridge across the Connecticut river. At that moment it was constructed but little more than half the distance across. Just before this I recall coming by the railroad to Springfield in “*a day coach*.” This should be written in the plural, for the cars were of the “platform” style—each arranged with several stagecoach bodies so that they were entered on the side. This is the very earliest form of passenger cars shown in old engravings, for it was in the very, very earliest days of railroad building, that year, 1839.

Upon the arrival of our family we put up at the railroad hotel kept and owned by John Goodrich in the northwest corner of Main and Hampden streets. This was a wooden building standing fifty feet back from Main street and about fifty feet from Hampden street. The lot adjoined the Massasoit lot and upon its rear end Mr. Goodrich “prepared” Canadian horses, for the West Indies, and for plantation use in the South. He also trained trotting horses for the Boston market. It was a brave sight to see the high-stepping, bob-tailed horses being driven up and down Main street; a favorite exercise ground being the road to Round Hill and return.

After a winter’s sojourn on High street, during which my brother Frank was born, who has, as he wrote this month, just “passed safely” his sixty-fifth birthday, the family settled for some years



on Main street, on the southwest corner of Hampden street and opposite the Goodrich hotel. We were living there in 1840 and from that time on, I saw nearly everything that was "doing" and could fill a small volume with the events of happy busy days that ended in 1852, when, as a boy of eighteen, I went West with a party of railroad contractors at a wage of \$12.00 per month and expenses.

The house in which the family lived on Main street adjoined the Pynchon place, where dwelt the aged Mr. Pynchon, his wife and children. Among the latter, there were William, the farmer; Daniel, the West Point cadet; two daughters—one, Mary, a lovely and fragile girl, who died in early womanhood; and John Pynchon, in my eyes, a great and noble fellow of twenty.

The Pynchon place was a home of abundance,—horses, cattle, lands, houses and withal, *honor* were among their possessions. The two families became very intimate and it is pleasant to remember that in 1864 and thereabouts, a quarter of a century afterwards, that *my* John Pynchon was operating a steam car axle factory within half a mile of my own steam flour mills, with the old friendship still surviving.

It is worth recording that the Pynchon family and the Hawkins family, thus living kindly neighbors, were representatives and descendants in 1840 of their noble ancestors, who in the same year, 1636, 204 years before, founded the towns of Providence, R. I., and of Springfield, Mass., and who exactly 200 years before, were the busiest and among the most prosperous men of New England.

Between the lives of the founder, William Pynchon, and of Roger Williams there were some curious analogies. 1. Their arrival from England about the same year—Roger landed in Boston, February 5, 1631, "a young minister, godly and zealous, and having precious gifts, and accompanied by his wife Mary." 2. They both found it convenient to leave Boston, the same autumn, for conscience's sake, for the cold and bleak wilderness. 3. The next spring they founded their new towns, each with less than ten families and afterwards with no more than thirty or forty. 4. They each wrote books which were condemned as heretical. 5. They were intimate with, friendly and much trusted by the Indians of whom they bought, like honest men, their lands. 6. In after life they were in England again, at the same time, and finally they were most prosperous and honored in their advanced age, having



lived down by pure and good lives the ill words spoken of them in the early days of the Colonies; again each in his dwelling had preached the kindly gospel in the early days.

My own remembrances of this lovely Pynchon family are most vivid and most pleasant. I could fill these pages most easily with my boyish recollections of events and places which will always be dear to me, but if I may be forgiven, I avail myself of the words—*what's the use?*—and pass along to the ever fascinating Future.

The German language has furnished the Anglo-Saxon a word with a widely accepted meaning—*Wanderlust*—a lust for travelling. At an early year this seized me, and, during a life in which I have out-lived nearly all my early companions, I have wandered in the home land and abroad, from city to city, and from town to town, and one scene of nature and art to another, but always as I said before, with my untravelled heart ever turning to the dear old town.

When I have visited a new scene, I have often come to feel enriched by what I have seen. I have sometimes used the term "bouquet of cities;" thus it came that after an absence in Europe for some months, my own two dear daughters greeted me with the words, "Papa, we have added thirty-two cities to our bouquet." Hence in choosing the theme "Springfield in Retrospect and in Prospect," I designedly added the latter that I might bring to my lifelong loved city some suggestions gathered from my acquaintance with other growing places, although none are more admirable or beautiful than that founded by William Pynchon.

Springfield entered the century with a population of 2,312. "Court Square" was deeded to Hampden county in April, 1821. The names of Daniel Bontecou, Justice Willard, Edward Pynchon, etc., are honorably mentioned in subscribing towards this public gift and it has been truly said that *Modern Springfield* begins from this time. In 1820 the population was 3,914 and in 1843, 10,985. These are interesting figures in view of its present number.

In April, A.D. 1830, the townfolk saw for the first time a schooner under full sail—*The Eagle*—on the river. It had come up through the Enfield canal. The *Blanchard* and *Vermont* steamboats happened to be both lying at the wharf and the excited people dreamed of a *metropolis* at once, but "the human heart ever longs for the impossible—for the joy that lasts 'forever after;' for the loveliness that never fades; for the purse that is never exhausted;





for the friend that is always true; for the device that will do away with all the conveniences of time and space."

The time arrives when the "master of the feast," told of in the parable, cries out in stentorian tones, "Friend, come up higher," and the advancing population and increasing wealth calls also in trumpet tones, *Come up Higher*.

There is such a thing as "making history" and it is before the present generation of this beautiful town to make in large part its future history. Springfield has outgrown itself and must be uncomfortable until it adjusts itself to new and larger conditions. It is the main thought of the writer to indicate the path and method of advancement; in two words the thought can be expressed—Rebuilding and Consolidation. In a humble spirit, the writer is prepared to argue that these express the logic of the situation in which Springfield now finds itself.

The wise old philosopher Demosthenes declared that "the end of wisdom is consultation." Thinking it might be an aid to Springfield's committee and of general interest, I take pleasure in reading—by permission—a few paragraphs transcribed from the advance sheets of the Report of the New York City Improvement Commission to Mayor McClellan, and to his board of aldermen. All cities, I have observed, are, broadly speaking, alike; our Saviour loved the city of Jerusalem and wept over it; "Dear Old London" is the term used by Englishmen over the wide world; "Little Old New York is good enough for me" is a common phrase among its citizens at home and abroad; a *city* man is a *civil* man; an *urbane* man is an inhabitant of *urban*, a city. Hence! these suggestions relating primarily to my own "Little Old New York," which has served me well, are extracted and read for the use of the good city "Springfield of the Future"—the Greater Springfield.

By the terms of the ordinance it was provided that the commission should make a report on or before the first day of January, 1905. I have with me this report not yet made public, hence not to be given out until it is officially delivered to the mayor of New York and its aldermen.

Knowing the use to which I was to put this report the young architect said, "So full am I of 'City Improvement after working with the Commission' that I would willingly, upon invitation, go over in person, free of cost except to myself, the city of Springfield, and its environs."



I quote:

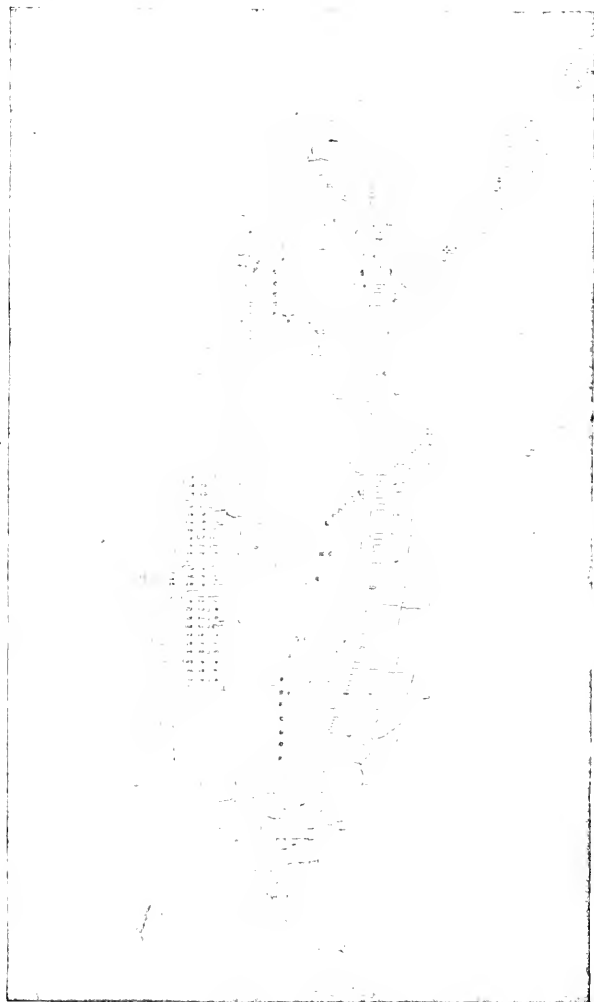
"A comprehensive plan for the city's development must necessarily anticipate the future growth of the city for many years to come and be so framed as to meet all possible future requirements so far, at least, as they can be reasonably foreseen, and be so designed that all its parts shall be consistent, the one with the other, and form a homogeneous whole, in order that any improvements hereafter made may be entered upon with reference to the accomplishment of a definite purpose and along definite lines and not as has been too often the case, without reference to any general plan or regard to the bearing of the particular improvement proposed or its connection with other improvements already made or which thereafter may be deemed advisable. Such a plan necessarily involves not only the laying out of parks, streets and highways, the location of city buildings, improvement of water fronts, etc., but also questions of more or less detail, relating to pavements, sidewalks, appropriate house numbers, gas and electric fixtures, manner of indicating the streets, location of statues and monuments commemorating historical events, tree planting, and a countless number of other matters, all important and essential. No plan that fails to take into consideration all the above subject matters can be deemed a comprehensive one.

"It is manifest that the subject is one of large and extended scope and necessarily requires the examination and consideration of many important questions, and the commission feels that there is not sufficient time within the period limited by the ordinance, to enable it to make a complete report which would do justice either to the subject matter involved or to the commission itself. The commission deems it, however, proper and incumbent on it at this time, in view of the provisions of the ordinance to make a preliminary report as to its proceedings and the progress made by it in effectuating the purposes for which it was created.

"It must be recognized at the outset and will be by all who give any careful consideration to the subject, that any proper and comprehensive plan of municipal improvement must, of necessity, involve large and heavy expenditures. Such expenditures have, however, been found in other large cities to be not entirely without return. Apart from the convenience to its own citizens, municipal improvement and adornment tends to attract strangers and directly contribute to a city's material prosperity. The commission fully realizes that considerations of expense must necessarily and properly enter into the consideration of any proposed changes or improvements, at the same time it does not conceive it to be its duty to select or recommend the cheapest possible make-shifts. While it proposes, therefore, to ultimately recommend a plan fully accomplishing, in its judgment, the object desired, it will, nevertheless, be controlled by the consideration that the ultimate benefit must always be commensurate with the expense entailed—in other words, that while essentials are not to be sacrificed to a question of cost, any plan to be of practical value must be framed with due regard to proper considerations of economy.

"In this connection, it is desirable to remember that it is not the intention of the commission, either now or hereafter, to recommend the carrying out at once, or even within any definite period of time, of all the various changes or improvements it may propose. On the contrary, many of them will be neither immediately necessary nor advisable. As above pointed out, the province of the commission is to formulate a general plan to be adopted for the future—the improvements and





A BEAUTY SPOT—Example of what can be accomplished above Round Hill—It is the Victoria Memorial in London



changes themselves can manifestly not be made at once. Considerations of expense, if nothing else, would render such course impracticable. They are only intended to be undertaken as and when made necessary and advisable by the continued growth of the city. This fact must be borne in mind in considering the amount of the possible expenditures involved.

"Although, as above said, the expenditures necessarily required by any proper plan must be large, they can in many instances be greatly reduced, if the city had the power exercised in many European cities of condemning more than the area actually required, so that the city might reap the benefit to be derived from the enhanced value of neighboring property, and in the judgment of the commission steps should be taken to secure such changes in the constitution and legislative enactments as may be necessary for the purpose. This method of taking more land than required, with the object of resale at an advance of recouping part of the expense, has been applied in various large cities of Great Britain and the continent where extensive alterations have been undertaken for securing architectural effects, remedying sanitary conditions or improving the city generally, and it is questionable whether many of the improvements would have been otherwise accomplished. Objection to giving the city such power has sometimes been raised on the ground that it might be abused or injudiciously exercised. In these times, however, of increasing municipal activities when so many more extensive powers are constantly being entrusted to those charged with the administration of the city's affairs, such objection can scarcely be considered necessarily fatal or conclusive, if proper safeguards and limitations are imposed."

Other cities besides New York are extending their borders, are opening new streets, etc. In the January number of the *Century* is an article on the "remaking of London," from which I now quote:

"Chief among the vast undertakings of the London County Council are the widening and extending of old streets, the opening of new ones, the laying of electric tramways and the rehousing of the poor. Most radical of the many changes now in progress in London's streets is that which comprehends the widening of the Strand between Welling street and St. Clement Danes (Dr. Johnson's church); the creation of a new street in the form of a crescent with one of its horns resting on the Strand at each of the points referred to; and the opening of a wide avenue straight through from the apex of this crescent to High Holborn at a point opposite Southampton Row, which in turn is being widened so as to afford (with the new street to the south of it and its present continuation, under different names, to the north) a main thoroughfare from the neighborhood of the Thames Embankment, through the Drury Lane region and Bloomsbury, to Hampstead Heath, four or five miles from its starting-point.

"It is expected to cost about \$25,000,000; but as the value of the contiguous land will be greatly enhanced by the improvement, and as much of this land has been acquired by the county council, the sale of eighty-year leases will go far to lighten the taxpayers' burden. To insure an adequate architectural effect for the buildings to occupy the newly created sites in the Strand, the council invited eight architects of standing to submit elevations, and called in Mr. Norman Shaw, R. A., to pass upon them.





"The Wesleyan Methodist Church, having paid \$1,650,000 for the Royal Aquarium, near Westminster Abbey, spent the year 1903 in pulling down that enormous structure, and in its place will erect a denominational church house, one of the two halls of which will hold three thousand people."

There is a city in Spain dating far back beyond old Roman times—Seville, situated on the banks of the Guadalquivir, of which Lord Byron wrote:

"Fair is proud Seville; let her country boast  
Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days."

The rich architectural monuments of a people who loved beauty in all its forms are there to be found. The history of the city is full of interest and rich with the ancient lore and romance of Spain. The Sevillians are proud of the old motto, "Who has not seen Seville has not seen a marvel." A young artist friend, William Young, has furnished me with a drawing showing one of the finest specimens of architecture of all times—"The Tower or Campinella." I quote from a book, "Historic Buildings of the World," the following description, for a purpose which will appear later:

"The Giralda, which serves as a campanile to the cathedral, and rises above all the spires of the town, is an old Moorish tower, erected by an Arabian architect, named Geber or Guever, who invented algebra, which was called after him. The appearance of the tower is charming, and very original; the rose-coloured bricks and the white stone of which it is built, give it an air of gaiety and youth, which extends as far back as the year 1000, a very respectable age, at which a tower may well be allowed to have a wrinkle or two and be excused for not being remarkable for a fresh complexion. The Giralda in its present state is not less than three hundred and fifty feet high, while each side is fifty feet broad. Up to a certain height the walls are perfectly even; there are then rows of Moorish windows with balconies, trefoils and small white marble columns, surrounded by large lozenge-shaped brick panels. The tower formerly ended in a roof of variously coloured varnished tiles, on which was an iron bar, ornamented with four gilt metal balls of a prodigious size. This roof was removed in 1568, by the architect, Francisco Ruiz, who raised the daughter of the Moor Guever one hundred feet higher in the pure air of heaven, so that his bronze statue might overlook the Sierras, and speak with the angels who passed. The feat of building a belfry on a tower was in perfect keeping with the intentions of the members composing that admirable chapter who wished posterity to imagine they were mad. The additions of Francisco Ruiz consist of three stories: the first of these is pierced with windows, in whose embrasures are hung bells; the second, surrounded by an open balustrade, bears on the cornice of each of its sides, these words—*Turris fortissima nomen Domini*; and the third is a kind of cupola or lantern, on which turns a gigantic gilt bronze figure of Faith, holding a palm in one hand and a standard in the other, and serving as a weathercock, thereby justifying the name of Giralda, given to the tower. This statue is by Bartholomew Morel.





THE CAMPANILE OF THE "GIRALDA"  
Seville, Spain.



It can be seen at a very great distance; and when it glitters through the azure atmosphere, really looks like a seraph lounging in the air.

"You ascend the Giralda by a series of inclined *ramps*, so easy and gentle, that two men on horseback could very well ride up to the summit, whence you enjoy an admirable view. At your feet lies Seville, brilliantly white, with its spires and towers, endeavoring, but in vain, to reach the rose-coloured brick girdle of the Giralda. Beyond these stretches the plain, through which the Guadalquivir flows, like a piece of watered silk, and scattered around are Santiponce, Algaba and other villages. Quite in the background is the Sierra Morena, with its outlines sharply marked, in spite of the distance, so great is the transparency of the air in this admirable country. On the opposite side, the Sierras de Gibram, Zaara and Moron raise their bristling forms, tinged with the richest hues of lapis lazuli and amethyst, and completing this magnificent panorama, which is inundated with light, sunshine and dazzling splendour."

Still keeping in mind an ultimate purpose to which I have alluded, I take the time to read a description of one of the most famous edifices in Italy—the Bell Tower or Campanile of Venice:

"The great campanile of St. Mark in the square at the west of the church was founded about 900 by Doge Pietro Tribuno and finished in 1131 or soon after. It is a very massive square tower of brick, 325 feet high by 42 square, on a stone base, simply decorated with slight pilasters. The ascent to the top is made by a series of inclined planes instead of stairs. The upper part, an open lantern with a pyramidal roof, was added in the 16th century; on the apex is a fine colossal statue of an angel, formed of plates of gilt bronze on a wooden core,—a work of the end of the 15th century.

"Throughout the Middle Ages the main walling of Venetian buildings was always of fine brick, usually a rich red in colour, made and fired in the kilns of Murano. In spite of its beautiful colour the brick work was seldom left visible, the whole wall-surface being lined with thin slabs of marble in the more magnificent buildings, or else coated with stucco, on which decorative patterns were painted.

"One of the chief glories of Venice depends on its extensive use of the most beautiful and costly marbles and porphyries, which give a wealth of magnificent colour such as is to be seen in no other city in the world. In early times none of these seem to have been obtained direct from the quarries, but from older buildings, either of Roman or early Byzantine date. Immense quantities of rich marbles were brought from the ruined cities of Heraclea, Ravenna, Altinum, and especially Aquileia. Under the Roman empire, Aquileia contained great numbers of magnificent buildings, decorated with marbles and porphyries from Greece, Numidia, Egypt and Arabia. The gorgeous churches and palaces of the Byzantine emperors, enriched with rare marbles stolen from Greek and Roman buildings of classic times, were in their turn stripped of their costly columns and wall-linings by the victorious Venetians. Thus Venice became a magnificent storehouse in which were heaped the rich treasures accumulated throughout many previous centuries by various peoples. The principal varieties used in the palaces of Venice are the red porphyry of Egypt and the green porphyry of Mount Taygetus, red and grey Egyptian granites, Oriental alabaster from Numidia and Arabia, the Phrygian pavonazzetto with its purple



mottlings, and, in great quantities, the alabaster-like Proconnesian marble with bluish and amber-coloured striations. Till the 14th or 15th century the white marbles used in Venice were from Greek quarries—Parian or Pentelic—being all (like the coloured marbles) stolen from older buildings, while in later times the native marble of Carrara was imported. Large quantities of red Verona marble were used to form moulded frames round panels of white sculptured marble. The greater part of these costly marbles seem to have been imported in the form of columns, immense numbers of which were sawn up lengthways into long thin slabs for use as wall-facings.

"The facades of the chief palaces of Venice down to the end of the 15th century were wholly covered with these magnificently coloured marbles. But that was not all; a still greater splendour of effect was given by the lavish use of gold and colour, especially the costly ultramarine blue. Very frequently the whole of the sculpture, whether on capitals, archivolts, or frieze-like bands, was thickly covered with gold leaf, the flat grounds being coloured a deep ultramarine so as to throw the reliefs into brilliant prominence. The less magnificent palaces were decorated in a simpler way. The brick surfaces between the windows and other arches were covered with fine hard stucco, made, like that of the ancient Romans, of a mixture of lime and marble dust. The whole of this was then decorated with minute diapers or other geometrical ornament in two or three earth colours, especially red, yellow, and brown ochres."

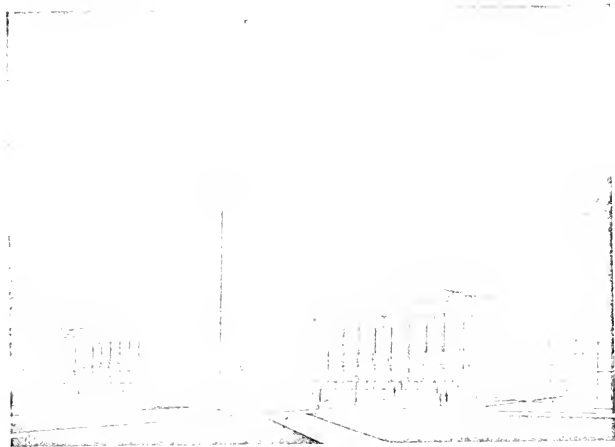
*The wave of civilization which is next to flood the world is to take the shape of magnificent architecture.* I give a single example of hundreds of these buildings as now planned.

"One of the most notable of the group of buildings which has been designed for the new Naval Academy at Annapolis is the chapel. Although all of the structures are of impressive size and architecture, the great height of the chapel and its other dimensions will make it one of the most imposing religious edifices in the United States when it is completed. From the ground to the top of the "lantern," which is to surmount it, the distance is 210 feet, while the extreme width of the structure is 130 feet.

"The appropriation of \$400,000 for the chapel gave the architect an opportunity to design not only a spacious, but a very ornate edifice. Realizing the effect of a large dome, one was planned which extends to a height of nearly 150 feet above the roof of the main building, with a diameter of sixty-nine feet at its base. The base of the dome is thirteen feet smaller than the circle formed by the center of the main building, consequently the construction of the chapel has been attended by some unusually interesting engineering features. If the great weight of the superstructure had been supported by the exterior walls, it would have been necessary to make







MUNICIPAL GROUP  
Springfield, Massachusetts



these of extraordinary thickness or to utilize columns in the interior, which was not considered desirable. As a substitute for interior columns and what might be termed wall support, a somewhat novel method of carrying the load of the dome has been adopted. In it the material known as ferro-concrete has been utilized in a framework, which relieves the exterior walls of practically all stress except that due to their own weight and that of the dome."

*A present view of Springfield*, no matter how transient and limited, tells, in its admirable structures, *the existence here of the artistic gift*. The new Armory, the City Hospital and scores of other buildings delight the eye with their true proportions and graceful outlines and the employment of local artistic skill. May I quote from Ruskin, the greatest of critics, a few paragraphs—in view of the remaking of this already artistically adorned town:

"Great art is the expression of the mind of a great man, and mean art, that of the want of mind in a mean man. A foolish person builds foolishly, and a wise one, sensibly; a virtuous one, beautifully; and a vicious one, basely. If stone-work is well put together, it means that a thoughtful man planned it, and a careful man cut it, and an honest man cemented it. If it has too much ornament, it means that its carver was too greedy of pleasure; if too little, that he was rude and insensitive, or stupid and the like. So that, when once you have learned to spell these most precious of all legends, pictures and buildings, you may read the character of men and of nations, in their art;—nay, as in a microscope, and magnified a hundred-fold; for the character becomes passionate in the art,—and intensifies itself, in all its noblest or meanest delights. Nay, not only as in a microscope, but as under a scalpel, and in dissection; for a man may hide himself from you, or misrepresent himself to you, every other way; but he cannot in his work; there, be sure, you have him in the utmost. All that he likes, all that he sees, all that he can do,—his imagination, his affections, his perseverance, his impatience, his clumsiness, cleverness, everything is there. If the work is a cobweb, you know it was made by a spider; if a honey-comb, by a bee; a worm-cast is thrown up by a worm, and a nest wreathed by a bird; and a house built by a man, worthily, if he is always, from the least to the greatest, as the made thing is good or bad, so is the maker of it.

"The secret of art and the secret of nature are one—the slow, patient, absorbing, generous process of love—sustaining itself everywhere on loveliness and life, and remanifesting itself afresh in ever new forms of vitality and loveliness. It is because of this quality and in proportion to this quality that we value every shred of art, and are at such pains to preserve it. By the simplest natural law, humanity cares for those things which ameliorate its lot, and lets go in the long run everything that hurts or retards it.

*In view of the inevitable merging of the adjacent towns with the original, making Greater Springfield, a center for the whole should*



be wisely selected, convenient and central at the present to all and yet so chosen that in the future it may focus the still greater city, arising from consolidation and natural growth. Such a central point I suggest exists at Round Hill, and vicinity.

I remember hearing Daniel Webster speak in 1844 or thereabouts on the level ground just beyond the slope of the hill. Now, *upon the northern end* of the eminence I propose—and yet most modestly, as most disinterestedly—the erection of

*An electric tower* to be built of steel and concrete, faced with enameled brick; that the height, exclusive of the hill, shall be 450 to 600 feet; that nightly the tower be lighted with electricity, one feature of which should be a searchlight strong enough to throw its beams north, south, east and west to all the adjacent mountains and all between, a section distinct to form the boundaries of the New Springfield.

I propose that another feature of this tower should be a *ramp or climbing way*, winding about a central cylinder equipped with an elevator. A model for this ramp has existed for a thousand years in the famous and most beautiful Campanile of Venice, a description of which has been read. *Napoleon is said to have ridden to the top of the Campanile* on horseback and the idea would be that the rise should be so gentle that men, women and children could easily walk, singly and in groups, to the top; the way being enlivened by views from balconies, on the sides of the tower, opening at intervals.

In the daytime the view from its pinnacle, even at very great distances would be greatly enhanced by its glittering enameled surface, inspiring the utmost civic pride, or perchance poetic lines as these I quote:

"She whom I love, at present is in China  
She dwells with her aged parents  
In a tower of white porcelain."

From the tower as a center I propose that a new town with every possible modern convenience should be "plotted," with streets, avenues and boulevards, with a view to a population of half a million. This is no new idea, for Napoleon the Third erected the Arc de Triomphe on new ground at Paris and it is now the center of twelve magnificent avenues stretching out from it like the spokes of a wheel with scores of connecting streets. The city of Washington



was thus laid out with the capitol as its center and many cities which were outgrowing their bounds have wisely established new centers of population. This procedure will cost only time and skill and no money, for the large increase in the value of the taxable property would more than compensate for the outlay. No less than twelve or fifteen years should be allowed to execute the projected rebuilding of the city and the charge upon the assessed property could even be carried for fifty or one hundred years by bonded debt. I would propose, also, the construction of a magnificent Merchants' Exchange and the erection of an immense Coöperative Food and Produce Exchange embodying the thought of a flower, fruit, meat and produce market; in connection with the latter, bearing in mind the Coöperative feature, I would suggest the turning of Hampden Park into a shelter harbor for pleasure and industrial craft, whence waterways of the world could be brought into profitable and happy connection with the new center.

I have in mind a music and assembly hall, a structure for a meeting place and headquarters for every working men's society, which may desire a forum for the finest and most eloquent expression of thought; a gallery of the arts of sculpture, painting and design and *an aggregation of public and semi-public offices* arising from a widely extended community, such as the police, military, fire, water, gas, local transportation, the courts and others, all of which for convenience should be near the center of affairs in the center of the Greater Springfield.

Not to be too prolix and my point in writing this paper being now disclosed I hasten to its end. I present with this a drawing of two noble twin towers built in Munich in 1468-1488 (twenty years) and carefully restored in 1858-1868 (ten years). Its two heavy spires dominate the landscape in whatever direction you go and their effect is heightened by the two caplike domes.

In another engraving I present a view of the tower forming part of the New Westminster Roman Catholic Cathedral just completed in London. I myself marked its noble proportions before it was finished. It is modelled after the Campanile of Venice and is distinguished by its vivid and alluring coloring. It is the only Catholic Cathedral in England. I also present a view of the Victoria Memorial. The great outpouring of money upon the death of the Great Queen has provided the immense sum necessary to make this





adornment to the old city of London. It is to be a world model and one which Springfield in its remaking will wisely follow. A little imagination transfers it to the north of Round Hill with its broad avenues reaching out towards Holyoke and Chicopee.

To these I add a view of a tower of a new armory now building in New York City and also of a splendid structure replacing the old Newgate prison which carries, to my mind, an image of the limit of improvement; for I have often gazed upon the dreadful, dark, dank prison which it has displaced. Now a word as to the merging of Springfield with its neighboring towns.

*It is almost incredible that Springfield and West Springfield are two separate communities.* As I write I have in mind the River Seine which flows for seven miles (taking five hours) through Paris, with any number of artistic bridges uniting the two parts. I recall the Thames winding through London—its bridges being a joy to think of. I see “in my mind’s eye Horatio” more beautiful than all, the city of Florence in Italy, with the Arno, very like the Connecticut, twisting and bubbling along, spanned by many bridges. I may now add that Brooklyn and New York with the East river between, found that they could not exist one without the other. When I say that Springfield and West Springfield need each other I have said it all.

The same truth applies to Chicopee, Chicopee Falls, Indian Orchard, Agawam, Westfield, etc.; and what shall I say of Holyoke? That is a more difficult problem and grows more difficult, but the fact will remain that they are One—with a capital O. With a view to the question of merging with Holyoke, I have requested my young relative, John Torrey Hawkins, to gather some figures relating to population and taxable property. I quote that the population of the territory of which Springfield is now the natural center numbers 225,000; the property interests of these counts up to \$200,000,000 or very nearly \$1,000 to each man, woman and child resident in the territory.

Springfield also needs these outlying places for the trolley lines are carrying away its people to live in them and things are so changing that in a brief space of time ten miles away will mean perhaps a quarter of an hour of time. The subway in New York is an astonishing success and lines of subways will work in Springfield the ready



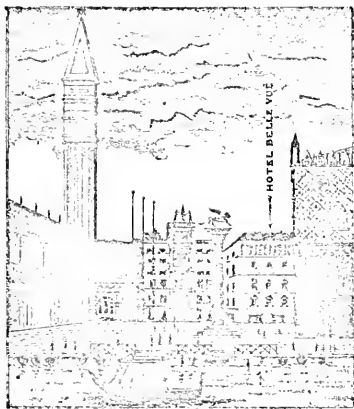
answer—yes! to the question of a common merger of all these community interests. "In Union" there is convenience and safety as well as "strength."

There can be no legal objection or other to a merger, for Boston has accomplished the feat; Philadelphia, Chicago, New York have enlarged their borders and there are none to regret the step. "Friend, Come up Higher" are the best words now for Springfield and its environs.

We shrink naturally from undertaking the plainest duties but they must be met. To rebuild Springfield is no small task; how to succeed in its accomplishment is indicated in the following words of Taine:

"Success in life depends upon knowing how to be patient, how to endure drudgery, *how to make and remake*, how to recommence and continue without allowing the tide of anger or the flight of the imagination to arrest or divert the daily effort."

—H. Taine



PIAZZA SAN MARCO

This view represents the Campanile at Venice. The arrow points to my "home" in 1901, a few weeks before the fall of the tower.



The following poem accompanied the N. Hawkins paper:

### To the Unborn Peoples

Ye Peoples of the future years,  
 We you salute. To you we fling  
 From these revolving hemispheres  
 A greeting glad. While yet we cling  
 To earth's old rim, we think of you;  
 A watch we keep by day and night  
 As plain, in Heaven's unfathomed Blue,  
 Your great battalions sweep in sight.

Ye Peoples of the future years,  
 Keep faith with us, the older ones,  
 Wipe out the causes of our fears,  
 Climb nearer to the central Suns.  
 We go our way, our names will die,  
 Ye shall not find them near or far,  
 Our highest spans in dust will lie  
 As low as Karnac's pillars are.

Hail! Hail! ye Peoples yet unborn,  
 We leave you all that Love bequeaths;  
 Our gems and mines and fields of corn,  
 Traditions, arts, and Valor's wreaths.  
 New voices call. We disappear.  
 Above our dust your songs will swell;  
 Your banners float,—Our Kinsmen dear,  
 Hail! Hail! and then,—Farewell, Farewell.

ELLEN M. H. GATES.

November 20th, 1906.



SEPTEMBER 17, 1905

Annual Meeting adjourned to October 17, 1905.

ADJOURNED ANNUAL MEETING

OCTOBER 17, 1905

Officers elected—

*President*, WILLIAM F. ADAMS. *Vice-Presidents*, JOHN WEST, ANDREW J. FLANAGAN, J. STUART KIRKHAM. *Clerk and Corresponding Secretary*, HENRY A. BOOTH. *Treasurer and Curator*, WILLIAM C. STONE.

*Executive Committee*: EDWARD A. HALL, FRANK G. TOBEY, ALFRED M. COPELAND, ALBERT H. KIRKHAM, LEWIS F. CARR, REV. THOMAS D. HOWARD.

JOHN A. CALLAHAN of Holyoke read a paper on "Some Members of the Bonaparte Family as Exiles in this Vicinity."

### The Bonaparte Exiles in the Connecticut Valley

THIS subject has at first a strange sound to most people; for we generally associate the name of Bonaparte with great events across the sea; with the rise and fall of kingdoms; with marching armies and fleeing royalty; with conquest and military glory; with the Alps and the pyramids, with the "hills of haughty Spain where his mighty armies shouted;" with Jena and Marengo; with Waterloo and Helena, with a tomb on the banks of the Seine.

To change the scene from the banks of the Danube and the Rhine and the Seine, to the banks of the Connecticut; and to change the work and events from empire building to love making and weddings, is a transition quite marked and impressive; yet we all will be able to stand the shock.

In the above subject I refer to visits in this region in 1804 and in 1824.

During the former year, Jerome, the youngest brother of Napoleon Bonaparte went a number of times through this valley with his Baltimore bride whom he had married near the close of 1803. They may truthfully be called "exiles," as they had been informed that they would not be allowed to land in France as man and wife. The American girl by her marriage belonged in France—the home





of her husband, and her exclusion made her an exile. Jerome was an exile only on condition that he attempted to bring his American wife with him to his native country, and as he refused to desert his bride he became an exile by this act.

In 1824, Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, a boy of nineteen years, son of Jerome and the American wife, passed through this section with his mother after she had been deserted by her husband. This boy, or young man, was an exile, as the Bonapartes had been overthrown at Waterloo in 1815, and the old Bourbon kings were restored to the throne of France. The law of 1816 prescribed death as the penalty for any person, male or female, of Bonaparte blood found on French soil. This boy, of course, came under the law and was therefore an exile of France. The title to this lecture is, therefore, historically justified, I think.

Since reading the paper before the society in Springfield, I have given it before a number of societies and clubs. I have found that the interest was mainly in the Baltimore bride, and therefore I have used the title "America's Uncrowned Queen." This title is not used in a figurative, but in a legal sense. Her husband, Jerome, was made king of Westphalia and she was his only lawful wife, if we overlook the divorce decree of the French senate—a decree which was granted without cause and against international law.

#### HISTORICAL BACKGROUND

The Bonaparte family into which our American girl married was a product of the French Revolution. That most singular period in the world's history followed closely upon the American Revolution, and had a close relation to it. The treaty of alliance between the two countries in 1778, and the resulting union of arms for nearly four years aroused an intense interest in France as to the meaning of the American conflict. When our war was a success, and a new nation was organized on the basis of popular sovereignty, a form of government then almost unknown in the world, this success intensified the interest in France, and provoked further discussion and study among her statesmen as to the rightful origin and basis of governments. These statesmen could not but be interested in a form of government that they themselves had helped to establish. The French asked themselves the direct and sensible question: Why should we sacrifice lives and much treasure in establishing a



republic in America, and wildly cheer the American representatives when they come to Paris, and at the same time maintain an absolute government in France, with no legislature for nearly 200 years?

An attempt to convene this old legislature on May 5, 1789, brought disorder, and the French Revolution was started on that day—made ever historic. There soon followed the downfall of the old French monarchy, the execution of the king and his wife, with other members of the royal family, and the proclamation of the first French republic in 1792, a few months before the execution of Louis XVI.

In the terrible confusion that followed for years, there came gradually to the front a young hero, known in history as Napoleon Bonaparte. He had no connection with royalty, but was the son of a lawyer and a widowed mother with seven other children living. So powerful did he become through his great military achievements, that he was soon the leading man in France, and in 1800 was made First Consul, or civic head of the French nation. Four years later he was so strong that he had himself proclaimed emperor and was later crowned amidst scenes of the wildest enthusiasm.

#### VISIT OF JEROME TO THIS COUNTRY

It was during the consulship that Jerome, the youngest member of the large family of five brothers and three sisters, made a journey along the coast of the United States, and visited New York and Baltimore in the fall of 1803. While in that southern city, he saw at the races, Elizabeth Patterson, daughter of William Patterson, a wealthy merchant of that city, who had come to America from Ireland as a boy of fourteen years, a short time before the Revolution in the colonies.

In a few days Jerome Bonaparte was introduced to Miss Patterson at the house of Hon. Samuel Chase, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and later a justice of the nation's Supreme Court.

The two young people were in love with each other in a short time and decided to be married. A certificate was procured October 29, and arrangements were made for the wedding on November 7. So strong was the protest from her father, that the event was postponed. It was soon learned that the marriage would be disagreeable



to the First Consul. France was still a republic in form and it would be supposed that a marriage between a French gentleman and an American girl would meet with no objection from the French Consul. But he was then arranging to establish his empire and imperial family, and wanted his brothers to form alliances in Europe and thus help to make his own power more secure.

In spite of the objections from both families, the young couple<sup>1</sup> were married in Baltimore on Christmas Eve, 1803, by Rt. Rev. John Carroll, bishop of the Roman Catholic church. The Pattersons were Protestants and the Bonapartes were Catholics.

As the couple would not be received in France, they spent a good part of 1804 in travel, visiting the principal cities along the coast. It was then the custom for many visitors to New England to come to Hartford by water and journey to Springfield, the Brookfields, and through Worcester to Boston. There is a record that Jerome Bonaparte and his wife stayed at the old tavern in West Brookfield, a hostelry now standing, and of much historic prestige.

It is very probable that the couple stopped in Springfield, as a journey from West Brookfield to Hartford would be too long to make in their slow mode of travel without resting. West Brookfield is about thirty miles east of this city and Hartford about three quarters of that distance to the south.

While the married pair were having this extended wedding journey, efforts were made to reconcile Napoleon to the marriage. At Mr. Patterson's request, President Jefferson wrote to our minister in France, Robert R. Livingston, to use his influence in the interest of the bride. Later, her brother Robert went abroad on this mission, but his efforts bore no fruit. Napoleon soon showed where he stood by the orders that he issued. These were that no French vessel should bring to France, Miss Patterson<sup>2</sup>, the pretended wife of Jerome Bonaparte, nor should any public recorder receive or place on record a pretended marriage between Miss Patterson and Jerome Bonaparte.

#### EMPIRE AND ROYAL FAMILY ESTABLISHED

While these matters were being considered, a far greater event took place in Europe; an event that filled all the crowned heads

<sup>1</sup>The groom was 19 and the bride 18.

<sup>2</sup>Her maiden name was used in all official documents in France. The marriage was called illegal, as Jerome was a minor.



with amazement. On the 18th of May, 1804, the French republic was changed to an empire and the First Consul became emperor. He was later crowned with great ceremony in the Cathedral by the Pope, who went to Paris for the purpose. A new royal family was established, composed of some of the members of the Bonaparte family and their connections. Two of Napoleon's brothers, Joseph and Louis, were made princes. Jerome and Lucien were excluded from the royal family.

#### JOURNEY ABROAD. BIRTH OF SON

As no ship would carry Jerome and his wife to Europe, her father sent one of his vessels, *The Erin*. They reached Lisbon, Portugal, April 2, 1805. An agent of Napoleon came on the boat and addressed her as Miss Patterson. She replied that she was Madame Bonaparte and would demand her rights as a member of the Imperial Family of France. She was not allowed to land. Her husband promised to go to Paris and endeavor to reconcile the emperor. He left her on the vessel at Lisbon and she sailed northerly and came to the coast of Holland. She was not allowed to land, and after waiting eight days, she sailed for England and landed at Dover about April 15, or 20. She went at once to London and took apartments. Her baby was born on July 7, 1805, at Camberwell, in London, not far from where Robert Browning was born seven years later. She named her baby Jerome Napoleon, in honor of his father, and the emperor. About November 14, when her child was a little over four months old, she sailed for America and reached Baltimore a short time before Christmas, 1805. So she came back to her father's home, a deserted wife, with a baby son that his father had never seen. She must have fully realized before she left England that she would lose her husband; for she had not seen him since they parted on the boat at Lisbon, the first week in April. During the seven months that she was abroad, Jerome was only a short distance from her, and could probably have made a number of trips across the channel to give her comfort in her exile if he had wished to do so. He did write her a few letters with strong claims of fidelity. One of them, written in October, contains this language: "My dear and well beloved wife: Life is nothing to me without thee and my son; be tranquil, thy husband will not desert thee." Her sailing for home soon after receiving this letter is proof that she had small hope of





being reunited with him again. The Christmas of 1805 at her father's home with her babe must have been in strong contrast to the Christmas day in 1803—the day following her triumphant marriage to the brother of the first man in Europe.

TEN YEARS OF EXILE. WATCHING AND WAITING  
1805-1815

Madam Bonaparte spent the next ten years in Baltimore watching over her growing son, but watching still more intently the movements of her illustrious brother-in-law, as he was changing the map of Western Europe, overturning thrones, and establishing new governments on the ruins of the old. She learned before she left Europe that divorce proceedings had been started by her husband, and she now learned that a decree of separation had been passed by the French council of state. This separated her from her husband so far as French law had power to do so. She read in 1806 that her husband was made king of Westphalia, and the following year that he had married Frederica Catharine, daughter of the king of Wurtemberg. Their marriage had great significance when looked at from the standpoint of Napoleon's ambitions, and created great interest in England; for the mother of Frederica, the second wife of Jerome, was a granddaughter of the Duchess of Brunswick who was a sister to George III, the then ruling king of England. This made any child born of the marriage heir to England's throne, according to the laws of English royalty.\* The first child, a son born in 1814, was recognized as such and reveals more clearly the ambitious plans of the Emperor Napoleon. It can easily be seen why the second wife of his brother Jerome would count more in his imperial program than the daughter of the Baltimore business man. She watched from her home in Maryland the rise of a great empire, and saw her connections placed on many thrones. She saw her brother-in-law, Louis, made king of Holland and another king of Naples and later king of Spain. She saw her sister-in-law Caroline, queen of Naples. She read of the divorce of Josephine by Napoleon, his marriage to the Austrian duchess, Marie Louise, in 1810, and the birth of a son the following year. She read also of events when the tide turned; how Louis left the throne of Holland; the flight of Joseph from Spain, and her own husband's fall

\*England has not recognized the salic law which excluded females from the throne.



in Westphalia; the Russian campaign, and at last Napoleon's defeat and downfall at Waterloo in June, 1815.

#### HER SECOND JOURNEY TO EUROPE

Within two months after the fall of Napoleon, she placed her son in a private school, Mt. St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, Maryland, and sailed for England. She went to Cheltenham, about ninety miles northwest of London, a place of fashion because of its springs. She is delighted with her reception there and writes home that she longs for the presence of Americans that they may see for themselves the esteem in which she is held. Her father, in reply, under date of December 15, 1815, writes her a strong letter, rebuking her for the un-American spirit that she shows in her letters. She replies warmly in a series of letters and defends her position. In one of these she says: "I am surprised that you wonder at my resembling every woman who has left America. I never heard of one who wanted to return there." In another letter: "These people who talk of me are envious of your fortune and my situation. Look how they themselves run after every sprig of nobility. . . . If people do not approbate my conduct in America, why did they pay me so much attention? What other American woman was ever attended to as I have been there? Who ever had better offers of marriage? I confess it would have been perhaps a blessing if I could have vegetated as the wife of some respectable man in business, but you know that Nature never intended me for obscurity."

She went to France after a short stay in England and was well received there. She refused an invitation to call upon the restored Louis XVIII, as she was yet drawing the pension of one thousand dollars per month granted by Napoleon after the divorce in France.

She soon hastened home and applied for a divorce from her husband in this country and it was granted by the Maryland legislature. Jerome had fallen from power and it was held by some that he might be able to secure a part of her fortune, unless a divorce was procured in Maryland. He was badly in need, as he was living on an allowance which he would not have had but for the exertions and influence of his second wife, who refused to desert him, although strongly urged to do so by her father, the king of Wurtemberg. Madame Bonaparte stayed in Baltimore for three years and then became restless. She longed for European life and



society, but realized that her future success there must come through her son who was of Bonaparte blood and name. She believed that Waterloo had not ended the rule of the illustrious family; that it would some day come back to power and that her son should have in part, at least, a European education, to fit him for a life which would probably be European.

#### THIRD JOURNEY ABROAD

In 1819 she went to Europe with her son, then fourteen years old. They settled in Geneva where the boy had a tutor and began a course of study. The venerable mother of Napoleon, and his sister Pauline were living together in Rome, and each family was anxious to see the other. John Jacob Astor was in Rome and wrote Madame Bonaparte in Geneva that her mother-in-law and sister-in-law in Rome would be glad to see them. A correspondence opened with the result that she and her son went to Rome in the fall of 1821, and for the first time were received into the family into which she was married eighteen years before.

#### IN WITH THE BONAPARTES

At this time the Bonaparte spirit was at its lowest ebb. The fallen emperor had died a prisoner at St. Helena on May 5, and the news had gradually spread over Europe a few months before, and the family felt with deep sorrow the loss of the man who had made them all illustrious. Their Bourbon enemies now ruled France and death was the penalty for anyone of Bonaparte blood, male or female, who stepped on her soil. A letter left by Napoleon at his death urges his family to stand together, and claims that if they do this, they will again rule France. He advises that the cousins marry, as far as possible, as was the custom in royalty, so as to keep the members of the family together.

#### MARRIAGE ARRANGEMENTS

When this matter was considered it seemed agreeable to some of the family that the Baltimore boy should marry Charlotte, the daughter of Joseph, former king of Spain. He lived from 1815 till 1830 in the United States as an exile, and his two daughters were with him for a visit at this time in Philadelphia. This arrangement was extremely agreeable to Madame Bonaparte. The next spring



the boy started for America to handle the question with his cousin. He was kindly received by her and so wrote to his mother. A second visit did not find quite the same cordiality; or, at least, he so claimed, while the mother suspected that her own father, Mr. Patterson, was interfering with her plans. She wrote to him when the marriage was first proposed a strong letter in which she used these words: "This match is the idol of my heart and whoever opposes it is either an idiot or an enemy and will ever be treated as such by me."

It had been arranged between mother and son that if the marriage plan did not succeed, he was to enter Harvard college. It was found that his preparation was not complete and he attended a preparatory school at Lancaster, Mass., for eight months and entered Harvard in 1823. The following year she came to America to study conditions. She was surprised to learn on her arrival that her son had been suspended from Harvard and was living at Lancaster, under discipline. He met her at New York and they went through this valley and the Brookfields to that town near Fitchburg, where she stayed two months with her son in the fall of 1824. She was very anxious about the marriage and there was much ground for hope on her side, as the son had received a letter from Charlotte while in Harvard, asking him to spend his vacation with her family. This he had declined on the ground that he had no time to travel from Boston to Philadelphia.

In June the next year (1825) Madame Bonaparte returned to Italy. She was much grieved on her arrival to learn that her sister-in-law, Pauline Bonaparte, who had helped to entertain her at Rome, had just died. Yet she was greatly pleased when the will was made public, for her son had been left \$4,000. This gave him recognition in the family—a recognition which up to this time had been confined to visits and correspondence. Her hopes for her son's marriage were now greatly increased, and she felt more than before the very great advantages of the marriage to this Charlotte.

#### ADVANTAGES OF THE MARRIAGE

The ex-king Joseph (Charlotte's father) was the oldest brother of Napoleon and represented the family. After the death of the emperor, if the Bonapartes were restored to power he would probably be king or emperor of France. Napoleon's son had been





brought up an Austrian by his mother when she deserted her fallen husband, and he would not find very strong support in France. Besides, ex-king Joseph was quite wealthy. He had been king of two countries, Naples and Spain, of the latter country four years. He had married Julie Cleary, daughter of a wealthy capitalist of Marseilles.

But if the Bonapartes were not restored to power, she would be sure of a royal connection, if her son's marriage to the daughter of Joseph took place. The then ruling king of Sweden (who was formerly Bernadotte, one of Napoleon's generals) had married a Miss Cleary, a sister of Joseph's wife. Charlotte was therefore her niece, and Madame Bonaparte's son would therefore be married to a niece of the queen of Sweden (and Norway). This royal family was firmly established on the throne, as it had been endorsed by the "allied powers" in 1815, when Europe was reorganized after Waterloo. It is no wonder that this marriage was the "idol" of Madame Bonaparte's heart, as she had told her father in the strong letter above mentioned.

#### CHARLOTTE'S MARRIAGE TO ANOTHER COUSIN

Madame now wrote to her son to come to Europe after his graduation at Harvard, and he sailed in 1826. She had suspected that Charlotte was to marry her cousin, the son of Napoleon's sister Caroline, once the wife of Murat, king of Naples. She met her son in Switzerland on his arrival and traveled with him to Florence. When they arrived in that city she was surprised to learn that the coveted lady was married in her absence to another cousin—son of Louis, former king of Holland. This was a severe blow to Madame Bonaparte's ambitions, and she felt it keenly.

#### "BO" SEES HIS FATHER

Her son, however, (called "Bo" in her letters), had a singular experience through his visit abroad in 1826. He saw his father for the first time, although he was twenty-one years old. He saw also his two half-brothers, aged twelve and four years, and his half-sister, six years old—known in history as the Princess Mathilda—till her death in 1905. He spent five months with his father's family and wrote many letters to his grandfather in America on the life of this fallen royalty. In one of them he says that no food



has ever tasted so good to him as the beefsteak at his grandfather's table in Baltimore. He expressed a desire to return to America as he was getting expensive habits that he ought not to cultivate. He returned in 1827, while his mother stayed in Florence.

This return voyage has more than ordinary significance, as it marked the parting of the ways in the plans of the mother and her son on the marriage question, which was then the ruling issue in her mind. The son now passes under the influence of his grandfather, and his own inclinations concerning his future career. This time (1826-1827) also marks an epoch in her own life, and her imperial hopes are approaching their sunset. She now forms a new program and decides to live no more in Italy, but in England. The reasons for this are many and substantial.

REASONS FOR A CHANGE IN ABODE. SHE PLANS TO  
LIVE IN ENGLAND

The object of her trip abroad in 1819 was in part successful, as she had been received by her husband's family in Rome and with much consideration by the mother and sister of the emperor; her son was remembered substantially in the will of Pauline in 1825. Yet in the far greater problem of marriage, there was a complete failure and disappointment. Charlotte's marriage in 1826 took away the last Bonaparte girl whom "Bo" might marry. The others had formed alliances. Zenaide, the other daughter of ex-king Joseph, married in 1822, her cousin Charles Lucien, son of Lucien Bonaparte. Louis, king of Holland, never had a daughter. The great emperor had an only child, a son. Lucien had daughters by both wives, but those of the first wife were all married at this time, and, I think, those of the second wife. Yet, this matter of Lucien's daughters is not important as he had not generally been considered a member of the royal family. Any project for a marriage of "Bo" with a Bonaparte girl after this time was either impossible, or too remote for serious consideration. Madame Bonaparte knew this and now decided to change her dwelling place from Italy to some other country in Europe. For a number of reasons she preferred England. First, she had been received there with great honor when she went abroad after Waterloo, in 1815. Her reception in Cheltenham was always remembered with the greatest pleasure, and referred to with pride. In the second place, three sisters in Baltimore, who



were her connections by marriage had gone abroad recently and married with much distinction. One of them, her sister-in-law (widow of her brother Robert who had gone abroad in her interest the year after marriage), married the Marquis of Wellesley, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and brother of the Duke of Wellington. A second sister (née Caton) married the Duke of Leeds, and a third, Baron Stafford. Furthermore, England was on very friendly terms with Sweden, and the queen of Sweden was closely connected with the Bonapartes, as she was formerly a Miss Cleary, sister of the wife of Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Spain. All these reasons made her see a good future in England. She felt, however, that it would give her a start in England if her son was there also, and in some official position. She wrote to her father to see Andrew Jackson, then approaching the height of his great power, and ask him to use his influence to have her son connected with the American embassy in London. This could not be done, as the son was legally an Englishman, having been born in England when his mother was driven from the shores of France. Our government would be slow to appoint an Englishman to represent the nation in any capacity. Besides, if "Bo" became a citizen here it would spoil his connection with the imperial family of France, if it should be reorganized as an Empire under the Bonapartes. These matters annoyed her greatly and caused her to delay her program and remain in Florence.

#### THE SON'S MARRIAGE

For about a year there was a lull in the excitement of events—a rest from her labors, as if she were waiting to get her bearings and wondering what to do. But the stillness is of the kind that precedes the storm; and is suddenly broken when she learns that her son is engaged to marry an American girl. She had noticed the son's drift away from her for several years, but consoled herself with the feeling, so often expressed in her letters, that while he remained single there might arise some opportunity for him in Europe to help her in her ambition. The son was of age after 1826 and therefore beyond her legal control. Nothing is left to her but a mother's power of persuasion, and now even this has failed. Her father and her son are both against her. The former was strongly against any European marriage for his grandson, but was less vigorous in his opposition while the young man was under the legal control of his



mother. On August 14, 1825, he wrote this note to "Bo," then in Harvard college: "Your education and habits are not suitable for the kind of life you must lead if you marry in Europe; nor would it answer to bring a wife to this country, for she would never be satisfied, or reconciled to our manners and customs. If you remain in this country and make use of your time and talents, you may come to something, but you would come to nothing in Europe. My opinions I give fully and freely, and hope you will consider them well before you take any step that might interfere with your future happiness."

This was during the boy's minority, in 1825, but now in 1828-1829, the grandfather is more positive. Arrangements are being made and carried out for "Bo's" marriage with an American girl, against the most vigorous protest of his mother, writing from her home in Florence, Italy.

#### JEROME BONAPARTE'S MARRIAGE

On November 3, 1829, Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte was married in Baltimore to Susan May Williams, a native of that city, whose father, Benjamin Williams, had moved there from Roxbury, Mass. The marriage was an event of much importance in the region and attended by the learned and substantial people. One of the groomsmen was Mr. Pierce Butler, who three years later married Fannie Kemble, the English actress, who spent many summers in this region, mainly at Lenox, in the Berkshire Hills. The groom received letters of congratulation from his father, his uncles Joseph and Louis, Countess Julie, wife of Joseph, the Princess Charlotte, his cousin, the one intended for him by his mother, and from his paternal grandmother in Rome.

The letters from his own mother were of an opposite tone. In one letter she shows her feeling in this way: "It would be fair in my family and a justice they owe me and my reputation for pride and sense, to say that this marriage was contracted without my knowledge, and in the most decided opposition to the opinions and wishes I had ever expressed respecting my son's interests. I think I would sooner have begged my bread from door to door, than have degraded myself by entering into such a connection. My son by his birth was a much greater person than I have become by marriage, and therefore had to stoop much lower than I should have done if





any sordid consideration ever could have induced me to forget the respect that I owed to my place in society."

In a very few months there took place in Europe a great event that was the beginning of the restoration of the Bonapartes to power. This was

#### THE DOWNFALL OF THE BOURBON KINGDOM

This took place in the summer of 1830, and then followed the flight of Charles X and his royal household from France. The Bonapartes were in exile according to the Bourbon law of 1816, and therefore were at a great disadvantage in handling their cause in the struggle for the throne. A cousin line of the Bourbons, the Orleans branch, was placed on the throne, without the white flag, and the government went on.

#### TIDE TURNS TOWARDS THE BONAPARTES

There began at once to occur in France a series of important events which plainly showed that the tide was rising and was surely to bring back to power the Bonaparte family upon its bosom. General La Marque died at this time and was buried with the greatest honor, yet his main claim to distinction was that he had been a general under Napoleon. In 1833, the statue of the emperor which had been taken down by the Bourbons after Waterloo, was restored to its place on the Vendome Column with the cheers of acres of humanity. In 1836, the Arch of Triumph, started by Napoleon in 1806, was now finished in his honor. In the same year, his nephew (son of Louis, former king of Holland), landed in France and made an unsuccessful dash for control. In 1840, the highest point of the fever was nearly reached when the body of Napoleon, in fulfillment of his last wish, was brought from St. Helena, and placed under the dome of the Soldiers' Home, "on the banks of the Seine among the French people whom he loved so well." In the same year the nephew made a second dash for the throne but was no more successful than in 1836. He was sentenced to prison where he remained until his escape, in disguise, six years later.

#### THEIR ENEMIES OR COMPETITORS PASSING AWAY

Not only did many events directly favor the Bonaparte family, but also their opponents for the throne began to pass away.



Napoleon II, the only child of the emperor, died in 1832 in manhood's prime, at his Austrian home. He had been brought up as an alien to the family of his father; yet if he appeared in an emergency at Paris, there would have been many cheers for him in the city of his birth and the scene of so much of his father's glory. His death settled this question.

The fallen Bourbons made an effort to recover their lost power by a dash into France, with the grandson of the exiled king as claimant for the throne but it ended in a dismal failure. La Fayette was not seeking power against the will of the nation, yet if he were offered the presidency of France without too much opposition, he might have accepted the honor as a proper ending to a long and patriotic life. But he died in 1834 and his death settled another question for the Bonapartes.

These many events show how fortune in this decade favored the illustrious family into which the former Miss Patterson was married.

#### HER RETURN TO AMERICA

From 1819, when she went abroad to educate her son, till 1834, she lived in Europe, except the ten months spent in America in 1824 and 1825. She now abandons Europe for good—Europe that she so praised and loved—the scene of her triumphs and the source of her glory. This must have been an eventful year for her, the year that ended her European career. The past and present must have risen up before her. She returned to a lonesome city of changed population and increased size; for it was a third of a century since the days of her happy marriage in Baltimore on Christmas eve in 1803.

Her mother and sisters are long since dead. The brother who journeyed abroad in her interest in 1804, died in 1822, and his widow went abroad and married the Marquis of Wellesley. Her son is living with his American wife and child four years old. Her former husband is living in peace with his second wife Frederica Catharina and their three children on the shores of the Adriatic. The Princess Charlotte is now a widow by the death of her husband in 1831, and had Jerome remained single, as his mother had urged, the match which failed in 1826 might now be arranged with the widow, and put her son in close alliance with the rising Bonaparte power.

Her father, William Patterson, with whom she had not been



on friendly terms, is very old (eighty-two) and about to dispose of his large property. Last but not least, she hears that her husband is trying to arrange a marriage between his daughter Mathilda (by his second wife) and Louis Napoleon, who was being considered as the representative of the Bonaparte claims on power and who later became Napoleon III. These were the conditions as she returned to her Baltimore home. She was in her fiftieth year and she realized it. She had lost in the two great battles of her life,—the retaining of her husband, and the marriage of her son into the new royal family of Europe.

There was another recognition of her son in the Bonaparte family at this time when Cardinal Fesch, maternal uncle of the emperor, left by will \$10,000 to him. She and the son went abroad for this in 1839 and returned in 1840

DOWNFALL OF ORLEANS KINGDOM. BONAPARTES RESTORED  
IN FRANCE

Soon there came the year 1848, that year of terror in Europe. The "Citizen King" as Louis Philippe was called, fled across the channel to England, there to find a home, and before two years a grave. The Revolution is complete. The Bonapartes rush into France from their exile homes in many lands—from America, from Italy and from England, and the nation receives them with the wildest enthusiasm. The prophecy of the fallen emperor before his death on his prison island—that his family would come back to power—is fulfilled. Madame Bonaparte looked with quiet serenity on the restoration of the illustrious family whose name her own son bore. They dispute no longer with their enemies for leadership, but dispute among themselves for power and place.

The emperor is dead twenty-seven years; his three sisters are dead and all his brothers, except Jerome, the former husband of the Baltimore woman. It was thought for a while that the other members would turn to him as the only surviving brother of the great Emperor, and place him at the head of the French nation. And if this were done, there might come to pass another event that would bring to Madame Bonaparte the realization of all her hopes, and make her rule in the palace of the Tuileries. Her former husband was now a widower; for Frederica Catharina had died in 1835, and Jerome was free to marry again. He had been mellowed by sorrow;



his only daughter\* had married a Russian count, but was divorced from her cruel husband and had seen a broken life. His older son by the second marriage had died in 1846, only two years before this time. This son was heir to England's throne, through his mother who was grandniece of George III. It was thought that Jerome would now in the days of his sorrow, when his family was broken, turn to his first love, the mother of his first born child, and bring her to France and make her the first lady in the land from which she had been cruelly driven in her early life through no fault of her own. But it was destined not to be. He was now sixty-four years old and the younger relatives, his nephews, were ready to show him that they were more capable of upholding the family cause.

There were four nephews of the emperor at that time in Paris. Lucien Charles Murat, son of Caroline, sister of Napoleon; Pierre, son of Lucien; Napoleon Bonaparte, son of Jerome (and half brother of the Baltimore Jerome); and Louis Napoleon, son of Louis, former king of Holland. The latter was looked upon with some suspicion on account of his leaning towards imperialism; but the tide soon turned in his favor and he was elected president of the French Republic by an overwhelming majority. He was a bachelor till his marriage in 1853 to the one who became on her marriage, Empress Eugenie, now living in England. During a part of this time he had for the Lady of the Tuileries Palace, the Princess Mathilda, daughter of Jerome Bonaparte by his second wife. She was about thirty years old, and of course a half sister to the Baltimore Jerome. Unpleasant must this have been for the Baltimore queen—the palace in Paris governed by the daughter of the woman who had taken her place in her husband's affections.

#### FAME AND EMPIRE

In 1852 France was made an empire with the former president as emperor. He assumed the title of Napoleon III, thus leaving room for the deceased son of Napoleon I to be honored as Napoleon II. With his marriage the next year to the Spanish countess, the imperial family in France seemed quite complete and firmly established. About this time there was born, 1851, a second son to Mr. Bonaparte of Baltimore, the first son having been born twenty-one years before. This son, born in 1851, is the present distinguished

\*Princess Mathilda (1820-1905).





citizen of the nation, Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte, who served as secretary of the navy and later as attorney general in Roosevelt's cabinet.

In 1854, Jerome Bonaparte of Baltimore went to France and asked to be recognized in the royal family. He was met at the door of the palace by his cousin, the emperor, who handed him a letter which said that there had been a decision by the Council of State to consider him a legitimate child of France. Jerome thanked the emperor and felt most grateful. Later, however, he received a letter from the emperor which informed him that his father, Jerome, would never consent to have this American son live in France. He was offered the title of Duke of Sartene, but as that meant that he should use the title and give up his own name, he looked upon the proposition as a device to side track him and declined the honor. Very soon the king of Wurtemberg, representing the family of the second wife, made much trouble and noise about the reflection on his family if the first marriage question was revived. Jerome's half brother, seventeen years younger than himself, made a severe attack on him and protested against Jerome Patterson\* using the name Bonaparte. The emperor soon sent a letter to Jerome telling him that it would be impossible to recognize him as a member of the imperial family. He did this with very great sorrow, as the two cousins had been friends since they first met at Rome in 1826, when Jerome went abroad after his graduation from Harvard. The emperor had also visited Mr. Bonaparte in Baltimore in 1837, when he was set free after his trial for attempting to capture the government of France.

Mr. Bonaparte replied to the emperor in a letter of much strength, dignity and courtesy and returned to his Baltimore home.

It may, at first, seem surprising, after reading of the aversion of Jerome in his early life to Europeanism, that he should care for admission to an imperial family. But it should be remembered that his early manhood was developed under the watchful eye of his sternly American grandfather; that he was too young to appreciate the great conquests of his uncle at their time, as he was a boy of nine when the great hero went down to defeat in Belgium's rolling plains, and made Waterloo immortal and symbolic of disaster. His grandfather was now dead for nearly twenty years and it is not surprising that he came to sympathize with his mother, and to

\*His mother's maiden name, on the theory that the marriage in 1803 was not legal as Jerome was a minor.



see that she was being deprived of her dearest personal and legal rights as a woman. He could not but have felt great pride in the family whose name he bore, and desired recognition with those who were of his blood. He must have read in his mature years, of the almost unprecedented chapter that his uncle made in the history of Europe. That this family should come back to power a third of a century after Waterloo, and with the almost unanimous voice of the French nation, must have stirred his pride, and increased his desire to assume in the family the part that belonged to him by law and nature.

#### JEROME NEAR THE IMPERIAL THRONE

A glance at the male heirs to the throne at this time will plainly show that the Baltimore Jerome was not far from the throne if his rights were recognized. He was the oldest son of his father by a lawful marriage. The half brother who was against his living in France was the son of a German woman, and it was felt that the revolutionists in France in 1848 had far more sympathy for American than for German ideas and principles. The two brothers of Napoleon III were dead and had no descendants. The emperor himself, at this time, had no child. The son of Napoleon I was dead since 1832. The sons of Lucien had no great influence on account of the hostile attitude of their father towards his illustrious brother. Joseph, oldest brother of Napoleon I, had no sons, and the sons of his daughter Zenaide could not inherit the right to rule, according to the policy that had governed royalty in France for centuries. Therefore, if the emperor died at this time, and if there was a fair adjustment of the claims made by the Bonaparte men, Mr. Bonaparte of Baltimore might be asked to sit on the imperial throne. Does it seem surprising then that the American nephew of the great emperor went abroad to ascertain what were his rights when his own cousin is sitting on that imperial throne? In 1856, however, there was born to Napoleon III a son, known as the Prince Imperial until his tragic death in the English army in 1879.

#### DEATH OF JEROME BONAPARTE, EX-KING OF WESTPHALIA

In June, 1860, Madame Bonaparte's former husband died in Paris. This brought before her mind a history of fifty-seven years, filled with events of great interest to her.



She went abroad to contest his will and secure her rights according to the marriage contract of 1803. That contract was drawn by Hon. Alexander J. Dallas (later in Madison's cabinet), and it was stipulated that in case the French nation should separate her husband from her, she should receive one-third of the property that he possessed at his death. She wanted that contract executed and employed the great Berryer, who had appeared in two other legal battles for the American Bonapartes. He presented the case with great eloquence and feeling before the tribunal, but the decision was against her. Justice and law were on her side, but the power was with the tribunal. A decision in her favor would have annoyed the family of the second marriage. France was an empire, not a republic, at this time, and people of royal tradition had more influence than people with republican traditions. Her husband left his only living son by the second marriage sole heir to his possessions, and sanctioned a portion for his daughter Mathilda. His first wife is not mentioned in the will, nor is her son. They are treated as if they had no existence—as if he did not know them. She is again cast down, when she is in her seventy-sixth year. She has now been severely hurt by two wills—wills of persons near to her,—father and husband; for William Patterson's will, filed in 1835, the year after she abandoned Europe, left her little or no property in fee, but the income and use of nine houses. She returns to America, and finished her sixth round trip, or twelfth voyage across the Atlantic. The first voyage was made with her young husband in 1805, and the last, fifty-five years later, only to learn that neither herself nor her son is mentioned in the will of that husband of her early days. They never spoke to each other after the parting on the boat at Lisbon in April, 1805. They once met by accident in 1822, at the art gallery of the Pitti Palace in Florence, but they did not speak. Jerome had with him his second wife at the time. It may seem quite consistent, therefore, that she would not be mentioned in the will of a husband whose desertion had been so complete and of such long duration.

#### SUMMER OF 1870

The year 1860 was eventful for Madame Bonaparte, as it brought the death of her husband and the memories that must have been revived. But the year 1870 was more eventful still. It brought



first, the death of her son—on June 17—the same month in which his father had died ten years before. This was the son who was born to her when she was deserted by her husband and living among strangers in a foreign land, the son that as a small babe she had brought across the sea in those days before steam was used in ocean travel; the son, who, when he had reached manhood, refused to follow her advice on the question of a royal marriage and then helped to drive her back again into an obscurity from which she claimed he might have redeemed her.

#### DOWNFALL OF THE EMPIRE

She hardly had time to realize the fullness of her sorrow when there burst suddenly upon the world in that same year, the Franco-German war, the defeat of the French at Sedan, the downfall of the Second Empire, the flight of the emperor to England, there to find, like the Orleans king, a home and a grave. The Baltimore queen saw now for the second time the downfall of the most illustrious family that Europe has produced. Sedan came and the empire fell and she realized that it could never rise again. The republic was established in France, and she saw it develop for over eight years. She died the fourth of April, 1879, and was buried in a plot by herself in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore. She was buried from the home of the daughter-in-law whose marriage to her son she had so vigorously opposed a half century before, in 1829. She was in her ninety-fifth year.

Some accounts say that she was worth about \$1,500,000 when she died. Some of this came from the pension of \$1,000 per month which the emperor allowed her after the separation. This was continued for ten years, and during this time she lived quietly with her father in Baltimore. Her son received \$4,000 from his aunt, Pauline Bonaparte, in 1825, and later \$10,000 from his grand-uncle, Cardinal Fesch, maternal uncle of the first emperor. William Patterson passed much of his property over her head to her son, but this son died before his mother, and she may have inherited from him a part of what her father refused to leave her. Her struggle for a large part of her life was for recognition in the family of her marriage, and inspired by the just belief of a woman that she was wronged. She had married her husband according to the forms and ceremony of his religion, and by a high dignitary





of his church. She had her son brought up in the religion of his father, although she and the Patterson family were Protestants. She had some correspondence with Harvard College on this matter when her son was a student there, as he was attending exercises which she thought were not necessary. On this subject she was a diplomat; her family represented two systems of religion, yet in her many letters she rarely mentions the subject of religion.

She not only lived in a time when "new" families were being established in Europe, but she was closely connected with them. She had been a sister-in-law to the king of Holland, to the king of Naples, and later the king of Spain; sister-in-law also to queen Caroline of Naples, and to the emperor himself, and her lawful husband was king of Westphalia.

She was as much royal as the one who was queen of Sweden after 1818, for the latter was the daughter of a French business man, and her husband, king of Sweden, was simply one of Napoleon's generals, while the husband of the Baltimore queen was the brother of the Emperor Napoleon I.

Her life covered nearly a century—a century most eventful in the history of the world, but especially in the country which became hers by marriage.

When she was born in 1785, the Bourbons were slumbering in apparent security on a quaking throne. When she was a girl of seven, that throne was gone, and soon the head of Louis XVI fell before the shining blade. As a girl of eighteen she was married in her own city to a brother of the greatest man in Europe. At twenty she was deserted by that husband and gave birth to a son among strangers in a foreign land. At thirty she read of the fall of the great Bonaparte family at Waterloo, and saw the exiled Bourbons restored to the throne. At forty-five she learned of the second downfall and the folding forever of the white Bourbon flag. At sixty-three she saw her illustrious family returned to power in their own land and commence a reign that lasted nearly a quarter of a century.

At seventy-five, she learned of her husband's death, and his failure to remember in his will that she ever existed. At eighty-five she lost her son, and in a few months saw the downfall of the Second Empire at Sedan. She now had seen in her life two great empires fall, two empires of her family—she had seen two Waterloos,



fifty-five years apart; and the second Waterloo—Sedan in 1870, was the greater. The first Waterloo was not what we are made to feel; the word was given a meaning before history had time to pass on the result. The battle was to put down Bonaparte and restore the Bourbons. It restored the Bourbons, but they did not stay in power; they soon fell, and fell forever. It put down the first Bonaparte, but not his cause, nor even his family. They came back after a third of a century and ruled the land of their uncle.

But Sedan ended that rule forever, and was a worse Waterloo than the former. At the first Waterloo Madame Bonaparte was thirty, in the springtime of life, when the pulse of youth was strong and its hopes were high. But in 1870, the year of Sedan, life for her had reached its chill December. Appropriate, indeed, is the inscription on her simple monument in Greenmount:

“After life’s fitful fever, she sleeps well.”

She has a number of descendants now living, and when their high standing, character and connections are considered, it can be said that Madame Bonaparte’s ambition to be the mother of an illustrious family has been realized quite fully, even if not in the way she had marked on life’s program.

Her grandsons have attained high distinction, one on each side of the Atlantic. The elder, Colonel Jerome Bonaparte, born in 1830, graduated from West Point in 1852 and served as lieutenant in the army until he resigned to enter the service of the Second Empire of his cousin. He served in the Crimean War against Russia, and received a Crimean Medal from the queen of England. He fought in the Vatican Campaign against Austria in 1859 and was given special marks of honor by the king of Sardinia. He died at his summer home in our state—Beverly Farms, in September, 1893.

His brother, born twenty-one years later, is a graduate of Harvard College, and was a member of Roosevelt’s cabinet. He is known as the Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte of Baltimore, and has been a national figure since his civil service work for good government in Maryland and in the nation. Colonel Jerome married the granddaughter of Daniel Webster, and they had several children. A son is now in a bank in Washington, D. C. A daughter was married September 29, 1896, to Count Adam de Moltke Huitfeldt



of Denmark, whose father had been Danish Ambassador to France. The married couple went to live in St. Petersburg, Russia and now have three or four children.

#### DESCENDANTS OF JEROME AND HIS SECOND WIFE

He left his first wife in 1805 and married Frederica Catharina, daughter of the king of Wurtemberg, on August 12, 1807. Three children were born of this union—two sons and a daughter. The first child was a son, born in 1814, about seven years after the marriage. Great interest was felt in England as it had been known that any issue of their marriage would be a distant heir to the English throne, as the German princess, whom Jerome married, was a granddaughter to the Duchess of Brunswick, who was a sister to George III, king of England. He died a bachelor at thirty-two, in 1846, two years before the Bonapartes were returned to France. The second child was a daughter, born in 1820, and has been known in history as the Princess Mathilda. For a while she was the first lady of France in a social way, as she was housekeeper for Napoleon III before his marriage to Eugenie in 1853. She married Count Demidoff of Russia in 1840, but was divorced from him five years later. There was no child of this union. She died in 1905, having spent a large part of her life in Paris in the study of painting and the fine arts.

The third child of Jerome by his second wife was a son, born in 1822, and named for his father. He married in 1859, Clothilde, daughter of Victor Emmanuel I, and sister of the late King Humbert. Three children were born of this union—two sons and a daughter, as was the case in the previous generation. The older son, born in 1862, was married in 1910, to Princess Clementine, daughter of the king of Belgium, recently deceased. The second son, born in 1864, has not been married, and is now, or has been, connected with the Russian army. The daughter, Letitia, was married in 1888, to her own uncle, the brother of her mother, the Duke of Aosta. They had one child, a son, born in 1889. These three children of Clothilde and Jerome's son are now living. Their father (who married the sister of King Humbert) died in Rome in 1891. It is singular that the descendants of Jerome by his two wives—the Baltimore lady and the German princess, are the representatives of the Bonaparte family on both sides of the Atlantic ocean.

No elaborate argument is needed to show that Madame Bona-



parte's cause was justice, and that her many battles were fought to secure her personal rights. In the time of her youth, many of the daughters of the leading American families were educated abroad, and became much interested in marriages with nobility. According to letters from the families of our ambassadors a century ago, large numbers of American girls were abroad for this purpose. This was not the case with Miss Patterson. She was discovered in her own city and sought in her own home by Jerome Bonaparte. She was married according to forms and ceremony that satisfied the laws of her country and also the rules of her husband's church. When her father learned that the marriage was certain to take place, he consulted able lawyers, and took all means to secure a legal marriage from the standpoint of both state and church. There was no possible loophole left open for attack. The property contract was drawn by one of the best lawyers in the country.

The objection raised by Napoleon, then First Consul of France, was that Jerome was a minor, and as his father was dead, he should have received the consent of his oldest brother Joseph (later king of Naples and Spain). But it was not necessary to have the marriage conform to French law, but to American law where the ceremony took place.

According to international law, by the comity of nations, each country recognizes the official acts and records of other nations on a variety of questions, including marriage. This settled the question from a legal standpoint and made Miss Patterson the lawful "wife of Jerome Bonaparte" as is written on her single headstone in Baltimore. Her husband was king of Westphalia for about seven years, and she was, therefore, the *de jure*, if not the *de facto* queen of that kingdom.

She was the lawful sister-in-law of an emperor, yet she was denied admission to the royal family. She became by her marriage a daughter of France, yet she was refused the right to put her foot on its soil. Large numbers of her connections lived in palaces, yet she was forbidden to cross their threshold. Her own son bore the name of Bonaparte, yet he was denied the right to use it in France, and was given his mother's maiden name in the land and household of his father.

Her son's half-brother was heir to England's throne (through the German Princess) and her brother-in-law, Joseph (king of Naples





and Spain), was a brother-in-law to the queen of Sweden, yet all these things could not draw her close to royalty.

She passed through a long series of trials, disappointments, humiliations and insults—such as have fallen to the lot of few women, and are believed to shorten the lives of most people who experience them, yet she lived to be nearly a century.

She was a woman of deep and strong feelings in every way and had an intense love for her son. In one of her letters she said that even if he should try to kill her and failed in the attempt, she would not disinherit him as it was "not natural for a mother to do so." When she returned from Europe she had labels on the large number of garments so that she could tell which one she wore when she met different notables at court or social functions in her long career in Europe. She kept also, well into later life, the silk coat that her husband wore at their wedding in 1803.

I visited her grave in the spring of 1909, a short distance from the Pennsylvania R. R. Station in Baltimore, and it came to me as I stood there that the date was April 2, the anniversary of the date (April 2, 1805) when she parted (or was about to part) from her young husband forever at Lisbon, and lived seventy-four years a widow.

As I stood in silence before her tomb there came to my mind a few of the lines that have made Gray and Stoke-Pogis immortal:

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike the inevitable hour,  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.



QUARTERLY MEETING

DECEMBER 8, 1905

REV. THOMAS D. HOWARD read a paper on "A Recent Visit to the Battlefield at Saratoga."

HENRY A. BOOTH gave a talk on "The Battle of Saratoga."

### On Saratoga's Battlefields

ON the map of the state of New York, against the name "Bemis Heights," is the battle-mark with two dates, September 19 and October 7, 1777, indicating two engagements instead of a single battle. The fighting took place on the heights named, which are, and were in 1777, within the limits of the township of Stillwater. The name Saratoga is given to the entire campaign as indicating the place of the capitulation, the grand outcome.

The scene of this memorable conflict has probably been less visited than any other of the chief battle grounds of the Revolution, being off the line of any railroad. It is now, however, made accessible by the trolley from Mechanicville, a station on the Boston and Maine railroad, and from Saratoga Springs, by rail to Schuylerville and thence by trolley. Moreover, its attractiveness has been enhanced by the information furnished by suitably-inscribed markers at points of special interest. These pillars are of Quincy granite, grounded, I was told, to the depth of four feet; and standing about three and one half; the chiseled lettering on the smoothed face is painted black so as to be easily read from the carriage road.

By each of the routes I have mentioned the stopping place is Bemis Heights, a small post-office village. There is a nicely-kept tavern, where a conveyance and guide were furnished me for the tour, which occupied two hours.

Our itinerary was first to the north by the river road. The Hudson was on our right. A high termed Willard mountain, evidently of upheaved rock, rises sharply from the opposite bank. This was an important holding of the American army, furnishing as it did a point of observation into the British camp. On the left is Bemis Heights. This elevation is a deposit largely of clay. It rises from the river about seventy-five feet as a bluff, from which there extends inward a table land pierced by deep ravines which have been



worn through the yielding material. This plain, thus broken, was the scene of the conflicts of September 19 and October 7, 1777.

The first roadside marker reached bears the inscription "Bemis Tavern," the proper name spelt with a "u." Here, previous to the second engagement were the headquarters of General Gates. This was the east limit of the American fortified camp. The next stone indicated the western terminus of the floating bridge which connected the American camp with Willard mountain. The first marker beyond the American lines is at the site of the house of Nicholas Fish, in which General Frazer, who was mortally wounded in the second battle, died.

The river road is now left by a turn to the west. A sharp ascent brings us to the elevated plain. The line of the British entrenchments, three-quarters of a mile in extent, is now followed. The first stone marks the place where General Arnold made his seemingly desperate but brilliantly successful attack on the British artillery. The next indicates the ground where Frazer was attacked by Captain Morgan. The third, the ravine where in both battles the contending forces surged back and forth in hand-to-hand fighting. "Freeman's Farm," a small clearing in 1777, well-cultivated acres now, its soil teeming with bullets, tells the story of the fierce encounters that there had place. The roughly-curbed well, the possession of which was violently contested, remains now as then.

There is next traversed, southward, the interval between the two camps—a space of about two miles. The first marker encountered on the American side bears the inscription "Fort Neilson." This structure was originally a barn in the clearing of the settler whose name it bears. It must be observed that the American lines were in their general direction parallel with those of the British. But at this point a curve northward formed a salient angle including this barn, which was strengthened by a double coating of logs. It formed a redoubt well advanced toward the enemy, and was manned by Captain Morgan's riflemen. Its site is of special interest, because thence went forth this sturdy corps to initiate each of the battles which brought about the final victory.

The expedition which received its check at Bemis Heights set forth from St. John, Canada, June 16, 1777, under the command of Gen. John Burgoyne. Its purpose and the expectations based on its success is stated by Irving, speaking from the British point of view:



"The junction of the two armies, that in Canada and that under General Howe in New York, was considered the speediest way of quelling the rebellion." It does indeed seem probable that such complete severance of New England from the rest of the confederated states might have resulted in the ultimate suppression of the revolt against British tyranny. To borrow a phrase applied by a recent historian to the effect of the conquest of the Mississippi by the Union army and navy, the confederacy of 1777 would have been "broken in half."

For the narrative of the preparation and the battle I am largely indebted to a history, the title of which indicates its local flavor, "The Story of Old Saratoga, by John Henry Brandon, M. A., sometime pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church of Schuylerville, N. Y." Schuylerville, it is to be observed, is Old Saratoga. The place chosen to receive the British attack was the narrowest part of the river valley, closely hemmed in by Willard mountain on the east and Bemis Heights on the west, leaving but a strait defile to be defended. This excellent strategic position was selected by Kosciusko, the Polish patriot, who in 1776 came to America, joined the army, and had been assigned to General Gates's command not long before the battle.

A line of entrenchments was thrown up, beginning at the river and continuing three-quarters of a mile west; not, however, in a straight line; although irregular, it may be described as a semicircle convexing to the north. There was also toward the western limit the angle and redoubt already described.

The right wing of the defensive army occupied the hillside near the river, protected by a marshy ravine and an abbatis. The left wing in command of General Arnold, the high on "the west." Cannon were planted on Willard mountain across the Hudson, and Colonel Colburn's regiment held that commanding position. The preparation was substantially complete when, September 16th, General Burgoyne, having crossed the Hudson by a bridge of boats, encamped about five miles distant. For the next two days there were no signs of his further progress southward. But on the morning of the 19th Colonel Colburn's men, perched on treetops, spied a movement of the enemy, indicating an advance. Report was immediately made to headquarters.

General Gates planned to meet the enemy within the entrench-





ments. General Arnold, however, persuaded the commander, though with much difficulty, to allow himself and Morgan to attack the advancing force before it could reach the camp. With this permission he went forth in command of Captain Morgan's 500 riflemen and General Dearborn's rangers and riflemen. Their route was to the west and north, toward the extreme right of the British line, where was General Frazer's command. At 1 o'clock they met Burgoyne's Indians and Canadians, scouting near the cottage on Freeman's farm; a skirmish occurred. Meanwhile General Frazer wheeled to the left for the purpose of flanking Morgan and Dearborn, when he encountered Arnold, now reinforced by New York and New Hampshire troops. His purpose was to separate Frazer from Burgoyne. At about 3 o'clock the action became general. The struggle of the contestants was for the possession of the clearing, Freeman's homestead, hemmed in by thick woods. Burgoyne, for he was himself at the front, hard pressed by the spirited attack, sent to his left for reinforcements, and by the numerical superiority thus acquired compelled the patriots to retire. There was no pursuit.

This was the entirety of the first battle. It was all comprised in but little more than three hours of desperate fighting, ending with the obscuring darkness of nightfall. It was not a victory for the Americans, they being finally repulsed, but it was a defeat for the British, since Burgoyne was foiled of the object he had in view. He intended to pass through or over the entrenchments he approached on his way to junction with General Clinton. He was halted and as the event proved, permanently. The losses sustained in the battle were on the British side 500 or 600 killed and wounded; of the Americans, about 300.

In the British camp orders were immediately issued for the renewal of the conflict in the morning, but Burgoyne, with his inveterate habit of delay, changed the time to the day following. In the intervening night a dispatch came from Sir Henry Clinton that he was about to move up the Hudson to his aid. On this it was decided to await events. A happy postponement for the American cause! The supply of ammunition had been almost entirely expended on the 19th, and an attack on the entrenchments could hardly have been repulsed. Each day was clear gain to the patriots. Ammunition was soon sent from Albany to the camp, and the army was daily augmented by the militia, who reported for duty from the whole countryside, generally bringing their supplies with them.



It will be remembered that General Burgoyne held the ground on which he was attacked September 19th. In the interval of quiet he threw up breastworks and erected forts which transformed the line into an entrenched camp. Its length westward from the river was the same as that of the Americans, and at nearly all points its breastworks were directly opposite those of the American camp. For sixteen days there were no indications of hostile activity. It is now known that on the evening of October 5th General Burgoyne laid before his officers the situation, namely, that his commissariat was running low, and that nothing had been heard from Clinton; and that on this presentation the advice he received was so opposed to offensive operations and in favor of a retreat to Fort Edward, that he decided on a middle course,—to make a reconnoissance in force to ascertain the position of the enemy, and if an attack should be found unwise, to retreat.

Now, to comprehend the origin and course of the battle of which the carrying out of this plan was the occasion, it must be noticed that this was a reconnoissance in force, that is, while its prime object was to view the enemy in order to ascertain the advisability of an attack, there was full preparation for fighting. The organized force was a body of 1,500 picked men and ten pieces of artillery. There was the right, left and center; in detail, the light infantry under General Balcarres was stationed on the right, General Riedesel with the German troops held the center, Majors Ackland and Williams with the grenadiers were posted on the left. Meantime, General Frazer with 500 grenadiers had occupied a high in advance, with the intention of stealing around the left of the American ranks and holding their attention, while the main body could gain the high ground.

That immediate hostilities were inferred from this disposition of the British troops is evident from the conversation reported as taking place in the American camp. Adjutant-General Wilkinson, having from an eminence observed the enemy in array, reported to General Gates that Burgoyne apparently offered battle.

"What do you suggest?" asked Gates.

"I would indulge him," was the reply.

"Then," said Gates, "order out Morgan." Obedient to this command was the initiation of the battle.

Unlike the previous engagement, which was a fight for the pos-



session of a space of small dimensions, the attack of October 7 was planned for a combined assault on the entire line of the organized threatening force. Morgan's riflemen were to make a wide circuit northwesterly to outflank General Frazer with his grenadiers. Time being allowed for Morgan to reach the enemy, General Poor with his brigade was to assail the extreme left of the British line and Learned's brigade and Dearborn's riflemen the center and left. At about half past two began the combined attack. Morgan, gaining a ridge west of Frazer, fell upon his detached force and compelled a retreat to the main body with the aid of Major Dearborn who made a counter attack. He struck the British right, making a change of front a necessity; while this change was in process or shortly after its completion, the riflemen enforced a disorderly retreat. Almost simultaneous with this success was General Poor's charge on the British left, where were Majors Ackland and Williams with their commands and a battery of 12-pounders. For the portrayal of this brilliant achievement I quote the animated description in the "History of Old Saratoga:"—

Poor's men descended into the ravine and ascended the opposite bank with the coolness of veterans. They were well up and were nearing the enemy before a shot was fired, when a tremendous volley of musketry and cannon thundered forth, but the pieces being too much elevated, the missiles harmed only the tree-tops in their rear. At once they marched forward in open order, and, forming again on their flanks, they literally mowed down the grenadiers with their accurately aimed volleys. Then charging, they closed with the enemy and a desperate hand-to-hand conflict ensued, the combatants surging back and forth as each for the moment gained advantage. The most furious contest, however, raged around Williams's battery. One of the 12-pounders was taken and retaken no less than six times, till finally Major Williams was taken prisoner and Major Ackland of the grenadiers was seriously wounded, when the men, seized with panic through the loss of their leaders, abandoned the contest and fled.

The spot where the achievement thus described had place is marked by a stone bearing the inscription, "Where the Americans caused the British to retreat."

There remains for narration the other part of the movement on the enemy—the most sensational of the three, because Arnold, whose actions were full of contrasts and surprises, is its hero. For the attack on the British center General Learned had selected a part of the line which seemed the least sufficiently manned, and was advancing thither, when General Arnold appeared on the scene and putting himself at the head of the brigade (he being superior



officer, though deprived of his command, his authority was acknowledged), led the assault.

The story is familiar of Arnold's chafing under restraint at headquarters, and at last taking horse and spurring to the field, pursued but not overtaken by the mounted messenger with an order for his instant return, "lest he should do some rash thing."

The charge led by Arnold on the entrenchments was successful, the defenders being put to flight. Arnold followed up his advantage, razed the breastworks, rushed with his men through the opening into the enemy's fortified camp. Once within, he gained entrance into an important redoubt, of which he speedily possessed himself. With this advantage gained by their foe, the British, attacked from their own stronghold, were compelled to huddle, as it were, into a part of their breastworks which remained intact. Night again put an end to the contest, the Americans marching to their camp with shouts of victory.

The statistics of relative losses in the engagement as given by Winsor are: Americans, 50 killed and 150 wounded; British, 176 killed, about 250 wounded, and some 270 prisoners.

The night following the battle the Americans lay on their arms, prepared to renew the attack on the following morning. But during the night General Burgoyne had removed his army to the part of the entrenchments which lay near the river.

Nine days elapsed before the doomed surrender. The first two of these were occupied by the retreat of the British army, closely followed by Gates, to Saratoga-on-the-Hudson, ten miles north of the battlefield, the original Saratoga. The fearful week there spent, cannonaded by the besiegers, is vividly portrayed in the memoirs of Baroness Reidesel, wife of the commander of the German contingent of Burgoyne's army. The house in which she took shelter is still standing. It served at once as a place of refuge for women and children, and a hospital.

General Burgoyne seemed almost to the last to have cherished hope of escape. But during the fateful interval of delay he was surrounded. Crossing the Hudson eastward in the close proximity of the enemy was out of the question. General Fellows, who had been posted on Willard mountain, occupied with 1,300 men the heights north of Saratoga. Captain Morgan with his riflemen who were at the west, flanked by the impassable wilderness, while General





Stark with New Hampshire and Vermont troops erected a battery which commanded the only gap by which the road to Canada could be reached. An attempt to make terms with the nationals had become a necessity:

October 13, General Burgoyne called a council of officers, who unanimously recommended the opening of negotiations with General Gates. During the next three days propositions and counter propositions were exchanged, and on the 16th the treaty of convention was signed. In accordance with its terms there were surrendered, October 17, as prisoners, 4,640 men; also, 5,000 muskets, a train of brass artillery consisting of forty-two guns and a large supply of ammunition.

An incident connected with the German part (nearly one-half of the surrendered army being Hessians), has a certain local interest. The first date of the inscribed record I am about to quote is just fourteen days after that of the convention, during which time the prisoners had marched, under guard of General Heath, from Saratoga by way of Albany to West Springfield common. The inscription is: "Here encamped, October 30 and 31, 1777, General Reidesel and his Hessian soldiers, on their way to Boston, after Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga."

The exact spot on which the treaty was signed is indicated by a tablet on a dwelling-house in the main street of Schuylerville. But, grandly commemorative of the decisive battle, there rises from the summit of the ridge which flanks the village, an imposing and beautiful monument. The structure is of granite. On the ample base is a chamber fourteen feet square. Its walls support a second base from which a shaft of obelisk form ascends, reaching the height of 155 feet. From the look-out, reached by stairs, the southward view includes the entire expanse made memorable by the conflict and triumph of which it was the scene.

Of the participants in the events I have described, three stand forth in special prominence. The two commanders-in-chief are not included in the trio. Of these I offer Winsor's characterization of Burgoyne, "he was not only slow, but he was irresolute;" and it is added as illustrative of his dilatory vacillation, "After his disastrous defeat at Bemis Heights, he lost five precious days in fatal indecision while retreat was possible." Of Gates, "He had no fitness for command, and wanted personal courage." Gates is



chiefly remembered for his insidious plotting to supplant Washington in the chief command.

1. The name of Benedict Arnold was to become a synonym for archtreason. But let it be remembered, that the morning of September 18, 1777, it was General Arnold's project to stem the progress of the British army toward the American breastworks, and his insistence which secured for him permission to take the field; and, that, through his conduct and valor in the battle that ensued, the threatening advance of a powerful enemy was called to a halt. It was this action that saved the day and, in the event, secured the victory. In the second battle he crowned the victory which had already been practically gained, by his fiery charge into the very citadel of the enemy. Wounded, he was at the close of the battle borne from the field. I quote a remark which has received wide circulation, "Well would it have been for Arnold's reputation if the wound had proved fatal."

2. Capt. Daniel Morgan, in July, 1775, after a march of twenty-one days from Virginia, joined Washington at Cambridge with his company of ninety-six picked riflemen. It is said that, on their arrival, General Washington, usually undemonstrative, shook hands with every man in the ranks. At Saratoga, Morgan is relied on to open each engagement, and appears at every point where daring, swift execution and sound judgment are required. Loyal to his country's cause, he was equally devoted to his chief. This is the record of his chilling response to a suggestion of disloyalty:

"At the close of the second day's battle, Gates approached Morgan with a proposition to desert Washington and support his own pretensions to the chief command. The reply was, 'Under no other man as commander-in-chief than Washington would I ever serve.'"

3. The name of General Frazer of the British staff is, with a certain tenderness, associated with the battle ground of Bemis Heights. On a hill-top within its limits is his grave. When the spot was pointed out to me I was asked if it was generally thought that the body was disinterred and carried to England. I was able to reply that not only was such removal improbable, but that the statement was pronounced by good authority to be entirely without foundation. The question, and the satisfaction with which the answer was received, showed that, to those familiar with the place,



a sort of consecration was imparted by the ashes which were mingled with the dust. For General Frazer was highly regarded by foes as well as by friends. In efficiency and in every martial quality greatly the superior of his chief, he was implicitly relied on by General Burgoyne. A characterization given in a proposed epitaph may serve for a description of the man:—

His walk was free and bold, and his decided movements showed his military impetuosity; a man of the people, a man of war and action; the frank cordiality of his address invited friendliness and sympathy.

The historical record of his death is that while protecting a wing of the British army, he was mortally wounded by one of Morgan's sharpshooters. It is also told, and the story is illustrative of the qualities of the two men, that when Morgan perceived the effective work of General Frazer in rallying disordered ranks, he called two or three of his best marksmen, pointed out the officer named and said, "That gallant officer is General Frazer. I admire and respect him, but it is necessary for our good that he should die. Take your station in that cluster of bushes and do your duty." Shortly after the order was given Frazer fell, and died on the following morning.

A last request was that at 6 o'clock, in the evening, he should be buried in the "Great Redoubt," which had been the chief fortification of the British camp. At the hour named there assembled around the open grave those of his fellow-officers who could be spared from their posts, to join in the burial service. During the reading cannon balls fired from the opposite camp plowed up the earth around, and covered those assembled with dust; but with steady attitude and unaltered voice the chaplain read the service to its completion. It should be stated that the cannonading was directed under the apprehension that the gathering was with hostile intent, and that General Gates afterward said that, had he known what was going on, he should have stopped the firing immediately.

The story of the funeral scene, with the resemblance of situation, the new-made grave to be hastily abandoned, soon to be trodden underfoot by the enemy in close pursuit, and the grief and regrets which filled the hearts of the participants "as they bitterly thought of the morrow," might have place along with the stately lines which portray "The Burial of Sir John Moore." But to the visitor of the present time, the grave which was closed on the evening of that autumn day sheds a mellow light on the peaceful scene, in the valley to which the gentle flow of the Hudson has given the name of Stillwater.



## The Battle of Saratoga

Remarks by HENRY A. BOOTH

I DID not know until the day before yesterday that I was to say anything here on this subject or on any other subject, and in justice to the members of the society, as well as in justice to myself, I feel that I ought not to attempt it, for I believe that a person should be thoroughly prepared on his subject when speaking before such an audience as this. I understand I am limited to five or ten minutes, and perhaps you will bear with me for that length of time for the reason that in so short a space I cannot and could not be expected to say very much.

There are in the history of this nation, many days and many events which well deserve recognition and remembrance at the hands of patriotic American citizens; but I do not believe that there is any day which so much deserves remembrance as the anniversary of the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga on October 17, 1777. I believe practically all the historians concede that to have been the decisive battle of the war, and Creasy, in his fifteen decisive battles of the world, includes this among the number.

In the spring of 1777 the Americans were engaged in a life and death struggle with the largest, richest and most powerful nation in the world. The whole population was less than three millions—less than are today in the city of New York—engaged in such a struggle as they were; and these people were spread out over a territory reaching from Maine to Georgia. Even under the best of conditions, and with everything favorable, they would have had a tremendous undertaking on their hands. The army had been defeated again and again in open battle. The British were in possession of Philadelphia, New York and Newport; and the army itself was demoralized, half clad and half fed. The troops were in no condition to cope with their enemies. The commander-in-chief had encountered the most severe criticism because of what was claimed to be his inability to wage the war, and many of the wealthy colonists were opposed to the war. Besides, in the whole world, there was no friend to hold out a helping hand, no friend to advise. It was under such a condition of affairs as this that Great Britain determined to strike a still stronger blow and crush forever any





tinge of American liberty that still prevailed. In furtherance of these plans, a large army was raised and sent into Canada. This army was to march down from Canada to Albany where it was to meet another army from New York and establish a chain of forts from Canada to New York City, thus separating the New England colonies from the colonies on the other side of this line. General Gage said New England was the hotbed of rebellion, and it was thought if these colonies could be separated from the other colonies, the war would soon be ended. Great Britain placed her army, composed of four or five thousand Hessians and an equal number of British under control of experienced generals, at the head of whom was General Burgoyne and to these were added two or three thousand Canadians, and several hundred Indians bent on murder and robbery, and with this army of ten or twelve thousand men, Burgoyne started south from Canada. The patriots had no army in front to oppose him and none in the rear to harrass him. It is no wonder that the patriots became alarmed as they did. General Arnold, fresh from his laurels won at the siege of Quebec, was sent to assist General Schuyler, and Morgan with his famous sharpshooters was also sent to check the advance; but with the small force at their command, they were able to effect but little. The huge force moved to the south—I say huge force advisedly, because at that time it was a large force, considering the condition of the country. They passed on and Crown Point fell into their hands without a struggle; then they pressed on to Ticonderoga, which gave up with scarcely a struggle, as they were utterly unable to compete with the British army, and so this force passed on to the Hudson river. During this time one or two things happened which affected the final outcome. After leaving Canada, Burgoyne sent out a party for the purpose of capturing Fort Stanwix in the Mohawk valley. General Arnold was sent to defend Fort Stanwix, and he did it successfully in this manner: He took a half-witted boy and sent him to the English force with the story that the Americans were more numerous than the leaves on the trees, and the British being frightened retired without stopping to ascertain as to the truth or falsity of the statements made by the boy.

At the same time that he sent a force to capture Fort Stanwix, General Burgoyne also sent another force eastward into Vermont, for the purpose of capturing the town of Bennington, at which place



were a large amount of stores, provisions, etc. General Stark defended this place as successfully as did General Arnold Fort Stanwix. He not only compelled the British to retreat, but he at the same time captured several hundred prisoners. Both of these forces then fell back upon the main body.

General Schuyler was forced at this time to resign. The example of Schuyler might well be followed by any and all office-holders at the present day. Instead of leaving the army in anger and jealousy, he generously divulged to General Gates all his plans of campaign and he also generously assisted him in their execution. And General Gates accepted and carried out the plans given him by General Schuyler.

The army crossed the river at Fort Edwards, where the Americans had fortified themselves at Saratoga. The first battle of Saratoga was fought on September 19, 1777, but neither side seemed to have gained a decisive victory. Both armies remained there until the 7th of October in the same year. In the meantime, General Burgoyne saw his army was being depleted and the forces of the Americans continually augmented by new recruits who came in from every direction and from every one of the colonies. Accordingly on this day he attacked again. Arnold had been displaced, perhaps because of jealousy, on General Gates' account; nevertheless he rushed in at the head of his old command where he was received with cheers, and ordered a charge on the British line, and though he was wounded, and borne from the field, it was through his efforts the battle was won. I have thought many times that the services of General Arnold during that day, did much for the cause of American liberty, and far offset any injury that he afterwards did in favor of the British crown. The army of Burgoyne, however, did not surrender on this day. It remained somewhere near its old position until the 17th day of October, when, with starvation staring it in the face, it surrendered to the American forces.

Now while the effect of this battle may not have been electrical, at the same time the spark there ignited; did electrify the whole of the colonies; it made them more of a unit in the future and convinced them that final victory was possible and stirred the whole of continental Europe. It hastened along the French Revolution and made possible a freer government in every country of Europe, and I believe the people of Europe to-day are enjoying a greater amount



of liberty than they would have done were it not for the Battle of Saratoga.

Not only that, but France recognized the liberty of the thirteen colonies and sent over an able admiral of her own navy with a powerful fleet, and an army under one of her own marshals. Spain and Holland also soon followed the example of France and recognized the independence of the colonies, thus giving to the colonies several powerful friends, while before this battle they had not one.

Besides that it taught us a lesson and that lesson is this: That we should respect the rights of weaker nations who are struggling for their independence, and I believe that since then we have not only preached it, but practiced it also. In 1820 we held out a helping hand to each and every one of the South American republics when they were endeavoring to win their independence from Spain, We also held out a helping hand to the Grecians when they were endeavoring to win their independence from Turkish tyranny. We held out a helping hand to the Mexicans when they were struggling under the domination of Maximilian. And I hope the time will never come when we will forget that we were once in a position where we needed the assistance of foreign nations.

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*Mr. Howard*—The first Williams, from whom I descended, was Robert Williams who came to Roxbury and is buried in the burying ground on Eustis street, which is near the old Roxbury line, between Boston and Roxbury. We could not find Robert's grave, nor his son Deacon Samuel Williams' grave; but Mrs. Samuel Williams' grave is there. Deacon Samuel stayed in Roxbury and his descendants were numerous. Isaac went west—to Newton—that was west at that time, and then his sons came to Worcester, Massachusetts, and to Deerfield and also to Connecticut and that is where my grandmother came from—that branch in Wethersfield.



QUARTERLY MEETING

JANUARY 12, 1906

MRS. MABEL LOOMIS TODD of Amherst read a paper on "Witchcraft."

### Witchcraft in New England

AS a child spending summers in Hampton, New Hampshire, I became intensely interested in the legends and stories connected with the old Moulton house. The story that the General had sold his soul to the devil for a large bootful of gold was strangely fascinating to me, scarcely less so the story that the canny gentleman had cut the sole from his boot, and the innocent devil continued to pour in the precious metal until the room was full.

Shortly after the death of his first wife he married again, a young woman of simpler family, who used to feel ghostly fingers on her wedding ring during the night. The story is told by Whittier in "The New Wife and the Old." When he died, the story goes that instead of a corpse in his coffin, it was found to be full of gold, or stones as some used to aver. At all events, a strange black cat leaped out of the window shortly after his death, and his body disappeared.

Years afterward Col. Oliver Whipple bought the house, bringing his slaves and his chariot from Rhode Island with Pomp and Dick in a rumble behind, holding the tassels. His arrival caused a great celebration, and lunch was served to all the surrounding country; but the family could never rest quietly in this haunted house. In the words of an old nurse for many years employed by them, she often heard the General's cane "thump, thumping down the stairs, his wife's lute-string dress a-rustling." At last three elderly clergymen were invited to the house, who stood at the foot of the stairs and begged these uncanny inhabitants to leave the house in peace. No ghostly sounds are reported after that.

Hampton witchcraft was rife before that of Salem. In 1673, Goody Cole was buried at the crossroads with a stake through her body.

"They buried them deep, but they wouldn't lie still,  
For cats and witches are hard to kill."

Who does not remember the strange shivers running over him when first seeing the witch scene in Macbeth, typical witches.





"those grey old wives," bent and brown and shriveled, nose and chin grewsomely meeting, wild white locks straggling over their burning eyes as they leaned above the stewing toads and snakes in their dreadful brew.

"Double, double toil and trouble,  
Fire burn; and cauldron bubble."

I can see it now, as the genius of Shakespeare brought it before us, and splendid Charlotte Cushman, old but glorious, as she vivified the play, and gave her pregnant interpretation. 'The witches' croon has always fascinated me, and a study of that strange belief in them, as old as time.

The witchcraft delusion and persecution is one of the saddest passages in our history, when men had so recently come to escape persecution, and so soon began to practice it. There was much intolerance in religious matters, as evidenced among other things by the cruelty to Quakers. By the time of the great witchcraft outburst in 1692, Quakers had been placed more on an equality with other sects, and actual persecution had ceased; but even later many of them complained bitterly of the treatment they received, and the unkind attitude of those who should have been friendly.

Many persons think that the greatest development of the twentieth century will not be so much in mechanical things as along psychological lines. Personal magnetism and telepathy are investigated, mesmerism, mental healing and hypnotism. Psychical societies are looking into all mysteries; the occultism of India and Japan are studied, and books which bring in, never so little, communication with the dead, or unusual power of divination or influence, are sure to sell. It is the great underlying, but burning, present interest. The borderland of two worlds is limitlessly attractive; all have lost some friend, all long to know. We are not as ignorant now as four or five centuries ago, and are not in such terror of supernatural influence. We know more of natural laws, but mysteries continue to attract.

It is hardly to be wondered at that the newness of natural phenomena and their unexplainable character should have inspired fear in early times. One has only to study the history of astronomy to see the tremendous hold such beliefs of uncanny influence had upon the ancients.



Comets brought evil by the shaking of their "horrid hair." Eclipses presaged disaster. Even Kepler was a zealous advocate of astrology, while Tycho Brahe kept a mumbling idiot about him as mediator and interpreter for higher powers. It is even asserted by a recent writer in *The Century* that four-fifths of humanity today believe in witchcraft.

One of the most absorbingly interesting studies is to trace the history of preternatural beliefs from the twilight of fear and tradition to present day sunlight,—a sunlight, however, which sane and open and bright and normal as it is, still holds the possibility of belief in that which cannot be explained by natural law, the germ of other-worldliness. A certain sort of spiritism, magic in various forms, sorcery, necromancy, enchantments, fetichism, witchcraft—all have had their day and power, their nations peculiarly susceptible, their victims.

*Numa*, an early Roman law giver, caused the people to believe that he had access to a divinity who told him what to do.

*Pliny* tells us of a Roman farmer, *Furius Cresinus*, who was accused of magic because he was uniformly successful. In reply he merely showed his better plows and other implements, and pointed to his sunburned daughters—his only witchcraft.

*Zoroaster* was also accused of magic, probably and simply because he had peculiar and unusual acquirements.

Others pretended to superior powers—which being regarded with awe, necessarily kept the people in a state of submissive fear. They called themselves variously—soothsayers, diviners, sorcerers, astrologers and oracles.

They were chiefly persons who had discovered some secret of nature, and instead of proclaiming it as now is done, held it in reserve as a secret power to be used upon the credulous.

Naturally they became priests. In this class are Chaldean priests of Assyria, Brahmins of India, Magi of Persia, Oracles of Greece, Augurs of Italy, Druids of Britain, Powwows (medicine men) of Indians.

Their procedure was more in the line of mysteries, charms, and the like, than actual witchcraft.

The Witch of Endor (*Samuel I*, Ch. 28) was probably an imposter, but the story is most interesting.

The anonymous authors of Old Testament books, as in this chap-



ter, dating to 1000 B. C., were fond of putting laws, commands, sentiments for greater force, into the mouths of long-dead prophets and seers.

In those far-away Biblical days the laws against witchcraft were profoundly stringent (Deut. XVIII, 9-14), uncanny practices being pronounced "an abomination unto the Lord."

It was even commanded (Deut. XVII, 5) "Thou shalt stone them with stones till they die."

Two witnesses were required to be sure, but in that cruel fashion "So thou shalt put the evil away from among you," (Isaiah VIII, 19).

"Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," (Exodus XXII, 18): Literally, "Thou shalt not keep alive one who uses charms" (or spells).

Leviticus XIX, 26: "Neither shall you use enchantments or deal in soothsaying."

Leviticus XIX, 31: "Regard not them that have familiar spirits, neither seek after wizards."

Leviticus XX, 27: "A man also or woman that has a familiar spirit or that is a wizard shall surely be put to death; thou shalt stone them with stones."

Taking all these Hebrew denunciations in their most cruel and literal meaning, they proceeded to carry out provisions which seem to us worse than barbarous in atrocity.

Demonology, as a general word, means an entire class of ideas relating to supernatural interference in mundane things, and was not originally necessarily applicable to evil spirits. Such inter-communication was at first regarded as innocent, even creditable, as during the classic times of mythology.

One peculiarity of Hebrew belief was, as we have seen, that it denounced such communications as unholy, even criminal. In the beginning, Christianity said that God only was to be sought in prayer.

About the opening of the Christian era we can trace outlines of the more modern witchcraft beliefs. As the twilight of the dark ages of Christianity came on and settled heavily, superstition spread. The early observations of nature in the East had seemed to show that two great powers were in command over the world, and continually warring. The two mighty antagonists used men as puppets and played with and upon them.



Even Christianity allowed that perhaps the devil was at the head, and that it was possible for persons to join him for the overthrow of the church.

In this belief lay the kernel of all subsequent action upon the crime of witchcraft.

Still later, things of strange import not classified before as necessarily bad, were increasingly attributed to an intimacy with the devil. After that, learned men, instead of concealing their discoveries, proclaimed them abroad and showed their naturalness and freedom from the uncanny. All this tended enormously to the spread of knowledge, and the dispersing of the mists of that twilight time.

Christian Thomasius, who died in 1728 and did his university work at Halle, wrote treatises and plunged constantly into great and living questions, in which he rendered more direct service to mankind than any other German from Luther to Lessing. First of these subjects was witchcraft, and his work finally destroyed this widespread, noxious, tenacious growth.

But witchcraft as a crime had been punished with wide carnage as early as the century when the Roman Empire became Christian.

All Christendom believed that some persons were possessed of supernatural powers, of advantage to themselves, and evil and confusion to their enemies. It was a capital crime by the laws of many European nations.

In the thirteenth century, Roger Bacon found out so much of optics, chemistry and astronomy that he was charged with witchcraft. Papal denunciation followed and he was twice imprisoned.

In 1305, Arnold de Villa Nova was burned by inquisitors at Padua, on the charge of witchcraft.

The Earl of Bedford put Joan of Arc to death on this charge.

Even Martin Luther actually believed that he talked with the devil.

In 1484 came the famous Bull of Pope Innocent VIII which gave new fury to the persecution of those possessing occult powers, and enormously hastened the unrelenting pursuit of witchcraft. Hundreds perished, not only Protestants, but some Roman Catholics as well, these horrible transactions often sanctioned by theological hatred and rancor. It was easy to clear the church of heretics by





hanging and burning, and quite as easy to accuse and condemn as witches in the first place.

The fury raged in both Protestant and Catholic countries. History reports that agents of the Pope burned over nine hundred.

During our colonial era six hundred a year perished in Germany, and a state of things almost as bad prevailed in Italy, Switzerland and Sweden.

In 1541, the Earl of Hungerford was beheaded for asking of a reputed witch how long Henry VIII might be expected to live.

One inquisitor, or so-called judge, Regius, condemned and burned over nine hundred in fifteen years, in Lorraine, and as many more fled the country, in desperate fear of their lives. He practiced the most awful tortures, remarking that otherwise he could not get them to confess. Most intelligent persons believed that witches communicated with Satan.

Most of the sufferers were innocent, but some were undoubtedly evil, and knew they had been imposing on the world. Still others had taught magic, and really believed they had covenanted with the devil.

In the sixteenth century, continental Europe sacrificed one hundred thousand lives in this mad fanaticism. In the sixteenth century one thousand perished in Como in Lombardy, one hundred a year, after.

The statute of Queen Elizabeth against witchcraft and sorcerers, in 1562 began practically the persecutions in England, which reached their height in the seventeenth century. King James I was the great persecutor, and the Act of Parliament in England in 1603 caused the fury to break out like wildfire. It was in the same year that parsons were forbidden to cast out devils in England without a license.

In a period more than covered by John Alden's life, forty thousand "witches" were murdered in England. For a hundred and twenty-five years a sermon was annually preached on a foundation of £40 confiscated in this same fateful year, 1603, as the property of three witches.

The English statutes against witchcraft were repealed only forty years before the American Colonies ceased to be a part of the British Empire. About 1615, more than five hundred were put to death in Geneva, the home of Calvin. During the reign of King James VI,



thousands of "witches" were executed in Scotland, and in 1645 a hundred in Essex and Sussex alone.

King James of Scotland was a firm believer in the occult. All mysteries found ready credulity in his mind, and to flatter his weakness Parliament passed truly terrible laws against witches. The worst tortures were practiced at this time, and in England as well—and were indulged in with a spirit of unmitigated cruelty and vindictiveness. Mercy and compassion seemed strangled in the hearts of the persecutors, as later they seemed also absent from the Salem judges.

A fiend in human shape went about, not only to extort confessions from innocent people, but to entrap and confuse everyone upon whom he could lay hands. His own name was Matthew Hopkins, his title "Witchfinder General." This monster operated in England in 1646, his expenses paid liberally to prick, cut, torture, drag in water, tie up and mutilate all suspects, and as I have said, to extort confessions which could be later used against them. In one year and one county he alone had sixty killed. People—and we are filled with amazement that such was the case—looked not only complacently, but with admiration upon him, believing that he had stolen Satan's list of confederates, his "book of names." Even good men like Richard Baxter and Edmund Calamy believed in him. But then, Baxter always believed in ghosts and other uncanny manifestations.

One of Hopkins' pet methods was to tie his victims' limbs together, double the body over and tie hands to feet and so forth, and then throw them into water. If they floated they were proved and convicted witches, and dealt with accordingly. If they sank they were innocent—but being by that time drowned it did not do them personally much good.

He was finally suspected of not acting in good faith, and some persons tied him into a bundle and threw him into the water. He floated.

Nobody, however, dared to deny the reality of witchcraft, though error never being absolutely universal, there were people who took no real share in these beliefs.

Thus it will be seen that Christianity did not stamp out certainties as to witches. Not a village in England but had its ghost; churchyards were haunted; every common had its "circle" of fairies, and hardly a shepherd lived but had seen spirits. The Rev. Joseph



Glanville, Vicar of Frome, Chaplain to Charles II, and a member of the Royal Society, wrote distinctly in favor of the undoubted existence of witches, witchcraft and apparitions. His books were certainly read in New England before we began to publish such literature here.

Spiders were always intimately associated with strange powers and incantations; and witches were supposed to be able, at will, to turn themselves into dogs, cats, hogs, rats, mice, toads—and into the yellow birds which flew adroitly to their victims.

We remember Holmes's famous picture of the "midnight hags" sailing off

"On their well-trained broomsticks mounted high,  
Seen like shadows against the sky;  
Crossing the track of owls and bats,  
Hugging before them their coal-black cats."

How it brings the whole weird scene before us, as also his description of

"Dusky nooks in the Essex woods,  
Dark, dim, Dante-like solitudes,  
Where the tree-toad watches the sinuous snake  
Glide through his forests of fern and brake."

Witches could operate from a distance, however, by means of their own "apparitions" even from a hundred miles away; so that an *alibi* could never be urged—as was tragically shown in Salem later on.

Enough has been said to show that the belief in witchcraft was neither confined to America nor indigenous to New England, but was legitimately imported by the first settlers.

In many important respects, Massachusetts was peculiarly ready for just the sort of delusion which descended upon it with such crushing force. Her people believed in the reality of these manifestations, in common with other Christian countries, although one of its most singular features to us, now, is the sort of people who firmly held to its reality—the burning belief of eminent, even godly men.

It should not be forgotten that their experience in a new and savage country had been sad and tragic rather than happy. Their homes must all have been tinged with melancholy, and "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live" was a Bible command.

They felt that here in bleak New England they were especially called upon to defeat the devil. It is interesting to find that more



than seventy years after the last witch was executed in New England Sir William Blackstone wrote in all simplicity:

"To deny the possibility, nay, actual existence of witchcraft and sorcery is at once flatly to contradict the revealed word of God in various passages in both the Old and New Testament."

A few sporadic cases of trial and execution for witchcraft occurred before 1650, but the strong feeling hardly began until about 1651. Altogether there were only four executions for that crime in Boston: Margaret Jones, June, 1648; Mary Parsons, 1651; Ann Hibbins, 1656; Goody Glover, 1688. The fever never raged with great violence in western Massachusetts, the region of Hampshire County particularly being then as now slow to stir in radical causes.

The first execution in New England for witchcraft, was in Connecticut in 1647. The "crime" probably showed itself first among the Springfield planters. In December, 1648, a certain Mary Johnson confessed to familiarity with Satan in Hartford and was executed. About 1651 John Eliot writes, supposedly to Edward Winslow in London, of four witches being detected in Springfield, one executed for the murder of her own child, another condemned, a third under trial, a fourth under suspicion.

The first case in Hampshire County was at Springfield (then in that county) in the spring of 1651.

The same Mary Parsons already alluded to as one of the four to perish in Boston, was accused not only of murdering her child, but of bewitching the two children of Rev. George Moxon. Subsequently it was shown that she was quite deranged, though too late to save her.

In 1656 a suit and trial for slander in Northampton, originating in neighborhood gossip, stirred the county to its depths. One Joseph Parsons, charged Goodwife Bridgman with slander, in accusing his wife Mary of witchcraft. Being persons of good position and property, the case was pushed with much energy, and resulted in a conviction for Goody Sarah Bridgman. Her family cherished the grudge for eighteen years, and in 1674 it flamed out again, using as a basis the general belief in personal dealing with the devil, by which they averred that Mary Parsons had murdered by witchcraft Mary Bridgman, married to Samuel Bartlett. It is consoling to find that the accused came off with flying colors.

During King Philip's War in 1675, as the men marched to the





attack, an eclipse of the sun is said to have occurred in which they saw the outlines of an Indian scalp. While the accounts of mediæval eclipses are in a sense historic, no one would claim for them scientific fullness or precision. In these forgotten coronas almost any strange forms might have been imagined. Learned persons believed all these portents as wholly as the illiterate. It is not to be wondered at, then, that witchcraft was a capital offence in every civilized country.

The scanty literature of the time teems with weird tales, many of which would be ludicrous had they not led to such tragic endings. Certain depositions describing mysterious attacks are curiously humorous in themselves,—though humor was antipodal to the deluded people who gave them. Noah Strong in Northampton suspected a pigeon-hawk of sinister designs and motives, and he accordingly shot it, with his silver sleeve button, and broke its wing. At that moment a woman he had displeased had her arm broken. Any peculiar sickness or accident was almost invariably ascribed to witchcraft, and people began to look about for those through whom Satan would operate. They talked of "fascinations," and tried to collect facts for "strange apparitions."

Not much real excitement prevailed before 1680, nor were there many convictions in New England.

In 1684, Increase Mather wrote his famous book, "Illustrious Providences," in which he told many stories of persons in league with the devil.

The most noteworthy witch in Hampshire County was Mary Webster of Hadley, a poor, and probably bad-tempered, woman. Many stories until comparatively recent years were still told in the vicinity—of her stopping cattle or horses from going by her house, tipping off loads of hay and putting them on again; while mysterious scalds and all sorts of malicious performances were ascribed to her as a result of her familiarity with the devil. Brought before the court in 1683, she was acquitted at Boston. She was afterward accused of bewitching Lieut. Philip Smith, so that he died peculiarly, with flashes of fire about his head and strange noises. During the time that his friends "disturbed" the old woman (as it was politely called), hanging her up, rolling her in the snow, temporarily burying her, and other pleasant exercises, he had much ease and comfort, and slept peacefully. In spite of this terrible treat-



ment the poor old woman lived, quietly enough, for eleven years longer.

One affair, as leading perhaps directly to the wild Salem horrors of 1692, must be mentioned.

A young girl named Goodwin in Boston had a quarrel with her Irish washerwoman about some missing linen. Probably the woman retaliated with Irish warmth. At all events the child had her revenge by "crying out" upon her as a witch. Such fun did this become, especially as persons listened and seemed to be impressed (several other children flocking to her standard crying that they, too, were bewitched), that the bad child went on in vehemence, and pretended to all sorts of afflictions, in which the other children joined. They mewed, barked, lost their hearing, sight, speech, their jaws would lock like a vise, or open until dislocated, they could read in Popish or Quaker books, but not in the Westminster Catechism or in the Bible.

It seems incredible that such performances could impose upon scholarly men, but Cotton Mather implicitly believed they were bewitched, and they actually had five ministers praying with them at one time. The washerwoman was requested to repeat the Lord's prayer as a proof of innocence. Never having learned it in English she made several bad, stumbling blunders, and was forthwith convicted and sent to the gallows. When she was actually hung, the children immediately recovered.

In 1691, Mary Randall in Springfield was complained of, though not prosecuted; and hers was the last case in Hampshire County.

But now was to begin in far-away Essex a wild, fanatical delusion which the world has hardly seen equalled—not in the number of victims, for they were only twenty, but a carnival of ferocious cruelty and suffering, which, from surrounding circumstances, attained a world-wide celebrity beyond even those similar periods in Europe where hundreds were slain.

But twelve had suffered death in New England before the craze at Salem in 1692, that "storm of terror and death." Curiously, twenty-five years before, some mischievous children in Sweden had played tricks very much like those performed by the young girls who started Salem fires, and eighty-eight in the cold Scandinavian peninsula had died in consequence. In Amsterdam, too, in 1560,



twenty or thirty boys pretended to be bewitched, and had strange fits, in which they threw up needles and pins and broken glass.

Ninety years before, or more, William Perkins of Cambridge (England) had written a book with the emphatic title, "Discourse of the Damned Art of Witchcraft," and it has been shown that Rev. Mr. Parris, in whose house the Salem fires were kindled, had a copy at hand. He was perhaps a learned, but exceedingly disagreeable and unpopular man, and his subsequent conduct adds an element of execration to memories of him.

Spirits were said to have been seen already near Gloucester, and had been fired upon by people, but apparently never hit, and the marksmen retired to the garrison for safety. Everyone believed at that time that Satan was waging war upon Jehovah, and was operating extensively through persons who had pledged their souls to him. By their training, habits of mind, experience and character, the Salem people were well adapted for the events now rapidly approaching. The excitement began to work its way, and bringing in the supernatural so clearly, precipitated the final explosion.

The story of the Goodwin children, and of their relief when their "tormentor" was hung, had been told everywhere. Arrests had begun for trivial things, and in Mr. Parris's house the spiritual torch was applied.

A party of young girls and a West Indian slave, Tituba, servant in his family, had acquired a truly unholy curiosity about supernatural matters. Wildly interested in sorceries and magic, they met to practice rites and incantations they had read of, or heard from the old negress. They finally acquired the power to produce catalepsy, to cry real tears, or to perspire profusely at will, to fall in grotesque postures, and show cramps and spasms, until their families were at their wits' end, neighbors alarmed and distressed, and physicians baffled. Witchcraft, of course, was adduced as the cause of it all. Kinsfolk of these "afflicted children" as they were universally called, assembled for prayer. We can imagine the naughty satisfaction with which these highly accomplished young persons regarded the storm which they had evoked. More ministers were sent for, and a prayer-meeting lasting all day was held. The children (aged nine, eleven, twelve, two or three of seventeen and two of eighteen, with three married women) were made to perform for the awe-struck company.



So far we can see the absurdity—the bad taste and deception, if you will—but now the scene becomes criminal. They were asked what ailed them—who had bewitched them. So they “cried out upon” three names, and the unfortunate trio were at once taken into custody, arraigned in Salem meeting house, and sent to jail. Later on Martha Corey, Rebecca Nurse, and others were added until over one hundred were in jail. Their examinations, as we read them today, were farcical in the extreme. Questions were silly and ridiculous. The accused were not allowed to have lawyers, and must conduct their own defence. Their bewilderment at the charges was often pathetic to the last degree. Some of them did not know the “children” even by sight, but that made no difference. They were prejudged guilty before a word had been spoken. It was believed that witches could not cry, and their stupor of amazement at the charges was put down to an evil presence of mind, especially as the “children” often exclaimed in court that they saw the “black man” standing beside to counsel and comfort his puppets. It was believed that the witches made dolls and small figures which they called by the names of those they wished to torment, and then scalded them, stuck pins in them, or similar pleasantries, whereby at the identical moment the living victim would be scalded, pricked or pinched as the case might be. Their houses were often searched for these wicked toys, in solemn faith. Also their bodies were scrutinized for “witch marks” or callous spots, which old people often have. And the finding of such a spot was practically conviction.

The trials were extremely irregular, people speaking out as damaging thoughts occurred to them, whispering to the judges, and otherwise bringing obloquy upon the whole court, if any had been sufficiently unprejudiced to appreciate it.

Cotton Mather is said by the best historians to be largely the originator of these outrages; and he seems to have taken a leading part in the persecutions, with apparently great satisfaction and comfort in fomenting the excitement.

As for the “children,” they were manifestly intoxicated by their overwhelming success, the terrible perfection of their selfish scheme to become of wide importance, and were swept along in a sort of frenzy. Rigid and often cataleptic in court, they were instantaneously “cured” by a touch from the person they had accused of





bewitching them, the theory being that the evil fluid flowed back to its source, out of the girls to the witch.

It is singular that no one should have observed that the girls never accused their friends, but always those against whom they had some spite or animosity. They said an "evil hand" was against them. Whose was it?

As they had acquired supposable powers of divination they became very important, even exalted to the position of prophetesses, which spoiled them, and dried up all natural pity and compassion in their hearts, leaving only the burning intoxication of power and notoriety. It seems unbelievable now, but all writers about the period agree in this point, often reiterating that "the fun of the thing" led them on.

One of the most picturesque characters of that fatal year seems to have been Bridget Bishop. Entirely free from the sanctimoniousness which so disagreeably tinged even the best meaning persons in those days, she was too free and easy to be popular in the sober community. Her costumes were showy for the time and place, she played shovel board and other worldly games, and altogether was not quite approved of, even at the best of times. But there is no insinuation whatever against her moral character. It was natural, however, that she should have been speedily "cried out against" in such an era. She became a victim of gross misrepresentation. She was farcically tried, and hanged after eight days. Her death warrant is the only one preserved.

The accused protested their innocence, but to no avail. Every possible inducement was given them to confess, and many did, which although it led to their subsequent pardon, only added fuel to the fire of hatred toward those brave ones refusing to confess a lie.

Six women were hung during one day, eight on another. To the credit be it said of the unjust judges and the packed juries, that at least they never but once delivered over their victims to torture. That was in the case of the venerable Giles Corey, who refused to answer or plead, thereby saving his estate to will as he chose. To make him speak he was squeezed between great weights, and so killed, refusing to the last to say a word in his own defence. His tortures still make Essex County black.

At Andover a woman was ill in a peculiar way, not understood by the simple physicians of the day, so a Salem "witch detector" was



sent for, and fifty Andover people were accused, a few weaker ones confessing injuries to neighbors which they could not have committed, and acknowledging that they rode a variety of animals and sticks through the air, at night.

“Mount and be quick,  
A broom or a stick,  
Goat, pitchfork—  
We're all in a flurry.  
We'll leave behind  
The swiftest wind  
As off to the Brocken we hurry.

We'll madly bound,  
While dancing around.  
Great Beelzebub,  
He is our master;  
Sometimes we'll pause,  
Kiss his old claws,  
Then faster we'll caper and faster.”

By the latter part of 1692 twenty had been killed, all of whom had nobly refused to confess something they were not guilty of. Fifty had been pardoned because they did confess, one hundred and fifty were awaiting trial, two hundred had charges against them. There seemed but one way to avoid being “cried out upon” and that was to cry out first and accuse somebody. That generally brought immunity to the accuser. The community was practically insane on the subject, enveloped in a weird and consuming flame which all the blood of the innocent victims could not yet quench.

It was believed that locks would neither keep a witch out, nor in, unless doors were each double locked; and in general suspected witches were also manacled. The body could be watched, but the “apparition” might be off choking or strangling somebody to death, or otherwise working evil.

So far as remote and rustic communities were concerned, this was undoubtedly the most benighted period in our history. The education which had come over with the first settlers had largely disappeared when they died, and nothing had yet come in America to take its place. These proceedings against “witches” were instigated by all sorts of personal grudges and pique, and free rein was given to all maliciousness. Those “cried out upon” were not of the lower classes—rather the reverse.



Even Capt. John Alden, son of John of *Mayflower* fame, was accused, cried out upon and for fifteen weeks imprisoned. He was a leading and distinguished man, and for over thirty years a resident of Boston. He commanded the armed vessel belonging to the colony, a most efficient officer, and naval commander. He was seventy years old, and very wealthy. All this did not save him. But he was nearly four months in prison before he could be prevailed upon by friends to make his escape. "Outraged innocence will not save your life," they urged, and at length he broke out, and appeared before his amazed relatives in Duxbury, who sheltered him. When the craze subsided no charges of any definite character could be proved against him, and no accuser appeared, so all judicial proceedings ceased. But to the day of his death this doughty navigator could never hear a word about that experience without a high-flaming wrath that broke out into many nautical remarks not strictly appropriate to the drawing-room.

Children were induced by awful fear to give evidence against their parents; brothers against sisters; wives, husbands, dearest of friends—no ties were respected. Some replied to the outrageous charges in wrath, like Sarah Good, who answered back with much spirit, "You are a liar. I am no more a witch than you are a wizard; and if you take away my life, God will give you blood to drink."

You will remember that this is the fatal sentence which Hawthorne, that modern wizard, puts into the mouth of Maule, in "The House of Seven Gables." Charges were liable to be exceedingly frivolous, but that made no difference in the result. While some retaliated thus, in words, others bore the obloquy in gentle sweetness, like Elizabeth How.

Rebecca Nourse called forth more evidence in her favor than any of the others condemned. She was once acquitted, and there is reason to believe that Cotton Mather used his influence to have her re-tried. It is certain that had the verdict in her case rested with the people, she would have been triumphantly released. Thirty-nine leading citizens signed a petition for her, dangerous as such favorable words were to those who dared use them; but there was evidently an organized association of individuals to persecute and condemn suspects, and they followed her mercilessly, by a definite effort of the magistrates. Then a wave of furious fanaticism broke, with Parris pressing it on, and they not only murdered Rebecca



Nourse, but excommunicated her before her death. The hideous cruelty of that can be appreciated only by remembering that they thought they were forever shutting her out of heaven by it, as well as wrecking the earthly life of the noble, venerable woman, who for forty years had only done kindnesses to her community.

The persecution of Rev. George Burroughs was similarly and criminally absurd. He was, and had been, at Casco Bay when he was alleged to have committed his witchcraft spells, but he was sought out and imprisoned. He was a popular rival to Mr. Parris and must be removed. His chief sins, according to his accusers, were, that being a small man, he was still able to perform remarkable muscular feats. Cotton Mather was loud in denunciations of him.

But John Proctor saw through the true inwardness of much of this wild orgy, and spoke out freely—which cost him his own life. No one could breathe “conspiracy and delusion” safely in those days. He was so bold that it was necessary to get him out of the way. His splendid deportment in dying seems to have opened a few eyes, and to have been something of a blow to the delusion. But persons behind the scene urged on more horrors for purposes of their own.

Still the worst of it all was practically confined to Essex County. Then, at last, these “afflicted children” whom it is a wonder an avenging heaven did not fall upon or crush months before, grew over-confident. They had become so skilful in their diabolical arts as to deceive the elect, and they overestimated their temporary power, due to a frenzy of persecution bound, in the nature of things, to die out sometime. They cried out upon persons in very high stations, though from the beginning this had been dangerous.

The Rev. S. Willard, pastor of the Old South Church and subsequently Harvard’s president, was accused—for which the girls were rebuked by the court; then upon some members of Increase Mather’s family, because he was not so ardent in denunciations as his more violent son; then whispers began to be circulated about Lady Phips, the Governor’s wife, and a few persons called a halt in the carnage. When Mrs. Hall, wife of the minister at Beverly, was accused, the committee decided that they had probably perjured themselves, and so their power came to a sudden and unexpected end, and a close was put to one of the most terrible tragedies of





earth. The revulsion was enormous and rapid, hastened no doubt by several suits for slander and defamation of character. It is said that Andover recovered and gained its poise first.

Two years later, however, Harvard College issued "Proposals to the Reverend Ministers of the Gospel" for a collection of "apparitions, possessions and enchantments." But it was abortive. The fury had passed. People and juries repented in sorrow for their acts.

In 1696, January 14, Judge Sewall rose in his Old South pew, and handed a paper of humiliation and remorse to the pulpit, where it was read, the judge standing till it was finished. Every year he kept a private day of humiliation and prayer for his part in the tremendous wrong.

Thirteen years later Ann Putnam, one of the three wilful beginners of all the horrors, confessed her false part, and it is now on record in the books of the Danvers church.

Twenty years after, in 1710, the General Court made grants to the heirs of the sufferers, and annulled their convictions.

Seventy years later Governor Hutchinson scorns the whole affair publicly as fraud and imposture begun by irresponsible girls. And certainly personal spite had much to do with all the later accusations.

It is certain that depositions of an incriminating character to the accused were taken and surreptitiously added to the papers in the case many years after their murder, to bolster up the case for the shamefaced judges and instigators.

But beliefs were not all changed thus in the twinkling of an eye, even if conscience did awake at the enormities committed. As late as 1712, South Carolina adopted the act of King James I, "against conjuration, witchcraft and dealing with evil and wicked spirits;" and Rhode Island still later, in 1728, called such affairs felony, and ordered persons convicted to be killed.

Mankind is prone to sudden and inexplicable furies, for we remember that in 1741 a story became rife in New York that the blacks had conspired to murder all the whites. The result of this was eleven negroes burned at the stake, eighteen hung, and fifty sent South into slavery. It was a panic not dissimilar to the witch-fever, and as fatal to its victims.

It is humiliating to reflect upon, and makes the cheek burn even now. There were sweet-natured, godly men in 1692, but the stern-



ness of religion generally was but slightly mitigated by tenderness, and in its name horrors and atrocities were committed all the more ghastly because supposedly perpetrated in the name of an accusing God.

Perhaps imagination, denied its legitimate outlet in music, painting and love of the beautiful, vented itself in these orgies; even dissipation in novel reading might not be indulged, and so an abnormal and repressed imagination, distorted, twisted, almost unrecognizable, found illegitimate food in these unspeakable horrors.

I never see the splendid sunsets burning behind Witch Hill in Salem without a quicker breathing—the tribute of a sigh, mental at least, to its ghastly memories. And yet it is more profitable in recalling this shameful outbreak, to remember what superb qualities it unveiled in the patient victims—how steadfastly they clung to their fatal statement of innocence—how clearly burned their steady spirit, despite all the wild surrounding hurricane. This is better than to dwell on the cruelty and wickedness, the blindness and fanaticism of their accusers and judges.

Emily Dickinson says:

"I had no time to hate, because  
The grave would hinder me;  
And life was not so ample  
I could finish enmity."

And so we must leave them to their repose. After two hundred years the grass grows with equal luxuriance over accusers and accused, over judge and prisoner, over persecutor and victim; the splendid nightly firmament still arches its silent but pregnant immensity above the same earth which saw that long-gone tragedy.

Nature may be pitiless, and mankind may reek of cruelty and injustice, but

"Still the pensive spring returns,  
And still the punctual snow;"

and through all its mistakes and crimes we cannot but know that humanity is making its way, though by slow and halting stages, to its great, its superb birthright, to take up its heritage of the ages as a part of the joy and strength of the Creator, "a spark of the gladness of God" which shall yet become the illumination of the world.



QUARTERLY MEETING

MAY 15, 1906

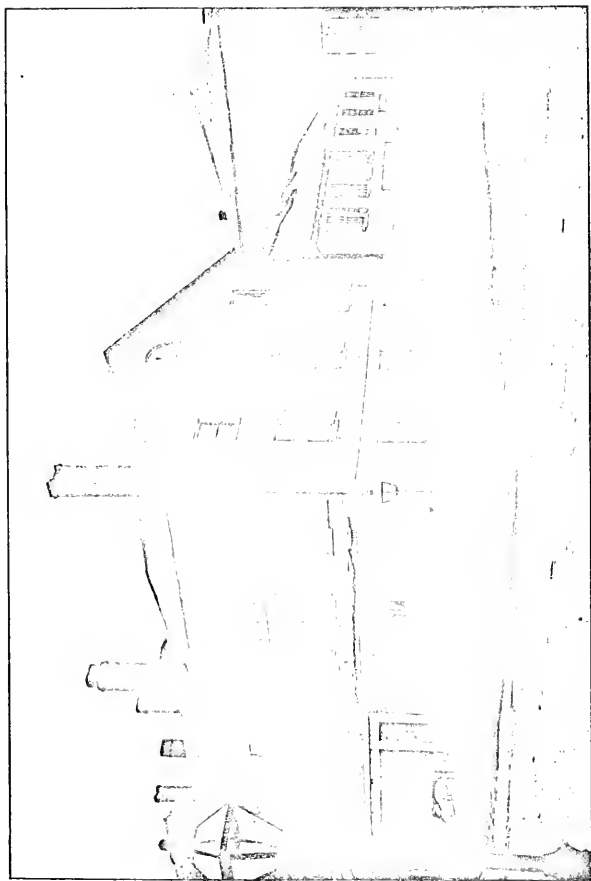
FRANK G. TOBEY read a paper on "Old State Street, its Residences and the People who Lived in Them."

### Old State Street ; Its Residences and the People Who Lived in Them

STATE street in the early part of the last century, was, next to Main street, the principal highway of the town, as perhaps it is today. It was the beginning of the old stage route to Boston, and at that time was known as the Old Bay Road, the road to the Bay. It was opened in 1640 through what was known as "Hasseky Marsh," which extended several rods east of Main street, and the road-bed through this marsh was composed of logs laid cross-wise. I am told that workmen have unearthed parts of these old logs within very recent years. State street at this point was about two rods wide, but very much wider as it ascended the hill.

I am unable to find any record of the exact date that the street was given its name. A bit of my family history, may, in this connection throw a little light on this point, to which, if you will pardon me, I will refer. My grandfather, Elisha Tobey, came to Springfield from Conway, Mass., in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and it is largely from memoranda, left by him and by my father, that I am enabled to prepare this paper. My grandfather was an iron-worker by trade, making old-fashioned shovels and tongs. He was one of the first armorers at the establishment of the Armory in 1794, and for over thirty years was inspector of arms for the United States government, fire-warden in 1808, deputy sheriff in 1812 and the first Junior Warden of Hampden Lodge of Masons in 1817. His home was on Maple street opposite the present South Church, later in the old Blake house, which stood just east of the present city library, and still later he moved to the Armory grounds, where the officers' quarters are now located. In 1813 he bought of James Russell for \$650 what became the Tobey homestead on State street, the present site of George W. Tapley's residence. It was a story and a half house, standing back from the road. My father and myself were born there. The deed, dated 1813, refers to State street as "The Road" and another deed from Roswell Lee,





THE OLD DWIGHT STORE—CORNER MAIN AND STATE STREETS





superintendent at the Armory, dated 1826, for a strip of land adjoining the first, refers to State street as the "Bay Road," from which I infer that up to 1826 the street had not received its present name.

But, whatever the date of its christening, State street has always been, and is today, one of the finest avenues in this naturally beautiful city, of which we are all so proud. And when our new library building is an accomplished fact, and our Catholic neighbors carry out their plans for the erection of a new cathedral, which I understand they are considering, State street in this immediate vicinity, will, it seems to me, present as attractive a picture as any city in the Commonwealth can offer.

Now, if you will bear with me, we will start at the corner of State and Main streets on the south side, and, in our minds, take a stroll up State street as far as Walnut street, while we discuss the different buildings, and *some* of the people who occupied them at the beginning of the last century, and later,—afterwards we will take the north side. None of the descriptions are very exhaustive, and I know there must be *many* interesting facts with which some of you are familiar, relating to these different places, that are not down on this paper, and if you can supplement it with any incident that may suggest itself, it will add greatly to the interest, and I shall certainly be very grateful.

My position here tonight, reminds me of a story told by President Slocum of Colorado College, whom I met at Mt. Desert one summer. The Doctor is a very interesting and forceful speaker, and when I congratulated him after the sermon he told this story: He and his wife while traveling through the West stopped at a small town over night and attended an evening meeting. The speaker of the occasion failing to appear, they called upon the Doctor, who spoke to them about fifteen minutes and sat down. He said he congratulated himself that he had done very well under the circumstances, but his conceit all disappeared at the close of the meeting, when one of the deacons came forward, and shaking his hand very cordially, remarked that "they were always glad to hear from strangers even if they didn't have much of anything to say."

#### AT THE CORNER OF MAIN AND STATE STREETS

On the corner of Main and State streets, where the Masonic building now stands, was the old hardware store of Jas. Brewer.



About 1825 Mr. Brewer was a partner in the old Dwight store with Jas. Scutt Dwight and Benj. Day, but a few years later he retired from the firm and started in business alone on the opposite corner. Later his son, Jas. D. Brewer succeeded to the business. Mr. Brewer was a director in the Chicopee Bank (now the Chicopee National Bank) at its organization in 1836. He was the father of Mrs. Eunice Brewer Smith of Maple street and the grandfather of Mrs. Dr. Corcoran. The land and buildings belonged in the early days to Capt. Jos. Carew, and later to Philo F. Wilcox.

Previous to the beginning of the last century, a two story brown house, the residence of Luke Bliss, stood on this corner facing State street, and in front was an ancient watering-trough, around which the farmers hitched their horses on market days. The street was much narrower than at the present time and there was always a blockade of teams at that point.

Adjoining the Brewer store and extending nearly to the old Springfield Bank was a block of stores that previous to 1855 was the fashionable millinery center, not only of the town, but of the surrounding country. There were three different stores devoted to this business. They were owned by Gardner Adams, O. W. Wilcox and D. J. Bartlett; the last two afterwards moved to Main street. The ladies' hats in those days were delivered in what was known as a band box, a round box about eighteen inches deep and covered with wall paper. They were necessarily *large* to contain the "creations" of that period. The hats of the ladies of today are much smaller in *size* but the *price* does not seem to have grown *perceptibly less*. The earlier occupants of this block were D. W. Willard, Edmund Rowland, Draper & Bailey and M. & E. Pomeroy. Later Willard Elmer carried on the shoe business there. On the second floor was a school for girls and A. G. Tannatt's printing office. *The Springfield Gazette* was published there. East of this was a brick block owned and occupied by Elam Stockbridge who carried on the tailoring business.

We now come to the old Springfield Bank (until recently the Second National) organized in 1814. This was the first discount bank in Springfield. The population of the town at that time was 3,000, and the country was engaged in a war with Great Britain. The incorporators met in Uncle Jerry Warriner's Tavern and organized the bank with a capital of \$200,000. The old bank *building*



is still standing, but has been remodeled and the lower part is at present occupied by Wilder's grain store and a barber shop. Jonathan Dwight was the first president and Edward Pynchon the first cashier. Other presidents were Judge John Hooker, Jas. Byers and Hon. John Howard (the latter an uncle of Rev. Thos. Dwight Howard, a director of this society). The bank was reorganized in 1863 under the National Bank Act and Hon. Henry Alexander was for many years its president. The veteran banker, Edmund Chapin, late president of the John Hancock National Bank, when a young man was one of the clerks.

#### THE BURNING OF THE OLD UNITARIAN CHURCH

On the spot where the Kirkham and Olmstead block now stands was the first house of worship of the Unitarian, or Third Congregational Society, the corner stone of which was laid May 20, 1819. It was a fine old wooden structure, and was destroyed by fire on the night of October 12, 1873. It was built and presented to the society by Hon. Jonathan Dwight. Rev. W. B. O. Peabody was the first pastor. Many of us can remember the night it burned, when the flames enveloped the spire, and the old bell came clanging to the basement. This old bell has quite a history. It was the only fire alarm bell of the town for several years, and after its destruction the late Colonel Thompson sent parts of it to the Ames Company at Chicopee and had them cast into a flower vase which was placed in the new church, where it is in use today. In February, 1869, the society dedicated its present handsome edifice opposite the city library. H. H. Richardson, who designed Trinity Church, Boston, was the architect. It is now, and I think will always be, one of the architecturally beautiful buildings in the city.

This takes us to the present corner of Willow street (which at this time had not been opened) and from here to Maple street, the land now covered by dwelling houses and shops, and the State Street Baptist Church, was, at the beginning of the last century, the home of Hon. Jonathan Dwight, 2nd, son of Hon. Jonathan Dwight, Sr. (to whom I shall refer later), and the house was occupied, within my memory, by Frederick Dwight. The house stood near the Maple street corner and the grounds which extended down to Willow street were filled with flowers and vegetables in their season and always in fine condition.



## DALE'S CORNER

We now cross Maple street to what was known in the early days as "Dale's Corner," for a description of which I am indebted to Rev. Thos. Dwight Howard of this city—and Mr. Howard's sketch is so much clearer than anything that I can write, that I will give it in his own words. He says:

The route to my first school which was kept by Miss Mary Foot in a building presently to be described, lay around what was then (about the year 1832) known as "Dale's Corner," the southeast corner of State and Maple streets. The name came from Mr. Thos. Dale, Sr. The aged man could be seen almost daily in his yard viewing, as I recall him, the pile of cord wood which seemed to be a fixture there. He lived about ten years beyond the year above named, as will be seen from the following sketch drawn from Chapin's "Old Springfield." Thos. Dale, Sr., born in Sheffield, England, was a cutler by trade. He was drafted into the British Army and was with Burgoyne when he surrendered to General Gates at Saratoga, Oct. 17, 1777. On his way to Boston as a prisoner of war, he was given his choice to return to England or remain in this country. He chose the latter and stopped in Springfield. Upon the establishment of the Armory in 1794 he was one of the first men to be employed there. Mr. Dale died Oct. 14, 1843, aged 92.

Next east of the Dale lot stood a two-story house which was occupied at the time of my earliest recollection by Mr. Smith, one of the early dancing masters of Springfield; subsequently by Dr. Matthew Baker; for a time by Doctor Grey and later by Deputy Sheriff Kingsley. The house was afterwards removed to the extreme corner and in the modern period sheltered the Variety store. Next east was the diminutive structure which bore the sign "John Hooker" and was his business office. In the east corner of Mr. Hooker's property stood a one-story house, originally the tin shop of Dennis Cook and Philip Wilcox. In the early thirties it was a kindergarten and at a later period the office of the Allis Dye House. The space between these two buildings was shaded by the wide spreading branches of a gigantic buttonwood tree.

The first marked change in the State street front was wrought by Mr. Tilly Haynes who built of brick his ample double house on lots east of the corner property. The purchase of land for its site was effected according to the Registry Oct. 9, 1855.

There remains for narration the mutations, which meanwhile had their initiation in the eastern portion of the John Hooker property. This plot extended to the line of the county land on the east and to that of Hon. Oliver B. Morris on the south. The southern portion of this space was from my earliest recollection, occupied by the Springfield Brewery, a large ill-shaped structure; its principal attraction to the children was the rotary horse that furnished the power. This architectural deformity was to disappear from the face of the earth. Under date of March fourth John Hooker made a contract with Zephaniah Hunt and George Hunt to convert the building lately improved by him as a brewery into four dwelling houses according to plans drawn by H. A. Sykes, architect. The work to be done under the direction of John or Simon Sanborn and to the satisfaction of said





Sanborn. It is scarcely necessary to say that for this and most of my well founded statements, I am indebted to Thos. B. Warren.

The brick block fronting towards State street with the cleared space intervening will be remembered by persons in mid-life. Names of occupants of these attractive houses are Samuel Bigelow, Tilly Haynes, Ariel Parish, Mrs. George Frost, Mrs. Bush, Mrs. Evans, Elisha Leonard and Edmund Bigelow. These houses remained in place about eighteen years. The land they occupied was bought by the Third Congregational Society, June 30, 1866. The corner stone of Unity Church was laid May 20, 1867 and the building dedicated Feb. 17, 1869. The parsonage was built during the pastorate of Rev. John Cuckson. The transformation, the process of which I have endeavored to portray has been completed by the erection of the elegant and stately edifice of the Springfield Fire & Marine Insurance Company. This, however, is so closely contemporary with the present writing that it is only necessary for the historian to say that the angle formed by the convergence of its north and west walls, marks the point which in olden times was known as "Dale's Corner."

#### THE COUNTY JAIL

Mr. Howard's interesting paper leaves us near the western end of the new high school. This property was bought of Joseph Hopkins by the county in 1813 for the county jail. The building was erected in 1815 and was in use until the present jail was completed a few years since. Col. Ebenezer Russell was the first jailor, later Col. Harvey Chapin, Elihu Adams and still later Sheriffs Bradley and Bush. Col. Emery B. Clark is the present incumbent in the the York street institution. The jail was a brick structure and stood quite close to the street extending back to what is now Temple street. I remember an incident that occurred here when I was a lad. A man named Jones who was confined there for murder eluded his keepers one day and made a dash for liberty. I happened to be passing at the time and saw him rush across State street in his prison garb and climb into the thick foliage of a tree in the Alexander yard. The house dog treed him and his barking guided the officers and he was captured and taken back to his cell. I am not sure, but I think he was afterwards executed by hanging in the jail yard.

Next to the old jail stood the soap factory of James and Michael Lee, the only Irishmen in Springfield at that time. It stood back from the street with a small wooden dwelling in front. Mr. R. M. Cooley subsequently bought the property and erected a brick house on the east end of the lot for his own occupancy. This place was purchased a few years since by Jas. W. Kirkham and remodeled



into a fine residence. Mr. Kirkham later sold it to Robert W. Day, who moved it to its present location.

On the lot where the house of Mr. Day now stands, was the old Kirkham homestead owned and occupied by Mr. John B. Kirkham (father of Albert H. Kirkham). Mr. Kirkham was an armorer. At the organization of the Springfield Institution for Savings in 1827 he was a member of the first board of trustees. In later years this was the home of the late James Kirkham, President of the First National Bank, recently absorbed by the Union Trust Company, and father of Jas. W. Kirkham. The grounds of nearly all these places between Maple and School streets extended back to the old Morris estates or to what is now Temple street.

I am unable to gather many facts regarding the next two or three residences to the east. The first was owned by John C. Stebbins and later by Sheldon Webster. It was afterwards bought and remodeled by the late Elisha Morgan, and is now the home of his widow. The second, at the commencement of the last century was the house of Joseph Hopkins and I am told was built by him. It was afterwards bought by Jas. W. Hale. Mr. Hale came to Springfield in 1836 and was afterwards engaged in the grocery business with John West under the firm name of J. W. Hale & Co. Mr. Hale was one of the typical old time merchants and a very benevolent man. He provided in his will for the establishment of a fund which is known as the "Hale Fund," the principal amounting to over \$30,000, the income to be used for the purchase of coal, flour, etc., for the poor of the town. After the death of his son, George N. Hale, in 1870 the place was sold to the late Emery Meekins and is now the home of his widow and daughter. The third house, at the corner of State and School streets, was owned by Charles Wood and later by Dea. W. H. Bowdoin. Deacon Bowdoin carried on the grocery and dry goods business on the hill and was also a manufacturer of cards. He was one of the directors of the John Hancock Bank at its organization in 1850 and one of the founders of Olivet Church in 1833. The Bowdoin house is still standing although not in its original shape and is owned by Deacon Bowdoin's daughter, Miss Caroline Bowdoin.

We now cross School street (which was opened in 1826) to the John Stebbins homestead. Mr. Stebbins was the father of the late



John B. Stebbins of Crescent Hill (who at the time of his death was president of the Springfield Institution for Savings). Mr. John Stebbins, I understand, lived and died here; subsequently it was the home of his daughter, who married the late R. T. Safford, father of Jas. D. and Henry S. Safford of this city. T. M. Walker afterwards purchased the property and erected the brick house now standing on the corner; subsequently his son, Wm. B. Walker, built upon the eastern portion of the lot his present residence.

#### THE OLD HAMPDEN BREWERY

In the rear of the next lot stood the old Hampden brewery of Mr. Warriner. This and the Springfield brewery already described, manufactured what was known as "Cream Ale." This was before the Germans had taught us the art of brewing lager beer. There were two breweries and one distillery in Springfield at this time. The latter was at Sixteen Acres. I understand that liquors were stored in the basement of the old First Church in those days and it excited no comment. There is a story that a wag posted one night the following lines on the door of the old church, but I will not vouch for it:

There are spirits above and spirits below,  
There are spirits of joy, and spirits of woe;  
The spirits above are the spirits divine,  
The spirits below are the spirits of wine.

Myrtle street was not opened at this time and the brewery stood in the rear of the lot where the brick house of E. C. Barr now stands.

The next three lots are now covered by the big apartment house at the corner of State and Myrtle streets. The buildings were all wooden structures, the first occupied by Solomon Ferre, the second by Noah Ferre and later by Mr. Gay, and the third by Mr. Dale, father of the late Lombard Dale. Ezra Richmond, who married the widow of Mr. Dale was the next occupant. Mr. Richmond was the father of F. & J. M. Richmond, the old Sanford street stablemen. Mrs. Taylor, widow of the late Varnum N. Taylor, was the last owner. In recent years the Methodist Society erected a church on the Myrtle street corner which was taken down when the apartment house was built.

The brick building, now standing, next above the apartment house was remodeled by Dr. George C. McClean and is now his



home. This was the old Cyrus Foot house, built by B. O. Tyler of Washington and is with one exception, the only one of the *old* residences now standing on that side of State street between School street and the top of the hill. It was a double house and Mr. Foot occupied the east side. The tenement on the west side was the home of T. D. Beach, the old time auctioneer of Springfield, and father of Mrs. Newrie D. Winter of this city.

Two small wooden structures come next. The first owned by Martin White, and later by "Mother" Stevenson. The second by Carlos Smith on the present site of Wm. H. Parsons' residence. The place adjoining these on the east was my own birthplace and the home of my paternal grandparents, which I have already described. Geo. W. Tapley's residence now stands on the lot.

#### "SKUNK'S MISERY"

Back of these old homesteads, was a wide deep dingle through which ran an open brook, and the gardens and orchards ran down to it in terraces. This has all been filled, but I think the brook still runs under ground as far down as Temple street or farther, but am not sure. This valley was known as "Skunk's Misery." Why it was given this euphonious name I cannot understand. To me, with its abundance of lawn, its old fashioned gardens, and grand old maples and chestnuts, it was anything but that.

We now come to the homes of E. S. Bradford and George A. Russell. These two lots were formerly in one and extended back into the dingle and up to High street. The first owner of which I have any record was Mr. Broad. Later Col. Roswell Lee, superintendent at the Armory, built upon the site and it was occupied by John B. Eldridge, editor of the *Hampden Whig*. Afterwards it was bought by F. M. Carew, a partner of the late John L. King, and was the home of Adonijah Foot, father of the late Col. Homer Foot. In my boyhood it was owned by Philos B. Tyler, mayor of Springfield in 1854, and subsequently by Homer Merriam of the firm of G. & C. Merriam, publishers of "Webster's Dictionary." The grounds were quite extensive, even for those days, and the hillside extending up to High street was a forest of chestnut trees. This part was purchased by D. B. Wesson and is now the site of the fine new hospital, the gift of Mr. Wesson.

Coming back to State street the next place to engage our atten-





tion is the Weatherhead house, which was built about the year 1845, Chauncy Shepard being the architect, and was the home of Joseph Weatherhead. Mr. Weatherhead came to Springfield about 1815 and for over thirty years was in the service of the United States government at the Armory, eight years of the time as master armorer. He was a member of the first board of trustees of the Springfield Cemetery Association in 1841. Mr. Weatherhead died in 1871. His daughter, who married the late Daniel D. Warren, together with her family, occupied the house since my earliest recollections and it was known as the Warren homestead until bought a few years since by the late Win. H. Wright. It is now owned by his son, Horace P. Wright. Mrs. Geo. R. Estabrook and Mr. Thos. B. Warren are grandchildren of Mr. Weatherhead.

Where the next two houses now stand was formerly one lot, and owned by Martin Sykes, father of Martin L. Sykes, Vice-President of the Chicago & Northwestern R. R.\* I can just remember the low, unpainted, weather-stained house that stood there. Later Mr. Hubbard, father of Mrs. E. D. Beach, built the present brick structure, which was afterwards bought and remodeled by Justice M. P. Knowlton, the present owner. The other house on this lot is now standing. It was originally a plain octagon shaped structure and was at one time the home of Dr. Otis, one of our city physicians.

#### ANCIENT HOUSES ON STATE STREET

The late A. B. Forbes of the firm of Forbes & Wallace owned and lived in the next residence until he moved to his country home at Byfield. This is one of the very old houses on the street. Mr. Sable Rogers (or Commodore Rogers, as he was called), who came to this town in 1815 lived there. Mr. Rogers was the only butcher in Springfield at the time. He was treasurer of the Springfield Mutual Fire Assurance Company and director of the Chicopee Bank in 1836.

Edwin Booth built the next house in 1827 but it has been completely changed in shape in recent years. Mr. Booth was a hatter and furrier. I have heard my father say that he was a strong anti-slavery man, and greatly opposed to the use of tobacco. He was one of the founders of the Olivet Church. Mr. Booth died in 1865.

\*Mr. Sykes sold it in 1844 to Samuel R. Crane, father of Frank S. Crane, chairman of board of assessors, who in 1847 sold it to Thomas J. Shepard.



My memoranda says that Mr. Perlins lived on the present site of the Olivet Church but nothing is said about the man or any description of the house. Olivet Church was built in 1834 and remodeled and dedicated in 1855. The society was organized in 1833 as the Fourth Congregational Society, but the name Olivet was not used until its dedication.

The house next east of Olivet Church was the home of Zebina Walker and is now an apartment house. The next was that of Elisha Curtis. From this point to Walnut street I have nothing definite left me, but from the following memorandum, contributed from memory by Mr. John West, a member of this society, I am enabled to give the names of the occupants of the shops, and the business they were engaged in about the year 1840, and I will read them in the order they were given: John Kilbon, shoe store; Austin Stewart, shoemaker; E. & S. Woodworth, jewelry; F. M. Carew, dry goods and groceries; Roderick Norton, hat store; G. W. Harrison (or General Harrison, as he was called), groceries; E. D. Stocking (later Nathaniel Cate), groceries; Jonathan Bangs, groceries; Holt & Brown, merchant tailors, and on the corner of Walnut street, Elisha Gunn. This must have been quite a business center for those days as the John Hancock Bank started there in 1850.

State street from School street to the top of the hill when first laid out ran farther to the north, and took in the large trees that are now inside the Armory fence. The ancient milestone that stands today at the foot of the large elm, in front of the middle arsenal, indicates the *northerly* line of the street. Later, in order to avoid the steep grade, the path was changed and ran from Myrtle street to Walnut up through "Skunk's Misery," back of the Olivet Church. Afterwards this was discontinued and the present location established. The grade has been several times lowered, once at least within my own recollection.

#### THE DAYS OF THE SIMPLE LIFE

It is interesting in this connection to "hark back" forty years or so and contrast the old omnibus and its single pair of horses toiling up State street hill, once an hour, with the present electric cars passing every three minutes, and if they are a minute or so behind the schedule, or run in bunches, we enter a protest. Max O'Rell in commenting on American customs said, "The Americans



require from five to six minutes for lunch but they hope soon to accomplish it in less time than this." We certainly lived the "Simple life" in those days and probably none of us would care to return to them; if we are getting with our present rapid pace all that we think we are, is another question.

In taking the north side of State street from Federal street to Main, the United States Armory is the first to engage our attention. This, however, is a history in itself, and the subject was so ably treated last winter, in a paper written by Major Clark of the United States Army, and read before one of our Men's Clubs, that I will not enlarge upon it here. This paper was an admirable description of the Armory, and part of it together with some early drawings was published in one of the Sunday issues of the *Republican*. Another remarkably good article on the Armory is contained in King's Hand Book of Springfield by Mr. Albert H. Kirkham, an old and valued member of this society.

#### AT BYERS STREET

Just above Byers street upon what is now government ground stood the old Starkey house. Of the man and his family I have no record beyond the fact that he was killed by lightning during a terrific thunder storm, while standing in his front doorway, one Sunday morning. I understand that there was a small yellow painted building known as the "Pay-master's Office" that stood just east of this house, but of this I have also no record.

West of the Starkey house at the present entrance to Byers street (before that street was opened) was the home of Hon. James Byers, known as "Hillside Cottage." The house is still standing on Byers street, the first from the corner. Mr. Byers built it in 1831 and occupied it for many years, afterwards selling it to Col. Roswell Shurtleff, father of Judge Wm. S. Shurtleff and Roswell G. Shurtleff of this city. Here Mr. Byers entertained many prominent men of his day, Daniel Webster among the number. Mr. Byers was a merchant and for several years postmaster of Springfield. He was also paymaster and military storekeeper at the Armory for eight years from 1803, and commissary of the United States Army during the war of 1812, also one of the incorporators of the old Springfield bank in 1814. He was one of a number of citizens who bought the freedom of the slave woman "Jenny" in 1808. Many of you are



probably familiar with the history of this woman. She had run away from her Dutch master in New York state and the good people here took her in. During her stay she made such a good impression that a number of citizens contributed and bought her freedom from her owner when he finally located her here. I can remember hearing my father speak of buying cakes and spruce beer of "Aunt Jenny" at her little hut near "Goose Pond." Mrs. Jas. L. Egbert and Mrs. Walter H. Wesson are grand-nieces and Nathan Adams a grand-nephew of Mr. Byers. Some of the old residents who have occupied the Byers cottage are Henry Seymour, General Barnes, Elisha Gunn, Hon. John Mills, John B. Stebbins, Rodolphus Kinsley and D. E. Taylor.

West of the Byers cottage where the house of Dr. Pomeroy stands lived a Mr. Potter, but of this man and his family I have no record. On the present site of the First Baptist Church was the home of William Child, father of Mrs. Ingersoll, wife of Maj. Edward Ingersoll, for many years paymaster at the Armory. Mr. Child was a distiller at Sixteen Acres, coming to Springfield in 1830. He was a representative to the Legislature in 1828 and one of the original trustees of the Springfield Institution for Savings. Dr. Alfred Lambert afterwards bought the property, built a new house and occupied it for many years. He had his office there. It was a brick house painted a dark grey color. The lot extended up to Byers street and before his death Dr. Lambert built the present brick house on the Byers street corner for his own occupancy. It is now the home of Dr. Pomeroy. I understand that a wooden house stood on the Spring street corner before Dr. Lambert built there, and was owned and occupied by John Rice, grandfather of Frank C. and Walter Rice of this city.

#### NEAR SPRING STREET

On the northwest corner of State and Spring streets stood the old Dr. Frost house. Dr. Frost was a man highly esteemed in the community and a physician of marked ability. After Spring street was opened the old house was moved to the rear, fronting on Spring street, and a new one was built which is now standing. The property afterwards came into the possession of Edmund Palmer, grandfather of the Misses Mills of Crescent Hill. Mr. Palmer re-





modeled the whole structure. The late Chas. O. Chapin was the last purchaser and it is now occupied by his son, Chas. L. Chapin.

We now come to one of the fine old Colonial mansions of early Springfield, best known today perhaps as the Alexander house, the home of Colonel and Mrs. H. M. Phillips and Miss Alexander. It was built nearly a century ago by Hon. James Byers. The architect was Asher Benjamin of Boston, grandfather of Mrs. H. A. Gould of this city. Simon Sanborn was the contractor, the man who built the George Bliss house, now the Episcopal rectory. Mr. Byers built it in 1816 and in 1821 sold it to Col. Israel Trask. Colonel Trask was a lawyer of distinction, a graduate of Harvard College and at one time a captain in the Sixteenth U. S. Infantry. He was the owner of a plantation near Natchez, Miss., where he spent most of his winters, making Springfield his summer home. From 1830 to 1832 the place was owned and occupied by Chester Harding, the artist, but was afterwards conveyed back to Colonel Trask, in whose family it remained until sold to Hon. Henry Alexander, Jr., in 1862. Gen. James Barnes, superintendent of the old Western Railroad, lived here at one time. The house in my boyhood stood nearer the corner of Elliot street (which was not open at that time) and was subsequently moved to its present location.

A *notable* occupant of this old mansion was Chester Harding, considered I believe by good critics to be one of the finest portrait painters this country has ever produced. There is a little volume in our city library compiled by his daughter Margaret which is well worth the reading. It is made up largely of correspondence between Mr. Harding and members of his family, and shows the early struggles of the man and his phenomenal success in the face of great obstacles. It is much more interesting than the average biography. Mr. Harding was a personal friend of Daniel Webster, and his portraits of that statesman are considered the best in existence. There are many specimens of his work in our city library and in private residences here. A portrait of my grandfather which I have in my home and prize very highly was painted by Mr. Harding in 1830 after his return from Europe.

Before Elliot street was opened and on the present site of the bishop's residence stood the house of Maj. Lewis Foster. Major Foster was an officer in the Massachusetts militia. In 1815 he



was appointed overseer in the United States workshops by Col. Benj. Prescott, superintendent at the Armory. Major Foster died in Springfield in 1849.

#### WHERE THE CATHEDRAL NOW STANDS

On the lot now occupied by the Catholic cathedral were the homes of Edmund Allen and Elijah Goodrich. Mr. Allen bought his home of Luther White in 1815 and occupied it until sold to the Catholics in 1861. Mr. Allen was a mechanic at the United States Armory and at one time agent of the old Springfield brewery. For several years he was chorister at the Unitarian Church. Elijah Goodrich owned the other half of the cathedral lot where he lived and carried on the livery business. Mr. Goodrich was a great horse trainer in his day.

After Rev. Dr. Osgood and his neighbor, Samuel Reynolds, had opened Hampden street from Main to Water street through their property, John Goodrich bought of Dr. Osgood the land on the north side and erected Goodrich block on the corner, now the Nelson Hotel and theatre. I am told that a brick house stood on this State street lot in later years and was occupied by Daniel Gay. Subsequently the late T. M. Walker bought the property and lived there until he sold it to Rev. Mr. Gallagher of St. Michael's Cathedral.

The next house is still standing but has been so completely made over that those of us who remember the imposing white structure would hardly recognize it today. This was the home of Rev. Dr. W. B. O. Peabody, the beloved pastor of the old Unitarian Church from 1820 until his death in 1847. It is to Dr. Peabody that we are in a large measure indebted for our beautiful cemetery. He was the first to suggest its location, was its first president and together with Chester Harding and others contributed largely to laying out and beautifying the grounds. From my earliest boyhood I have been accustomed to hear of the many virtues of this kindly man. Perhaps because my grandparents were Unitarians, but I suspect he was loved and revered in his day very much as our good Dr. Buckingham was in later years. Dr. Peabody died in 1847 leaving one daughter and four sons. The oldest, Col. Everett Peabody, was killed at the battle of Pittsburg Landing in 1862. W. B. O.



Peabody, Jr., was an architect and Frank H. and Oliver W. were bankers of Kidder-Peabody & Co. of Boston.

Mr. Bailey of Draper & Bailey occupied this house for many years, also Calvin Loomis and Dr. Grey. Subsequently it was owned and occupied by the late Emerson Wight, Nathan D. Bill and Dr. H. E. Rice. It finally passed into the hands of the Catholic society and has been converted into a private hospital. (The fine old residence on Maple street now owned by James T. Abbe and for many years known as the Rumrill house was afterwards built by Dr. Peabody and he lived and died there.)

Until very recently there stood in the rear of the Y. M. C. A. building on Dwight street a low one-story house with a gambrel roof and occupied by colored families. It was moved there from the present site of the Art Museum, and was built in 1760 (by whom I do not know). My grandfather lived there in the early part of the last century, and it was afterwards owned by Elijah Blake, who came to Springfield in 1808. After its removal Mr. Blake built in 1839 a new house on the lot which he occupied until his death. This was afterwards moved to the rear and is now the property of the City Library Association and used as a club house by the Springfield Women's Club. Mr. Blake was engaged in the shoe and leather business, which he sold in 1855 to the late John R. Hixon. Mr. Blake was one of the selectmen and represented this district in the legislature of 1838. He was also for many years chief engineer of the fire department, first treasurer of the Cemetery Association and a director in the Springfield Mutual Fire Association. Many of us can remember his venerable figure on the street twenty-five or thirty years ago. He died in 1880 at ninety-six years of age.

#### ON THE SITE OF THE LIBRARY

West of the Blake house was the Solomon Hatch place, which stood on the site of the city library. Mr. Hatch was a merchant, starting as a clerk for Hon. Jas. Byers. He succeeded Mr. Byers in the business and later retired and engaged in farming. He was town treasurer in 1824 and senator from Hampden district in 1824-25.

On the corner of State and Chestnut streets (now Merrick Park) was the George Bliss estate, the house standing at the top of the



hill on the present site of the Episcopal Church and fronting on Chestnut street, the grounds extending down to State street. It now stands in the rear of the church and is used as the rectory. I am unable to find any record to show that a building of any kind was ever erected upon the site of Merrick Park.

From Chestnut street to Dwight street I have no record of any building until the first Episcopal Church was erected in 1840, but this may not be correct. The rectory stood on the corner where the Washburn block now stands and the church just above it. The latter is still standing and forms the rear of a brick business block, since built. Rev. Henry Lee, afterwards Bishop of Iowa and son of Col. Roswell Lee, was the first rector. Later this property was sold and in 1876 the present handsome edifice on Chestnut street was completed.

This brings us to the historic old house which stood on the corner of State and Dwight streets, the present site of the Y. M. C. A. building. This was the home of James Scutt Dwight who died in 1822 and to whom I shall refer later. A plain two-story wooden house with its wide Colonial window in the second story front, and its old fashioned door, it was a pretty good type of the substantial home of that period. A double wedding of considerable local interest occurred here in 1834, when the late Col. Homer Foot and William W. Orne were married by Rev. Dr. Peabody to daughters of Mr. Dwight. After Mr. Dwight's death his widow occupied the home for several years. Later the widow of Dr. Samuel Kingsbury bought it. A small ell with a door opening on Dwight street was the law office of Hon. Wm. B. Calhoun, who married Margaret, daughter of Dr. Kingsbury. The property has changed hands several times, William W. Lee, Elam Stockbridge, William H. Parsons and James E. Russell being some of the owners. In recent years monitor stores were attached to the old house which was used for commercial purposes.

I have no record of the places between here and the old town hall, but they are down on the old maps as belonging to Widow Robinson, Widow Lyman, M. D. Graves and P. F. Wilcox, in the order named. An interesting fact came to my notice a few days ago in connection with the building that stands next east of the town hall and which is being fitted up for Lewis J. Ball's grocery store. It seems that this was at one time (about 1849) a hotel,





and kept by Mr. Earle, father of the Earles of New York, once the proprietors of the old Earle's Hotel at Canal and Center streets and of the Hotel Normandie at Broadway and 38th streets. Later I understood it was used as a restaurant.

The old town hall is worthy of more than a passing notice. It was built about the year 1826 or 1827 and the entrance to the second and third stories was on Market street. At that time the three stores were owned by Dr. Elisha Edwards and Charles Stearns. In 1832 the one on the Market street corner was bought by Phillip Wilcox for a stove and tin shop, the middle one by Henry L. Bunker for a grocery store and the third was Mr. Pomeroy's millinery store. The hall was on the second floor and the third or top floor was occupied by the Hampden Lodge of Masons. On the evening of the day of the national election, during the "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" Campaign, there was a ball held in the old hall which was considered a grand affair for those days.

In the rear of the hall and before Market street was opened, in fact before the hall was built, was a little red brick school house for which many of the older residents seem to entertain very tender recollections. James Osgood of Chicago, a son of Rev. Dr. Osgood of the First Church (and to whom I am indebted for many valuable suggestions) refers to it in a letter and names Miss Eunice Brewer, daughter of Dr. Chauncy Brewer and Miss Eliza Lombard, daughter of Dea. Justin Lombard as the teachers. There have been three different school houses upon this very spot, and the open lot in the rear, which is now covered with business blocks was the school playground.

#### THE OLD DWIGHT CORNER

I cannot close this paper without reference to the *Old Dwight Corner*, the present home of the Springfield Institution for Savings, for while the entrance was on Main street, the building extended back nearly to Market street. There was a small wooden structure in the rear in which the post office was at one time located, and in later years Capron & Son had a grocery store there. "The Dwights were planted on Springfield soil long before the Revolution," I now quote from Greene's History. "Col. Josiah Dwight, son of Captain Henry and Sarah Pynchon Dwight, was a man of note, dying in Springfield in 1768. His brother, Edward Dwight of Halifax, sent



his ten years' old son to the colonel in Springfield in 1753. The lad's name was Jonathan. He grew up in his uncle's store, succeeded to his business, managed his estate and perfected the foundation upon which the Dwight family in Springfield have since builded.

"Jonathan Dwight was of medium size, engaging in his manners, a great smoker, a fine business man and thoroughly honorable, upright and church-going in his habits. His old red house at the corner of Main and State streets lives in storied memory. Here used to gather for converse, and to smoke and trade, people of all classes and conditions."

In 1799 this red building was removed and a more commodious brick one was built (which many of us can remember), and at this old corner resided the spirit of Theology, Politics and Business.

About 1790 Jonathan Dwight's son, James Scutt Dwight, was taken in as a partner where he remained through the various changes in the firm for over thirty years. The firm had branches throughout Western Massachusetts and also at Boston. About 1831 Hon. George Dwight and Col. Homer Foot purchased the various interests and later took into the firm John B. Stebbins, who had been a clerk in the old Dwight store with Colonel Foot. This, I suppose, was the beginning of the well known firm of Homer Foot & Co. In 1847 they bought Uncle Jerry Warriner's Tavern and built what is known as Foot's Block, recently purchased by the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company, and moved the hardware business there. With this the glory of the old Dwight Corner departed. During the next twenty years the grocery and confectionery business was carried on here by different parties, Cicero Simons and Mr. Hudson among the number. In 1867 the Springfield Institution for Savings built their present banking house, which they are soon to vacate.

In going back over the history of "Old Springfield" one cannot fail to be impressed by the enterprise and courage exhibited by a score or more of the early business men of the town, in laying the foundation that made possible the present beautiful "City of Homes."



SEPTEMBER 17, 1906

Annual Meeting adjourned to November 20, 1906.

ADJOURNED ANNUAL MEETING

NOVEMBER 20, 1906

Officers elected—

*President*, WILLIAM F. ADAMS. *Vice-Presidents*, JOHN WEST, ANDREW J. FLANAGAN, J. STUART KIRKHAM. *Clerk and Corresponding Secretary*, HENRY A. BOOTH. *Treasurer and Curator*, WILLIAM C. STONE.

*Executive Committee*: EDWARD A. HALL, FRANK G. TOBEY, ALFRED M. COPELAND, ALBERT H. KIRKHAM, LEWIS F. CARR, REV. THOMAS D. HOWARD.

REV. THOMAS D. HOWARD read a paper on "Main Street, from Carew Street to the Arch."

### The North End of Main Street

THE section to which your attention is invited is that bounded by Carew street on the north and the railroad arch on the south. The period brought to view is that of the youthtime of those who are now old; it may be proximately defined as the years between 1836 and 1842, that being the time in which my most vivid memories have place. Essential to the success of my undertaking was the assistance of Richard Stebbins, M.D., of Omaha, Neb., my special friend from boyhood, and who knew every foot of the ground covered. This aid has been cheerfully rendered. It is proper, however, to say that all the information furnished has been given in response to specific inquiries and requests, and that I am alone responsible for the use made of it in this paper.

The Carew mansion, built in 1800 by Capt. Joseph Carew, was at the head of Main street, and was well suited to its commanding situation. Its outlook was down the broad avenue shaded by its central row of elms. Within was a home of gracious hospitality. In this connection one inmate should be mentioned, if faithful service is worthy of praise. Harriet Wood, colored, lived with this family in cheerful ministrations, with cooking as her specialty, from the age of fourteen until her death at that of seventy, and the kindly regard of those who knew her was attested by the large attendance at her funeral. East of the house was a finely-kept flower and vegetable garden, and beyond this the famous tannery. South, along the



line of Main street, was a meadow of two acres. Besides this property there was (the name indicating ownership of the brick building at the southeast corner of Main and State street) Carew hall, the precursor of Stockbridge's hall. Sons of Captain Carew were active in business in Springfield and South Hadley Falls. Of the third generation Miss Carrie E. Spencer, daughter of Capt. Luther and Caroline Carew Spencer, is resident in Springfield.

East of the Carew property was the house of Mr. Alexander Rumrill. Although this home was not on Main street, it was an integral part of the north end community, as have been James B. and James A. Rumrill, successively, of the larger municipality of Springfield. I am told of the house of Darius Wright, a revolutionary pensioner, which cornered on the Carew house at the northwest. Both of my informants tell of a leaden sun-dial, which unusual indicator would seem to have been the distinguishing feature of this domicile. Miss Spencer writes, "I have heard my mother say that she often went over there to see the time of day."

We now begin on the line of residences on the west side of Main street, with a historic building erected in 1774 by Maj. Joseph Stebbins; a tavern during the Revolutionary period and for many years afterward. In 1827 the house with the valuable farm was bought by Thomas Bond, previously of West Brookfield. In 1842, Mr. Bond changed his residence to the corner of Main and Bridge streets, and became identified with the business interests of Springfield, as were also his sons, George T. and Ephraim W., the latter having graduated as first scholar in the class of 1841, Amherst College, and received the degree of LL.B. from the Harvard University law school in 1845. He died December 5, 1891.

The purchaser of the Bond property was Horatio Sargeant, whose name appeared on the stagecoaches of the Connecticut valley. Mr. Sargeant resided here until his decease in 1864 at the age of seventy-two. His son, Rev. Horatio Lester Sargeant, after a few years of service in his chosen profession, died July 25, 1864, at the age of thirty-two.

Next south was the only brick structure that will come under our notice, built by and the residence of Silas Potter. Mr. Potter owned and carried on a brick-yard about the corner of Bridge and Chestnut streets. He took part in the erection in Armory square of "the new arsenal," as it was called up to the 40's. The place was bought in





1835 by H. H. Buckland. His law office was on the corner of Main and Sanford streets. Mr. Buckland sold to Mr. Colby (who came to Springfield from Salem) and built on Water street. He died August 25, 1846, at the age of forty. Surviving in Springfield is Miss A. Sophia Buckland, 736 State street; in Philadelphia, Dr. E. H. Buckland. The respected patriarch of the neighborhood, Walter Stebbins, occupied during a long life the next house, which was built by his father. At a later period a modern house was built by Miss Angelina Stebbins, which she bequeathed to the Springfield Home for Aged Women.

The ill-shaped structure which had been the town poor-house next comes to view. It stood where Auburn street opens from Main. The property was owned by James Byers; the house was occupied and the farm carried on by Seneca Cooley. There follow three weather-stained houses flanked by well-sweeps, all occupied by families bearing the name of Stebbins. Of these homes I can recall only one family, which consisted of George Stebbins, who carried on the ancestral farm, his aged mother, Mrs. Moses B. Stebbins, and a widowed sister, Mrs. Peck, with her four children. Vine street was subsequently opened nearly where the old house stood. The fact that, of some twenty families I have occasion to mention, nine bear the name of Stebbins, is my excuse for an excursion at this point in the realm of genealogy.

Rowland Stebbins came to Springfield from Roxbury, according to the genealogy preserved in the Stebbins family, with William Pynchon in 1636. In Burt's Memoranda the date of his arrival is given as 1639. It is in favor of the latter date that the name does not appear in the records as preserved until 1640, while in subsequent years it frequently occurs until 1653, when he removed to Nonotuck, now Northampton, where he died in 1677. In the graveyard on Bridge street at Northampton stands a monument near the supposed spot of his burial, erected by Dr. Daniel Stebbins, to the memory of Rowland Stebbins, "the supposed ancestor," so the inscription reads, "of all the Stebbinses in America." That may have been true a hundred years ago, but it is highly probable that other Stebbinses have arrived since. But it is certain that his son, Thomas, who came with his father at the age of fourteen, is the ancestor of the Springfield branch. I will give the order of succession as represented by the head of each generation,—a typical New



England genealogy: thousands could furnish, with names changed, its counterpart: Rowland, Thomas, Joseph, Joseph, Joseph, Joseph, Festus.

The house built by Festus Stebbins is still standing, numbered 114. It was the center of well conducted farming operations. The farm consisted largely of meadow land; the home lot (through the center of which is Clinton street) extending to the river and including the south half of Franklin park. It was my impression that farming operations were carried on here when they had been mainly discontinued elsewhere. In answer to my request for dates, Dr. Stebbins writes:—

The old farm was practically turned to other uses by the march of improvement and advance in the price of real estate soon after 1849, except the land on the plain and the Agawam meadows in West Springfield. A "Farm Book" containing an account of sales of hay was kept up to 1870. In the home, where I spent many happy days, were twelve children. Two died before reaching their majority; ten filled their respective places in business and domestic life. I have the register of births which extends from 1800 to 1824, ending with Richard, the sole survivor. Three of the brothers,—Theodore, Joel and William, after having been engaged in business in New York, returned to the old home. Resident in Springfield of the third generation are Mrs. William T. Parker, Miss Anne C. Stebbins, Miss M. Louise Stebbins, Mrs. George B. Joslyn and Mrs. Charles B. Atwater.

The premises of the house occupied by Eli Bates joined the Stebbins garden on the south. There were four stalwart boys. Eli, Jr., went to Cleveland where he engaged in the lumber business, and afterward to Chicago. The heroic statue of Abraham Lincoln which faces the main entrance to Lincoln park was his gift to the latter city.

We have now to notice a new, or rather reconstructed, house the first innovation in that neighborhood for a period of forty years. It was built by Capt. Charles Emery, son of Robert and Mary Lyman Emery, who had given up seafaring and become a resident of Springfield, but in 1845 removed to Dorchester. The northern part was occupied by John B. Stebbins and afterward by Nathan Foster and his sister, Mrs. Hyde; the southern part by Captain Emery.

Joshua Childs resided next. His blacksmith shop, with its oaken frame in which oxen were suspended preparatory to shoeing, stood opposite where Franklin street joins Main. Of this family were the late Otis, who was city marshal of Springfield in 1862-3, and Charles, a carriage maker on Sanford and Market streets until 1856, when



he removed to Omaha, Neb. Rev. Thomas Childs, D.D., is rector of a church in Chevy Chase, Washington, D. C. In the earliest years I attempt to cover, Henry Comstock lived in the house south of Mr. Childs. Mr. Comstock removed in the early 40's to Illinois. About the year 1843 Joshua B. Vinton, well known as a landlord and in business circles, was in possession and resident there.

South of the junction of Emery street with Main was the house of John B. M. Stebbins; previous owner, Pelatiah Bliss. Mr. Stebbins was a member of the firm of John Cooley & Co., river transportation company between Springfield and Hartford. He died June 30, 1869, at the age of seventy-two. For these and many other statements of fact I am indebted to Charles W. Chapin's "Old Springfield," a volume which preserves valuable details that could only have been obtained by thorough and painstaking research. The house, now 148 Main street, reconstructed and elegantly finished within, and which has been the residence of J. F. Bidwell for thirty-five years, was the subject of a descriptive article in a former number of the *The Republican*.

The lots below the original premises were, at the time under review, vacant as far as Ferry lane, now Cypress street. Pausing at its head, I ask you to look down the lane as it was sixty years ago. A lane it was in the old English sense, skirted only by fields and the ruins of an old mill. It had not been always so. We have some data for the rehabilitation of the once busy street. First, in a contract published in Burt's *First Century*, Thomas Stebbins, Jr., binds himself to furnish material, build and finish a schoolhouse twenty-two feet long and seventeen feet wide, the consideration being £14, unless the builder should have a hard bargain, and in that event he was to have "10 shillings more of the town." The site of the building was on "the lane to the upper wharf." This was four years before the ferry. The school-house I venture to locate near the head of the lane (since Main street must have furnished the scholars) and on the north side, the Lyman estate being the southern line.

In 1683 a ferry was established and an agreement entered into with John Dorchester to attend same, he having liberty to sell drink, be freed from military service and to take nine pence per horse and man. His dwelling must have been near the river. There was also near the river the Brewer mansion, historical; between these houses and the schoolhouse were Deacon Henderson's hat shop, traditional,



and Edward Boylston's wheelwright shop, also traditional, but with the specification that excellent work was done there; much later the factory for making woolen cloth and the rope walk, to be further mentioned, and, finally, the dry goods store of Zebina Stebbins on the corner, afterward removed across Main street. A business street was Ferry lane, a thoroughfare for western-bound travelers.

Its prosperity was continuous for over a century and until the opening of Springfield bridge in October, 1805. The running of the ferry and the general use of the lane must then have ceased. There is the material for a pathetic story of the abandoned highway, the road that leads nowhere, but it must suffice to say that in the time of my youth there remained beside the living green of adjacent fields, only the ruins of the long, one-story woolen mill.

My friend has furnished me with a list, complete to the best of his recollection, of the dwelling-houses which have had place on the east side of Main street. "On the north corner of Ferry street was the dwelling of Zebina Stebbins; adjoining on the north, a house occupied by two families, named Chapin and King. About where Sharon street joins Main was the house of John Rice, a carpenter, and near by a shop and dwelling occupied by John Lloyd, a cabinet-maker; on the site of the old shop was built the residence of Waitstill Hastings; on the north corner of Main and Sharon was the house of J. Linus Briggs, and on a corner of Congress street one built by Conductor James Parker. On the southeast corner of Franklin street was the house, of long standing, of Amasa Parsons, and on a corner of Greenwood street that of Samuel Greene. At the junction of Main and Essex streets was a one-story house which had been moved from the line of the Boston & Albany railroad and was known as the Sanderson House." Doctor Stebbins adds, "North of the Sanderson house to Carew street were vacant lots when I lived in Springfield."

Nearly all of these buildings were of later date than the period of my sketch. Only two houses on the east side were familiar to me. The first went by the name of Zebina Stebbins, who had died in 1835. Mr. Stebbins had been the enterprising man of the North end. All the manufacturing there carried on had its inception in his brain, and was prosecuted by his energy. The initial undertaking must have been entered on in his early manhood. This infant, unprotected industry is graphically described in the manuscript





reminiscences of Mrs. Eunice Stebbins Adams: "Zebina Stebbins's pottery stood on the lot of his father, Thomas Stebbins, nearly opposite Walter Stebbins's house. He made all kinds of useful articles, such as mugs and pitchers, which were much used for cider and beer, and milk pans; also teapots and cups, some of these being highly glazed and figured. All his trading was done by barter. Money was not seen by many in those days, just after the Revolution. When I was a child I spent many an hour seeing Mr. Stebbins work the clay into shape with his hands, with his foot on the step which turned the wheel."

The factory and rope walk on Ferry lane were owned and managed by Mr. Stebbins, and with all the rest he reserved time and strength for the oversight of his dry goods store on the corner. There will be remembered by the elders the sons, James, Christopher and John B. M. I recall Christopher when he was in the staging business. He was a bachelor, with the evident determination to remain single in spite of all temptation. He drove to my father's house one morning to receive a passenger bound for Hartford by the steamboat *Agawam*, Capt. Richard Peck. The passenger was a somewhat eccentric maiden lady, and while talking with Mr. Stebbins laid her hand on his arm, as was her custom in order to emphasize her words; but he interrupted her with "Hands off!" The other dwelling-house recalled is that of Amasa Parsons, which stood on what is now the southeast corner of Franklin street. Mr. Parsons must have been sworn in as constable during a long period of time, for he had become the embodiment of repressive law in the eyes of all the youth of the North end.

We now return to the west side of Main street. The extensive Lyman estate had Ferry lane for its northern boundary. The mansion was distinguished as having been the residence of Judge Samuel Lyman, who was a member of Congress during the closing years of Washington's presidency. A very interesting and appreciative sketch of Mr. Lyman is reprinted in Mr. Chapin's volume, with extracts from letters affording glimpses of men in cabinet and Congress, and indicating, as well, the character of the writer, which is described as "both noble and genial." He died June 6, 1802, in the fifty-third year of his age. By his will the landed property was divided between Samuel, Jr., who was afterward a member of Congress, and the daughter, Mary. The house at the time of which I



write was the home of Mr. Lyman. No descendants in the third generation have lived in Springfield since 1845.

Capt. Robert Emery's holdings, which adjoined the Lyman estate, reached the southern limits of the district reviewed. The house, relatively modern, had an air of elegance from its style and finish, and also because of its being painted in color, in contrast to the prevailing white. The piazza, which was on the south side, and from which was the main entrance, as well as the ample grounds ornamented with shrubbery, added to the effect. For a sketch of the owner and the extensive property I borrow Mr. Chapin's succinct statement. It is especially suggestive in the enumeration of streets which intersect the old farm: "Capt. Robert Emery was born in Newburyport, Mass., September 20, 1773. In his early manhood he followed the sea. He was master of vessels at various times engaged in the East India trade. Retiring early from maritime life, he removed to Springfield, and about the year 1815 married for a second wife Mary Lyman, daughter of Samuel Lyman, Esq. Mrs. Emery died August 8, 1826. From her he inherited the estate which she had received from her father, which consisted of about a hundred and thirty acres, and is now covered by the Boston & Albany railroad, Lyman, Liberty, Chestnut, Charles, Cass and Webster streets, and the adjacent lands thereto."

Special mention should be made in annals of Springfield of Miss Margaret Emery. A daughter by a former marriage, she was, at the time of which I write, the head of her father's household, and in place of mother to her half-brother and sister, John and Mary. The death of the former in his senior year at Harvard College she deeply lamented. He was looking forward to the ministry, and her fond hopes rested on him. In the community Miss Emery was held in high esteem for, to quote from a published characterization, "her uncommon intellect, rare learning and racy wit." Possessed of a valuable library, she was well acquainted with the English classics, for the reading of which, under her guidance, young people used to meet at her home. But her special study was that of Hebrew history, and successive classes profited by her aptness as a teacher. Miss Emery's home in her latest years was at Hartford, where she died, August 8, 1865, aged sixty-nine.

With reference to the portion of our city which I have brought to view the nineteenth century may, with a little trimming and fitting,



be divided into two equal parts, one of which may be termed the half century of quiescence, and the other that of rapid, onward motion. About the year 1800 were erected most of the houses which stood conspicuous among the ancient dwellings; but, with only the modifications incident to wear and tear, both the old and the new remained in *statu quo* for the space of fifty years. During the next fifty a transformation practically complete was wrought; only two houses remain in place. Where dwelling-houses had place, stand buildings which minister to business interests. The building material is changed. The conqueror found the houses of wood and replaced them by red brick. The extent of the alteration, though it can hardly be surpassed, is equalled in many municipalities, and is part of the general trend. I quote a succinct statement of an acknowledged verity: "No other fifty years of life for which known records have shown such progress in almost every department of life as the half century 1800-1850."

In this connection a question suggests itself: Is this advance to be uninterruptedly continuous? An article in the *Atlantic Monthly* which takes note of the rapid strides that have been recently made in the realm of applied science, brings its wonder-exciting contributions to the enrichment of life, corrects what the writer deems a popular error. The forecast is often indulged in, he says, of a future in which the pace now attained will be constant, or the only change to be expected acceleration gained by momentum. This expectation, he avers, is controverted by the clear testimony of history,—which records periods of rapid advancement, always followed by seasons in which the benefits bequeathed are enjoyed, but with cessation for the time being of activity, and, in a review of the past, specific instances are brought to view in proof of the assertion.

The implication to be drawn from this survey may not be welcome but is not the intermittency which is shown to be probable wholesome? I confess to a preference for a river which is not rapid through its entire course, but which has its reaches of "still waters" (the marginal reading is "waters of rest").

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But, be this as it may, inasmuch as obscurity rests on the past in its contrast to the brilliancy of the present, it is important that there should be gathered up memories and mementoes, in order that bygone years may be placed in their true perspective. Gratitude, too, may well evoke the acknowledgment of our debt to those who



laid the firm foundations for the fair abodes prepared for us. The task which was reverently assumed by the ancient Hebrew, to hand down to future generations the details of divinely directed events:

"Which in our younger years we saw,  
And which our fathers told"

is the legitimate province of our association. Its call is general, as it invites all who can contribute to this end heartily to coöperate in this pious work.





QUARTERLY MEETING

DECEMBER 11, 1906

Mrs. LUCY H. SMITH of Northampton read a paper on "Old Coaching Days."

### Old Coaching Days

THE Connecticut Valley Historical Society held a meeting at the Art Museum Tuesday evening, at which Mrs. Lucy Hunt Smith of Northampton read a delightful paper on "Old Coaching Days" which made everyone present regret that coaching days were over, in this part of the world at least. After a brief historical review of coaching in other countries, Mrs. Smith told of the private coaches owned by Governors Bradford and Winthrop.

The first coaches had seats for twelve persons. The back seat was regarded as the best and usually given to women. Concord coaches were first built in 1827 and by some are considered the most perfect passenger vehicle ever built. They are used down to the present time. Buffalo Bill had the famous Deadwood stage built in Concord in 1863 and it has been in constant use. Queen Victoria and most of the royalty of Europe have ridden in it.

Few pieces of mechanical work are now done so carefully as were the parts of a stage. The choicest ash, elm and cedar were used in its construction, as well as the finest metals, leathers and plushes, also special coach lace. The wheels had tires two inches thick, which were worn out every two months, and the painting was an elaborate process.

The term stage coach applies only to coaches going long distances by stages and to call a Fifth avenue bus a stage is a misnomer. The splendid turnpikes aided in making coaching popular. One great test was the time which it took to carry the President's message. Once it was carried five hundred miles in twelve and a half hours. There was competition and prices varied. At one place where the fare was \$3.00 it was cut to \$2.00 and lower, until one company would carry passengers for nothing. The rival line carried free and gave a dinner. When the other line added a bottle of wine to the free transportation and dinner, the limit was reached. In a curious old magazine, called the *Stage Register*, printed in 1831, stages, steamboats and canal packets were advertised, giving full par-



ticalars. Out of three hundred and fifty-nine stage lines, ninety were from Boston.

The bustle incident to the arrival of a stage coach, changing of horses and its departure was vividly pictured. The driver was always an exceedingly popular man and deservedly so, for he did all sorts of errands for everybody along his route. One driver boasted that he bought all the bonnets for the women on his route in Boston and pleased them all, as he never bought two alike. From 1830 to 1846, a driver by the name of Twitchell ran five lines of stages from Northampton. Each coach carried twenty outside and twelve inside passengers. He afterwards became a member of Congress. One driver, receiving a legacy, retired to a farm, where he stayed a week and then returned to drive again and left a record of 135,000 miles he had driven a coach.

There are a few stage lines left in the White Mountains and it is an ideal way to travel. Mrs. Smith related the story of how, when on a coaching trip there, the driver pointed out a rock by the road where he had overturned the coach just a week before and many passengers were injured, especially a young lady sitting in her place. She breathed more freely after that spot was passed. Two Northampton people, who were accustomed to take the trip to Boston annually, were besieged by their friends with errands and messages, so that after packing their own trunks, they packed an extra one with articles sent by them.

The coach always started early and it was customary to take breakfast at Belchertown. At Ware many other stages met them and more passengers were taken aboard. Many stories are told of the pleasant acquaintances and romantic matches made in these journeys. It took eighteen hours to go to Boston from Northampton. There were milestones on all of the post roads. These long journeys were a serious undertaking and not all pleasure, especially in the south where the bridges were often miserable affairs. One time when the mud was up to the hubs, the coach refused to move, so the driver asked the passengers to get out. They did not understand their plight, so declined. He then sat down by the road and composed himself as for a nap, with his hat over his eyes, when some one enquired when they were going on. "When the mud dries up," was his answer, so they thought better of the matter and alighted.



For some reason, no matter in what direction one was going, the stage always started just before daylight, when the earth offers the least to the human soul to tempt it to remain here. In those days of candle light it was especially dreary. There was nothing to fear from highway robbery in this part of the country in those early times, although there is a record of a robbery between Baltimore and Philadelphia. When the steam cars began to run there were many absurd reasons against their use. Horses would have to be killed, for they would be needless; hens would not lay their eggs; people would go insane if they traveled that way; trains would not be able to make any headway against the wind and the like. Stage drivers worked on the trains and became everything, excepting engineers.

Chester W. Chapin drove a stage between Hartford and Springfield and afterwards was president of the Boston & Albany railroad. Efforts were made to restrict drunkenness in taverns and tobacco was forbidden in public. Two men could not smoke together or within two miles of a meeting house. The signs on the old taverns were curious. One where Moody's school now is had two little pine trees and a large rabbit. There were plenty of Washington taverns. At the Warner tavern in Northampton, General Lafayette made a speech and some are now living who remember scattering flowers at that time, also being present at the laying of the corner stone of Bunker Hill monument, where the father chartered a coach and took his family and some friends to Boston. The last stage line out of Northampton was given up twenty years ago. It ran to Amherst and it was a pleasant sight to see the college boys drive into town.

Remarks followed, when different members told what they remembered of coaching days. Mr. W. F. Adams told how it was customary when there were banknotes to be sent to Boston to be redeemed to go to the stage and give the package of notes, amounting sometimes to \$500, to some passenger, often a stranger, to take to Boston. The Thompson express grew out of this business. Rev. T. D. Howard told of going by stage to Brattleboro, when he enjoyed the trip very much, as everything was as if arranged for his own pleasure alone. Also, of an evening when his Uncle John had just returned from Boston, having gone to Worcester by stage and proceeded by the (then new) steam cars, and described the cars to his wondering listeners. Mr. Fuller told of Washington's visit to Springfield in 1789 when he arrived at Parsons' tavern in the rain at



4 o'clock and stayed over night. It is said that he gave a Long-meadow youth a silver dollar. The next day he took dinner at West Brookfield and intended to spend the night at Brookfield, but the landlady, not understanding who it was, pleaded a headache and he stayed at Jenks' tavern, at Spencer, where he complimented Mrs. Jenks on her good bread. He was provided a white horse to ride in Boston and there is a letter a young lady wrote her lover in Springfield about seeing President Washington in church.





QUARTERLY MEETING

JANUARY 15, 1907

EDWARD A. HALL read a paper on the "Lot Once Owned by the Catholics and Now a Part of the Armory Grounds."

### The Catholic Lot on the Armory Grounds

THE United States Armory is first among the most prominent points of interest in Springfield and the citizens have always taken great pride in this great national institution in their midst. To all visitors, the Armory buildings are the first to claim attention. As one approaches the city from any distance, the arsenal, the largest building in the city and the tower with its tall flag staff with Old Glory flying in the breeze, is the most conspicuous sight in view. Situated on the highest ground in the city and bounded in a mammoth square by State, Federal, Pearl and Byers streets, with Federal Square and Benton Park to the east. The Springfield Armory is the oldest gun manufactory in the country, its site having been selected by Gen. George Washington as early as 1777, when he ordered Col. David Mason of Boston to make the selection of a site for the founding of works for the manufacturing of such arms and ammunition as may be needed. In 1794 the General Court of Massachusetts passed an act authorizing the purchase by the United States Government of a tract of land of Springfield of sixty-four acres, and the Armory was established in 1795 by Act of Congress, although small arms were made in shops there as early as 1775. The grounds of the United States Armory are in a measure and always have been sacred to the citizens of Springfield. They have been set apart for a government purpose, placed aside for a specific design, guarded by soldiers of the regular army, under the control of an army officer, who has it in his power to say just how far the claims of the people of the city shall trespass within its boundary. The inhabitants of the Armory grounds have no legal residence in the city, and cannot vote at any election here, not being assessed for taxes. The Armory grounds are famous in Springfield history for a few events of more than local importance. In January, 1777, Capt. Daniel Shays, who had fought with the Continental Army during the Revolutionary War, led an insurgent army of 1,500 men to Springfield to prevent the holding of the courts here. To protect the courts and surpress the insurrection,



an army of 4,400 men was raised by order of the government. They were commanded by General Shepherd of Westfield and ordered to Springfield to meet the insurgents. A battle of short duration was fought, not far from the corner of State and Federal streets; the insurgents dispersing, which ended the war. This battle between General Shepherd and his regular troops and Captain Shays and his ex-revolutionary soldiers, might be termed a stately minuet as compared to the long continued series of ructions as to whether the United States Armory should be under civil or military control. During the superintendency of David Ames, the armorers were enlisted like regular soldiers, and until the appointment of Col. Roswell Lee in 1815, the workmen drew their rations like common soldiers, many of them living in houses on the government grounds. In 1841, Maj. James Wolfe Ripley, a military officer in the ordnance department, of Kennebec Arsenal at Augusta, Maine, was appointed commandant of the Springfield Armory, with Maj. Edward Ingersoll as paymaster and storekeeper.

In 1842, the Armory was placed under military control and the appointment of Major, afterwards General, Ripley, chief of ordnance, was confirmed. Many of the skilled workmen and others who had worked under General Ripley at the Kennebec Arsenal in Maine, followed him to Springfield, and were given employment in the Armory and at the Watershops. Among these newcomers were several Irish Catholic families. The Catholics of Springfield are entitled to much praise for their good judgment in the selection of the sites for their churches. This is shown from the first location selected by them, about 1843, on the present grounds of the United States Armory, on the westerly brow of the hill, a few rods from the residence of Colonel Phipps, Commandant of the Armory, overlooking one of the most beautiful views to be found in New England. Rev. John Brady, during his visits to Springfield, negotiated the purchase of this property of the owner, Charles Stearns, before Pearl street went beyond Spring, and Byers street was open as far as Frost street. The sale of this property to the Catholics created a war between the parties interested and their friends which lasted for years, and resulted in the financial embarrassment of Charles Stearns, the retirement of Colonel Ripley as commandant of the Armory, the suspension of the *Daily Post* newspaper, owned by David Ashley, and edited by William L. Smith, afterwards mayor



of Springfield, on account of suits for libel brought for publishing letters of Stearns and others, about the management of the Armory and its official, and finally, the fight was carried to Washington by a petition to Congress, praying that the management of the United States Armory at Springfield be placed in charge of civil authorities, which was done, and E. S. Allen was appointed acting superintendent of the Armory, August 17, 1854, and remained until Gen. James Whitney took charge. Hon. Charles Stearns, who sold this lot to the Catholics, was the most enterprising man in Springfield, seventy-five years ago, and was one of the chief promoters of all the leading enterprises connected with the construction of railroads and factories, in the building and construction of which he was usually the contractor, employing hundreds of men in various occupations, incidental to the rapid increase of the population from villages of a few hundred to towns and cities of several thousand. With Contractor William McClellan, he erected the cotton mills at Chicopee and Chicopee Falls, also the Dwight Mfg. Co., Ames Mfg. Co., the mills at Indian Orchard and Ludlow, the Hampden and Lyman Mills at Holyoke, and the Glasgow Mills at South Hadley Falls, and many of the tenement houses for the families employed in those mills, factories and railroads from 1825 to 1850. Mr. Stearns was one of the largest property owners in Springfield seventy-five years ago. He owned a stone quarry, a large lumber yard and saw-mill, and had a brick yard on Spring street, a little west of the Armory property, and a fine residence for those days on the corner of High and Maple streets. He presented the ground between Worthington and Bridge streets to the city, now known as Stearns Park, and was one of our most public spirited and liberal minded men of the time. In all of his enterprises, Mr. Stearns employed large numbers of Irishmen and provided them with homes to live in when necessary.

The population of Springfield in 1840 was 10,935, in 1845 it had increased to 14,073,—this included Chicopee, which left us in 1848, reducing our population to 11,766 in 1850. Two streets, Liberty and Prospect streets, now discontinued, ran from State street into the present territory of the Armory grounds in 1845. Prospect street was opened through land owned by Samuel H. Stebbins, with land of the United States Government on the east, and land owned by several private citizens on the west; the entrance was



on State street, about twenty rods east of Byers street, on a line running to the front of the commandant's residence. Charles Stearns was the owner as far back as 1828, of a tract of ground on this street, bordering on the westerly line of the United States Government territory. He had held peaceable and undisputed possession of this property up to the early part of 1845, a period of seventeen years, and could distinctly trace his title back to a period long anterior to the ownership by the United States Government of any land in Springfield, indeed for more than a century. The precise boundary between the parties was well defined and acquiesced in, manifested by the United States authorities, as the Government originally built and afterwards maintained the dividing fence from the time they became owners of land in that locality. In process of time Mr. Stearns and the others, owning land alongside of him, opened a street parallel to and bordering on the United States land, which was called Prospect street, and this was done in concert with the superintendent of the Armory at the time, and he at the same time, opened a short street at right angles with Prospect street, through the Armory grounds leading from the workshops. The owners of those lands bordering on Prospect street, sold off building lots to various individuals, mostly armorers, and several good houses were erected on them,—the fee and rights in the street remaining in the original owners. The lot owners on Prospect street were Samuel Currier, George Bliss, Persis Taylor, Walter H. Bowdoin, Bishop Fenwick, Samuel H. Stebbins, Samuel Dale, J. Willard, George T. Bond, James Brewer, C. B. Stebbins and Charles Stearns. Other property in the immediate vicinity for which the Government paid \$30,000 was bought from John Mills, J. D. Brewer, W. H. Bowdoin, Samuel and James Endicot, James W. Crooks and Roswell Shurtleff.

Mr. Stearns had, previous to the autumn of 1843, sold all of his land bordering on Prospect street, except one lot, which in November, 1843, he conveyed to Timothy Hayes, a member of the "Roman Catholic Congregation" of Springfield, for the known purpose of erecting a church upon it, and he sold the lot at a price far below its value to encourage the Catholics in their enterprise. This individual member of the church directly conveyed the same interest and title to Bishop Fenwick, as is usual in such cases.

The Catholic society being few in number and short of means,





did not immediately commence building, but early in the spring of 1845, having prepared plans and specifications, they made contracts with the expectation of being able to build and worship in their own church in the course of a year. No sooner had Contractor John B. Vincent commenced excavating for the cellar, than an unlooked for obstacle interfered and prevented the continuance of the work. The commandant of the Armory suddenly laid claim to a large portion of the street in front of the Catholic lot, and without giving notice to anyone, removed the dividing fence, built by his predecessors upon the heretofore undisturbed and unquestioned line, and took possession of the principal part of the street in front of the Catholic lot, and effectually shut out all access by teams to it. The Catholics, very properly, called upon their grantor to remove the obstruction from the street, and make good the access and rights warranted to them,—they knew their rights but declined to have any trouble with the commandant about the matter. Mr. Stearns immediately laid the matter before the Secretary of War, who happened to be visiting in Springfield at the time, and Secretary Macey promised to take measures to have the difficulty adjusted, but evidently failed to do so. In the meantime the operations of the building of a new church were indefinitely postponed and never resumed on that spot. The Catholic congregation in Springfield at that time were few in number and recognizing discretion to be the better part of valor, they were easily induced to withdraw from the controversy. Not so, however, with Mr. Stearns,—he was a born fighter, and not only brought the war into Africa, here at home, but into Washington, and through four administrations of the National Government, those of President James K. Polk, Zachary Taylor, Millard Fillmore and Franklin Pierce,—covering a period of eleven years, 1843 to 1854.

Mr. Stearns felt in duty bound to defend the rights of the owner, as the grantor and warrantor of the right to use this lot to the Catholic congregation, and that is just what he did. With the aid of several men in his employ, he proceeded to remove the fence and other obstructions placed upon his ground. Instead of the orderly and customary mode of settling disputes of titles,—of bringing action for trespass in the civil courts, where Mr. Stearns expected to meet the commandant,—that officer chose the desperate course of bringing a man who was contesting for rights most



dear to him before a criminal court on the charge of riot. The first intimation that Mr. Stearns had that any measures were in preparation was about forty-eight hours after the removal of the fence on the grounds. He was arrested by the United States marshal, and together with his men, seven in number, transported to Boston, one hundred miles from home, for examination, and afterwards for trial. Three of the men who were first arrested were taken from their beds at midnight and lodged in the county jail opposite the present cathedral. The trial took place in Boston on Monday morning, before the circuit court of the United States. The prisoners were: Charles Stearns, Thomas S. Frost, John W. Brown, Callahan McCarthy, Robert Madden and Daniel O'Brien. The witnesses for the Government were: Edward Ingersoll, John D. Lord, Roswell Shurtleff, Rev. Edward Russell, Luke Jones, Dennis Donovan, John Miles and Edward Child. The witnesses for the accused were: Charles Howard, O. A. Seamans, William Bryant, J. D. Smith, George Gardner, J. M. Goodman, John B. Kirkham and Timothy Hayes. The indictment charged the defendant with riotously taking away a fence and tearing down an old building on land belonging to the United States Armory at Springfield. The indictment was in two counts,—first in trespassing on property of the United States Government, and second, in creating a riot. The trial was before Judge Sprague with District Attorney Rantoul and Hon. George Ashmun of Springfield for the United States, and B. R. Curtis, E. D. Sohler and Henry Morris for the defendants. Judge Sprague, in his charge to the jury, ruled out a deed of land from George Bliss to the United States, under which the Government claimed to own the land,—the purchase being made without the authority of Congress and conferring no jurisdiction on the Government. The one important principle to settle in the ruling of the court was that the purchase of land by the superintendent, being made without the authority of Congress, conferred no jurisdiction on the United States, even if it conveyed the soil.

The trial was a tedious and expensive one, and the contest so far as the means were concerned, was a very unequal one. On the one side was a citizen of Massachusetts, with limited resources, and on the other a military officer of the United States Government, with a free and unsparing use of the money in its treasury to back him. Surely the citizen ought to have a good cause in such a con-



test, and so the result proved. The jury had no hesitation in rendering a verdict for the defendant, nor no reluctance in saying that there was no evidence in the case that would justify a prosecution, all the witnesses testifying that there was no attempt at a riot.

This decision, however, did not settle matters. The commandant had the fence rebuilt and held possession until Mr. Stearns sued him on an action of trespass and got judgment in the common court of pleas, which took two years. The defendant's counsel carried the case to the Supreme Court on exceptions, which affirmed the decision of the lower court,—this took a year and a half more,—all with the evident hope that Stearns would break down before a final decision could be arrived at. In this, however, they were mistaken. The highest tribunal in the state of Massachusetts most signally rebuked the high handed operation of this military officer and placed Mr. Stearns in possession of his property.

Colonel Ripley, having in the meantime located his elegant new quarters directly abreast the disputed grounds, and anticipating the decision of the courts, manifested his anxiety to possess the property in a straightforward and honest way. Mr. Stearns consented to sell it to the Government at the appraisal of three trustees. The referees agreed upon were Willis Phelps, Chairman of the County Commissioners, William Rice, Register of Deeds for the County of Hampden, and Elijah Blake, a prominent and active citizen of Springfield. The result of the award was that Mr. Stearns received for his property \$1,400. The size of the territory in question was about fourteen square rods. *The Springfield Republican* on July 19, 1845, published a map of the disputed territory and the surrounding ground with designations of lots which they issued to their subscribers on that day. The thirty-first Congress appropriated \$5,000 to defray the expenses incurred by Colonel Ripley in the suits growing out of the attempt to take Mr. Stearns' property. The counsels in the case were Ashmun, Chapman and Norton.

The sending of several petitions to the Secretary of War signed by men who had been employed at the Armory and the Water-shops and memorials to the Congressional Committee on Military Affairs, signed by a number of citizens, accompanied by delegations to Washington, making charges of extravagance and mismanagement at the Springfield Armory, resulted in the sending of a Military Commission to Springfield, to examine the state of conditions here.



This court of inquiry was commenced at the Springfield Armory, February 14, 1846, with Brig. John E. Wool presiding, Lieut. S. S. Clark and Lieut. Brevet Maj. S. Cooper as officers of the court, and Capt. E. Sepriver, recorder of courts; B. H. Dustin was counsel of complainant and R. H. Chapman for the accused. The investigation was ordered by James K. Polk, President of the United States, in consequence of a memorial of the citizens of Springfield, charging Col. James W. Ripley, commandant at the Armory, with maladministration. Among the prominent witnesses were Charles Stearns, George Bliss, Congressmen W. C. Calhoun and George Ashmun, John C. Stebbins, Calvin Stebbins, T. D. Beach, H. Q. Sanderson, Charles McClellan, William Dwight, Rev. G. D. Rear- don, John D. Lord, Samuel McNary, John Hall, and several others who were discharged from the army because they subscribed for the independent democratic newspaper, and Michael Ryan, Timothy Sullivan, Michael Kervick, James and John McClintock,— the latter swore that he was in the city seven years, and employed in the Armory, and John Bannon swore that “he had learned the mason’s trade in Dublin, Ireland, in 1792, that after taking part under Robert Emmet, he escaped to this country, served under Capt. E. A. Clary in the War of 1812 against England, and had worked at the Armory ever since.” The court listened to the testi- monies of over 100 witnesses for twenty-five days. The indictment against Colonel Ripley was in thirteen counts, only one of them with which we have to do; this was the eleventh charge, “that he has committed oppression and wrong on an individual citizen unconnected with the Armory, procuring his arrest and trial before a distant tribunal, on a pretended criminal charge, thereby subjecting said citizen to great expense in defending himself in said suit, also that he has committed oppression and wrong on seven other citizens by similar vexatious prosecution, obliging them to defend themselves before a distant tribunal on a charge of pretended criminal act, at a cost which said individuals are wholly unable to meet, also that he has committed oppression and wrong on a religious society which had purchased a lot on which to erect a church by taking measures manifestly and avowedly to drive said society to a necessity of abandoning their design of erecting a church on said lot.” To this charge Colonel Ripley made reply: “When this charge was made it was well known to Mr. Stearns that I had pur-





chased the lot and paid its fair value, and that my relations to the Catholics were of the friendly character, expressed in the deposition of Bishops Fenwick and Fitzpatrick. They do not complain that I have wronged them, nor will they thank him for his officious meddling in their behalf. That I deemed it undesirable that a building should be erected so near the line of the United States land may easily be imagined, but I took no unlawful means to prevent it, and since they are satisfied with our mutual agreements, my accusers would have best consulted their own credit by omitting this charge against me." The court submitted their reports to the President on the 19th of April, 1846, exonerating General Ripley on all of the counts in the indictment. The witnesses comprised most of the prominent men in public and political life in Springfield at the time. Mr. Stearns swore at the trial, "that his expenses for himself and his men at the trial before the United States court in Boston were about \$2,000, and that Bishop Fenwick had been paid \$500 for the property known as the Catholic lot,—that the Catholics bought of Chester W. Chapin through Roswell Shurtleff, for this money, a lot on the corner of Chestnut and Emory, now Liberty street." After Mr. Chapin sold this property to the Catholics for a church site, and when questioned for doing so, he replied that, "the Catholics had as good a right to have a church and needed one just as much as the party who objected to the transaction." This property on Liberty street was sold in 1848 to T. W. Wason, Levi Parks and Thomas Beaven for about \$1,200,—the money finally going toward the purchase of the site of St. Michael's Cathedral, which for beauty of location, with its religious and educational surroundings, is not excelled anywhere in New England.

"There is a Providence which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may." Mr. Beaven built a house on the Liberty street property and there the present Bishop of Springfield, Rt. Rev. Thos. D. Beaven, was born March 1, 1851.

Charles Stearns began as early as 1843 to agitate the question of supplying Springfield with water from springs instead of by the "old oaken bucket." After investing about \$25,000 in what was known as the "Van Horn Reservoir," he concluded to apply to the Legislature for an act of incorporation.

In February, 1848, he sent a petition to the Legislature, in favor of this project, bearing the signatures of eighty-three citizens of



the town, and here again, came a renewal and continuation of the bitter and fierce conflict begun over the Catholic lot. Colonel Ripley of the United States Armory instituted a remonstrance signed by seventy-five men, mostly officers and workmen of the Armory. This petition was presented to the Legislature, and referred to the Committee on Mercantile Affairs, and two meetings were held at the State House in Boston, but this not satisfying the remonstrants, they asked for another hearing. The committee appointed a day and came to Springfield, that all sides might be heard. The hearing was held in the town hall, and lasted two days. Much feeling was manifested and a large number of citizens were in attendance. Charles Stearns and his party carried the day,—in fact they won out, as the legislative committee on their return to Beacon Hill reported in favor of the project, and the bill became a law May 10, 1848. The last scrimmage of this warfare was as late as 1856, when a number of people on Armory Hill started a movement in favor of separating from Springfield and forming a new town to be called Delano, out of the territory comprising the Armory Hill, the Watershops district and Indian Orchard.

A petition for that purpose was circulated by E. A. Fuller and several public meetings were held in Gunn's Hall, corner of State and Walnut streets. The enthusiastic promoters of this scheme appointed committees to carry on the agitation, but better judgment prevailed, and the movement to separate from Mother Springfield died in its infancy.

From this time onward, the great agitation of the anti-slavery movement and the breaking out of the Civil War caused the people to sink all other issues in the one grand and paramount issue,—the support of the Government by all classes and creeds in its determination to preserve the Union. Nearly all of the actors in the scenes described have long since gone hence, and Gen. James W. Ripley and Hon. Charles Stearns are sleeping peacefully in our beautiful Springfield Cemetery. Let us close with that beautiful Catholic expression, "Requiescat in pace."



Remarks following the paper by Mr. Edward A. Hall:

### Remarks

*Mr. Howard:* The events which have been spoken of with such clear-cut expression and in such a good historical paper have been so fully described that little further need be said of them. The conditions of which I wish to speak are a little in advance, in point of time, to where I am going for I am about to speak of sixty-five years ago. I am going to try to tell, so far as my memory will help me, just how those grounds lay and how they were divided by streets at that time, when I was fifteen years old, and I go back of that, to my childhood and early boyhood when my home was on those grounds.

Perhaps some people here will remember where Major Ingersoll resided when he was paymaster of the Springfield Armory — there may be some, but they all look too young for such memory. I will begin with Major Ingersoll's house — that will help me to indicate the lay of the grounds and I will start there. The roadway that entered into the United States grounds began about opposite Mr. Tobey's home, but he is too young to remember that, I suppose.

*Mr. Tobey:* I remember that.

*Mr. Howard:* The street started in a few houses above what is now Dr. McClean's house which is the only one of those houses now standing. The roadway went in past Major Ingersoll's house, the house of Colonel Robb who had been with Jackson at New Orleans in January, 1815; the next house was that of the Master Armorer, Warner. Then it turned a square corner and passed by the clerks' houses, two of which were occupied by Mr. Wolcott and William W. Lee and the occupants of the two others I do not remember, passed by the old forging house and came out at Armory Street, I think it was then called. West of that and about half way between that and Byers Street was what was known as Prospect Street. As I remember, it was a roadway with houses on it but it could hardly be dignified by the name of street. It was well grown up with bushes on one side and residences on the other, the first of which was Mr. Storkey's house on the pitch that rises above the level ground. That ascent was quite well covered with bushes, and beyond them



Mr. Storkey's house. Some of us remember that morning in August when, as he was looking out on his finely kept grounds, he was struck by lightning. Next came Mr. Sexton's, his son's, J. Q. A. Sexton, next the house occupied by Dr. Ezekiel Russel, long pastor of the Olivet Church, next, Mr. Stebbins' grandfather of Marshal Stebbins. One of these houses has been moved down for the Woman's Club, others have been moved down to Spring Street.

Prospect Street was a playground for the children. On the side of the Armory grounds there was a good growth of bushes, especially choke cherries, which we ate with great avidity, knowing well of the puckered mouths to come afterwards. At the northwest corner were blueberry bushes scant and poorly grown, and at that point the roadway turned and entered the one which I have spoken of as passing by the clerks' houses. That is the way the land lay according to my recollection.

If the children had been the voters in regard to any alterations there, I think they would have been unanimous to leave things as they were for they were very enjoyable and they enjoyed them very much.

*Mr. Adams:* I well remember as a youth, of my mother speaking of the feeling which ran very high against the Major at that time, so much so that as he visited her home, to and from the Armory, the opportunity was improved and stones were cast at him. The feeling was rather intense. Of course I was not old enough to take interest with one side or the other of the board fence question, but evidently the fence was there and as it came down finally everybody felt good-natured.

We are very proud of the Armory as it stands today.

Possibly young Major Ripley had as much to do with the improvement at the Armory as any officer. He was the first military officer in command, and as he took possession he found things in a crude state in many ways. In the workshops the men were allowed, previous to the coming of Major Ripley, to do practically as they chose. If the fish man came, down would go their tools and out they would go and take their time from the government to do the purchasing of their fish, or whatever it might happen to be from the groceryman or the butcher. The men had been accustomed for a number of years to this method of doing business, and were rather





dissatisfied that a military officer should make a change in the program. That was the condition of things all along the line.

General Ripley had five daughters and all have died with the exception of one who is now living in New York City. There are grandchildren in Boston, but there are no other relatives, aside from my own family, in this vicinity. There was a nephew in Hartford, Mr. Rowland Swift, but he recently died. Before going on to the Armory grounds, Major Ripley lived in the house at the corner of Edwards and Chestnut Streets, the north corner, now occupied by Mrs. Ward. As Mr. Hall stated, he was buried in our Springfield cemetery. He became Chief of Ordinance at Washington before his death and he was Chief of Ordinance at the time the war broke out. He was in Japanese waters and was ordered home at the commencement of the war and lived but a short time afterward.

*Mr. Barrows:* You have made mention of the wooden fence. After the wooden fence came the iron fence and we scarcely realize what that means. That stone foundation and mass of iron is really a beautiful fence. Major Ingersoll tells me it came about in this way: after the limits of the Armory grounds were accepted it, seemed to him that they might have a reasonable fence. Major Ingersoll spoke to Major Ripley and later to the government. They had large quantities of scrap iron which they sold as junk, and his suggestion was that instead of selling it, it should be kept for the Armory grounds' fence. It was not sold here, but in other places. If you have noticed that fence you will see that it is built of a stone foundation with posts so far apart, with pickets between. All the pickets are spears and the posts are sceptres. The sceptre was the symbol of sovereignty.

*Question:* Where does the old church now on Union Street come in?

*Mr. Hall:* I omitted that for this reason. This matter was not settled until after that old church on Union Street was built and occupied in the spring of 1846; this matter was not finished until the fall of 1846, and the five hundred dollars given for the Catholic lot and a bonus of two hundred dollars went to buy the lot on the site of which Bishop Beaven was born, and when that was sold to Mr. Beaven, Mr. Wason and Mr. Parks, the church on Union Street was established and occupied.



When Father Galligher came here in 1856 he took this money and placed it in the bank on interest until 1860. The first of January, 1860, he bought the site of the present cathedral with the seven hundred dollars saved from the purchase and sale of the lot on which Bishop Beaven was born. Our present church property cost thirty-four thousand dollars and in a little while, Father Galligher, who was quite a financier, had sold off thirty-five thousand dollars' worth of the property and had all the property that we have now and a thousand dollars to the good.

I thought Mr. Barrows might be going to say what I heard. I do not know whether it is true, but I have heard that the pickets and posts of that fence were made from the iron of the muskets and cannon used in the War of 1812 and the Revolutionary War.

I was not born early enough to remember all the personages I speak of. Colonel Ripley and Charles Stearns I remember very well. I heard Mr. Stearns use the word—so foreign to us now—"ructions" when he was relating the trouble I spoke of, to Mr. T. W. Wason, founder of the Wason Company, one day in 1859.

I remember Major Ingersoll and Colonel Ripley very well. I remember some of the men who were arrested very well—Callahan McCarthy, Dennis Donohoe, and other Catholics, among them an uncle of Dr. Flanagan.

Father Galligher was the first settled priest here. Father Brady, who was mentioned, came here from Hartford one month and Father Fenton came from Worcester the next month to hold services, and the Rev. Father Blinkinsop sometimes came from Chicopee to minister to us. Bishop Beaven had to be brought from Springfield to Chicopee to be baptized. Many persons were brought from Longmeadow to Chicopee to be baptized.

*Col. John L. Rice:* There are a great many matters of historical interest connected with the establishment and early years of the United States Armory in Springfield. As I listened to Mr. Hall's interesting paper, I was reminded of one very curious fact which it is safe to say scarcely anyone at all knows of—anyone outside of the members of the legal profession, and probably very few of them remember it; and that fact is that one of the very important provisions of the Constitution of the United States, involving the question of state rights, which has been the cause of infinite controversy ever since the government was established, had its first judicial



interpretation in a case which arose out of the sale of one pint of rum on the watershops grounds in this city. It arose in this way: Mr. Hall spoke in his paper of the fact that the government had no jurisdiction over the land claimed by the United States because the purchase of that land was not authorized by Congress. There is a provision of the federal constitution that Congress shall have power to exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever over matters embraced in the District of Columbia, and in like manner over all purchases made by the consent of the legislature of the state in which the same shall be, for the erection of forts, arsenals, magazines, dock yards and other needful buildings.

Now in the latter part of the eighteenth century, soon after the Government was organized, Congress authorized the purchase of the Armory grounds on State Street, and preliminary to that act the consent of the Legislature of Massachusetts was secured in order that Congress might have the exclusive jurisdiction over the grounds, because the Government purchasing it without title from the Legislature, would have the soil, but no jurisdiction over it. In 1801 the land on Mill River where the watershops are, was purchased in the same way. The act of Congress authorizing that purchase was for the erection of an armory and not of an arsenal, or fort, or magazine. The government erected the shops for the manufacture of arms and also some dwelling houses. The dwelling houses might have been there on the land, but the government used the houses for the occupancy of the officers and possibly some of the workmen. There was at that time a statute of this commonwealth prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors except by persons licensed thereto. Mr. Ethan A. Clary was a man of much consequence here then. Some of his descendants lived here until recent years and some of them distinguished themselves in naval affairs. Ethan Clary lived in one of those houses and in 1809 he was indicted in the Court of Common Pleas in this county, for selling liquor, and haled before the court, charged with selling one pint of rum to a person named in the indictment; and being a man of consequence and presumably of some means, he set up a pretty vigorous defense, as persons charged with that offense have been known to do since that time. He employed as counsel to defend him, Ely P. Ashman.

Mr Stearns contested the case, but it was proved very conclusively before a jury that he did sell the rum and that he had no



license to sell it; but his counsel, Ashman, was careful to show that the sale took place on the land of the watershops owned by the government and nowhere else, and thereupon he asked the court to instruct the jury that the liquor law of Massachusetts did not extend to that ground and that Mr. Clary was therefore not guilty of any violation of the law and that the jury should be instructed to find a verdict of not guilty. The presiding justice did not take much stock in that defense, for at that time lawyers in this country had not begun to invoke the federal constitution. It was a new law then. There had been no cases of any importance, involving an interpretation of the federal constitution and Mr. Ashman's defense was quickly passed over and the jury were instructed that if Mr. Clary sold the rum, to find him guilty. This was done. Mr. Ashman appealed to the supreme judicial court. The case was argued at Northampton by Mr. Ashman for the defendant and George Bliss—Master George, as he was called affectionately—the leading lawyer of this county, for Mr. Clary. Mr. Bliss realized the force and the substantial character of the defense set up, and his argument was exceedingly technical and did not take hold of the fundamental principles of the constitution and statutes. He simply argued this: That the Constitution provided that Congress should have exclusive jurisdiction over places purchased for forts, dock yards, arsenals and magazines, and that an armory, for which this land was purchased, was not an arsenal. He argued that an arsenal is a place for storing arms and an armory is a place for manufacturing arms. This case was considered by Chief Justice Parsons, Mr. Sedgwick, Judge Scwall and Judge Parker. It was nearly a year before the court rendered a decision in the case, and then they took the view of Mr. Ashman, that Congress had exclusive legislation over the territory purchased, and although it was purchased for an armory and not an arsenal, they called attention to the concluding clause, "and other needful buildings," and the court called attention to another clause of the Constitution which empowered Congress to raise and equip an army, and a convenient way to furnish an army with arms was to manufacture them and a building was needful for their manufacture and therefore these buildings were needful. This was the first decision on this point rendered by any court in this country—and it all grew out of the sale of a pint of rum over at the watershops. The decision in this case was followed in all subsequent cases. Five





years afterwards the same question was raised in Rhode Island when a soldier in Fort Adams, Rhode Island, was tried and indicted in the United States Circuit Court and Judge Story, then of the Supreme Court of the United States, charged the jury. The defense set up was that the soldier was not amenable to the United States court, because the crime was committed in Rhode Island. Judge Story went into a long explanation of that provision of the Constitution, in which he cited with approval the decision of the Massachusetts court and characterized the court, as I remember, as a very eminent tribunal.

*Dr. Flanagan:* We would naturally suppose that in a controversy such as Mr. Hall has told us about, between Major Ripley and a people who believed in their church, loved it and were anxious to erect a place of worship, but who felt that Major Ripley had stepped in and made trouble, that the people would naturally side with our friend, Mr. Stearns. But if you look back and investigate, you will find it was about six of one and half a dozen of the other. Major Ripley had been a great friend to the early Irish coming here. Mr. Hall speaks of the McClintocks who were summoned into that trial. They lived on the property now owned by the Stebbins family, at the foot of Hancock Street, known at that time as East Street. Directly opposite that is the cellar of the first house that was used by Catholics here. That house was owned by the Sullivan family. It was formerly owned by the Lombards and came to them from the Birnies, who owned a paper mill or a manufactory of some kind at the foot of what is now Hancock Street.

As to the question of the market man and the fish man and the butcher who used to go to the Armory — there was another kind of people who used to go there. I remember of seeing in some of the old collections in this city and elsewhere a certain brown article large in the middle, tapering at both ends and having a handle—a jug, commonly called. Major Ripley had more trouble with the men who kept their jugs near their work than with any others. These men went to the corner of Walnut and State Streets where they sold West India groceries—rum. Major Ripley interfered with that privilege and that was the beginning of the trouble.

Mr. Hall speaks of A. O. Seaman, called Judge Seaman. He it was to whom many Irish people went for legal services. He had



offices at the corner of State and Walnut Streets and was the legal adviser of the majority of people at the Armory. Many of these people could neither read nor write, and when they wished to buy property, or had legal transactions of any kind, or were in such matters, they always went to Mr. Seaman. Mr. Stearns was a man who would also advise and guide these people and Mr. Stearns was in this fight for principle. If we could look back at the doings in the political field at that time, we might gain new light. Mr. Stearns had a grove just beyond Stearns Park, where the Elks' Club and Chester Chapin's home is, and in that grove many political meetings were held, as well as picnics. When we stop and look back, we can only remember that the people who took part in that affair were actuated from their own standpoint.

When local authority clashes with the United States government, it is a good deal like the case of a fellow you may have seen at a country fair. He has a penny he wants to pitch up. He says, "Heads I win, tails you lose." When they went against the United States government in those days, it was a good deal like, "Heads I win, tails you lose."

*Mr. Adams:* I think the feeling was of a good-natured kind between Major Ripley and the Catholics at the time the purchase of the lot was consummated. Is that correct?

*Mr. Hall:* Yes, I think so.

*Mr. Adams:* I think Major Ripley at that time paid, in addition to the value of the lot, quite a little sum to pacify the disappointed ones and smooth matters a little and the outcome was that there were pleasant feelings all around.

The feeling of the workmen in the buildings was intense. I ought not, possibly, to speak of this, but Colonel Clark in conversation, spoke of it in a casual way. He said it was almost impossible for Major Ripley to go up and down through the shops with safety and he had to be guarded,—the workmen had such a strong feeling that he was meddling with their affairs because he brought them up to the method he was accustomed to.

The State Street side of the iron fence was built in 1852, the Pearl Street side in 1857.

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