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LYMAN ADELBERT ELY.

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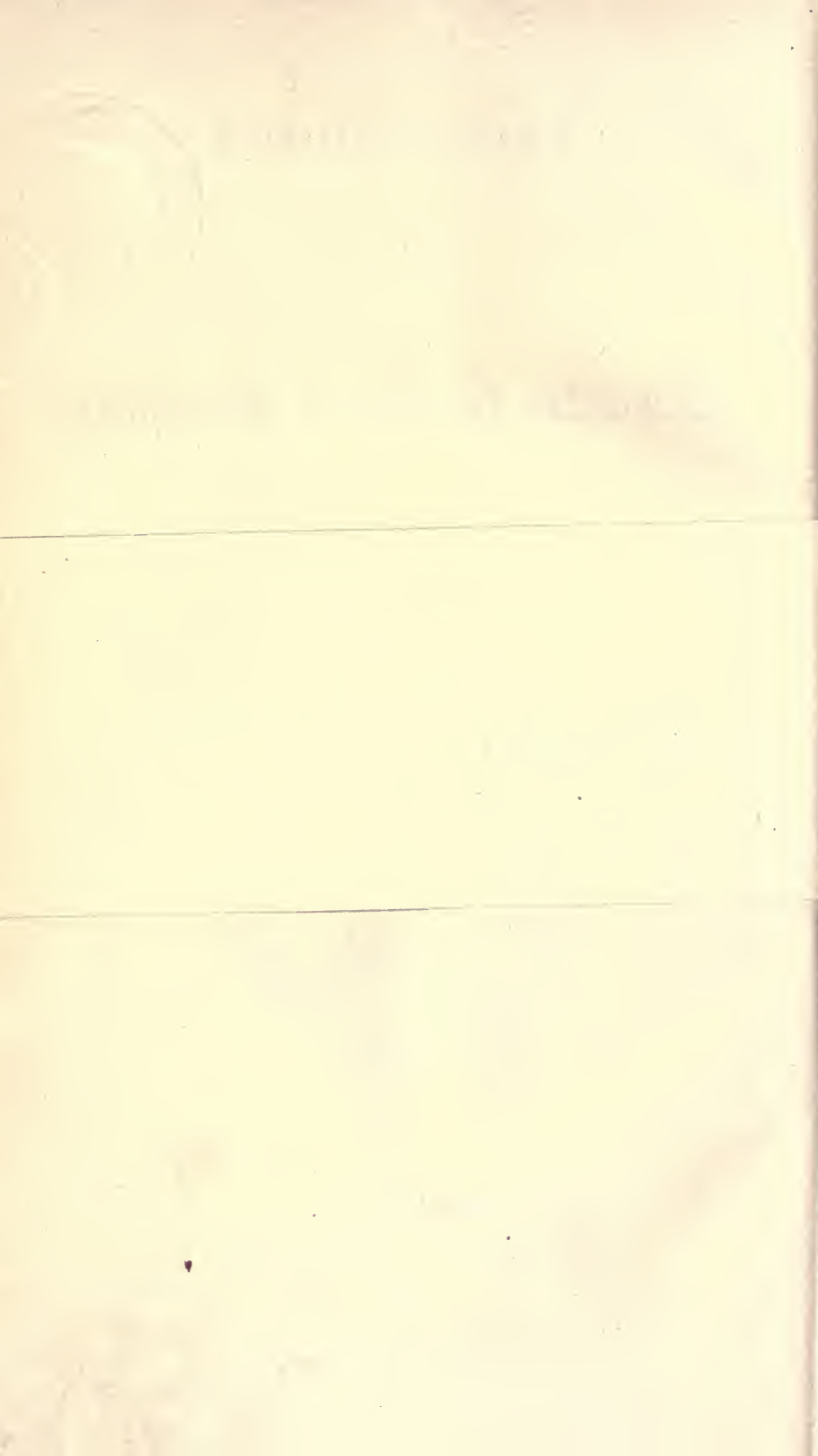
Volume XIX. Page 197. Third line from top, read *Gershom Wheelock* for William Jennison.

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PROCEEDINGS.

THREE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-NINTH MEETING,
TUESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 5, 1904.

PRESIDENT ELY in the chair. Others present: Messrs. Baldwin, Crane, Davidson, Eaton, Gould, M. A. Maynard, Geo. Maynard, Pellett, R. H. Southgate, Salisbury, Edward Thomas, Mrs. Boland, Mrs. Hildreth, Miss M. Agnes Waite, Miss Boland, Mrs. Pellett.

The Librarian reported contributions for the past month: two bound volumes, nine pamphlets and seven articles for the museum. Special attention was called to the printed account of the exercises at the placing of the bronze tablet marking the site of the schoolhouse where John Adams taught, which were held under the auspices of the Colonel Timothy Bigelow Chapter D. A. R., and by which organization a copy of the proceedings had been presented to the Society. The Librarian also mentioned a rare gift, from Ellen and Albert D. Flagg, of a fine old flax wheel with set of wool cards, also a hatchel, all of which are more than one hundred years old, and evidently have been used in the Flagg family for several generations.

The Standing Committee placed in nomination the names of Charles B. Gates, Charles E. Bond and Miss Caroline Manly, and they were elected to active membership.

President Ely then addressed the meeting, calling attention to the flattering and prosperous condition of the Society, the valuable work that is being carried on to the great advantage not only to the present generation, but to the many generations that shall follow. The papers

read before the Society during the past year have been of special merit. For the meeting in January the Society was favored by Mr. Crane's paper on "Champlain's Voyages and the Founding of Montreal and Quebec"; February meeting by Nathaniel Paine, Esq., "School-Day Reminiscences"; which was followed at the next meeting by Mr. Henry M. Wheeler's "Reminiscences of Thomas Street Schools." These papers present a vivid picture of the school-days in Worcester a half century ago.

Miss Emma F. Waite's paper on "Old-Time Taverns of Worcester" was exceedingly interesting, and contained much valuable historic data. The "Old Pine Meadow Road and its Forgotten Bridge," by Mr. Arthur J. Marble, at the April meeting, was also an interesting subject and well presented. At this same meeting Honorable Stephen Salisbury read a paper prepared by Mrs. E. O. P. Sturgis, on the "Chandler Family in Worcester" which, like all the papers written by Mrs. Sturgis for this Society, including the one "Concerning Schools for Girls in Worcester" at the September meeting, was most pleasantly received. The "Sketch of the Stone Family," which was published in the June number of the Proceedings, has interested many of our members and their friends. The paper written by Miss Annie J. Ward on the "Huguenots," and read at the June meeting by Miss Adaline May, is a valuable addition to our stock of literature.

The subject, "A New England House One Hundred Years Ago," was most successfully handled by Mr. Henry M. Wheeler at the meeting in November, and the efforts of the reader were most thoroughly appreciated by those present. At the December meeting a memorial sketch of Solomon Parsons was presented by Mr. George Maynard, and furnishes another important contribution to the history of early settlers in Worcester.

Our field-day excursion to New London and Groton, Conn., proved a delightful affair, and the carefully prepared

report of the trip as given in the July number of the Proceedings by Mr. George Maynard will prove entertaining reading.

The gathering of the Rice family in Worcester and the placing of the boulder to mark the site of the home of Jonas Rice was a specially interesting occasion; the account of which, together with the old family papers to be found published for the first time in the October number of the Proceedings, adds another new chapter to our volume of principally local history, of which we now have completed *nineteen volumes*.

The matter of changing the name of the Society, which denotes antiquity more than history, ought to be taken up. There is such similarity between that of the American Antiquarian Society and the name of our own as to cause at times more or less confusion, and it is hoped that members will consider the matter carefully and take such action as may seem for the best interest of the Society.

We learn from the report of the Librarian that there are over 19,300 bound volumes and 35,000 pamphlets and 6,000 articles in our museum.

Edward Thomas, Esq., was then introduced and read the following paper, entitled, "Industrial Conditions in the South before the War:"

INDUSTRIAL CONDITIONS IN THE SOUTH BEFORE THE WAR.

I wish to draw your attention to the conditions which existed in the South before the war, about five years before the active secession movement began.

At this time what was known as the South may be described as the slave states, especially that part of them lying south of the Potomac and Ohio rivers, stretching

beyond the Mississippi into Texas, Arkansas and Missouri. This may broadly be divided into three sections—the eastern seaboard slave states, the mountain region, and those states which included the black belt, stretching from near the eastern coast to the staked plains of Texas, that band of dark fertile soil varying in width from twenty to two hundred miles, which, with the neighboring rich river-bottoms gave wealth and power to the cotton kingdom.

Ordinarily we draw our ideas of the slave-holding country from the novels which so graphically describe the plantation life among the aristocratic families; and to a certain extent we get from them a true picture; for Virginia and the Carolinas were the home of the plantation system, based first on indentured white servants, and later on negro slaves. From the time of the earliest settlements down even to the present day, the dominant political and economic forces have always been those of the plantation, and a patriarchal form of government. The great families formed an exclusive circle; and by their influence in the church, in politics, and as almost the only educated people, they developed an aristocracy second to none the world has seen in ability and political foresight. They found land cheap and rich, almost unexcelled for tillage with slave labor, and a profitable market for tobacco, their staple crop,—a crop of which they had almost a monopoly.

The story of the South has however been told by the novel too much like that one by the old Quaker who said that he feared some of the young Friends were not trusting the Bible as they should, and he even feared some had been led to doubt the truth of the story of Jonah as it was handed down to us. So he thought it would be well to give an account of two young men who were talking of this same story of Jonah while on a ship crossing the Mediterranean; one said he could not believe it except as an allegory; while the other thought it was better to hold to the faith of his fathers. Soon after a great storm

arose and wrecked the ship and the young man who disbelieved the story was drowned; the Quaker then sat down. In a few minutes he rose again, stood with his hands hanging down in a deprecating sort of way, and said that in the interests of truth he ought to say that the other young man was drowned also.

Under the social régime which prevailed at the South it was practically impossible for the poor whites to progress in any way, and so permanent improvement in condition at home was practically denied the great majority of the Southerners. Now the mathematician who has contributed most toward placing the science of evolution on a firm foundation, Karl Pearson,¹ has shown that in every race and in every society the extremes constantly tend to die out and are constantly recruited from the great middle class. This holds true whether the extremes consist of those who are very poor and very rich, or the very tall and very short, or the geniuses and dullards. At the North the great majority of the original settlers were English of the middle class, and under the stern conditions of climate the weaklings and lazy among their descendants rapidly died off, leaving the strong survivors to win a living from the soil. Naturally too in the New England climate men and women of foresight had a greater chance to survive and could win a better living from the soil. Thus there grew up in the North a great body of strong, able men, faithful to their work, neither very rich nor very poor, but prosperous and ambitious. At the South, however, the bulk of the settlers came from either the upper or lower classes, both of which tend to obey the law Pearson formulated, and so ran to extremes. The rich class though small, continued to develop men of extraordinary ability, who found in the practice of the law or in politics almost their only opportunity to rise; they became large slaveholders and formed an exclusive aristocracy. The unsuc-

¹ "Grammar of Science," by Karl Pearson.

cessful men in the upper class however rapidly drifted downward and became either parasites on their rich relatives, or "poor white trash." Among the poor whites in the seaboard states there was little to develop the energy requisite for progress, for though small lots of land were to be had almost for the asking and a livelihood could be obtained by the scantiest cultivation, education and political and social recognition were denied them. They were forced to stagnate or emigrate; and they emigrated in large numbers.

At the close of the Revolution, Virginia was reckoned the richest state in the Confederacy, and the Carolinas were, considering their size, rated nearly as high. In 1850, however, much of the land in these states was abandoned as exhausted, so that enterprising young men found better fortunes awaiting them if they moved into the farther west beyond the mountains. By agriculture alone did they expect to make a living, and so passed by the numerous waterfalls, the unexplored mineral wealth, and the broad stretches of woodland, pressing on till they came to the black belt and Tennessee valley to the southward, or the Ohio valley to the northward.

We can see how great was this emigration if we glance at the following paragraph written from Fairfax county, Virginia, and published in the Patent Office Report for 1851:¹ "The county is so changed in appearance that a traveller who passed over it ten years ago would not now recognize it.

"Thousands on thousands of acres, which had been cultivated in tobacco by the former proprietors, would not pay the cost, and became covered with a wilderness of pines. These lands have been purchased by *northern* emigrants,

¹ Patent Office Report, Agricultural, page 274. It is well worth noting that until after the Civil War began the Agricultural Department was a mere appendage of the Patent Office. That is, it was not until the practical Northerners began to have large agricultural interests that the government was made to be of practical aid to agriculture.

the large tracts subdivided, and cleared of the pines; and neat farm houses and barns, with smiling fields of grain and grass, in the season, salute the delighted gaze of the beholder.

“Ten years since, it was a mooted question, whether Fairfax lands could be made productive, and if so would they pay the cost? This problem has been satisfactorily solved by many; and in consequence of the above altered state of things, schoolhouses and churches have doubled in number.”

Again in the report on the census of 1850¹ it is stated that over 36% of the natives of South Carolina had found homes in other states, and these had moved because of discontent, being largely either the younger sons of planters or poor whites who were ambitious and had sought homes in more fertile lands. Of those who remained at home many among the larger planters gained an income by breeding slaves. Foreign slave-trade was forbidden and the settling of the great fertile regions of the South during the early fifties created an enormous demand for slaves. It was estimated that the annual natural increase of slaves on a Virginia plantation was over four per cent., and under the system of agriculture in vogue there, this was more rapid than could be profitably utilized. So in self-defence the slave owner was obliged occasionally to sell a few negroes, and in the decade we have under consideration this sale of negroes by the eastern states to the lower South is estimated to have been at least 20,000 per year.

The mountain regions were abandoned almost entirely to the poor whites, and these had neither the energy nor the transportation facilities to bring their timber to market, so they eked out a miserable hand-to-mouth existence, taking no thought for the morrow, and bewailing the present. No sharp dividing line can be drawn between these and the poorer planters. We have the record of

¹ Report of Superintendent Seventh Census, page 15, ed. 1852.

Frederick Law Olmsted¹ a careful observer, who travelled for months among these two classes, and almost invariably he notes that all kinds of comfort were lacking—no glass in the windows, no fresh vegetables, only the coarsest homespun clothing, and usually a dirty ill-kept house, in which children, black and white, played indiscriminately with the barn-yard fowls and not infrequently with the hogs. The people were ignorant almost beyond belief—even the most progressive barely able to read. In speaking of a three months' horse-back ride "from the banks of the Mississippi to the banks of the James,"² Olmsted says, "I did not see . . . except perhaps in one or two towns, a thermometer, nor a book of Shakespeare, nor a pianoforte or a sheet of music; nor the light of a carcel or other good reading lamp, nor an engraving or copy of any kind of a work of art of the slightest merit. I am not speaking of what are commonly called the poor whites; a large majority of all these houses were the residences of share [slave?] holders, a considerable proportion cotton planters . . . And most of these had been recommended to me . . . as being better than ordinary." The traveller found no hotels or roads worthy of the name; he was often welcomed to spend the night but was expected to pay for his lodging. His food would be molasses, fried bacon, fried corn meal and fried sweet potatoes, generally cold. Of the ordinary comforts and necessities of even a working-man's home in the North he found practically none; and by these poorer planters a majority of the slaves were held. We must however remember that though these backward people were largely in the majority at the South they counted for nothing in active influence in any way. They blindly followed the large plantation owners, whether in politics, in social customs, or on the battle-field. Of the value of economy

¹The noted landscape architect who died Aug., 1903.

²"Cotton Kingdom," Vol. 2, page 285.

in any form they had no conception. They might send an able bodied negro tramping for miles to sell a couple of poor turkeys, instead of employing him to start crops on the wasted acres of their rich land! Perhaps the wages for the hire of that negro would be more than those of a farm laborer in the North, yet in similar inefficient ways valuable time and resources were often misapplied.

Life on the best plantations was not unlike we have pictured it—an irresponsible leisurely life in a great comfortable house, waited on by crowds of easy going slaves, miles from neighbors, yet keeping open house and holding a continual round of entertainments. Convenient to the fields, and usually at no great distance from the house, would be a cluster of negro quarters, perhaps whitewashed log cabins some twenty odd feet square, often elevated a little above the ground. Around these were the fields and woodlands of the owner, sometimes stretching for miles. Under the immediate direction of the overseer, and drivers, as his negro assistants were called, great stretches of this would be cultivated in corn and tobacco—the slaves doing for the most part piece work, free to do their pleasure when their allotted work was finished.

So far the picture is accurate, but the observing New England farmer would notice that the house servants were barefoot,¹ that much of the land had been abandoned to pine wastes of exhausted soil, that possibly the firewood used in the house was from some free state, that only the coarser grades of tobacco² were raised and these much damaged in the process of cultivation, that the crop of corn was exceedingly small, and that little system was used to lighten labor. Grain was mowed with a cradle instead of the newly invented reaper, plantation hoes with blades larger than spades were used almost universally instead of plows and harrows, and all tools were of extraor-

¹ "Life and Letters of Francis Lieber," page 104.

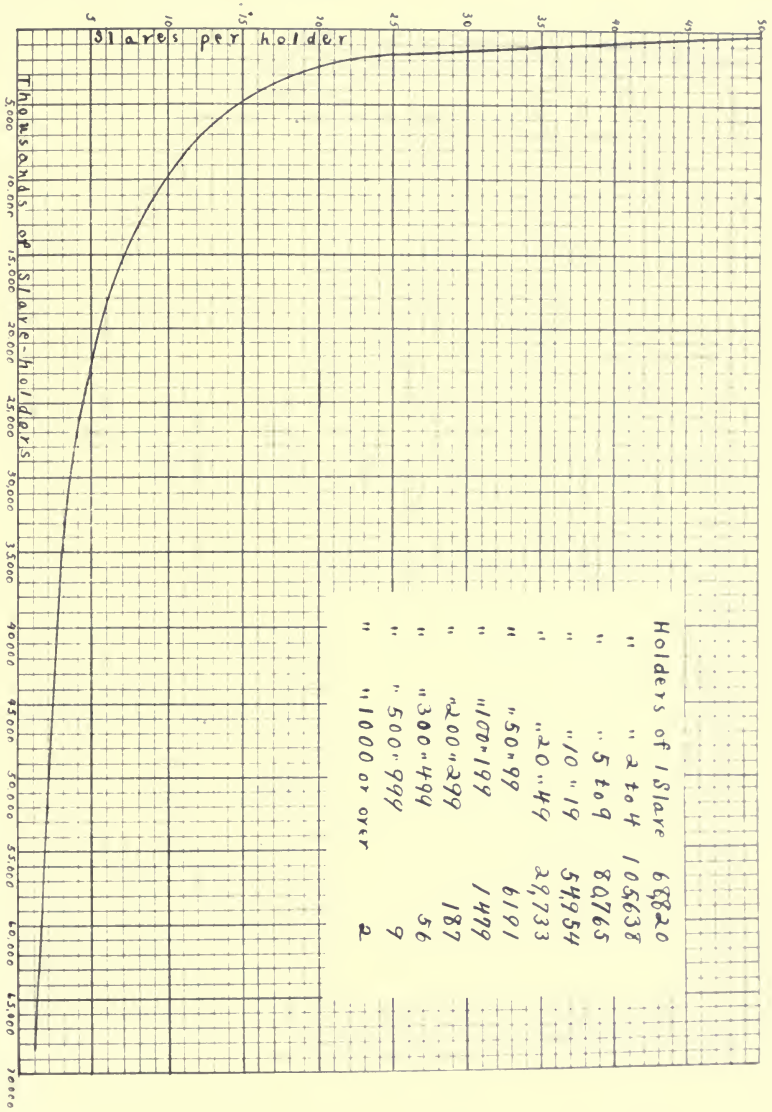
² In Pennsylvania the value of a crop of tobacco was double that in Virginia. Cf. Patent Office Report, Agricultural, 1850, pp. 415, 447; 1851, pp. 304, 306.

dinary weight and awkwardness. Schools and churches were distant and few in number, roads were poor so the marketing of produce was slow and expensive, yet because of the fertility of the soil, of the mildness of the climate, and of the light necessities of the laboring class, many of the planters had a large income though probably they realized but a small percentage on their invested capital. The number of these large planters was far less than would be imagined at first thought. According to the census of 1850 there were over 347,000 slave-holders (this number including slave-hirers as well as owners), but less than 8,000 are enumerated as holding as many as fifty slaves. In this enumeration many were counted twice—as for example when a Virginian owned a second plantation in the lower South—so we are justified in assuming that there were less than 7,000 planters worthy of the name. Counting these and their families we estimate the number able to live in plantation style at 30,000 men, women and children. The small number of these who really lived in comfort were the southern aristocracy and set a killing pace for the whole South, which the other classes tried to keep and failed miserably.

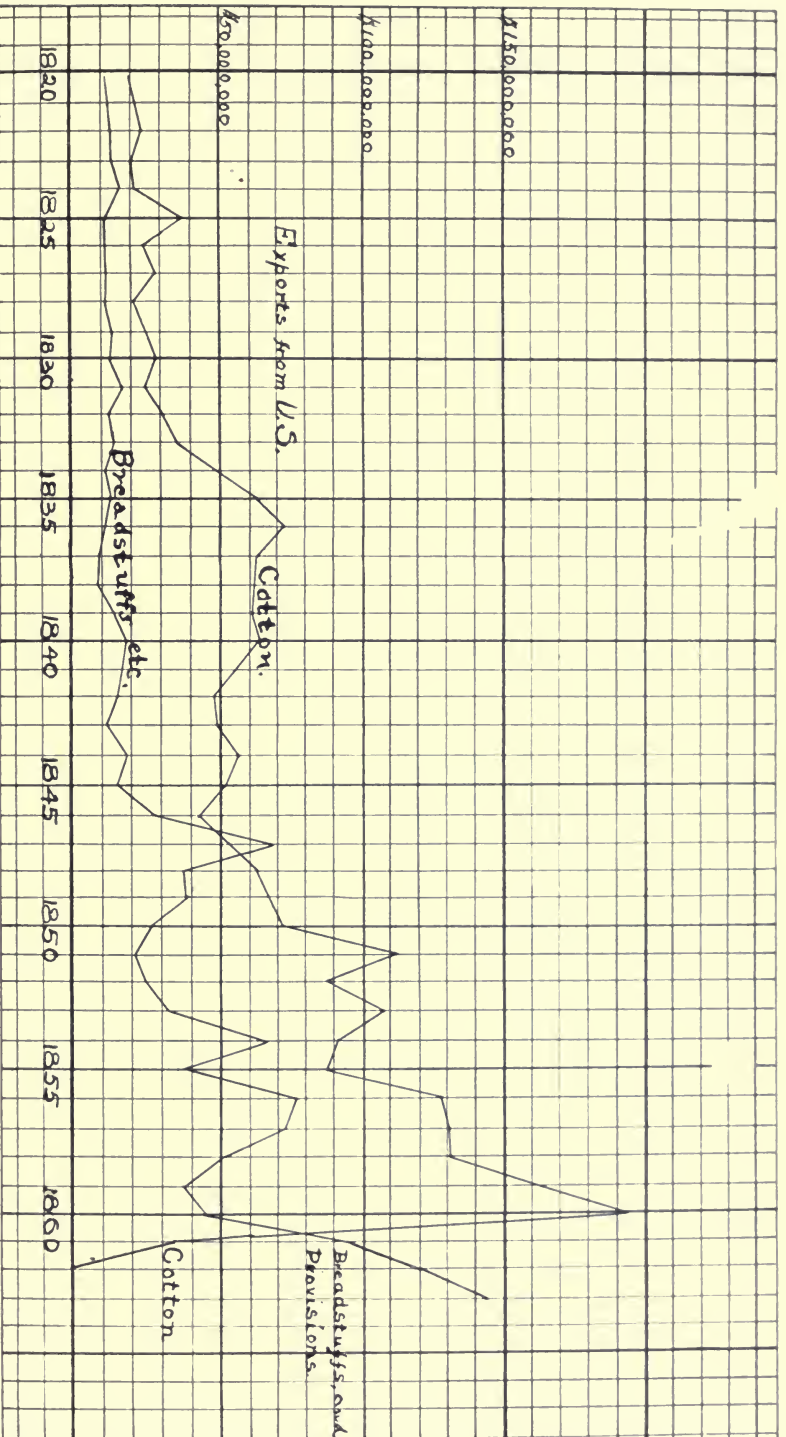
The censuses prior to 1870 are notoriously incorrect especially in regard to the southern states, but if we take the table of slave-holders as given for 1850 and plot a curve from it as in the accompanying figure we can understand more clearly the relative numbers of the large and small holders.

Of necessity in a slave-laboring community, the ignorant laborers required careful and detailed direction, so the planters, especially the small ones who employed no overseer, came to be adepts at directing large operations and were almost born leaders. Moreover almost all interests in the community centered about the court-house. Here would be found perhaps a couple of half-run-down country hotels, a general store, a blacksmith shop, two or three

EACH VERTICAL SPACE REPRESENTS ONE SLAVE, AND EACH HORIZONTAL SPACE 1,000 SLAVE-HOLDERS. THUS, THERE WERE ABOUT 10,000 SLAVEHOLDERS WHO HELD TEN SLAVES EACH.



Holders of 1 Slave 68,200
 " " 2 to 4 10,5638
 " " 5 to 9 8,0765
 " " 10 " 19 5,4954
 " " 20 " 49 2,9733
 " " 50 " 99 6191
 " " 100 " 199 1,499
 " " 200 " 299 187
 " " 300 " 494 56
 " " 500 " 994 9
 " " 1,000 or over 2



EACH VERTICAL SPACE REPRESENTS \$10,000,000, AND EACH HORIZONTAL SPACE ONE YEAR. THUS, IN 1845 THE EXPORTS OF COTTON WERE A LITTLE OVER \$50,000,000, AND OF BREADSTUFFS, ETC., ABOUT \$16,000,000.



large and brought good prices, the planters were able to purchase northern supplies largely and so withdrew a corresponding amount of grain, bacon and similar articles from the export trade. Especially is this noticeable in the years 1860-62 though many workmen must have left the farms, thus actually decreasing the size of the crops though the exports increased. Industry at the South was almost entirely agricultural; Virginia had many woolen mills, but they were small, and one large iron manufactory. Other states had cotton mills, but on the whole these industries were the exception and for the most part short lived. Their production was such a small proportion of the South's consumption, and their influence on general conditions so small that their existence may almost be ignored.

To such an extent was the cotton kingdom leader in the industrial life of the South that everywhere even in Virginia unskilled slaves were rated on the basis of cotton field hands. The wages of slaves hired out were practically the same as for free laborers at the North, but their labor was far less efficient for the most part. We say that a man is efficient when he makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before, but this fails to show wherein slave labor is inefficient. A shoe factory hand once said that what a man could earn on piece work depended not on how fast he worked but on how few false motions he made. That is to say the efficient man is one who makes few false motions or mistakes. The slave had no inducement to work carefully; afraid of the overseer's whip he would work doggedly on, not even looking up at the occasional passer-by, but careless whether he cut down weeds or crops with his hoe. Such labor is naturally very expensive; even at the best the earnings and improvements and self-education of the slave were his only by sufferance. He and all his powers were subject to the whim of his master. So at the South no man, black or white, could rise from

the ranks and become a leader in new and improved practical methods.

A few days ago I saw tacked up on the office wall of one of our New England mills a card inscribed, "The door to prosperity is always marked push." It was lack of push and efficiency which kept the South in its undeveloped state.

Inefficiency was characteristic of the South not alone on the farms but even in every department of transportation. The roads were often only beaten tracks through the forest, deeply rutted or else so little used as to be overgrown with grass. Sometimes the traveller could make better time by walking than by trusting to the uncertain stage line. Save in Georgia the railroads were wretchedly built and poorly managed.¹ Moreover they were little used by the people—the back-country farmers preferring to cart their cotton to market, have a good time in the city, and then cart their supplies back rather than trust the handling of their crops to such a diabolical agent as the railroad. It was a matter of frequent note that one district might have a large surplus crop while in neighboring districts people might be almost suffering from starvation.² Olmsted cites a case where wheat differed in price over seventy cents a bushel in two places less than fifty miles apart. Someone, also, has shown that while the transportation of the mails at the South cost practically as much as at the North, the postal receipts were only about one-third as great. There were practically no books and few newspapers published in the South, except in Baltimore and Louisville. So commerce and education were alike impeded.

Perhaps Missouri, which was almost exclusively settled by Southerners, is typical of the South, and the following letter from that state, published in the Patent Office Report for 1851,³ seems to fairly characterize the whole South:

¹ Georgia has always been a noteworthy exception. In 1902 the State obtained a revenue of over \$500,000 from lines leased to operating companies.

²"Seaboard Slave States," page 363. ³Patent Office Report, Agricultural, page 454.

“Agriculture on the whole has in Missouri advanced not far beyond its infancy. The people are generally following the exhausting system. Everything is wasted—timber, soil and all. A farm improved thirty years since is deemed to be an old place. A field that has yielded twenty crops is as a matter of course worn out. The weight pressing on our agriculture, as indeed on everything else, is the system of involuntary labor. I could adduce many instances of old settlers being compelled to move their places because they could no more on them ‘raise bread enough to feed their niggers.’ Their only shift is then ‘to sell out and move.’ Perhaps an industrious German will buy the ruined place, restore it to fertility, pay off the purchase money in five years, and be independent and ‘very well off’ in ten years. I do not deny that there are careful husbandmen among the old as well as new settlers: but the prevailing rule is to waste and move.”

Slavery was then an economic problem at the South, though a moral one in the eyes of northerners. The southern leaders fought the question indirectly as long as they could, but with the election of Lincoln they saw the North was defying them, so they forced the issue, set up an independent government, and failed. Now that we see how limited their resources were, the wonder is not that they failed, but that they were able to maintain their stand so long:

Hon. Stephen Salisbury followed with interesting remarks, relating his visit to Newport, R. I., during the summer of 1850, where he met many southern people, that being prior to the Civil War, a popular place for them to pass the summer months. He also gave an account of a trip to Savannah, Ga., with his parents, in 1841, where he spent four or five months, describing what he saw of life on the

plantations. Being but a mere lad many things he witnessed made deep impressions on his mind.

Remarks were also made by Mander A. Maynard, who during his three years' service in the War, saw much of the life of the people in Virginia and Kentucky, especially the colored people and the poor whites.

law offices, and sometimes one or two dwelling houses. Hither on court days came all from far and wide, rich and poor, to go to court, to see the "quality," to hear the political speeches, and to be present at the barbecue. Many younger sons became lawyers and thence drifted into politics, and at these gatherings on court days they found their opportunity to make themselves favorably known by public speeches which were eagerly listened to. The crowd were glad to follow any powerful leader, and thus it came about that for over fifty years the great leaders of our country came from such commonwealths as Virginia and Alabama. It was in Alabama and the other newer states that the real strength of the South lay after 1850. In 1850 however these frontier states had already lost much population by emigration; as in Virginia when the older plantations became exhausted, the lands would be abandoned, the land owner would move on to the still unoccupied virgin lands to the westward. So lax in general were the methods of cultivation and so profitable was the cotton crop when the slightest care was used in growing it that Olmsted was able to record a number of instances that came under his personal notice, where by the exercise of a little energy and foresight a poor family had come to own a number of slaves and was on the way to prosperity in the space of four or five years. Life however was primitive in these regions, most of the planters living in no more comfort than the poor whites. Olmsted frequently mentions in the account of his Texas journey that he was disappointed in not being able to reach at nightfall any settlement of Germans employing free labor, because there he was sure to find comfort and wheat bread, while he seldom found white bread and never comfort in the home of an American cotton planter.

Thoughtless of everything but cotton the planter raised scarcely any vegetables, and often even bought his fodder and bacon in the North, though both could be raised at

home with the slightest labor. Wheat flour was practically unknown and so were milk and butter. It was the general policy of the cotton planters to plant and cultivate all the acreage in cotton that could possibly be picked over with the laborers at their command. Land was cheap, and it was thought more profitable to wear out the land than to use fertilizers, the immediate consequence of this was that slaves rather than land became the gauge of wealth, and the product per slave rather than the product per acre became the measure of efficiency of the planter's management. So each plantation manager was rated as having so many prime field hands or their equivalent in ordinary slaves. It is recorded of a few plantations that the crop was as much as ten bales of five hundred pounds each per hand, including the weak as well as the strong. This is over two and one half tons per slave. Probably in the cotton districts the average crop was about four bales¹ per hand, and to get this production they were kept so severely at work that here their annual increase by births did not keep pace with the death rate, in contrast with the increase in Virginia of over four per cent. a year.

This was the cotton kingdom and hither came slaves from Virginia, tools from New England, grain and food from the northwest—all because cotton was king, king of the country's export trade; for cotton was, till 1860, the only great staple this country raised for export, and so it became directly and indirectly the source of ready cash for the whole country. The northern banker was interested in the cotton crop because European sales of this formed his principal source of foreign cash. The New England manufacturer of tools and textiles found the southern planter his best cash customer, while the grain and hog raiser of the northwest also found the most profitable market for his products by freighting them down the Mississippi to the South. Even northern hay was fed to

¹ See, "Cotton Kingdom," also Report of Supt. Seventh Census, page 13.

cattle in the South because slave labor was more easily employed in the cotton field than in mowing and storing the rich grass which covered untold acres near at hand and rotted where it grew.

A vivid picture of the average cotton district at the South is given in the following letter of a Mississippi farmer, published in the Patent Office Report for 1850, p. 187:—

“We raise no wheat, barley or rye. Cotton and corn are the principal productions. In fact, we raise so little of anything else, that we call these our only crops. We generally plant about half and half, that is, one half corn, the other half cotton. The number of acres thus planted is about sixteen to the hand. So one hand is said to cultivate about eight acres of cotton and eight of corn. The average crop per hand is about two hundred bushels corn, and about five bales of cotton. An acre planted in corn seldom produces more than twenty-five bushels;¹ nor does an acre of cotton often produce more than five-eighths of a bale. There are lands that produce more; but there are others that produce less. Five-eighths is about a general average. The weight per bale is averaged at four hundred pounds.

“We sell nothing but cotton; that is, we carry nothing else to market. For this we get thirteen cents per lb., making \$52 per bale. The cost of conveying to market is about \$2 for each bale. When we sell cotton, we purchase supplies for the next year. Those supplies consist of meat, for which we pay \$13 per bbl., negro clothes, sugar, coffee, &c., &c. The whole *outlay* for each negro, per year, is about \$25, not including herein the costs of corn, potatoes, garden vegetables, &c., consumed by each. The whole cost of supporting each negro here cannot be less than \$35 per annum.

“When we plant eight acres of corn to the hand, we

¹ The average crop of corn per acre in free states varied from 25 in poor parts of Connecticut, to 100 in parts of Indiana.

seldom fail to make a plenty. But cotton, for a few years past, having borne a good price, many of our farmers have gone half mad; planted nearly all their land in cotton, and but little corn. The consequence is, that corn has become scarce, and commands a high price. I paid, on the 20th, almost as high as \$1.25 per bushel.¹ We could, were we not so absorbed in cotton raising, raise hogs enough for our own meat. A few sensible old farmers do this, but the most of us abandon everything for the sake of cotton, and so we depend almost entirely upon the more northern states to furnish us with this most essential commodity. We might raise many things we do not and which we will not, so long as cotton brings its present price. Sheep would flourish here with a little attention; but, as it is, we raise a few for home purposes. Cattle and horses might be raised to advantage. We raise no horses, at least so few, that we may count them none. We are indebted to Kentucky and the other more northern states for our supplies of horses and mules. Great droves are brought down and sold among us every year. The price, this year, for a good working-horse is no less than \$100; for a good mule, \$120; saddle horses of the best quality at from \$200 to \$275.

“Milk-cows sell for \$10 and \$12 per head. We have but few, and make no cheese, a little butter for family use. Cattle are little or no trouble; they raise themselves. We seldom feed them, and it is only the cows and oxen we ever feed, and these only in the severe winter months. We use oxen principally for drawing our cotton to market. Four yoke can draw six bales. Oxen sell for \$35, \$40 and sometimes as high as \$50 per yoke. We gather a little crab-grass for hay, and sometimes a few pea-vines, with which, together with the shucks of the corn, we feed the oxen while working. We also give them a little corn.

¹ This same year the cost of raising corn in Iowa was estimated at 8 cents per bushel. Patent Office Report, Agricultural, 1851, page 455.

We gather all the blades from the corn for fodder, upon which we feed the horses during the working season.

“The usual mode of feeding horses while working is to give them fifteen good ears of corn and two bundles of fodder three times per day—morning, noon and night. We employ, or ought to employ, one horse to every hand. It is not much trouble to make corn, but cotton requires a good deal of ploughing and hoeing. We are compelled to work it all the time we are not engaged in our corn, to make a good crop. When we have finished working it, then we have to pick it. No time is then to be lost. This keeps us busy until near Christmas.

“We raise no tobacco or hemp; we raise a little rice about in the wet spots; also a little sugar-cane, more for the curiosity of the thing than for any real profit. We never make sugar. We sometimes mash the cane and make a little molasses for home use. A negro man hires for \$135 per annum; a white man for about \$15 per month. Overseer wages range from \$20 to \$25 per month.

“We manure nothing but corn. This we manure with cotton-seed at the rate of one double handful of seed to the hill of corn. Corn thus manured will produce large and fine ears in the poorest land.”

Thus we see that though the cotton planter's supply of ready money was often large, his expenses were correspondingly large and much of this was due to his improvidence and lack of management in many ways. Often a crop was mortgaged in advance to pay debts incurred for fresh negroes or for food. In the busy season the hands sometimes averaged sixteen hours of work a day. Necessarily with such long hours of labor the hands became much exhausted so that they were frequently sick and their labor inefficient. There was little attention given by either owner or overseer to obtain perfect cotton, as it was a matter of pride to obtain as large a crop as possible.

This resulted in large losses by allowances for the poor quality of the fibre and for dirt allowed to sift in.

It is impossible to estimate directly the losses of the cotton planters from these causes, but it has been shown that there were annually shipped south to the cotton kingdom at least 20,000 negroes.¹ Most of these were classed as prime field hands which would average in value between \$500 and \$1,500 according to the cotton market. Thus from this source alone the annual drain on the cotton kingdom was probably over \$20,000,000. It is fairly certain that direct payments to the northern states for food and fodder were even larger. One result of this large commercial interest of the North in the South was to raise a strong minority at the North who opposed any interference with slavery. This attitude of a portion of the North was utilized by the politicians of the South to maintain their hold on the national government long after the South really lost its economic strength; and by adroitly manipulating these northern sympathizers they forced through the repeal of the Missouri compromise and a host of similar legislation.

I have said it is impossible to directly estimate how great the annual sales of the North to the South were, especially since all agricultural and census reports prior to 1865 are extremely unreliable. The figures for the export trade are however very accurate, and an analysis of the annual changes in the cotton and breadstuff and provision exports reveals some interesting facts. It will be noted in the accompanying curves platted to represent the exports of these articles that in almost every year when the cotton exports increased the breadstuffs and provisions showed a decrease, and *vice versa*, except in extraordinary years such as 1847 when there was a famine in Ireland. This curious phenomenon can only be accounted for by supposing that when the cotton crop was

¹ "Southern Sidelights," Edward Ingle, pages 292 *et seq.*

PROCEEDINGS.

THREE HUNDRED AND NINETIETH MEETING, TUESDAY
EVENING, FEBRUARY 2, 1904.

VICE-PRESIDENT MAYNARD in the chair. Others present: Messrs. Arnold, Baldwin, Crane, C. A. Chase, Callahan, Davidson, Eaton, Gould, C. B. Gates, Major Harlow, Lynch, Geo. Maynard, Newton, Pellett, Southgate, C. E. Staples, Major Stiles, Wheeler, Williamson, Mrs. I. E. Bigelow, Mrs. Callahan, Mrs. B. A. Crane, Mrs. Darling, Mrs. Fowler, Mrs. Hildreth, Miss Manly, Miss Moore, Miss May, Mrs. Maynard, Mrs. J. B. Stone, Miss Smith, Miss M. Agnes Waite, I. E. Bigelow, Miss Barnes, Mrs. Baker, Miss Hildreth, Mrs. Stiles, Mrs. Pellett and others.

The Librarian reported the additions during the past month: fifty-three bound volumes, six hundred pamphlets, ninety-three papers and two articles for the museum.

He also referred to the exceedingly valuable gift just presented to the Society by our President, Mr. Lyman A. Ely. The gift is a collection of Indian relics numbering about five thousand pieces, purchased by Mr. Ely of Mr. Richard O'Flynn, who for the past twenty years has been securing them in small quantities as the opportunity came.

This gift of stone relics includes more than a dozen varieties of grooved axes, a great variety of celts, chipped and polished, from eleven and one-half inches to one and one-half inches in length, chisels, adzes, scrapers, gouges, long cylindrical and conical pestles, handle pestles, mullers, hammer-stones, grooved round stones, sinkers, perforated stones, five dozen discoidal stones varying in diameter

from six inches to seven-eighths of an inch and from rough manufacture to fine finish, also various styles perforated and unperforated, sides flat, concave and with secondary depression. Spuds, plummets, cones, paint stones, hemispheres, gorgets in variety, also ceremonial stones, banner stones, pendants, tubes conical and cylindrical, spades, clipped varieties, clipped flint implements from the size of knives and scrapers five inches in length, down to the tiny arrow point in all varieties of shapes and kinds. Perforators in great varieties, specimens of pottery, including vases, images, etc., also wampum, shell money, stone and venetian beads recovered from Indian mounds. On motion of Mr. Crane a unanimous vote of thanks was extended President Ely for the exceedingly interesting and valuable gift.

The paper for the evening was read by Miss Carrie A. Hildreth, in which she gave an account of a visit to the home of the Pilgrims in Old England. It was entitled,

A VISIT TO THE ENGLISH HAUNTS OF THE PILGRIMS.

It is somewhat remarkable, considering the deep interest many of their descendants have shown in the history of the founders of New England, that so little is known of Scrooby, the home of Elder Brewster, and Austerfield, the birthplace of William Bradford.

Where are these places? In Holland, England or America? To most people they are altogether unknown, and in the minds of the few who have heard of them, they are frequently shrouded with an air of the deepest mystery. Americans, thousands of miles away, know little about them, and Englishmen know still less. Scrooby is on an important line of railroad, and yet is so seldom visited by tourists, or even by natives, that only one or two trains

a day stop there, and those at most inconvenient hours. One who has a desire to visit the place, must be prepared to ask many questions before he finds his way there, and to answer more after he has found the town. Surely no explorer of the Dark Continent ever found himself wandering in more uncertainty as to his whereabouts, than did two New England travellers, who were wandering, tired and perplexed, around Lincolnshire, England, on the eve of Coronation Day, in August, 1903.

Scrooby! The Pilgrim Fathers! The words seemed far more attractive than any glittering pageant that might occur in London, in connection with a King's coronation. Our friends from Chicago, who chose to remain in the big city, and either stand on the sidewalk or pay fabulous prices for seats, might do so. We were from New England, and after a jaunt among the big continental cities, what could charm us so much as something connected with home and our Pilgrim ancestors? Besides, was not this coronation a warmed-over affair at the best! Others might smile at our choice of sights, but we were independent, and so we started northward from London. Nobody could tell us just how to get to Scrooby, but we thought we were headed in the right direction if we aimed for Lincoln, and surely somebody there could direct our steps.

Lincoln was as interesting as ever. Its magnificent old cathedral, one of the finest in all England, beamed its blessing upon us from the lofty hilltop. It was market-day in the town, and such a market-day! Farmers were there from the neighboring region, and peddlers of every description had unloaded their wares in the middle of the streets, which were thus rendered almost impassable. Everybody was there, and buying every imaginable thing, from a horse down to a watch. One cart was loaded with vegetables, the next with watches and glittering trinkets, while the bare-headed peasants, who had gathered in large numbers to gaze admiringly at the display, added an in-

teresting human note to the study in color. We had tried in vain at the station to find the whereabouts of Scrooby, but nobody had ever heard of it. The maps hanging in the ticket-office had no such name upon them, and the booking-agent told me I must be mistaken in the place. Possibly I wanted Scawby. He asked me if I had friends living there, and if I were sure they had not given me the wrong name. Upon being told that we were hunting for the place famous for being the original home of the Pilgrim Fathers, he looked blanker than ever, and innocently remarked, "And who might they be ma'am? I don't believe I ever heard of them. Have they been there long?" When told they had been gone nearly three hundred years, he looked at us in a way that seemed to indicate his amazement that we should have expected him to know the gentlemen.

Finding it impossible to get any information or buy a ticket from him, we left the station, and wandered out into the town, thinking that perchance somebody in the market-place might help us in our search. We asked several, but nobody had heard of the place, and finally we worked our way through the crowd and climbed an unusually steep hill to the cathedral, which was as charming as ever. After a couple of hours spent in exploring it, we came back down to the town, and again began our search. Again we looked over every map and time-table in the station, and for a few brief minutes wondered whether we would better go back to London for coronation, but there were several people left in the station, and after some time we found a small boy who said, "Scrooby! why, yes, I've been through there many a time on my bicycle, but there's nothing there to see." Further inquiry brought out the fact that there was no hotel in the town, though there was a public house. From him we also learned that we could go to Scrooby by train from Retford, so our next move was to that town, where we stayed over night.

Arriving there in the late afternoon, we again inquired for Scrooby, and this time we received the encouraging answer that the agent could sell us tickets for Scrooby, but that few trains stopped there, and none would take us away at any reasonable time the next afternoon or night. He was evidently much amazed at the idea of anybody going there, and finally asked if there were any special celebration there that week, as he said two ladies had bought tickets for that place a few days before. "What you want to go there for, ma'am, I really can't think," said he, "for there just isn't anything there. Nobody ever goes there, but then Americans do go to the queerest places." After assuring him that, even at the risk of being thought queer, we were determined to go, he finally told us that we could take a morning train to Bawtry, another small town, and from there drive to Scrooby, if we would get a trap.

Seeing the prospect of getting to Scrooby was really increasing, we took courage, and went to the famous White Hart Hotel for the night. This little inn was most attractive, and when our dinner was served in an ideal old-fashioned dining-room with massive carved oak furniture, and we later were ushered into queer little rooms with old-fashioned four-poster bedsteads, with heavy canopies, and the only light furnished by numerous tiny candles in most fantastic brass candlesticks, we felt that we were fast moving toward the land and time of the Pilgrims.

Early in the morning we were astir and out in the streets, for it was coronation day, and our landlord had assured us the previous evening that it was to be a great day for Retford, and the decorations were well worth seeing. Before breakfast we had walked all over the town, had wandered into two old churches and obtained from the vergers the printed order of the special service for the day. We would have been glad to remain for the service, especially for the one where we would see the aristocracy of the

neighborhood, who would come in from the Dukeries, but our telegram had already been sent to the Crown Inn at Bawtry, and we knew the trap would be awaiting us at the next train, so we could not linger in Retford, though it was one of the most charming places I ever saw. The quaint old buildings were of themselves most interesting, and the decorations for the occasion did not detract from their interest. The Union Jack was flying everywhere; pictures of the King and Queen of every conceivable description were to be seen in the windows, and on gay banners stretched across the street. One shop window bore the legend "America may have her Carrie Nation; we have our Coronation." Perhaps the quaintest and most touching motto was displayed on the long wall of a little old building which was showing a brave front to the outer world, but was little better than a mud hut on the inside. Just over the door was the sign, "Welcome Inn," but extending along the entire length of the roof were the words, "I've stood through many a Coronation," and one could easily believe the assertion.

Train time came all too soon, but at the appointed hour we landed at the little Bawtry station, and found no conveyance in sight. Nobody else alighted from the train. The station was closed, as it was a holiday, and no station master was in sight, and once more Scrooby seemed almost slipping from our grasp. We deliberated as to what we would best do. There was no one there to tell us the way, and a walk of several miles in the wrong direction had little charm for us. Suddenly our attention was attracted by a vehicle slowly lumbering down the road, and we discovered that the driver was trying to attract our attention. When he came, his first words were, "Say, are you the folks that want to go to Scrooby? I don't see what you're going there for." Further conversation brought out the welcome news that he really had been there, but he said it wasn't worth visiting, and nobody ever went there

except now and then a stray American. He further enlightened us by telling us that he had taken several women there within a few months, but they all seemed to be rather "queer" folks. He didn't give us the benefit of his opinion of ourselves, but doubtless the next comer heard it. He wanted to know what we wanted to see in Scrooby, and volunteered the information that there was one old house out in the field where people generally went, but he didn't think much of it. It was quite likely to be muddy around it, but he expected it was as good as anything in Scrooby.

Driving along the village street in Bawtry, we again were charmed with the quaint old buildings, and our charioteer called our attention to the few newspaper cuts of King Edward in the window, and to one lone flag flying from the Crown Inn, saying, "It's lucky you came today. You see we're celebrating." For two miles we drove along a pretty road, past fields which were red with poppies. We were indeed in rural England, and so quiet was it that it seemed like a Sabbath morning. It seemed to us, that on Coronation Day at least, we must hear some sound of celebration as we came into the old town, but when we remarked on the stillness, our guide ejaculated, "Huh! You don't know Scrooby! It's always still. There's nobody there to make any noise." He further told us that they had their celebration in June, on the day first set for the Coronation, and as they did not find out till afterward that the King was not crowned then, they thought they couldn't bother to decorate again. Such lack of patriotism seemed incredible, and we tried to imagine whether it would be possible for any village in our own broad land to be so isolated as this on our national holiday. Suddenly our guide told us that we were in the middle of the town, and landed us before a most diminutive church. Though small, it was the most modern thing in the place, and savored little of antiquity. Even the tombstones in the churchyard looked lively compared with everything

around them. The houses in the village were low and thatched, and looked as if they might have been doll-houses for the children of the Pilgrims, had anything so frivolous been known in those days. Our curiosity led us to inquire for the public house, which we had been told took the place of a hotel, and when it was pointed out, we looked at it in amazement. Could we have ever succeeded in getting into such a little box, had we planned to stay there over night, or once being inside, would it be possible to get out again?

And yet we remember that Scrooby has played no insignificant part in the world's history. She has been known as the "Cradle of Religious Freedom." Although now only a collection of huts in an agricultural region, whose inhabitants are mostly farmers, not likely to hold extreme opinions in either religion or politics, or to sacrifice much to a supposed call of conscience, yet around her cluster many memories. This broad meadowland, with hummocky plots of soil, in which the dock grows plentifully, and through which creeps the River Idle between two low, sedgy banks, where the yellow flag rises like a Madonna among the irises and poppies, and where now a solitary horse may be seen dragging a dilapidated clay-stained cart, was once trodden by the sacred feet of our Pilgrim ancestors.

This is holy ground. Not only do Pilgrim memories cluster around it, but to it at times have come persons of higher station. It was once an important place in Tudor England. Scrooby Manor, or Scrooby Court, as the townspeople love to call it, was once a stately palace of the Archbishop of York, who used it for a hunting-lodge. It was not far from Sherwood Forest, and it once sheltered Cardinal Wolsey for weeks. Queen Margaret of Scotland, daughter of Henry the Seventh, at one time stopped here, and under this roof Henry the Eighth once spent a night. Surely Scrooby must have seen gayer days, and have had

at least one imposing building in her midst. As we begin to conjecture where such a building could have stood, we find ourselves turning into a field, and our driver tells us this is the old house he before mentioned to us, which most persons wish to visit. He has never been in it, and doesn't know just what it is, but he tells us there is "some kind of sign" on it. It is not imposing, but at the word "sign" we are immediately on the alert and out of the carriage. A walk around the old house discloses to our delighted eyes a bronze tablet, which gives the following information: "This was placed here by the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth, Mass., on the site of the ancient house where lived William Brewster previous to 1603, and where he organized the Pilgrim Church, of which he became elder. He removed to Amsterdam in 1603, to Leyden in 1609, and to Plymouth in 1620." Few traces, indeed, are left of the old Scrooby manor—nothing but the old moat, now dry, which separated its grounds from the village, and some rude stables, among whose rafters may be seen a few carved beams, which doubtless once did service in the palace chapel. The old farmhouse with its red-tiled roof, is probably a part of the buildings which were contained within the yard of the manor-house, and the present inhabitant of the place told us that the old beams are all that can, with any certainty, be identified as part of that house under whose roof those religious gatherings were held which resulted in the colony at Plymouth. The rest of the old mansion was pulled down before the middle of the seventeenth century.

The woman who lives in the house now was most delighted to see us, for she said she seldom had visitors, and it seemed "so good to see somebody from the outside world." Though her dinner was just on the stove, and it was evidently washing day, she was anxious to show every nook and corner of the old house. The rooms of the upper floor were especially interesting. The floor was

very uneven. No two rooms seemed to be on the same level. Great beams ran through the ceilings, which pitched slightly toward the sides of the rooms. Quaint old leaded windows were to be seen in the passage-way, and near one of these, a niche in the wall, about a foot square, contains what is supposed to have been a christening font. A curious old fireplace also attracted our attention. From one of the upper windows, our hostess pointed out to us the little stream just back of the house, down which, she said, the Pilgrims were supposed to have started on their trip to Holland. From this same window we could see what is left of Cardinal Wolsey's mulberry tree, of whose fruit Brewster must have eaten. It is now but a mere stump, perhaps ten feet high, with a few green shoots coming out from one side. Near by, in the pasture, almost hidden by overgrowing grass, may be seen three circles, the sites of former fish-ponds, which remind us of the days when Scrooby Court was the centre of activity.

The present house is comparatively modern, though probably some portions of the ancient structure still remain. In one wall may be seen a lofty, rounded arch, now filled in, which may once have formed a coach-gate or carriage entrance to the manor-house. In this house for many years lived the Scrooby postmaster, holding the place on a long lease from the Archbishop of York, and, remembering that William Brewster succeeded his father as "post," it is easy to understand how he came to be living in the great house of the town, for Scrooby was then an important place on the great north road to Scotland. His salary amounted to about fifteen hundred dollars a year, at a time when money was worth four times what it is now, this making him a well-to-do citizen, and enabling him to entertain often, at his own expense, the whole company of Pilgrims at dinner, when they came to the manor-house for worship, as some of these earnest people walked from two to twenty miles for this purpose. From the first,

Brewster was the very soul of the Pilgrim company, which, like the very first Christian churches, was not only composed of, but was managed chiefly by laymen. He not only found freedom of conscience in the Bible, but at Scrooby he published the news of a country which practised and guaranteed it.

We remember that when James the First came to the throne in 1603, the news of his accession came to him while he was in Edinburgh, and he mounted his horse for the journey to London, with numerous attendants. On his way he passed through Sherwood Forest, and spent a day hunting there, in the footsteps of Robin Hood. In that day's sport he passed the manor-house of Scrooby, where, at that very time, the Pilgrim fathers met privately every Sunday for worship. He very likely took a mug of ale from Brewster's hands, and he was so favorably impressed by the place, that one of his first letters after he reached London, contained a proposition to the Archbishop of York for the sale of Scrooby Manor, that he might have it for a royal residence, when he should again hunt in Sherwood Forest. The property, however, did not change hands, and the Pilgrims continued to worship there till the same king drove them out of the kingdom.

We remember that, though many people in England were dissatisfied with the state church, comparatively few actually separated themselves from it. Many so-called Puritans wished merely to reform certain conditions and forms of worship, but in a few most unexpected places congregations gathered, who, eager to give up all for conscience' sake, were ready to come out and separate themselves from the Church. As William Brewster in his youth had visited Holland and there caught the spirit of religious freedom, it was perhaps not strange that he should have yielded readily to the new movement, or very probably have been one of those most ready to agitate it. Certain it is that the little company which met weekly at his home

formed the very hot-bed of the movement. The little company at Scrooby, and another in the neighboring town of Gainsborough, where John Robinson was pastor, became the most famous of all the dissenting congregations in the north of England, and when the Hampton Court Conference issued the edict compelling conformity or exile, it is not strange that the Scrooby Separatists turned Pilgrims, and began their wanderings, changing often their location, but never their steadfast faith.

It is to these people that our thoughts turn, as we wander out into the old stable now standing on the manor-grounds, and with reverent eyes we gaze up at the old, rudely carved beams and rafters which probably originally covered the great hall or chapel of the manor-house. These walls might whisper how they have heard the prayers, the laughter and the jests of many gay lords and their retainers, but these are forgotten now, and we remember only that these oaken beams were over the heads of the Mayflower church, when they covenanted together to be the Lord's and sang praises from hearts which Bradford says, "Ye Lord had touched with homely zeal for his truth."

In 1606 this little company formed the fully organized Separatist church at Scrooby, and to it came John Robinson from the neighboring congregation at Gainsborough, a man of great modesty and learning, perhaps the master spirit of all who ever left the church of England.

He was installed pastor of the little church, and remained with them in that capacity at Scrooby, and later at Leyden, until they sailed for America, when he remained in Holland to minister to those who were left behind, his place being filled by Elder William Brewster.

As we look around us, and talk with the Scrooby cottagers of to-day we find them heavy and stolid, like most rustic people from the north country, and their accent is unfamiliar to our ears. No tradition of the Pilgrims lingers among them, and it is hard to realize that it was to just

such people as these that a great enthusiasm once came, that lifted them out of the commonplace, and made their names come down to us enshrined almost as saints and heroes. And yet, when we think of it, those ideas which they advocated were not the ideas of fanatics; they were just the simple, wholesome truths which would appeal to sturdy, loyal, rustic minds to-day.

The simple points upon which they founded their right of separation from the Established Church were: first,—the determination not to support or attend upon any ecclesiastical forms or ordinances which they esteemed Popish; second,—the right of individual interpretation of the Scriptures; third,—the right to exclude immoral persons from their church communion. The nature of the people of the congregation, the calm and enlightened character of such men as Brewster, Bradford and Robinson, do not allow us for one moment to suppose that they would have undertaken anything unreasonable, wild or visionary. They simply entered into solemn covenant with God and each other, and though they were for the most part unknown Lincolnshire peasants, and plain Nottinghamshire farmers, with now and then a yeoman, or man of family and education, they were honest, thoughtful Englishmen, diligent readers of the Word of God, and superior in their moral convictions and spiritual elevation to other Englishmen of their time, and under the influence of such leaders as Robinson and Brewster, their lives were moulded into great usefulness. All the country round, and later the whole world, was stirred by them. Their influence was felt in every congregation of the Established Church. In every community of Northern England were to be found people who, as a matter of conscience, paced up and down outside the church during the reading of the regular service, and at the close of the prayer came in to hear the sermon. Many of the clergy were more or less

affected by the new doctrines, though few of them actually joined the Separatist body.

Among the churches which suffered most from the falling off in attendance were those in Scrooby and Austerfield, where a large number of the members of the new sect had previously been communicants. These churches are still standing, though they have been much modernized, especially the one at Scrooby, which we saw as we came into the village. It is almost entirely new, though it retains two of the old bells, and has on the east side what seems to have once been a leper window. Its modern tower has been twice struck by lightning during the past century, and is now equipped with lightning-rods. About forty years ago, before any interest was shown in the place by the descendants of the Pilgrims, the church was restored, and a most barbarous restoration it was. The fine old oaken pews, carved in a wonderful grape-vine pattern, were sold for fire-wood, and replaced by modern ones, which we were told by the old verger were all too seldom used, and American lamps were also added. The old oaken box which long held the parish register of baptisms, marriages, and burials, was some years ago secured by Charles Carlton Coffin from the old parish clerk. The old font, in which the young Pilgrims were baptized, was also at one time bought by an enterprising American.

Not far from the church door, also, until recently, the village stocks stood, but these now are gone, as their timber was also coveted by Americans, though this was another thing our driver could not understand. To him, an American who came to England and bought a lot of old rotten timber for five pounds was more than eccentric—he was on the verge of lunacy.

When we had lingered as long as time would permit in the quiet haunts of Scrooby, we drove out to Austerfield, a place as closely connected with the name of Bradford as is Scrooby with that of Brewster. Scrooby, we were

told, has about two hundred inhabitants to-day, though it seemed to us as though the few small houses there could never accommodate the entire number at any one time. Austerfield impressed us as being slightly larger, but just as quiet. The houses are a little more modern, and stand close together on the narrow village street. One of them, which appears older than the others, stands near the church, and is said to be the birth-place of Governor Bradford. Various things here are shown by the present tenant, but tradition sometimes goes far astray from fact, and it is hard to believe all we are told. It is not easy, for instance, to believe that an old copper kettle once hid Bradford safely from his pursuers, while a hen rested quietly on the lid, though such a story is told to each visitor as the kettle is shown.

The house impresses us little, but the church is most interesting, though we find some difficulty in getting into it. Our driver remembers that the last time he carried anybody to visit it, he had to go to somebody's house to get the key. Our time is precious, but up and down the short street we drive, several times stopping to inquire of a native walking in the street or standing in a doorway, if he happened to know the whereabouts of the key. At last a woman is found who kept it at one time, but finally turned it over to somebody else. She volunteers to go with us to find the other woman, who is out in a field, and at last we get inside the gate. The church-yard seems populous, if the town does not, and we receive the cheering information that it is full, and that it is very difficult to find room for a new grave without disturbing an old inhabitant.

But it is the church we have come to visit, not the church-yard, and we remember that the natives of Austerfield in whom we have been most interested are buried in a distant land, so we wend our way through the long lines of tombstones to the church door. The little church seats about

one hundred people, but again we hear the story told us at Scrooby. It is seldom half full. Many of the people go to the little Methodist chapel that stands a few rods down the road. When we venture to express the opinion that there was once a time when it was full, we are told that that is very true, but that it has not occurred since the church has been enlarged, for it is very hard to fill a *large* church.

The enlargement consists of an extra aisle, which was added at the expense of the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth, Massachusetts, who placed a handsome tablet on the wall, at the time of the recent restoration of the church. This restoration has been judiciously accomplished, and much of the original edifice remains unchanged, and may be seen as it was built, even long before the time of the Pilgrims. The rude oak chancel rail is evidently many hundreds of years old, and is the same before which the infant Bradford was brought to be baptized by Henry Fletcher, in whose clear handwriting the record of the christening may still be seen, kept carefully in the safe custody of the strong iron box. A few tiny panes of glass, which our guide tells us are the original ones, still let in the light of day, but remembering how the American descendants of the Pilgrims sometimes treat windows in out-of-the-way districts we are inclined in this instance to doubt the genuineness of these panes of glass, which are said to date back more than five hundred years. The old font, at which William Bradford was baptized March 19, 1589, may also be seen, though it has been replaced for regular use by a more modern one. Until recently, this old font was left out-of-doors, and used as a watering-trough for the fowls of the old parish clerk, but after American visitors taught the old clerk the value of it, it was brought back into the old church, and left until recently on the floor in one corner.

This church, like many others of its time in England, shows traces of the day when Catholicism was the state

religion, and in the chancel may be seen the receptacle which once held the holy water.

In spite of the modern stained glass window in the chancel, and the recent acquisition of a small cabinet organ and a new reading-desk, the restoration has been so carefully done that everywhere the antiquity of the structure is apparent. We would have gladly attended service here, but Austerfield, like Scrooby, was not celebrating coronation day. Perhaps, too, the quiet solemnity of the tiny church, for it was the smallest I ever entered, save the little old Saint Martin's at Canterbury, where Christianity was first preached in Britain, was more in accord with our feelings and our reflections of the days of the Pilgrims than a modern Church of England service would have been. When we went out of the narrow door, and the key clicked in the lock after us, we felt we had indeed been treading on sacred ground. We had long before stood on Plymouth Rock, and had wandered among the old graves on Burial Hill in our own land, in our eager search for Pilgrim associations, but neither of these places had moved us quite as did these still earlier haunts of our Pilgrim ancestors, where in those earlier days, the fierce battle with conscience was fought that resulted in the founding of our own loved New England. It was with sad and yet jubilant hearts that we drove back to the train at Bawtry. We had seen the beautiful country our forefathers had left, and could in a measure understand their struggles.

Our day had passed all too swiftly. The train whirled us rapidly down to Peterborough, where, almost under the shadow of one of the magnificent cathedrals of England, we were to spend the night, and the next day, which was Sunday.

When we arrived in the busy bustling town, which had been celebrating Coronation Day with all its might, we felt at once the change in the atmosphere. Everything save the old cathedral was modern. All was light and

gaiety. Although darkness had fallen upon the city, the brilliant illuminations made the streets most attractive. Everybody in the town was invited to a grand fete which was taking place at the Lord Mayor's, in honor of the occasion, and we found ourselves swept along in that direction by the busy throng. But after the day we had just spent, such festivities had little charm, and we soon returned to our hotel.

The next day we listened to a discourse from the dean of the cathedral, which was most appropriate to the occasion, and Monday morning we took our train for London, quite assured that none in all England, not even King Edward himself, had enjoyed Coronation Day more than we.

Remarks followed by Major William T. Harlow and Charles A. Chase, Esq. The latter stated he was present at the laying of the corner-stone of the church at Gainsborough when the American Minister Thomas F. Bayard delivered the address. Senator George F. Hoar and Mr. Chase were delegates from the American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, to attend the celebration. Senator Hoar however was detained at Leyden by sickness and could not be present on that special occasion. On motion of Mr. Crane a vote of thanks was given Miss Hildreth for her very interesting paper.

GENEALOGICAL-MATTERS RELATING TO THE
PARSONS FAMILY OF WORCESTER AND
LEICESTER, MASS.

COMPILED BY GEORGE MAYNARD, FROM DATA FURNISHED
BY THE FAMILY.¹

The Parsons family are of English descent and found at an early period in New England. In all the centuries of their history, they have borne an honorable part in the affairs of both England and America, and many of that name have been prominent as clergymen, physicians, jurists, scholars and soldiers.

The following is an extract from a letter written some years ago by Mrs. M. E. Schieffelin, a descendant of the family:—

“The Parsons family are of the same origin as the Earle of Rosse, of Parsonstown, Ireland, the owner of the great telescope. He has acknowledged his relationship to the Parsons family of America, and has been very hospitable to the western branch of the Parsons family who have visited him. The Parsons family went from England to Ireland. I have seen some members of that family who greatly resembled the Parsons family in America,—so much so that before knowing of our relationship, I remarked to my sister how greatly they resembled our uncles and cousins. Their coat of arms is quite similar to that shown as belonging to the Parsons family of America. The last Earl of Rosse’s likeness is very like an uncle of mine, and his sister like his niece.”

¹ Special thanks are due to Mr. Samuel B. Parsons, Mrs. Samuel H. T. Bennett, Miss Caroline E. Bennett and other descendants of Solomon Parsons of Revolutionary fame, for their interest taken in this work, and for materials kindly furnished for it.

On the 4th of July, 1635, JOSEPH PARSONS sailed with his brother Benjamin, and others of the family, from Gravesend, England, in the barque "Transport," Edward Walker, Master, bound for America.

He was born in Great Torrington, near Exeter, Devonshire, England, and is supposed to be descended from SIR THOMAS PARSONS, of Milton Royal, who was knighted by King Charles 1st, in 1634. The records state that "His brother, Benjamin Parsons, was a grandson of Thomas Parsons, of Great Milton, Oxfordshire, England, who died in 1597."

1. This JOSEPH PARSONS, the founder of the American family, married, Nov. 26, 1646, MARY, daughter of THOMAS and MARGARET (FORD) BLISS, of Hartford, Conn. She was born in England, in 1620, and died Jan. 29, 1712. His death occurred in Springfield, Mass., Oct. 9, 1683.

He was a man of prominence in his day, and was one of the witnesses to the Indian deed of the territory of Springfield, given to William Pyncheon and others, for a consideration of eighteen yards of wampum, eighteen hatchets and eighteen knives, July 15, 1636. In 1642 he moved to Northampton, and was one of the original purchasers from the Indians in 1645. He was the leading business man of the Connecticut valley for fifty years. He was a fur trader, and partner of Pyncheon, and had a monopoly of the Connecticut River beaver trade, for which he paid twelve (pounds?) per annum. He left a large estate, of which some still remains in possession of his descendants. He was styled "Cornet," which would seem to indicate that he was an officer in a British Cavalry Regiment.

The children of JOSEPH and MARY PARSONS were:

2. 1. JOSEPH,² b. Springfield, Nov. 1, 1647; d. Nov. 29, 1729. He m. Elizabeth, daughter of Elder John and Abigail Strong, of Dorchester, who

was b. at Windsor, Conn., Feb. 24, 1648, and d. May 11, 1736. He was a lawyer, justice of the peace and first judge of Hampshire County Court. In 1693 he was titled Mr. He was representative from 1693-1700; 1706-1708; 1716-1724.

3. 2. JOHN,² b. 1649; m. Sarah Clarke, at Northampton, Dec. 23, 1675.
4. 3. SAMUEL,² b. 1652; settled at Durham, Conn., 1706.
5. 4. EBENEZER,² b. 1655, was killed by the Indians in King Philip's War, Sept. 8, 1675.
6. 5. JONATHAN,² b. June 6, 1657; d. Oct. 16, 1684.
7. 6. DAVID,² b. April 30, 1659.
8. 7. MARY,² b. June 27, 1661; m. 1st, Oct. 15, 1685, Joseph Ashley, of Springfield; 2d, Mar. 2, 1699, Joseph Williston.
9. 8. HANNAH,² b. 1663; m. Jan. 6, 1687, Rev. Pelatiah Glover, of Springfield.
10. 9. ABIGAIL,² b. Sept. 3, 1666; m. Feb. 19, 1689, John Colton. She d. soon after, leaving a daughter,³ who married Francis Griswold, of Windsor, Conn.
11. 10. HESTER,² b. 1672; m. Joseph Smith, of Greenwich, Conn.

The children of JOSEPH [2] and ELIZABETH (STRONG) PARSONS were:

12. 1. JOSEPH,³ b. June 28, 1671, graduated at Harvard College, 1697, being the first of the name who had graduated there. He m. Elizabeth Thompson, of Roxbury, Mass. He d. Mar. 13, 1739. His wife d. at Kensington, N. H.
13. 2. JOHN,³ b. Jan. 11, 1674.
14. 3. EBENEZER,³ b. Dec. 11, 1675; m. Dec. 15, 1703, Marcy Stibbins. He d. 1744.
15. 4. ELIZABETH,³ b. Feb. 3, 1678.

16. 5. DAVID,³ b. at Northampton, Mass., Apr. 30, 1680. Graduated at Harvard College, 1705; was third minister of Malden, Mass., 1708; first minister of Leicester, Mass., in 1721, where he d. Oct. 12, 1743. His grave is in a mowing field north of the old meeting house in that town. He m. Sarah Stebbins,* of Springfield, Mass., who d. in Leicester, June 17, 1759, aged 73.
17. 6. JOSIAH,³ b. Jan. 2, 1682; m. June 22, 1710, Sarah Shelden. He d. Apr. 12, 1768, aged 86.
18. 7. DANIEL,³ b. Aug., 1685, at Northampton; m. June 17, 1709, Abigail Cooley, of Springfield, where they afterwards resided.
19. 8. MOSES,³ b. Jan. 15, 1687, at Northampton; m. Jan. 20, 1710, Abigail Ball, of Springfield, about which time he removed to Durham, Conn.
20. 9. ABIGAIL,³ b. Jan. 1, 1690.
21. 10. NOAH,³ b. Aug. 15, 1692; left descendants.

Children of SAMUEL PARSONS [4] of Durham, Conn.:

22. 1. TIMOTHY,³ b. 1694; d. Jan. 28, 1772.
23. 2. SIMEON,³ b. 1701; d. Jan. 6, 1784.
24. 3. PHINEAS,³ b. 1703; d. May 6, 1724.
25. 4. AARON.³
26. 5. ITHAMAR,³ b. 1707; d. Jan. 21, 1786.
- His two sons were:*
27. 1. DAVID.⁴
28. 2. NATHAN,⁴ who both removed to Granville, Mass., about the year 1760.
- DAVID had a son:
29. 1. JOEL.⁵
- The latter had a son:
30. 1. Hon. Judge ANSON V. PARSONS,⁶ of Philadelphia.

* The name is variously spelled in the records, Stebbins, Stibbins, Stebbens and Stebbings.

Children of JOSEPH [12] and ELIZABETH (THOMPSON)
PARSONS:

31. 1. JOSEPH,⁴ b. in Salisbury, Mass., 1702; graduated at Harvard College, 1720; ordained at Brookfield, Mass., June 8, 1726; d. there, May 4, 1765, aged 63. He was minister of North Brookfield. His wife was Frances, daughter of John Usher, Lieut. Gov. of New Hampshire.
32. 2. SAMUEL,⁴ b. at Salisbury, Mass., 1707; graduated at Harvard College, 1730; ordained at Rye, N. H., Nov. 3, 1736; m. Oct. 9, 1739, Mary, only child of Samuel Jones, Esq., of Boston; d. Jan. 4, 1789, aged 82, in the 53d year of his ministry.
33. 3. WILLIAM,⁴ b. at Salisbury, Apr. 21, 1716; graduated at Harvard College, 1735; settled over the church in South Hampton, N. H., 1743. He m. May 16, 1743, Sarah Burnham, of Durham, N. H. He d. Jan. 31, 1796. She d. Feb. 28, 1797.
34. 4. ELIZABETH,⁴ b. 1718; m. Rev. Jeremiah Fogg, of Kensington, N. H. She d. Mar. 5, 1779, aged 61. He d. Dec. 1, 1789, aged 78.
35. 5. JOHN,⁴ b. Oct. 15, 1725; d. sophomore in Harvard College, Oct. 28, 1740.

Children of JOSEPH [31] and FRANCES (USHER) PARSONS:

36. 1. FRANCES,⁵ b. 1730; d. at Epping, N. H., Oct. 7, 1808, unmarried, aged 78.
37. 2. ELIZABETH,⁵ b. 1731; d. 1733.
38. 3. JOSEPH,⁵ b. Oct. 5, 1733; minister at Brookfield, Mass.; d. Jan. 17, 1771, aged 38. His wife was Sarah Williams, daughter of Rev. Warham Williams, of Waltham, Mass.

39. 4. THOMAS,⁵ b. 1735; was proprietor of Parsonfield, Me. He left a numerous posterity—nineteen children by two wives. His first wife was Mary Poore. The names of the children are unknown.
40. 5. SAMUEL,⁵ b. 1737; was of Cornville, Me.
41. 6. DR. JOHN,⁵ b. 1740; was of S. Berwick, Me.
42. 7. WILLIAM,⁵ b. 1743; was of Alfred, Me.; d. Aug. 4, 1826, aged 83.

His children were:

43. 1. USHER,⁶ M.D., of Providence, R. I., a professor in Brown University, a surgeon in the War of 1812, and in Perry's fleet at the battle of Lake Erie. Doct. Parsons m. Mary, daughter of Rev. Abiel Holmes, D.D., author of "American Annals." Doct. Parsons is himself author of several medical treatises of great merit. There were also eight other children of William, names unknown.
44. 8. SARAH,⁵ b. 1745; d. at Parsonfield, 1800.
45. 9. EDWARD,⁵ b. 1747; was in the Revolutionary army as adjutant in Col. Poore's regiment. He d. 1776.

Children of SAMUEL [32] and MARY (JONES) PARSONS:

46. 1. MARY,⁵ m. Rev. John Tuck, of Epsom.
47. 2. JOSEPH,⁵ M.D., a captain in the Revolutionary army. He d. in Rye, N. H., 1832, aged 86.
48. 3. HANNAH,⁵ d. unmarried.
49. 4. BETSEY,⁵ m. Lieut. Samuel Wallace, of Rye, N. H.

Children of WILLIAM [33] and SARAH (BURNHAM) PARSONS:

50. 1. SARAH.⁵
51. 2. WILLIAM.⁵

52. 3. ELIZABETH,⁵ who m. Gen. Joseph Badger, Jr.
 53. 4. JOHN.⁵
 54. 5. JOSEPH.⁵
 55. 6. EBENEZER.⁵
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The children of REV. DAVID [16] and SARAH (STEBBINGS) PARSONS, of Leicester, were:

56. 1. DAVID,⁴ b. 1712; d. 1781; graduated at Harvard College, 1729; first minister of Amherst, Nov. 6, 1739; m. Eunice Wells, of Wethersfield, Conn. They had nine children, of whom one was:
 57. 1. Rev. DAVID PARSONS,⁵ of Amherst; b. June 28, 1749; graduated at Harvard College, 1771; settled Oct. 2, 1782; d. 1823, aged 74.

The children of *this* David [57] were:

58. 1. EZEKIEL WILLIAMS,⁶ a physician in Colchester, Conn.
 59. 2. DAVID,⁶ of Amherst, an artisan.
 60. 3. PRUDENCE STODARD,⁶ m. Marcus Smith, of Rensselaerville, N. Y.
 61. 4. THOMAS,⁶ a merchant in New York City; d. aged 41.
 62. 5. HARRIET,⁶ m. 1st, Rev. Royal Washburn; 2d, Hon. David Mack, of Amherst.
 63. 6. FRANCIS,⁶ an attorney, at Hartford, Conn., and Judge of the Court of Common Pleas; d. at Hartford, March 9, 1861, aged about 66. His mother was sister of Ex-Chief Justice Williams. He graduated at Yale, in 1816. He studied law with Judge Williams. He was several times a member of the Legislature.
 64. 7. MARY,⁶ m. Rev. William Williams, first a clergyman, afterwards a physician, at Salem.
 65. 8. CAROLINE,⁶ d. aged 22.

66. 9. SOPHIA,⁶ m. Rev. Silas Aiken, of Boston.
 67. 10. WILLIAM,⁶ a physician, of Canaan, Conn.; d. aged 27.
 68. 11. JAMES,⁶ a graduate and an instructor of youth at Savannah, Ga.; d. aged 29.
 69. 2. NATHAN,⁴ b. 1721; d. 1806, when living at Cold Springs; was a sergeant at the surrender of Fort William Henry, Aug. 9, 1757.
 70. 3. ISRAEL,⁴ b. 1715; d. 1767; m. Hannah Waite, of Malden, in 1750, for first wife, and Lois Wiley, of Lynn in 1761, for his second wife.

His children were:

71. 1. HANNAH,⁵ b. 1751.
 72. 2. SARAH,⁵ b. 1750.
 73. 3. DEBORAH,⁵ b. 1755.
 74. 4. ISRAEL,⁵ b. 1757.
 75. 5. EBENEZER,⁵ b. 1762.
 76. 6. JAMES,⁵ b. 1763.
 77. 7. RUTH,⁵ b. 1765.

ISRAEL [74] above named, b. 1757, lived in Hatfield; m. Nancy Parmalee. Their children were:

78. 1. NANCY,⁶ m. Wilder Pierce, Stanstead, L. I.
 79. 2. LUCINA,⁶ m. ——— Brooks, Stanstead.
 80. 3. HARRIET,⁶ m. ——— Hitchcock.
 81. 4. ISRAEL,⁶ m. a Dustan, of Stanstead.
 82. 5. EPAPHRODITUS,⁶ m. and d.
 83. 6. SUSAN,⁶ m.; lived ———.
 84. 7. HANNAH,⁶ m. S. Keegan.

Their children were:

85. 1. HANNAH,⁷ d. in infancy.
 86. 2. VINCENT ELIJAH.⁷
 87. 3. DERMOT WARBURTON.⁷
 88. 4. ANNA,⁷ d. 1884.
 89. 5. SARAH ANN,⁷ m. Ashael Shurtleff.

Their children were:

90. 1. HOWARD LIVINGSTON.⁸
91. 2. ERNEST WARBURTON.⁸
92. 3. ——— ASHAEL.⁸
93. 4. GERTRUDE HOPE.⁸
94. 5. ALFRED DAVEY KEEGAN.⁸
95. 6. MARY ELIZABETH,⁷ m. 1st, a Harlow;
2d, P. Schieffelin.

They had a son:

96. 1. SOUTHWORTH.⁸
97. 7. CAROLINE MATILDA,⁷ m. John S. Ide.
98. 8. WILLIAM JAMES.⁷
99. 4. A DAUGHTER,⁴ name not known, b. 1724.
100. 5. SOLOMON,⁴ b. April 18, 1726; d. Mar. 20, 1807;
He was deacon and doctor* in Leicester, and
surgeon in the army in the year 1761; m. 1st,
1752, Elizabeth Taylor, b. 1734; d. 1761. His
2d wife was Sarah Sweetser, of Paxton. His
burial place was in the old cemetery of that
town.

The children of DR. SOLOMON [100] and ELIZABETH (TAYLOR) PARSONS were:

101. 1. JERUSHA,⁵ m. Talcott Davis, and lived in New
York state.
102. 2. ELIZABETH,⁵ b. 1753, m. 1771, Jonathan Hubbard,
of Paxton.
103. 3. PHEBE,⁵ b. 1755; m. Abijah Brown, 1775.

They had a daughter:

104. 1. MARTHA BROWN,⁶ who m. David Moore.

Their daughter:

105. 1. MARY MOORE,⁷ m. Vernon

*Some interesting relics of Dr. Parsons are still preserved by his great-grandson, Mr. Samuel B. Parsons, at the old Parsons homestead at Valley Falls. Among them is the well worn but still serviceable lancet, which is very likely a relic of his army life.

Titus, father of:

106. 1. COL. JOSEPH A.
Titus,⁸ of Worcester.

107. 4. SOLOMON,⁵ b. Aug. 29, 1757; d. May 11, 1831. He married, May 26, 1789, Rebecca Coburn Wesson, of Shrewsbury, Mass. She was born in Shrewsbury, Feb. 21, 1766, and died in Worcester in 1836.* He removed from Leicester to Worcester, in 1812. He enlisted in the army during the war of the Revolution, March, 1777, being then only nineteen years of age. He was present at the taking of Burgoyne; and afterwards at the Battle of Monmouth, June 28, 1778, he was severely wounded,† and left to die on the field, but in a most wonderful manner he survived his terrible injuries, and lived for more than half a century thereafter, though always a great sufferer. His own graphic story of his participation in that engagement, and the papers and certificates which accompany it, now published for the first time, and which follow these genealogical notes, will doubtless be read with interest by many. They bring before us most vividly the price our fathers paid for the inestimable blessings of liberty, while they illustrate the valor and sterling virtues of the brave soldier and Christian man.

The children of SOLOMON [107] and REBECCA (COBURN WESSON) PARSONS were:

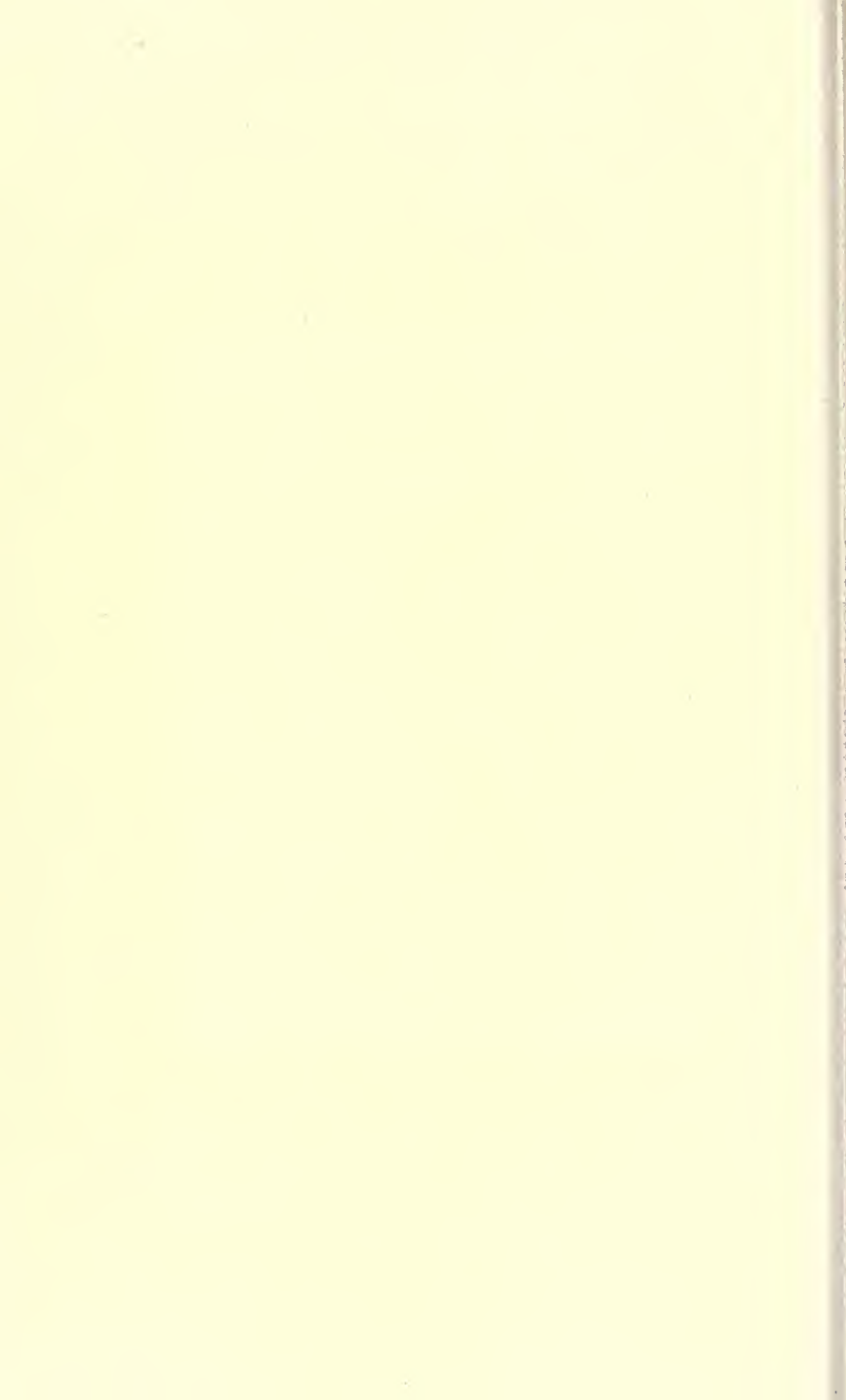
108. 1. SAMUEL,⁶ b. May 27, 1791; went to Louisiana, and d. Aug. 30, 1817.

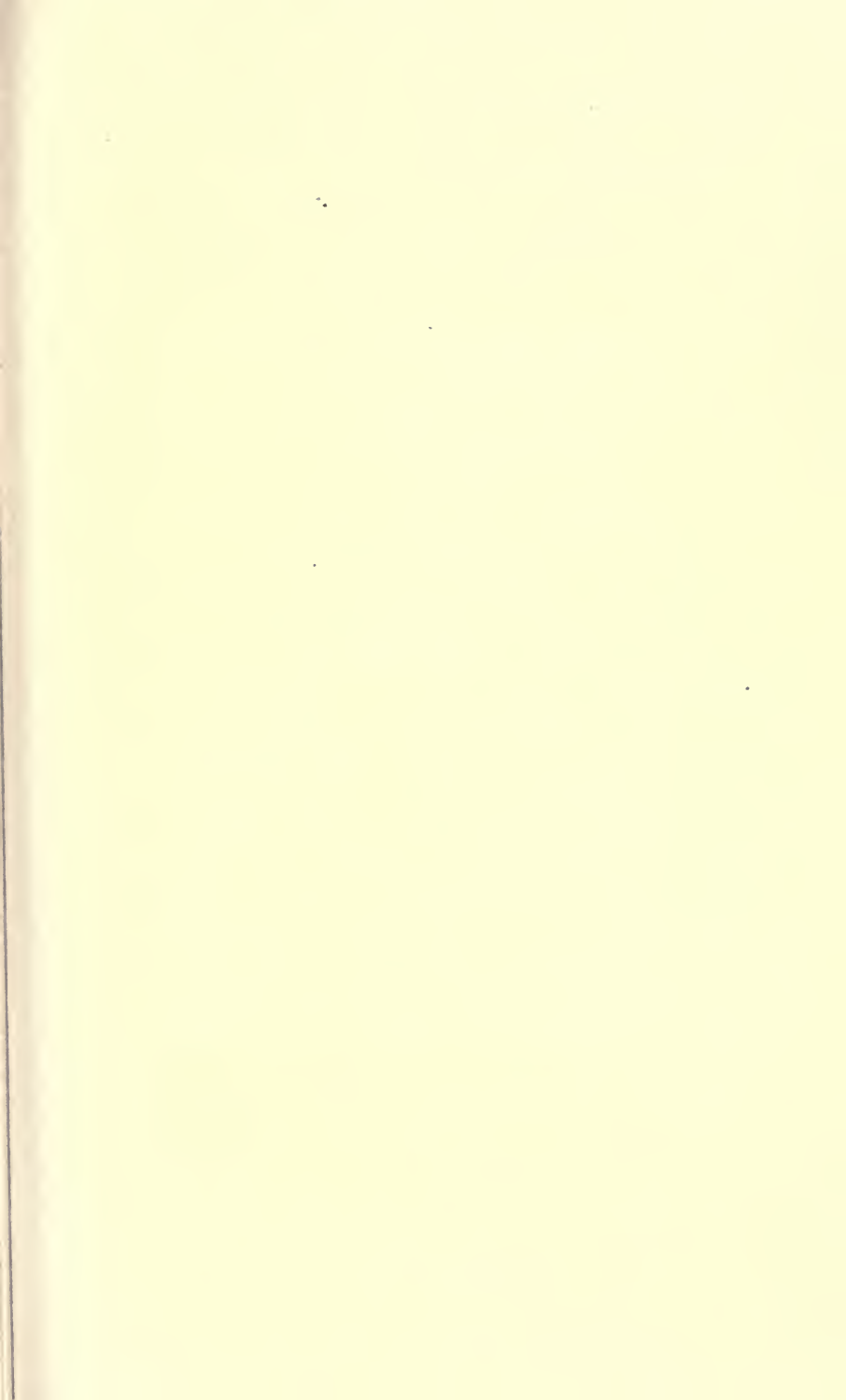
* "Died, in this town, Jan. 28th., Rebeckah Parsons, relict of Solomon Parsons, aged 79."—*Massachusetts Spy*, Feb. 17, 1836.

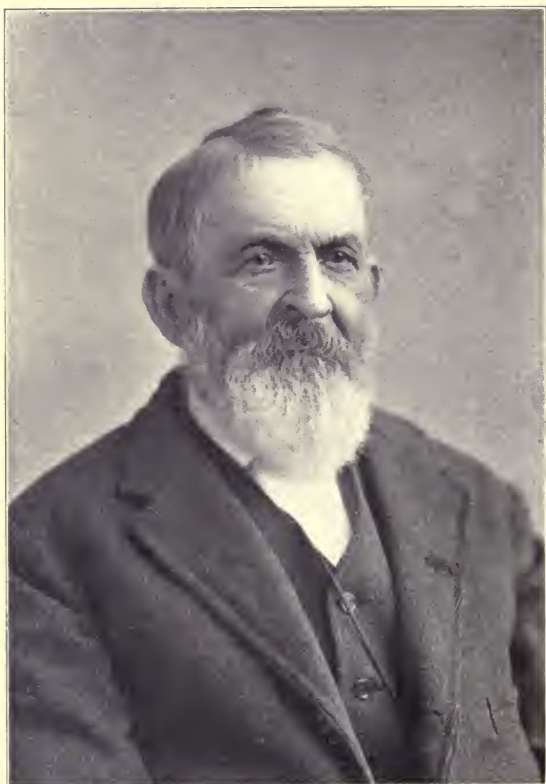
† Reference to this event has been made in the sketch of the life of his son, Solomon Parsons, published in the preceding number of these Proceedings, which see.



SOLOMON PARSONS, BORN 1757







SOLOMON PARSONS, BORN 1800.

109. 2. ELIZABETH,⁶ b. Jan. 17, 1793; m. Ira Bryant, of Leicester.
110. 3. SALLY,⁶ b. Mar. 4, 1794; m. Benjamin N. Child, of Worcester. She d. Oct. 5, 1861.
111. 4. BLOOMFIELD,^{6*} b. June 8, 1796; d. Nov. 14, 1815, at New Orleans.
112. 5. MARIA,⁶ b. Dec. 13, 1798; d. Sept. 19, 1804.
113. 6. SOLOMON,^{6†} b. Oct. 18, 1800; m. Apr. 16, 1828, Sarah H. Child, of Cambridge, Mass. She was b. July 25, 1806, and d. in Worcester, Aug. 27, 1876. Their children were:
114. 1. SARAH FRANCES,⁷ b. Jan. 24, 1829; m. July 4, 1849, Samuel H. T. Bennett, of Pepperell, Mass.
115. 2. Solomon,⁷ b. June 9, 1830; m. Apr. 21, 1856, Mary Smith Gilbert, of So. Windsor, Conn. She was b. Mar. 29, 1835; d. Apr. 7, 1858. He entered the service of his country during the Civil War, being a member of Co. F Fifty-First Massachusetts Regiment, and died Jan. 18, 1863. He was a young man of sterling qualities, and widely known and esteemed, and it is hoped that a sketch of his life may appear in some future number of these Proceedings. They had one son:
116. 1. ALBERT GILBERT,⁸ b. June 7, 1857; d. Apr. 13, 1882.

* It is an interesting fact to note that when Solomon Parsons was wounded at Monmouth, the surgeon to whose skill and care he owed his life was Dr. Bloomfield. After his return to civil life, Mr. Parsons in grateful remembrance of his services, named this son after him; while another of his sons named one of his sons Samuel Bloomfield, and he, in turn, named his son Norman Bloomfield, so that the name has come down through three generations of the family.

† See sketch of his life in the preceding number of these Proceedings.

117. 3. SAMUEL BLOOMFIELD,⁷ b. Feb. 24, 1832; m. Dec. 11, 1861, Elizabeth L. Gibbs, of Boylston.
Their children were:
118. 1. ANNA GIBBS,⁸ b. Nov. 2, 1862.
119. 2. NORMAN BLOOMFIELD,⁸ b. Sept. 28, 1865.
120. 3. IRENE ELIZABETH,⁸ b. Dec. 8, 1867.
121. 4. NELLIE MERRIAM,⁸ b. Sept. 18, 1870; d. Aug. 25, 1871.
122. 4. MARY ELIZABETH,⁷ b. Oct. 1, 1833; m. Mar. 29, 1853, Elmer Woodward, of Orange, Mass.
123. 5. WILLIAM AUGUSTINE,⁷ b. Oct. 30, 1836; d. July 2, 1859.
124. 6. LUCY MASON,⁷ b. July 19, 1840; m. June 18, 1872, Nathaniel H. Bryant, of Boston.
125. 7. ANNA ELIZA,⁷ b. June 21, 1843; m. Jan. 30, 1866, Angus Henderson, of Provincetown, Mass. He d. Dec. 21, 1897.

SKETCH OF SOLOMON PARSONS, THE REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER.

BY HIS GRANDSON, SAMUEL B. PARSONS.

Solomon Parsons, born in Leicester, Mass., Aug. 29, 1757; married, May 26, 1789, Rebecca Coburn Wesson, of Shrewsbury, Mass. She was born Feb. 21st, 1766; died Jan. 28th, 1836. He died May 11th, 1831. When eighteen years of age he entered the Continental service in the army, in 1775. He went through two campaigns, then, in 1777,

reinlisted during the war, in Capt. Adam Martin's company, Col. Timothy Bigelow's 15th Mass. regiment, and was in the various battles, marchings and hard service to which that distinguished regiment was subjected. He was disabled at the battle of Monmouth, as I gather from his narrative. Capt. Martin's company, to which Mr. Parsons belonged, formed a part of Gen. Wayne's command, having been of the detachment sent forward June 26th, under his and Gen. Lafayette's command. It was after Lee's retreat, when Wayne was obliged to give way, and after an order from Gen. Washington for the brigade to maintain its position, and when for a second time the front ranks of Wayne's command fell back upon Stewart's artillery and the other American troops as they came up, that Mr. Parsons was wounded. He must have fallen near the British lines as they were advancing; and the army passed over him, both in its advance and retreat, as well as the American army in its advance upon the retreating forces of the enemy. He mentions the movements of the detachment of the thousand men to which he belonged, on the 26th and 27th, and the part they took in the skirmishing on the morning of the 28th, and the retreat of his regiment with that of Col. Stewart's artillery, and their meeting an officer ordering them to halt. He then describes their return into action. He says: "We had orders to march forward to a growth of wood a little to the left, where we soon met the enemy. The smoke gave way. I beheld the red-coats within eight rods. I was loaded with a ball and six buck-shot. I took aim about waistband high. I loaded the second time and made an attempt to fire; but my gun did not go. I jumped into the rear, where I saw Major Porter. I told him my gun would not go off. He said, 'Take care of yourself, the enemy are just upon us!' I stepped into the front rank and discharged my piece; the enemy within six rods. I loaded the third time. As I returned my ramrod, I found our men four

rods distant, and the enemy the same. I wheeled to the left and observed that the enemy had flanked our men which were out of the woods. I then ran out of the woods. I got ten rods, and the enemy came out of them, and fired a platoon upon me. One ball struck my heel, which much disabled me. The next platoon on the left fired on me, and broke my thigh. I then raised myself upon my right arm, and looked toward the enemy, and saw a man coming towards me. He came upon the run. I begged for quarter, he says, 'You damned rebel, I have none for you!' He drew back, and stabbed me through the arm. I twitched back my arm and seized the bayonet, one hand by the hilt and one hand by the point, and twitched it to the ground, then he tried to make me let go; I would not and he jerked me off the ground several times. He then drew me about fifteen feet, I then began to faint. I looked over my shoulder, and saw the flourish of a cutlas which was by a British officer, who said, 'Why ain't you in your rank?' I let go of the bayonet, and they went off. I was then beset by two men. One took my piece, and said, 'I will blow your brains out with your own gun!' He snapped it at me; but not being loaded, he ran upon me like a mad bear. A man standing by says, 'Let him alone; he has got enough.' One cut away my canteen of rum and my time-piece. I had three days provisions and thirty rounds of cartridges, which I had in my blanket. The cry of all was, 'Damn the rebel! why don't you kill him?' Here there came a man and demanded my money. I told him I would not, but if he would help me to a shade I would give it to him. He took towards eight dollars. He took hold of my arms, and took me up on my feet; and my bones grated, I fainted; and he laid me down in the same place. I was alarmed by a British sergeant with twelve men, they wore green coats, which we call tories, the sergeant, a Britoner, I had some talk with. I heard some one cry, 'Have you got there a rebel? Why don't you

kill him?' I lay in imminent danger from our artillery. The balls came every side of me; one came right over me. The sun was so hot, that I could not bear my hand on the ground. I covered myself with my blanket to keep off the sun. The enemy were continually passing. I asked them to help me to a shade. I looked up and saw Gen. Clinton with his life-guard, with several parade-officers. The aide-de-camp rode up towards me and says, 'My lad, are you wounded?' I told him I was; 'I received my wounds by balls and three bayonet-thrusts since I fell into your hands. You give no quarter to-day.' He says, 'There is no such order, the men are rash.' I told him, 'Rash or not, this is what we get for using your men like brothers. I was at the taking of Burgoyne, where we took their whole army. I never saw one of them abused.' They did not want to hear of that. They asked me the state of our army, and where they were. I told them that I had news from them every minute; that our whole park of artillery were playing upon them now, which were six and thirty pieces of artillery. They asked me how many men we had. I told them we had a numerous army. They asked what detachment I belonged to. 'To Marquis Lafayette's;' they asked me what division. I told them, 'Gen. Green's division and Gen. Glover's brigade; Col. Bigelow's regiment and Cap. Martin's company.' They asked me what town I belonged to. I told them, 'Leicester.' They asked me where. I told them, 'Leicester in the County of Worcester, in the Massachusetts Bay; and I was not ashamed of it.'

"I lay in a deplorable situation. The sun being about an hour high, I perceived their men on the retreat. Their main body marched over me; I heard another party, which was the covering party of the artillery; which marched over me. The artillery came on, which I expected would go over me. They just cleared my head. They trotted. I perceived somebody at my breast. I suppose I stirred.

They asked one another whether that man was dead. He said he did not know, I heard the piece move, and I knew no more till our men passed by. I beckoned to the officer; he came with six men, and carried me to the village meeting-house."

That officer was Lieut. Washburn. Being a neighbor and personal acquaintance of Mr. Washburn, he discovered and removed him from where he had been lying many hours under a burning sun to a place where his wounds could be dressed, and did every thing in his power to alleviate his sufferings.

STATEMENT OF SOLOMON PARSONS RELATIVE
TO HIS SERVICES IN THE REVOLUTION-
ARY WAR.

I Solomon Parsons of Leicester listed March 9th 1777 during the war and was at the taking of Burgoyne then marched to the southward and was in the battle of Monmouth where I endeavored to act well my part until I received a ball which broke my thigh. Our men being on the retreat I fell into the enemies hands where I was stabbed by a bayonette three times one through my arm and on my shoulder and knee, and [received] a blow from the ramrod of the artillery on my head which rendered me senseless. After the battle I was carried to Princeton College where I had my wounds dressed. I was then carried to Trenton. My Father came with the solicitations of my friends to return home if possible before I breathed my last which all expected soon. I received a pass Sept. 30th and went home with my Father and was confined 7 years on my friends and my own expense. In 1780 Gen. Washington ordered all sick absentees to be returned deserters unless they returned or made a return of themselves. I being unable my Father got a return made out signed by the Selectmen of the Town and sent it on to Camp.

It not being carried up through neglect I lost all arrears of pay and clothing and the hundred acres of land. At the close of seven years our Representative sent for me to go to Boston with him. In the year 1785 the Commissary gave me a Pension of twenty four shillings per Month. In the year 1816 I received \$6 per month. My fractured thigh continues yet a running sore and very painful when it stops running until it is lanced anew, which frequently occurs. This I labor under with the inconvenience of a stiff knee which this wound occasioned.

But I have now the consolation of seeing this Country in its Glory, which partly compensates make a demand on your compassions to having by our rich community.

[His Personal Reminiscences of the Battle.]

A DETAIL OF THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

JUNE 28TH, 1778.

On Friday, June 26th, then made a halt at Kingstown. There I was detached with one thousand valiant men. Then we began our march about two o'clock, and continued all night marching till break of day, and at sunrise we came out to the road where the enemy had just passed. Then pursued the enemy till Saturday. Then we made a halt at Englishtown, three miles from the head of Monmouth Road where the enemy lay. We drew three days' allowance. Sunday, at daybreak, I was awaked by General Scott's Brigade. Then pursuing our march at sunrise; then making several halts. The enemy's light horse gave chase to ours, that caused alarm. Our Colonel Steward formed a line of battle. Then we formed a column and marched into the open field, where we were in open sight of the enemy, where we received a continual fire of their artillery. We marched by platoons to Monmouth Courthouse, where we formed a line of battle in open sight

of the enemy. They set fire to a house, and marched under the cover of the smoke. Colonel Steward observing their motion, ordered us to follow him. He marched us to an orchard, where we made halt. We then being alarmed by the enemys, then pursued our retreat. Then we had orders to cover the artillery; then the artillery passed by. We marched after them. Then rising [a] hill I observed our regiment halting, and a man on horseback coming to meet us. Colonel Steward rode and met the person. He returned, and ordered us to make a stand, and attack our enemy. All advanced I [was] then facing the enemy; they marching toward us in a solid column, their light horse in front. They displayed their column at about eighty rods. Then firing three artillery pieces, we received no injury till the third time, when we lost three men. We had orders to incline to the left, for our artillery now fired very brisk upon the enemy. We were covered by a growth of wood. We had orders to march into the woods four rods, where we met our enemies within eight rods. We began a fire of small arms. I discharged my piece twice, and loading the third time, I observed our men on a retreat, four rods distant from me, the enemy about the same. The enemy's flank guard at this time had near gained open field. I then pursued our men. Coming into open field, I fired upon the flank guard. Then running about eight rods, the enemy firing a platoon upon me, a ball striking the heel of my shoe, which much disenabled me. I then running about one rod, the enemy fired the next platoon, which broke my right thigh, by a ball passing through, I then falling to the ground. I then raising myself upon my elbow, observing a British soldier running towards me, coming within four feet of me, drew back his piece, I begging for quarters: he replied, "You damned rebel, I have none for you!" then stabbing through my left arm. I then twitched it out, and siezed the bayonette, one hand by the hilt, and the other by the point. I held

him fast thereby sometime. He made several attempts to stab me through the body; but I defending my body, he then twitched several times. He then set a dragging of me. He drew me fifteen feet. I then began to faint. I looking over my shoulder saw a British officer. I then let go of the bayonet. He damned the soldier off, and said, "What are you plundering? Why ain't you in your rank?" They marched off. I then was alarmed by two men. One picked up my piece, and the other picked a French piece, and says, "I [will] blow your brains out with your own gun!" He pulled. It being not loaded, he ran upon me like a mad bear. He turning the breech drew a full blow. A man stepping in says, "He [has] got enough, let him alone!" Then came one of the plunderers, and demanded my money. I told him that if he would help me to a shade, I would give it to him. I gave him [my] pocketbook containing twenty-four dollars. Then he helped me up on my feet. I then fainted in his hands. When I came to myself I found myself on the same ground. I was continually alarmed by the enemy passing and re-passing. The general cry was, "Damn the rebel! why don't you kill him?" I was alarmed by two of the light horse; one of them rode over me. I observing the enemy retiring; I then feeling myself as a dead man; the enemy retreating over me; I hearing a covering party; they retreating over me; then hearing the artillery coming on. They drove so near my head that I felt the jar. Then I was alarmed by a man by my side, which cut away a priming horn. The man that handled the ramrod said to him, "Is that man dead?" He then gave me a deadly wound on my head. When I came to myself, I observing our men marching, I beckoned to the officer. He rode to me, asking me of my situation; then riding to the Battalions, and sent six men that carried me to the village meeting-house; and [I] remained there till Monday. Then they put me in a wagon, and carried me [to] Princeton College.

I there remained in [the] College till the fourth of September, where I received no small kindness from my physician [and] nurses. Then I was carried to Trenton. Then returned to Leicester, October 10th, 1778.

This being a detail of my sufferings in the Battle of Monmouth.

SOLOMON PARSONS.

CERTIFICATES AS TO HIS SERVICES AND
DISABILITY.

I certify to all whom it may Concern that Solomon Parsons of Leicester Under the Command of Capt. Adam Martin of Sturbridge of the 15 Regt. of the Massachusetts Corps was wounded in the Battel of Monmouth June 28 1778 and has been Under my Care Ever Since the October next following and has suffered much in the Loss of Time the hole of which Time [in consequence of] his wound he has been Incapable Of Doing business also by an Uncurable injury Done to his Body & Limbs having had his thye Broken By a musket Ball which has Not Been Restored to its former Strength and Usefulness haven fallen afterward into the Enemies hands and treated in a most Barbarous manner Receiving three wounds by a Baynet and one on the head by the Ramrod of the Artillery and trampled by the Light Horse and he has been a person of Uncommon Suffering Time and limbs and pecuniary Expences his Case Seems to Call for Some Consideration to [be] made to Him.

JACOB KITTREDGE SEN.

Brookfield, May 10th, 1783.

Leicester, Oct. 22d, 1827.

I certify that in the year 1777 at the Surrender of Burgoyne I was then an Ensign in one of the regiments, and that Solomon Parsons was then a Soldier in sd. Army.

After that we was separated. his regiment went to Monmouth in that memorable Battle Sd. Parsons received a Ball through his thy as was said, and [was] Carried of the field. I have been personally acquainted with Sd. Parsons Since the war [and] known that his wound has been Very Troublesome to him Ever Since he has never been a well man since.

JOHN HOLDEN.

This may Certify to whom it may Concern, that I, Jouashy hardain (Joshua Harding?) of Adam Martin's Company of [the] 15 Massachusetts Reg't. Commanded by Col. Bigelow, being an orderly Sargent, was in the Battel of Monmouth, which was on June 28th, 1778, and personally acquainted with the misfortune of Solomon Parsons, that he was wounded and fell into [the] Enemy's hand, having his thy Broke By a musket Ball and fell into the enemy's hand, and receiving three wounds, By Bayonette, and was knocked on the head with the ramrod of the Artillery.

Said Solomon Parsons has suffered much as the consequence of his fracture in the thigh. For seven years he was intirely disabled by it: and ever since his knee has been stiff, and he has frequently been the subject of much pain from the same cause.

In addition to the above, I, O. Plimpton, certify that I watched with the Said S. Parsons during the night after the battle at Monmouth in which he was wounded as stated above.

I the subscriber hereby Certify that I have been personally, and Intimately Acquainted with Solomon Parsons, now of Worcester, but formerly of Leicester in the County of Worcester, and that I have been repeatedly called upon to relieve him when in excruciating misery occasioned by a fractured thigh bone, from a musket ball in Monmouth

Battle, as I am informed & believe & from the first of my knowing him, in the forepart of the year 1783, to the present time, he has undergone unmeasurable distress, both of Body & Mind.—Said Parsons is a man of sober life & Conversation.

AUSTIN FLINT, M.D.

Leicester, October 15th, 1827.

I have been acquainted with the above named Parsons for more than thirty years, have known his sufferings, which are said to have been occasioned by wounds received in the battle at Monmouth, of which I have no doubt. He has always sustained a good character, & has, with his industry, labouring in paine, reared up a large family of children, and is highly deserving the patronage and support of his country.

NATHL P. DENNY.

Worcester Ss. Jany. 30, 1828. Personally appeared the above named Nath P. Denny and made oath to the truth of the certificate by him subscribed, before me

AUSTIN FLINT *Just. Pacis.*

Worcester Ss. Jany. 30, 1828. Personally appeared the within named Austin Flint and made oath to the truth of the within certificate by him subscribed, before me

NATHL P. DENNY, *Jus. Pacis.*

Worcester Ss. March 5th, 1794 then Solomon Parsons Came before me one of the Justices for the County of Worcester in the State of Massachusetts and made oath that he is the same Solomon Parsons to whom the Original Certificate in his Possession was given of which the following is a Copy.

WILLIAM HENSHAW *Jus. Pacis.*

This Certifies that Solomon Parsons, an inhabitant of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, who belonged to the 15th Massts. Reg. and in Adam Martins Compy. in the service of the United States of America, aged twenty eight as appears by Certificates lodged in the Pension Office, having been examined by me is found to be disabled in Said Service By a Musket ball passing through his right thy and I hereby Certify that he is entitled to receive twenty four shilling per month Commencing the 17 March 1786 agreeably to the Resolution of Congress of the 7th June, 1785 and to an act of the Legislature of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts of the 17th March 1786.

Given under my hand at Boston this first day of July in the year of our Lord 1786 and in the tenth year of the Independence of the United States of America,—

JOHN LUCAS *Commissary of Pensioners.*

A true Copy attest

And the Said Parsons served in the above said Regt at the time he was disabled and he now resides in Leicester in the County of Worcester and has resided there for the Last Eleven years.

CERTIFICATE OF DRS. GREEN & HEYWOOD
IN THE CASE OF PARSONS.

We the Subscribers hereby certify, that Solomon Parsons of Worcester has been under our care as physicians for several years past, that he has frequent attacks of severe pain and inflammation in his thigh, occasioned by a diseased state of the bone. Some of these attacks are so severe as to confine him to his bed for several weeks at a time, others only a few days, it is with great difficulty that he is able to walk at any time, the motions of the knee and hip joints of the right side being entirely lost in consequence of an ankylosis of those joints. He states that this

disease commenced with wounds which he received in the Battle of Monmouth, in the war of the Revolution, when the bone was much shattered, and not having proper medical treatment the limb is greatly deformed, and the wounds have never been healed for any length of time since.

From our knowledge of the character of Mr. Parsons, and the appearance of the limb, we give full credit to his statements; we are further of the opinion that if the limb could have been removed at the commencement of his disease, he would have been better able to have supported himself and with much less pain than he has since, the disability being as great at least.

JOHN GREEN,
BENJA. F. HEYWOOD.

Worcester, November 16th, 1827.

Worcester Ss. Nov. 22, 1827 Then personally appeared Drs. John Green & Benja. F. Heywood and made oath to the truth of the within statement before me.

JOHN DAVIS *Justice of the peace.*

OBITUARY NOTICE OF SOLOMON PARSONS.

(From the *Massachusetts Spy* of May 18, 1831.)

DIED:

In this town, (Worcester,) on the 11th inst., Solomon Parsons, aged seventy-four. He was one of the few survivors of the army of the Revolution. He enlisted at the age of twenty, and was at the battle of Saratoga and taking of Burgoyne. He continued in the army till the battle of Monmouth, in June, 1778, when he was discharged on account of the wounds he received on that occasion. Those who are familiar with the history of that war, will recollect the intense heat of the day, and what numbers perished on that occasion from heat and fatigue. The sufferings of

Mr. Parsons were almost incredible. He was in the early part of the engagement, and was severely wounded in the foot, his thigh was broken by musket shots, and he was left on the field when the American army retreated. In this situation he was attacked by a British soldier, who, in attempting to stab him, thrust his bayonet twice through his arm, and a desperate struggle ensued, in which the soldier repeated his attempts to stab him through the body, but was deterred from his design by the interference of an officer. During the conflict, the soldier attempted to trample him under his horse's feet, but the horse, less cruel than his rider, refused to step upon him, and twice leaped over him from head to foot. The British army, in their advance, passed over him as he lay upon the field, exposed to the scorching sun, and, on their retreat, again passed over him, when one of the soldiers gave him a very violent blow upon the head with a heavy weapon, which deprived him of all sensation for a considerable length of time. When he revived, the American army were near him, and he was thus exposed to the fire of both parties, as the battle was raging around him. He was taken up by the Americans near sundown, after having been exposed during the whole day, and his wounds were dressed in the best manner that circumstances permitted. It was nearly seven years before he regained any use of his wounded limb, but he never recovered from the wound in his thigh. It continued to be extremely painful during his life, and was the cause at last of his death. He bore his severe sufferings with great fortitude and resignation, and evinced, to the end of his life, the influence of that religion which he had long professed.

CAPTAIN TIMOTHY PARKER.

As the sketch of the Parker family given in volume eighteen of the Society's Proceedings does not contain reference to the military service of Captain Timothy Parker in the Revolutionary War, for the benefit of our readers it is given here.

On page 184, vol. 18, is mentioned his service in the French and Indian Wars. But as Captain he was in command of a company of minute-men in Sturbridge, Mass., whither he removed from Roxbury before going to Holden. Before the outbreak of hostilities Captain Parker was drilling his men for the anticipated conflict, and marched, April 21, 1775, in response to the alarm of April 19, serving fourteen days, Col. Warner's Regt.; subsequently taking part in several campaigns, gaining the reputation of a good officer and a decided patriot. Mr. Parker was a man of unusual size, possessing prominent and striking features. His whole demeanor exhibited a man who would not be first to turn his back to the enemy. Withal he combined an exemplary moral and Christian character.

At the Sturbridge town meeting, held Sept. 28, 1774, it was voted to provide a large quantity of powder, five hundred pounds of lead and five hundred flints, also to send Captain Timothy Parker a delegate to the Provincial Congress to be convened at Concord. And in addition, a request was made that all persons sixteen years old and over assemble at the meeting-house Dec. 10, with arms and ammunition, to be reviewed. Three companies were formed and were led by Capt. Parker, Capt. Crafts and Capt. Newel.

PROCEEDINGS.

THREE HUNDRED AND NINETY-FIRST MEETING, TUESDAY
EVENING, MARCH 1, 1904.

VICE-PRESIDENT MAYNARD in the chair. Others present:

Messrs. Arnold, Bill, Bond, Brannon, C. A. Chase, Gen. Chamberlain, Crane, Davidson, Eaton, Gould, Geo. Maynard, H. G. Otis, Paine, Saxe, Wheeler, Williamson, D. B. Williams, Mrs. Brannon, Mrs. Boland, Mrs. Maynard, Miss Manly, Miss M. Agnes Waite, Mrs. Williamson, Mr. Keith, Mr. Mann, Mr. Geo. H. Rice, Mrs. Baker, Miss Boland, Miss Chase and others.

The Librarian reported additions during the last month as follows: twenty-two bound volumes, eighty-two pamphlets and six papers.

The name of Alice Harriet Foster was presented by Vice-President Mander A. Maynard, and the application for membership was referred to the Committee on Nomination.

Mr. Henry M. Wheeler was then introduced and read the following paper:

EARLY ROADS IN WORCESTER.

In the preparation of an article on the early roads and the dwellers thereon in the northern portion of the town I soon found myself in the predicament of the man, who, at an advanced age, undertook to compile the genealogy of his family; he said, "I think I have got hold of a bigger job than I can manage." A writer has said, "An idea arrives without effort: a form can only be wrought out by patient labor."

When the Pilgrims came hither they found a land peopled by inhabitants called Indians, who were hospitably disposed towards the strangers. Had our fathers shown the Christ-like spirit which they professed to hold, as the actuating principle of their lives, or had the temper of John Robinson prevailed over that of Myles Standish, the early history of this land would have been far different from what it is. But the discussion of this question would be foreign to the purpose of this paper. The people found here have been called aborigines usually, but in the light of recent investigation and research that term seems to be of doubtful significance. It is out of place to more than allude to the inquiry here.

These peoples, by whatever name designated, dwelt in small communities located near the sea shore or on the bank of some pond or lake or stream, or in some rich valley, from which their supplies of fish and maize could be obtained. Communication between these settlements was made on foot by well-worn paths which came to be known as Indian trails. The more numerous the communities the greater the number of trails, and the more distinctly marked. The paths were about one foot in width and from one inch to six or more inches in depth according to the nature of the soil and their more or less frequent use. They were tortuous in their course, crossing and interlacing each other

in all directions, yet each having its own marked destination. A good illustration of these trails can be seen in a large tract of land, the surface of which is covered with bushes, trees, shrubs and rocks, low and wet places, elevations and depressions, wherein cattle have been pastured for many years. The paths made by the cattle wind about at all angles, and there is not a straight one among them all. The nature of the ground affects the course. Just as the cattle in the pasture go round the rocks, avoid the miry places, wind in and out amongst the trees and bushes to reach water or the salt lick or the best feeding ground, so the Indians traversed the country by avoiding the highest elevations, encircling the swampy places, deflecting their course to find the best fording spots, and wound their way through the otherwise trackless forest to reach their destination. They went in single file. The entire country was covered with a network of these trails. Certain ones became known as great war paths, some of which are identified to-day. They were more numerous in New York state and in the middle west between the Alleghany Mountains and the Mississippi River than in New England. Some of them have become historic; the most prominent being the Nemaquin, so named from a Delaware Indian warrior chieftain. This ran from the Cumberland River to Fort Duquesne. It was by this path that young Washington bore the message from the Governor of Virginia to the French. On the same path he subsequently made the first and only surrender to opposing forces during his life. By this path the fatal expedition of Braddock trod. Later it became and still is one of the great thoroughfares between the east and the west. An interesting account of these old trails may be found in "Historic Highways," by Archer B. Hulbert.

As the colonies in the eastern part of the state increased in population, the more adventurous of the people pushed out toward the west, seeking new homes and founding

new settlements. Waltham, Weston, Sudbury, Concord, Marlborough, Lancaster, Deerfield, Worcester, Brookfield, Grafton, Oxford, Brimfield and Springfield sprang into existence one after the other. Communication between these places and the older ones became a necessity. Traveled ways immediately came into existence, which followed the trails or paths made by the Indians. All travel was either on foot or on horseback, baggage and stores were borne on pack horses; there were no wheeled vehicles. The paths were as primitive as the cattle trails in the pasture. No attempt was made to build a road. Traveling was dangerous at all seasons, especially so in the winter, from wild animals, hostile Indians, falling trees, morasses, swollen waters and deep snows. From these primitive ways the present admirable system of roads has been slowly evolved through years of difficulty and toil. First the trail was widened into the rough cart path, filled with rocks and stumps and holes, that crossed the streams by fords. Next came the cleared way built on the top of the natural soil, with corduroy through the low places and rough plank bridges over the water courses, veritable sloughs of despond a part of the year. Then followed the plank road, a great improvement, but of short duration. This was succeeded by the turnpike, a scientific development of the axiomatic truth that the shortest distance between two given points is a straight line. The projectors of this system of roads seem to have overlooked two facts, viz.: first, that that truth is applicable only to plane surfaces; second, that the bail of a bucket is no shorter in a perpendicular position than in a horizontal one. The pikes ran straight over the highest hills, through the lowest valleys and across swamps, and were turned aside only by wide and deep ponds. The Roxbury and Worcester turnpike, or the Boston and Worcester, as it is commonly called, built in 1806, is a good illustration of this kind of a road near at hand. The builders of it, undaunted by the long, steep hills, determined

to cross Long Pond. Their first attempt was a failure. Actuated by a high resolve, however, they said, "Sink or swim, survive or perish" we will carry this through; though the first structure sank they finally crossed on a floating bridge. Yet our fathers were wise men; they were willing frequently to toil up the steep and rugged mountain side to obtain a sight of the King in his beauty, and felt amply repaid for their struggle by the vision. Would it not be well for us, their children, occasionally to leave the miasms and damps of commercialism and materialism in the valley and toil upwards to the mountain tops, where in a pure atmosphere we might behold with clear vision the sublime views of a better life, and the true relation of man to man and of man to his maker.

Instead of the straight turnpike this æsthetic generation prefers the road of gentle elevation, winding with easy bend through the wooded valleys, along the murmuring brookside or the curving sweep of the ocean's shore. It is not easy for us, borne over smooth Macadam or Telford roads in carriages hung on elliptic springs rolling along with rubber tired wheels behind a fast moving blooded horse, to conceive of the means of locomotion one and two centuries ago.

Roads are an index of civilization. The better the roads the greater the advancement in knowledge. In a highly civilized land one expects to find good roads. A recent writer has said, "Among the most searching tests of the state of civilization reached by any country are the character of its roads." Rome, in its Augustan age, constructed military roads which have endured to the present day. As a land approaches its attainment in Christian government its roads will become highways of peace. The roads of two contiguous towns often mark the high degree of civic pride in the one and the lack of it in the other.

The principal and perhaps the oldest path in Massachusetts was that from the Bay, so called, westward to the

Connecticut River and beyond. It was styled the "Old Connecticut Path" from 1636 till 1646, after which it received the name of the "Bay Path." Starting at Boston it followed the northern bank of the Charles River to Waltham, thence through South Framingham, Hopkinton, Westborough, Grafton, Sutton, Charlton, Sturbridge to Brimfield, where other paths joined it, one going to the great falls, now Palmer, another southward to Agawam, now Springfield. It continued to be the only path till 1648, when a new one was opened, which left the old path at Weston and went through Lancaster, New Braintree, West Brookfield and Warren to Brimfield. Later a third path went through Marlborough, Worcester and Brookfield. This was called sometimes the "Connecticut Path." J. G. Holland, in his interesting story, entitled "The Bay Path," has woven into it with great beauty the tale of the path of true love. The Bay Path has been forced to give way to other and better methods of communication; the other path remains the same as it was when Mary Pynchon and John Holyoke walked together in the old "Bay Path." Some of these paths came to be known as "Post Roads."

When a new settlement was started the General Court chose a committee to apportion the territory amongst the settlers, to some of whom grants were made as compensation for services rendered the state, to others as an inducement to join the community; the committee received pay for its services by grants. All the land may not have been divided in the first allotment and subsequent divisions were made as new settlers came forward. Some of those in the first division may not have received the full allowance to which they were entitled, and at subsequent divisions their "rights," as they were called, would be allowed. Some of the allotments and rights were traded for money or other consideration, and it came about that a few persons became holders of large tracts. Speculation in land increased with the growth of the settlements. In this manner the territory

of Quinsigamond was apportioned in four separate divisions. A rough survey of these allotments was made and a record thereof was kept, which is known as the "Proprietors' Records." Various causes combined to confuse these allotments so that they frequently overlapped each other and these errors were adjusted subsequently. In addition to the divisions already mentioned there were others for the support of the ministry, called "Ministerial Lots," and for the support of schools, called "School Lots." That part undivided was "Common." Thus, a person might have a lot bounded on the north by A, on the east by B and every other way by common.

To avoid the dry detail of fact, imagination and story will be called on to enforce history, in this narration, so that we shall not seem to be traveling over dusty roads, on which a scorching sun pours his fervent rays unrelieved by refreshing shade and cooling stream.

We will introduce ourselves to a traveler on horseback just as he is passing Slocum's tavern in Shrewsbury, on the Connecticut road a short distance east of Quinsigamond Pond, on his way from the Bay to Agawam. He informs us that the night was spent at Squire Farrar's tavern, the other side of Shrewsbury, kept by Captain Levi Pease, who he learned was also the proprietor (in connection with Colonel Reuben Sikes of Worcester), of a line of stages plying between Boston and New York. The Captain told him something of his family and said he was descended from Robert and Margaret of Great Braddon, Essex Co., England. His son Robert² came to Boston from the port of Ipswich, England, in April, 1634, with his brother John and his oldest son Robert³; his wife Marie came later; Robert,² born in 1607, settled at Salem and died there in 1644. His son Robert³ married in December, 1691, Harriet Warriner and settled at Enfield, Conn. Nathaniel, the son of Robert,³ was born at Enfield, Conn., in 1694; he married in 1730 Miriam Pease, a relative, and went to Blanford,

Conn., where he kept a tavern which he sold out to his son Levi in 1771. Levi was born at Enfield, Conn., in 1739, and died at Shrewsbury Jan. 28, 1824; his wife was Hannah Sexton. He was a blacksmith. During the Revolution he was bearer of despatches. After the war he began staging between Somers and Hartford, Conn. In company with Reuben Sikes he commenced running stages from the Sign of the Lamb in Boston, Oct. 22, 1783. The first night the stop was made at Martin's in Northborough; the second at Rice's in Brookfield; the third at Pease's in Somers, Conn.; and the fourth at Hartford. An advertisement in the *Massachusetts Spy* of Nov. 13, 1783, confirms this statement. In 1786 the route was extended from Portsmouth, N. H., to Savannah, Ga. They carried the mails and for a long time Mr. Pease was the only contractor for carrying them in New England. He received the first charter for a turnpike in Massachusetts, going through Palmer and Wilbraham to Springfield. He took most of the stock of the road and lost it all. He kept tavern at Blanford, Conn., from 1771 to 1776. From 1786 to 1789 he kept the New York stage house in Boston. He went to Shrewsbury in 1794 and succeeded Mr. Farrar. He left a good name, and was spoken of as dignified, pleasant, of agreeable manners, with a remarkably majestic appearance.

Our traveler also learned from his host the following facts about his partner's family. Reuben was of the sixth generation from Richard Sikes of England, who appeared in Dorchester in 1635; he was a member of the church there in 1639, and was made a freeman in 1642; his wife's name was Phœbe; he removed to Springfield in 1642, and died there in 1675. He was highly esteemed, and he and his sons held important offices in the town. His son Increase was born at Springfield in 1644 and died there March 24, 1712; he married Abigail Fowler. Nathaniel, the son of Increase, was born at Springfield July 7, 1673, and died there May 13, 1727; his wife was Elizabeth Ball.

John, the next in the family line, was born at Springfield December 30, 1697, and died there December 25, 1733; his wife was Thankfull Warriner. Reuben, the father of Colonel Sikes, was born at Springfield Sept. 8, 1730, and died at Somers, Conn., December 24, 1804; he married Thankfull Buell; he held the office of judge and was a man of great influence. Col. Reuben, the second of twelve children, was born at Somers, Conn., July 13, 1756, and died at Worcester August 19, 1824. He married (1) in 1778 Mary Kibbe, by whom he had Mary, born in 1779, who married August 20, 1796, Moses Grosvenor of Pomfret, Conn. By this union there was born January 14, 1800, a daughter Mary, who married (1) April 12, 1824, Edward D. Bangs of Worcester, the son of Judge Edward and Hannah (Lynde); he died April 1, 1838, and she married (2) Stephen Salisbury of Worcester, June 2, 1856. Mr. Salisbury was born March 8, 1798, and died August 24, 1884. Reuben married (2) October 3, 1782, Eunice McCoy of Somers, Conn., by whom he had seven children; three of his daughters, who lived to advanced ages, are remembered by persons still living. A son, Henry McCoy, was a merchant in Worcester; he married in 1811 Hannah Cobb Smith of Boston; they had a daughter Elizabeth, who married William Pratt, the son of Nymphas and Submit (Howe) (Kingsbury) of Shrewsbury. Mr. Pratt practiced law in Worcester, being associated for a time with Pliny Merrick. Mr. Pratt had three children, two of whom died in infancy; the third, Clara C., is living, the widow of Charles S. Davis. Mrs. Pratt married (2) Ebenezer Wiswell of Cincinnati, Ohio, and had by him three children, one of whom married Edward T. Sprague and is living at Cincinnati, Ohio. Mr. Sikes was a blacksmith and a soldier in the Revolutionary army, where he rose to the rank of Colonel. Mrs. Davis has in her possession a powder-horn marked, "Reuben Sikes his Horn made by him in Roxbury Dec ye 2nd 1775." He kept tavern at Hartford and Suffield

in Connecticut, in Wilbraham in this state; and in May, 1807, he came to Worcester and kept the Sikes Coffee House till his death, the most popular tavern in the state outside of Boston.

Our traveler spoke of the residence of Major-General Artemas Ward, which he passed, and asked if the story of the lack of cordiality between General Ward and General Washington was true. We told him that General Ward's relatives denied the existence of any such feeling. He said it seemed as if there must be some foundation for the statement from the fact that General Washington did not call on his compatriot in arms when he passed his house in 1789, but did stop at Farrar's tavern, a quarter of a mile beyond. An ancient mile-stone stands by the roadside opposite the Ward house, on which is lettered, Boston 33, Springfield 63, Albany 155.

By this time we have reached a parting of the ways, in the fork of which a substantial three-cornered stone guide-post is seen; on one side a hand points "To Wor. 4 Ms"; on the other a hand points "To Hol 7 Ms"; and on the back there is scarcely discernible "From Boston." Over the right hand road, laid out in 1730 and established in August, 1790, the sixth Massachusetts turnpike, extending to Amherst, was relaid in June, 1800. The traveler was told that if he should follow that road he would soon reach Harlow's Mills, where he could bait his horse under the roomy shed. While the animal is eating the miller would tell him of Sewall's brook just crossed, so called from Judge Sewall who formerly owned a large number of acres thereabouts; of the road around the north end of the pond, later overflowed by reason of its sinking; of the crossing at right angles the road leading to Boylston; of the well conducted Jonathan Lovell farm; of the Deacon David Bigelow tavern under the spreading branches of a large elm, where mine host would furnish a mug of his best punch; and of the continuance of the pike in a straight

course up over the "Summit" and thence onward through Holden, Rutland and other towns to its termination.

Taking the left hand road at the guide-post, the traveler, a short distance north of the present bridge at the fording place of the upper end of the pond, meets the four horse stage-coach of Messrs. Pease and Sikes, driven by the Captain himself, on its way from Hartford to Boston. The coach is filled with passengers, some of whom have been three days on their journey; they hope to reach their destination late in the day. Mounting the steep ascent from the pond the tavern stand of Captain Israel Jennison is soon reached. On the way thither the sweet air from the pines which the traveler inhaled was quite different from the pungent laden odors that offend the nostrils of the passer-by of to-day. While resting and partaking of refreshment a brief history of the Captain and his hostelry will occupy the time. Israel was the son of Peter, a brother of Judge William the grandson of Robert who was in Watertown in 1635. William came to Worcester about 1720 and purchased large tracts of land in the centre of the town; he bore a conspicuous part in the settlement of the place. Israel became an extensive landholder on both sides of the pond. In the allotment of lands William Payne, a blacksmith of Boston, Stephen Minot, Thomas Haggit and others received tracts lying on the north and south sides of the Connecticut road and west of the pond. A considerable part of these lands passed into the hands of Israel by purchase, with some on the east side of the pond also. At his death in 1782 he devised to his son Samuel Jennison a large portion of his estate. After Samuel's death his widow Rebekah conveyed the most of it to the inhabitants of Worcester, and it constitutes the present Poor Farm. Prior to his death Israel conveyed to his son Samuel, in 1775, one-half of an acre, the old tavern stand. Samuel's widow sold this in 1818 to the inhabitants of Worcester and it was used for the Poor Farm till 1858, when it was sold to Oran A. Kelley. This

was at the corner of the present Lincoln and Boylston streets; the latter was relocated in 1804. Persons passing to-day can hardly believe that this was a busy place, where business was transacted for more than seventy years in tavern and store by Captain Israel, his son Samuel and Nathaniel Curtis, his brother-in-law. Nothing remains to mark the spot except a cellar hole and an ash house of brick, a perfect cube of six feet. The house was a long wooden one facing the easterly corner of the lot. Captain Israel's first wife was Mary Heywood, the daughter of Daniel and Hannah (Ward). His second wife was Marguerita (Olivier) Coolidge, the widow of Joseph, a prominent merchant of Boston and ancestor of the eminent financier, T. Jefferson Coolidge. She was the thirteenth child in a family of fifteen children of Anthoine and Marie (Sigourné) of Boston, Huguenots, who came here from France with the Sigournés, Johonnots and others in 1686. Marguerita was born at Annapolis, N. S., November 8, 1726; was married first November 18, 1746, and became the mother of eight children, one of whom, Margaret, married Jacob Sweetser, a man of considerable wealth in Lancaster. Her second marriage was to Captain Israel, December 9, 1775. She was married the third time to Rev. Joseph Wheeler of Worcester May 20, 1784. Last of all the woman died also December 25, 1816, having survived her third husband. Her remains lie in the tomb of her son Joseph Coolidge, in King's Chapel burying-ground in Boston. At the death of Captain Israel sixty-four acres of his estate on the south side of the road were set off to his widow in her right. This claim she and her husband Joseph Wheeler relinquished December 3, 1792. The old Olivier Bible in French, containing the family register, written in a clear, bold hand, is in the Boston Atheneum.

Before reaching the Jennison tavern one of the old roads of the town, leading to Grafton over the summit of the hill to the east, then called Oak Hill, was passed; the

north end of the road was laid out November 25, 1719; a part of it north of Wigwam Hill was called Love Lane; the entire street now bears the name of Plantation. Nearly opposite the end of this street there stands a pile of palatial buildings half hidden by beautiful shade trees; in their rear are barns comparable in size to those that the rich man mentioned in the Bible would have built had his life been prolonged. The front of these buildings is approached through an archway of maples, flanked with massive stone posts, over the entrance of which one who can discern to read, may see, "Ho! all ye poor, shiftless, lazy, incompetent, incapable! turn ye in hither; sumptuous lodgings are provided for ye by the thrifty, industrious and diligent citizens of the town."

Resuming his journey the traveler meets two men on horseback coming away from a farmhouse on his right. They are Captain Lewis Barnard and his son General Ebenezer L., on their way into the country to purchase cattle; they are extensive traders in live stock in connection with farming. Their father John was the son of Isaac, who removed from Watertown to Grafton, thence to Sutton and afterwards to New Worcester, where he died March 18, 1788. Capt. John was born in Sutton August 11, 1743, and died in Worcester September 17, 1830. He bought, December 4, 1792, of William Jennison two hundred and six acres lying on both sides of the road, that the latter received from his father Captain Israel. John deeded one-half of his farm to his son Lewis, March 4, 1801, and at his death in September, 1830, the remainder was devised to him. Lewis had three sons, John, Ebenezer L. and Lewis, Jr., who inherited the farm at their father's death in 1853. Thence it passed through numerous conveyances from John and Lewis, Rejoice Newton, Guardian, Frederick J. Barnard and others to Samuel Davis and William R. Hooper, and from them to its present owner, Oran A. Kelley, who purchased parts of it May 29 and June 3, 1862, some having

been sold previously to others. Ebenezer L. married Caroline Sweetser, the daughter of Samuel of Athol, by whom he had five children, Lewis Lovell, Frederick Jones, Edward Lovell, Caroline and Eliza. He built a house on State street, and died of consumption July 9, 1850, soon after moving into it. Of John and Lewis more will be said later. The farmhouse and out buildings are situated on ground sloping upwards from the road, showing every indication of thrift and good management; the house was shaded formerly by two elms of massive size, one of which was destroyed by a cyclone several years since; the other remains.

Passing on to higher ground there is pointed out to the traveler the site of one of the earliest settlers of the town. Ephraim Curtis came here from Sudbury in 1673. He laid claim to a large tract of land, but was obliged to relinquish a part of it, and was granted land in another section of the town. His first house was a log hut probably. The second house, built on or near its site, was, like many of that period, two stories in front and had a long roof sloping back to one low story at the rear, with the large central chimney in the upright part. It was a tavern stand and a recent occupant remembered the bar in one of the front rooms. While this second house was undergoing repairs in 1848 it was destroyed by fire. A new house was erected on its site, which was occupied till a few weeks ago by the widow of Tyler P. Curtis. His son William C. carries on the farm, which has never passed out of the possession of the family. Two beautiful elms of great size formerly added to the attractiveness of the place, but one after the other yielded to the vicissitudes of storms and the infirmities of age. A younger tree bids fair to take their place and furnish shade for later generations. Ephraim had for neighbors Hugh and William Gray, William Knight, Daniel Heywood and Thomas Haggit. December 10, 1735,

he deeded to "my Dutifull son John 140 acres a part of my farm of 250 acres."

Next and contiguous to the Curtis farm we come to that of Ebenezer Wellington, whose house is on the right of the road several hundred feet back from it. Nearly in front of it and close to the road is the small house of Jason Duncan, a relative, one of the Scotch Presbyterians who attempted a settlement in the town in 1718, but whose house of worship was destroyed when partially built, by a mob more zealous than liberal for the service of religion. Their congregation was scattered and many of them left the town. Mr. Wellington purchased land from several parties and his farm has come down through many conveyances to its present owner, Edward Buxton.

On the opposite side of the road there was an old house in which Caleb Wall says William Stowell built carding machines many years ago, but I have not been able to corroborate that statement. The house gave place to the beautiful modern one of Albert W. Andrews. The well and sweep still remain.

Following the still ascending road there stands on the right hand a brick house on land formerly owned by William Gray, from whom it passed through several owners to Levi Lincoln and from him to Paul Goodell, who sold it with other land to George W. Rugg; from him Timothy Bancroft bought it April 3, 1848. Since his death the farm has been divided into house lots and is known as "Bancroft Park."

At the summit of the road there is the farm of Joseph Bond, where Thomas Knight formerly lived and kept a tavern. This was a part of the land originally laid out to Thomas Haggitt, one portion of which, March 19, 1733-4, he deeded to "my Dutifull Daughter Johanna Knight wife of Edward Knight"; another portion he gave to "my Dutifull Daughter Lydia Flagg, wife of Ebenezer Flagg

January 9, 1739." Mr. Bond purchased of John Gleason, Tyler P. Curtis, Josiah Brittan, Jr., and others.

As the traveler proceeds, he is told that his way into the town will be descending from this point. His attention is directed to the long line of hills on his left, the most prominent of which is the highest land in the town, it being 777 feet above sea level. Beyond, but not in sight, is Millstone Hill, from which by a vote of the proprietors in September, 1773, one hundred acres were set apart as a quarry for the free use of the citizens. On the north side of the hill William Crawford, Daniel Heywood and Charles Adams were given land that passed later to John Green. Thomas Green of Leicester in June, 1757, gave to his son John one hundred acres that he bought of Thomas Adams. Additions were made from time to time till it became one of the largest estates in the town. A brief account of the Green family appeared in an article entitled, "A typical New England house a hundred years ago."

On the traveler's right there is spread out a broad expanse of rich intervale, gradually rising towards the north, where it meets Indian Hill, the highest point of which is crowned with farm buildings that will be referred to later. In front is swampy ground; around the north side of it the road winds and at a short distance meets another at right angles to it. Before reaching this point an old brick house is passed on the right, on land once in the possession of John Curtis, a son of Ephraim, from whom it passed to Alfred Smith and afterward to Benjamin Flagg, who sold one hundred acres to Samuel Brooks April 30, 1766. His son George came into possession by will and he sold it to Alfred Dwight Foster April 12, 1826. His heirs sold an undivided half of it to Moore M. Chaffin, and from that estate came the present North Park.

We have reached the tavern of Leonard Clark, where the traveler will be left. We go to meet a person approaching the town from the north. At the place now called the

“Summit,” so named by the railroad that passes it by a deep cut, because it is the highest point of the road between the town and West Boylston, or “Five Points” by reason of five roads that converge here, we see a gentleman mounted on a fine horse coming up the steep ascent, who meets us at the intersection at right angles of the road he is on with the sixth Massachusetts turnpike. He politely inquires if he is on the right road to Worcester, and is told that he is and that it will be a pleasure to accompany him and point out the places of interest. He says that he left Lancaster early in the morning and passed across Boylston common, and he speaks of a beautiful avenue of maples about two miles back. He is informed that they are on the farm of Rev. William Nash, whose house stood near one end of the maples, but afterwards was moved towards the common. The trees were set out by Charles Nash, his son, who erected the brick house standing on the site of the old one after his father’s death. Mr. Charles Nash taught school in a house not far from his ancestral home. A notice of Mr. Nash appeared in a paper on the “Thomas Street School House.” Rev. Mr. Nash preached in the meeting house on the common several years. The year before he resigned his office the house was destroyed by fire; another was erected in its place immediately. Finally the denomination abandoned preaching services and the house was closed many years. Recently the property was sold to the Congregational Society, which was driven from its location in the valley by the encroachment of the Metropolitan Reservoir, and the old house has given place to a modern structure. Rev. Mr. Nash possessed some oddities that cropped out occasionally. This story is told of him. He was in the habit of taking a dram at a certain hour and was much disturbed if interrupted at that time. A neighbor called one day for a friendly chat. As the hour for his accustomed indulgence drew near Mr. Nash became fidgety, squirmed about in his chair and, when he could

refrain no longer, said, "Neighbor A, this is the hour at which I usually shirt myself and I shall have to be excused." Neighbor A quickly replied, "Well, Parson Nash, I am reminded that this is my usual time for shirting myself and I will bid you good morning. If you ever should be at my house at shirting time I should be glad to have you join me."

We congratulate the gentleman on his entrance to the town over one of its most sightly and beautiful eminences. We ask him to turn back for a view of Mount Wachusett, ten miles distant as the bird flies, the highest point of land in the eastern part of the state, it being 2,018 feet above the level of the sea, distinctly outlined through the clear atmosphere, with the white houses of the village of Princeton snuggled on its southern slope. Far beyond the outline of Monadnock is dimly seen. A little to the left is Rutland, where recently the state has established a sanitarium for consumptives, on a commanding elevation 1,250 feet above sea level. Mount Ararat is pointed out in the foreground, where some one wildly conjectured that a portion of Noah's ark had been discovered. Beyond and not far distant rises the long crest of Winter Hill, on which can be seen the ancient house of Benjamin Whitney. A little to the south of that lies Hancock Hill, once the property of Governor Hancock. The high hill on the horizon further to the right is Asnebumskit, behind which, just concealed from view, is the town of Paxton, 1,135 feet above sea level. In the valley at his feet the silver thread of Weasel Brook winds its way east of Danson's or North Pond, whose waters shimmer in the afternoon sun. Following southward Tetasset, latterly called Tatnuck, where Benjamin Flagg has a tavern, meets the eye. On the horizon beyond, the town of Leicester, 1,007 feet above the sea, can be seen six miles away. Turning backwards towards the left the point of the spire of the meeting house in Boylston rises solitary out of the encompassing forest. Beyond, just over

the horizon in the northeast, are the towns of Berlin and Bolton; in the latter place there is a meeting house over one hundred years old whose roof is still covered with the shingles originally placed thereon. Running the eye along the eastern horizon the white spire of the meeting house in Shrewsbury arrests the attention. There Parson Sumner dispensed the gospel sixty-three years. Midway in the valley Wigwam Hill, where Sagamore Pennasaget had his seat, is pointed out. At its base are the placid waters of Long Pond, with its winding, indented shores clothed with verdure, stretching away towards the southeast till it ends in the town of Grafton, which can be seen on a distant hill. Nearer and more to the south are lesser elevations, Oak, Sagatabscot, where Digory Sargent, an early settler, was slain by the Indians, his wife carried off and tomahawked on Tetasset Hill because of her inability to keep up with the retreating savages, and Pakachoag or Boggachoag, the seat of a tribe of Nipmuck Indians to whom Eliot the Apostle preached. The gentleman gazes with delight at the panorama of valley, hills, mountains and waters spread out before him and reverently exclaims, "How wonderful are thy works. In wisdom hast thou made them all." He asks whither the straight road leads that can be seen for a long distance, and is told that it is the sixth Massachusetts turnpike between Shrewsbury and Amherst. He is reminded that over this road that part of Burgoyne's prisoners who were confined in barracks at Rutland, marched in 1777. A dim tradition is that two large chestnut trees at the corner of the roads on this spot were called Burgoyne's chestnuts. It goes on to say that the soldiers rested here and dropped some chestnuts that sprang up and produced the trees. "That is an interesting statement, if true," said the gentleman. A schoolhouse at the intersection of the roads is pointed out. In a deed dated September 9, 1772, Isaac Knight gave to the town a piece of land in these words: "In Consideration of the Regard I have for the

Inhabitants of the Northerly Part of the Town of Worcester in the County of Worcester which Were in the Month of March last by the said Town of Worcester Set off as a Squadron for keeping a School and to Encourage them to Build a School House," etc. A short distance westward on the turnpike is the tavern and farm of Colonel George Moore. This was a part of the tract laid out to William Taylor, that descended to Isaac Witherbee, who in 1745 deeded sixty acres to Josiah Peirce. In 1792 Josiah deeded one-half of his farm of two hundred acres to his son Abijah, and from him it came down to George Moore in 1823; his heirs deeded it to Luther G. Moore. It is now owned by Josiah B. Shattuck, and others.

Proceeding towards the town the gentleman inquires the name of the road he is on and is told that it is called the "Lancaster Road" and is one of the oldest, and was laid out Nov. 6, 1752, from Worcester to Lancaster, "through Thomas Cowden's land as the road is trod over a place called Burnt Coat Plain to the County road by Mr. John Fisk's." He asks the significance of the name of the plain and is told that we must fall back on tradition. As early as 1714 the description in one deed reads, "near Burnt Coat Plain"; another reads, "joyning to Burnt Coat Plain." The tradition is that an early settler, in clearing up his land, set fire to a brush heap and accidentally burned up his coat. "That does not seem to be sufficient to give a name to this great plain, embracing hundreds of acres," said the gentleman. "I should suppose that a tragedy, rather than a comedy, had been enacted here." "You have given me a clue to a supposable transaction," I replied. It is not improbable that some of the early settlers were surprised by the Indians, tomahawked, scalped and their coats burned. One of these settlers may have escaped and fled towards the northeast; was apprehended by other Indians and deprived of his breeches, for it is of record that John Hancock sold his Breeches Meadow in that

section to Benjamin Child October 6, 1783. Escaping a second time the harassed fugitive fled in a nearly opposite direction to the town of Hubbardston, where he was again waylaid by Indians, in ascending a hill and stripped of his shirt that they burned; thereafter the place was known as "Burnt Shirt Hill." Like the Wandering Jew the settler may be fleeing on still, though, unlike him, clad either in fig leaves or the skins of wild animals.

While engaged in conversation one of those little red schoolhouses is passed that our ancestors planted about as soon as they did the meeting house, both of which became such mighty factors in the formation of a nation of freemen. Although the house has disappeared persons are living who received all their early instruction therein. A short distance beyond is an old brick house painted white, formerly belonging to Jonathan Knight; it came to him through several purchases from Edward Knight, an early settler and large landholder on the plain; the present owner is Anton Gross.

The tavern stand of Edward Knight, at the corner of a road running down past Isaac Gleason's to the sixth Massachusetts turnpike near the Jonathan Lovell place, already spoken of, soon appears; at sight of it the gentleman decides to stop and remain over night. After a bountiful supper to which all the guests do full justice, the company gathers round the wide open fireplace and conversation becomes general. In reply to an inquiry about the estate connected with the tavern the landlord says, "that in 1715 a committee of five, consisting of Thomas How, John Ballantine, William Dudley, William Taylor and Adam Winthrop, was appointed by the General Court to partition the lands included in the place called Quansikomom among the settlers. The committee set off to themselves for their services four hundred acres apiece, embracing the whole of this plain, making in all 2,143 acres that included 143 acres additional set off to Adam Winthrop." This

tract extended from the Shrewsbury line on the east nearly to Brooks street on the west, and from the present Holden line on the north nearly to Lincoln street on the south. On the southern border of this tract they laid out a road one hundred feet wide, that was discontinued in 1733, restored to common land and afterwards, in 1747, sold to Captain Israel Jennison. Visions of a future city hall, post-office, art museum, high school, technical school and colleges must have floated before the eyes of the committee. Yet it was no chimera, for there is no finer elevation in Worcester than the old Burnt Coat Plain or Indian Hill. "The committee did not hold their divisions long. John Ballantine's was sold in 1735 to an ancestor of mine whose name I bear, the first one of the numerous Knights who inhabited this plain. William Dudley sold his to Estes Hatch, who afterwards transferred it to John Murray. Adam Winthrop sold his 514 acres to Thomas Green, who called it "my Harvest Hill Farm." William Taylor sold his to Joseph Heath and from him it came to me April 1, 1785, after two prior transfers of 191 acres to other persons." Subsequently this farm was sold to John Flavel Clark in 1827 and 1830. At and before this time Mr. Clark held the office of jailer from 1819 to 1837; he was succeeded in that position by Asa Mathews, who occupied the place from 1837 to 1849. Rufus Carter became his successor and retained the position till 1872. If reports are true Mr. Clark was not as successful in farming as he was in guarding criminals. Instead of taking time by the forelock he allowed the old man to seize his. It used to be said that he dug his potatoes with a crowbar, so late in the season did he begin to harvest his crops. However it must have been a malicious slander. Mr. Clark had a son Flavel, one of those unfortunate ones who call out our sympathy and pity. He was harmless and the spark of intellect burned very dimly. He died September, 1902, over eighty years old. His case is one of those mysteries

that are unrevealed to us. It served, however, to bring out in clear light the Christlike love and tender solicitude of his sister, Mrs. Mary J. Wadley, of Augusta, Ga., who, notwithstanding her own family cares and deep sorrows, supplied her brother's wants for more than forty years.

After this narration our gentleman said that he noticed a well by the road with a carefully constructed curb near the entrance of the tavern, and asked if there was any special interest attached to it. The landlord said he dug it and gave it to the public to be free forever. This caused one of the company to speak of the wells of ancient time, of that one over the possession of which the servants of Abimelech quarrelled with Abraham; of those that Abraham dug and the Philistines filled up and Isaac afterward opened. Another called attention to the well around which clustered the beautiful pastoral story of Abraham's servant in his search for a wife for Isaac. A third told of the well of Jacob at Samaria on which our Saviour sat and revealed himself to the woman as the well of living water. Another spoke of the well at Bahurim, down into which the spies of David went and were concealed by a woman, who spread a cloth over its mouth and strewed ground corn thereon. Another brought to our recollection Sir Walter Scott's story of St. Ronans Well in the town of Inverleithen upon Trent. Another alluded to Mauls' well, told of in the "House of Seven Gables" by Nathaniel Hawthorne, into which if one looked or in the waters of which, if one bathed, he would be seized with forgetfulness. The gentleman spoke of the importance attached to wells in hot and dry climates, of village wells and town pumps, places of meeting for friendly chat and gossip. He also called to remembrance the well dug in 1690 in the garrison compound at Deerfield that furnished water to the imprisoned inhabitants when besieged by Indians. One of the company said he had been puzzled with the story narrated by that veracious traveler Mark Twain, who tells of the well in the citadel

at Cairo that Joseph dug with his own hands through the solid rock ninety feet deep, and of the same donkeys he employed to raise the water still at work, and how tired they seemed to be. The landlord said he was led to dig the well at the road side and make it free by reading the story of the Captain's well, beautifully told by Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford and rendered into verse by Whittier. He said he would read the poem if agreeable to the company. Before commencing he related the circumstances connected with it, as follows: "Captain Valentine Bagley was wrecked on the coast of Arabia and nearly perished with thirst. He made a vow to dig a well that should be free to every one if he should again reach his home." Two or three stanzas of the poem are here given:

* * * *

"And if ever I reach my home again,
Where earth has springs and the sky has rain,
I will dig a well for the passers by,
And none shall suffer from thirst as I."

* * * *

"But when the morning came he called for his spade,
'I must pay my debt to the Lord,' he said,
'And the well I promised by Osman's Sea,
I am digging for him in Amesbury.'

* * * *

"Why dig you here,' asked the passer by.
'Is there gold or silver the road so nigh?'
'No friend,' he answered, 'but under this sod
Is the blessed water, the wine of God.'"

A member of the company who had been a quiet listener, but had taken no part in the conversation, asked if there was time for the story of another well. A ready response being given, he said that many years ago Captain Nathaniel Perley of Rowley built a vessel of ninety tons burden on Rowley common near his house. No water being near his neighbors quizzed him frequently during the building, probably much as old Captain Noah's townspeople did him while he was constructing the ark, saying, "What are you thinking of?" "How are you going to launch her?" "Aren't you a little beside yourself?" "Will a heavy dew

float her?" But the Captain kept his own counsel and worked on till the vessel was completed. Then he collected more than one hundred yoke of oxen from all parts of the county and hauled it a distance of one and a half miles to the water, where it was launched successfully. On the way there was a well at which a stop was made for rest. The Captain had provided a barrel of rum for the occasion; the head was knocked in; the contents were poured into the well and the people told to help themselves. For a long time thereafter it was a common saying that the Captain launched his vessel with the help of a hundred yoke of oxen and a barrel of rum.

One of the company who was impressed with the ludicrous side of the story, said that all present could recall the lines told them in childhood as follows:

Ding, dong, bell. The cat's in the well! Who put her in?
Little Billy Green. Who pulled her out? Great Johnny Stout.

"O, what a naughty boy was that,
Thus to maltreat poor pussy cat,
Who never did him any harm,
But caught the mice in grandpa's barn."

Before retiring it was proposed that all should join in singing "The Old Oaken Bucket." The gentleman traveler said that the well that occasioned the writing of the poem by Samuel Woodworth is in Greenbush, a village of Scituate; he had drank water from the well and carried away with him a bottle of it. The well is within three or four feet of the house and the old fashioned sweep still hangs over it. A verse of the poem is given:

"How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips,
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well."

In the morning after a refreshing rest and a substantial breakfast the gentleman and his guide resumed their journey. On the opposite side of the road is the farm that in later years became the property of William C. Clark, who was landlord of the old United States Hotel at the corner of Main and Mechanic streets; the hotel was subsequently moved back on to Mechanic street and a building erected on its site, for many years known as Clark's block. Presently the farm of Jonathan A. White is reached, with its one-story house and barns adjoining. In reply to an inquiry the gentleman is told that Mr. White was born in Heath, N. H., December 18, 1801, the son of David, of Charlemont, and Abigail the daughter of Jonathan and Tirzah (Field) Ashley. He came to Worcester when of age, with a companion, seeking work. They called at the farm of Joel Gleason on the west side of the road leading to Barber's, at what is now called Northville, asking for employment. Mr. Gleason hired them, though his family objected to Mr. White on account of his small size. He disappointed them by doing as much work as any of the men and by his diligence and faithfulness. Mr. Gleason was the son of Jonathan, who owned a large farm lying on both sides of Weasel Brook, which he divided amongst his several children as they married. He used to say that he could see some part of each of his children's farms from his own dooryard. One child, Betsey, born October 16, 1793, married Amos Flagg March 31, 1816, and settled on this farm of which we are speaking. Mr. White accompanied the new couple to their home, as the hired man. Mr. Flagg died at the end of eight years and Betsey gave her hand to Jonathan April 6, 1825. Three months before their marriage she deeded her farm to him. Some of her friends spoke of the risk she was running by this act. She replied, "If I am willing to trust my life to him I am sure I can my acres." Her confidence was not misplaced; they lived together happily fifty-three years. He survived her

ten years and died at the age of eighty-seven. After their marriage he added to his farm by the purchase of land on the opposite side of the road. Mr. White said that when he came to Worcester there were only three houses on Summer, or Back, street. One was at or near Lincoln square; the second was Daniel G. Wheeler's, that was standing within a few years at the corner of Exchange street, where his daughters Frances M., Nancy C. and Elizabeth L. lived so many years. Mr. Wheeler's land extended westerly to Mill Brook and southerly as far as Bridge street. The third house was at Washington square, occupied by a negro family of the name of Hemenway. A daughter, Hannah, was a well known person in town. She died a few years ago at the age of ninety. She was a famous cook, as was also her mother Hannah, and many a girl thought she could not be well married without one of Hannah's wedding cakes. She was cook at my grandfather's. My grandmother was an invalid during the last years of her life, and a housekeeper, a relative of the family, was employed. There was frequent friction between the two servants, which my grandfather, a man of peace, often mollified in a quiet way. That condition of things could not continue and at last the cook left, much to my grandfather's regret. Neither time nor membership in the First Baptist Church removed the recollection of her grievances. Riding near her house on May street, a short time before her death, with my wife, my cousin and the housekeeper alluded to, my cousin suggested that we should stop and drink some of Hannah's root beer, as an excuse to see her and add a few pennies to her meagre income. After partaking of the beverage my cousin said, "Hannah, you remember me, don't you." "O, yes, Mrs. Damon, I allers member you." "This is Mrs. C——," my cousin said, "you have not forgotten her." Straightening up herself she instantly said, "I don't member Mrs. C——. Nevah knew her." To relieve the embarrassment my cousin said,

turning to me, "This is Henry Martyn, of course you remember him." "Laws yes," she said, "I member him, but I don't member nuthin good of him." The horse becoming uneasy at that point, we bade her goodby and drove on, indulging in a hearty laugh.

During this narration the travelers had reached the end of the elevated plateau over which the road took them. The gentleman could not withhold expressions of pleasure at the beauties spread around. He thought the view from this point superior to any he had seen. The valley at the west was nearer and objects were more distinctly seen. The waters of North Pond seemed to be within a stone's throw. The town lay nestled among the hills. He was reminded of the Psalmist's words, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people henceforth even forever." A cluster of farm buildings in the valley below east of the pond is the home of Robert Barber, one of the Presbyterians spoken of early in this narrative. He obtained his broad acres in part from Samuel Waldo, a son of Cornelius, an extensive land-owner, and brother of the first Daniel, by deed dated February 1, 1744; a part from James Whitney; a part from Thomas Stearns; and still another from John Box and Benjamin Austin of Boston, attorneys for Sarah Brooke, executrix of John Brooke of London, England. Robert by deed dated April 8, 1767, gave to his son Joseph 110 acres "where I now live, all my farming tools, my pew in the Meeting House, reserving the privilege of a seat for me and my wife Sarah during our lives. I also reserve my corn mill." April 8, 1807, Joseph deeded the farm to his sons William and Silas, "including all my live stock of creatures, except four cows during my life and the use of two of them to my wife during her life if she survives me, reserving the privilege of seats in my pew in the Meeting House." The farm is still in possession of their descendants at a place called "Barber's Crossing." Near neighbors to the Barbers

were the Stowells, Cornelius being the first one of the family to settle there. Robert Barber sold to his son Matthew land which came to him by purchase from William Gray and John Kelso; a portion of it was laid out to Stephen Minot. Matthew sold to Cornelius Stowell land including: "my fulling mill, clothier's shop, house," etc., situated on Mill Brook. Cornelius sold the same property to his son Thomas, who continued the business of weaving cloths. Joseph Barber sold to Thomas Stowell land bordering on a channel cut from North Pond to convey water to the fulling mill. There was a bridge over the brook, probably in about the same position as the present one; it is spoken of as between Barber's and Stowell's. Samuel succeeded Thomas in the clothier's business and from him the property came into the possession of Frederick T. Stowell. It remained in the family one hundred years or more, when it was divided amongst several parties. In 1825 Samuel Stowell sold land at the outlet of North Pond to the Blackstone Canal Company for the purpose of erecting a dam on its east side, with liberty to take gravel from his land. The pond was the storage feeder for the canal.

South of and bordering on the Stowells was the farm of Jonathan Gleason, which embraced land on both sides of the road. This passed to his descendants, and that on the east side of the road, from them to George T. Rice and Horace Chenery, manufacturers of cloths. A pond had been created by the erection of a dam, giving them power for their factory. The Stowells and Barbers sold them flowage rights. A portion of this purchase by Mr. Rice was sold to Benjamin Goddard, 2d, and Lyman Bellows. Mr. Ichabod Washburn was associated with Mr. Goddard in a factory below that of Messrs. Rice and Chenery. Messrs. Pliny A. and John M. Daniels bought out Messrs. Rice and Chenery and carried on the business a few years, when they sold to Harrison Bliss. The factory was destroyed by fire and has not been rebuilt. A portion of Mr. Gleason's

farm lying on the west side of the road extending west to North Pond was purchased by Mr. Chenery, who erected thereon a house, in which he lived till his death, after which it passed into the hands of John and George W. Mann. The Chadick or Chaddick or Chadok or Chaddock or Chadwick farm bordered that of Jonathan Gleason on the south, and, like that of the others north of it, was a part of Cornelius Waldo's tract of seven hundred acres. The farmhouse stood on the site of a modern house erected a few years since by George A. Brigham, south of Chadwick square. The land extended westerly to Forest street and lay largely on the south side of the old Joblin road. John H. Brooks, Jr., purchased a part of this farm and carried on the blacksmithing business in the old shop at Chadwick square. John M. Brigham and his brother Calvin and Francis P. Stowell bought another part of the estate, which is still owned by the descendants of the Brighams.

The travelers turn into a lane leading to a house elevated above the road, from which a still wider prospect is obtained; this house belongs to Walter Bigelow, the son of Deacon David, who is a son of Daniel, an early settler on Pakachoag Hill, in the south part of the town. David was born in 1731 and his home was on the sixth Massachusetts turnpike, already spoken of, where he and his son Silas kept a hotel for half a century. Preceding and during the Revolution he was active in promoting measures for the public safety and providing for the army, which caused him many cold rides through the wintry snows to meet with the committee in the centre of the town. It was his brother Colonel Timothy who raised a company of minutemen to answer the summons from Concord and Lexington. David had ten children, of whom Walter, the youngest but one, was born November 15, 1775, at the old homestead. He learned the carpenter's trade and followed it for several years. He married November 18, 1799, Judith, a daughter of Deacon William Trowbridge,

who lived in that part of the town now called Trowbridgeville. They began housekeeping on the west side of the Lancaster road on the site of the house built by William I. Brown, where Mrs. Ephraim Whitman now lives; this house he hired of his sister Mrs. Dolly Chadwick, the widow of Joseph, who owned a large farm lying on both sides of the road. In this house two of his children were born, Sarah and Andrew. April 23, 1806, he bought of his sister Dolly and Benjamin Heywood, administrators of the estate of Joseph Chadwick, two acres on the south side of the farm on the west side of the road, where he built a house, still standing, in which Professor E. H. Russell lived fourteen years, now owned by Edwin P. Curtis. Here a son, Walter, Jr., and daughter, who died early, were born. During his stay in this house he worked at his trade and superintended the care of his sister's farm. March 12, 1814, he bought of Jonathan Knight seventy-six acres on the east side of the road where we are now; this farm he leased on shares till 1819, but the arrangement not proving satisfactory, he carried it on himself thenceforward. February 1, 1816, he purchased of John Simonds seventy-six acres additional. In the summer of that year a daughter was born, Mary E., now Mrs. Davis of Staten Island, N. J., from whom many of these facts were obtained. In 1829 a brick house replaced the old wooden one and in 1832 the long barn was built. The erection of it caused many remarks, for Mr. Bigelow said that if it could not be raised without the use of rum it would never be. At that time raisings were festive occasions and often ended in drunken scenes. Several years prior to this Mr. Bigelow had taken a decided stand on the temperance question and would not allow liquor to be kept or used on his premises. All honor to Mr. Walter Bigelow, Senr. We may hear about the work of intemperance in that neighborhood later. The barn was raised without accident and a generous dinner for seventy persons provided. Mr. Bigelow died in May, 1857;

his son Walter, born August 22, 1811, spent his boyhood and early youth on the farm. He gradually assumed control of it and took affectionate care of his parents in their advanced age. In 1840 he married Mary K. Hyde of Newton, by whom he had five children, one of whom, Harriet A., married Edwin P. Curtis, who retains the farm; and another, Sarah H., married Charles H. Davis, M.D., son of John and Harriet (Gates), who served in the War of the Rebellion as an army surgeon; at its close he followed his profession in Worcester till his death September 16, 1897. Mr. Bigelow died February 17, 1870.

Returning to the road, after thanking Mr. Bigelow for his kindness, the travelers descend the south end of the elevated plain and soon arrive at John Fisk's or Fisk's Corner, where now stands a handsome brick house shaded by beautiful drooping elms and surrounded by every comfort. The passer-by can hardly resist the temptation to covet such an attractive place. It is on the corner of Burncoat and Millbrook streets, and has been known as the Barnard farm for many years. To-day if any one should ask for the location of Fisk's Corner, no satisfactory reply could be obtained. Let us delay a short time over the history of this spot. Soon after the third settlement of the town a large part of the territory surrounding this corner came into the possession of Henry Lee from Ephraim Curtis, John Stearns and John Hubbard. Lee sold to John Fisk of Watertown two hundred acres and a pew in the meeting house March 20, 1743. Sarah Fisk, the sister of John, joint owner with him, sold one-half of this to her nephews James and Samuel, and the other half to John Gleason; and he sold the same, Feb. 12, 1822, to Lewis Barnard, son of the John whose farm was described early in this narrative. Lewis deeded one-half of his farm to his son Captain John, and at his death he devised the remainder to him. Captain John by his will filed in 1873, gave all his real estate to his son George A., the present

owner. Captain John married in 1826 Sarah, the eldest child of Walter Bigelow, Senr. She was born December 23, 1800, and died in April, 1900, nearly one hundred years old.

A short distance north of this farm on the same side of the road on the northerly slope of the hill Isaac Gleason owned land in which was a mine, in the possession of said Gleason, Daniel McFarland and others, that was worked for silver. Had this mine been as productive as those of Mexico and Arizona the ratio of silver to gold might have antedated the present ratio. Like many other ventures the mine proved worthless. March 5, 1786, Isaac Gleason sold to Jonathan Gleason the land, but reserved as not alienated or sold so much of said mine and other privileges as belonged to him and the other owners. This was twenty and more years after the mine was opened. It was on the spot where Walton L. Wood made bricks not many years ago.

A few rods further on our way Clark's tavern is reached, where our traveler from Shrewsbury was left. Many persons can recall the small one-story brick house on the west side of Adams square, a short distance north of the present Congregational Meeting House. Formerly this was a store; beside it was the tavern and attached to that was a bowling alley. Liquor flowed freely over the bar and the seeds of intemperance were sown in many families, to be handed down from father to son. It can hardly be believed that this beautiful place, adorned with a noble schoolhouse, expensive dwellings, neat churches, all indicative of prosperity and refinement, could have been notoriously the worst place in the town. It was known as Sodom and Jug Corner. Will the time ever come when we shall see eye to eye and banish this great curse of intemperance from our midst! No wonder that Walter Bigelow, Senior, battled for temperance; again we say all honor to him and to those like him, who, in a time of nearly

universal indulgence in the use of intoxicating liquors, placed themselves squarely against it! Before leaving this spot, let it be said that the recent foisting of a local name on this square in the place of one transcendently glorious in our country's history, reveals either a great ignorance of the history of this spot, or a lamentable lack of civic pride.

On the occasion of the second visit of the Marquis de Lafayette to the United States, in his journey from Boston he spent the night of September 3, 1824, at the residence of Sampson Vreeland Stoddard Wilder in Bolton, he having become acquainted with Mr. Wilder during his residence in France. On his way from Bolton the next day Lafayette was met at this tavern by the committee of Worcester to escort him to the town.

There is an old oak standing in the lot on the east side of the road, whose top is deformed. It is said that at the election of John Adams to the Presidency the event was celebrated by placing a tar barrel in the upper part of the tree and setting fire to it.

The ancient Connecticut Road, over which we passed in the first part of this article, was left at this junction of the two ways. On account of the wide morass the road wound around its northern edge. The town in 1808 laid out the road from the old Chadwick house across the morass to meet the old road at the eastern end of the present Melrose street. Some conjecture that from this place it followed nearly the course of the present Paine street, crossed Bimelech Brook at Garden street, thence to Joe Bill road and so on by a circuitous southerly route to New Worcester. Others suggest that it coincided with Millbrook street over the "foarding" place as described in one deed, past Barber's, northerly and westerly of the swamp and westerly of New Worcester. Probably the precise location will never be determined.

March, 1748-9, there was laid out a "Town way three

rods wide commonly known and called ye new Road, land being left by ye Proprietors for ye same begining at ye Corner of Lieut John Fisks fence by his Sider mill So by said Fisks fence until it Extends to Danson's Brook and ouer s^d Brook in ye old foardway by land of John Fisk Jun^r till it Extends to ye Road Leading to Robert Barbers then turning Southerly by Barbers Road till it Extends over a Small Slough then turning westerly through the land of Cornelius Waldo Esq^r till it Extends to ye land belonging to ye heirs of major Daniel Henchman Deceast till it Extends to land of Joseph Heath Esq through said Heaths by the Dwelling house where Jasper Moore now Dwells untill it Extends to ye Lane Leading to the Dwelling house of Stephen Sawing." This is the present Millbrook street to its intersection with West Boylston street, which it may have followed to Chadwick square; thence westerly by a way that has disappeared to the west side of Hancock Hill. Stephen Sawing appears to have lived on land which afterwards was included in the Chamberlain farm.

Proceeding towards the town a large house is seen on the left, opposite Mr. Bigelow's first home. It belongs to the extensive farm of Joseph Chadwick already noticed. Mr. Chadwick and his widow Dolly kept a tavern here many years. This farm came from John Gray, and at the time of Joseph's death it comprised one hundred and forty acres, lying on both sides of the road. Through several transfers it came into the possession of George W. Brooks, who sold it to Alfred D. Foster and he deeded it to Josiah Brittan June 27, 1833. Several years since the house was moved a few rods to the northeast of its original location and is still owned and occupied by Mr. Brittan's descendants. A large part of the farm has been covered with fine houses, built on well shaded streets, and the region has become one of the most attractive sections of the town. Between this farmhouse and Green lane on the east side of the road there were no houses. In the valley where are now hun-

dreds of buildings, there was an extensive brickyard, worked for many years by Josiah Brittan and afterwards by George Hobbs. Much of the building material of the town came out of this valley. On the opposite side of the road, a short distance south of the Walter Bigelow, Senr., house, there stood, and still stands, an old brick house on the Paine estate, which passed into the possession of Howard Holden, later, who raised and otherwise improved it. This and the Bigelow house were the only houses on that side of the road between the Clark tavern and the Timothy Paine house. In the valley west of the road and east of Mill Brook there was the house of John Kelso; to allow him to pass out from his land, the town laid out a road through Timothy Paine's to the county road, February 25, 1765, a part of the way being a bridle path; this was discontinued and the entire length made a bridle path March 7, 1785.

Green lane was laid out in 1763 through land of John Ball, to accommodate John Green. John Ball bought of John Chandler 127 acres on both sides of the road April 24, 1746. John Chandler had it from Thomas Dick, who bought of John Oulton in 1734. John Ball died in 1756, leaving his farm to his widow Lydia, who sold to Timothy Paine in 1759. There is pointed out to the travelers the site of the Scotch Presbyterian Meeting House, the story of which has been told. The Ball farm was bounded on the south by the extensive tract granted to Daniel Henchman in 1716 and 1718. It embraced 254 acres and extended from near Perkins street on the north to Arch street on the south and from Mill Brook on the west to Millstone Hill on the east, including Bladder Pond. This was subsequently divided, in 1763, the most southerly part going to Rev. Isaac Burr, the most northerly to James Varney and his son and Mary Sigourné and the remainder to John Hancock. James Varney sold his part to Timothy Paine and Mary Sigourné's part went to John Knowler. On the

latter lot was a very old and poor house, that was occupied many years by Ephraim Wesson. The property was finally sold for taxes by the city and bought by James H. Wall and Edward H. Hemenway, who sold it to Charles M. Miles. This lot was about 115 feet wide and extended eastward to Millstone Hill, comprising six acres and ninety-five rods. This John Knower was not an immediate descendant of the ancient navigator, though one deed might lead to that inference; his name was spelled Knower.

Opposite to this place was the Paine mansion situated on the southern edge of the very large Paine estate. This is so well known from repeated descriptions that I will not detract from what has been written already, through any ignorance of mine. Latterly it has been known as "The Oaks." At the time of Timothy Paine's death the home estate comprised two hundred and thirty acres.

A brick house on the south corner of Paine street was occupied at one time by Rev. John S. C. Abbott, pastor of the Calvinist Church, one of a family of noted writers, he being the author of many histories. After he left, Draper Ruggles, at the head of the well known establishment of Ruggles, Nourse and Mason, manufactures of agricultural implements at Court Mills, occupied the house. Subsequently Joseph F. Loring, a stove dealer on Main street dwelt there.

From the old Knower house to the Geer place there were no houses and no streets had been opened eastward. All to the east of the road was open land. The Lincoln farm barn stood about where Westminster street runs between Harrington avenue and Catharine street. The well connected with the barn contained excellent water, and was within six feet of the north line of the lot once owned by me. When Draper Ruggles built on Catharine street he bought the right to carry water to his house from this well. Subsequently the lot containing this well was sold and the purchaser built a barn and located the horse stall

over the well. Trouble speedily arose at Mr. Ruggles' house and an energetic remonstrance was made. The matter was settled satisfactorily by the advice of a lawyer.

John Hancock sold 152 acres, his portion of the Henchman grant, to Levi Lincoln April 26, 1782, who, at his death May 29, 1868, devised the estate to his son William. John W. Lincoln, assignee of William, sold a part of the property to Edward Lamb of Boston, who sold the portion on the west side of the road to David S. Messinger, including the farmhouse, which Mr. Messinger moved to the corner of Grove and Lexington streets, where it remains; he sold the larger part of his purchase to William A. Wheeler May 29, 1848, who erected thereon the house which he occupied till 1867, when he deeded it to the wife of Philip L. Moen. In the rear of the farmhouse there was a small but beautiful body of water, shaded by willows and other trees, called Lincoln's Pond. It became a frequent resort for picnics. The main entrance to it was through a double row of pines from Lincoln street along the north line of the estate of Edwin Conant. This row of trees met the fate of most trees a few years since. The pond was filled up and has become a part of the freight yard of the Worcester and Nashua Railroad Company. Three scrawny willows are sole survivors of many that hung over the quiet waters, on whose surface happy children were rowed a long time ago. Mr. Lamb sold that portion of his purchase on the east side of the road to Ebenezer Harrington, who, with his brother Charles A., kept a drug and paint store on Main street immediately south of the Calvinistic Meeting House. Over their store door was a sign, "The Good Samaritan," which depicted a man in the act of pouring oil and wine into the wounds of another who had fallen into the hands of robbers. Mr. Harrington opened streets and cut up his purchase into lots; the vacant hillside is now adorned with many dwellings.

William Lincoln sold, on the east side of the road, to

Benjamin F. Thomas, a distinguished lawyer and judge, the place now owned by the heirs of Lewis Barnard, son of the Captain Lewis heretofore mentioned; to John Davis, prominent in the affairs of the state and nation as Representative in Congress, Governor and United States Senator—the house in which he was born was standing in Northborough a few years since; to Rev. Alonzo Hill, the colleague and successor of Rev. Aaron Bancroft; to Joseph G. Kendall, Clerk of the Courts for many years. Mr. Kendall opened Kendall street; he sold a part of his land to Benjamin F. Thomas, who conveyed it to William R. Hooper and William C. Thompson; they sold to Archibald M. Morrison, an Episcopal rector, who deeded it to Philip L. Moen, and he sold to William A. Wheeler. A short distance further on our way we find the Geer place, that came down from John Chandler, through several conveyances. One of the owners was Deacon Samuel Bridge, a wig, or peruke maker, as he is described in one deed. In front of this house there were three very large and shapely elms that were cut down in 1903. Adjoining the Geer place was that of Artemas Ward, for a long time Register of Deeds; a daughter, Sarah, taught school and afterwards became the wife of William M. Bickford. Mr. Ward's sons sold the property to David S. Messinger, who built the wooden block on its site. Polly Whitney owned the next place; it was a part of the Chandler property which he had from Rev. Isaac Burr in the division of the Henchman grant. Polly was a weaver of carpets and rugs on a roughly built loom in one of her rooms. In my early days it was a treat to watch the operation of the machine. Her parents were Ebenezer and Martha, who lived in a low one-story house on the west side of Main street at the beginning of the descent into New Worcester. The house was pulled down a few years since to make way for a more modern one. Riding past there with my father he told me of a negro who lived in the house who said that he would be willing

to be flayed alive if thereby he could obtain the rights and privileges of a white man. The Whitney property on Lincoln street passed to the Worcester Gas Light Company and thence to Charles H. Morgan. Next south was the Samuel Chandler property, a part of the Henchman grant. The mansion house now stands at the corner of Belmont street. As far back as I can remember it was put to bad uses; it has been a liquor hole and it seems in a fair way to continue so. The house stood north of its present location, about where the office of the Gas Light Company was, and it faced the south, at an angle with the road. In 1782 and for a few years thereafter Daniel Waldo, Senr., occupied this house, and afterwards Levi Lincoln, Jr. There was a large elm in front of it. In the rear was a long barn; the place was known as Stearns tavern and it bore a bad reputation. One night the cry of Fire! was heard. In common with boys at that time I was soon on the spot and helping at the brakes of the fire engine. The barn was totally destroyed, with the contents, including several horses and cows. Many persons wished the house had been burned instead of the barn and the dumb beasts. After Mr. Chandler's death in 1813 or '14, twenty-five acres of the estate were sold to Carey and William H. Howard; this extended easterly and included what was afterward the Samuel Davis property, now owned by the Memorial Hospital. This Howard farm, as it was called, passed through several hands, a portion of it being bought by the Gas Light Company. South of this estate and a part of the Chandler property thirty-one and one-fourth acres were sold to Francis Blake, and from him it descended through William Eaton, Nathan Heard and John F. Clarke to Edward Earle, who sold a large part to various persons.

Some ruins on the south side of the square called forth an inquiry from the travelers, who were told that a stone jail was built there in 1788, and it was then supposed that it would last for two or three centuries. But in less than

fifty years its demolition took place, a better one having been built. In the stone jail persons were confined who could not or would not pay their debts; they were allowed to transact business during the day and return to the jail at night, their families supplying them with food and clothing.

Opposite the jail stood the building of the American Antiquarian Society, which was organized in 1812. Isaiah Thomas erected the house in 1820 and gave the Society the use of it.

On the west side of the road that we have been over there were no streets running west from it south of Adams square. Below the Lincoln farmhouse William Lincoln sold a lot to Isaac Goodwin, who sold to Edwin Conant. Mr. Goodwin had a daughter Jane, who married Loring H. Austen and was distinguished as an authoress. Mr. Conant was a lawyer, the son of Jacob and Relief (Burpee) of Sterling; he was born August 20, 1810, and died March 2, 1891; he married first Maria E. Estabrook, daughter of Joseph and Ruth (Greenwood) of Royalston; he married second Elizabeth Sumner Wheeler, daughter of Joseph and Lucy (Sumner) of Dixfield, Me.; he was the ninth generation in descent from Roger of England. Mr. Conant changed his residence to the corner of Harvard and State streets in 1872; this property he gave to the Natural History Society, and that on Lincoln street to the inhabitants of Sterling, at his death. Next south of Mr. Conant's came additional land of Isaac Goodwin, which Oliver H. Blood, a dentist, occupied for a few years, and afterward George G. Burbank, a druggist, owned it; William H. Sawyer is its present possessor. An open space, now the yard of the railroad company, was formerly the mill pond of Captain John Wing, and afterwards of Cornelius Waldo, who continued the use of the mill. South of the pond was the house of Timothy Keith, a watchmaker and jeweler, whose store was on the east side of Main street a little

south of School street. This property now belongs to the railroad company. Then come the two old brick blocks, which were designated as the Drury estate; the northern one has been raised and modernized and is owned by Julius E. Bacon; the other was owned by Eri Saunders for thirty years and has passed into the possession of Frederick W. Southwick. In the basement of the north end of this block Miss Sarah Ward kept an infant school nearly seventy years ago. Standing in the sidewalk near by is a milestone, one of the only two remaining in Worcester of those which marked the distances on the great post road. On it is the following inscription:

44

Miles From
Boston 50 to
Springfield

The other one stood near Austin street and is among this Society's antiquities; it bears this direction:

48

Mil From
Boston.

An old wooden building next appears and is one of the few in the town that have any interest attached to them. This property was bought by Timothy Paine in 1751, out of the purchase made by John Chandler through Rev. Isaac Burr from the grant to Daniel Henchman. It is said that, when John Adams was teaching school in Worcester during the years 1755-58, he called at this house frequently. Adjoining was the "Hancock Arms," a resort of the patriots during Revolutionary times. Both of these properties belong to the heirs of Harrison Bliss, who purchased the "Arms" of William M. Bickford, a manufacturer.

Mill Brook, or Bimelech, as it was sometimes called, ran on southward from this point through the great meadow, which extended nearly to Front street. The road crossed the brook by a ford. After a time a wooden bridge was

thrown over the stream, that served its purpose till it became dangerous, when an arch of stone was built in 1810. A sustaining wall at the upper end of the arch supported the roadway, which was raised several feet. On this wall was an iron railing, and near each end of it were large ash trees in the edge of the road. North of the wall the brook widened into a basin, walled on the east and west sides, extending to the dam, a small part of which remained till the entire stream was arched over; on this small island, as it was called, a large tree and some bushes were growing. A driveway at each end of the wall led down into the water; in warm weather a great many teams were driven through the stream, which was two feet deep and thirty or forty feet wide; the boys, peering through the railing, watched the wading horses with delight. One day a number of elephants in the train of a circus were driven into the basin by their keepers; it was a pleasing sight to witness the evident enjoyment of the animals as they spouted the water over their hugh bodies. Occasionally persons were baptised in this basin; the ceremony always drew a crowd of the curious to the place. Madam Salisbury's grounds on the east side, bordering on the water, were supported by a strong and high wall, which was surmounted by a fence just about in the position of the present fence. The stable was in the rear of the house; the same building is used as a tin shop. The entrance to her grounds was on the west side; the street has been widened so as to include the driveway. The same long, low woodshed on that side of the house still remaining, was on the line of the street. Two butternut trees stood in the sidewalk close to the shed. Mrs. Salisbury had a coach and a pair of black horses, which I well remember often to have seen driven out of the yard to the front gate. To prevent the horses, which were headed towards the basin, from plunging into it, a single-rail fence was built.

John Wing's heirs sold to Cornelius Waldo a large tract

of land on both sides of Mill Brook. At Mr. Waldo's death Joseph Waldo, one of his heirs, sold one hundred and fifty acres to John Hancock, April 22, 1771; this was on the west side of the brook. Six months later John Hancock sold the same to Stephen Salisbury the elder. Mr. Salisbury and his brother Samuel also bought one hundred and thirty acres on Burnt Coat Plain of Ezekiel How. This they sold to Daniel Heywood April 2, 1792. Mr. Salisbury erected his house about 1770 and kept a store in the eastern part of it. East of the basin that has been described, in front of the present railroad station, on a knoll, there was a long, low wooden building in which Mr. Salisbury began keeping store; later the place was used for a paint shop. It is possible that Daniel Waldo and son occupied this building subsequently for their store.

On the south side of the square was located Timothy Bigelow's blacksmith shop, iron works and trip-hammer; he or his father-in-law, Samuel Andrews, built a dam across the brook, thereby forming a pond that extended back to the south end of the arch, which went under and across the square. Afterwards this property, once a part of the Ministerial land, was purchased by Stephen Salisbury, 2d, in 1824, who erected the "Court Mills," in which agricultural implements were manufactured for many years. A part of this property came to Mr. Bigelow through his wife Anna, daughter of Samuel Andrews. Abraham Lincoln succeeded to the iron business. Timothy Bigelow dug a canal to convey away the water from his mill, through land south of his; the right to this was confirmed to Abraham Lincoln in 1791 by Mary Lynde, the widow of Joseph; one consideration of the agreement between Mary and Abraham was that she might take water from his flume to her fountain through an inch pipe.

The estates immediately south of Timothy Bigelow's are the Lyndes', Joseph and Thomas, from whom they

descended to Judge Edward Bangs by marriage, and thence through Elizabeth Grosvenor, widow of Rev. Ebenezer, Isaiah Thomas, Isaac Davis and William Pratt to David S. Messinger, who erected the present block thereon; the estates of Rev. Joseph Wheeler and Nathan Patch, all of which have been described in another article. In the conveyance of three and one-half acres from Daniel Heywood to Nathan Patch the land is described as opposite Andrew Duncan's store, which was on the homestead of Judge William Jennison. Andrew Duncan married Sarah Lynde, the daughter of Joseph.

Our journey with the travelers ends here, we bid them goodbye and they pursue their way through the town. We betake ourselves northward to the Holden line, on the road that is described as leading to Holden by Elisha Smith's. About one mile beyond the line the road crosses the sixth Massachusetts turnpike, nearly four miles from the place where we first met it. It was a circuitous and hilly way to reach Holden, and in 1825 a new road was opened from Thaxter's to Rudman's Mills, which crossed the sixth Massachusetts turnpike still further west, a little east of Chaffin's, so called. This became the stage route to Holden, Rutland, Barre, Princeton, etc. Many a time have I seen the stages drawn by four horses whirl down the hill past my grandfather's on their way to town, leaving a great cloud of dust behind them. After staging ceased and the new road to Holden was built in 1851 this road was almost entirely disused for many years, except by pleasure seekers, who found it a delightful drive through the woods. Within a year an electric road has been built and travel that way is greater than ever. The old road of which we first spoke, has been rising continuously from the level of the waters of North Pond, and it reaches its highest altitude a short distance beyond the Holden line. This hill commands an extensive sweep of country in all directions. It is higher than Burnt Coat Plain, and the

view is similar to the one already described from that place, though seen at a different angle. Mount Wachusett seems nearer; the western side of Mount Ararat is presented. Asnebumskit is more prominent. The entire valley southward, embracing North Pond, is terminated by the smaller hills immediately encircling the town of Worcester. Farm-houses dot the hills and hill sides wherever the eye turns.

Before 1725 James Knap, who had land granted to him around the north end of North Pond, sold 250 acres to Richard Temple, who built the house now owned by Alfred S. Lowell and gave it to his son Joseph, with 65 acres of land. This passed through many transfers to Joseph Daniels in 1804, and was known as the Daniels' farm; when he purchased, the number of acres had increased to 94½. He added to the amount of his land so that his widow sold 150 acres in 1839 to Ezekiel and Charles Newton, and thenceforward for thirty years it was called the Newton farm. Mr. Ezekiel Newton died a few years since at an advanced age. Mr. Lowell became the owner in 1887 and calls it "The Poplars."

Richard Temple built another house, a counterpart of the first, and gave it, with 60 acres, to his son William; it is now owned by the widow of James S. Libby. This farm passed by many transfers to John Child, who sold 165 acres and a pew in the meeting house to Benjamin Thaxter of Abington, November 27, 1792. Benjamin, my grandfather, was the sixth in descent from Thomas of Hingham, England. He was born in Hingham, Mass., March 21, 1758, and married January 10, 1783, Sarah, daughter of Joshua and Hannah (Reed) Howe of Abington. When asked by one of his relatives why he went to Worcester he laughingly replied, "To escape taxes and orthodoxy." I have never heard that he escaped either. He was a successful farmer, a good man, beloved and respected. He was treasurer of the Second Parish in Worcester. After his death, which occurred, April 21, 1821, a committee of

the Parish, consisting of Judge Bangs, William Jennison and William Eaton, at a meeting held by adjournment August 13, 1821, reported, "that it appears that there is a balance of \$12.61 due to the estate of said Thaxter, and they recommend that said sum together with the sum of five dollars for services as such Treasurer for the year 1820 be allowed," which report was accepted. Mr. Thaxter joined to his business of farming that of surveying. Several plots of farms made by him are on file in the Registry of Deeds. A daughter Sarah, who married a son of Rev. Joseph Avery of Holden, lived to the age of eighty-seven. A son, Benjamin, a successful merchant in Boston, died September 6, 1886, at the age of ninety-eight. When the Boston, Barre and Gardner Railroad was built, he said that at the time he left home at the age of twenty-one, he should have thought of a road to the moon as soon as one through his father's farm. Now an electric road passes on the opposite side of the house. Who will deny that a hundred years hence tourists will not be conveyed by a subway under the farm, or by air ships over it to Mount Wachusett? Mr. Thaxter's farm took in the west side of Mount Ararat and at one time was considered to be one of the best farms in Worcester. It sloped to the south and had a warm and rich soil. It remained in the family nearly fifty years. In 1837 valuable water rights were purchased from the Newton Farm and from that time water flowed constantly to supply the house and barn. A great many incidents connected with this farm are among the recollections of my youthful days. My mother drove to the farm one summer day in company with a friend, taking me, a mere babe, also. On the return when going down a slight descent, within sight of the house, the horse fell and pitched me out of my mother's arms astride of his back. Mr. Osgood Bradley, happening along at that moment, soon put things to rights and we went on our way. That was my first lesson in horseback riding.

On the opposite side of the road was the farm of Elisha Smith, who had purchased land from James Knap, Robert Peibles, William Temple and others. It was retained by Mr. Smith and his descendants for about seventy years, when a portion of it came into the possession of Walter H. Davis, in whose family it was held for forty years; since then many persons have become its owners.

On the eastern slope of the hills at the west lay the farm of Benjamin Whitney. This was a part of the original grant to Palmer Goulding, who sold to William Jennison in 1732; ten years later he sold one-half of ten acre rights to Elicksandie McConkey, from whom it soon passed to Benjamin Whitney, in whose family it remained more than eighty years, thence it went to Ezra Goddard, whose son Josiah lives in the house built nearly one hundred and seventy-five years ago.

In the valley on the west side of the road was the little red schoolhouse of the neighborhood, in which the young people received all the schooling they ever had. I remember it distinctly and never pass the spot without thinking of it.

Not far beyond was the farm of Benjamin Reed, of 200 acres, which he bought of Lemuel Saunders; in 1809 he deeded 100 acres each to his sons Samuel T. and Benjamin; the former lived at the foot of the hill, the latter at the top. Samuel T. sold his farm to Nathan Rogers, whose heirs sold to Granger Peirce. Benjamin sold his farm to Ebenezer Jewett in 1845 and it has remained in the family up to this time. Mr. Reed, Senr., in 1799, bought of Benjamin Whitney springs on the hill and the right to convey the water therefrom to his house.

Benjamin Reed was descended from John of Dorchester, who was freeman in 1640; he removed to Braintree about that time. His son Samuel went to Mendon and in 1668 married Hopestile Holbrook. His son Deacon Ebenezer married, February 23, 1764, Mary, daughter of Ebenezer

and Abigail (Whiting) Chapin. Ebenezer moved from Milford to Worcester in 1796.

Southerly of the Reed farm was that of John Nelson, on the hill west of the road. It belonged to Richard Barnes in 1734 and from him it passed down to John Walker, and for some time it bore the name of the "Walker" farm. John became a refugee and his farm was sold, and in 1799 100 acres were deeded to John Nelson of Hopkinton. John sold subsequently to his daughters Peedy and Betsey, who sold a part to Jonathan; after that it was divided and sold to various parties. A son of John was Rev. Jonathan, the distinguished pastor at Leicester for more than fifty years, and President of the Board of Trustees of Leicester Academy. In one deed connected with the transfers of this farm a right to pass to the goat pasture is reserved. Also a bridle way was laid out from the south end of the place to Salisbury street, coming out nearly opposite the Chamberlain farmhouse.

North Pond originally comprised about 30 acres; now it covers seven or eight times as much. The land which is now flowed by its waters was meadow. Much of it was embraced in the large tract of Cornelius Waldo. A part of the hill at the west of the pond was owned by James and Samuel Fisk. Mr. Waldo sold in 1747, 470 acres, a part of my great farm of 700 acres, to John Brooke of London, England. Mr. Brooke's heirs sold to various persons, the Chadicks, Samuel Brooks and others. Much later a way, called the "Joblin" road, existed between the road to Barber's and that to Holden by Robert Smith's; this was discontinued in 1834, when the present road across the south end of the pond was laid out. On the west side of the Holden road near the north end of Forest street, Thomas Mills bought land of Daniel Chadwick; this remained in the Mills family till recently, when it was bought by Frank L. Allen. The Mills place was bounded on the southwest by the large Henchman grant of 279 acres, that extended

south of Salisbury street and embraced the whole of Hancock Hill. The northern part of this grant descended to John Hancock, the southern to James Varney. The heirs of John Hancock sold 144 acres and 120 rods to Nathan Patch, February 4, 1802. Mr. Patch's executors sold to several persons; some of it was bought by my grandfather Theophilus Wheeler, who also bought other land adjacent, that constitutes the farm owned by Edwin W. Wheeler. This brings us nearly to the junction of Salisbury and Forest streets. Before proceeding further towards the town let us go to the northern end of Salisbury street near Ranks lane or Moreland street. Isaac Gardner, of whom there is no record here, sold in 1767, 177 acres to John Heath. 60 acres of this he sold to Thomas Nichols, who purchased other land of the heirs of Joseph Wiley. This property was on both sides of the road, and is the farm on which William I. Allen now lives. A large elm by the roadside near the house enhances the beauty of the surroundings. To the west of this place on the high hill James Butler received a grant of land in 1721. From this he sold in April, 1737, to Joseph Wiley 105½ acres. John Heath sold to Mr. Wiley 60 acres. The heirs of Mr. Wiley deeded the farm to various persons until, in 1788, nearly 100 acres were sold to Christopher Ranks, who came from Charlestown, where he was born, to Worcester in 1775; he married three times and had five children, one of whom, John, was the executor of his estate. Christopher died in 1815; he had a brother John. The estate passed through several owners to William T. Merrifield, and is now owned by Walter A. Brigham, who has erected a spacious house on a spot from which an extensive view towards the east is obtained, including a portion of the city. The old Ranks house, a one-story structure, has been torn down recently.

The next farm on the south and adjoining was that of Andrew McFarland. Peter Goulding had 125 acres set off to him, which he sold to William Jennison, who sold the

east half of it January 4, 1729, to Andrew McFarling, who deeded it in 1743 to his son William; he bought additional land of Daniel Gookin's heirs, Joseph Wiley and others; in 1787 he gave his son William, Jr., one-half his farm and at his death in 1805 he left to William, Jr., one-half of what he then owned. When he, William, Jr., died in 1839 he gave all his lands, 125 acres, to his daughter Sarah, the wife of Cyrus Gale of Northborough, who sold 80 acres of it to George T. Foster, the present owner. In the easterly side of the road a short distance north of Mr. Foster's house there is growing a Tupelo tree, the only one of two in the town, the other being on Chestnut street in the city. Near this tree in a corner of the pasture stood a schoolhouse in which Oliver B. Green, a wealthy citizen of Chicago, and a brother of Martin of this town, taught one winter. Miss Mary J. Mack, a teacher in one of the public schools, also taught there. The road originally went west of the present location, close to the house, and entered the road now used further south, possibly just north of Flagg street. Next to the McFarland farm came that of Thaddeus Chamberlain, at the corner of Flagg street, of late years owned by Phylander and Sylvanus Sears; this came down by several conveyances from John Heath and Isaac Gardner. A portion of the farm on the easterly side of the road constituted the western side of the Henchman grant, which extended eastward nearly to Forest street. A short distance south of the farm buildings a stream of water, Beaver Brook, crosses the road; tradition says that a grist mill was erected on this stream on the right of the road, the pond being on the left or upper side. The farm of Deacon Jacob Chamberlain was closely joined to that of Thaddeus. Deacon Nathaniel Moore had a grant of land in the valley, which embraced a portion of the Marshall Flagg farm. In 1733 he gave 100 acres to his Deautiful daughter Grace, spinster. She married Richard Flagg, who deeded to Jacob Chamberlain 72 acres, 108 rods in 1742. Jacob died

in 1790; his sons John and Thaddeus were appointed administrators of his estate; they sold 120 acres to John in 1792, who in 1806 gave to his son Thomas one-half of "my home farm." John died intestate in 1813 and Benjamin Heywood, his administrator, set off a portion of the farm then remaining to Thomas, who died in 1855, leaving the farm of 75 acres. A part of this farm came from the Henchman grant. Deacon Jacob was born in Newton and came to Worcester in 1742; he was fourth in the line of descent from William of England, who was born in 1620 and died at Billerica May 31, 1706. There were three heads of families in the line by the name of Jacob. The last Jacob was deacon of the First Parish as was his son John also. John was an extensive speculator in land, his purchases being made in various parts of the town. His son Thomas is remembered as crier of the courts for many years. The farm remains in the family, principally represented by Robert H., the Sheriff of the County.

A modern brick dwelling has taken the place of the ancient farmhouse, which is used for storage. When I was a boy studying surveying in the high school under that excellent teacher, William E. Starr, lately deceased at the age of ninety-one, Mr. Thomas Chamberlain invited Mr. Starr to test his scholars' knowledge in the measurement of his farm, and promised to give them a dinner. The farm was surveyed, accurately too, for no poor work ever passed from under our teacher's hands; not the least pleasant part of the holiday was the bountiful farmer's dinner, to which we did full justice.

The southern portion of the Henchman grant, comprising 135 acres, which James Varney inherited, was sold to Tarrant Putnam, who subsequently sold it to John Chamberlain; he sold 60 acres to Moses N. Child in 1805 on both sides of the road west of Timothy Paine "where I now live." The executor of Mr. Child sold 85 acres to Nathaniel C. Moore in 1826. This is the place where Pliny

Moore and his sister live, in the house supposed to have been built in 1763 by John Chamberlain.

East of Mr. Moore's, on the south side of the road, was the farm of Benjamin N. Child. This was a part of the 450 acres which Cornelius Waldo sold to John Brooke of London, England, from his great farm of 700 acres. The attorneys of the widow of John Brooke, his executrix, sold to Timothy Paine $66\frac{1}{2}$ acres, a parallelogram in shape, at the southwest corner of the tract. Timothy's heirs sold 28 acres 114 rods on the south side of the road to William Chamberlain, and from him it went, with additional purchases, to Warren Williams and others. 37 acres 110 rods were purchased Oct. 22, 1881, by J. Lewis Ellsworth, the present owner.

Another part of the $66\frac{1}{2}$ acres bought by Timothy Paine was devised to Hannah Bradish, his daughter, from whom it descended to Theophilus Wheeler and, with another small lot, constituted the "Cow Tavern" farm, now owned by the heirs of Francis P. Stowell.

At the intersection of Forest street with Salisbury we have reached the western boundary of the great Walker farm, a part of the Cornelius Waldo tract. Samuel Waldo, executor of the estate of Jonathan Waldo, sold to Cornelius Waldo 700 acres September 11, 1735. This tract extended from the south end of the original North Pond to Joe Bill road, and from Mill Brook on the east to Forest street and a little beyond. As has been stated 450 acres were sold to John Brooke, 150 acres to Stephen Salisbury; the balance, with enough purchased later to make up 200 acres, was sold to William Walker May 5, 1745; this embraced the territory from West street on the east to Forest street on the west. At his death in 1760 he gave to his wife Mary the house which he built and in which he lived, together with 55 acres of land. The rest of his farm was divided amongst his children; a daughter Isabella married James Quigley, and received $23\frac{1}{4}$ acres on both sides of

the Quigley road, or later Pratt street, now Park avenue. Another daughter, Nancy, married Joseph Brooks, and 18 $\frac{3}{4}$ acres south of the road and east of her mother's portion were given to her. Still another daughter Mary married Robert Oliver and received 18 $\frac{3}{4}$ acres, lying east of her sister Nancy's lot. William, prior to his death, sold to Timothy Paine 21 $\frac{3}{4}$ acres from the southeast corner of his farm, which descended to Gov. John Davis and from him to Harrison Bliss. John Chamberlain purchased of the heirs 100 acres, which afterwards were sold to Rev. Aaron Bancroft, who sold to Nymphas Pratt, who conveyed it to John and Jotham B. Pratt. From that time the farm has been greatly divided, and in place of corn and potato fields, mowing and pasture lands, there are now velvety lawns, parterres of flowering shrubs and handsome residences. Those portions of Mr. Walker's farm which were given to his children finally were purchased by Mr. Salisbury, second. Latterly the present representative of the Salisbury family has come into possession of a part of the Bancroft farm, including Bancroft Hill. The Walker, or Bancroft house, as usually designated, in which George Bancroft the historian was born, ceased to command the respect due it, and was recently destroyed. When Mr. Walker owned this farm Salisbury's Pond was not in existence; the land now covered by its waters was a meadow through which Mill Brook flowed; the pond was created in 1834.

Salisbury street was one of the early roads of the town; it was altered in June, 1777, and again in June, 1793, when it was described as the road from Holden by Reuben Paddock, Samuel Chaffin, Thomas Nichols, between McFarland's house and barn, Thaddeus Chamberlain, Timothy Paine to the old road leading from Elisha Smith's to Worcester. May 3, 1824, the town voted, "that the street from Abraham Lincoln's store to Broken-up-Hill untill it comes to Robert Barber's at the Guide post be called Salisbury street." Broken-up Hill is so designated in a deed of December 5,

1754. When a boy I used to hear it called Breakneck Hill, a corruption of the other probably. It was the hill at the summit of which was the old Bancroft house. The name had its application on one occasion at least. When a mere infant I had been at my grandfather's house for several days away from my parents. When the Sabbath came my uncle and aunt drove to town in a chaise, the usual vehicle of that time. Descending this hill the horse fell and broke some part of the carriage or harness or both. Rain was falling fast and the road was quite muddy. My uncle placed us by the side of the road under the shelter of an umbrella while he repaired the damage. The horse presented a sorry sight bedaubed with mud, and hardly presentable at the door of the meeting house. Therefore my uncle turned homewards and my grief for my mother was quieted in slumber before the old homestead was reached. Broken-up Hill and the one this side of it were both steeper than now; the summits having been cut off and the valley between them filled up several feet. In this valley there was a bridge across a brook that carried the water from a spring on the south side of the road into the brook that flowed through the meadow. The pond touched the road on both sides of the lower hill. There was a spring on the south side of the road where the Bliss house has been erected recently, under the elms on the lot; the water from this spring ran into a ditch on the south side of the road and crossed the road by a culvert and thence into the pond. Riding past there one day my father told me of a drunken man who was drowned in that ditch; he stumbled into it face downward and was suffocated in two or three inches of water. Speaking of this to a gentleman not long since he said he had seen the finding of the inquest which took place, but could not recall the date. The road was narrow and bounded on both sides by stone walls, that on the north side extending to the farmhouse, and on the south side to the Joe Bill

road. The ground on the sides was higher than the road. At the corner of Joe Bill road there was a small building on the line of the road used for storing farm tools, and another a short distance north of it. Several large button-ball trees were on the sides of both roads near their intersection. Joe Bill road was laid out in March, 1748, to accommodate Joseph Bill, though there had been a pathway probably over the same ground prior to that. Joshua Rice received a grant of land on the south and east of Prospect Hill, a part of which he sold to John Stearns, who sold 85 acres to Joseph Bill in 1738; he lived there thirty-two years, and then sold to John Baird, who sold to Timothy Bigelow; this afterwards became a part of the John Hammond farm, which is now covered with valuable residences. Joe Bill road in my boyhood and till within a few years was a pretty, rustic lane almost entirely overgrown with trees, shrubs and bushes. On the south side, a little west of Lancaster street, Isaac Lamb lived in a very small and poor house. He was a hard working man, who afterwards bought a farm at Greendale and died there many years ago; his sons, William M., a farmer and Thomas M., a watch-maker, both deceased, are well remembered. It seems to me that it was unfortunate to change the name of this old road.

Grove street, from Salisbury street to its intersection at Chadwick square with the road from Mr. Salisbury's to Barber's and Colonel George Moore's, was laid out in December, 1832; this road crossed the dam at the Wire Mills, built about the same time, and Salisbury's Pond was formed. In 1840 at the "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" campaign there were two small wooden houses on the east side of Grove street near the mill; one of these was moved to Forest street many years afterward and remains there. Between these houses and Madam Salisbury's there were no other houses, but the whole tract east to Mill Brook was open land, and on it was erected the great

log cabin where thousands congregated to listen to political speeches and drink hard cider. At the fork of the roads where the Armory stands there was a large wooden house quite a distance back from the streets, in which Sheriff John S. C. Knowlton, also editor and proprietor of the *Palladium*, Anthony Chase, County Treasurer for many years, General George Hobbs and others lived; this house has been moved to the west side of Lancaster street and stands there considerably altered. Highland street was laid out in September, 1832; it was one mile and 109 rods in length. The central road in front of the Court House was removed in March, 1832.

Interesting remarks by Messrs. Charles A. Chase, Nathaniel Paine and Mander A. Maynard followed the reading of the paper.

PROCEEDINGS.

THREE HUNDRED AND NINETY-SECOND MEETING,
TUESDAY EVENING, APRIL 5, 1904.

PRESIDENT ELY in the chair. Others present: Messrs. Arnold, Bond, Charles A. Chase, Crane, Davidson, Eaton, Gould, Harrington, Harlow, M. A. Maynard, Geo. Maynard, Paine, Geo. M. Rice, T. C. Rice, Salisbury, Southgate, A. E. Smith, W. C. Smith, Wheeler, Mrs. Boland, Mrs. Bennett, Miss Cogswell, Mrs. Hildreth, Miss Manly, Mrs. Maynard, Miss May, Miss Reed, Mrs. T. C. Rice, Miss Smith, Mrs. A. E. Smith, Miss M. Agnes Waite, Mr. T. B. F. Boland, Mr. G. H. Rice, Mr. Waite, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Bond, Mrs. Chamberlain, Miss Emma A. Foster, Miss Alice H. Foster.

The Librarian reported additions to the library during the past month: forty-three bound volumes, one hundred and sixty-five pamphlets, fifty-six papers and sixteen miscellaneous articles, all of which had been received from twenty-two contributors.

Attention was called to the twenty-four bound volumes and forty-four pamphlets contributed by Mr. M. A. Maynard; also the donation from Secretary Hon. William M. Olin of the Vital Records for the following towns, Gill, Holden, Gt. Barrington, Manchester, New Braintree and Washington.

On the presentation of the name of Alice Harriet Foster by the Standing Committee on Nomination, she was elected to membership.

The following names were received and severally referred to the Standing Committee on Nomination: Hannibal A. Johnson, James P. Paine and Thomas E. Sterne.

Honorable Stephen Salisbury was then presented and read the following paper, prepared by Mrs. E. O. P. Sturgis, of Salem, Mass., entitled,

A SKETCH OF THE CHILDREN OF DR.
WILLIAM PAINE.

“We are like shadows and
Like shadows we depart.”

It is now more than thirty years since the youngest and last of Dr. Paine's children passed away, and as I am the only person living who knows anything about the elder members of that family, it may be well for me, before I too go hence, to write down what I remember of them. Not that there was anything of importance in their lives to recall or any events to commemorate, but because years hence some one interested in ancient lore may care to read some notice of a family which, including the third generation of the elder branch, has for more than one hundred and fifty years been identified with the little village, the town and the city of Worcester. The “Paine family” is fast dying out, and will soon, like many other of the old Worcester families, become extinct.

Dr. Paine was married on the 23d of September, 1773, to Miss Lois Orne of Salem, he having probably become acquainted with her when he was, to quote John Adams, “studying physic,” as a young medical student with Dr. Holyoke in that town. This “Orne family” is descended from an Englishman by the name of John Horne, of humble parentage, who was born and bred in the parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, London, and earned his living by working at the trade of a carpenter. He came to this country in the fleet with Winthrop and settled in Salem in 1630, becoming, in 1631, a freeman in that town, and was styled “a builder of houses.” Dr. Bently says he was a “Deacon in The Church” for fifty years,—then a title

of more significance than in these latter days, and one which would have given him the right at that period to be called "A God fearing man." In the earliest records of Salem his name is spelt "John Horne," but he died in 1685, aged eighty-two years and left a will, signed John Orne. In an early record I read the following:

"As the early settlers lapsed into the habit of spelling or writing their names as they were sounded, the employment of certain letters appeared to be useless; consequently they were omitted. The signing of the name *John Orne* to so important a document as a last Will and Testament would not at that time be considered an illegal or an unnatural act."

And again, "When John Horne of Salem died in 1685, leaving a will, which he had signed as John Orne, there seems to have been no questions raised; he had, however, been a prominent man, and slight differences in the spelling of names were not infrequent." "John Orne," as he must now be styled, left a large family of children, of whom I can learn nothing, except that his oldest daughter was named "Recompense." This Christian name, with Submit, Patience, Deliverance and Prudence, was frequently bestowed on girls in the old colonial days. A grandson of John Orne, by the name of Timothy, a favorite name for boys in former times, was my great-great-grandfather, and was married in 1709, to Lois Pickering, of a noted family in Essex County and elsewhere. They had fifteen children, but there are only two of them of whom I have any knowledge. Lois married Thomas Lee; and Timothy, Jr.,—a Harvard graduate—my great-grandfather, married Rebecca Taylor of Lynn, who was born in 1727; and from these two couples have come down an immense family connection of Lees, Cabots, Paines, Saltonstalls, Pickmans, Gardners, Peabodys, Macks, Cushings, Clarks, Loring and others too numerous to mention. Timothy Orne, Jr., had five children: Mrs. Clark Gatton Pickman, from whom Dr. George B. Loring

was descended; Rebecca, who was married to Joseph Cabot; Esther to Rev. Dr. John Clark, the minister of the First Church in Boston, who died in its pulpit in 1798; and Lois, my grandmother, the wife of Dr. William Paine. There was one son, Timothy, 3d, who married a daughter of Judge William Pyncheon.

You have all doubtless read the "House of Seven Gables," and will recall the fact that the family that lived there bore the name of Pyncheon, and that Judge Pyncheon, so styled, though not a resident of the mansion, died in it, he being the "evil one" of the family. The real Judge Pyncheon was a shining light in the community, a man of mark in the "old Witch Town," and one whom his townspeople looked up to with great respect, so one cannot wonder that when the novel was published, the descendants of Judge Pyncheon called upon Mr. Hawthorne for an explanation for taking such "an unwarrantable liberty with the name of their ancestor, one honored from the earliest days of the Colony." The answer of Hawthorne to this charge is too long to quote here, but it is interesting and may be read in the "Diary of William Pyncheon," published by one of his descendants, the late Dr. E. F. Oliver.

The father of Mrs. Paine seems to have been a man of means, for he gave to each of his daughters when they married £3,000, a large sum in those days, and a silver table service. His house, an old colonial mansion, is still standing, and was probably in his day on the outskirts of Salem, but is now in the business portion of it, and used for business purposes. This "Orne family" seem to have been large ship owners, and in turning over the leaves of an old record, I find page after page filled with the names of vessels, either owned or chartered by them, for they were largely interested in the East India trade. Their wills also indicate that they owned a large quantity of real estate in Essex County. Although the descendants of "John Horne" called themselves "Orne," the original name was

not forgotten, and Mrs. Sparks, the widow of the late President of Harvard College, told me that in her early days in Salem, if any member of the family did anything out of the common course of things, that the old crones would sing out, "There never was a horn without a crook." The "Orne Kink," too, was a designation given to any of the family, if they departed from well trodden paths, or elected to live their lives to suit themselves, and not after the fashion of their neighbors.

There is an oil painting in existence of Lois Orne, the wife of the first Timothy, and one of her son Timothy and of his wife Rebecca. The two last are nearly full length. He, as a young man, is dressed in the conventional costume of the day, wearing a wig; she, in a blue silk dress, made with elbow sleeves, and much white about the open neck, and on her head she wears a little muslin cap, and holding a flower in her hand. A photograph of this picture of Rebecca Orne, my great-grandmother, may be seen in a book called, "Two Centuries of Costume," recently published by Alice Morse Earle. My grandmother too was painted as a little girl, perhaps of three years of age. The tiny child is standing, dressed in white silk, her gown long, made after the fashion of her mother's, and on her head she too wears a little cap and in her hand she holds a rattle. These old portraits now belong to Robert Saltonstall of Boston, and the little Lois looks down from her place on the wall of the house on her grandchildren in the fifth generation.

Dr. Paine took his bride to Worcester, where they apparently lived with his father, Judge Timothy Paine, and where their first child was born, the only one of their children born in that town. Now here I shall have to drop the threads of my story, and not gather them together again until October 5th, 1784, on which date Judge Pyncheon notes in his diary the arrival of Dr. Paine and family from Halifax in Salem—and what a relief it must have been

to settle down among their kinsfolk and acquaintances, after all those years of banishment from their home. Here Dr. Paine bought a house, one still standing in Summer street, and began the practice of his profession, which was a large and lucrative one; and to again quote Judge Pyncheon—I read in his diary of dinner, card and tea parties at my grandfather's house, and of Dr. Paine and his wife attending such gatherings at the houses of their friends—of a dancing school for the children, and other recreations of a simple nature. The Judge writes: "At evening Mrs. Paine and family go to dancing-school, and are much entertained there." Dr. Paine went to Worcester soon after his arrival in Salem, to visit his parents, and Mrs. Paine accompanied him, and some of the family visited them in return.

In 1793, Dr. Paine removed to Worcester and took possession of the family estate called "The Oaks," and here he lived until 1833, when he died, never leaving his home again except for short visits to his relatives in Boston and Salem. My grandmother died in 1822.

Let us look at Lincoln street as it probably was in those days. Some way down the street was the "Old Hancock House," occupied by Levi Lincoln the elder. Then came the Timothy Paine house, and beyond the "Hancock Arms." Daniel Waldo the elder removed from Lancaster to Worcester in 1782 and was now living in the Chandler house in Lincoln Sq. His hardware store stood, so he advertises, July 21, 1785, "on the east side of the bridge over Mill Brook, and opposite the Prison."

Opposite "The Oaks" was the "Noah House," and in front of the Hancock House, a barn. There may have been other houses in the street, but if so I never heard of them. In the Paine family there were five children, Esther, Harriet, William, Eliza and Frederick. In the Lincoln family there were seven, Levi, Enoch, Waldo, John, William, Rebecca and Martha. These little Whigs

and Tories soon became acquainted with each other, and unmindful of the animosity which had formerly existed between their parents, engendered by the Revolution, played together, having ample playground in this rural thoroughfare, the old post road to Boston; and so contracted friendships with each other which only ended with their lives.

On Salisbury street lived Dr. Aaron Bancroft, with a large family of children, who were second cousins to the Paine children; but if all the thirteen were born in the Salisbury street house, I am not sure. The elder ones were Henry, John, Eliza, Mary, Thomas, Jane and George, who was born in 1800. It was not until after the late Levi Lincoln married Penelope Sever that these three families became of kin to each other. Down in Lincoln square lived little Stephen Salisbury, the only child of his parents, whom George Bancroft used to lead into mischief—but I will let the old historian tell his own story. In Washington, not long before he died, he received a visit from a nephew of Madam Salisbury, and reverting to the days of his youth, he said, "Your Aunt Salisbury did not like me, and she said I was a wild boy. She was always fearful that I would get her son into bad ways, and still more alarmed lest I should be the cause of his being brought home dead. I used to beguile Stephen to a pond in the vicinity, and having constructed a rough sort of raft, he and I would pass a good deal of our playtime in aquatic amusements, not by any means unattended with danger. His mother's remonstrances were all in vain, and though nothing serious occurred beyond an occasional wetting, yet I never rose in her estimation, and a wild bad boy I continued to be up to manhood."

Lincoln street and Salisbury street seem far apart, but the Lincoln and Paine children had only to run down the hill at the back of their houses and the Bancrofts to run through the woods in the rear of their house, and they

met on common ground, for in those days, to use a Scotch phrase, the Lincoln, Paine and Salisbury estates "marched with each other." Stephen Salisbury had only to come from his back gate, and he could in a few moments join his playmates. Crossing where the Rural Cemetery now is, through the woods, they could in five minutes be at one of the points where the Lincoln and Paine grounds join. Most all of these young people lived to be old men and women, and the larger part of them are now resting quietly on the spot which once resounded with their joyous laughter. What a playground had these young people! Four hundred acres at least over which they had full sway. In the winter Lincoln and North Ponds on which to skate; coasting on Lincoln street, for in those days the hill was very steep, and if the snow was beaten down, they could coast half way down it. In the autumn there were butternuts, chestnuts, shag or shell barks and pignuts, and apples everywhere for them to gather. In the early spring and summer there were plenty of flowers in blossom—lilies on Lincoln's Pond, anemones, hepaticas, pigeon berries and other wild flowers, while the young leaves of the checkerberry, the special name of which I have forgotten, and ground pine grew on the western side of the water. On the eastern side was plenty of mint, and on the Paine land near at hand wild iris and cat-o-nine-tails were to be found. In the woods there were wild geraniums and columbines, while over at the Hermitage laurel grew in profusion on the banks of the pond, and near by the brilliant cardinal flower flourished in the damp soil. On the top of Mrs. Noah's hill grew pennyroyal, which children used to gather to keep mosquitoes away.

Wild strawberries grew in the pastures; and thimble and raspberry bushes inside the fences, yielded fruit; while the wild grape and blackberry vines ran over the low stone walls,—all affording great pleasure for these young people.

Esther Orne Paine was the oldest of Dr. Paine's children.

She was born at Worcester August 29, 1774; and married her cousin, Joseph Cabot of Salem, September 10, 1795, and left Worcester to reside in that town. Mr. Cabot soon died, leaving her with two young children, Joseph Sebastian and William Paine Cabot, with limited means, so she returned to Worcester. Dr. Paine seems to have been fond of these grandchildren, for when I was a child there stood in the chaise house with Judge Paine's glass coach, a beautiful little carriage, which he had imported from England—so Miss Cabot their aunt stated—for their use; and the high chair he provided for them to sit in at the table is still in existence. I have heard that Mrs. Cabot was an attractive woman, and had many offers of marriage, to none of which would Dr. Paine give his consent. Finally one offer was so unexceptional that it was only when her father promised not to interfere in any future matrimonial arrangements, did she agree to give this one up. Mrs. Cabot drifted back to Salem after a time, and soon a new suitor appeared on the scene in the person of Mr. Ichabod Tucker, or as he was usually called "Squire Tucker." He had been a lawyer in Haverhill, but now was Clerk of the Courts in Salem, in which town he was held in great esteem. Mr. Tucker, though not born in Worcester, was connected with a family who resided there, who did not belong by any means to what Disraeli calls in one of his novels "the high nobility," of Worcester, and Dr. Paine being critical on such points, was much displeased with the match. The two sons of Mrs. Cabot were equally so; and the eldest, who then was a Harvard student, refused to go with his mother to her new home, but went to live with his grandmother Cabot, whose house and property he inherited and in which he continued to reside the larger part of his long life. The wedding took place at Mrs. Cabot's home, and the younger son, much against his wishes, was obliged to obey his mother and go with her, though at the last moment he

refused to get into the carriage waiting at the door, to take the bridal party to Mr. Tucker's house, and it required some stronger force than moral suasion before the young gentleman was safely landed in the vehicle. In the meantime the driver of the coach leaned over from his seat and taking part in the fray, said, "Come now, William, you behave yourself, and be a good boy and get in." A looker-on gave me an amusing account of the affair. This youth did not remain long in Salem after this date, but returned to Worcester and lived with Dr. Paine until 1823 when he rejoined his mother in Salem, where he died in early manhood. Mrs. Tucker died on February 1st, 1854, the last years of her life being entirely uneventful. She was not a handsome woman, but a dignified and high bred one in appearance and might have been called, as she was, "A lady of the old school." In her younger days, she had realized all the hardships arising from the Revolution—for she recalled the hurried journey from Worcester to Newport, then in the possession of the British army; the long and wearisome journey to Halifax with her mother to meet her father; the desolate life on the "Island of La Tête," in Passamaquoddy Bay, given to Dr. Paine by the English government; and the life in St. John, where she was surrounded by her kinsfolk. In her youth she had imbibed the political opinions of her father and she died as she had lived, an uncompromising British subject.

The second child of Dr. Paine, born at Newport, only lived a few weeks. The third, Harriet, was probably born at Halifax Nov. 21, 1779. She was married in Worcester March 17, 1802, to Joseph Warner Rose, an Englishman, and a West Indian planter. Mrs. Rose accompanied him to Antigua, where she lived on a plantation, called "The Valley." There were nine children, but only two of them lived to grow up. One was the late Mrs. John C. Lee of Salem, and the youngest Mrs. Dr. George Chandler of Worcester. Mrs. Rose was said to have been a woman of

great personal beauty, and to have had many admirers, and among them the Richard Derby of his day, who, tradition says, once kneeled and imploringly offered himself to the handsome Harriet Paine. Mrs. Rose, unlike her sister Mrs. Tucker, who had become a Unitarian, retained her interest in the Episcopal church, for her royalist father had taught her in her youth to worship church and state, and to pray for King and Queen and all the royal family, and in her pew in St. Peter's, she prayed every sunday for the President and all others in authority. Mrs. Rose died in Salem June 20, 1860, aged eighty years.

William Fitz Paine, the fourth child of Dr. Paine, was born in Halifax, N. S., November 2, 1783. He entered Harvard College, 1797, remaining there only three years, and from this time until 1821, he seems to have led a wandering life in foreign countries, mostly in the Far East, engaged in mercantile pursuits, coming home from time to time to visit his family. Among other places where he resided was Port Louis, in the Island of Mauritius, and I have heard my father say that he met him by accident once in the street there, they not having seen each other for some years. From 1821, Mr. Paine resided in Batavia, in the island of Java, where he founded a commercial house under the title of Paine, Stricker & Co. He died suddenly on July 21, 1834. When found he was lying on a couch, the book he had been reading having fallen over his face. I have heard recently the apparent cause of his expatriating himself as he did, for so many years. It seems there was a handsome young girl in Worcester, a distant relative, with whom he was in love, but she did not smile on him, and he took the disappointment so much to heart, that he left the country and never returned to it again.

Years later an American man-of-war touched at the Island of Java, on board of which was a midshipman, a nephew of the lady referred to above, who went to Batavia

to pay his respects to his kinsman, and Mr. Paine made the most minute enquiries after his aunt, who had been married for many years to another suitor for her hand.

The fifth child was Elizabeth Putnam Paine, born at St. John, N. B., June 26, 1786, and who died unmarried April 30, 1810, at Worcester. Her body was removed, with those of her mother and father, from the Mechanic street grave-yard to the Rural Cemetery.

My father, the late Frederick William Paine, named for the King of Prussia, the youngest child of Dr. Paine, was born at Salem, Massachusetts, May 23, 1788, and remained in that town until he was six years old, when he removed with his parents to Worcester. I see by an old record, that he was baptised in St. Peter's church before he left his birthplace in Salem. He began his education at a famous dames' school, kept by Mrs. Higginson, the widow of John Higginson, who was fifth in descent from Rev. Francis Higginson, pastor of the first church in Salem, but where he continued his school life in Worcester, I have no means of knowing. When he was fourteen years old, he corrected the proof-sheets of the first Greek Testament published in North America. The following year, 1803, he entered an advanced class in Harvard College. But at the end of nine months he exchanged an academical for a commercial life. At this time the standard of scholarship at Harvard was not a high one, and I have heard him say, that he knew more than his teachers did, and that he spent most of his college life playing checkers. In 1819, he received an "Honorary Degree" from the College. Up to 1818 Mr. Paine was engaged in mercantile pursuits. In 1806, he made a voyage as supercargo round the world, visiting the northwest coast, and China, returning to this country in 1809. It was the custom in those days for vessels to go to the northwest coast, and there to obtain a cargo of furs collected by an agent on the spot, and take them to China, where they brought large prices,

and from there the vessels came home loaded with teas, and other Chinese goods. In 1812, he again made the same voyage, visiting the Philippine Islands and the Isle of France, returning to the United States in 1816. He had been on the northwest coast so much that he had acquired the language of the Indians and was able to converse in their dialect. In 1818 he went to Europe, where he resided for nearly five years, in the employ of Messrs. James and Thomas H. Perkins, living most of the time in London, but travelling at times on the continent.

After his return to this country, he married on May 5, 1822, Ann Cushing Sturgis of Boston. In the winter of 1825 and 1826, Mr. Paine again went to London in the employ of the Messrs. Perkins, leaving his wife and one child with her father, Mr. Russell Sturgis. He returned home in the autumn of 1826, and from that time resided in Worcester at "The Oaks," he having a life interest in that estate, and with the exception of visits to his kinsfolk in Boston and Salem, rarely left home, devoting much of his time to town affairs. He was for many years, chairman of the board of selectmen; President of the Worcester County Mutual Fire Insurance Co.; and held other minor offices in banks and other institutions. He was one of the founders of The Horticultural Society, and one of its most active members in promoting its ends and aims. The Rural Cemetery, from its inception, was a great object of interest to Mr. Paine, and until the work was finished he rarely failed to spend a part of each afternoon there, superintending the workmen, and the laying out of the grounds. The Antiquarian Society too claimed much of his attention, and for many years he was an active member, and up to the last was a collector of reading matter of value to that institution.

Mr. Paine was a very quiet person, and rarely spoke unless he was spoken to or had something of importance to communicate. He occupied much of his time in reading,

and having a most retentive memory, and extensive knowledge of foreign countries, was always able to give information about "men and things," when asked to do so. I have heard that when some one in Lincoln street mentioned that he was about buying an encyclopedia, it was suggested to him that such a purchase was entirely unnecessary as "Mr. Paine went up and down the street every day." He had no long illness—was not as well as usual for a few days, was speaking to some one in the room and the end came. He died September 16, 1869, in his eighty-first year, and on September 20th after a short service at the house, the funeral took place from the church of the Second Parish, and he was laid at rest with his father and mother in the Rural Cemetery, over the formation of which he had watched so faithfully.

The *Worcester Evening Gazette* of Sept. 16, 1869, says: "We are unhappily compelled to record to-day the death of another venerable citizen. Frederick William Paine, Esq., one of the oldest, most respected and most public spirited men in Worcester, died very suddenly, this morning. The news of his death will occasion profound feelings of sorrow in the community, with which he had so long been identified. There have been other men more widely known abroad, and others perhaps more prominent at different times in the history of the city, but very few can be compared to Mr. Paine, in the solid services which he has performed, and in the untiring zeal with which he has labored to promote the best interests of the public."

"And our names shall be forgotten in time, and no man shall have our works in remembrance, for our time is a very shadow that passeth away; and our life shall pass away as the trace of a cloud."

Songs of Solomon.

Mr. William Fitz Paine, fourth child of Dr. Paine, took the middle name of "Fitz," meaning the "son of," to distinguish him from his father.

Mrs. Bancroft in her letter to her daughter concerning the family of her father John Chandler, spells the name of "Noah" "Noa."

Following the reading, remarks were made by Messrs. Paine, Salisbury, Charles A. Chase, Geo. M. Rice, T. C. Rice and Mr. Wheeler, from which it was learned that Lincoln Pond was now extinct, although Hermitage Pond still remains. As to Salisbury Pond of that period, there seemed to be some question, as the dam instrumental in forming the present Salisbury Pond was not built until about 1830, prior to which there was only a brook running through that location. Mr. T. C. Rice stated that there was a pond now extinct on the east side of the present Grove street and between the brook and the site of the present Rural Cemetery, which might have been the one referred to by the writer of the paper as Salisbury Pond.

All those present expressed their hearty approval of the paper, and also of the reader, by a rising vote of thanks to both Mrs. Sturgis and Mr. Salisbury.

PROCEEDINGS.

THREE HUNDRED AND NINETY-THIRD MEETING,
TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 3, 1904.

VICE-PRESIDENT MAYNARD in the chair. Others present: Messrs. Abbot, Arnold, Crane, Davidson, Darling, Eaton, Gould, Gates, Harrington, George Maynard, G. M. Rice, T. C. Rice, Southgate, Stiles, Wheeler, Williamson, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Boland, Mrs. Darling, Miss Foster, Mrs. Hildreth, Miss Manly, Miss May, Mrs. M. A. Maynard, Mrs. T. C. Rice, Miss Smith, Mrs. Williamson, Miss White, Miss M. Agnes Waite, Miss Boland, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Stiles and others.

The Librarian reported additions for the past month: sixty-one bound volumes, two hundred eighty-eight pamphlets, one hundred twenty-one speeches, two bound volumes of the *New York Mirror*, one hundred and fifty miscellaneous papers and seventeen numbers of the World's Fair Art Series. Special mention was made of the donations from the Secretary of the Commonwealth, consisting of the Vital Statistics of the towns of Arlington, Marblehead, Middleton, Petersham, Shrewsbury and Waltham; also of the contribution from Richard O'Flynn of five volumes, including early prints of Morse's *Geography*, 1793 and 1812; and from Mr. Herbert Wesby, a specially prepared album to hold four hundred or more civil war envelopes. A slave-whip, presented by Mr. Clifton H. Fay, was also mentioned in the Librarian's report.

The names of Hannibal A. Johnson, Thomas E. Sterne and James P. Paine were placed in nomination by the Standing Committee, and they were elected to active membership. The names of Frederick Forehand and Thomas B. F. Boland were referred to the Standing Committee on Nominations.

Mr. Thomas C. Rice was then introduced and gave an informal talk on the subject, "The Old South and the New West."

Mr. Rice went to Savannah, Georgia, January 5, 1850, arriving there during a snow storm said to have been the first one witnessed there in twenty years. Mr. Rice gave a general account of the customs and characteristics of the people he met and the country he visited, relating many amusing incidents in connection with his experience there.

His journey to the West was then related, with a description of the vast prairies given as he found them, uninhabited except by reptiles and wild animals. He told the audience how easy it was for a person to lose his points of compass on one of those great prairies after the sun had disappeared and the darkness was spreading over the land.

His whole address was full of interesting reminiscences of his personal experiences while residing in the states of Georgia and Illinois, closing with the following original poem:—

ODE TO THE PRAIRIE.

END OF FIVE YEARS' EXPERIENCE OF THE AUTHOR UPON
GRAND PRAIRIE, ILLINOIS.

Oh, let me away from the wide-spreading prairie,
Its desert-like sameness I never loved well,
And since crops are gone up, and things are contrary,
I'd sooner by far than be there be in—well!

But let me not go till I speak of your glories,
 Let me tender your dues e'er I bid ye farewell;
 'Tis brevity's tale, and no tedious story,
 One stanza complete all your beauties can tell.

Oh, wild was the sport in the days that are numbered,
 When I flew o'er thy plains on my fleet-footed May,*
 How stooped the proud stag, by the hound's tooth encumbered
 How glared his red eye when he held us at bay!

Oh, let me away from this "garden of roses,"
 This rosin-weed pasture indented with "slews";
 Whose stench is offensive to delicate noses,
 Where ague and fevers come down with the dews.

I have measured your wastes, swam your creeks and your rivers
 Have conquered your soil and its virtues can tell;
 To this generation it's not worth a stiver,
 And the fool who would tell ye is in for a sell.

Oh, let me away from this forest of grasses,
 The crane† and the wolf may abide if they will;
 But if human stay here, in good sooth they are asses,
 For the devil himself it is able to kill.

Oh, take me away from these c——d tough red roots
 That 'll snap a plow beam, be it ever so limber.
 I'll take my slouch hat and put on my top boots
 And cut for "an opening" somewhere in "the timber."

Take me away from this ape of the ocean
 Where eyesight must languish like bird for a perch;
 I am willing each one should conform to his notion,
 But enough have I had, and I'm off with a lurch.

Farewell to you sky, you maelstrom of vapors,
 Where five times a day your breezes will shift;
 Still raining, still roaring, such fantastic capers,
 As Michigan's flood-gates had floated adrift.

Your weather prospective would laugh at our Thomas‡
 Though each separate ingredient is free from a fault;
 It is everything, nothing, a kind of a "kosmos,"
 As woefully mixed as the genius of "Walt."

* "May," my hunting mare.

† An independent harvester, the bane of the wheat crop, the Crane.

‡ Thomas' Almanac.

Farewell to this land of rats, locusts and chinch bugs,
 The land of bright promise, with ill-luck replete.
 These plains that we stole from the Indian and groundhog
 Will ever produce fields yellow with cheat.*

Farewell to a land suited best to a Forepaugh,
 Where every conception of verminous evil,
 From rattlers to gophers,† his agents might go draw,
 And his museum crown with the beautiful weevil.‡

Farewell! farewell! I am hasting to leave thee,
 Not one shall remain who confesses my blood,
 For should death overtake them, now pray you believe me,
 The soul just escaped would stick fast in the mud.

—THOMAS C. RICE.

Remarks followed by Major F. G. Stiles and Mr. E. B. Crane, giving hints of their Western experiences.

Mr. George M. Rice called attention to the time for our field-day excursion, remarking that the subject ought to receive early consideration. On motion of Mr. Crane the following committee was appointed to take up the matter and report at the next regular meeting: Lyman A. Ely, George M. Rice, F. E. Williamson, Chas. F. Darling, George Maynard. Among the places suggested as worthy of consideration were Pomfret, Conn., and Newport, R. I.; remarks were made by Mr. Darling, E. B. Crane and Miss White. The latter, during her remarks, told the story of finding the burial-place of General Nathaniel Greene near Savannah on an estate which had formerly been the property of an Englishman, who had constructed upon the premises a family tomb. This estate later came into the possession of General Greene, and within this tomb his remains were found by the later generations long after their resting place had been forgotten.

* Cheat—properly chess, a hull without a berry; a false grain.

† Gopher—a mischievous and destructive ground squirrel peculiar to the prairies.

‡ Weevil—an insect pest most ruinous to wheat crops. Pinch the hollow hull and out pops the weevil with a snap.

PROCEEDINGS.

THREE HUNDRED AND NINETY-FOURTH MEETING,
TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 7, 1904.

PRESIDENT ELY in the chair. Others present: Messrs. Abbot, Arnold, Crane, Davidson, Darling, Eaton, Gould, M. A. Maynard, George Maynard, Marston, Roe, Staples, Salisbury, Williamson, Wheeler, Miss Anthony, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Boland, Miss Foster, Mrs. Hildreth, Miss May, Miss Manly, Miss Reed, Mrs. Staples, Miss Smith, Miss White, Mrs. Williamson, Miss M. Agnes Waite, Mr. Rollins, Mrs. Rollins and Mrs. Foster.

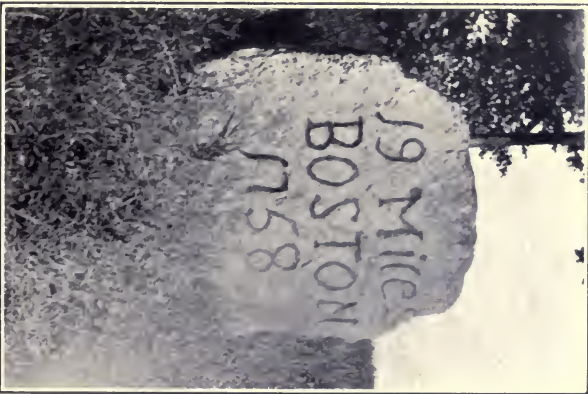
Although the number of contributions to the Society's collections for this month was not large, several of them were deserving of special mention, and attention was called to some of them in the report presented by the Librarian. One publication in the list however was omitted, the "*Special Champlain Number*" of the *Acadiensis*, edited by Mr. David Russell Jack of St. John, N. B. It is Volume IV., July-October, 1904. It contains three hundred and sixty-two octavo pages replete with exceedingly interesting information regarding the early settlements made on our eastern coast, and containing maps showing localities explored by De Monts and Champlain in sixteen hundred and four and sixteen hundred and seven, including copies of several made by Champlain, that of Port Royal, a view of the settlement there, St. Croix Island and surroundings, St. John Harbor, also Docket Island. This volume also contains a reprint of *Champlain's Narrative*, with a special article, giving a full illustrated account of the famous navigator's birthplace, Brouage, France, photographs of the views having been taken expressly for the purpose of embellishing that work.

President Ely, after the records of the last meeting had been read and approved, introduced Ellery B. Crane, who read the following paper, entitled:

ORIGIN AND USE OF POST-ROADS IN NEW ENGLAND.

When Mr. Charles E. Staples handed me the photographs of a few of the old milestones found standing near Framingham on the line of the old road leading from Boston, my first thought was, they were pictures of rough stone monuments set in their places simply to indicate to the traveler the distance to or from Boston, indicating at least that if Boston was not the end of the journey, it might be reckoned from as the starting point for all travelers. But it was hardly necessary to erect those monuments merely to tell distance, for the New England Yankee has the reputation of being a good guesser, besides that, he does not hesitate to ask questions. While these rare old monuments stand for all that has been intimated they also have a far deeper significance; they are to be counted among the great milestones in the development and progress of the country and the general march of civilization.

It requires no small stretch of imagination for the New England people of today to realize that this beautiful landscape, enriched by fertile fields, attractive homes, thriving towns and great bustling cities, the pride and joy of generations of contented people, was once an unbroken wilderness, inhabited only by wild beasts and a race of wild people whose only apparent aim and object was to exist. At that time the only means of intercourse between the several tribes and families of these red men was found over rugged paths and blind trails through the forests, or to float in their roughly made dugouts upon the various watercourses that now add beauty to the



STANDING IN WAYLAND.



scenery. The location of many of those early paths has been forgotten. Records of a few of them, however, have come down to us. The Old Connecticut or Bay Path, as it has variously been styled, notable as the avenue over which William Pynchon led his band of followers to Springfield, is perhaps among the most prominent.

It grew from a simple Indian trail to the main avenue for traffic between Boston and the early settlements on the Connecticut River, and has been so well described by our Mr. Levi Chase in his paper printed in the Society's Proceedings, April meeting, 1895, that I will just thus call attention to it. It ran from Cambridge through Waltham, Marlboro (now Framingham), Hopkinton, Westboro, Grafton, Sutton, Oxford, Charlton, Sturbridge and Brimfield to the Connecticut River.

For forty years from 1633, the time John Oldham, that indefatigable trader, passed over this route in pursuit of traffic with the Indians, this Connecticut Path was the chief or central overland route to the westward from Boston. December 23, 1673, a new road was ordered by the court to be laid out, to go through Marlboro and Worcester to Brookfield. This was known as the Country Road and also as the Connecticut Road. It soon became the popular way from Boston to the Connecticut River Valley and to Albany, New York. It was perhaps at first little more than a path or trail in condition to accommodate pack trains or the traveler on foot or on horseback, then a common way of transporting merchandise or covering distance across the country from place to place. In 1715, representatives of several towns in Hampshire County asked the General Court to appoint a committee to discover and report where a road for carts and wagons might be most conveniently made from Marlboro to Springfield and from Brookfield to Hadley. We presume the committee was chosen and a portion of the work accomplished. Seven years later the General Court expended about fifteen

pounds in repairing the highway from Worcester to Brookfield. In the early history of these trails or roads there were few if any bridges over the streams, they were crossed at selected fording places.

In setting out from Boston in the very early days it was necessary to cross the Charles River by ferry to Charlestown, where Edward Converse, in 1631, established a ferry. In 1640, the profits of this ferry went to Harvard College. At first one boat was used, soon it was found necessary to use two (one to be kept on each side of the river). In 1781, four boats were required to meet the demands of the service. In 1785, a petition was presented to the Legislature for leave to build a bridge over the Charles River between Boston and Cambridge. But this scheme was defeated by the passage of a bill to construct a bridge between Boston and Charlestown where the ancient ferry had been established. This bridge was opened to travel January 17, 1786. Thus it will be noticed that for more than one hundred and fifty years one of the principal outlets for travel from Boston toward the north and west by trail or wagon road was by means of this ferry.

Some years prior to the construction of this bridge from Boston to Charlestown there was a bridge over the Charles River, connecting what is now Brighton and Cambridge, possibly built about 1641. From the best information at hand these two routes, the one over this Charlestown Ferry and the one passing out over Boston Neck to Roxbury and on through Dedham, or crossing the Charles River at this upper bridge and going by way of Watertown, were the outlets open to the traveler contemplating an overland journey to the west or south.

At first, the old Indian trails were followed where it was found convenient to do so. But as various towns were located, better roads were made to accommodate the travel. Prior to the War of the Revolution travel,





ON OLD STAGE ROAD IN FRAMINGHAM.

or the transportation of merchandise by teams, was confined within certain limits and to special locations. That seven-years' war, while it drained the country of its treasures, and drenched the land in blood, opened the way for those who survived the shock, to gain a far better knowledge of their country, as well as the people who occupied it, and to partially foresee the great possibilities to be realized by its development in the future.

In 1764, we find the Upper Post Road advertised, from Boston to Hartford and New Haven. Although it had been in general use a number of years, possibly as early as 1755, or earlier, it had not been styled a post-road. It passed through Watertown, Waltham, Weston, Sudbury, Marlboro, Northboro, Shrewsbury, Worcester, Leicester, Spencer, Brookfield, Western, Palmer, Wilbraham, Springfield, Long Meadow, Enfield, Windsor, East Hartford, Hartford, Wethersfield, Middletown, Durham, Wallingford, North Haven to New Haven (162 miles). It was then, as it is now, forty-four miles from Boston to Worcester, and in the latter place four houses of entertainment were to be found to supply the necessary comforts for the traveler. John Curtis kept the one nearest the Shrewsbury line, it being two miles distant from that town. Two miles towards the centre of the village came Brown's Tavern. One mile further stood the Stearns' Tavern, and a travel of two miles further west found the Jones Tavern. These houses were of sufficient distance apart when taking into consideration the slow mode of travel to prepare the appetite for a sample of flip from each of the four Worcester landlords.

The Middle Road, from Boston to Hartford, was also in use as early as 1759. This road passed through Dedham, Medfield, Medway, Mendon, Uxbridge, Douglas, Thompson, Pomfret, Ashford, Mansfield, Coventry, East Hartford to Hartford and on to New Haven, through Wethersfield, Great Swamp, Kensington, Meriden, Wallingford, North

Haven (151 miles). The Lower Road, which was the oldest "Post Road," or "King's Highway," over which Benjamin Franklin as Deputy Postmaster-General, set mileposts, was in use as early as 1737, and laid down as the (*only*) road from Boston to New Haven and on to New York. The distance was 278 miles, as given in Jacob Taylor's almanac for the year 1737. It passed through "Dedham, Whites, Billends (Billings), Woodcock, Providence, French Town, Darby, Pemberton, Stonington, New London, Seabrook, Killingworth, Gilford, Branford, New Haven, Millford, Stradford, Fairfield, Norwalk, Stanford, Horse Neck, Rye, New Rochel, East Chester, King's Bridge, Half-way-House to New York." A road was also given by Taylor from New York to Philadelphia (98 miles), and from the latter place to Annapolis, Maryland, 144 miles.

Although as early as 1758, there were three roads by which New Haven could be reached from Boston, there was but one road connecting New Haven with New York. As early as 1770, there were other roads leading out from Boston,—one to Plymouth on the Cape, another in a northerly direction to Portsmouth, N. H., passing through Medford, Woburn, Wilmington, Andover, Bradford, Haverhill, Plastow, Kingston, Exeter, Stratham, Greenland to Portsmouth, sixty-six miles. There was also a road to Portsmouth, turning at Medford, going through Lynn, Salem, Ipswich, Newbury, Hampton, coming into the other road at Greenland. This road reached further on through York, Wells, Kennebunk, Scarborough, Falmouth, North Yarmouth, Brunswick, George Town, Pownalboro, Fort Western, Fort Halifax and by passing on over the Great Carrying Place, Quebec was to be reached. This possibly was the route taken by Arnold and his command, including Col. Timothy Bigelow and other Worcester men, on their way to attempt the capture of Quebec, September, 1775. There was still another route to

the northward, in 1770, called the Road to Number Four, crossing the Charlestown Ferry and passing through Cambridge, Lexington; Concord, Acton, Littleton, Groton, Shirley, Lunenburg, Fitchburg, Ashburnham, Winchendon, Swanzey, Keene, Walpole to Charlestown, N. H. (119 miles). These six or seven roads were the main avenues by land to the east, north, south and west from Boston, which it will be seen was the Hub then as it is now.

No doubt the development of the country would have been far more rapid from the year 1770, had not the war-cry been sounded commanding the attention as well as the services of nearly every man, woman and child in the land. At last peace came, and after the shattered forces of the country could again swing into regular motion the onward march was renewed, and internal improvements grew apace. Not however until Captain Levi Pease became prominent as the pioneer in establishing lines of stages to run at stated times for the accommodation of travelers, and the transportation of the mails, necessitating the building of good roads, was there rapid progress made in developing routes in New England and in various other parts of the country.

Captain Pease was a native of Enfield, Connecticut. After serving as a soldier in the Revolutionary War, opened a tavern in the town of Somers in his native state, and after a moderately successful career, desiring a larger field from which to draw patronage, removed to Boston, assuming there the responsible duties as entertainer for the traveler or the public in general at the "Lamb Tavern," which stood on the site of the present Adams House, Washington street. Mr. Samuel A. Drake says, it was at this "Lamb Tavern" that the first stage to Providence, R. I., put up, which was advertised by Thomas Sabin July 20, 1767, and it was from this same tavern that Captain Pease, when its landlord established the first permanent stage-line between Boston and Hartford, Conn., as driver,

starting on his first trip, Monday morning, October 20, 1783. He was by trade a blacksmith and his associate in this enterprise, Reuben Sikes, was also a blacksmith and a native of Somers, Conn. They with an equipment of eight horses and two wagons began the venture, Pease starting from his tavern in Boston Mondays at six o'clock A. M. for Hartford and Sikes leaving Hartford simultaneously for Boston, each arriving at his destination on Thursday of the same week. It was prophesied that financially the scheme would prove a failure. For that reason Pease found no person with money willing to join him except his old friend and fellow tradesman, Reuben Sikes. Week after week, and month following month, the trips were regularly made whether there were passengers or no. Within two years, however, the route became a paying one, and the line was extended to New York. The success of the enterprise was by this time no longer in doubt, and within three years from the initial trip (January, 1786), a line of stages carrying passengers and the mail was established from Portsmouth, N. H., to Savannah, Ga. Captain Pease removed to Shrewsbury in 1793, he deeming that a more advantageous point from which to manage his rapidly growing stage traffic, and purchased the tavern owned and kept by Major John Farrer. For many years Captain Pease held the government contract for carrying the mails throughout New England, and recognizing the necessity for good roads championed the cause for their construction by securing the charter for the "First Massachusetts Turnpike Corporation," in 1796. The road lay between Palmer and Warren. The Sixth Massachusetts Turnpike, from Shrewsbury to Amherst, was built in the year 1800; the Worcester Turnpike six years later. Captain Pease died in Shrewsbury, January 28, 1824, it is said, a poor man, having sacrificed all his earnings in developing stage routes and constructing roads. He certainly was a public benefactor, and deserves a suitable

monument to his memory that shall tell those who may visit his last resting-place the simple story of his patriotism and courage not only for the cause of country upon the battle-field, but of his courage in helping to develop the country after the smoke of the conflict had cleared away.

As early as the year 1800, there were at least four post-roads leading out from Boston,—one to Portsmouth and Machias via Newbury, etc., one to New York via Worcester and Hartford, another to Windsor, Vt., branching off at Springfield, the fourth to Providence, R. I. They were what might be called the principal or main roads. There were other highways centering in Boston, over which thirty lines of stages were advertised to depart for various points in the country. The road to New Haven via Worcester was published as the best road. Fares on the "Mail Stage," six and one-fourth cents per mile; fares on the "Old line," three and one-half cents per mile,—making the cost of passage to New Haven \$9.87 in the mail stage, and \$8.75, old line (about fourteen miles of the distance being saved by the route followed by the mail stage).

Stages leaving Boston Monday 10 A. M. would arrive in New York Thursday at 11 A. M. (one hour over three days), summer season. In winter season, they left Boston Tuesday 8 A. M., reaching New York Saturday 11 A. M. (four days and three hours). This speed (although slow compared with means of travel to-day), was like an express train compared with the attempt in July, 1772, to carry passengers between New York and Boston, naming thirteen days for the trip each way. But this scheme was a failure. In 1806, there were two stages through Worcester each way daily. Two years later there were four each way daily.

But why were certain highways given the name of "Post Roads"? That term is said to have originated in France. They were routes selected over which couriers

or letter-carriers traveled, having horses posted at regular places for their use, and originally instituted for carrying court or government messages. In France they were fixed by Louis XI. by ordinance June 19, 1464. First established in England by an act of Parliament about the year 1672, although the rate of one penny per mile for the use of post-horses was fixed as early as 1548, and thirty-three years later, during the reign of Elizabeth, the office of chief postmaster of England is mentioned, and under James I. the office of postmaster for foreign parts was created.

In the early history of our American Colonies letter-writing was a far greater accomplishment than it is at the present time. Few of the early settlers could write, in fact it was the exception rather than the rule when one was found who could write, consequently the yeomanry of the country used written communications extremely seldom. But on November 5, 1639, the Colonial government, recognizing the need of a responsible person to receive and forward letters that might come from across the sea, or even from within the limits of the Colonies, decided that the house of Richard Fairbanks in Boston should be the repository for all letters, he to see that they were delivered and sent according to directions. Mr. Fairbanks' house stood on Cornhill. There the people could call for their mail. There were no newspapers, no printed periodicals to be transported. The Colonial government had no system for the transportation of private correspondence. Letters were carried to and fro through the kindness of friends or of travelers going or coming in the proper direction. It was also a custom for the captain of a vessel when about to sail, to receive letters and small packages directed to certain points at which he might touch on his voyage, and deliver them or hand them to some person who would assist in getting the missives to their proper destination.

People were in the habit of visiting vessels on their arrival in port, to see if they had been remembered by their far-away relatives or friends, although there were some who seldom and perhaps never went to the wharf to enquire for letters; and as many times the captains would be unable to find owners for the letters sent in their care, they would hand them to some person in the town to be delivered. There were so many losses and such great delay in delivery reported, that the Colonial government decided that all private letters, whether brought by captains or otherwise, should be left at the house of Richard Fairbanks, who for many years served the public as post-master of Boston. Government messages were delivered by specially appointed agents or messengers, who either performed their mission on foot or on horseback. Through a petition to the General Court of the Colony we learn that owing to carelessness of carriers and the uncertain way provided for delivery, many letters failed of reaching their destination, and John Haywood was chosen to take letters and convey them in Boston as they were directed. Three years later (1680) Haywood was allowed to collect one penny for each letter delivered. Haywood died December 2, 1687, and June 11, 1689, Richard Wilkins succeeded him in caring for the private letters in Boston.

The price to be paid messengers sent with government despatches was fixed January 6, 1673-74, by the General Court at three pence a mile to the place sent, no landlord or innholder to charge such messenger more than two shillings a bushel for oats and four pence for hay, day and night. John Knight of Charlestown was appointed a post for the country's service, and notice was given for all innholders and ferrymen to further him on his journeyings. He was authorized to press horse or horses to his use when necessary. This appointment may have been made in anticipation of war with France, for two weeks later (July 14), the General Court voted that the govern-

ment of Rhode Island be invited to join Massachusetts in carrying on war against New France and that a post be settled for speedy intelligence between Boston and Rhode Island. February 17, 1691-92, King William and Mary issued letters patent to Thomas Neale, granting him full power to establish offices in their chief ports and said majesties' Colonies and Plantations in America and appoint an officer or officers for receiving and despatching letters, packages, at such rates and sums of money, as the planters shall agree to give. Andrew Hamilton was appointed Deputy Postmaster-General for the Plantations and Colonies in America April 4, 1692, a letter from the queen dated May 26, 1692, directed to Sir William Phips, Governor of Massachusetts Bay, announced or confirmed the appointment.

Rates of postage were fixed as follows, from ports beyond the sea: each single letter two pence, each packet of letters four pence. Letters remaining in the office forty-eight hours were to be sent to destination where directed and one penny collected on each letter on payment, for delivery.

Inland mail: from Rhode Island to Boston each single letter six pence; from Connecticut to Boston, nine pence; from New York to Boston, twelve pence; from New Jersey or Pennsylvania to Boston, fifteen pence; from Virginia and Maryland to Boston, two shillings; to or from Salem to Boston three pence; to or from Ipswich to Boston four pence; to or from Piscataqua to Boston six pence.

All public letters to be sent free of charge. The post was to pass all ferries free. Hamilton agreed to erect a *post-office* in Boston by the first of the following month of May and that the post should pass from Boston to New York and Piscataqua once every week, and certain days were to be fixed for its going and coming. The postmaster was to provide men and horses with necessary equipment to ride and deliver the mail matter. All letters



ON MAIN ROAD BETWEEN BEDFORD AND BILLERICA.



to be paid for on delivery and the postmaster or agent was to endorse the words post paid.

Andrew Hamilton, the first Postmaster-General for the American Colonies, was by birth a Scotchman, and for many years a successful merchant in Edinburgh. He first visited America as agent for the proprietors (residing in Great Britain), of East and West New Jersey; after making a careful inspection, returned to England and presented a report of his findings. During the summer or fall of 1686, he came and joined the New Jersey settlement, was appointed a member of the governor's council and on the return of Governor Lord Neil Campbell to England, was chosen to succeed him as governor. In August, 1689, Hamilton sailed for England for the purpose of consulting with the proprietors there, was taken prisoner and detained by the French, not reaching England until May 18, 1690, when he resigned the office of governor. But under William and Mary was reappointed March 25, 1692, and returned to the Colony in September following. Owing to the report of certain frauds and irregularities being committed within the Colonies, an act was passed by Parliament that only native born subjects of England could serve in any public post of trust and profit. As New Jersey was not entirely free from political factions, the argument was presented that Hamilton was a Scotchman and could not hold the office of governor under this act. In the spring of 1698, Hamilton again sailed for the mother country, and Jeremiah Basse, formerly an Anabaptist minister, was chosen by the settlers in the Province as governor. This action caused a tumult in the Colony, friends of Hamilton would not recognize the authority of Basse, offenders were tried and imprisoned, officers were abused and maltreated, riot and disorder now prevailed throughout the New Jersey Colony, which under the management of Hamilton had greatly prospered. August 19, 1699, Hamilton was again appointed Governor

of New Jersey, his friends in England obtaining a statement from the Solicitor-General that his being a Scotchman did not prevent him from holding the office. Basse, the deposed official, immediately went to England and exerted himself trying to prevent any reconciliation between the discordant factions on either side of the water, and Hamilton's return to New Jersey was followed with more or less trouble from the friends of Basse, and after a trial of about three years Lord Viscount Cornbury was, July 25, 1702, appointed to succeed him. It will be noticed that Hamilton received his appointment as Deputy-Postmaster for the American Colonies while on one of his visits to England. His home for the greater portion of the time passed in this country was in Burlington, N. J. He was a man of ability and very generally well liked. The principal charge made against him in New Jersey was his friendship for the Quakers. He was an associate with William Penn and held the office of Lieutenant-Governor of Pennsylvania at the time of his death, which occurred April 26, 1703.

November 23, 1693, Duncan Campbell was Deputy-Postmaster at Boston, under Hamilton. The post-office (first in the country), had been erected in Boston, and the department was found to be laboring under serious difficulties. The people having been accustomed to sending letters without price, were exceedingly slow to accept the new arrangement; as a result Campbell petitioned the General Court to grant an annuity to help pay his salary, as the receipts of the office did not come to more than one-third the expense of the department. The court however failed to respond to Campbell's relief, and the following year he again petitioned that honorable body in substance as follows:—

In behalf of Andrew Hamilton Esq Postmaster General of North America, Humbly Represents That whereas their magesties have been pleased to erect a Post Office in these parts of America, Which Post office has been duly kept

and maintained by constant Posts in the trading part of this country for above twelve months and is of public use, benefit and advantage not only to merchants and other travelers but to every respective government more especially to this Province by reason that all public letters and Expresses have been conveyed and despatched free of charge and finding so small encouragement by letters that it will not countervale one half of the charge thereof.

Wherefore tis hoped, This Honorable Court will take the premises into your prudent consideration and not to suffer so general a benefit to fail for want of due encouragement, But that you will please to appoint and state some salary to be paid out of the public revenue towards the support of the said office for sometime, as the neighboring Provinces have done, That is to say, York hath allowed £50, and Hampshire £20, per Annum for the space of three years.

Your Esquiers and Honorables humble Servant

DUNCAN CAMPBELL.

In answer to this petition the General Court voted to pay 20£ annually for two years, and the act was approved June 20, 1694.

No doubt Campbell was grateful for this act on the part of the court, but he did not hesitate to ask in addition, that he be relieved from paying taxes, and also be given a license to sell strong drinks, it being as he said only what other postmasters in other plantations were allowed. Possibly the government granted these simple requests, not caring to fall behind other plantations in granting perquisites to their public servants. And as a further indication of their desire to support the department, the General Court, "voted that for three years all persons not bringing letters to the post-office (except those excepted), shall pay four times the regular rates."

Death closed the earthly career of Duncan Campbell in 1702, and his successor in office, John Campbell, in the following year renewed the work of memorializing the General Court, citing a long list of grievances, the tenor of which seemed to be that the public failed to patronize the department; the ferrymen were not as prompt in serving the post-riders as they should be; the income was not sufficient to cover expenses; the department was indebted to Colonel Hamilton 1400£ sterling and as Thomas Neale would not pay him he had taken a mortgage on the patent, it being the only security obtainable; that now (May 26, 1703), the entire postal service in North America was dependent upon Colonel Hamilton; that the whole scheme was liable to be abandoned on account of irregularities on the part of the people and lack of financial support.

The claim was made that the government was enjoying a benefit of 150£ a year by the free delivery of official letters. It was also stated that the cost of maintaining the post-office department from Piscataqua to Philadelphia, postmasters, riders, etc., was 680£ per year. New England's part was 453£ 6s 8p; that of New York and Philadelphia being 226£ 13s 4p. The expense in New England being about 37£ 15s 6p per month; receipts 21£ 17s 4p each month; leaving deficit of about 15£ 18s 2p. Taking the foreign and domestic mail service together, there was a shortage of about 275£ per annum. The promptness of the period in obtaining news, or important items of events, is shown in the fact that Postmaster-General Hamilton died just one month prior to the date of Campbell's petition. This postmaster, John Campbell, was the founder of the *Boston Newsletter* in 1704, the earliest newspaper printed in America.

Arrangements had been made to transport the mails for a period of twenty-one years, from February 17, 1691, to February 17, 1712. That thus far the venture was a

losing one, had been fully demonstrated, and strenuous appeal for help came from the postmaster. To encourage patronage, a less rate of postage was made on domestic letters: Portsmouth to Boston four pence from six pence; Merrimac River to Boston three pence from four pence; Salem to Boston two pence from three; Connecticut to Boston six pence from nine pence.

A fine of 5£ sterling was laid upon the ferryman who should detain a post-rider, and the owners of horses pressed into service were to receive six pence per mile for their use. The government of Massachusetts Bay decided in 1703, to pay 10£ towards the arrearage, and 20£ for the ensuing year; later the sum was fixed at 20£ and 30£ respectively per annum. The pioneers in this mail service undoubtedly labored under many disadvantages and discouragements, including bad roads, lack of patronage, and in certain seasons, deep snows and high water. Occasions were not infrequent when snow-shoes were substituted for horses by those who carried the mail.

In 1704, the eastern post left Boston for Piscataqua every Monday night at seven o'clock. Letters must be in the office by six o'clock. The mail from Piscataqua reached Boston every Saturday. The western post left Boston during December, January and February, fortnightly on Tuesday at noon, and came in fortnightly every Saturday at noon. Thomas Battis was killed July 29, 1704, while riding the western post at a point east of Hadley on his return trip. This same year Lewis Bane was post-rider from York, Maine, to Berwick, and asked the General Court to pay him for service and a saddle. In 1719, William Brooker is recorded as the postmaster in Boston, and in 1727, Henry Marshall was occupying that position and had then been filling the office for the space of two years.

At the death of Thomas Neale, which occurred prior to the year 1700, it was found that his estate was indebted

to Andrew Hamilton for the sum of 1100£, the amount the latter had expended in excess of the receipts, in maintaining the post department in the American Colonies. Neale's estate being insolvent, Hamilton took an assignment of the charter rights to conduct the post business which he had instituted in America. As we have stated, Hamilton died in 1703, and his widow continued to conduct the business. In the year 1706, the English government paid the widow Hamilton 1664£ and assumed the ownership of the department, appointing John Hamilton (a son of Andrew), deputy-postmaster for the American Colonies. He resigned the office in 1722.

The next person as yet found associated with the office is Alexander Spotswood, who served from 1730 to 1739, and possibly until his death in 1740. He was an able man, and a popular governor of Virginia.

In 1753, one of America's most notable men, whose service for his country and for the world will never be forgotten so long as the pages of history remain, Benjamin Franklin, received the appointment of deputy-postmaster for the America Colonies. It was a most fitting appointment, although it came in connection with the name of another gentleman, William Hunter. The experience enjoyed by Mr. Franklin as Postmaster of Pennsylvania for a dozen or more years prior to this appointment, in addition to his natural ability, made him master of the situation, and he entered upon the duties of the office with both proficiency and earnestness. During his first year he made a tour of the country for the purpose of inspecting and establishing mail routes, and it is said visited every post-office within the American Colonies but the one at Charleston, S. C. Five months were expended in making this trip, and setting the mile-posts on the "Old Road" or "King's Highway." He rode in a chaise with a registering wheel attached, noting the distance traveled, and the men accompanying him set the posts.

Mr. Franklin says, having been some time employed by the postmaster-general as his controller in regulating several offices and bringing the officers to account, I was, upon his death in 1753, appointed jointly with Mr. William Hunter to succeed him by a commission from the postmaster-general in England. The American office had never paid any revenue to Britain. We were to have six hundred pounds between us if we could get it out of the profits of the department.

To put the department on a good foundation certain large expenditures were necessary, and the first four years found us in debt nine hundred pounds. But it soon began to pay and yielded to England three times as much as the department in Ireland. While on his visit to New England in 1753, in the interest of the post-office department, Harvard College conferred upon Franklin the degree of A.M.

Owing to Mr. Franklin's expressed sympathy with the action of those not in harmony with the English government he was dismissed from the office as deputy-postmaster-general for the Colonies January 31, 1774.

The Colonies however immediately established their own postal system, and July 26, 1775, he was elevated by the Continental Congress into the position of postmaster-general for the American Colonies, and with this appointment the department at Washington began its existence. In 1754, James Franklin (a brother of Benjamin), was postmaster at Boston, with the office in his house on Cornhill. Tuthill Hubbard was the Boston postmaster, 1771 to 1778. Post-riders and postmasters were by an act of the General Court July 5, 1777, made exempt from military duties.

There seems no evidence of sufficient weight to disprove the statement that the system of transporting travelers by means of public stage lines running regularly on schedule time was inaugurated in America by Captain Levi Pease and his friend Reuben Sikes in 1783. Prior to this date

traveling overland was performed chiefly by private or special conveyance, the saddle-horse being the most common means of overcoming long distances. At the opening of the first line the advertised stage-run, Boston to Hartford, was from six o'clock Monday morning to the Thursday noon following (three and one-half days). From Hartford to New Haven the run was made in one day. From New Haven to New York the passage was generally made by Packet Boat. In 1786 this line of stages connected Portsmouth, N. H., with Savannah, Ga., via Boston, Worcester, Hartford, New Haven, New York and Philadelphia. There was a line of stages running between Boston and Providence as early as 1787.

Rates of postage in 1798 were:—

Single letters 30 miles six cents; 60 miles eight cents; 100 miles ten cents; 150 miles twelve and one-half cents; 200 miles fifteen cents; 250 miles seventeen cents; 350 miles twenty cents; 450 miles twenty-two cents; over 450 miles twenty-five cents. Double letters double rates; triple letters triple rates; packet weighing one ounce, at rate of four shillings letters, or twenty-four cents each ounce; every enclosure same as a letter.

In 1800: not over 40 miles eight cents; not over 90 miles ten cents; not over 150 miles twelve and one-half cents; not over 300 miles seventeen cents; not over 500 miles twenty cents; over 500 miles twenty-five cents. Two pieces paper, double rates; three pieces paper, triple rates; four pieces paper weighing one ounce, four rates; every ship letter received at an office with six cents.

In 1821, also 1830: 30 miles six cents; 80 miles ten cents; 150 miles twelve and one-half cents; 250 miles eighteen and one-half cents; 400 miles and over twenty-five cents.

The first post-office was established in Worcester November 15, 1775, with Mr. Isaiah Thomas as postmaster. One mail came from the west each Tuesday evening; one



STAGE COACH OF 1818.



from the east each Friday morning. In April, 1789, a list of uncalled-for letters was published by Mr. Thomas and were addressed to persons in Monson, Leicester, Barre, Brookfield, Westboro, Northboro, Palmer, Petersham, Rutland, Shrewsbury, Spencer, Leominster, Springfield, Westfield, Southboro, Paxton, Sutton and Wrentham (eighteen towns). In 1775, there were but twenty-eight post-offices in the country. One-half that number were in Massachusetts, although mainly located among the coast towns, and along the line of post-roads. In 1830, there were sixty-seven post-offices in Worcester County, Brookfield having three, New Braintree one, with Amasa Bigelow, postmaster.

In 1811, there was a line of stages running from Boston to Albany, leaving Boston on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 3 P. M. There was also a line from Boston to Hartford over the Middle road, leaving Boston at 3 P. M. daily except Sunday. The New York mail-stage went via Worcester, Brookfield and Hartford, leaving Boston at noon, reaching Worcester at half past eight, Hartford the next day at 11:30 and New York at noon the following day, consuming three days for the trip.

There are people yet living who can recall the days when the stage-coach was the popular vehicle for the transportation of the traveler, and the United States mail. Not only New England, but the whole inhabited portion of the United States was at one time covered by a network of routes, over which the mail coach made daily trips.

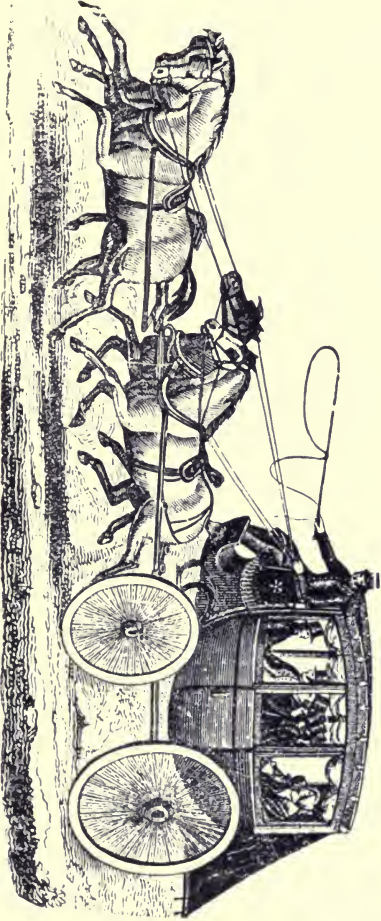
There was a certain fascination in witnessing daily, one, three or six of those beautiful outfits gliding over the road, the driver on the box guiding with taut lines, swinging his silver-mounted whip, to the crack of which each of the four or six horses would fly at the top of their speed, causing the rolling, rocking coach to creak with its heavy load of passengers as it threw up a cloud of dust in the rear of its track. The sight was far more enjoyable

and cheering than viewing a passing train of cars drawn by a locomotive, thundering along like a whirlwind, with its unknown possibility of danger. But the stage-coach as a traveling medium was not without its discouragements and embarrassments. There were occasionally bad roads, and reckless drivers, producing vexatious delays and more or less serious accidents. An old stage-driver, commenting upon the situation after the railroads began carrying passengers, said, "If you gets comfortably capsized into a ditch by the roadside, there you are, but if you gets blown up by an engine, run into a cutting, or off an embankment, where are you?" The skill displayed by some drivers in training and handling their horses was truly marvellous, and in those far-away days furnished a subject for special comment. What a source of admiration those high-spirited Morgan horses were, with their beautiful forms, sleek coats and high gamy heads,—no pet animal was ever better groomed than were those stage-horses.

What a flutter of excitement was to be noticed in every little town and hamlet at the sound of the stage-horn as the four or six-in-hand coach, laden with dust-covered travelers, rolled up to the post-office to leave the country mail. There, old and young swarmed about the little store to take a peep at the strangers, meet old acquaintances, secure a missive from an absent relative or friend and carry home the latest news from the outside world. Those were the days that brought life and activity into every hamlet. The stage-coach through its daily visits kept alive a feeling of interest among the people of the hill-towns with what was going on in the cities and larger villages. The subject of abandoned farms was not then occupying the minds of our people.

The vehicles used by Captain Pease and his partner, Reuben Sikes, in making their initial trips were reported as comfortable carriages; but we presume were little or no better than our common wagons. As the work of

STAGE COACH OF 1828.





carrying passengers developed, special wagons were constructed to meet demands. Some had long bodies to accommodate a large number of passengers, also a rack extending from the rear axle to carry the baggage. Then came the lighter carriages to carry less number of passengers and make quicker time.

After experimenting with various styles of vehicles, the coach and the Concord-wagon, with bodies hung on thorough-braces, made their appearance in the very early portion of the nineteenth century and were considered in their day the very height of convenience and luxury for the traveler. It is related that when in the year 1580, coaches were first introduced into England from France, for private use, grave alarm was expressed at the pernicious influence this mode of conveyance would have on the masculine character of her people. It was deemed a disgrace for a true Briton to make use of any invention solely suited to ladies or to Frenchmen. The man who shrank from the endurance of fatigue or exposure to the weather would surely prove a coward on the field of battle. The saddle was the appropriate seat, and not the soft cushion of a carriage. But the temptation of the proffered luxurious equipage could not be resisted, the coach was bound to come, and to check its on-coming the authorities passed an act making the use of coaches by a man, a punishable offence. Legislative prohibition even did not prevent the enjoyment derived by the wealthy Britons in their rivalry for costly turnouts, and a few years later, after the Dukes of Buckingham and Northumberland had severally driven in a coach-and-six and a coach-and-eight through the streets of London, the act was, in 1625, repealed.

It is claimed that Captain Simeon Draper of Brookfield on returning from a visit to England about 1815, brought the first coach that ran on the great post-road from Boston to Albany, having a baggage rack attached to the body of the coach instead of the rear axle, and that this coach

was used by some of the coach builders in this country as a pattern. The construction and ornamentation of some of these coaches was carried to a high degree of art. The materials used were carefully selected by experts, and the most skilled mechanics employed to work, and put the materials together, while artists of no middle class displayed their skill at decorations, many of their illuminated panels proving a source of great attraction.

Israel Hatch and Thomas Beals were proprietors of the mail-stages running between Boston, and Providence, R. I., in 1793, the fare was \$3 with fourteen pounds allowed for baggage. The charge was also \$3 for carrying one hundred pounds of merchandise. In November, 1826, competition on this route reduced the price for a single fare to \$1. July 31, 1793, Samuel Blodget was operating a stage line between Boston and Haverhill, which he had established some years prior to that date.

May 15, 1804, a new line of stages commenced their trips from Boston over the Middle road, through Dedham, Medway, Milford, Mendon, Uxbridge to Hartford. The proprietors were Asa Foot, Abel Wheelock, Isaac Trask and Gragg and Estte.

July 1, 1814, a new line, called the "Enterprise," was opened from Boston to New York. It passed over the Middle road, and advertised to make the trip in two days. The stages left the Exchange Coffee House in Boston at 3 o'clock in the morning, dined at Thompson, Conn., thence through Ashford and Tolland, arriving at Hartford in the evening for lodgings, renewing the journey in the morning at 3 o'clock, passing through Meriden, taking breakfast at New Haven, continuing through Bridgeport and Stamford, dining at Horse Neck, reaching the City Hotel in New York on the evening of the second day from Boston. Post-chaises were furnished gentlemen traveling without their families, who wished to go faster or slower than the mail-coach.

June 18, 1824, Holman Graves and Company were proprietors of a line from Boston to Albany, passing through Lancaster and Athol. About May 25, the same year, the mail-coach with ten passengers, on its way to Boston, overturned and was broken in pieces in getting out of Worcester. No person was seriously injured by the accident. In those days each passenger was by rule allowed fourteen pounds for baggage, and obliged to pay three cents a pound for all over that weight, a regulation which caused more or less trouble to passengers unaccustomed to traveling by coach.

During the first quarter of the nineteenth century the development of stage lines was marvellous. As early as March, 1826, there was a continuous line in operation from Machias, Me., to Detroit, Mich., and even beyond that point at the west. It was stated through the press in April that year that there was no city in the United States where so much capital was invested in stage lines as Boston. Within a year or two the number of coaches in use on these lines had been doubled. What a change had been wrought since Captain Pease began his venture.

Now there was fear the work might be overdone; numerous petty opposition lines had been set in motion and it was feared the cutting of prices would result in serious injury to the business. This same year, 1826, an association was formed by the proprietors of the various stage-lines, for the purpose of adopting rules to correct certain abuses. The association was called the New England Stage Association, Hiram Plummer, Esq., of Haverhill, was President, Calvin Bullard, of Boston, Secretary. They published the following notice: "Inasmuch as the running of stages has become an important business, requiring vast sums of money and employing a large number of persons, certain rules have been adopted prohibiting the employing of a driver who had been discharged for mis-

conduct or intemperance, or for the use of profanity or abusive language."

In December, 1826, there were in Boston seventy arrivals and departures daily, and it was thought there were more than that number in Albany, N. Y. In Troy, N. Y., there were one hundred arrivals and departures each week over the various lines centering there. Four different lines of stages were plying between Troy and Boston: the 1st, via Brattleboro, Vt.; the 2d, via Williamstown and Greenfield; 3d, via Cheshire and Petersham; the 4th, via Pittsfield, Northampton and Worcester. Enough has been said, no doubt, to thoroughly convince you that Captain Pease was not left to enjoy in peace his well-earned laurels in instituting a system of stage-lines for transportation of travelers and the United States mail, clearly demonstrating that it was no visionary scheme to end in financial disaster, as he was told it would by the persons he asked to join him in his initial undertaking in 1783. It had in 1826, grown into an industry of surprising magnitude. The tendency to overdo every enterprise that gives a fair return for the investment made, and undo every person who has the foresight and courage to inaugurate and develop such an industry, was perhaps as common then as it is at the present time. Through the means of opposition lines between Boston and Providence, where the regular fare was three dollars, it was cut to two and one-half, two, one and one-half and then to a dollar. Azariah Fuller was manager of the B. & P. Commercial Line and Timothy Gay of Dedham the Citizen's Coach Line. The report of another line gives the competition still more severe, the proprietors cutting the fares until they gave their passengers a free ride, and then the opposition line advertising to pay each passenger twenty-five cents that would ride with him.

The practice of stage-drivers leaving their horses unhitched, called forth an act from the General Court to

take effect June 1, 1827, fixing a penalty of two months' imprisonment or fifty dollars fine, for leaving their team unhitched or uncared for, when passengers were within the coach. It has been related of Genery Twichell, whose career was perhaps the most remarkable among the list of drivers, that he began as a driver, became proprietor, then conductor on the railroad, then superintendent, president and finally member of Congress. He used to send his horses at a high rate of speed up in front of the hotel door, drop the lines upon the backs of the wheel-horses and climb down from his seat to attend to other duties. Benjamin Thomas Hill has given Mr. Twichell so much space in his carefully prepared paper, "Beginnings of the Boston and Worcester Rail Road," that I will refer you to Vol. XVII., page 527, W. S. A. Publications.

Shrewsbury, through the instrumentality of Captain Pease, became a popular stage town. It was the central point for the management of the Pease and Sikes stage-lines and for some years was alive with this industry. One Shrewsbury man became so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the times that in after years, having removed to the neighboring town of Leicester and residing on the line of the western post-road, when called to lay aside the cares of this life asked that he might be buried on his land at the side of the road where he could hear the stages as they went by. Many interesting stories are told of the experience of travelers while traversing the country in those coaches. The strange speculations, the queer remarks and profound sayings uttered, caused amusement among the parties and helped greatly to enliven the trip. Mr. Silas M. Freeman, who was driving on the Boston and New York mail route between Worcester and Sturbridge, was one day reprimanded by one of his passengers for some attention given in the form of chastisement to a certain balky horse in his team as he was making one of his regular trips. Not relishing any interference with

his duties, and thinking he knew best how to manage his horses, he, after persistent criticism on the part of the stranger, replied to him sharply, demanding that he stop his noise and cease interfering with that which was none of his business. After the station at Sturbridge was reached, some one said to the driver, do you know who that passenger is that you had words with; he replied he did not. That is John Quincy Adams, President of the United States.

Mr. Freeman also enjoyed the distinction of having General Lafayette as a passenger while driving the mail-coach. At times when the roads were very slippery he used to run his horses down the Charlton Hills, first giving his passengers the choice of riding or walking down; they almost invariably replied, if you can ride we can. On occasions when there was a very deep fall of snow, people along the route would turn out with shovels, and help him through the drifts. Considerable time was required now and then to cut through certain places. At one time being greatly fatigued, he was advised by his helpers to wrap himself up and take a short nap while they removed the snow-bank. Mr. Freeman consented and awoke to find both feet frozen. Mr. Freeman also drove on the line from West Sutton to Woodstock, Conn. He died in Millbury, Mass., in 1880 aged seventy-seven years.

Stories of robberies and murders were sometimes reported in connection with these stage routes. It is related that an attempt was made on March 25, 1809, by two villains to rob the mail as the stage bound east passed through Spencer on its way to Boston. The place selected for the robbery was near the sixtieth mile-post, where the road passed through a thick growth of timber and over a steep hill, causing the team to move at quite a slow pace at this point. There were no houses near at hand, and the stage made its way over this portion of the road usually in the night time; just at the moment when the robbers

were about to make their assault, the alarm was given by the driver's faithful dog, riding at his side, and the scheme was abandoned. Ephraim Mower and Simeon Draper offered a reward for the apprehension and conviction of the assailants, but the officers failed to secure them.

During that same month of March a severe snow-storm blocked the roads for teams, and Perry Chapin, the driver, carried the mail on snow-shoes one day, from Worcester to Brookfield, nineteen miles. There were many times during those early days that heavy snows stopped the stages from going through and the mails were carried between Worcester and Brookfield on handsleds. The same desire prevailed in those days as it does at present, to outdo the common or ordinary every-day methods, and a more rapid delivery of the public mail was considered. The lighter, easy-running coach had replaced the heavy lumbering wagon. Now the mail must be carried faster than the speed of the four-in-hand coach, and despatches and important letters were sent forward on a light sulky rig with a special driver. To test the courage of Samuel Sturtevant, the carrier on this Worcester division, some Brookfield men planned to attack him on the very spot in the Spencer woods where the robbery of the mail-coach was to have taken place. The first direct movement in the game was to see that the charges were stealthily drawn from Sturtevant's pistols immediately before he set out from Brookfield in the night on the arrival of the mail from the west. This was done, and the assailing party proceeded to the appointed place, where the attack on Sturtevant was made. The latter however met the aggressors with such furious and determined resistance as to completely defeat their plans to carry off the mail. Names of this party were secured, and on being called into court were each compelled to pay a fine amounting to fifty dollars, and costs of court, for as they expressed it a little harmless

fun, and to stimulate the drivers on the line to alertness and test their courage.

Comparatively speaking there was not much careless driving. Nida Smith, who drove for Burt & Billings, came into Worcester one day from Boston, drove around by the post-office and then to the hotel and barn, where he put up his horses. As Smith left no mail at the office, the postmaster, Maturin L. Fisher, went in hot haste after Simeon Burt to know where the Boston mail was. Burt in turn sought Smith, who was in the stable caring for his horses. But Smith could not tell where the mail-bag was unless it was up in Salisbury's brook. Investigation was made and the mail-bag found in the brook, where they used to drive through the stream very near the Salisbury mansion at Lincoln square.

It was nearly sixty years ago that on the eighth day of January, in the afternoon, the mail-coach, well filled with passengers, left Worcester for Barre and the stations beyond. After traveling about two miles three teams were overtaken, they giving the road (as was the custom), the coach passed them, but had not proceeded far before one of the teams (a one-horse rig with two men on the seat), came rushing up and passed the coach, immediately slacking their pace to a walk. The road being icy and narrow at this point, the stage was compelled to follow in the rear. On reaching a wider place the stage attempted to go by, but the driver of the single team blocked the way, and continued so to do until the passengers were nearly wild with rage, threatening to do up the ill-mannered driver. All solicitations and pleadings from the driver of the coach proved of no avail, and to quiet his restive passengers told them he knew the men lived in Hubbardston and would soon take the road leading in that direction and then they would be out of the way. Holden was reached and the coach stopped for exchange of mail. After the usual halt of a few minutes, the coach, renewing its



ON OLD TURNPIKE IN SOUTHBORO'.
(16½ miles to Worcester.)



ON OLD STAGE ROAD IN STURBRIDGE.



journey, soon came up behind this pestering single team. At this point one of the passengers urged the driver to stop the coach and let him get out, he would try and convince those unruly fellows it would be best to let the coach proceed, as nearly an hour's time had already been lost by their manœuverings. The passenger was advised to curb his temper. Already the road leading to Hubbardston had been passed and the single team yet in the lead. The driver of the coach was now resolved to test the strength of vehicles and when within about a mile of Rutland in a narrow place in the road there was a mix-up of coach and wagon, the result being that the wagon was doomed for extensive repairs, while the coach reached Barre one hour and a quarter behind time. These men were prosecuted in the United States Court for obstructing the mail, found guilty and both fined. Luther A. May, town treasurer 1850 to 1853, and Loring Bennett were the men who, with the hope of enjoying a little harmless fun, found themselves amenable to the law.

A story is related of an incident that occurred in the year 1821, on the stage line from Boston to Albany, N. Y., via Waltham, Stow, Bolton, Lancaster, Athol, Brattleboro and Bennington, Vt. The widow of an English colonel, whose home was in Porto Rico, a lady of wealth traveling for her health, while on her way from Albany to Boston, passing through the town of Athol, a slight accident occurred necessitating the changing of team and driver. The new driver was George ——— who by his careful attention to passengers and horses grew into favor with the widow from Porto Rico, who on reaching Lancaster, the end of his route, presented him with a silk pocket handkerchief, in one corner of which was tied a silver dollar. George hesitated to accept the gift, explaining he had performed no unusual service, therefore did not merit any reward. But she insisted, saying, always take care of the baggage and you will be prospered. The gift was

accepted with thanks. The relay being in readiness the relief driver mounted the box and with a flourish of his whip started the team at a rapid pace. The passengers in the coach soon realized they were in the hands of a reckless, whip-cracking Jehu, who was frequently snapping first at one horse then another, running them whenever his fancy dictated until a certain point in the road was reached not many miles from Lancaster, when the coach was overturned and rolled down an embankment ten or fifteen feet. An investigation soon disclosed the fact that widow B—— had sustained a serious injury, and one of the passengers mounted a horse and hurried back to Lancaster for help. Being a stranger in the town he rode to the stage barn, where he found George, who soon started a physician for the scene of the accident on one of his horses while he rode another and rendered the unfortunates all the assistance in his power. Excepting the widow from Porto Rico the passengers escaped serious injury, they only receiving a few bruises. She was taken from the overturned coach with a broken arm and carried to the nearest house, where the bone was set and the arm encased in splints. George helped to straighten out the tangled mass. Finding the vehicle not damaged beyond use, the horses were again attached to it and the whole party returned to Lancaster, from whence in due time another start was made for Boston, but with one less passenger than before, the widow deciding to remain and care for her fractured arm; George in the meantime, looking after her trunks and handboxes and safely depositing them at the hotel where they would be convenient for her use. Several weeks passed before Mrs. B—— was able to resume her journey toward Boston, and George (when at the Lancaster end of his route), would call to enquire if there were any errands she wished to have done, declining to take pay for his services. When the time came for leaving Lancaster, Widow B—— obtained con-

sent of the proprietors of the line for George to drive the team, as she felt timid about riding with the man who had once caused her such a misfortune. The trip to Boston was made in safety, and at request of the widow George called the following morning to carry a message from her to his employers. The envelope contained a note thanking them for allowing George to drive the team to Boston, complimenting the latter for his politeness and the careful way in which he had performed all the duties assigned him. The note also contained the sum of twenty dollars, one-half of which she wished might go to George. Two weeks later George received a letter, the first he had ever received addressed to himself, although nineteen years of age. It was from the lady who appreciated his abstemious habits, thoughtfulness, faithfulness and kindness.

This letter conveyed the information that she had purchased a carriage for the purpose of journeying more leisurely and as she knew of no one more faithful in caring for and managing horses than he, she would give him thirty dollars a month and present him with a traveling suit if he would be her coachman. This was a rare chance for those days, and George immediately accepted the position, and had been in the employ of the Porto Rican lady several months, visiting various portions of the United States, when in the autumn of 1822, George drove into a village in southern Connecticut. At this time it was with difficulty that George could convey his mistress to a room in the hotel. A physician was called, who stated that Mrs. B—— was dangerously ill. She sent for an attorney to assist her in executing important papers, at the conclusion of which, she called George into her room and in addressing him said: "I am aware that you were left an orphan when quite young and are without relatives and almost without friends. Your character for faithfulness and your goodness of disposition have caused me to become interested in you. My husband died seventeen years

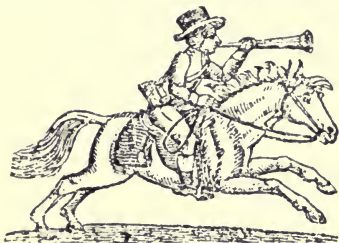
ago, leaving me a valuable property in the West Indies and as I have no children or relatives and have not been able to find an heir in my late husband's family, I now by these papers, leave all I have both here and in the West Indies to you, believing that you will be temperate and honest and it will conduce to your happiness and respectability: Within a few hours the spirit of this true friend and benefactor had passed from earth, and all that remained was tenderly laid away in the church-yard. In due time George visited Porto Rico and took possession of his property, which he found more ample than he had expected. Two years later he returned on a visit to Massachusetts and married a farmer's daughter, for whom he had formed an attachment when driving stage, and became one of the most prosperous and wealthy men in Porto Rico.

POST-RIDERS AND STAGE-DRIVERS.

It is related by Samuel A. Drake, in his interesting book, "Old Landmarks of Boston," that the son of Seth Adams was the first post-rider from Boston to Hartford. The early post-riders went on horseback, and were employed by the government to carry messages, and subsequently by the early postmasters to carry letters as well as government messages. Still later the same term was applied to individuals who established private routes of their own, for carrying letters and periodicals, buying their papers of the publisher and supplying their customers with them, charging of course for their delivery. Oftentimes they went with teams to carry their heavy or bulky loads.

Whether Mr. Drake referred to James Adams as the son of Seth, we do not know, but James Adams who died in Charlemont was employed to carry despatches, as was also a Mr. Hyde.

Among the names of the early post-riders may be found that of Peter Rice, who was paid thirty shillings for going



Newspaper Notice!

THE Post-Rider through the towns of Leicester, Spencer, North Brookfield, Hardwick, &c., informs those who take the Worcester Newspapers of him that he will be at the following places for the purpose of settling with them, viz: At Goodell's tavern in Spencer, on Thursday, Feb. 23, in the afternoon; at the Store in New Worcester, on Friday, Feb. 24, in the forenoon; at the Post Office in Leicester, on Friday, Feb. 24, in the afternoon; at Rice's tavern in Spencer, on Friday, Feb. 24, in the evening; at W. Hill's store in Spencer, on Saturday, Feb. 25, in the forenoon; at Cary & Rice's store in North Brookfield, on Saturday, Feb. 25, in the afternoon; at Ruggles's tavern, in Hardwick, on Monday, Feb. 27, in the forenoon; at Burgess's tavern in Hardwick, on Monday, Feb. 27, in the afternoon.

It is now about three years since the subscriber commenced carrying Newspapers on this Route, and there are a good many persons (much to their shame) who have never paid him a *single cent*, although they have had the newspaper carried to them regularly and faithfully *every week*, rain or shine. He is now determined to have a settlement with ALL who are in arrears; and he hopes delinquents will look out that their grists don't get into the law-mill, as they inevitably will unless settled immediately.

DENNY S. NOYES.

New Braintree, Feb. 15.



express from Marlboro to Brookfield for the government in November, 1723. Colonel Samuel Patridge paid for sending despatches from Boston to Hampshire Co., 1723. Joseph Bennet from Boston to Portsmouth, in 1725. Noah Phelps of Westfield, post-rider in 1726-27; Lewis Bane and Lieut. Timothy Child were post-riders for the government; Edward Houghton of Winchester, 1787, succeeded David Hammond in 1787, who carried out the "Worcester Magazine"; Denny S. Noyes; Joshua Thomas; Silas Fiske; Joseph Haskell; Ebenezer M. Ballard; John W. Slocomb; Leonard Patch, 1815, Worcester to Ashburnham; John Edgell, Worcester to Gardner; Hastings Glazier, Worcester to Sterling.

From the long roll of reinsmen who years gone by held such posts of honor and responsibility, only a few names have been secured. There must have been many faithful knights of the whip, whose names we would gladly place on our roll, but time has obliterated all trace of them.

Perry Chapin, who has been mentioned, drove from Worcester to Brookfield, 1809 to 1815, and later. Perry Chapin was called of Worcester, November 1, 1807, when he married Mary, daughter of Capt. Levi Pease, in Shrewsbury. He died in Worcester April 1, 1832, aged sixty-three years. Their son, Charles Perry Chapin, married Catherine, daughter of Henry Temple, for his first wife. He was a sign and ornamental painter, with shop on Main street, residence on Oak street, in 1845 to 1849, and at No. 8 Maple street in 1850 and 1851. The late Caleb Wall purchased the house of his heirs and owned it at the time of his death.

Samuel Sturtevant carried mail in a sulky between Worcester and Brookfield.

Ansell Tucker, 1826 to 1842, drove between Boston and Haverhill. Then for more than thirty-two years was a conductor on the Boston and Maine Railroad. All through his career he was especially free from accidents.

Charles Daniel Gale began driving stage in 1827, at the age of eighteen. During his service of thirty-two years he never had a passenger seriously injured, although his coach was overturned several times. He was born in Jamaica, Vt., March 15, 1809. His father, Daniel E. Gale, died in 1817, and the widow, whose maiden name was Clarissa Ball, removed with her children to Warwick, Franklin County, Mass., of which place both she and her late husband were natives. Mr. Gale's first route was from Brattleboro, Vt., to Athol, Mass. (one section of a through line to Boston). In 1828, he came to Worcester and drove between that place and Northampton, through Paxton, New Braintree, Hardwick, Greenwich, Pelham, Amherst and Hadley. It was called the "Cheese Line." Later he was employed on the line between Boston and Keene, N. H., and between Nashua and Lowell. In 1840, he again came to Worcester and drove between that town and Fitchburg, and later succeeded John Stiles as conductor on the Fitchburg Railroad, serving three years. He then settled on a farm in Fitchburg. But about 1877, removed to Spencer, where he now resides, enjoying good health, having just passed his ninety-fifth birthday and still quite active about the farm.

All through his long and active life Mr. Gale has held to a strict observance of that cardinal virtue, temperance. He had no use for tobacco or alcoholic drinks, and wherever he made his home, has enjoyed the respect and confidence of his fellow townsmen. While in Worcester he was admitted within the home circle of the townspeople and took part in many of the prominent social events of that period, for he was complimented owing to his correct habits, good looks, gentlemanly manners, neat and tidy appearance. He also enjoys the distinction of having met during those early days some notable people. Not only Daniel Webster, but many prominent personages were passengers in his coach. He witnessed the reception given Louis Kossuth



THE DRIVER IS CHARLES DANIEL GALE, 1842.







THE UNRIVALLED EXPRESS RIDER
GINERY TWICHELL

and saw him in the procession, with Governor Levi Lincoln, mounted on a beautiful white horse. He saw Jenny Lind and listened to her sweet, charming voice, has shaken hands with Abraham Lincoln, General Grant and Theodore Roosevelt. He voted for William Henry Harrison in 1836, and again in 1840, also later voted for his grandson Benjamin Harrison. In 1840, he was driver of a huge wagon loaded with a log cabin drawn by six gray horses from Winchester to Concord, New Hampshire, accompanied with thirty Winchester townsmen and a generous supply of hard cider. He married Miss Harriet M. Moore of Brattleboro, Vermont, in 1850. Two sons reside on the farm with him at South Spencer, Mass.

Genery Twichell, 1834. He had a livery stable on Market street, 1842-43. His brother Sylvanus Twichell.

Elliott Swan, who succeeded Genery Twichell as driver on the line from Worcester to Brattleboro, Vt., between the years 1840 and 1850, many Worcester people will remember, for he was a resident of this place many years. It was his custom to leave Brattleboro at six o'clock in the morning with his coach and four horses. At Northfield he was given a change of horses. On reaching Irving six horses were furnished for the run to Petersham. From the latter place to Barre four were used, but from Barre to Paxton six horses were again required. Worcester was usually reached by five o'clock in the afternoon, a distance of seventy miles made in eleven hours. During certain seasons of the year when the roads were heavy, lost time was made up by running the horses from Paxton to Worcester. Mr. Swan was a man of large frame and apparently possessed of great physical strength. His intrepidity in carrying the mail on his back across the Connecticut river when full of floating ice compares favorably with that of Twichell carrying the sack of letters from Barre to Worcester in a blinding snow-storm which blocked the roads for teams between the two places.

He was proprietor of the old Swan Tavern, which was a landmark in Washington square. He removed from there to his farm near Coal Mine brook. This he subsequently sold, and died in Spencer about seven years ago.

Michar R. Ball, saddler by trade, father of the late Rev. Geo. S. Ball of Upton, was proprietor of stage line, Worcester to Leominster, and also to Keene, N. H., and Groton to Amherst, 1820-1824.

Marcus Barrett drove between Worcester and Boston also Worcester and Barre.

Abner Orcutt (of Athol). ——— Crandall, Keene, N. H.

Anson Johnson, William Geer, Worcester to Boston and Jason Temple, Worcester to Boston, 1844. ——— Alden, whose brother Harvey kept tavern north of Worcester.

Freeman Bigelow drove from East Douglas to Providence.

James Parker, Worcester to Providence, agent, and subsequently conductor on B. & A. R. R.

Anson White and Samuel Lawton, Worcester to Providence.

Nida Smith, Worcester to Boston (lost mail in Mill Brook). Freeman Smith, Charles Smith, Joel Maynard, drove Boston to Fitchburg.

Nathan C. Bemis. His brother Elias Bemis.

John C. Stiles, Worcester to Lancaster and Clinton. First conductor on Fitchburg Railroad. Mrs. Abbot Lawrence wanted to occupy a whole seat, causing a lady to stand, Stiles came through the car and asked her to move along and let the lady have half the seat, Mrs. Lawrence said, "Do you know who I am?" Stiles says, "No." She replied, "I am Mrs. Abbot Lawrence." His reply was, "I don't care if you are God Almighty you will move along and let this lady sit down."

Baria Curtis drove from Worcester to Groton.

——— Nichols, Worcester to Hubbardston.

Austin Rockwood, Fitchburg.

The names of other drivers who drew the lines over

New England stage teams, some of whom became proprietors of stage-lines, were: Abraham Poole, Salmon F. Perry, Dexter Dean, Jack Downing, Jacob Cushman, Gideon Southworth, Joseph Hunt, Joseph Long, Charles R. Sisson, William Peck, Frank Poole, William Sima, Andrew Sisson, George Richards, Alfred Richards, Josiah Thurston, Richard Sisson, Charles H. Fuller, Thomas Dunmore, Mathew T. Fuller, M. O. Bradford, John A. Wilcox, Luther F. Shaw, Stephen D. Perry, Frank Blake, Josiah Bliss, Samuel Burnham, James Tudor Talcott, George G. Kilburn, Isaac H. Redding, Stephen R. White, Isaac Hall, Leonard Day, Baxter Barnes, Charles Nudd, William Aspinwall.

Alvan Allen, grandfather of Chas. Allen, of Worcester, the noted civil engineer. He ran a line of stages from Worcester to Sturbridge and Southbridge, and became associated with Genery Twichell, Simeon Burt, Frederick Billings and others in equipping and operating various lines of stages running in and out of Worcester, Mass. In 1836, he removed from Sturbridge to Worcester that he might better attend the demands of the company's rapidly growing business. The Old United States Hotel and the Central House were the headquarters for the company. While the Norwich and Worcester Railroad was in process of construction to the Sound, Mr. Allen held the contract for conveying passengers to and from Allyn's Point, connecting with trains on the road. In looking after the interests held in the several stage-lines he made numerous journeys to the national capital for the purpose of securing contracts for carrying the United States mail. In 1845, Mr. Allen was engaged in the grocery business, with a store on Main street in Paine's new block. Two years later he became associated in the same trade with W. M. Brewer, under the style of Allen and Brewer. In 1848, he opened a store in Paine's Block, number two hundred thirty-six Main street, for the sale of pianofortes, securing about this time the sole agency for the sale in Worcester of the Chickering

piano. This agency he retained until his death. His residence was at sixteen Trumbull street, where he erected the first two brick buildings constructed on that street. In 1849, 1850 and 1858, he represented ward four in the City Council. In 1853, he was assistant assessor and also city marshal, and chosen to serve on the school committee in 1859, the year of his death, which occurred in December by accident, he being run over by the steamboat train on the Norwich and Worcester Railroad, while passing between Front and Mechanic streets. He was sixty-three years old at the time of his death.

J. Hilton drove to Templeton via Princeton, 1844.

Henry Penniman, Penniman & Eddy, Worcester to Millbury, 1844.

William Hatch, Worcester and Leicester.

Lucian B. Stone, of Worcester, afterwards street commissioner and member of the board of aldermen, succeeded Hatch, Worcester to Leicester.

Samuel Woodbury, Worcester to Shrewsbury.

Cyrus Stockwell drove in and out of Worcester.

——— McKenzie, on Hartford turnpike, Pascoag to Providence. Went to California in 1856, and drove stage there.

Alexander W. Ballard, late of Spencer, drove stage many years.

——— Rogers drove stage from Worcester.

William P. Aldrich, Worcester to Uxbridge, 1844.

Roswell Smith.

William C. Clark, proprietor of line, Worcester to Keene and Nashua, N. H., also Lowell, Mass., 1844. He was a citizen of Worcester many years, owned property, corner Main and Mechanic streets; kept United States Hotel.

Charles W. Estabrook. C. W. Fling. S. Carlton.

Henry S. Mansfield of Slatersville, cashier of bank there, was manager of a line between Worcester and Providence;

Leonard S. Wheelock drove on this line and lived in Grafton.

John Quincy Adams, also drove from Grafton.

George Hawes, stage-driver, boarded at Central Hotel, 1850, 1851.

James Perry drove Uxbridge to Milford coach-and-four in forties and fifties.

Simeon Butler, Worcester to Barre. He lived on Park street, Worcester.

John B. White, Grafton and Worcester.

Reuben Glazier. L. Lakin. Geo. D. Hurlbert.

Samuel Ripley. S. Wood. H. L. Lawrence.

Mulvin Allen.

Elias Lovell, Worcester to Millbury; kept hotel at Bramanville; succeeded by his son Wm. Frank.

Henry Salford drove on line from Boston to Providence. He began driving about 1825. Seven years later had taken a wife and was thrifty and very happy. But through the opening of the steam railroad he lost his position and became thoroughly discouraged. His wife died. The loss of his favorite employment so prayed upon his mind that in a fit of despondency took his own life in 1836.

Simeon Burt, who was for many years prominently identified with the stage business in and about Worcester as proprietor and agent, went from Monson, about 1810, with Cyrus Merrick to Sturbridge, where they purchased the tavern which they operated in connection with their interests in the Worcester and Hartford line of stages. Prior to 1820, they sold the tavern there to D. K. Porter. Burt came to Worcester, where his first wife, Martha, died March 22, 1820, and he married October 25, 1821, Anna Robinson. For some years his residence was at 100 Main street, and his place of business at 13 School street, where he appears to have been manager of the Worcester Stage Company. About 1845, he went to board at the United States Hotel, corner of Main and

Mechanic streets, and three years later his name disappeared from the Worcester Directory.

In 1830, stages were running from Augusta, Me., to Savannah, Ga., 1257 miles. (Boston to Savannah, Ga., 1094 miles.)

In 1789, 1790 there were 75 post-offices and 1,875 miles of post-roads; 1791, 89 post-offices and 1,905 miles post-roads; 1792, 195 post-offices and 5,642 miles post-roads; 1793, 209 post-offices and 5,642 miles post-roads; 1794, 450 post-offices and 11,984 miles post-roads; 1797, 554 post-offices and 16,180 miles post-roads; 1800, 903 post-offices and 20,817 miles post-roads; 1815, 3,000 post-offices and 43,748 miles post-roads; 1820, 4,500 post-offices and 72,492 miles post-roads; 1825, 5677 post-offices and 94,052 miles post-roads; 1830, 8,450 post-offices and 115,176 miles post-roads.

1808	there was a deficit of	\$2,264
1820	“ “ “ “	48,999
1821	“ “ “ “	125,196
1822	“ “ “ “	50,082
1823	“ “ “ “	26,880
1828	“ “ “ “	26,285
1829	“ “ “ “	105,317
1830	“ “ “ “	39,809

All other years, 1789 to 1830, inclusive, a profit from \$1,875 to \$105,336 in the year 1827.

Just prior to the opening of the railway lines for the accommodation of the traveler, the advantages for journeying by the stage-coach had assumed not only gigantic proportions but had developed into a system of great utility. Travel during the early thirties between Boston and New York was considerable, and one of the popular routes was by the way of Providence over the Citizens' Line. Timothy Gay was president of this line, having his headquarters at his tavern-stand in Dedham.

Thomas P. Brown was the agent in Boston with general office at the Marlboro Hotel. The company's stable and yard was in the rear of the old Mansion House on Milk street, with a front on Hawley street. 300 horses and a large number of coaches were used in operating this line. The Boston Stage ran to Providence connecting with the New York boat at India Point. One hundred passengers were often booked in one day for this ride. Their names being taken in the various offices located in different parts of the city the day before starting on the trip, and then reported at the central office, from which, at four o'clock in the morning, a special messenger was sent in a gig to wake up and notify the passengers to be in readiness for the stage which followed in due time to pick up its load, and by five o'clock the coaches were on the way to Dedham where breakfast was partaken at Gay's Tavern. There were frequently from ten to twelve coaches in a line bound for the steamer's wharf where they were due to arrive at half-past eleven, in the forenoon, a half-hour before the boat was to start. The stage route passed through Dedham, Walpole, Wrentham, Attleboro and Pawtucket. President Jackson's message was delivered in Boston, from Providence, during those stage-going days, by express riders, in two hours and forty-five minutes. The message was lashed around a whip handle, which, on arrival of the boat, was thrown to a rider who immediately started on his errand of delivery, passing it from one rider to another, who received it while riding at full speed.

The Citizens' Line was not to have its own way for any great length of time without effort. David Homer, a member of the board of directors for this line, became dissatisfied for some reason, and withdrew from the board and going to Washington secured, through Stockton and Stokes, a contract to carry the mail from Boston to Providence over a new line. Brown, however, was equal to the occasion. He conceived and brought out what was termed the

United States Mail Pilot which carried but seven passengers, six inside and one with the driver. The Pilot with its light load would leave Boston after breakfast and then reach India Point in season for passengers to take the New York boat, returning reach Boston more than an hour ahead of the heavy old style coaches, and in less than six months time he had driven off the new opposition line. But in 1834, when the Boston & Providence railroad was open to travel the stages were forced to retire from this once popular field.

President Ely, for the committee on the annual field-day, reported that they would recommend a visit to Putnam's Wolf-Den.

Hon. Alfred S. Roe spoke in favor of going in that direction and fully endorsed the recommendation of the committee. On motion of Mr. M. A. Maynard, the report of the committee was accepted and its recommendations adopted.

It was also voted on Mr. Maynard's motion and amended by Mr. Roe that the day of going be fixed by the committee. Mr. Charles Darling briefly outlined the proposed route as follows: leave Union Station, Worcester, at 8.40 A. M. for Putnam, where a change of cars would be made for Pomfret. Here carriages would be found to take the party to Putnam's Wolf-Den and thence to Brooklyn, where dinner would be provided, after which the carriages would again be taken and the trip be continued to Danielson, where cars would be found to return the party to Worcester about 5.42 P. M. Tickets for the round trip \$2.50. On motion of Mr. M. A. Maynard an invitation was extended to members of the Shrewsbury Historical Society to join us on the trip.

The Committee on Nomination presented the names of Thomas B. F. Boland and Frederick Forehand, and they were elected to active membership in the Society.

PROCEEDINGS.

THREE HUNDRED AND NINETY-FIFTH MEETING,
TUESDAY EVENING, JULY 5, 1904.

PRESIDENT ELY in the chair. Others present: Messrs. Arnold, Crane, Davidson, Eaton, Gould, Harrington, M. A. Maynard, Roe, Stone, Salisbury, Wheeler, Williamson, Miss Anthony, Mrs. Darling, Mrs. Hildreth, Mrs. Hovey, Mrs. M. A. Maynard, Miss M. A. Waite, and others.

The Librarian reported additions for the month of June as follows: twenty-seven bound volumes, eighteen pamphlets, and nine articles for the museum. Special mention was made of the gift of the Edinburgh Encyclopedia, consisting of twenty volumes, from Miss Lizzie M. Bassett; also the gift from Mr. C. B. R. Hazeltine of a copy of Washington's Farewell Address, printed in Boston, 1812.

Mr. M. A. Maynard stated that owing to the exceedingly brief time allowed for the formal exercises at the church in Brooklyn on the day of the Society's excursion, a portion of the programme was, of necessity, omitted, greatly to the disappointment of many persons who were present, especially the committee and officers of the Society having the matter in charge, and he desired to offer the following motion, which was passed unanimously:

“That to the persons who in any way aided the committee in perfecting plans for the outing, or in any manner contributed to the entertainment, care and comfort of our party while on their field-day excursion Saturday, June 18,

we extend our most hearty thanks." And it was further voted that the Secretary be instructed to forward copies of the above action of the Society to Harry E. Back, Esq., of Danielson, Conn.; F. S. Luther, Brooklyn, Conn.; Miss Ellen D. Larned, Thompson, Conn.; Mrs. Geo. E. Shaw, regent of the Elizabeth Porter Putnam Chapter, D. A. R., Putnam, Conn.; Charlotte E. Scarborough, secretary of the Ladies' Unitarian Society, Brooklyn, Conn.; W. W. Sheldon, South Woodstock, Conn.; Miss Harriet Wadsworth Putnam, Brooklyn, Conn.

Treasurer Williamson reported that all bills incurred on account of the field-day trip had been paid, but that the receipts from the sale of tickets for the excursion lacked one dollar of meeting the demands. The general treasury, however, had supplied the deficiency. Mr. Crane then presented the following:

REPORT OF THE ANNUAL FIELD-DAY EXCURSION TO BROOKLYN AND PUTNAM'S WOLF-DEN.

The Society was not only fortunate in selecting its committee to map out the paths to be traversed on the field-day for 1904, but fortunate, indeed, in selecting one of those charming days in June with clear sky, gentle and invigorating breeze, placing each of the seventy-two pleasure seekers in condition to enjoy in full measure the opportunities of the day. And Saturday, the 18th of June, will long be remembered by those who participated as among the most interesting and enjoyable of the days inscribed upon the Society's catalogue of outings.

Pomfret and Putnam's Wolf-den were the main objective points to be reached, and on Saturday morning the representatives of the Society gathered at the Union Station, where they found the enterprising Committee of Arrangements, President Lyman A. Ely, Mander A. Maynard,

Frank E. Williamson, Charles F. Darling and George Maynard, in waiting to supply the excursionists with their tickets for the round trip (including dinner) at two dollars and one-half each. With the assistance of Walter Davidson and the Society's Librarian the task was soon accomplished, and at forty minutes past eight the train, with its jolly party of pleasure seekers comfortably seated in two special cars, started on their way for Pomfret, Conn. Before the train had gained much headway the task of securing names of the party by Mr. George Maynard, the scribe for the committee, began, resulting in a list of seventy-two persons, viz., President Lyman A. Ely, E. B. Crane, M. A. Maynard and wife, F. E. Williamson and wife, C. F. Darling and wife, Mrs. E. P. Clapp, Dr. W. H. Raymenton, Mrs. Grace C. Raymenton, Hewestone Knight Raymenton, Winthrop H. Patterson, Rev. George S. Dodge of Boylston, Miss A. E. Anthony, George E. Arnold, Miss Adeline May of Leicester, Dr. Helen Goodspeed, Miss Mary Edna Whipple, C. W. Wallis and wife, Richard O'Flynn, Mrs. A. P. Hildreth, Mrs. Charles W. Chamberlin, H. H. Dayton, George H. Foster of Shrewsbury, C. A. King and wife, Miss L. A. Barker, Mrs. J. E. Allen, Miss Helen G. Turner, Miss M. Elizabeth Otis, Mrs. S. Nixon, Mrs. F. F. Hopkins, B. N. Gates, Mrs. E. F. Russell, Mrs. H. A. Hovey, Mrs. A. P. R. Parsons, William H. Brown, David Rolston, Miss Edith M. Rolston, Benjamin S. Newton, Mary E. Grove, Mary A. Smith, Hon. Ledyard Bill, Miss Bertha E. Bill, Miss Lucy S. Bill, Edmund M. Barton, Thomas Harlow of Shrewsbury, H. A. Maynard, S. W. Hoyt and Miss E. T. Keegan, also of Shrewsbury; Mrs. R. A. Thwing, Mrs. C. F. Smith, Charles H. Parker of Holden, George M. Rice, Hon. A. S. Roe, Judge William T. Forbes and wife, C. B. Eaton and wife, Walter J. Stone and wife, Ralph J. Stone, Earle W. Stone, D. B. Williams and George Maynard.

The great pleasure of enjoying the company of Miss Ellen D. Larned of Thompson, the popular historian of Wind-

ham County, had been anticipated, and the invitation extended by the committee accepted.

Not only were we met at the station in Putnam by Miss Larned, but by Mrs. George E. Shaw, regent of the Elizabeth Porter Putnam Chapter of the D. A. R., and other members of this chapter, who accompanied our party to the Wolf-den, thereby adding another measure to our cup of pleasure. At Putnam the two cars containing our party were transferred to the train bound for the city of New York, and at thirty-five minutes past nine in the morning, we were left at the station in the old town of Pomfret, where barges and carriages (having been previously engaged by the committee) were in waiting to convey us farther on our journey. Although the car-ride had not been fatiguing, the change to seats in carriages was not unwelcome. The ride from the depot through Pomfret Street was delightful, the costly houses, well-kept yards with rare plants and shrubbery, winding drives and serpentine paths reminding the beholder of what money, good taste, skill and cultivation can do towards transforming a rough, rugged hill-top into enchanting lawns and charming flower-beds.

Pomfret is one of the towns contemporary with Worcester. It was incorporated in 1713, although first settled as early as 1686. It was first called Mashamoynet, an Indian name given a stream that formed a boundary line for this tract of land, and means "at the great fishing place." As the six heavily loaded vehicles wended their way slowly up the long, steep hill (after passing the store and post office), we came to the Haywood place on the right. The silver leaf spruces soon attracted the attention of the travelers, as the contrast of colors with the dark green foliage was very noticeable. At the right, and further on, we passed the Ben-Grosvenor, where transient visitors or summer boarders are accommodated. We also passed the Congregational Church, the Higginson place, the Jepsons' home, the

church rectory, and the Episcopal Christ Memorial Church. This was built in 1882 by Miss Eleanor Vinton and Mrs. R. M. Clark as a memorial to their father and mother (Dr. Alex. H. Vinton and his wife, Eleanor Stockbridge Vinton). Next came the library building, in front of which the procession wheeled and the countermarch began. Opposite the Episcopal Church was the Thomas S. Harrison place, the "Meadows;" Mr. Harrison is a dealer in paints and oils, with a store in Philadelphia, and has been United States consul to Egypt. Passing this famous stock-farm we came to the "Dunworth," with its double rows of great pine trees flanking the two long circular avenues leading from the street to this pretentious mansion; then came the Pomfret School for Boys, originally Peck's School, William E. Peck being head master. This popular school has recently taken on enlarged activity by organizing under an act of incorporation and purchasing the Dunworth estate, which is to be added to the school grounds. This grand old "Dunworth" manor was once known as the Amasa Mason place, but lately as the summer home of Loomis L. White of New York. Soon after the close of the Revolutionary War, Pomfret became a popular resort for New England families of means and distinction; among them was that of the Hon. John Hancock, who had just closed a term of service as Chief Executive of the Commonwealth, and James Bowdoin had been elected to succeed him, when, in 1786, Hancock spent six months at his country seat in Pomfret. He was for a second period called to the Governor's chair, at this time occupying it from 1787 to 1793. There are several family names among the early settlers of Pomfret that are familiar to the students of the history of Worcester—the Chandlers, Waldos, Haywoods and Putnams.

Among the young men from Massachusetts who were sent to Pomfret to get a part of their education were Samuel Dexter, William Prescott and Ebenezer Williams.

The Rev. Joseph Sumner of Shrewsbury, grandfather of

our esteemed co-worker, the late George Sumner, was a Pomfret boy.

Continuing our survey of Pomfret Street we pass the attractive and costly colonial residence of Mrs. Joseph W. Clark of Boston, the La Plaisance, with its beautiful grounds and infinite variety of flowers, shrubs and plants. Next came the Pomfret Inn, formerly Miss Vinton's school. Westerly as we descend the hill we see across the broad fields (once occupied by an old Quaker meeting-house) "the Comer," the Hoppin family homestead, and a little distance north on this street, parallel with Pomfret Street, stands the "Glen Elsinore," the charming residence of Mrs. Randolph Marshall Clark of Boston. On this lower road, leading towards Abington and nearly opposite to the "Glen Elsinore," lives Mr. C. O. Thompson, owner of General Putnam's orderly book kept during his campaign in Cuba. On this same street, and south of Mr. Thompson's, stands "Hamlet Lodge." This site has been occupied and passed down from one to the other for three generations. This charming Vinton family homestead is now in the possession of Miss Eleanor Vinton (an aunt, I believe, of Dr. Alexander H. Vinton, late rector of All Saints Church, Worcester).

Here amid the scenes of a delightful rustic home, under the shade of the giant oaks, stately cedars and wide spreading beeches, the senior Dr. Alexander H. Vinton, an influential, broad church man, formerly from Providence, R. I., passed his declining years.

Having retraced our steps and descended the hill to the depot from whence we took the carriage, we began our march westward across the valley, for we were now bound for the Den. Crossing Mashamoynet Brook, a tributary of the Quinebaug River, we began the ascent of another long, steep hill over a narrow, winding road lined on either side with a dense growth of small and large trees, that not only furnished a shade from the heat of the sun, but kept contin-

nally fanning occupants of the carriages with their lower branches as they were held back from our faces by the standards supporting the canopy tops.

Nestling in this little Mashamoyne valley were beautiful fields and meadows, and under the great elms, with their gracefully spreading tops, were seen horses, sheep and cattle quietly enjoying their ample shade from the noon-day sun.

The heavy foliage that seemed to envelope the greater portion of the country over which we passed, hid from our view many of the old farm houses, and it was only now and then that our pleasure in that direction was gratified.

Some of our party will recall the Averill house at the left in a slight angle of the road, with the bulkhead to the cellar coming out to the line of the street. Through that pair of doors was a passageway into the cellar wide enough to drive a yoke of oxen and cart loaded with produce there to be stored.

The senior Mr. Averill at one time owned a tract of land one mile square, which he divided equally among his children. The frame of this house was made of heavy timber, and framed after the old scribe rule, and enclosed with two-inch matched plank, and so strongly built that the people used to say it could be rolled down across the valley without starting a joint.

It was a long, hard climb to reach the top of this rugged hill, and all were heartily glad for the sake of the tired horses as we turned in at the entrance to the historic park made famous through the exploit of Israel Putnam in capturing a wolf in the winter of 1742-3. This park consists of about 90 acres of timber-land, now the property of the Elizabeth Porter Putnam Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. As it is all paid for, the Chapter naturally is and ought to be quite proud of its holdings. An open square has been cleared at the entrance from the town's way, and a well provided with an old-fashioned

sweep and bucket attached, by the means of which clear, cool water was drawn to slacken the thirst of those who were thus easily satisfied.

A short distance down the path leading to the Den were tables with seats provided, where visitors could enjoy a rest and partake of their lunch. And here came the first real surprise of the day. Around these tables laden with refreshments, including cake, lemonade and other delicacies, stood Mrs. George E. Shaw, regent of the Chapter; Miss S. Elizabeth Clark, vice-regent; Mrs. J. B. Kent, historian; Miss Ellen D. Larned, Windham County historian; Mrs. Mary B. Medbury, ex-regent; Mrs. George H. Nickols, ex-regent; Mrs. Silas M. Wheelock, Miss Ellen M. Wheelock, Miss Mary T. Wheelock, Miss Florence Holt, Mrs. William H. Mansfield, Mrs. George Elliott, Mrs. E. X. Amden of Providence, R. I.; Mrs. C. D. Amden, North Grosvenor Dale; Miss Ethel L. Amden, North Grosvenor Dale; Mrs. William Humes, Mrs. Ellen M. Bugbee, Mrs. Henry Follett, Woonsocket, R. I.; Mrs. Walter Averill of Pomfret; Rev. F. D. Sargent and Mrs. Orrin D. Pevy, daughters and friends of the chapter, and with a friendly greeting not to be mistaken urged our party to partake. While a few moments were here passed in extending and receiving social greetings and the special enjoyment of the hearty reception furnished by the Elizabeth Porter Putnam Chapter, our members had an opportunity to hold in their hands the sword carried by Major-general Israel Putnam during his service in the War of the Revolution. This sword, now in the possession of the Masonic Lodge in South Woodstock, of which order Putnam is said to have been a member, is kept securely locked within its safe and brought to Pomfret for this occasion by the Master of the lodge, Mr. W. W. Sheldon, at the solicitation of our Committee of Arrangements. It is a Damascus steel blade, a little more than three feet in length, including the handle, which is of

ivory mounted with silver trimmings, and in its day must have been a fine weapon.

Following down the rustic foot-path the Den was visited, and at least three of our party penetrated its most inner recesses and, with the help of an electric lantern, carefully inspected its entire length. Those persons were Dr. W. H. Raymenton, his son, Hewestone Knight Raymenton, and Winthrop H. Patterson. The published description of the Den by Col. David Humphrey, the original biographer of Putnam, would answer fairly well for to-day, excepting its depth or length, which at present is not more than twenty-five or thirty feet. Goat Rock and surrounding ledges having been inspected, the party again wended its way toward the carriages. But before taking seats for the ride to Brooklyn, Mrs. Shaw, the regent of the Putnam Chapter of the D. A. R., in a few well chosen words spoke in behalf of her chapter of the pleasure they had derived from our visit to their favorite spot, where they are accustomed to gather at least once each year for a day's outing, and hoped that we might wish to come again. After presenting the Society with a set of the chapter's Wolf-den souvenirs, consisting of a silver spoon, china bowl, cup and saucer, she introduced Miss Ellen D. Larned, the distinguished historian of Windham County, a valued member of this chapter, who spoke of the many stories that have been told to illustrate the personal bravery and peculiarities of Gen. Israel Putnam, and of their authenticity. She also spoke of some of the traditions with which the history of Windham County is replete. She called attention to the pleasure our visit had given the chapter she represented, and hoped that our enjoyment of the day might be equal to theirs.

President Ely, in behalf of the Worcester Society, accepted the box of gifts, and returned thanks for the cordial manner in which the Society had been received, and the hospitable way in which its members had been enter-

tained. It was now after one o'clock when the start was made for Brooklyn. Proceeding upon the traditional theory that the longest way round is the shortest way home, the horses were turned in the opposite direction from the place where we were to dine, and after describing a half circle to see the Philo Kingsbury house, where the wolf was hung up after being taken from the Den, and discovering a quality of dust hitherto unseen, we arrived at the door of the old historic meeting-house that General Putnam helped to build, and in which he was constrained to make his recantation for words uttered when on a certain occasion he was commenting upon the action of some of his associates at the Battle of Bunker Hill. He was also the first man selected to have the care of this meeting-house, and to ring the bell. The ladies of this church, now conducted under the Unitarian faith, who had arranged with our committee to furnish the party with dinner, were certainly glad to see us. The delay of two and a half hours in reaching the tables had put a keen edge upon our appetites, and the second invitation was not required to find us at the side of our plates. No wolf was encountered on this ride from the Den to the church, but a beautiful deer was seen crossing the road in front of one of the barges. President Ely immediately rapped to order and called upon the Rev. Mr. Clark, pastor of the Congregational Church in Brooklyn, to say grace. Attention was now given to supplying the inner man. Every one responded with a will; there were no stragglers in the contest.

The tables were set in the vestry-room of the church. Flags and flowers had been used by the ladies in their decorations, and the attractive appearance of the place called forth many expressions of pleasure from members of our party. But these good ladies exceeded everything in the preparation and serving of the dinner. Of quality, variety or quantity no fault could be found, and the promptness in which it was served drew forth only pleasing

comments. Gen. Israel Putnam's old dining-table, loaned by Mrs. John Bolles for the occasion, was set with old pewter dishes and used for the speakers' table.

While dinner was being served, word was brought to President Ely that the party must start for Danielson at a quarter of four, or very near that time, as there was a stop to be made at the Colonel Malbone Church. It was then after three o'clock, and dinner was not over. The want of time to properly carry out the programme made by the committee was evident, and as the paper prepared by Mr. F. S. Luther of Brooklyn, who was obliged to be absent, was to be read first, it was thought best under the circumstances to present but one quarter of it and let the other speakers occupy the remainder of the time before taking the carriages. The President then called upon the Librarian, who read an extract from Mr. Luther's paper. Hon. Ledyard Bill followed with a fine address. Hon. Alfred S. Roe then gave to the audience one of his enthusiastic, stirring speeches. This did not leave much time for another speaker, but Judge Wm. T. Forbes was introduced and rounded out the remaining moments in an interesting and appropriate manner. Soon as Judge Forbes had taken his seat, President Ely, consulting his watch, declared the meeting adjourned, as it was time to take the carriages for Danielson.

The necessarily abrupt termination of the exercises in the church caused considerable disappointment from the fact that Mr. George Maynard had written a poem for the occasion, the writing of which was held as a secret by Mr. Maynard and the writer of this report, with the understanding that the latter should present the matter to the President in season to have Mr. Maynard called up. But the brief time allowed at the church, with the required change in the programme, caused Mr. Maynard's name to escape for the moment Mr. Crane's attention. This omission, for which Mr. Crane is wholly responsible, he feels

most keenly, and although it may be a failing that sooner or later falls to the lot of every man, he is willing to make almost any personal sacrifice to restore the strength of mind and soothe the feeling of indignation caused by his momentary thoughtlessness. But the poem was not the only loss sustained for the want of time on this occasion. Many of our party would have been glad of the privilege of looking at General Putnam's orderly book, brought home from Cuba by the General, now the property of Mr. C. O. Thompson of Pomfret. A number were deprived also of a visit to the old house in which Putnam made his home in Brooklyn, and very few indeed made the intended call upon Miss Harriet Wadsworth Putnam, ninety-four years of age, great granddaughter of the General, who had arranged to receive those who might wish to favor her with their presence, and who expressed no little disappointment that she was able to greet so few of our party.

In taking leave of Brooklyn the carriages passed in procession around the monument erected near the green in memory of Major-general Putnam. It is an equestrian statue in bronze, of life-size, resting on a granite pedestal. The bronze figure was designed by Karl Girhart of Hartford, and cost \$10,000. Hon. Thomas Smith Marlor of Brooklyn gave the land and furnished the granite pedestal. Cost of the monument was about \$20,000. It is a fine work of art, and a fitting memorial to one of our most famous American heroes. Upon a polished marble tablet we found the following:

“Sacred be this monument to the memory of Israel Putnam, Esq., senior major-general in the armies of the United States of America, who was born at Salem, in the province of Massachusetts, on the 7th day of January, A.D. 1718, and died on the 29th of May, A. D. 1790.

“Passenger, if thou art a soldier, drop a tear over the dust of a hero who, ever attentive to the lives and happiness of his men, dared to lead where they dared to follow.”

Just after leaving the monument we passed the site of Wolf Tavern kept by Putnam, and the field in which he was plowing when news of battle of Lexington reached him. Our next stopping-place was the Colonel Malbone Church (or Trinity Church). It was built by Colonel Godfrey Malbone, who came from Newport, R. I., and purchased a tract of land consisting of several (3) thousand acres, a portion of which he cultivated by the help of a large retinue of slaves he brought with him. The time came when the Brooklyn people wanted to build a new meeting-house. Colonel Malbone thought the old one with certain repairs would suffice, and after agitating the subject about three years the townspeople passed a vote to take down the old and build a new meeting-house. This action so exasperated Colonel Malbone, as he had about one-eighth of the expense to bear, that he took legal counsel with the hope of preventing the town from carrying out the plan, but was told he would have to submit and pay his portion of the tax unless he had a church of his own where he could attend divine worship. The old town church was of the Congregational or non-conformist type, but Malbone immediately called together a number of friends and organized a Church of England Society, contributed one hundred pounds towards building a meeting-house after the style and plan of Trinity Church at Newport, R. I., and with the assistance of a few small contributions this meeting-house was completed and occupied in the summer of 1771, and is called by some people the Malbone Church. After visiting this quaint old building and the church-yard surrounding it, we continued our ride to Danielson, arriving in season for the 5.40 train for Worcester. Learning that our train was behind time, an effort was made to complete our programme so abruptly terminated at the church, but in that we were not successful. Some of our party paid a visit to the public library, a short distance from the railroad station, and found a very finely equipped institution.

At last, after a wait of an hour and a quarter, the expected train came, and our party were promptly in their seats bound for Worcester. As the train reached West Thompson, Miss Larned took leave of our company with many expressions of pleasure derived from the day's outing. In fact, from early morning until the end of the journey at 8.30 p.m., the time seemed to be filled with delightful scenes, entertaining and profitable experiences. The day was perfect, the hour convenient for the start, and all plans consummated with but one mishap, and that not beyond repair; all else proved a refreshing delight.

Mr. Crane also read the paper prepared by Mr. F. S. Luther, which was to have been presented in full at the meeting in Brooklyn, but owing to the want of time brief selections only were given.

GENERAL ISRAEL PUTNAM.

BY MR. F. S. LUTHER, OF BROOKLYN, CONN.

General Israel Putnam, pioneer, ranger and major-general, was born in that part of Salem now Danvers, Mass., Jan. 7th, 1718, being the twelfth child of Joseph and Elizabeth (Porter) Putnam. He was baptized on "Candlemas," Feb. 2d, receiving the name Israel after his maternal grandfather. His paternal grandfather was one of the original settlers of Salem, and emigrated to America previous to 1641, in which year he received a grant of land in the northern part of that town. The house in which Israel was born is still standing, and has always remained in the Putnam family, and now bears a bronze tablet marking it as his birthplace.

His father was one of the strongest opponents of the "witchcraft delusion," and this opposition endangered his life. On Israel's mother's side he came of sterling stock.

In Salem his earliest years were spent, where he was an active, robust youth, but few books and little schooling were within reach. With intense love for athletic sports, he was the champion in all the sports of his companions. Many anecdotes of his fearless character are traditional or historical. There is a story of his climbing out so far into a tree one day when hunting birds' nests that the bough broke. A lower branch caught him as he fell and he hung by his clothes, head down, and his hands and feet wildly beating the air. His companion saw no way to rescue him and stood looking up from the foot of the tree, but Israel shouted to one who had a gun to break the branch with a bullet. The boy from lack of confidence in his own skill hesitated, but Israel persisted in taking the risk, so the gun was fired with the happy result of freeing him. Down he came, and luckily no bones were broken.

Another anecdote is, the first time he went to Boston he was insulted for his rusticity by a boy twice his size and age; after bearing the sarcasms until his patience was worn out, he challenged, engaged and vanquished his unmannerly antagonist to the great diversion of a crowd of spectators.

He was once called in by a neighbor to help in whipping a refractory negro. The colored man's stubbornness had been caused by the hot-tempered treatment of the master. While the latter was trying to hold "Cudge" so he could be tied for the lashing, Putnam deftly slipped the noose over both and throwing the end over a beam he drew both up and left them struggling aloft while he went off. It had the good effect finally to convince the master that the good humor into which the black man was put was more effective than a dozen floggings. At one time near his own home he found a larger boy sneering and deriding a neighbor's daughter because her parents were poor. Israel promptly interfered and was about to teach the boy a summary lesson in manners when the coward fled.

His preferences were all for agricultural life, and occasional opportunities offered for his daring and skill, and we have a story of his taming a vicious bull. Putting on a pair of spurs he caught the animal in an open field, leaped astride his back; clinging, he rode furiously around the field and finally into a swamp, when the bull gave up the contest.

Numerous other anecdotes of Putnam's boyhood are extant, but we presume this audience desires more of his later life in Connecticut. Reports reached Salem of the richness and value of the Connecticut lands, and the stories of the prosperity of the pioneers in their new sections made many of the young men ambitious to seek their fortunes there. Putnam was married soon after he reached his twenty-first year to Miss Hannah Pope, a resident of Salem, and having sold a part of his patrimony for the sum of £1920, he, in company with his brother-in-law, in 1739 purchased of Gov. Jonathan Belcher of Massachusetts 514½ acres of land, at a cost of £2572, payable in bills of credit on the Colony of Massachusetts. He did not remove to the place until after Israel, Jr., was born in 1740. The land was situated in the Mortlake Society of Pomfret, which, in 1786, became a part of Brooklyn, the line between the two towns passing nearly through the centre of their purchase. A small house was built near the site of the house in which he died, and its location is marked by a few foundation stones, a well, and, until within a few years, a pear tree that he planted. Putnam was very prosperous and within two years had bought out his Brother Pope's interest, and had paid up all arrearages upon the mortgage given to Governor Belcher, receiving a release and quitclaim on June 13, 1741.

In the winter of 1742-3 occurred the incident which has been indissolubly connected with his name—the "Wolf Hunt." The story is familiar to all school boys and girls, having been published in so many reading books in this

and nearly every civilized country in the world. The carcass of the wolf was carried to a house nearly a mile distant and hung upon a beam in which an iron hook had been driven. Some remains of this building and the beam are still in existence and in possession of Philo Kingsbury, who now owns the property. Some attempts have been made to discredit the adventure, but it is as well attested as any feat would be, and letters are extant by parties to whom Putnam related the incident and showed the route taken by the pursuers, as well as the Den. As the original account is familiar to all, perhaps the following version from an English magazine of 1784 will interest and amuse our hearers. In the English version the wolf is a bear. It is as follows: "In 1754 a large she-bear came in the night from her den, which was three miles from Putnam's home, and took a sow from a pen of his. The sow by her squealing awoke Mr. Putnam, who hastily ran out in his shirt to the poor creature's relief, but before he could reach the pen the bear had left it and was trotting away with the sow in her mouth. Mr. Putnam took up a billet of wood, and followed the screaming of the sow till he came to the foot of a mountain where the den was. Dauntless, he entered the horrid cavern, and after walking and crawling on his hands and knees for 50 yards came to a roomy cell, where the bear met him with great fury. He saw nothing but the fire of her eyes, but that was sufficient for our hero; he accordingly directed his blow, which at once proved fatal to the bear, and saved his own life at a critical moment. Putnam then discovered and killed two cubs, and having, though in Egyptian darkness, dragged them and the dead sow, one by one, out of the cave, he went home and calmly reported to his neighbors what had happened. The neighbors declared on viewing the place by torchlight that his exploit exceeded those of Samson and David."

Putnam visited his old home in 1743, and immediately after his return he began to take a practical interest in

town and parish affairs, and also continued as industrially as ever the thrifty routine of his agricultural life until 1755, when there began an important period of new experiences.

The "Seven Years' War" between England and France began in America in advance of the formal declaration of war. Four expeditions were planned, in the fourth of which Putnam bore a part against Crown Point. When the appeal for volunteers was made, Israel Putnam was one of the first to respond. His farm was yielding as good, if not better, results than any other in the vicinity, and he was acknowledged to be "a skillful and indefatigable manager." He had built a new and comfortable home, which was furnished luxuriously for those days. His son Israel, Jr., was now fifteen years old; another son and four daughters had been added, the youngest barely two years of age. His home life was peculiarly happy. When he obeyed the call to arms, it meant leaving a family which, in a special way, demanded a father's care and oversight, but this and the manifold matters connected with the farm and all other things were subordinate to his country's call. On Aug. 27 the Assembly made him a lieutenant, but his commission did not reach him until after the battle of Lake George. He was a private in that encounter. One week before this battle he was among the men who heard the chaplain expound the rather untimely text, "Love your enemies." In this contest the English, after being several times forced back, were victorious. Putnam was in the hottest part of the fight. The testimony of the English officers was that the colonists "in the morning fought like good boys, about noon like men, and in the afternoon like devils." There was something about the Connecticut farmer soldier that led his Captain to select him for hazardous undertakings, and in this service he showed a special aptitude.

It was in Captain Rogers Rangers that Putnam won distinction. A Mr. Dana, a grandson of Captain Rogers, thus

describes Putnam at this time "in person, about middle size, very erect, thick-set, muscular and firm in every part; countenance open, strong and animated, the features large, well proportioned, his teeth fair and sound; his organs and senses exactly fitted for a warrior, hearing quickly, seeing an immense distance, voice heavy, strong and commanding."

On May 30, 1756, Putnam was relieved from service, and the Assembly passed the following: "This Assembly grants to Capt. Israel Putnam the number of fifty Spanish-milled dollars as gratuity for his extraordinary services and good conduct in ranging and scouting the winter past." His visit home was brief and he was soon engaged in the next campaign, and through the war he was engaged in every combat of consequence, and they were many.

The story of his capture and attempted burning at the stake, with his remarkable rescue, is too well known to need recapitulation. It is not so well known that upon that very day his son Daniel died, aged seventeen years. In later years another son was born, who received the name of Daniel, a circumstance that has caused some confusion in history.

In 1762 the English became involved in a war with Spain and France. In the early part of that year, after the English had captured the West India Islands which belonged to France, an attack was made upon Cuba by a fleet of nearly 200 vessels, and an army which numbered 11,000. Connecticut furnished 2300 "able-bodied and effective men," and Putnam commanded the Connecticut troops with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. On the approach to the Cuban coast a terrific hurricane arose, and the ship with Putnam and 500 of his men was driven upon a rift of craggy rocks and wrecked. In this imminent danger Putnam was as calm and resourceful a hero as at other perilous periods of his life, and he controlled his men so that no panic occurred and nearly all were saved. On Aug. 11th the city of

Havana and vicinity fell into the hands of the English. It may be interesting to note that there is in existence an "orderly book" brought by Putnam himself from Cuba. In this is a daily record of the doings of the Colonial troops after the surrender of Havana. This book is owned by C. O. Thompson of Pomfret, a descendant of General Putnam. While disease made fearful havoc among the Colonial troops, Putnam's remarkable physical endurance preserved him a fair health.

While Putnam was in Havana, shortly before leaving he came across, in one of the streets, an angry Spaniard severely beating a slave with a bamboo cane. So indignant was the Colonel at the sight that, although unattended and unarmed, he rushed up to the master and wrested the cane from him. Instantly there gathered a mob of Cubans infuriated at what they considered an unwarranted interference by a foreigner. Putnam, followed by the poor slave, succeeded in escaping to one of the ships. The negro begged so earnestly to be taken on board that his request was granted and gladly accompanied Putnam to Connecticut and became his faithful servant "Dick." The bamboo-stick Putnam kept through life. He bequeathed it to the devoted colored man, and it used to be a familiar sight in the streets of Brooklyn of Dick in his old age hobbling about with it and proudly calling attention to "Massa Putnam's cane."

Putnam reached his home in the autumn of 1762, and spent a year and a half in his peaceful farm life. He was deeply indignant that Cuba (that had been secured at a fearful cost) was restored to Spain. In March, 1764, the Colonial Legislature of Connecticut voted: "This Assembly doth appoint Israel Putnam, Esq., to be Major of the forces now ordered to be raised in this colony for His Majesty's service against the Indian nations who have been guilty of perfidious and cruel massacres of the English." The savage butcheries already made caused early action necessary, and

Putnam was especially alive to the duties of the coming campaign. His battalion at first consisted of five companies, but at the May session of the Assembly more troops were raised and Putnam was made Lieutenant-colonel of the Connecticut forces. Colonel Putnam and his forces were under Col. John Bradstreet and left Albany in June for the relief of Detroit, then besieged by great numbers of Indians. The experience of the army under Bradstreet was most exciting and hazardous, and in it Putnam and his corps bore more than their full share. Putnam reached home on the first of December, and this completed ten years of his military experiences, and was the last warlike part of his life until the days of the American Revolution.

He was now a Pomfret farmer, where "the scars of his wounds and the tales of his exploits rendered him a hero in popular estimation." On Jan. 24th, 1765, less than two months after the glad home reunion, death bore away his daughter Elizabeth, just passing into young womanhood, seventeen years of age. In the following spring he was again bereaved—April 6th—this time of his devoted wife, Hannah. During their twenty-six years of wedded life ten children had been born to them, of whom three sons and four daughters were living, the youngest a son three months old. Six weeks after his wife's death this brief record appears on the original Brooklyn parish records: "Received to full communion, 1765, May 19th, Col. Israel Putnam." This new relation strengthened the friendship already existing between himself and the kind and sympathetic pastor of the Congregational Church, Rev. Josiah Whitney.

About this time Godfrey Malbone, a retired English merchant, arrived, settled upon a large estate—several thousand acres—lying east of Putnam's property. Malbone cared little for Pomfret people in general; indeed, he kept aloof from them as much as possible, but to Putnam, his adjoining neighbor, he took a liking at once. It would be

difficult to find two men so completely opposite in every possible way as these two. In religion, politics, popular interests, in short in everything that could be named, they were an opposite: Malbone blunt, indifferent and unpopular; the friendly, open-hearted Putnam: Malbone a Tory of the strictest kind; Putnam a bold, emphatic patriot. Yet the two men mutually respected each other, and maintained pleasant personal relationships.

On June 3d, 1767, Putnam was married to Mrs. Deborah Lothrop Gardiner, widow of John Gardiner, whose death occurred in 1764. By her first husband, Rev. Ephraim Avery, pastor of the Brooklyn Congregational Church, who died in 1754, she received an estate known as the Avery estate on the east side of Brooklyn Green, now the Fuller place. This marriage gave new dignity to Putnam's social position, bringing him into connection with many prominent families. Mrs. Putnam had a large circle of friends, and her husband was the most popular man of the day. Their hospitable home drew throngs of visitors, relatives, ministers, distinguished travelers, and gushing patriots came in such numbers that it promised bankruptcy. Finding that his estate could not support the outlay, he removed to the Avery estate on Brooklyn Green and opened his house for an inn. On a tree in front hung a tavern sign, now in possession of the Connecticut Historical Society at Hartford. The following is a description of the "tavern sign": It represented General Wolfe in full uniform, his eye fixed in an expression of fiery earnestness upon some distant object, and his right arm extended in emphatic gesture, as if charging on the foe, or directing some other important movement of his army. The sign has been plentifully sprinkled with shot-holes.

It is easy to picture the genial host of this old-time inn—large, stout, a round, good-natured face and hospitable manner—entertaining his guests with tales of adventures on land and sea, and hairbreadth escapes from fire and

sword. It was the best known gathering-place of eastern Connecticut; indeed, was an "original business exchange." He was three times made first selectman, and on all committees for local affairs. He was one of the most earnest advocates for the new meeting-house, the building in which this delegation is now met. The doughty Colonel Malbone, who would have been compelled to pay a large part of the cost, opposed the plan, and the following account of the controversy is given: In 1769 the First Ecclesiastical Society of Brooklyn decided to demolish their meeting-house standing near the present site of Mrs. John S. Searl's residence and build a larger one. The existing law provided that all property must pay for the erection and maintenance of houses of worship, regardless of the views or belief of the owners, an exception only being made upon proof of the owner being a supporter of some church of different faith from the established church. Godfrey Malbone, residing on the present church street, was a member of the Church of England, and a large land holder, a non-attendant upon the village church. He had for many years, for the sake of peace, paid a tax of over \$50 yearly for the support of their ministry, and was willing to continue, but his share of the cost of the proposed new building being about \$1000, more than an eighth of the whole cost, he claimed that the old building with repairs and some addition would amply suffice for the needs of the society. His protest against the heavy (though legal) assessment was disregarded, and the reply was, "Build we will and you shall pay part." His only relief (except an appeal to the King in Council with an uncertain result) was to erect and maintain a church and parish of his own faith. This was strongly opposed by the old society, which claimed that the whole plan was a mere subterfuge to evade the law, and that there was not, and never had been, any intention of establishing a church, an assertion that really had a fair assumption of truthfulness at the time. Mr. Malbone suc-

ceeded in obtaining the signatures of some score of heads of families to a declaration of conformity to the Church of England, most of them doubtless hoping thus to escape the town assessment and all people of scanty means, and in November, 1768, was Trinity parish organized and named after Malbone's old church in Newport. Colonel Malbone was an outspoken Tory, but took no active part, and as he was well liked as a private citizen and a good friend of General Putnam, and some fears that any molestation might make him arm his large body of slaves, he was undisturbed.

On Sept. 28th, 1772, the parish voted, "that Colonel Putnam take care of the new meeting-house, and ring the bell at the price of three pounds the year ensuing." When Putnam was away at the war, Pastor Whitney was to ring the bell, a duty allowed to none but the most respectable members of the parish.

In 1772 Colonel Putnam, with three other gentlemen, was appointed an "Exploring Committee" to find and survey lands granted to the soldiers of the French and Indian War. The committee suffered great hardships, and although they found and laid out some lands, the outbreak of the American Revolution put an end to the whole plan. Putnam kept a diary of this journey, which is a literary puzzle in its total disregard of all rules of punctuation and spelling. It was written on the blank pages of the "orderly book," before mentioned, now in the possession of Charles O. Thompson of Pomfret. We omit all matters referring to the American Revolution, so well described in all our histories, except those in which Putnam personally participated. His first act, aside from duties on committees and letter-writing, was to bear a letter to the Boston Committee and drive a flock of 130 sheep, Brooklyn's contribution to the distressed homes. The first action of the British Army in Boston was the seizure of powder and field pieces at Charlestown. As the news of this inroad spread rapidly,

it reached Connecticut much exaggerated. Putnam received the alarm at 11 o'clock a.m., Sept. 3d, 1774, and sent a summons through western Connecticut, "and the people gathered from all quarters like a snowball." Putnam himself started for Boston, but before leaving sent the following note to his loyalist neighbor, Malbone.

"Saturday, 12 p.m.

"Dear Sir: I have this minute had an express from Boston that the fight between Boston and Regulars began last night at sunset, the cannon began to and continued playing all night and they beg for help—and don't you think *it is time to go?* I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

Israel Putnam."

Malbone's reply was terse and speedy, "Go to the devil."

In October, 1774, the Assembly made Putnam Lieutenant-colonel of the 11th Regiment, composed of Windham County companies. He was called General before the title was officially conferred.

On Thursday, April 20, Putnam and his son Daniel, fifteen years old, had gone into the field east of the tavern to plow; they were busily at work when, at eight o'clock, a messenger rode up in hot haste with a dispatch from the town clerk of Worcester, dated "Wednesday, near 10 a.m., Apr. 19, 1775," announcing that the British had fired on the militia at Lexington, "killed six men, wounded four." "In instant response to the alarm," so wrote his son, Daniel, "he loitered not, but left me the driver of the team to unyoke it in the furrow, and not many days after to follow him to camp." Putnam, without changing his working clothes, mounted a horse to spread the alarming tidings, and on returning home two hours later he found hundreds of men gathered on Brooklyn Green ready to obey his orders. He told them "military officers would soon arrive to direct their movement, but although it was near sunset,

without stopping to rest or change his checked farmer's frock he had been wearing since he left the plow in the furrow, he started on a night's ride for Cambridge. The Assembly appointed him Brigadier-general on April 26th, 1775. He received his commission as Major-general from the hands of General Washington on July 10th, 1775. The services of Putnam are so fully given in our histories in connection with the Revolution, and so familiar to all, that it does not seem necessary to dwell upon them. While his wife was visiting his encampment at the Highlands on the Hudson, she was seriously ill, and on Oct. 14th, 1778, she died. She was buried in the cemetery of the English church.

In December, 1779, after spending a fortnight at home, Putnam set out to rejoin the army in its quarters in New Jersey. On the way to Hartford he became unwell, and on his arrival at that city he found his right side paralyzed, and he was obliged to return home. He partially recovered from this attack and was able to visit the army once more, though unable to resume duty. After the close of the war, he retained his interest as a citizen in the town of Brooklyn, now set off from Pomfret. In 1786 he was able to make a visit to his birthplace in Massachusetts, riding on horseback the entire distance, and accompanied by his colored man, "Dick." In 1782 his youngest son brought his bride to the old homestead, and the old General returned to spend his last days in the home he had originally built, but which was now greatly enlarged. On Thursday, May 27th, 1790, he had a violent attack by an inflammatory disease and passed away on Saturday, May 29th. His funeral occurred on June 1st, the services at the grave being of the Masonic order. The burial was in the South Cemetery at Brooklyn, but the remains have been placed under the equestrian monument near the Green. The original marble slab is now in the Capitol at Hartford. The site of the first interment has been marked by a

marble headstone erected by the D. A. R. of Putnam, and the remains of his first wife lie near it. The bronze figure of the monument was designed by Karl Girhart of Hartford, and cost \$10,000, while a nearly equal sum was donated by a public-spirited citizen of Brooklyn, Conn., Hon. Thomas Smith Marlor, who gave the land on which it stands and the granite pedestal.

The site of the inn kept by Putnam is now marked by a depression in the ground where the cellar was, and by two elm trees on the northeast and northwest corners, which the General planted. There were two more on the southeast and southwest corners, respectively, that are now gone.

Hon. Alfred S. Roe followed with interesting remarks, showing his personal interest in the life of Israel Putnam, and suggested that the Society, at some future time, visit Danvers, and view the scenes of Putnam's boyhood days.

This Society has recently come into possession of the diary of Seth Metcalf, who was born in Rutland Sept. 30, 1735, son of Ebenezer Metcalf and Margaret, his wife.

The diary begins April 25, 1757, when he takes his leave of home to join the American forces at Saratoga and Fort Edward. He appears to have served in Captain Learned's company. He gives quite a full and interesting account of the daily transactions in camp, and the general action of the army about him within his reach. Frequent reference is made to Captain Putnam. June 16 he writes: Captain Putnam came in from a scout of eleven days and brought in a Frenchman, and he informs us that an army is coming against us very soon. June the seventeenth, we were all mustered and viewed by a regular Major and had the martial law read to us. July the first Captain Putnam espied three hundred French and Indians in bateaus at Wood Creek, and fired upon them with about eighty men and he kept them from landing, and we reckon that he made

a considerable slaughter among them. They sent to this fort for help and there were about three hundred men went out for their relief. Three of our men were wounded, two of which the enemy got. After our men drew off some Maquas came in with two scalps. Two men made their escape from Canada, and they inform us that an army is coming against us consisting of eight thousand men.

July 23 he mentions that Captain Putnam and Captain Learned went out with a scout and saw where the Indians cut biers and peeled bark to carry their dead and wounded and reckon there were near four hundred of the enemy. August twenty-one Captain Putnam and Captain Wall went out with a scout of one hundred and thirteen men. There were four men deserters from the French came to this fort. August the thirtieth a deserter from the French came to this fort toward night and Captain Putnam's scout came in, but bringing nothing remarkable.

Only a few entries in the diary, where the name of Captain Putnam appears, are here given. The entire diary will be printed at some future time.

PROCEEDINGS.

THREE HUNDRED AND NINETY-SIXTH MEETING,
TUESDAY EVENING, SEPT. 6, 1904.

VICE-PRESIDENT MAYNARD in the chair. Others present: Messrs. Abbot, Arnold, Crane, Davidson, Eaton, Gould, Roe, E. E. Thompson, Miss Anthony, Mrs. Bennett, Miss Foster, Mrs. Hildreth, Miss McFarland, Miss May, Mrs. Sprague, Miss Smith, Miss M. Agnes Waite, Miss Barker, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. McFarland, Mrs. Thompson, Mr. Keith and others.

The Librarian reported additions for the past month: thirty-four bound volumes, ninety-four pamphlets and forty-three miscellaneous papers. Special mention was made of the donation from Hon. Alfred S. Roe, a neatly printed copy of the diary of Capt. Daniel Roe, with introduction and notes prepared by the donor. Captain Roe served in the French and Indian wars as well as in the War of the Revolution.

From the Secretary of State were received copies of vital statistics for the following named towns: Chilmark, Upton, Alford, Hinsdale, Pelham, Peru, Princeton, Walpole. Also Vol. 12, Massachusetts Soldiers and Sailors of the Revolutionary War.

The Committee on Nomination presented the following names for membership, and they were elected: William H. Brown, Joseph G. Williams, Lincoln N. Kinnicutt and William H. Cook.

Hon. Alfred S. Roe being unable to read the paper announced for the evening upon the printed notice, the following subject was presented:

THE TREATMENT OF THE INDIANS BY THE
COLONISTS.

BY ELLERY B. CRANE.

It is always a source of pleasure to be able to speak well of the deeds of our ancestors. Much has been said and written, and much more will be said and written in praise of their noble and heroic achievements: the encomiums of a grateful and loving people have been inscribed in characters of gold to commemorate them. But if we are true to ourselves and just to them, all questions shall be treated impartially, and the facts presented as found upon the time-worn pages of their history. If to err is human, surely we shall expect to meet with some dark spots upon the marvelously bright leaves of their early annals, and without a pulse-beat of remorse congratulate ourselves in being able to place our fingers upon so few points in their eventful career where we could wish they had performed their part a trifle better; notably their treatment of those unfortunate, demented persons called witches, and possibly the Indians.

As we stand upon the threshold of this new century, and look back over the annals of the centuries that are gone, we can more fully realize that surely the world is growing better, the general standard of citizenship is higher, notwithstanding the voice of the doubter is frequently heard.

Gazing across the span of nearly three hundred years, contrasting the methods, customs and habits of our ancestors with those in practice to-day, we must admit the general standard of life, conduct of life, treatment of our fellow men at home and abroad, is much higher than it was at the time our forefathers settled this country. We lift our hands in perfect horror and exclaim with our senior Senator at Washington, when we learn of similar acts being performed to-day by our soldiers in arms, that we have been in the habit of believing not only right but

proper in the conduct of our forefathers, and extolled them for their heroism as we read how they carried on their war of extermination of natives of the soil they came to confiscate. That our ancestors acted according to the highest, noblest and best within them, as they saw it, there can be no question. Our point of view has, perhaps, changed from theirs with the intervening years. We believe we are wiser and better now, although not yet sufficiently wise to put aside the barbarous customs of warfare, but we have learned to wage it more scientifically and with more terrible destruction to life and property, thereby showing progress in that direction.

But what was the conduct of the colonists toward the Indians?

The Spaniards were first to locate this side of the Atlantic. They set the example. Other nations might have profited by Spanish experience had they so desired.

At that period in our world's history church and state were one and inseparable, consequently the apparent or pretended object in extension of territory was chiefly for the spreading of the Gospel among the heathen, carrying the word of promise to the ungodly, opening the eyes of those who lived in total darkness toward the teachings of Christ, thereby to enhance the government under which they lived.

When Cortez received his commission as captain general of New Spain, early as 1529, he was directed to give his principal care to the conversion of the Indians. He was to see that no Indians were given the Spaniards to serve them; that they paid such tribute to his majesty as they might easily afford; that there should be a good correspondence maintained between the Spaniards and the Indians, and no wrong offered the latter, either in their goods, families or persons.

It is recorded that Bishop Don Sebastian Ramirez (acting governor under Cortez) earnestly endeavored to have

these humane instructions carried out, by which means it is said the country was much improved and all things carried on with equity to the general satisfaction of all good men. Laws enacted for the government of the Indies fully recognized the rights of the Indians to their landed possessions, in fact to all their rights; and provision was granted them under the laws to protect themselves against injuries caused by the Spaniards. It was ordered when cattle owned by Spaniards roamed over lands cultivated by the Indians, whatever damage the latter sustained was to be appraised by the judges without solicitation of the Indians, that full reparation should be made for the injury.

All sales or gifts of land by Indians to the Spaniards were to be witnessed by the attorneys of the royal audiences that no injustice should be done either party. It was commanded that the sale, grant and composition of lands be executed with such attention that the Indians should be left in possession of the full amount of lands belonging to them, either singly or in communities, together with their rivers and waters. And the lands they had drained or otherwise improved could in no case be sold or aliened. Every inducement was to be offered to encourage the Indians to cultivate their lands and sell the product. All these provisions were wise and humane. But this was the sugar coating. On the other hand, should the natives attempt to oppose the settlement of a colony, they should be given to understand that the intention in forming it was to teach them to know God and His holy law, by which means they were to be saved; also to preserve friendship with them and teach them to live in a civilized state, not to do them harm or take them from their settlements. They were to be convinced of this by mild means, through the interference of religion and priests and other persons appointed by the Governor, that the settlement might be made in peace, and with their consent. If, notwithstand-

ing, they withheld their consent, the settlers, after having notified them pursuant to law, should proceed to make their settlement without taking anything that belonged to the Indians, and without doing them any greater damage than necessary for the protection of the settlers, and to remove obstacles to the settlement. As we catch the real meaning, it bears the same point as the dying injunction of the father who had been moderately successful in accumulating a stock of this world's goods: "My son," he said, "make money; make it honestly if you can, but make money."

The Spanish government claimed the right to possession of the whole territory by conquest. The Indians could, however, continue to occupy the acreage they actually tilled, or what was necessary for their support. Outside of that was called waste lands, to which the Indians could have no claim. That is to say, if the Indians would remain quietly upon their little ranches or gardens, submit to, and obey the laws enacted by the Spaniards (in the making of which the Indian had no voice), and quietly observe the Spaniards gather about them, taking possession of the best lands within reach, leaving little or no opportunity for the Indian to enlarge his holdings, but of necessity remove his stakes many miles, should his children and grandchildren desire to establish homes, accept the religion and opportunities for civilization offered by the Spaniards, they could live in peace.

It would, indeed, seem a righteous exchange, for surely, what doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

So far as we have been able to learn, the Spanish government never adopted the policy of purchasing the Indian title to lands, although as may have been discovered from quotations made, they distinctly recognized such titles in so far as the lands they actually occupied, but when the lands on which the Indians had located were wanted by

the Spaniards, compensation was made by giving them other lands.

The French were more skillful, cunning or diplomatic in their policy. They established no clearly defined ordinances relating to extinguishment of Indian titles to lands. (Sec. 53) Letters patent issued by Louis XV reads: Whereas, in the settlement of lands granted to the said company by these present letters, we have chiefly in view the glory of God by procuring the salvation of the Indian savage and negro inhabitants, whom we wish to be instructed in the true religion, the said company shall be bound to build churches at her expense in the places of her settlements, as likewise to maintain there as many approved clergymen as may be necessary. (Sec. 6) The said company shall be free in the said granted lands to negotiate and make alliance in our name with all nations of the land, except those which are dependent on the other powers of Europe. She may agree with them on such conditions as she may think fit, to settle among them and trade freely with them, and in case they insult her she may declare war against them, attack them or defend herself by means of arms, and negotiate with them for peace or for a truce. They could sell or give away lands on whatever terms they saw fit. The same privileges substantially were granted the Company of One Hundred Associates, who struggled so manfully under their leader, Champlain. The policy seemed to be when a tribe or nation agreed to come under French domination, the act carried also title to their lands. The first step was to take possession peaceably, if they could, but take it and settle afterward, and the French were quite successful in perfecting a settlement. Their custom was to invite representatives of the tribes to assemble at some designated place, where they were met by a number of Frenchmen who would erect a post and affix to it the King's Arms, and declare to those present that they had

been called together in order to be received into the King's protection, and in his name to take possession of all their lands, so that thenceforth their possessions and the King's should be one, to which the Indians readily agreed, for they were seeking an alliance for protection against that powerful enemy, the six nations. The French considered the action of joining in this ceremony absolutely passed to the crown the Indians possessory rights. Although nowhere in the King's commission or in any of his grants was there any direct recognition of such titles, nor was there any provision for securing to the Indian possession of land necessary for his use, full powers were granted the King's Lieutenant-general to build fortifications, declare war, organize armed forces to establish authority, subdue, subject and exact obedience from all the people of said countries, and to defend the said countries with all his power. So far as the French stated their position, it was the war policy: right to the soil by conquest.

The Dutch or West India Company were rather more magnanimous toward the natives. Still, even with their feigned liberality in dealing with the Indians, there appears from our point of view a sharpness that we cannot overlook. They purchased the Island of Manhattes of the natives for 60 guilders, and Peter Minuet, before they had erected a single building, treated with them for their hunting grounds. Price paid was a trifle more than one dollar per thousand acres, and the record reads: "The Indians accepted the terms with unfeigned delight."

The Patroons of New Netherland purchased their lands of the natives, and well they could afford to (at one dollar per thousand acres). Furthermore, those guilders passed to the Indians would, doubtless, come back in trade. What good could the Indian gain by hoarding them? And it is recorded that aside from this purchase of lands, their dealings with

the Indians were much less honorable. The Dutch purchased the lands on the Connecticut River, on Long Island, and up the Hudson, giving articles of clothing, implements for hunting and fishing, domestic utensils and personal ornaments. This government allowed companies and individuals to make purchases of lands a custom that later caused much trouble. It is a matter of record that Governor Fletcher confirmed certain grants in the Mohawk country that were fraudulently secured from the Indians, notwithstanding the protests of the latter. This same governor stated he was always ready to purchase tracts of land of the Indians at small price, and in doing so he was following instructions from the King.

The policy of the English government was to entirely ignore the Indians' possessory rights to the soil. The grants and charters issued are almost entirely lacking reference to any native population, treating the subject as if taking possession of a waste and uninhabited country.

Those grants issued to her subjects, retaining rights of sovereignty, made her responsible for the treatment of the Indians.

The great patent of New England granted absolutely from 40° to 48° north latitude, north and south, and from sea to sea, all the firm land, soil, grounds, havens, ports, rivers, waters, fishings, mines and minerals, but not a word intimating the territory was pre-occupied by natives (unless they be Christian people), and, of course, no word of solicitude for their welfare or proper treatment.

In the charter of Charles I to Lord Baltimore, where reference is made to the Indian, Lord Baltimore is authorized to "collect troops and wage war on the 'barbarians' and other enemies who may make incursions into the settlements, and to pursue them even beyond the limits of their province, and, if God shall grant it, to vanquish and captivate them, the captives to put to death, or, according to their discretion, to save."

The charter to William Penn bears about the same language. From the citations it is apparent that the English government placed the entire treatment of the natives in the hands of the grantees and colonists. They, however, came to the conclusion the Indians had a right of occupancy which the home government ought properly to extinguish by purchase, and when Charles II came into power he sent a commission to America for the purpose of looking into this matter (examine complaints, etc.). Massachusetts objected to having the subject opened up, although some Indian claims were adjusted by purchase, but no settled policy came from the movement.

Thus far I have been attempting to place before you the principles on which treatment toward the Indians was officially based. Now let us examine the course actually followed.

History reveals the cruel and oppressive treatment the Spaniards gave the natives who first came under their domination. How they depopulated Hispaniola of 3,000,000, and Cuba of 600,000 souls (if Indians have souls). A witness to their cruelty and violence writes: "They went out with their dogs to hunt for natives to kill. The unarmed savages were pursued like deer, and devoured by dogs, shot down and consumed in their huts, that were burned over their heads." And all for gold and precious stones. With such an introduction how could we expect otherwise than that the pathway of the Spaniard would be stained with blood and carnage until every Indian with a spark of self-reliance had given his life for the protection of kindred, home and country.

"Wherever the Spaniards marched they spared no age or sect, nothing sacred or profane." Their bloody hands were not stayed until Guatimozin had been roasted on a bed of live coals to compel him to disclose the location of his treasurer, and the native Americans were compelled to sue for peace on bended knee.

The French met with comparatively little trouble with the Indians. Their conduct toward them was perhaps, on the whole, the most humane and just of either of the nationalities who planted colonies upon these American shores. They said to the natives, come and live with us, dwell under the protection of our King, accept him as your sovereign, and we will protect you against your enemies, assist in fighting your battles; buy your furs and such other products as you may wish to sell or exchange; in return will give you money, or merchandise of all kinds, including guns, pistols, powder, lead, flints, anything you want, even fire-water. Agents were sent in various directions hundreds of miles over the country calling attention to the advantages offered, encouraging the Indians to bring their furs and trade with the liberal, open-handed Frenchman. The latter instituted seasons for holding sales at Montreal, where the Indians came from all parts of the country within a radius of a thousand miles. These sales or fairs were usually held in the month of June, sometimes lasting four or five weeks. Here the natives brought their furs and articles for trade, and passed the days and weeks in various kinds of amusements, ample opportunity, no doubt, being given them to not only deposit their furs, but also the money received for them before leaving Montreal. Nevertheless, this custom drew the Indians to the side of the Frenchman, whom they firmly believed was their true friend, inasmuch as he furnished such a delightful opportunity for their personal happiness.

As has been stated, the English (using that term collectively) made no special provision for treating with the Indians, except coming well prepared with arms and ammunition to protect and enforce the interests granted them in their various charters.

The proposition for carrying Christianity among them originated through goodness in the hearts of private individuals, and the work of spreading the Gospel in that

direction was supported by self-sacrifice and the contributions of private citizens, chiefly in England, where an association was formed for that object.

The London Company found the natives at the mouth of the James River occupying the most favorable grounds both for fishing and cultivation. Although the location and extension of the English settlement caused them to retreat to other places, for a time feelings of friendship continued and exchange of traffic was carried on, to the mutual advantage of both parties. But the crowding process of the Englishman soon began to breed a feeling of distrust that, together with his failure to keep his promises, caused the Indians to break faith with him, and hostilities began; not, however, before a pretence had been made of purchasing the land taken by the English, the purchase being substantially Powhatan's grant to Smith (in 1609), the place known as Powhatan (this chief's residence), for a "portion of copper" and an agreement that Smith would assist in protecting Powhatan from attacks of the Manakins.

The extent of this possession is not known, and may not have had any defined boundary lines. This co-emption, hardly worthy to be called a purchase, may perhaps be counted a fair sample of others made. No one knew the extent of the land involved, while the price paid was, in a commercial sense, equally as indefinite. It was a trade admitted to have been unfair and illegal. But the Indians accepted it in good faith, and an interchange of trade was for a time carried on to the advantage of all parties.

The enlargement of the settlement began to press upon the limits of the natives, causing them to become restless, and, finally being dissatisfied at the encroachments, even upon lands which had been secured to the Indians by treaty, open hostilities began, and after the massacre the latter were stripped of everything the English could secure. From that time on until 1660 outbreaks were frequent. These Indians had a few pounds of copper and the English had their lands.

During this year (1660) Act No. 138 was passed with the object of establishing better feeling between the settlers and the natives. (As it plainly states the cause of the trouble, allow me to quote a few lines) :

“Whereas, the mutual discontents, complaints, jealousies and affairs of the English and Indians proceed chiefly from the violent intrusions of diverse English made into their lands, the governor, council and burgesses enact, ordain and confirm,” etc. (will not quote further). The act was to prevent any Englishman from purchasing any lands of the Indians; all such bargains should be void, and all former acts covering this matter were repealed.

That we may better understand the manner in which the natives were ready to welcome the settlers, let me repeat a few lines from an interview between Capt. John Smith and Powhatan. The latter said: “I am an old man and must soon die, and the succession must descend in order to my brothers, and then to my two sisters and their daughters. I wish their experience was equal to mine, and that your love to us might not be less than ours to you. Why should you take by force from us that which you can obtain by love? Why should you destroy us who have provided you with food? What can you gain by war? We can hide our provisions and fly into the woods, and then you must, consequently, almost famish by reason of wronging your friends. You see us unarmed and willing to supply your wants, if you will come in a friendly manner and not with swords and guns as to evade an enemy. I am not so simple as not to know it is better to eat good meat, be well, and sleep quietly with my women and children, to laugh and be merry with the English, and, being their friend, have copper hatchets and whatever else I want, than to fly from all, to lie cold in the woods, feed upon acorns, roots, and such trash, and to be so hunted that I cannot rest, eat, or sleep, and so, in this miserable manner to end my miserable life; and, Captain Smith, this might soon be your fate, too,

through your rashness and unadvisedness. I, therefore, exhort you to peaceable councils.”

This grand old chief spoke words of wisdom. Had they been heeded and allowed to prevail during the early life of the colonies, much suffering would have been averted.

King Charles II granted Lord Baltimore full powers to sell, convey and dispose of the lands ceded to him under his charter, and no reference made to the Indian titles. Lord Baltimore claimed the right to enter upon and hold possession of any lands purchased of any Indian by any of his subjects, he being the only person to give titles to lands within his domain.

The first lands taken up in Pennsylvania were purchased of the Indians by the Dutch and the Swedes, purchases thus far having been made more on the ground of policy than strict justice. But when William Penn established himself in his province, under his charter from Charles II, in 1681, he attempted to act upon the principle of equity in dealing with the natives within his grant. He knew his King had given him a title with definite metes and bounds. He felt no anxiety as to the extent of his possessions, but the Indians occupying that territory he was determined should, if possible, be satisfactorily reimbursed for the interest they held in it.

He called them together in council and agreed with them as to the price for each section they claimed, and paid them the agreed condition, and when any of the chiefs insisted they had not received full satisfaction, he gave them more and took another deed. Many of those deeds overlapped each other, and the description given for some of the boundary lines seems decidedly ludicrous, if not very definite. Penn cared little for that. What he desired was to peaceably secure their titles, and he succeeded so well that for more than seventy-five years Penn and his successors enjoyed the confidence and friendship of the redskins. So firm and

secure was this friendship that for more than a half century there was not a hostile gun fired or a fort built within his province.

I quote the description of the lines, that you may guess on the measurement:

“To run two days’ journey with an horse up into the country as the river doth go.”

“From thence northwesterly back into the woods to make up two full days’ journey, as far as a man can go in two days from the said station.”

“Backward as far as a man can ride two days with a horse.”

“Up the Delaware and extending backward to the remotest bounds of the province.”

“So far as a horse can travel in two summer days.”

In the first payment to the Indians, made by Penn in 1682, rum, cider and beer are among the articles mentioned in the invoice, but in the one made July 30, 1685, those articles were omitted, but the following are mentioned: “200 fathoms of wampum, 30 duffels, 30 guns, 60 fathoms of stroud-waters, 30 kettles, 30 shirts, 20 gimlets, 12 pairs shoes, 30 pairs stockings, 30 pairs scissors, 30 combs, 30 axes, 30 knives, 31 tobacco tongs, 30 bars lead, 30 pounds powder, 30 awls, 30 glasses, 30 tobacco boxes, 3 papers beads, 44 pounds red lead, 30 pairs hawk bells, 6 drawing knives, 6 caps, 12 hoes.”

The words quoted as having been uttered by Powhatan ought to convince us that he was of finer mould than a mere savage, and it leads to the inquiry, who were those beings called by some of the early writers “pagan savages”? All writers did not describe them by the same terms. Much depended upon the point of view and color of glasses worn.

The author of a geography and history published in 1784, an exceedingly carefully prepared work of about 900

octavo pages, evidently a standard work for its time, says (with a design to present facts): "When the thirst for gold carried the inhabitants of Europe beyond the Atlantic, they found the inhabitants of the new world immersed in what they reckoned barbarity, but which, however, was a state of honest independence and noble simplicity. The natives of America were unacquainted with almost every European art; even agriculture itself, the most useful of them all, was hardly known, or cultivated very sparingly. The only method on which they depended for acquiring the necessities of life was by hunting the wild animals, which their mountains and forests supplied in great abundance. A people so employed cannot be supposed to enjoy much gayety of temper or high flow of spirits. The Indians, therefore, are in general grave, even to sadness. They have nothing of that giddy vivacity peculiar to some nations in Europe, and they despise it, being ignorant of the arts of amusements, of which saying trifles agreeably is one of the most considerable. They never speak but when they have something important to observe, and all their actions, words, and even looks are attended with some meaning. Their subsistence depends entirely on what they procure with their hands, and their lives, their honor, and every thing dear to them, may be lost by the smallest inattention to the designs of their enemies. Of necessity, the tribes or nations are extremely small, and live a considerable distance apart.

There is established in each society a certain species of government, which over the whole continent of America prevails with very little variation, because their manners and ways of living are nearly similar and uniform.

Without arts, riches or luxury (the great instruments of subjection in polished societies) an American has no method by which he can render himself considerable among his companions, but by superiority in personal qualities of body and mind. As nature had not been very

lavish in her personal distinctions, all enjoy about the same education, all are pretty much equal, and will desire to remain so. Liberty is, therefore, the prevailing passion of the Americans, and their government under the influence of this sentiment is better secured than by the wisest political regulations. They are very far, however, from despising all sorts of authority. They are attentive to the voice of wisdom, which experience has conferred on the aged, and they enlist under the banners of the chief, in whose valor and military address they have learned to repose their confidence. In every society there is to be considered the power of the chief and of the elders. The power of the chief is rather persuasive than coercive. He is revered as a father rather than feared as a monarch. He has no guards, no prisons, no officers of justice, and one act of ill-judged violence would put him from the throne. In some tribes there is a kind of hereditary nobility. It is age which teaches experience, and experience is the only source of knowledge among a barbarous people. Among these people business is conducted with the utmost simplicity. Heads of the families meet at the appointed place, where the business is discussed, and here those distinguished for their eloquence or wisdom are heard; when the business is over, they sometimes hold a feast, in which nearly all the tribe joins. Where tribes are at peace, the behavior towards each other is of the most friendly and courteous manner, but if war exists, they fight with the most savage fury. No people carry their friendships or their resentments so far as they do. Indians who live in small societies, who see few persons, become wonderfully attached to those persons and cannot be deprived of them without being miserable. Their ideas are too narrow to entertain sentiments of general benevolence or ordinary humanity. But this very circumstance, while it makes them cruel and savage in war, adds new force to their

particular friendships and to the common tie which binds together members of the tribe.

Salmon, in his geography and astronomical grammar published in 1785, says: "The Indians are neither so ignorant nor so innocent as some people have supposed them to be, but are a very intelligent race, quick of apprehension, sudden in despatch, subtle in their dealings, exquisite in their inventions, and industrious in labor; no nation can boast better marksmen. Some tribes observe certain religious rites, worshipping the sun, and images as representing the Deity, and seem to acknowledge one supreme God, but do not adore Him, as they believe Him to be too far exalted above them. They believe in a future state of rewards and punishments."

Referring to the tribe known as the Iroquois, Salmon says: "They are the bravest and most formidable of the people of North America, and at the same time the most humane. The Romans never expressed a greater love for their country, or a greater contempt of death in the cause of liberty, than these people who, though lacking in advantages of education, they display a noble genius. Nor can any of the most polished nations boast of greater benevolence or more unfeigned hospitality."

The white people took possession of these shores with drawn sabre and muskets charged with powder and ball, the report of which, when discharged, sent terror to the hearts of the natives. They fled before the pale-faces as chaff goes before the wind. These terrified people saw (as they imagined) something supernatural about these newcomers; they were ready to fall at their feet and extend the hand of true friendship. Had the whites improved that opportunity and held strictly to honorable dealing, they would have experienced very little trouble from the redmen. But, no; about the first thing they did after terrifying them by the explosion of gunpowder, was to

entice a number of them on board their vessel and sail away to a foreign port, and there sell them into slavery for £20 each. This act, worse than barbarism, was heralded up and down the coast by the natives, and when whitemen were next seen along these shores trouble was in store for them; and why not? Who was to blame for this hostile reception?

Regarding the settlements in New England (as before stated), the home government left the Indians entirely in the hands of the settlers.

The Plymouth Colony by mere chance located on territory unoccupied by habitations, although possibly held in common as hunting grounds. Because void of inhabitants Massasoit freely gave them the lands they needed, no payment being required.

As their settlement grew, more land was wanted and purchased of the Indians. This word purchased should be accepted in a figurative sense. It is well known how that little colony struggled to provide the common necessities of life, but in some way they were able to satisfy the Indians for the land they occupied, and by adopting wise and conciliatory measures in dealing with them, retained their friendship unbroken for nearly a half century, and until the Massachusetts Bay Colony began to dictate terms.

With the advent of the Puritans complications with the natives began to multiply. The settlement at Charlestown was located at the solicitation of "Sagamore John," but nearly all the other settlements were established by right given under their charter, it being held that the Indians were entitled only to such lands as they actually kept enclosed or under cultivation.

Winthrop wrote: "That which is common to all is proper to none. This savage people ruleth over many lands without title or property, for they enclose no ground, neither have they cattle to maintain it, but remove their dwellings as they have occasion, or as they can prevail

against their neighbors, and why may not Christians have liberty to go and dwell amongst them in their waste lands and woods (leaving them such places as they have manured for their corn) as lawfully as Abraham did among the Sodomites? For God hath given to the sons of men a two-fold right to the earth. There is a natural right and a civil right," etc. The straight-jackets prepared for the Indians by the Puritans were of the following dimensions:

No person should trade with them or employ them as servants without a license (1630). (This was repealed in 1646.)

No Indian should enter a house without knocking and on Sabbath-day must go only to church (1644).

Forbidden to pow-wow or worship false gods (1646).

No guns or ammunition were to be sold them or guns large or small repaired for them without license (1637), and that was granted only on certainty they were friendly Indians.

No boats, skiffs, or strong waters to be sold them (1633), or horses (1656).

All strange Indians to be kept away from the settlements, except on training day, when the militia were on parade; then they were to be watched. Guards were set against Indian attacks (1645).

If Indians did not return to the English all strays, the latter could proceed to take as many wherever found (1641).

Indians living with the English were obliged to do military duty (1652). If they wished to be good citizens, lands were to be given them for a settlement (1652).

In 1645 the deputies of Massachusetts began to talk about adopting measures to bring the natives to the knowledge of God, and the General Court, 1646, decided to help Elliot start on his Indian settlement scheme, and the following year granted him £10 to go with the £20 given by Lady Armin for that purpose.

In 1634 natives were not to be allowed to shoot for the English, but two years later, if the latter would pay for a license, the privilege might be granted.

September, 1632, Richard Hopkins was ordered to be whipped and branded with a hot iron on one of his cheeks for "selling" pieces, powder and shot to Indians.

In 1640 two Indian women were whipped for being insolent to Mrs. Weld.

In 1646 an Indian was given a long coat and two pounds of tobacco for relieving a party of English and piloting them to their homes, they having been left on shore by De La Tour to find their way home from the eastern portion of Maine, and might have perished without the help of this Indian.

In 1653 the people of Concord and Woburn wanted land that was being planted by the Indians. The General Court granted their request, and the Indians were forced to select another spot.

In 1637 an Indian claiming a portion of the land where Charlestown was located was paid 36s. That same year a settlement was made for the land at Concord. The next year an attempt was made to satisfy the Indians for Lynn and Watertown, and the following year they treated with them for Cambridge and Boston, but no settlement is recorded. In 1642 land for Haverhill was purchased, consisting of a tract 6 x 14 miles square, for which £3 10s. was paid. Indian deeds, however, were considered of "no more value than the scratch of a bear's claw." Chapter 61, Acts of the General Court June 14, 1712, reads: "Order for encouragement of volunteers against the enemy." The wages of the soldiers shall be materially increased; besides, a premium is offered each soldier of £60 for each male scalp. Statute of Massachusetts, 1722, contains the offer of a reward of £100 for every male Indian scalp twelve years and over old, and £50 for every one of such killed in battle. Please notice the comparative value of a twelve-

year-old Indian scalp with a 6 x 14 mile square tract of land. One of these scalps would buy land for 33½ towns.

This Haverhill purchase may, perhaps, be considered a fair sample of other land deals made with the natives.

Such Indians as became civilized and lived with the English were to have the privileges of the English.

Was it not an astonishing attempt at generosity to offer those natives a plat of land which they and their fathers had held for untold generations, if they would transform themselves on brief notice into a citizen that could be measured by the Puritan yard-stick? Non-conformity had no place here any more than it had on the east side of the Atlantic. Through the efforts of Rev. John Elliot and Major-general Daniel Gookin, seven Indian villages were established, and under their wise ministrations for a brief time prospered, but Philip's War brought them to a sad ending in nearly every instance. It was no easy matter for those Indians to at once adopt English customs, habits and religion to any considerable degree. But failing in those accomplishments they were not wanted, and many of them naturally turned toward their more liberal friends, the French, and when war was declared between England and France it furnished an opportunity for disaffected natives to seek revenge, as it was their nature to do. Seeing this movement on the part of Indians the English immediately began the attempt to recover their friendship, which proved a difficult task.

You can, no doubt, recall the words of Powhatan, quoted a few moments ago. Let me give a later speech delivered at Albany, N. Y., June 27, 1754, by Canadagaia, who represented the lower castle of the Mohawks. Addressing Lieutenant-governor James de Lancey of New York and others he said: "We are here this day by God's will and your Honor's order, to which place you have led us, as it were, by the hand. This is our old meeting-place, where, if we have any grievances, we can lay them open. You are

lately come to the administration and we are glad to see you to lay our complaints before you. We take it very kind you have given us this opportunity to unfold our minds, and will now proceed to declare our grievances. Brother, we shall now open our minds, and we beg you will take time to consider what we shall say and not give us too hasty an answer, or in two or three words, and then turn your back upon us. As you are a new governor, we beg you will treat us tenderly and not as the former governor did, who turned his back upon us before we knew he intended to depart, so that we had no opportunity to finish our business with him. The reason we desire you would treat us in this tender manner is because this is the place where we are to expect a redress of our grievances, and we hope all things will be so settled that we may part good friends.

“Brother, we told you a little while ago that we had an uneasiness on our minds and we shall now tell you what it is. It is concerning our land. We understand that there are writings for all our lands so that we shall have none left but the very spot we live upon, and hardly that. We have examined amongst the elderly people who are now present if they have sold any of it, who deny that they ever have, and we earnestly desire you will take this into consideration, which will give us great satisfaction and convince us you have a friendship for us. We don't complain of those who have honestly bought the land they possess, or those to whom we have given any, but to some who have taken more than we have given them. We find we are very poor. We thought we had yet land round about us, but it is said there are writings for it all. It is one condition of the ancient covenant chain, that if there be any uneasiness on either side, or any request to be made, that they shall be considered with a brotherly regard, and we hope you will fulfill this condition on your side, as we shall always be ready to do on ours.”

Hendrick, for the upper castle of the Mohawks, said: "Brother," addressing the Lieutenant-governor, "we had a message from you some time ago to meet you at this place where the fire b'turns. We of Canajoharie met the messenger you sent with a letter at Colonel Johnson's, and as soon as we received it came down running, and the six nations are now here complete. Governor * * *

Brother, we thank you for condoling our loss since last we met, and for wiping away our tears that we may speak freely, and as we do not doubt but what you have lost some of your great men and friends, we give you this string of condolence in return, that it may remove your sorrow, and that we may both speak freely. * * *

Brother, we thought you would wonder why we of Canajoharie staid so long. We shall now give you the reason. Last summer we went down to New York to make our complaints, and we then thought the covenant chain was broken because we were neglected; and when you neglect business, the French take advantage of it, for they are never quiet.

"It seemed to us that the Governor had turned his back on the five nations, as if they were no more, whereas the French are doing all in their power to draw us over to them. We told the Governor last summer we blamed him for the neglect of the five nations, and at same time told him the French were drawing the five nations away to Oswegachie, owing to that neglect which might have been prevented if proper use had been made of that warning, but now we are afraid it is too late. We remember how it was in former times when we were a strong and powerful people. Colonel Schuyler used frequently to come amongst us and by this means we were kept together. We, the Mohawks, are in very difficult circumstances, and are blamed for things behind our backs which we don't deserve. Last summer, when we went up with Colonel Johnson to Onondaga, and he made his speech to the five nations, the five nations said

they liked his speech very well, but that the Mohawks had made it. We are looked upon by the other nations as Colonel Johnson's counselors, and supposed to hear all news from him, which is not the case, for Colonel Johnson does not receive from or impart much news to us. This is our reason for staying behind, for if we had come first, the other nations would have said that we made the Governor's speech, and, therefore, although we were resolved to come we intended the other nations should go before us, that they might hear the Governor's speech, which we could hear afterwards. There are some of our people who have large, open ears, and talk a little broken English and Dutch, so that they sometimes hear what is said by the Christian settlers near them; and by this means we came to understand that we are looked upon to be a proud nation and, therefore, staid behind. 'Tis true and known we are so, and that we, the Mohawks, are the head of all the other nations; here they are, and must own it. But it was not out of pride we of Canajoharie staid behind, but for the reason given you."

Five days later, Kendrick, one of the sachems, and brother of Abraham, also a sachem at the upper castle of the Mohawks, spoke as follows:

"Brethren, Saturday last you told us that you came here by order of the great King, our common father, and in his name to renew the ancient chain of friendship between this and the other governments on the continent, and us, the six united nations; and you said, also, there were present commissioners from Massachusetts Bay, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania and Maryland, and that Virginia and Carolina desired to be considered also present. We rejoice that by the King's orders we are all met here this day, and are glad to see each other face to face. We are very thankful for the same, and we look upon the governors of South Carolina and Virginia as also present. (Gave a belt.)

“Brethren, we thank you in the most hearty manner for your condolence to us. We also condole all your friends and relations who have died since our last meeting here. (Gave three strings of wampum.)

“Brethren (holding up the chain belt given by the several governors), we return you all our grateful acknowledgments for renewing and brightening the covenant chain. This chain belt is of very great importance to our united nations and all our allies. We will, therefore, take it to Onondaga, where our council fire always burns, and keep it so securely that neither thunder nor lightning shall break it. There we will consult over it, and as we have lately added two links to it, so we will use our endeavors to add as many links more to it as lies in our power; and we hope when we show you this belt again we shall give you reason to rejoice at it, by your seeing the vacancies in it filled up. In the meantime, we desire that you will strengthen yourselves and bring as many into this chain as you possibly can. We do now solemnly renew and brighten the covenant chain with our brethren here present, and all our other absent brethren on the continent. Brethren, as to the accounts you have heard of our living dispersed from each other, it is very true. We have several times endeavored to draw off those our brethren who are settled at Oswegatie, but in vain, for the Governor of Canada is like a wicked, deluding spirit; however, as you desire, we shall persist in our endeavors.

“You have asked us the reason of our living in this dispersed manner. The reason is your neglecting us for these three years past (taking a stick and throwing it behind his back); you have thus thrown us behind your back and disregarded us; whereas the French are a subtle and vigilant people, ever using their utmost endeavors to seduce and bring our people over to them. (Gave a belt.)

“Brethren, as to the encroachments of the French and

what you have said to us on that article in the behalf of our King, our father, as these matters were laid before us as of great importance, so we have made a strict inquiry amongst all our people if any of them have either sold or given the French leave to build the forts you mention, and we cannot find that either any sale has been made or leave has been given, but the French have gone thither without our consent or approbation, nor ever mentioned it to us. Brethren, the Governor of Virginia and the Governor of Canada are both quarreling about lands which belong to us, and such a quarrel as this may end in our destruction. They fight who shall have the land. The governors of Virginia and Pennsylvania have made paths through our country to trade and build houses without acquainting us with it; they should first have asked our consent to build there, as was done when Oswego was built. (Gave a belt.) Brethren, it is very true, as you told us, that the clouds hang heavy over us, and 'tis not very pleasant to look up, but we give you this belt (giving a belt) to clear away all clouds, that we may all live in bright sunshine and keep together in strict union and friendship; then we shall become strong and nothing can hurt us. Brethren, this, the ancient place of treaty, where the fire of friendship always used to burn, and 'tis now three years since we have been called to any public treaty here. 'Tis true there are commissioners here, but they have never invited us to smoke with them, but the Indians of Canada come frequently and smoke here, which is for the sake of our beaver, but we hate the French Indians. We have not as yet confirmed the peace with them.

“ 'Tis your fault, brethren, that we are not strengthened by conquest, for we would have gone and taken Crown Point, but you hindered us. We had concluded to go and take it, but we were told it was too late and that the ice would not bear us. Instead of this, you burned your own fort at Saratoga and ran away from it, which was a shame

and a scandal to you. Look about your country and see; you have no fortifications about you, no, not even to this city; 'tis but one step from Canada hither, and the French may easily come and turn you out of your doors. Brethren, you desired us to speak from the bottom of our hearts, and we shall do it. Look about you and see all these houses full of beaver, and the money is all gone to Canada; likewise powder, lead and guns, which the French now make use of at Ohio. Brethren, the goods which go from hence to Oswego, go from thence to Ohio, which further enables the French to carry on their designs at the Ohio.

“Brethren, you were desirous that we should open our minds and our hearts to you. Look at the French; they are men; they are fortifying everywhere, but we are ashamed to say it. You are all like women, and without any fortifications.”

I trust you will bear with me while I give one more quotation, the statement is so clear:

The speech of the River Indians: “Fathers, we are greatly rejoiced to see you all here. It is by the will of heaven that we are met here, and we thank you for this opportunity of seeing you all together, as it is a long while since we have had such a one.

“Fathers, who sit present here, we will just give you a short relation of the long friendship which has subsisted between the white people of this country and us. Our forefathers had a castle on this river; as one of them walked out he saw something on the river, but was at loss to know what it was; he took it at first for a great fish; he ran into the castle and gave notice to the other Indians. Two of our forefathers went to see what it was and found it a vessel with men in it. They immediately joined hands with the people in the vessel and became friends. The white people told them they should not come any farther up the river at that time, and said they would return back from whence they came and come again in a year's time.

According to their promise they returned back in a year's time and came as far up the river as where the old fort stood. Our forefathers invited them ashore and said to them, here we will give you a place to make you a town; it shall be from this place up to such a stream (meaning where the patroons' mill now stands), and from the river back to the hill. Our forefathers told them though they were now a small people, they would in time multiply and fill up the land they had given them. After they were ashore sometime, some other Indians who had not seen them before looked fiercely at them, and our forefathers observing it and seeing the white people so few in number, lest they should be destroyed took and sheltered them under their arms. But it turned out that those Indians did not desire to destroy them, but wished also to have the said white people for their friends. At this time we have now spoken of, the white people were small, but we were very numerous and strong. We defended them in that low state, but now the case is altered. You are numerous and strong; we are few and weak. Therefore, we expect that you will do by us in these circumstances as we did by you in those we have just now related. We view you now as a very large tree, which has taken deep root in the ground, whose branches are spread very wide. We stand by the body of this tree and we look round to see if there be any who endeavor to hurt it, and if it should so happen that any are powerful enough to destroy it, we are ready to fall with it. (Gave a belt.)

“Fathers, you see how early we made friendship with you. We tied each other in a very strong chain; that chain has not yet been broken. We now clean and rub that chain to make it brighter and stronger, and we determine on our part that it never shall be broken, and we hope you will take care that neither you nor any one else shall break it, and we are greatly rejoiced that peace and

friendship have so long subsisted between us. (Gave a belt.)

“Fathers, don’t think strange at what we are about to say. We would say something respecting our lands. When the white people purchased from time to time of us they said they only wanted to purchase the low lands; they told us the hilly land was good for nothing, and that it was full of wood and stones; but now we see people living all about the hills and woods, although they have not purchased the lands. When we inquire of the people who live on these lands what right they have to them, they reply to us that we are not to be regarded, and that these lands belong to the King, but we were the first possessors of them, and when the King has paid us for them, then they may say they are his.

“Hunting now is grown scarce, and we are not like to get our livings that way. Therefore, we hope our fathers will take care that we are paid for our lands, that we may live.” (Gave a belt, and made a present of a bundle of skins.)

It seems clear this question of land ownership became the chief cause of trouble between the Indians and the English, that the former were willing to give the latter a friendly welcome while few in numbers, and at a moment when their annihilation would have been an easy accomplishment, shows the sincerity of their friendship. So long as the English felt uncertain of their ability to protect themselves, they were quite careful in their treatment of the natives. But as their strength grew in numbers the crowding process began, the rights of the Indians were not recognized, and they were watched and hunted as thieves day and night. As might have been expected, they defended their homes from invasion, following the style of warfare best known to them, and against great disadvantages not only in weapons, but against the skill of trained, intelligent soldiers. There is scarcely a doubt but that

had the Indians been properly recognized and treated equitably, they would have remained true to the English. The experience in Pennsylvania with Penn, and also in the French colony, give us confidence to believe this.

Therefore, we reach the conclusion that the action of the English towards the Indians was not such as to win their lasting friendship, but rather to cause them great uneasiness of mind, and also to feel they were being wrongfully driven from their lands, which, for untold generations, had been their dwelling places, the lands made sacred by numberless associations, where the bones of their fathers and forefathers were laid to rest. To be sure, there were various causes, many of them comparatively trivial, which led to outbreaks, but this deep-seated dissatisfaction constantly came to the surface when any differences developed, making it an easy matter to stir the smouldering embers into a living flame.

Extended remarks were made by Hon. Alfred S. Roe, William F. Abbot and others. On motion of Mr. Roe, a vote of thanks was extended to Mr. Crane.

PROCEEDINGS.

THREE HUNDRED AND NINETY-SEVENTH MEETING,
TUESDAY EVENING, OCT. 4, 1904.

PRESIDENT ELY in the chair. Others present: Messrs. Abbot, Boland, Cole, Crane, L. B. Chase, Darling, Davidson, Eaton, Forbes, Newton, M. A. Maynard, G. M. Rice, T. C. Rice, Titus, Williamson, Mrs. Boland, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Darling, Miss Foster, Mrs. Forbes, Mrs. Hildreth, Miss Manly, Miss May, Miss Smith, Miss Sawyer, Miss M. Agnes Waite, Miss Barrett, Miss Barker, Mrs. Clark and others.

The Librarian reported additions for the past month: eighty-two bound volumes, seven hundred and ninety-nine pamphlets and eight hundred thirty-five miscellaneous papers; also a piece of a sill from the house in Westboro where Eli Whitney was born Dec. 8, 1765. Reference was made to the history of the 7th Rhode Island Infantry in the War of the Rebellion, presented by Mander A. Maynard, he having served in that regiment. The thirty-three bound volumes and sixty-nine papers from G. Stuart Dickinson; the eight bound volumes and two hundred and seventy-two magazines from Miss S. L. Lawrence; the twenty-six pamphlets and papers from William F. Abbot, and a large collection of books, pamphlets and papers from the estate of the late William H. Bartlett.

Announcement was made that the memorial prepared by Hon. A. S. Roe upon the death of William H. Bartlett would be read before the Society on some Friday evening, the date to be announced later. Invitations were to be extended to members of the G. A. R., School Committee, teachers and the older pupils to be present.

Attention was called to an erratum in Volume XIX, page

198, of the Proceedings of the Society: third line from the top of that page, read Gershom Wheelock for William Jennison.

The following names were referred to the Standing Committee on Nomination: Anne Foskett, Mrs. Edward C. Carlton, Vernet E. Cleveland.

A special committee was announced by the President to draft resolutions on the death of the late Senator George Frisbie Hoar: William T. Forbes, Esq., Hon. Ledyard Bill and Rufus B. Fowler, Esq. This committee was further instructed to forward a copy of the resolutions to the family of the deceased.

Rev. Anson Titus of West Somerville, Mass., was then introduced and delivered an interesting and instructive lecture on the subject—

BOSTON WHEN BEN FRANKLIN WAS A BOY.

In the course of the lecture Mr. Titus, after referring to the fact that Benjamin Franklin was a Boston boy, born in 1706, and obtained his early education there, and the knowledge he carried with him when he went to Philadelphia in 1723, spoke somewhat as follows:

“Franklin was ever grateful for the influence of Cotton Mather upon his intellectual life. The books which Franklin read before his going away were many. He had gone through the schools of Boston, and if he had desired to go to Harvard, there would have been nothing there for which his mind really craved. Franklin was an observing lad and man.

“The printing house was his school. The printing house was visited by the learned men of Boston and Cambridge, and Franklin early came in contact with the men who were writing books. Thomas Robie, a Harvard professor, had printed in 1719 his tract explaining the northern lights, or the results of natural laws, and not as the tokens of divine wrath. This tract must have interested

young Franklin. Professor Robie, together with Cotton Mather, were among the earliest advocates of inoculation for smallpox. It was the heresy of the day to interfere with the advancements of disease by medical skill. Professor Robie was speedily relieved of his duties at Harvard, and the enemies of Cotton Mather became busier than ever. Each of these men was elected a member of the Royal Society of London, of which Sir Isaac Newton was president.

“Among the questions of the day were the results of the learning of Isaac Newton. He published his ‘Principia’ in 1686, and his other scientific papers were published at an earlier time. But the weight of conservatism was so heavy that progress in their acceptance by even learned men was very slow. The acceptance of the doctrines of Darwin, Huxley and Spencer in our day was rapid in comparison. The Newtonian theories of the universe slowly won their way, though it was not until 1752 that the new style of reckoning time was adopted by act of Parliament.

“Among the books which Franklin read before he was eighteen years old was ‘Locker on the Human Understanding’; Plutarch; Burton’s historical collections; DeFoe’s earlier writings; Xenophon’s ‘Memorable Things of Socrates,’ and every number of Addison’s Spectator; to say nothing of ‘Pilgrim’s Progress,’ and all the religious writings which appealed to him. He did not possess these books in his own library, but in the printing house he became intimate with the men and university who possessed them. Franklin was not only a reader of books, but a close observer of nature and human nature. The tempests, earthquakes, ocean currents, tides, soil and growth of grains and fruits were questions which gave Franklin pleasure.

“A new spirit took possession of college life in the visit of Bishop Berkeley to Newport. His college at Bermuda may have failed, but his influence at Harvard and Yale

made for him an enduring fame. His poem, 'Westward the Course of Empire Takes Its Way,' was written on a day of high hope. The career of Jonathan Edwards, who, with Berkeley, had drunk at the fount of the philosophy of John Locke, is full of romance in the intellectual and religious world. The first score of years of the eighteenth century witnessed an uplift in the realm of natural philosophy, letters and religion. The learning of the mother had found quick response in the colonies. This generation has been neglected by the students of history, but under the guidance of the new historical spirit, new lessons and interpretations of men and events are becoming known. Pope's 'Essay on Man' reflects the foremost thinking of England and America.

"Boston is a unique city. It stands for all which is best and noblest. The world may smile at, joke and make sport of Boston, but still Boston is Boston—the home of culture and civil freedom. Franklin was a unique man, and foremost in all affairs which aided men in the way of life. His name is a charm among academic and toiling people. Franklin, the man, and Boston, the town, are words which are dear to all lovers of the larger affairs of America."

Remarks followed by Judge William T. Forbes, in which he stated in connection with reference to the witchcraft excitement that at times persons who had committed some misdemeanor would make a compact with the devil, and subsequently confess that they had sold themselves to his satanic majesty, and added that in New England there was but a mere touch of this craze compared with what was experienced on the continent of Europe, where there were by far more people burned on account of witchcraft than during the troublous times of the Inquisition.

A rising vote was extended Mr. Titus for his lecture, and the meeting adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS.

THREE HUNDRED AND NINETY-EIGHTH MEETING,
TUESDAY EVENING, NOV. 1, 1904.

PRESIDENT ELY in the chair. Others present: Messrs. Burbank, Crane, Davidson, Eaton, M. A. Maynard, Williamson, Mrs. Maynard, Miss M. Agnes Waite and others.

The Librarian reported additions since our last meeting: one hundred and twenty-four bound volumes, seventeen pamphlets, and one hundred and twenty papers; special mention being made of the sixty volumes from Messrs. Drew Allis Company, and fifty-one volumes from Mr. H. D. Barber; also, a copy of the History of Marblehead, presented by Gen. Josiah Pickett.

The Standing Committee on Nominations presented the names of Vernet E. Cleveland, Mrs. Edward C. Carleton, and Mrs. Anne Foskett for active membership, and they were elected.

On motion of Mr. Crane, it was voted that when the meeting was adjourned, it be to meet Thursday evening next, when the Hon. Alfred S. Roe would read a memorial to the late William H. Bartlett.

ADJOURNED MEETING, THURSDAY EVENING,
NOV. 3, 1904.

PRESIDENT ELY called the assembly to order in Salisbury Hall. Seated upon the platform with the President were: Commander D. E. Denny of Post 10, G. A. R., and Dr. M. Bonner Flinn of the School Board.

Invitations having been extended to members of Post 10, G. A. R., and also of the School Board, and school teachers,

there was a large attendance present, when, at the usual hour, Hon. Alfred S. Roe was introduced, and presented the following

MEMORIAL OF WILLIAM HENRY BARTLETT.

In these later days of short pastorates and general hurry and bustle, not to say confusion, a school principalship of twenty-eight years in one locality is worthy of mention. At the time of his death, Mr. Bartlett was the senior schoolmaster in Worcester, both in length of service and in years of living, though in that same '76 J. C. Lyford began his novitiate in Lamartine Street. He had the good fortune to begin his work in this city in September, 1876, when public proclamations bore the refrain, "and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and first." Thenceforward, for more than a quarter of a century, he did his part towards directing the minds of youthful Worcester up the hill of science.

Men and women no longer youthful recall those remote days with something akin to affection, arousing as they do the memories of grammar school experience, when life was entirely free from care, and their part was simply to follow and perform the tasks assigned, long before the necessity of providing for others had arisen. The trouble was they didn't know what a superlatively good time they were having. Of Worcester's masculine school principals in that centennial year, none are now on duty, and only two are living. Mr. E. I. Comins, then at Woodland Street, many years since left his long-time occupation for business, and is still instant therein; Charles T. Haynes, at Lamartine Street, after more than thirty consecutive years of service, resigned in 1902 and now resides in Townsend, while Joseph W. Fairbanks of the high school, Preston D. Jones of Belmont Street, and Charles C. Woodman of Ledge Street, long since joined the choir invisible. Ed-



WILLIAM HENRY BARTLETT.

ward S. Nason, who then wielded his musical baton over the city's juveniles, has gone where no discord distresses his sensitive ear; several drawing masters in succession have directed Worcester's artistic hand and eye, but Henry E. Fayerweather still prompts to swifter pace—

“the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school.”

In that year, *one* of the second century of the republic, the school report bore one hundred and seventy-five names of teachers. The last report issued in Mr. Bartlett's lifetime included five hundred and eighty-seven. A comparison of the two lists of names reveals the fact that just thirty-six are found in both. Very many of his co-laborers in 1876 have died, as many more, through marriage, have ceased to teach in the schools; some have sought other pursuits voluntarily or otherwise, while twenty per cent. continue to “scar their desks with raps official,” one of them still teaching in the same school where she was an associate of Mr. Bartlett in 1876. Then Worcester was a city of 50,000 inhabitants; now it claims above 130,000. Then the city had only one school edifice laying any claim to architectural beauty, viz., the recently erected Classical high school on Walnut Street, a creation of Richardson; now there are a dozen rivaling that really admirable structure. Then the cost of the school year was \$145,900.50; the last report that Principal Bartlett saw recorded the expenditure of \$559,205.05; then the average number belonging to the schools was 7042, while our friend could have seen the record of an average enrollment of 17,768 young people in the day schools of Worcester.

Wm. H. Bartlett, as he most often subscribed himself, was born in Newburyport, that quaint old seaport of Essex County, and wherever his footsteps turned they most readily sought the places and scenes hallowed by the associa-

tions of boyhood. More than forty years of absence in no way lessened the regard which he had for the home of his ancestors and the theatre of his early exploits. His family name has long been linked with those of Newbury and Newburyport, William H. being eighth in descent from that Richard Bartlett who came to the town of Newbury in 1635. There have been few intervening years which have not presented some member of the family who was entitled to the approbation of his fellow citizens. While in no way a worshipper of his ancestors, Principal Bartlett held their memory in great respect, and the study of his lineage was one of his diversions. Papers and data left by him warrant us in the thought that, had he lived, he would have arranged in book form, at some time, the results of his excursions among the traces of his forbears.

The fact that Josiah Bartlett was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and that the same Christian name was a common one among his immediate relatives, may have been the prompting reason for Mr. Bartlett's efforts to ascertain the degree of relationship between him and the signer, and moreover to learn whether he came from John or Richard Bartlett, brothers, who were among the very first settlers in the ancient town. Such research resulted in establishing the following line, viz., Richard (1), Richard (2), Samuel (3), Thomas (4), Israel (5), Josiah (6), Josiah (7), Henry A. (8), William Henry (9). While the greater number of these ancestors lived in the vicinity of the early settlement, Henry A. was born in Northwood, N. H., and came to Newburyport in his early life in search of work. As to our Worcester teacher's relationship to Josiah, the signer, we must go back to the second Richard for the divergence of the lines, and from said Richard the second, William H. was the seventh in descent, while Josiah, the immortal, was only the third. Thus if at all clannishly inclined, and we must have just

the degree of kin, by which Worcester children were honored, we shall find that Josiah Bartlett, the signer, was a second cousin of Israel, our schoolmaster's great great grandfather.

Henry A. Bartlett found a wife in the place of his adoption, and Hannah Bishop Chapman, of another long-settled Newburyport family, made him a faithful and helpful companion during many years of married life. To them were born seven children, of whom four survived infancy. There was another, William Henry, born in 1834, who lived hardly a year. The name, evidently a favorite in the household, was bestowed on the youngest member of the flock, and the only one whose sex would warrant its imposition. Three sisters grew to maturity and marriage, the eldest having been a very successful teacher in her native city for many years.

The only surviving boy member of Henry Bartlett's family was born Sept. 30, 1842, and the house in which his active life began, No. 17 Merrill Street, is still standing, very much as it was sixty-two years ago. For many items concerning the early life of Mr. Bartlett we are indebted to the memory and kindness of his oldest sister, Emily, now Mrs. E. J. Barber of Hedding, N. H. Her brother began his school life in a building quite near his home, and then one of the time-honored educational landmarks of the city. It is now discarded. It stands near the open space called Cushing Park, which he remembered in his will as the site for a fountain of his giving. Then the same was only a gravel pit, but it was a favorite playground for him.

That the child is father to the man proved true in his case. Though an active lad, and in great danger of being spoiled through being the only son in a family of four, and the baby at that, he escaped the dangers of excessive humoring and was a useful boy in the household. He derived pleasure, as what boy did not, in the good old game of baseball, not as played in later days, and as an errand

boy he had no superior. He found a source of revenue in driving his neighbor's cows to pasture, an occupation that I fancy starts happy recollections in many a masculine mind, and in various honest ways he managed to find material for filling the tin savings bank, into whose merits so many New England children are early inducted. As a lad, he entered fully into the spirit of Independence Day, and the tin depository suffered as he laid by elsewhere the amount necessary for his notions of an adequate celebration, but when fifteen years old the fire-cracker period seemed to disappear, and when asked the reason for the change in his manner of celebrating, he replied with those familiar words from the 13th of 1st Corinthians, "When I was a child, I spake as a child, etc., but when I became a man, I put away childish things."

His parents were earnest members of the Methodist denomination, and with them and his sisters he attended the Liberty Street church till the building of the edifice on Washington Street in 1855. Though baptized in infancy, William H. did not unite with the church of his parents, but he was of a serious nature, and was wont to recall with something akin to pride the fact that his father was long an officer in the church, and an outspoken proclaimer of his convictions. From another source the story is obtained to the effect that when the elder Bartlett, whose business was that of a truckman, was employed to carry certain parcels from a storehouse to their destination, he complied most faithfully, except in the case of certain wet goods. He was himself a most pronounced total abstainer, a characteristic inherited by his son, so when he reported the task performed, with the exception of the alcoholic packages which he would not touch for any man, we see a little of the unswerving principles which the son displayed on every occasion. Of those far-away church-going days the incident comes down to us that when his father reproved the lad for his restlessness, concluding with the words, "I

don't believe you hear a word the minister says," "Oh, yes, I do," was the ready reply, "I always hear him when he says 'Amen.'"

Apparently his school life was earnest, happy and profitable. He was graduated from the high school of Newburyport in 1860, in the classical course, and expected to enter college, but, with his limited means, the way did not seem to open. His graduation theme was "Hostility to Truth," a subject whose treatment one would like to hear. Evidently, he was not an advocate. Of his school life a surviving instructor says, "He was sober and straightforward; the boy was like the man." There were eight members of his class, all boys; indeed, the Brown high school then was not open to girls. The most distinguished member of the class was the subsequent General, A. W. Greely, of the signal service, now in Washington, but who achieved fame through his adventures in the Arctic regions. Of his famous classmate, Mr. Bartlett was wont to speak in terms of the highest praise, and when, many years since, the commander of the rescue expedition was advertised to speak in Mechanics Hall, no one awaited his coming with keener expectation than the school friend of long ago, and no one regretted more the failure to meet the expectant audience which lingered till after 10 p.m., hoping that the delayed train might at last render to us its longed-for passenger. The following letter from the General is appropriate here:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF THE CHIEF SIGNAL OFFICER,
WASHINGTON.

October 4, 1904.

MY DEAR MR. ROE:

I learn with great regret from your letter of the death of my old friend, the late William H. Bartlett, to whom I was strongly attached.

Bartlett and I were members of the class which graduated in 1860, consisting of certain members, five of us being in the classical department, including Bartlett. There

is but one other of the class of seven living, and I look back over the forty-four years of interval with a somewhat faint remembrance of the phases of our school life. I was the youngest of the class, barely sixteen, when I graduated, and had not formed what you might call the analytical habit of mind that comes with years of experience. My first education was under the supervision of Miss Emily Bartlett, a sister of William's, and a woman of great force of character, with whom the highly trained faculties of teacher were not wholly unmixed with lovable womanly qualities.

My impression is that she looked after Bartlett's education. I was born in 1844, and I think he was two years my senior. He was always of what we call a serious turn of mind, friendly in his deportment, truthful and clean in speech, attentive to his studies, and correct in his deportment. With all he entered heartily into all our sports with a vigorous action that always made him a factor to be reckoned with.

As a boy, he was somewhat reserved in speech, and I think carried that quality with him in his after years, of which doubtless you know more than do I. While we were frequently opponents in our boyish games, his sense of justice and evenness of disposition were such that I cannot recall that there was ever even the semblance of a quarrel or the exchange of a single harsh word between us.

He always impressed me as a characteristic representative man of New England, rugged somewhat in exterior, firm in his convictions, resolute for the right, and always interested in every idea or deed which tended to the upraising of our common brotherhood.

Yours truly,

A. W. GREELY.

MR. ALFRED S. ROE,
Worcester, Mass.

Of that high school class it is not amiss to state that the motto was "*Dux et imperator vitea animus est.*" The exercises of graduation came at 2 p.m. on the 5th of August. The salutatory, which was in Latin, was given by the subsequent "Old Probabilities," otherwise General Greely.

"After school what?" is the question which confronts



AT 12 YEARS OF AGE.



IN BOYHOOD AS A SOLDIER.
WILLIAM HENRY BARTLETT.

many a young man, and to young Bartlett it had special force when he felt that the liberal education he had hoped for was hardly attainable. Remembering the hard physical labor that his father had had to perform all his life, the future schoolmaster early proclaimed his intention to gain a living without taking his coat off. In other words, he determined to earn a livelihood by mental rather than physical exertion. Naturally, he turned to the Yankee boy's refuge, viz., school teaching, and in Amesbury, and possibly elsewhere, he taught winters till the fever of enlistment came upon him. He was one of the thousands who went into the strife, not on account of love for fighting, but because they saw and heard a distinct demand of duty. He was an only son, the more than Benjamin of his parents, to whom the offering of their boy seemed like the sacrifice recorded in sacred writ. Here is the plea he made to father and mother when asking their consent: "I shall want a position after the war, and folks will say, 'Where were you when the country needed your services?' I must go." Of course, he gained his point, as did so many others, and his name, early enrolled in Company A of the 48th Massachusetts Infantry, is one of the great number that the Bay State inscribes on her roll of fame.

His regiment was one of the nine-months' organizations raised in 1862, though it really did fully a year's duty. The following data are taken from the abstract of his military life, which Mr. Bartlett prepared for the use of Post 10, G. A. R.: "Enlisted Aug. 9, 1862, as private; promoted Corporal and Sergeant, the latter Dec. 11, 1862; discharged Aug. 3, 1863." The 48th had a part in the famous Port Hudson campaign, and Sergeant Bartlett always referred with feeling to that memorable and trying period. He participated in the assaults of May 27 and June 14. July 25, 1863, he again enlisted, this time in a body known as "Headquarters Troops, Department of the Gulf," with which he served till July 30, 1864. From his officers and

comrades come reports of his faithfulness and efficiency. While doing duty for the last six months of his service, as Corporal in charge of the guard at headquarters of the Gulf Department, it was his privilege to render the government signal aid in discovering and revealing certain systems of regular thieving from the public funds. Certain of the incidents pertaining to this campaign in Louisiana Mr. Bartlett prepared and read before one of the meetings of this Society many years ago. Some may remember the comment of the late Benj. Dodge, an exceedingly competent critic: "That comes pretty near being a faultless piece of work. Every part fits its neighbor exactly. Subject, style and treatment are admirable." The late W. B. Harding, Esq., of this city, was First Sergeant of Company A, and our eminent music master, C. P. Morrison, was the Second Lieutenant. His Captain was Calvin M. Woodward, who retired from the principalship of the Brown high school to lead the company. The friendship between Mr. Bartlett and Sergeant Harding was of a most intimate character, and for all his late associates in arms he held the highest esteem. Captain Woodward has long held an enviable place in the educational world through his devotion to mechanical training. Perhaps no one man has done more for the development of this phase of education than Professor Woodward now, and for many years, the dean of the School of Engineering and Architecture in the Washington University of St. Louis, Missouri. He remembers his old-time associate in the Louisiana service, and sends this tribute to his memory:

SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING AND ARCHITECTURE,
WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY.

OFFICE OF CALVIN M. WOODWARD, DEAN.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Oct. 11, 1904.

Mr. Alfred S. Roe, Worcester, Mass.

DEAR SIR: Your request for some recollections of Mr. William H. Bartlett must not go unanswered. I heard the

other day of his death, and was very sorry to hear it. A fellow soldier from Iowa called upon me, and we renewed many old associations.

I knew Mr. Bartlett before he enlisted. I was with him throughout his service in the army, and I have been more or less in touch with him during his long service in the public schools of Worcester. He was ever a man of high character and unusual ability. I early selected him as a Sergeant in my company, and he never failed me. He was a man unusually cool and brave in the face of danger. I distinctly recall his conduct on the 14th of June, 1863, the day we made an unsuccessful assault upon the fortifications of Port Hudson. Our regiment was in column by divisions. The Newburyport company and the Amesbury company formed a division, and Bartlett was "guide" on the left. As we marched forward under a terrific fire of shot and shell, Bartlett was as straight and as true as though we were on a dress parade. I was much impressed by his manner and his promptness in obeying orders.

He was ever the same faithful soldier, fearless of all danger, and uncomplaining in every hardship.

I saw him several times in Worcester when I had occasion to visit that city. He seemed to me to be an ideal teacher, generous, sympathetic and strong. I recommended him very highly for promotion in the city, thinking that he would honor any position that might be given him. Unfortunately, I have no acquaintance with his family, but I must congratulate them upon the record he made and the name he leaves behind him. They may ever be proud of so noble a representative, and may justly feel that he gave to his country the best service he could render, as a soldier in the field, as a teacher in the company of the children he loved, and as a citizen in the face of his public duties.

Yours respectfully,

C. M. WOODWARD,

Captain Co. A, 48th Regt. Mass. Vols.

Returning to his home in Newburyport, the soldier was prostrated by a severe attack of malarial fever, from which he rallied at last, but with his health so impaired that he was not able to take a commission for which friends had

sought the consent of Governor Andrew. However, the pedagogic way was open, and again he entered upon it, resuming the profession of teaching in Boston, whence he went to New York city, taking a position in 1867 as an instructor and assistant principal of the Juvenile Asylum, an institution having some of the characteristics of our county truant schools and the Lyman School for Boys in Westboro. Here he remained till 1871, when he went to Stamford, Conn., as military instructor in a school located there. Thence he returned to Massachusetts, and in the town of Weymouth from 1872 to '76 he was at the head of a grammar school.

It was during this period of his life that he was happily married. Among the teachers in the New York institution was a young lady from Huntington, Mass., who had already been in the school some years, and between the experienced instructress and the young man from Massachusetts, there soon sprang up an intimacy which ripened into matrimony in 1871. Adelle Janette was the daughter of Caleb Howard and Caroline [Tucker] Stickney. Her education, aside from that afforded by the public schools, was had in the academy at Suffield, Conn. Apparently, no two people were better mated than these. There being no children to gladden their home, they became everything to each other, and seldom were they separated till the death of Mrs. Bartlett in 1896, when, by eight years, she anticipated the final journey of her husband to their long home in the burial ground of Newburyport.

In 1876 a vacancy arose in the Dix Street grammar school. There were, as usual, many candidates, the most of them excellent men, and the duty of the committee in selecting was by no means an easy one, but the decision finally was for a sturdy, robust, self-poised man, who appeared able to bring about the best of order in the school, where changes had become common. Never in the slightest particular was there any doubt of the wisdom of

the selection. From the 1st of September, 1876, till he left it nine years later, no one ever had any notion that he was governed, so easily and naturally did every one fit into his place. Well posted in all that he undertook, possessed of a fair degree of health, well disposed towards all mankind, there was no reason why he should not succeed. Between himself and his associate teachers there existed the most cordial relations, and some of them tell to this day of the diversions in the studious work they were called to do. Says one lady, "We always celebrated our respective birthdays, and Mr. Bartlett and his wife formed an essential feature at every festival. There never was a word of difference in our relations continuing for so long a time." Says another, "He had a genial word for every one, and each grievance, real or fancied, had due consideration, and the way he turned off one complaint is illustrated by his telling a story of the man who had passed beyond the river of death, and on the other side was approached by one whom he had known in life, and on the latter's asking how he enjoyed himself he replied, with an exceedingly wry face, that he was not doing well because he had caught a cold in crossing the river, and besides his halo didn't fit." Any man who could disarm complaint and unrest by the Lincoln habit of a story was bound to succeed, and succeed he did.

When the new school building was erected in Chandler Street, Mr. Bartlett decided that it would be a good place for him, especially as it was to be more nearly up to date in its appointments. The Dix Street structure was old and not entirely satisfactory in the matter of sanitation. His service in the new building began with its opening, September, 1885, and terminated with his death, a period of nineteen years. Although he was accompanied by certain of his associate teachers, and though his work here was of the very highest character, he could not repress at times the thought that it had been better for him to remain where he

first began. By no means a rolling stone, he felt that it is the continued and repeated stroke that tells.

How his pupils appreciated him was indicated in the hearty greetings he always received whenever they met him. To them he had never been the tyrant, and if he did punish, they felt that all they received was deserved. Said a young man, a wage-earner of our city, "No one ever had a word to say against Mr. Bartlett." At home or abroad, he was assured of the cheeriest salutations by every one who had known him as master. With his boys in the play-yard the suggestion of Polyphemus among the Greeks was one of size only, for no father could have had a tenderer care of his family than had the schoolmaster for the little ones intrusted to his charge. Could every teacher associated with him in his long stay in Worcester be interviewed, the result would differ in no essential from the following from one who fully realized his worth:

CHANDLER STREET SCHOOL,

Oct. 21, 1904.

Mr. A. S. Roe.

DEAR SIR: As yet, I am unable to disassociate Mr. Bartlett from his much-loved school. To me he is still a living presence there. No new phase of school work presents itself but instinctively the thought comes, "What will Mr. Bartlett want done in this case?" Then comes the sad memory that he is not to return.

As I look back over the last seven years spent as assistant to Mr. Bartlett, I feel that my strongest impressions of him are of his nobility of character, his never-failing kindness, courtesy and tact.

There was in him a hidden strength that appealed to every pupil who came under his charge, and his memory will forever live in the hearts of his graduates. Base or mean things he could not tolerate, and scholars soon came to realize that fact.

He was ever the friend of his associate teachers. During the years that I taught under him, no matter what the provocation, no matter how nervously exhausted or ill he

felt, never once did I know of his speaking an unkind or a cross word to one of us teachers. He was always considerate of our rights and appreciative of our efforts. Always courteous and genial, ever ready with his story or quotation, loyal in his friendship, he was our ideal of a principal.

Discord could not exist where he was. He had that broad-minded way of overlooking petty annoyances which disarmed the offender, and resulted in that peace and harmony so dear to his soul.

I am honored to have had Mr. Bartlett for my friend and principal. He was a brave and true man, verily, one of "God's noblemen."

Most respectfully yours,

CORA A. BALDWIN.

Not only was Mr. Bartlett a good schoolmaster, he was also an excellent citizen. He attended the caucuses, and always voted. He had opinions on all great public questions, and he was not slow in expressing them. With his rearing, he could not be otherwise than an ultra Prohibitionist, and his voice was often raised in behalf of the no-license movement in this city. When the prohibitory amendment to the Constitution was before the Commonwealth, he gave as much time to its presentation as his duties would permit. He had the courage of his convictions, and never lagged nor sulked. He became a member of the Grand Army of the Republic in Worcester, and was ever one of its most zealous and active comrades. In the play of the "Drummer Boy" he repeatedly masqueraded as a Confederate officer in the fierce encounters whereby youthful Worcester learned how the fathers fought. In 1893 he was the exceedingly efficient Commander of Post 10, one of the most marked results of his directing being the associate membership of the Post, which he developed and pushed until it became the largest and most enthusiastic in the entire department. He devised and had patented, July 18, 1893, the badge which so many citizens wear in token of

their appreciation of the veteran. When the Post printed its annual paper called "The Old Guard," one of the editors, and a working one, was our friend and comrade.

In 1897 he became very much interested in the subject of the so-called "House of Lords" question, which for several years vexed the Grand Army. Without indicating any opinion on the merits of the case, every one will grant, without a word, the sincerity of Comrade Bartlett's attitude. Early and late he was ever at the subject, till finally his name became the rallying cry of those who believed in his position, and at the encampment of 1898, held in Boston, after a well-fought contest, he was elected Commander, without any preliminary service in the department, a triumph never accorded to any predecessor in that responsible place. During the year he discharged faithfully the duties of his office, not without considerable personal hardship, involving, as said duties did, the going up and down the Commonwealth constantly, while still keeping up with his work in the school. His fellow principals realized the honor that had come to one of their number, and so gave him a complimentary banquet at the State Mutual restaurant. Perhaps no feature of his incumbency made a deeper impression upon his friends than the dignity and grace with which he presided in Tremont Temple in February, 1899, when President McKinley was received as the guest of the Encampment, and the exceeding eloquence and appropriateness of his welcoming words. His most determined opponent, in the war which he waged in behalf of his opinions, never questioned the absolute justice of his rulings, nor the excellence of his administration.

His name was not infrequently found appended to letters in the public press bearing on questions which looked to the mental, moral and physical uplift of mankind. He had good reasons for every cause which he championed. In 1894 he put forth a little book, evidently one made in the school-room, entitled "Facts I Ought to Know," which

had a remarkable success, running through eight or nine editions in a few years. Later, 1903, he issued a volume intended for the aid of presiding officers of deliberative bodies called "The Parliamentary Pathfinder," equally useful, though not so generally called for.

As a speaker on public occasions he was much sought for, and during many years, till near the end of his life, he was booked regularly for one or more Memorial Day addresses. Before Worcester ceased to celebrate the return of the Fourth of July, he was the orator in Mechanics Hall, when the music was furnished by the school children. At this time it may be remembered that he was advertised as a descendant of Josiah Bartlett, the signer of the Declaration, but it was an assumption without warrant from him. He gave many a week of research to deciding whether the legend concerning the first reading of the Declaration in Worcester had foundation, and at last satisfied himself that the city should properly place the bronze tablet to commemorate the event. Thousands have passed over the modest star and brazen slab in front of the City Hall without knowing that they are there through the efforts and study of Principal Bartlett, who, July 4th, 1899, gave the chief address at their dedication.

He was a good traveling companion, and one who went South with him in 1884 always delights in telling of the pleasures of that trip through scenes familiar to both of them in Rebellion days. Some of the predominant traits in a man's nature are brought out when he is away from home. "I wonder why I didn't put a pair of slippers in my satchel," was the remark of the friend when at night-fall in the well-carpeted sleeper he opened his bag for something to make him as comfortable as Bartlett was. "Did you pack your satchel?" says the latter. "Certainly," is the reply, "who else should?" "Why, your wife, of course. Mrs. B. packed mine, and I don't believe I have thought of such a thing since we were married."

“Humph!” says the friend. “My wife was putting the babies to bed.” This care of his wife for his personal needs possibly was the cause of the remark of one of his most devoted teachers, “He was in many ways as helpless as a child.” We can readily imagine how severe must have been the loss of the wife who had been so much to him. The adventures of that southern trip were ever a source of pleasant conversation when the friends met. Had the camera fiend been in evidence, he might have secured an impression in Wilmington, N. C., that would have delighted the Worcester acquaintances of the travelers. For when admonished that train-time had come, before the breakfast was scarcely more than begun, they had loaded up each left hand spread widely open with whatever was reachable on the table. Sausage, bacon, steak, biscuit, cake, pie, everything was grist that came to their mill, and all care for food was provided for till Charleston was reached.

When the present Superintendent of Schools in Worcester, Mr. Homer P. Lewis, was given a reception at the South high school, June 12 of 1903, the rôle of making the welcoming address on the part of the teachers was laid upon the senior principal, and Mr. Bartlett took the same with great success. From his words on that occasion a few are taken to grace this paper:

“We have been surfeited with theories, sometimes valuable, but too often crude, fantastic, irrational and impracticable. None know better than teachers how wide is the gulf that often exists between theory and practice.” * *

* * * The speaker drew an excellent moral from the words of the eccentric Mr. Dick in *David Copperfield*, who was appealed to as to what should be done with the boy, and, it will be remembered, advised washing him, giving him some supper and putting him to bed. * * * “The ever-present duty of the teacher is to discover and to supply the immediate need of the child, whether moral, mental

or physical. The little boy who, during his first day at school, thrust his foot towards me and said, 'Mister, tie my shoe,' had a better conception of the teacher's function than many a learned theorist. Service and self-sacrifice are the qualities which ennoble the profession of teaching. * * * * We learn to do by doing. * * * A man must develop strength before he can use it for the benefit of others."

Early after coming to Worcester Mr. Bartlett became an attendant at Salem Square Congregational Church, and there he continued for many years. He was an ardent admirer of that gently spoken yet uniformly correct clergyman, the Rev. C. M. Lamson. To the latter's successor, the Rev. I. J. Lansing, he rendered the full measure of loyalty, a position thoroughly appreciated by Mr. Lansing, as was evident in a letter which he wrote to a Worcester friend on the death of his former parishioner. Let us quote some of his words:

He was a devoted teacher, animated by the highest conception of his duty. That the children should be worthy of the heritage for which their teacher, during the Civil War, had offered his life, furnished a high purpose in all his teaching. No base or mean things could gain the slightest sanction from his words or his life. He loved the young in a large, rich way, with a fine feeling, which was full of the strongest moral and religious character.

Patriotism to him meant a country made secure by the highest quality in the citizen. The war was very real to him, and so also the good desert of the men who fought it to a victorious end. * * * He had a large and kind heart, a supreme sense of duty, and a fidelity to his friends which never faltered. His kindness made him unwilling to be belligerent, but Gibraltar was not firmer, nor the stars truer to the convictions of his mind. He was careful without being timid, courageous while never audacious. His judgment once settled, he ever knew why he had formed, and only wisdom and reason could change it.

When church mutations unsettled his seat in Salem Square, he cast about for a new location, which he finally fixed at Plymouth Church, and there he remained to the end, a regular and highly respected attendant.

Once, when in a reflective mood, he remarked to a friend that his nature was phlegmatic, not easily moved nor disposed to do unnecessary work just for the sake of doing it. This being the case, it is easy to believe that he did not take long journeys simply for the pleasures of coming home again. It is true that several times he visited Washington in his vacation seasons, and once spent some time further South when his health was evidently breaking, but in the main he found more delight in the short trips, which admitted of a quick return to his familiar haunts. Thus he spent many of his summers on a farm in Huntington, where, with his wife's parents, and other friends he found the rest and recreation he needed. Again each year took him to his old home by the sea, where were so many traces of boyhood's pleasures, and where, too, his regiment held its annual reunion.

Following the death of his wife, and the year given to the command of the Grand Army, Principal Bartlett's friends noted an evident impairment of his health. His figure, always erect, was losing much of the weight which had given it bearing and dignity. They saw indication of chronic ailments of whose nature they forebore to speak to him. Less often he was seen in public places, and less often his voice was heard on public occasions. The last year of his life was particularly difficult on account of the extra labor incident to the exhibition of school work to be made at the St. Louis Exposition, but, true to his nature, he asked no exemptions; he did his work faithfully and well to the end. Nor did he shirk any of the occasional duties laid upon him by the Grand Army, which he loved. He even accompanied his comrades on excursions to neighboring posts for friendly visits. Post 10 remembers that the

last installation of officers during his life was performed by him, though to act his part he had to hurry home from Athol, where he had been to attend the funeral of a beloved nephew, reaching the Post room in scant time for the exercises. Hurried as was his entry, burdened as he was by the sad event of the day, he nevertheless went through the impressive ceremonies in a manner in no way meriting the deprecatory words uttered by him in the way of extenuation.

His last appearance before his comrades in a public manner was in Mechanics Hall, April 13, when the Post celebrated its anniversary. To our comrade had been assigned the toast "The Ladies," one to which his well-known devotion to mother, sisters and wife rendered him singularly well fitted to respond. His place was last in the long array of speakers, and the hour was nearing midnight when he arose. Never before had the encroachment of disease been so apparent. He had spoken only a few moments when he drew his remarks to a sudden close with a statement that the lateness of the hour and his own weariness rendered it impossible for him to adequately present his theme, yet it is not an altogether unpleasant thought that our comrade's last public utterance was one proclaiming his inability to tell how much he and all of us owe to the gentler sex.

We are approaching the end apace, and many are the conversations among comrades and friends as to Mr. Bartlett's health and the need of a long, unworried rest, but to all propositions of this character there is the response of a determination to press forward. We must conclude that he did not himself sense the imminence of danger. Rather did he quote the words of physicians who had told him of his freedom from chronic disease. Whatever the reasons that governed him, they certainly availed in enabling him to keep at his post of duty almost to the end of the school year, to present an unfaltering front to the foe, and to die near the scenes of his life work. All of us recall when we

last saw him away from his home. Perhaps it was in the school-room, it may have been in the Post room, possibly in the street, with cordial exchange of greetings, or in the newsroom, where so many kindred minds, as it were, sip information from varied sources and with smiles and words separate for homes and duties. At least one friend recalls that his final talk with the teacher, clothed and about his work, was in the Public Library, whose choice collections he was wont to seek. It is the Thursday before Memorial Day, and naturally their conversation has a trend towards the observance of the day. To the query as to where he expected to speak the Monday following came the reply, "I shall not speak; indeed, I have not spoken for the last two years. I found the effort too great a draft upon my strength. No, I shall remain quietly at home."

The end is now coming fast. Friday was the day set apart for exercises in the public schools in behalf of the approaching memorial, and on this day he saw his school-rooms last. Principal Bartlett's school, under his direction, had always laid a deal of stress on the occasion, and a programme as interesting and varied as possible was always provided. The arrangements had been properly made, but the master was unable to conduct the hour itself, and his part was delegated to another. The Chandler Street exercises were early in the forenoon, that the principal might take a train for Boston to be present at the unveiling of the statue of Gen. Wm. F. Bartlett in the Memorial Hall of the State House. This proved to be the very last trip from Worcester till his body was borne hence to its burial. A hack was in readiness to carry him and his friend, Simeon E. King, who had given the address to the school children, to the station.

The effort proved a severe one for the invalid, but he was anxious to have a part in the tribute to a valiant officer, one bearing his own family name, and descended from a common ancestor, and the teacher was pleased to think that

a letter of his to a local paper some years before may have contributed to the fruition he was about to see. Pride of family is no disparagement to any man, and if our comrade did recall that Gen. Wm. F., Capt. Albert W. of Newburyport, of the Eighth Regiment, one of the very first men to respond in April, 1861, and Capt. Wm. H. of Taunton, of the Fourth, another minute man who was killed before Port Hudson, and for whom the Taunton Grand Army Post is named,—if he did remember that all of them, with himself, were Bartletts, we will applaud with him and be thankful that in her hour of need the nation had such brave defenders. On arriving in Boston, another carriage conveyed the comrades to the State House in time to permit Past Department Commander Bartlett to take his position by the side of the Lieutenant-governor at the moment of unveiling, but weakness forbade his attending the exercises in the Representative Hall. Taking an early train he returned to Worcester.

Saturday night, at the home of our comrade, Hannibal Johnson, was given a reception to General Joshua L. Chamberlain, and Bartlett was one of the many who came to grasp the hand of the Hero of Little Round Top, and to wish him many happy years, but we remember that Mr. Bartlett's stay was short,—scarcely more than a greeting to the General and those receiving with him, and then he went out from our midst to appear with us socially no more in person; but his memory is ineffaceable. The next night, Sunday, he was at Mechanics Hall to hear General Chamberlain, and this was his last appearance in public.

Over the scenes of the sick-room, whose walls inclosed him on the following Tuesday and thenceforward, we will not linger. To some of us was given the pleasure of very brief interviews as the veteran approached the dark river. It would be pleasant to chronicle the number of bouquets of choicest flowers that his school children sent him, the

offerings of fruit that came to his home, the many and varied expressions of love and sympathy that, from hundreds of sources, were sent for his consolation, but all to no avail so far as the prolongation of earthly living was concerned.

The boy who had so rejoiced at the recurrence of the nation's natal day, as a mature man survived to see another Fourth of July, but early on the morning of the 5th his spirit departed. In the afternoon of the 7th comrades and friends crowded the space, so long his home, and heard the words of his former pastor, the Rev. Archibald McCullagh, and those from the Rev. I. F. Porter, who had been both friend and comrade in the same regiment and company, whose memories laid hold on that time of our comrade's life which tested his manhood.

Accompanied only by members of his immediate family, the body was taken, on the 8th, to Newburyport for burial, and at the grave further exercises were held by friends and comrades of that city. A few days later, the opening of his will revealed that our comrade had been a true New Englander in thrift and saving, and that even in death he had made provisions for those whom he loved. His own sisters, and the sister of his wife, who had so kindly cared for him in his weakness, with nephews and nieces, both his own and his wife's, were all remembered, and then, in the broad, public-spirited way so characteristic of the man, he made residuary legatees of his estate the Y. W. C. A. of Worcester and the Free Public Library of the city, one to be known as the Adelle J., the other the Wm. H. Bartlett fund, whose income should be devoted to the purchase of books on history and government. Nor was his native city forgotten, since to her he willed a sum of money for the church in which he and his parents had worshipped, and for the embellishment of the little park near his birth-place he provided for a fountain to bear the words, "A leg-

acy to his native city, from William Henry Bartlett, who was born near this spot Sept. 30, 1842."

Would you know where the teacher sleeps? If so, let us take an early train which will convey us to that ancient place which, as the port of the older town of Newbury, has a large place in the history of the State and nation. We shall see but little that had not already arrested the attention and interest of the boy and man whose virtues we to-night recall. Long since he sat in the edifice, known as the Whitfield Church, doubtless at some time held in his hand some portion of the long-exposed body of the great preacher; had seen in his favorite corner that most astute of lawyers, Caleb Cushing; had rejoiced that his native town was also that of Wm. Lloyd Garrison and, in the little Common near the centre of the city, had admired the form and features of the great philanthropist which in lasting bronze are apparent there.

Long ago his ears had caught the roar of the nearby ocean, and when the view of death seemed nearing we do not wonder that here he brought the remains of his beloved wife, placing them near those of parents, brother and sisters, and then erected to their common memory a beautiful monument, on whose base is the single word "Bartlett." When the father died, the lot in the Highland Cemetery was on the very verge of the old part, just at the beginning of the new. Around it we may read such honored American names as Frothingham, Pearson, Robinson, Shute, Pickett, Tilton, Taylor, Titcomb, Morey, Woodbury and Sargent, while off to the southward stretches the ever-growing city of the dead.

Perhaps the day of our visit may be one of those when the winds come in heavy laden from the sea. If so, then with Charles Kingsley we may sing:

"The blinding mists came pouring down,
The blinding mists came pouring down,
Came down and hid the land,"

but we may turn our gaze, tearful perhaps, towards the grave at our feet. We may note that with characteristic modesty the loving son and brother had put upon the front of the red granite stone the names of his kindred, while those of wife and self are chiseled on the reverse. But what matters it? We who knew him understood the motives which prompted his actions, and we honor him all the more. Three months after his burial we see upon the grave of our friend two floral designs brought down from the Heart of the Commonwealth and left above the body of the true-hearted son, brother and husband. One figure is that worn to-day or yesterday by more than a million comrades of the Grand Army, the other a standard at whose base, in loveliest immortelles, we may read, "Our Principal." Had the man, whom we remember with so much love and esteem, the power to choose the names under which he would be recalled, we may readily surmise they would be none other than those suggested here, viz., Soldier and Teacher.

Immediately after the close of Mr. Roe's reading, Lieut. C. P. Morrison, Principal Bartlett's life-long friend and comrade, from whose sight the light of day has been withdrawn, but in whose finger-tips infinite possibilities remain when he sits at the piano, threw a spell over the audience as he improvised. He wove into his musical recollection pictures of old times,—the sea, the school, the march, and the din of battle, but through all of the delightful moments neither he nor his audience lost sight of "The Vacant Chair," which, after all, was the leading thought.

After Mr. Morrison's improvisation, Commander Denny was called upon and voiced his appreciation of the late Comrade Bartlett, and in so doing referred to his worth as a teacher, as a commander of Post 10, and as Department Commander; that in all of those positions he reflected upon himself great credit for his interest taken and the ability

displayed in performing the duties attending the requirements of those positions, and he had not as yet been excelled by any of his predecessors in office.

Dr. Flinn for the School Board spoke in high terms of Mr. Bartlett for his efficiency as a teacher, and the great value to the School Department his counsels and advice had been.

John H. Bartlett spoke feelingly as one who had evidently received the hand-grasp of friendship and words of encouragement from the late Commander Bartlett, and who had been so uplifted by his cheering words that he styled him one of God's noblemen.

Simeon E. King, member of Post 10, G. A. R., also expressed his appreciation of the valuable qualities of their deceased comrade and once efficient Commander, and moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Roe for his able and eloquent eulogy of his friend and comrade, Wm. H. Bartlett.

PROCEEDINGS.

THREE HUNDRED AND NINETY-NINTH MEETING,
TUESDAY EVENING, DEC. 6, 1904.

PRESIDENT ELY in the chair. Others present: Messrs. Abbot, Arnold, Bill, Crane, Davidson, Darling, Eaton, Gould, B. T. Hill, Harlow, M. A. Maynard, Geo. Maynard, Paine, Potter, Geo. M. Rice, Salisbury, Williamson, Mrs. Darling, Miss May, Mrs. M. A. Maynard, Miss Smith, Miss M. Agnes Waite, Mrs. Williamson, Major Benham, W. L. Clark, Mr. Keith and Mrs. Grover.

The Librarian reported additions for the past month as follows: Eleven bound volumes, twelve pamphlets, and a collection of miscellaneous papers and catalogues. Special mention was made of the donation from Mr. Wm. F. Abbot, and also of the one from Louis Thayer O'Jeda of Santiago, Chile, a descendant of Wm. G. Thayer, a native of Boston, who went to Chile in 1826.

The annual report of the Librarian, which was read, gives additions for the year as 519 bound volumes, 2295 pamphlets, 1350 papers, and 30 miscellaneous articles.

The Librarian then read the following:

MEMORIAL SKETCH OF REV. CARLTON ALBERT STAPLES.

BY ELLERY B. CRANE.

We have been prompted to entwine another wreath upon the brow of old Mother Town of Mendon by placing on record expressions of appreciation and esteem of one of her fallen sons, who until recently has been battling on before the world, apparently unmindful of the severe test he was

forcing upon a willing nature, too courageous to shrink from almost any task, and too magnanimous to withhold the sound of his voice whenever he felt that it might prove helpful to a single human soul.

While it argues well for a community to be able to furnish men qualified to fill high places of trust and responsibility in the councils of the State and nation, it is perhaps none the less noteworthy to produce men of good character, examples of sturdy manhood and womanhood distinguished for honesty and upright dealing, or to supply persons qualified to become advisers and helpers in lifting struggling humanity on to a higher plane of living and thinking, to assist in dispelling the clouds and mists that seem at times to completely obscure a silver lining, and to bring courage, hope and comfort to such as are in distress of mind or of body. Mendon has done all this, and more. She gave from her original ample domain various clippings to enable seven daughters to become her rivals in thrift and population, and thus early pruned of certain special advantages, she to-day stands a denuded monument to her once exalted and enjoyable position among her sister towns. Yet she utters no complaint, but continues on her way apparently contented to stand or fall at the will of the woodman and his axe.

In the southerly part of this town, on the middle road to Blackstone, familiarly known as the "Dam Swamp Road," lived Jason Staples, a lineal descendant from John Staples of Weymouth, Mass., and in the sixth generation.

Here Jason Staples owned and tilled a farm. Unto him and his wife, Phila Taft, daughter of Ebenezer and Polly (Howard) Taft, were born several children: Caroline, who married Perry Wood, and died in 1871; Esbon, who was drowned in Mendon Pond in 1834; Rachel, who died in infancy; Carlton Albert, born March 30, 1827, who married Priscilla Shippin, and died in Lexington, Mass., Aug. 30, 1904; Nahor Augustus, who married a sister of Carl-

ton's wife and died in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1864; Henry E., who married Alzy Haywood, and died in 1883; Rachel, who married Henry Bates and is still with us.

Each of the five children who grew to mature years became useful and esteemed citizens. But special qualities of heart and head were given to two of them; they seemed to have been prepared for peculiar service among men.

Nahor, whose nervous temperament and fiery zeal eventually carried him beyond his physical strength, through close application to study, soon became a learned and brilliant preacher in the Unitarian faith. Just as he was nearing the ebbtide of his usefulness and popularity, attracting people by his profound, scholarly reasoning and attainments, he was cut down, leaving a wide circle of friends and admirers, who joined with his near relatives in their grief over the apparently untimely separation.

Thus was Carlton left to carry forward the good work, and how manfully has he performed the task. But we must start with the early beginnings, the boyhood days. They were days of hard times. Our country was passing through a period of commercial depression, and after feeding and clothing the family, there was little left from the income of the farm; in fact, it was almost a struggle to perform even that service well. The girls and the boys were called upon to perform their full share of the everyday work about the house and farm, leaving no chance for idle moments. In lieu of employing help, boys when of proper age, and even the older members of the family, on various occasions exchanged work with their neighbors. In that way they were able to plant their seeds and harvest their crops. The most rigid economy was required in order to keep clear of debt.

In many respects the children of Jason and Phila (Taft) Staples were quite like other children of their time. They sought pleasure and recreation in roaming over the fields, across the meadows and through the woods, gathering

fruits and flowers, watching the whirling, gurgling brook, as it coursed its way in crossing the old farm, constructing dams and testing the force of the power by setting up tiny water-wheels to be turned by its current. They enjoyed fun and frolic. They were musical, and often the old house resounded with vocal and instrumental selections. But perhaps the chief source of comfort at the home, aside from the attachment for each other (for they were a happy family) was with their books. Books seemed to furnish a charm that was lasting, especially to Carlton and his younger brother Nahor.

Carlton was from the first a quiet, studious boy, ever interested in his books. Whatever he had to do was done thoroughly and well. He was what might be termed a steady-going, reliable boy, even temper, not given to vacillation. His upright, manly ways became of public notice. The neighbors were always glad to greet him in the field for an exchange of work, for he was faithful and true to his task. His fondness for reading grew to a desire for obtaining an education. But in those days, for a farmer's boy to get an education meant something. To gain the advantages offered by the schools at home was not difficult. They lasted only a few months each year, and board might be had at home, where certain hours could be passed helping to do the farm work. But to secure money with which to pay tuition, board and clothes away from home at some desirable institution of learning was quite another accomplishment. Nevertheless, the sacrifice was made, and considerable of Carlton's time was passed in the employment of different farmers about the town, and at times doing chores for his board while attending the town's school.

He was a pupil at the old seventh district, now Albeeville; also at the centre, or village school, at which time he did chores for Col. Warren Rawson to pay for his board. He was a studious boy and a good scholar. From the lat-

ter school he went to the academy in Uxbridge. When about eighteen years of age, he attended a private school kept by a Mr. Weeks at what is known as the Five Corners in Blackstone, boarding at the time in the family of his cousin, Mr. Charles Fletcher. With the object of preparing for a teacher, he entered the State Normal School at Bridgewater, from which institution he graduated in 1847. His first experience as a teacher was in the school district formerly known as the Samuel Verry district, and in referring to the event he humorously added that he boarded at the poor house. We can readily understand why he preferred to make that his boarding-place, because Mellins Taft, his mother's brother, was the keeper at the poor farm. Having passed the initiative, he for several years continued in the work of his first chosen profession with marked success, and was employed in the towns of Medfield, Sherborn and Watertown, serving several seasons in the latter place.

In the winter of 1848 and 1849 he taught the public school in his home district, gaining such distinction as a teacher that he was engaged to conduct the school during the succeeding spring term at the so-called Perry Wood district, to which place he was followed by some of the older pupils, who wished to take advantage of Carlton's superior skill as an instructor.

From boyhood he had steadily been developing into the perfect stature of a man, both bodily and mentally; not a backward step had been taken, for it proved a healthy growth, an unfolding into a higher life; there came no sudden or abrupt change. Possibly his experience as a teacher of young minds led him on to deeper investigations, with the hope of finding some source from whence to draw food for older heads. May not his attention have been called by some kind friend to the importance of consecrating his life to the Master's service, or was it merely the result of a natural development of the saintly nature within him that turned his steps in 1850 to the theological school at Meadville, Pa.?

While pursuing his course of study at Meadville he was joined by his brother Nahor in 1851, both graduating from this school in 1854, Carlton in July of that year. Here were enacted some of the principal events in Carlton's life. Immediately upon graduation he was ordained as minister of the Meadville church, and on the 4th of July he married Priscilla Shippin, a member of his parish, who now survives him. After remaining a few years in Meadville he went, in 1857, to St. Louis, Mo., to become assistant or colleague pastor to Dr. William G. Eliot at the Church of the Messiah. This charge he resigned in 1861 in order to serve as chaplain in the Civil War. Nahor, who had been serving as pastor of the Church of the Redeemer in Milwaukee, also resigned to serve as chaplain of the 6th Regiment, Wisconsin Volunteers, and soon a call was extended Carlton to succeed his brother in Milwaukee, where he arrived in 1862. Six years later he removed to Chicago to act as western secretary of the Unitarian Association, and in addition to performing the requirements of that office he organized the West Side Third Unitarian Church, erected a house of worship and officiated as its pastor.

In 1872 he was settled over the First Congregational Church in Providence, R. I., going from there to the First Congregational Church in Lexington, Mass., in November, 1881, where, after a successful pastorate of nearly twenty-three years, and a consecrated service covering a half century, he suddenly passed without warning to his reward amid the scenes of a happy home, a loving and appreciating community, who deeply mourn their loss.

The life work of the Rev. Carlton Albert Staples calls for our highest encomiastic praise. From youth to old age he was replete with high ideals: ideals that seemed practical and within reach of the individual, therefore of great value to mankind; ideals that were accepted, and on that account largely contributed in the making of better men and better women. His cordiality, sympathetic nature,

frank and open manners, displaying at once an honest purpose and a kind heart, gained for him a host of friends and followers.

His readiness to help and willingness to do for those in need added greatly to his usefulness as a citizen and a pastor. He was an all-round man such as we rarely find. He differed from his brother Nahor, whom he encouraged to enter the ministry, in not having his extreme zealous or intense nature that gave him the power to electrify his hearers during that brief term of years given him to ply his profession. But Carlton had the minds of his hearers, and impressed them through his earnestness, relieved them from their doubts, prepared them for better thinking and right doing, led them as it were by the hand, pointing out the way to the higher life.

The late Senator Hoar, while passing through his last sickness, is reported to have said: "The lesson which I have learned in life which has been impressed upon me daily more deeply as I grow old, is the lesson of good will, good hope." The subject of this sketch was a living example of that lesson. How readily he responded to the call, and with what good will and warmth of heart did he perform the service. It always afforded him great pleasure to visit the old family home in Mendon, and for a long time he held to the old farm with a view of some day again making it his home. His regard for Mendon people never seemed to diminish.

Whether a marriage ceremony, dedication of the library, a bi-centennial address, a sermon in the old meeting-house, or to speak the word of consolation to a bereaved soul, no call from Mendon was left unhonored; and not a voice from among her many sons was more agreeably received than his.

What a fertile field he found in Lexington and vicinity in which to satisfy his fondness for historical research, and how profitably he plied his time. A visitor to that historic

town was most fortunate when he could have Mr. Staples to point out the various interesting places where were enacted the initial movements of the death struggle for our national independence. It has been said that there were but two other men in the country who knew the early history of Massachusetts so thoroughly as he.

Although Mr. Staples merited and received the full confidence of his parishioners wherever he was settled, yet his experience in Lexington was, if possible, the most enjoyable. The fact that the first anniversary of his installation there fell upon the 127th anniversary of the installation of Rev. Jonas Clark, induced him to make the occasion a most interesting memorial service to Mr. Clark, who was a witness to that shedding of blood on Lexington Green April 19, 1775. Aside from attending to the needs of his parish he took active interest in the public affairs of the town.

He was chairman of a committee appointed in 1883 to mark places of historical interest with monuments and suitable tablets, and the people of Lexington are to-day congratulating themselves upon the satisfactory work performed by that committee. He, with the Rev. E. G. Porter, organized the Lexington Historical Society March 16, 1886, Mr. Staples acting as its historian until his death. From March, 1900, he served two years as its president.

In the preservation of the Hancock-Clark house Mr. Staples felt such deep concern that he purchased it on his own account and gave it to the Historical Society to be used as a repository for their property. As representative of the First Parish he served on the Board of Trustees of the Cary Library, and December, 1881, became chairman of the board, also a position which he held at the time of his death. He was constant in his endeavor to assist in promoting the welfare of both the society and this Cary Library, and ever attentive to the comfort and needs of their patrons.

His life and labors there of almost twenty-three years

only served to cement the bond of friendship between pastor and people more firmly, and there on Sabbath day, the 3d of July last, surrounded by parishioners and a host of dear friends, the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination was celebrated, and the following day his golden wedding was commemorated. Hearts were overflowing with expressions of good will and brotherly love. Although the hands upon the dial had passed the hour of three-score years and ten, there was so much freshness and vigor within the happy pair, there seemed reason to hope and expect that much further time might be allowed for mutual enjoyment between pastor and people. But without apparent warning the silver thread had become loosened, and the strain put upon it during the few following days and weeks proved too great for it to bear.

Mr. Staples' experience as chaplain in the army caused him to take considerable interest in the meeting of the Grand Army of the Republic at Boston, and he joined his comrades during the week of that National Encampment and was active in assisting to entertain the throng of visitors assembled. On Sabbath afternoon prior to that fatal Tuesday he conducted religious services on Boston Common, and the five speeches and addresses made by him during that last week would have severely taxed the strength of a much younger man.

Carlton Albert Staples was not a person to elevate himself by dragging others down, or one who elbows his way through life, thrusting others to one side, but a man of strong character, even temper, with high aims, moving with steady tread, freely lending assistance to whomsoever he found in need of moral and spiritual support, or in need of a kind word to stimulate, encourage and help him to successfully contend with the trials of this world. He seemed to live continually in the sunshine of life, and his nature was so filled with the good things that came to him

his presence exerted a benign influence upon those about him.

How we recall the pleasing expression of voice and the twinkle of the eye as he extended his greeting. There was no mistaking its meaning—it was hearty and genuine.

A lasting inspiration comes from the life of an upright man whose willing mind and heart are ever responsive to the slightest whisper, and who often anticipates the needed look, word or deed, and bestows them unsolicited.

During the early days of the Worcester Society of Antiquity, while its members were few in number, it was decided to take special notice of the tenth anniversary of the organization, and in looking about for an orator to deliver the principal address Jan. 27, 1885, the committee selected Rev. Carlton A. Staples, then pastor of the First Congregational Society at Lexington, who, on Dec. 4, 1877, had been elected to honorary membership in our young society. To say that he performed that service most acceptably and with great credit to himself does not fully express the satisfaction enjoyed by members of the society and their friends. It gave the signal for attachment between the members and Mr. Staples that ripened into true and lasting friendship as the years rolled by, and when the time came for celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary his name was again given a prominent place upon the programme, for we thought our cup of joy would be incomplete without his presence and unless we could listen to his earnest, expressive words of encouragement and hopefulness.

And on our field day excursions how helpful he was with his ready speech, showing a thorough knowledge of the historical events connected with the places visited. At Lexington not one of our visitors from Worcester will forget the attention he accorded our party of sight-seers on that eventful day. May the recollections of that experience, and the genial, gladsome face of that honest, large-hearted,

good and true man remain with us until the fulness of time.

The following officers were then elected for the ensuing year: President, Lyman A. Ely; First Vice-president, Mander A. Maynard; Second Vice-president, Adaline May; Secretary, Walter Davidson; Treasurer, F. E. Williamson; Librarian, Ellery B. Crane; Standing Committee on Nominations for three years, George E. Arnold.

The Treasurer, F. E. Williamson, then read his report.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TREASURER.

In compliance with the by-laws the Treasurer of the Worcester Society of Antiquity herewith submits his annual report of receipts and disbursements for the year ending Dec. 1, 1904:

At this time, in justice to the legators, and for the information of the members of this Society, your Treasurer takes the occasion to give a report of the various funds in his charge, and to state the object for which they were established, and by whom.

THE ALBERT CURTIS FUND.

In his will, dated June 12, 1893, part Item 15 reads as follows:

I give and bequeath to the Worcester Society of Antiquity the sum of \$2000.

THE HESTER NEWTON WETHERELL FUND.

In her will, dated Dec. 27, 1897, the tenth clause reads as follows:

I give to the Worcester Society of Antiquity, a corporation established in said Worcester, the sum of \$4000, to hold and invest, and to apply the income thereof only to the uses and purposes of said Society.

The life membership fund amounts to \$185.59.

The amount of the investments and cash on hand Dec. 1, 1904, was \$6,226.86, divided as follows:

The Albert Curtis Fund,	\$2,041 27	
The Hester Newton Wetherell Fund,	4,000 00	
The Life Membership Fund,	185 59	
		<hr/>
		\$6,226 86

The cash on hand included in the following statement is \$139.45.

DETAILED STATEMENT OF THE RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS, YEAR ENDING DEC. 1, 1904.

DR.

Balance cash on hand, per last report,	\$152 70	
Received for annual dues,	657 00	
Received for rent of Salisbury Hall,	421 25	
Income from Albert Curtis Fund,	80 00	
Income from Hester Newton Wetherell Fund,	190 00	
Received from sale of duplicates,	18 00	
Received from sale of Proceedings,	34 75	
Received from interest on bank deposits,	2 67	
Received from loan from Lyman A. Ely,	500 00	
		<hr/>
		\$2,056 37

CR.

By salaries to Dec. 1, 1904,	\$735 00
For book stacks in library,	35 69
Cleaning hall, library, museum and heaters,	22 60
City Directory,	3 00
City water,	4 00

Electric lights,	69 91
Electrical work,	10 40
Express and freight charges,	6 18
Fuel (coal and wood),	135 02
Gas,	18 40
Hektographs and stationery,	9 90
Insurance on building (three years),	38 50
Jonas Rice inscription on boulder,	28 00
Plumbing and repair to heaters,	18 59
Postage,	47 77
Printing,	523 39
Proceedings (old numbers),	3 15
Repairs (E. G. Higgins Co.),	76 76
Rev. Anson Titus expenses,	2 25
Taxes,	92 60
Telephone,	24 96
Tuning and care piano (year 1903),	10 00
Soap, ammonia and boraxine,	85

\$1,916 92

Cash on hand, Dec. 1, 1904,

139 45

\$2,056 37

CONDITION OF THE SEVERAL FUNDS.

ALBERT CURTIS FUND.

Balance on hand, Dec. 1, 1903,	\$2,039 80
Income to Dec. 1, 1904,	81 47
	<hr/>
	\$2,121 27
Transferred to general fund,	80 00
	<hr/>
Balance, Dec. 1, 1904,	\$2,041 27

HESTER NEWTON WETHERELL FUND.

Balance on hand Dec. 1, 1903,	\$4,000 00	
Income to Dec. 1, 1904,	190 00	
	<hr/>	
	\$4,190 00	
Transferred to general fund,	190 00	
	<hr/>	
Balance, Dec. 1, 1904,		4,000 00

LIFE MEMBERSHIP FUND.

Balance on hand Dec. 1, 1903,	\$130 29	
Income to Dec. 1, 1904,	5 30	
Life membership,	50 00	
	<hr/>	
		185 59
		<hr/>
Total balance, Dec. 1, 1904,		\$6,226 86

STATEMENT OF INVESTMENTS.

Northern Pacific bonds, 4 per cent.,	\$3,000 00	
Note secured by mortgage of real estate,	3,000 00	
Deposited in People's Savings Bank,	226 86	
	<hr/>	
		\$6,226 86

Respectfully submitted,

FRANK E. WILLIAMSON,
Treasurer.

Examined and approved Dec. 6th, 1904.

LEWIS C. MUZZY,
MARCUS L. FOSTER,
Auditors.

WORCESTER, Dec. 6, 1904.

GIFTS TO THE LIBRARY.

Abbot, William F.,	Collection of pamphlets and papers.
Academy of Science, St. Louis,	Transactions as issued.
Adams, Horace C.,	Pamphlet.
Allis, Gardner S.,	Arabic newspaper.
Amherst College,	Bulletins as issued.
American Antiquarian Society,	Collection of books, pamphlets, papers, etc.
American Geographical Society,	Publications as issued.
American Historical Association,	Publications as issued.
American Irish Historical Society,	Books and pamphlets.
American Museum of Natural History,	Bulletins as issued.
Bancroft, Henry B.,	Engraving.
Barber, Henry D.,	Papers and pamphlets.
Barton, Mrs. William S.,	Manuscript copy inscriptions.
Barton, Edmund M.,	Articles for the Museum.
Bassett, George W.,	One volume.
Bassett, Lizzie M.,	Books.
Bartlett, estate of Wm. H.,	Books, pamphlets and papers.
Bill, Hon. Ledyard	Book.
Blodget, Mayor Walter H.,	Address.
Boston City Registry Department,	Records as issued.
Boston Port and Seaman Aid Society,	One pamphlet.
Boston Transit Commission,	Reports as issued.
Bowdoin College,	Reports and catalogues.
Brannon, Henry,	Articles for Museum.
Bureau of American Ethnology,	Publications as issued.
Canadian Institute,	Pamphlets.
Chase, Charles A.,	Collection of pamphlets.
Clark University,	Pamphlets.
Cogswell, Miss Mary L. T.,	Pamphlets.
Coburn Library, Colorado Springs,	One pamphlet.
Colorado College,	Publications as issued.
Col. Timothy Bigelow Chapter, D. A. R.,	One pamphlet.
Concord Antiquarian Society,	Pamphlets.
Connecticut Historical Society,	Collections as issued.
Crane, Ellery B.,	Musical instrument.
Davis & Banister,	Collection of catalogues.
Dedham Historical Society,	Publications as issued.
Department of Agriculture, U. S.,	Reports.

Department of State, U. S.,	Education and consular reports as issued.
Department of Interior, U. S.,	One volume.
Dickinson, G. Stuart,	Books, pamphlets, papers and articles for Museum.
Drew Allis Company,	Collection of books.
Elliot (Maine) Historical Society,	Pamphlets.
Essex Institute,	Collections as issued.
Estey, George L.,	Collection of pamphlets and papers.
Ely, L. A.,	Books.
Fitchburg, City of,	Books.
Flagg, Ellen and Albert D.,	Six articles for Museum.
Goodnow, E. A.,	One volume.
Green, Samuel S.,	Pamphlets.
Green, Samuel A.,	One pamphlet.
Historical Society of Pennsylvania,	Books and pamphlets.
Hazeltine, C. B. R.,	One volume.
Holy Cross College,	The "Purple" as issued.
Iowa State Historical Society,	Publications as issued.
Jack, David Russell,	Pamphlets.
Johns Hopkins University,	Studies as issued.
Johnson, Charles R.,	Books and pamphlets.
Kansas State Historical Society,	Transactions.
Kent, Thomas G.,	Pamphlets.
Lancaster Library,	Pamphlets.
Lawrence, Susan L.,	Books, pamphlets and papers.
Lawton, Mrs. S. E. R.,	Articles for Museum.
Library of Congress,	Books.
Maine Historical Society,	Pamphlets.
Manitoba Historical Society,	Pamphlets.
Massachusetts Record Commission,	Pamphlets.
Massachusetts Agricultural College,	Bulletins as issued.
Maynard, Mander Alvan,	Books, pamphlets, papers and articles for Museum.
Maynard, Mary,	One volume.
McAler, George,	One pamphlet.
Messenger and Observer Company,	Paper as issued.
New England Historical and Genealogical Society,	Publications as issued.
New Haven Colony Historical Society,	Pamphlet.
New Hampshire Historical Society,	Pamphlet.
New Hampshire State Library,	Pamphlet.

New Jersey Historical Society,	Books.
New York State Historical Society,	Books and pamphlets.
New York State Library,	Books and pamphlets.
Old South Church,	Record as issued.
O'Flynn, Richard,	Five volumes.
O'Jeda, Louis Thayer,	Pamphlet.
Ontario Historical Society,	Pamphlets.
Paine, Nathaniel,	Collection of pamphlets.
Parkhurst, Wellington E.,	Pamphlet.
Parks Commission (Worcester),	Pamphlets.
Pennsylvania Historical Society,	Books and pamphlets.
Peabody Museum,	Pamphlets.
Portland Benevolent Society,	One volume.
Rhode Island Historical Society,	One volume.
Roe, Hon. Alfred S.,	Book and papers.
Pickett, General Josiah,	Book.
Salisbury, Hon. Stephen,	Books.
Secretary of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts,	Books.
Sheldon, Hon. George,	Books.
Smith, Woodbury C.,	One volume.
Smith, Mrs. Mary E.,	One volume.
Smithsonian Institute,	Books.
Southgate, Reuben H.,	Framed engravings.
Staples, Charles E.,	Articles for Museum.
State Historical Society of Iowa,	Books and pamphlets.
State Historical Society of Wisconsin,	Books and pamphlets.
State Library of Pennsylvania,	Books and pamphlets.
Stone, George E.,	Pamphlet.
Surry Archaeological Society,	Books.
Swan, Robert T. (Record Commissioner),	Reports as issued.
Taunton Public Library,	One pamphlet.
Tucker, Miss Mary,	Books.
Wesby, Herbert,	File for Civil War cards.
Willard, Mrs.,	Books and pamphlets.
Worcester Board of Health,	Reports as issued.
Worcester Board of Trade,	"Worcester Magazine" as issued.
Worcester, City of,	Reports as issued.
Yale University Library,	Catalogues as issued.

ELLERY B. CRANE,
Librarian.

GENERAL INDEX TO VOL. XX.

Abbot, William F.,	248-280	Forbes, William T.,	250, 252
Annual Report of Treasurer,	290	Fowler, Rufus B.,	250
Back, Harry E.,	192	Gates, Charles B.,	7
Barber, H. D.,	253	Gifts to the Library,	294
Bartlett, William H.,	249-253-254	Greene, Gen. Nathaniel,	146
Bartlett, John H.,	279		
Bill, Ledyard,	250	Hamilton, Andrew, First Deputy Postmaster-General in America,	158, 159
Bigelow, Col. Timothy, D.A.R.,	7	Harlow, William T.,	44
Bond, Charles E.,	7	Hildreth, Carrie A.,	28, 44
Boston When Ben Franklin Was a Boy,	250	Hoar, George F.,	250
Brown, William H.,	219		
Campbell, Duncan, First Postmaster in America,	160, 161	Industrial Conditions in the South,	9
Carlton, Edward C.,	253		
Chase, Charles A.,	44, 127, 142	Jack, David Russell,	147
Cleveland, Vernet E.,	253	Johnson, Hannibal A.,	144
Committee on Field Day,	192		
Committees, 1904,	4-5-6	King, Simeon E.,	279
Cook, William H.,	219	Kinnicutt, Lincoln N.,	219
Crane, Ellery B.,	146, 148, 220, 280		
		Larned, Ellen D.,	192, 193
Darling, Charles F.,	146, 190	Librarian's Report, 7, 27, 71, 128, 143, 147, 191, 219, 249, 253, 280	
Denny, Commander D. E.,	253	Lincoln Pond,	142
Dickinson, G. Stuart,	249	Luther, F. S.,	192, 204
Drew Allis Company,	253		
		Manly, Caroline,	7
Early Roads in Worcester,	72	Maynard, George,	45
Ely, Lyman A.,	146	Maynard, Mander A.,	71, 127, 128, 190, 191, 249, 253, 280
English Haunts of the Pilgrims,	28	Meetings, 7, 27, 71, 128, 143, 147, 191, 219, 249, 253, 280	
Erratum, Vol. XIX,	249	Metcalf, Seth, Diary of,	217
Fay, Clifton H.,	143		
Field Day,	190, 191, 192	Ode to the Prairie,	144
Flagg, Albert and Ellen,	7	Officers, 1904,	3
Flinn, Dr. M. Bonner,	253-279	Officers, 1905,	290
Foskett, Mrs. Anne,	253		
Foster, Alice H.,	71, 128		

O'Flynn, Richard,	143	Roe, Hon. A. S.,	190, 217, 219,
O'Jeda, Louis Thayer,	280		248, 249, 253, 254, 279
Origin and Use of Post Roads in New England,	148	Roads in Worcester,	72
Paine Family,	129	Salisbury Pond,	142
Paine, Dr. William, Children of,	129	Salisbury, Hon. Stephen,	25, 129, 142
Paine, Nathaniel,	127	Scarborough, Charlotte E.,	192
Parker, Capt. Timothy,	70	Shaw, Mrs. George E.,	192
Parsons Family,	45	Sheldon, W. W.,	192
Paine, James P.,	144	Stage Drivers,	180
Pickett, Gen. Josiah,	253	Staples, Rev. Carlton A.,	280
Pond, Lincoln,	142	Staples, Charles E.,	148
Post Office, First One in America,	158, 160	Stiles, Major F. G.,	146
Post Roads in New England,	148	Sturgis, Mrs. E. O. P.,	129, 142
Post Riders,	180	Thomas, Edward	9
Post 10, G. A. R.,	253	Titus, Rev. Anson,	250
Putnam, Gen. Israel,	204	Treatment of the Indians by the Colonists,	220
Putnam's Wolf Den,	190	Wadsworth, Harriet,	192
Report, Field Day,	192	Wesby, Herbert,	143
Report of Treasurer,	290	Wheeler, Henry M.,	70, 142
Rice, George M.,	142, 146	Wheelock, Gershom,	250
Rice, Thomas C.,	142, 144, 146	White, Miss Abbie,	146
		Williamson, Frank E.,	146, 192, 290







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